

MOONFALL

Written by

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CAA

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Inspired by true events...

"The streets were dark with something more than night."

- Raymond Chandler, *The Simple Art of Murder*

"The world is quite ruthless in selecting between the dream and the reality, even where we will not."

- Cormac McCarthy, *All the Pretty Horses*

"Goodnight room. Goodnight moon. Goodnight cow jumping over the moon."

- Margaret Wise Brown, *Goodnight Moon*

...that haven't happened yet.

BLINDING WHITE.

A breath in. A breath out. Not a gasp or a sigh. It's just breath, and air, and maybe soul. And it's searching. Still searching.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Dad?

DEAFENING BLACK.

A radio frequency BUZZES. Static. Then a 1950s jukebox jingle plays: Donna Fargo's "The Happiest Girl in the Whole U.S.A."

We HEAR a RATTLE AND POUNDING. METAL CLANGING. DUST CLINKING.

After a loud thud, a SLIVER OF LIGHT breaks through the black. The sliver - a long horizontal thread - vibrates, as it becomes clear WE ARE IN THE TRUNK OF A VEHICLE. A ROVER.

INT. ROVER - TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

The music we hear is emanating from the vehicle's radio. The trunk has cracked slightly ajar, creating the sliver, which bounces as the car barrels across rough terrain.

WHEN - THE ROVER STOPS SUDDENLY.

After a beat the TRUNK OF THE VEHICLE IS POPPED OPEN BY AN INDIVIDUAL IN AN ASTRONAUT SUIT, who peers into the trunk. The Astronaut's face is obscured by the helmet.

Behind the Astronaut, for miles upon miles, is the barren, pocked rock of the Moon, and the inky black ocean of space in the sky above. And for the first time we realize we are on the SURFACE OF THE MOON.

Stars pirouette throughout the cosmos as the blue-green electric of the watchful Earth pulsates in the distant sky.

The Astronaut stares at the trunk's contents. Reflected in the ASTRONAUT'S GLASS HELMET, we see a NAKED WOMAN IN THE TRUNK - her features appear warped, swollen, though perhaps it's the reflection.

EXT. SURFACE OF THE MOON - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

ASTRONAUT'S P.O.V. - WE SEE THE NAKED WOMAN in the trunk of the van. Now in the flesh. Unmoving. Ravaged. DEAD. Lips: blood red. Eyes: dimmed. Skin: ethereal and rippling, from the lack of atmosphere. It's not just the reflection.

BACK TO SCENE - the ASTRONAUT takes the DEAD WOMAN out of the trunk, into his arms, then takes one small step and one giant leap, before dumping the dead woman's body into a shallow crater. The Astronaut heads back to the rover and speeds off.

CLOSE ON: THE DEAD WOMAN'S EYES. Reflected in her pupils we see the Earth's dark blue-green electric in the cosmic sky above. Dimming now with meaning unknown.

M O O N F A L L

INT. LUNAR AIR SHUTTLE - MAIN CABIN - DAY

CLOSE ON: A MAN'S EYES. A full Moon's hot white light reflects in the man's baby blues.

HART (V.O.)

"O me, O life." Learned that from my old man. He never read Whitman. He just misheard a meth-fueled sermon from a fellow practitioner and it stuck, as things do. My father was an addict who robbed a bank and shot a pregnant woman, way back in twenty zero and five. He claimed he wasn't himself when he did it. But I've taken belief it's the only time he ever truly was.

WE PULL OUT to reveal the MAN (48/50) sitting in an aisle seat of an airplane-like shuttle. The sole passenger in a cabin of high carbonate ceilings and honeycomb glass windows.

HART (V.O.)

They gave him life for the lady and the chair for the kid. Sat him right there on the hand of God. I watched the whole thing, start to end. He was the first man I saw leave one world and enter another. And I wasn't afraid then.

The Man stares out the shuttle windows, fixated on the Moon in the night sky as WE REALIZE WE ARE FLYING THROUGH THE DARK OF DEEP SPACE. The Earth in the rearview, the Moon ahead.

The Man's wallet floats out of his pants pocket in the zero gravity, as his FBI badge comes into focus. This is "**AGENT HARRY HART.**" This is our guy. Hart's photo fills our frame. It's a face of bureaus and agencies and acronyms.

A face of long nights and empty days. A face of a man who's known all the world, all the nothing. A face of a man adrift.

HART (V.O.)
*I went a different way. And the
 world was good for a while. There
 was light. There was light...*

Hart removes a weathered PHOTOGRAPH from his jacket: a GIRL (17) balances on a high dive atop a quiet pool - her BLONDE HAIR aglow, though her face is too far away to be seen.

Hart presses on the center of the photograph and a HOLOGRAM VIDEO is projected a few inches into the air. The GIRL giggles and looks to camera. This is Hart's daughter, KATIE.

KATIE (ON VIDEO)
 Dad! Watch me...no, put it down,
 just watch me with your own eyes...

Katie then dives into the pool. Projected just inches from Hart's eyes, the HOLOGRAMMED SPLASH APPEARS TO DRIP DOWN HIS FACE, LIKE TEARS. Hart stops the video before it's finished, then rewinds and replays, unable to watch the end.

HART (V.O.)
*But light lives on borrowed time.
 It fades, and when it's gone, the
 world feels even darker than if no
 light was there before.*

A YOUNG STEWARDESS drops off a JUICE PACK for Hart, a HEINEKEN logo on the front. Space beer.

INT. LUNAR AIR SHUTTLE - TELEPHONE ROOM - LATER

Hart is on a sleek rotary telephone in a red-leather padded room, watching the Earth out the window in the cosmos.

HART (ON THE PHONE)
 Well, hell, I'm looking back and I
 ain't no pillar of salt. Don't know
 what to make of that.
 (beat)
 The broad still dead?

CHIEF OLSEN
 Her name's DAWN HOLLAND. NASA
 Scientist, 35 years old. LunarCorp
 and NASA investigated. Drug overdose.

HART

An OD and the Bureau couldn't call it in? Eight days to retirement and you send me into orbit.

CHIEF OLSEN

"First death on the Moon," we gotta at least make an appearance. Besides, the charter mandates a federal officer must be present to sign off on any death inquest.

HART

It's supposed to be a field agent.

CHIEF OLSEN

The rest of the Bureau's overworked as is. And you may have been behind a desk for too long, but you can't change what you are.

HART

We had an agreement two years ago. I don't do heart and soul no more. I don't even do skin and guts.

CHIEF OLSEN

Well this here's just pen and ink. Look, White House, Bureau, CIA, they're not askin' for a circle jerk. Hell, ten thousand more are supposed to move up there in a month. They want this done quick and quiet. (beat) Come on, Hart, this is the easy shit. You sit on your ass on that shuttle for three days, read the report, give 'em your John Hancock, get back on your ass for another three, and by the time you get home we'll be sending you off with cake and a hand job.

HART

Eight days, boss. And I'm flying 300,000 miles for a goddamn signature.

Hart thinks he notices something on the surface of the Moon.

CHIEF OLSEN

Yeah, well who knows - maybe you'll get lucky, find some sweet Moon pussy and stay to collect your pension up there. Beats New Florida.

Hart sighs, exhausted and buzzed. He hangs up and stares out the window at the taunting Moon.

INT. LUNAR AIR SHUTTLE - FIRST CLASS CABIN - LATER

Hart sits and watches an old Prairie Home Companion performance on the TV. WHEN - The SHUTTLE RUMBLES.

CAPTAIN (OVER PA SYSTEM)
Flight Attendants please prepare
the cabin for arrival.

A LARGE BOOM jolts the shuttle up and down. The seat-belt indicator is turned on, and Hart straps himself in tightly.

HART (V.O.)
*Well now I'm the man in the chair.
Different chair. Different man. But
still leaving one world and joining
another. Only, now I am afraid.*

ANOTHER LARGE BOOM. The shuttle whiplashes Hart. Lights flash, as Hart weathers the turbulence. His eyelids are kept open by the g-force, as tears float away in the zero-gravity.

Hart takes out the PHOTO OF KATIE and holds it tight, as the shuttle VIBRATES then SHUDDERS then SHAKES then CONVULSES.

HART (V.O.)
*For this new world could break me
from the numbness and the dark. It
could make me human once more. Part
of it all. And that would put me to
peril with the only two things I
fear in this world and any:
"O Me, O Life."*

CLOSE ON: Hart's pupils as he stares at the photo of his daughter. The pupils dilate then expand, an oil spill engulfing the bright blue iris ocean. Dark invading light.

CUT TO:

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING

An ANGELIC YOUNG WOMAN - CASSIE WYKOWSKI (26) - opens her eyes suddenly in a darkened room. We can't see her face well - it's too dark - but we do see her flowing blonde locks.

She stares at her ceiling, covered in those PLASTIC GLOW-IN-THE-DARK STARS. She then offers up a small town smile, and looks out her window at elm trees and inviting sunlight.

On her night-table, the clock reads: 6:59 AM LST. Just as it turns 7:00 AM she hits the button, before it can make a peep.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - MORNING - LATER

Cassie goes for a run down an idyllic suburban road. She passes a DOG WALKER, A CHUBBY KID chasing the school bus, and PRETENTIOUS MOTHERS wheeling strollers. She smiles and gives an "Oh, hiya!" nod to each, but they pay her no attention.

After a few more paces, we PULL BACK TO REVEAL Cassie is in fact ALONE ON A TREADMILL in a tiny room with metallic walls. Video screens surround her, creating an immersive virtual reality of the faux-suburban town.

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

Cassie stands at the kitchen counter in her beige U.S. NATIONAL PARK RANGER UNIFORM and presses a button on an electronic air freshener, scrolling through: "TURKEY DINNER" and "PIZZA NIGHT," before landing on "EGGS & BACON." The air freshener dispenses a waft of scented air.

She then pulls out of the pantry a tray of LunarCorp branded pill bottles. She takes four bottles labeled "EGGS" "TOAST" "STRAWBERRIES" and "BACON" with pictures of each food. She takes one pill from each bottle and swallows.

There's a BEEP on the TV, which she then turns on.

ANGLE ON - Cassie's back as she stares at the TV, we can barely make out her face in the TV's reflection.

The SKYPE logo pops onto the screen, before an image of an OLDER MALE ASTRONAUT (50s), floating in a tight space station compartment, takes over. He appears somewhat thin. The MALE ASTRONAUT smiles a folksy, small-town smile.

ASTRONAUT (ON T.V.)
Ohh, hiya Sugar Bear!

CASSIE
Hiya Dad! Just got out of the meteor shower.

A beat. There's a three second time delay throughout.

CASSIE'S FATHER
Oh yeah? I miss you up here.

CASSIE

Even though your little angel binge-watched Season Four without you?

CASSIE'S FATHER

Ohh honey plum. It's been so long. It doesn't matter no more. Dontcha know that then?

CASSIE

I know. (beat) He, um, he'll be here soon. I got nerves.

CASSIE'S FATHER

Yah? But it won't change anything.

CASSIE

I been havin' those butterflies in my belly all night. I just wanna do good, Dad. I wanna do right.

CASSIE'S FATHER

Listen, Cass. I know you'll do what's right. I know you'll do what's fair.

CASSIE

I'm gonna make you proud. Oh Dad, if you could just see me in my uniform, talking all cop-like, like T.J. Hooker.

CASSIE'S FATHER

I see you. I hear you. And I am so darn proud of yah.

CASSIE

I'll take care of it. I will. I love you to the Earth and back.

ASTRONAUT

You know how much I love you?

CASSIE

How much?

ASTRONAUT

(playfully)

I'll tell you when I get home.

Cassie giggles, then powers off the screen. We see her smile in the TV's reflection. The smile turns vacant as it fades. Tears collect in her eyes as she stares at the black screen.

Then, all at once, she shakes off the feeling and grabs a set of keys off the kitchen counter. She heads out a door then stops. She looks down at her outfit, then laughs to herself.

She walks to a closet, opens the door, revealing a hanging ORANGE ASTRONAUT SPACESUIT and GLASS HELMET. She grabs both.

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie, donning the spacesuit and helmet, closes the door to the house, hits a keypad which suctions the door and drops a protective screen across it, separating house and garage.

She then gets into the driver's seat of a dusty VAN with wires on its exterior, like varicose veins. The big garage door then opens to the outside, revealing moon rock and the dark of space. CASSIE'S HOUSE IS ON THE SURFACE OF THE MOON.

(Note: The homes and buildings on the surface of the moon look and operate like structures on Earth. However, each one is surrounded by a dome, which makes the interior structure habitable. Like a house in a snowglobe. To enter a structure one must pass through an airlock, which depressurizes the air between lunar surface and interior structure.)

EXT. CASSIE'S HOME - SECONDS LATER

The van backs out of the garage, revealing a dome-shaped pod-like dwelling, with a mailbox out front, standing alone on a dirt road in the lunar wilderness. Life in the nowhere.

As the van passes by her home, we see LED screens attached to the exterior glass windows of the home - images of tree branches, blue skies and sunlight project into the house.

EXT. ARMSTRONG GALACTIC AIRPORT - LATER

Hart sits on a lone bus stop bench in an astronaut spacesuit outside the airport. E-graphics on his helmet's interior screen indicate, among other things, his oxygen levels are at 100%. He also notices an EMERGENCY BUTTON on the screen.

TWO LUNARCORP BILLBOARDS flank Hart on either side - the *left* an Asian girl smiling, the *right* an African boy laughing. An LED screen on each billboard begins to play the same video. The audio comes into focus in Hart's helmet:

ON THE SCREEN

A futuristic JINGLE blares, as LUNARCORP logos and stock images flash on screen: factories, kids, space shuttles.

A tall SWEDISH MAN (52) with a long white-blond ponytail stands in a blue suit against a LUNARCORP logo. The text on the screen introduces the Swede as BRANSON VAN LEEUWENHOEK, FOUNDER AND CEO, LUNARCORP.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

Hallo there. And välkommen to the U.S. Kennedy Base. My name is Branson Van Leeuwenhoek, founder and CEO of LunarCorp. Ten years ago in 2037, LunarCorp partnered with the American Government and NASA to create the first Lunar Colony in the history of our solar system. And so we became the first species to choose the world we reside in. The thirty-five hundred residents of Kennedy Base welcome you to our home and invite you into our family. We hope you enjoy a long and fruitful stay.

Van Leeuwenhoek smiles into camera, WHICH PULLS BACK AND REVEALS 100 RESIDENTS OF KENNEDY BASE - a diverse collection of ages, ethnicities, and professions - who wave to camera.

CLOSE ON: A perfectly coiffed and chiseled BLONDE MAN (30) - JACEN - who speaks to camera in a LunarCorp track suit.

JACEN

LunarCorp. The Sky is Just a Limit.

BACK TO SCENE

Hart stares curiously at the screen. WHEN - A ROVER VAN drives up, kicking dust into the air.

(Note: The rover vans operate like normal vehicles do on Earth. They can be depressurized inside once all doors are locked, so you can sit in them with or without helmets.)

The van stops and Cassie Wykowski, in the orange spacesuit, gets out of the driver's seat and excitedly approaches Hart. WE CAN NOW SEE HER FACE FOR THE FIRST TIME. She is mesmerizing, beautiful. Angelic and otherworldly.

CASSIE

You him?

HART

That's a loaded question.

CASSIE

You were supposed to wait inside.

HART
I needed some air.

The oxygen-less atmosphere is weighty above them. Cassie sticks out her hand and puffs up in front of Hart. Trying to be tough as nails. Though she can't mask her giddiness.

CASSIE
Ranger Cassie Wykowski. I run the National Park Service at Kennedy Base. I'll be your liaison during your stay. Requested it myself. We're mighty glad you're here.

Cassie then grabs Hart's luggage.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Mr. Van Leeuwenhoek's been waiting.

INT./EXT. CASSIE'S VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The rover speeds across lunar dirt roads. Nothing for miles and miles. Just lunar wilderness. Craters and dirt and dust.

CASSIE
Well this here's shaken everybody to their core. Things like this don't happen up here.

Hart stares out the window. A man in a new reality. Still buzzed. Cassie studies his body language. Readjusts hers to reflect his. He catches her staring. Cassie tries to cover -

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Been living in these parts since I was sixteen. Ten plus years now. One of the Originals. Came over here on the Mayflower 2 with Dad. He's an astronaut up on the ISS.

The van passes a road sign: "ENTERING: KENNEDY BASE, U.S. LUNAR COLONY, POP. 3500." More a warning than a welcome.

Structures and buildings appear in the distance. The beginnings of a bustling small town.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
We got a school, a motel - nothing fancy like the Radisson or nothin' - a clinic, supermarket, watering hole.

The van passes THREE WOMEN (40s) cross-country skiing in astronaut suits. They wave to the van. Cassie waves back.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Two thousand homes in total. They initially planned on one big snow globe for all this here, but aerodynamics didn't quite work out. So they split it all up.

A MAN (50) is raking the moon dust outside of his pod-shaped home. He raises a hand. Cassie smiles and waves back.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

LunarCorp and NASA offices are on the dark side of the moon. Next to the old embassy. The Human Archives Building's on the West Side. Stores all the tokens of human civilization - seeds, animals, art, you name it. Just in case things don't work out back on the ol' blue-green.

A KID (11) and his MOTHER (45) - both in astronaut suits - wait by a lonely street sign, when a large yellow van - A MAKESHIFT SCHOOL BUS - pulls up.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Oh, and the new LunarCorp complex is over in the nice part of town. It's set to open next month. Bring ten thousand new townfolk over. LunarCorp's bettin' the farm on it.

Cassie sees Hart is fixated on what lurks beyond the base. The lunar wild. She takes a deep breath, gathers the courage -

CASSIE (CONT'D)

I remember you, ya know. From the TV. You solved those Green Mountain murders back in '28. And the Montauk Massacre in '37.

Hart looks at her, as if awakened.

HART

That was a long time ago.

CASSIE

I'm, um, training actually. To become a cop. They have the online courses you can take. Plan is to keep the parks job, but, one day become a part-time detective.

HART

Right, and I once knew a part-time virgin. (beat) There ain't no part-time with a thing like that. It's who you are. You're all or nothing.

Cassie smiles. A lesson learned.

CASSIE

Last case was two years ago wasn't it?

Hart looks at her curiously.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Like I said, I watch a lot of TV.
(beat) You take time off or something? Until now, I mean.

HART

Something like that.

Cassie waits for more, but Hart's not selling. The rover then pulls up to a MASSIVE TWO-STORY BUILDING in a large dome.

CASSIE

We're here.

EXT. VAN LEEUWENHOEK'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Hart and Cassie stand in space suits on the front steps of the large pod house with big Corinthian metal columns. It looks like a Southern Gothic mansion trapped in a snow-globe.

INT. VAN LEEUWENHOEK'S MANSION - AIRLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Hart and Cassie hang their helmets on a hook in the airlock, as a HEAVYSET MAID (45) opens the door, and smiles eerily. She's fat enough that it would take two dogs to bark at her.

HEAVYSET MAID

Howdy to you, Agent Hart. Not everyday you see an aeroplane. Storms being as unpredictable as they are, don't allow for visitors.

Hart nods suspiciously and steps into the foyer.

FOYER

An EFFEMINATE RED-HEADED MAN (35) - JEFFERSON ADAMS - intercepts Hart. Adams' Southern gentility does little to mask his sleaze. He's used car salesman-like. A human toupee.

ADAMS

(condescending)

I got him from here, Cass. You wait in the lobby, while we take care of actual business.

Cassie nods, masking the embarrassment and disappointment, as if it's standard procedure, and remains in the foyer. Adams extends his hand to Hart, along with an eerie smile.

ADAMS (CONT'D)

Jefferson Adams, LunarCorp's liaison to the State Department.

HART

You Fed?

ADAMS

Oh no, Agent Hart. Private sector through and through. Budget cuts in D.C. have kept official government presence small up here. But we like it that way. Mr. Van Leeuwenhoek oversees the operation. And I keep us in line with all of the governmental regulations. Though to be fair, perfection just about runs itself, wouldn't you say?

Adams leads Hart through an elegant mansion, replete with faux-wood walls. The walls and furniture are covered with nearly fifty TAXIDERMIED BIRDS. Hawks, ravens, falcons, wrens. All looking as if in mid-flight.

ADAMS (CONT'D)

Are you thirsty Agent Hart? Can I get you some water? Lemonade?

HART

The Scotch have the night off?

Adams doesn't quite know what to make of that. Or of Hart. He smiles nervously. Adams then leads Hart into the Greenhouse.

INT. VAN LEEUWENHOEK'S MANSION - GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Hart walks in, BRANSON VAN LEEUWENHOEK (52) - the man from the commercial - now wearing safari-type gear, with his silver hair in a pony-tail, snips a bush of begonias in a small greenhouse. Plants of all kinds cover the 10 foot by 20 foot room. Artificial light beams down from the ceiling.

Van Leeuwenhoek pays Hart no attention. Hart lights up an e-cigarette to combat his buzz.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

It's not good for a man to smoke here.

HART

I'd reckon it ain't good for a man
to smoke anywhere.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

It's not the man I'm concerned for -

Van Leeuwenhoek nods to the plants, while Hart turns the e-cigarette off. Van Leeuwenhoek then hides his disdain, forces a smile and extends his hand, which Hart shakes.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK (CONT'D)

Branson Van Leeuwenhoek.

HART

You're the modern day Columbus, huh?

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

Columbus stumbled upon the New
World. I'm neither clumsy nor
lucky, Mr. Hart.

Van Leeuwenhoek SNIPS a rose bush. Violently. Hart's stare turns into a half-cocked smile.

HART

So the girl -

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

Ah yes. Drug overdose. Clear as
moonlight. Just a few minutes ago,
we received the woman's blood work.
It came back positive for all sorts
of illegal compounds. Incident
report at work filed a few weeks
back found her manufacturing
illegal narcotics. Even her
psychologist can testify to
emotional distress and suicidal
tendencies. The girl was
systemically self-destructive.

SNIP.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK (CONT'D)

Well it's all in the report. I'm
just sorry they made you come all
the way up here to do this.

Adams hands Hart a packet: the OFFICIAL DEATH REPORT. Hart grabs it, curious for a moment, but then wards off instinct, relapsing into a state of exhaustion and vacancy.

HART

So am I.

Van Leeuwenhoek nods then returns to the plants. Adams escorts Hart out of the greenhouse and back into -

INT. VAN LEEUWENHOEK'S MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Hart and Adams head back toward the airlock.

ADAMS

We know you're busier than a two-dollar whore on nickel night, so Cassie will get you settled at the motel. You can take your time with the report, and we'll get you right on back to Earth in the morning.

HART

In the morning? No, I was told they'd refuel, I'd be back on the shuttle within the hour.

ADAMS

We got a storm on the horizon. We can't let you take off until it passes. (beat) It's for your own good. We couldn't let anything happen to you, now could we?

Cassie intercepts the men, as Adams smiles after a departing Hart. Cassie and Hart head toward the airlock.

EXT. VAN LEEUWENHOEK'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Hart and Cassie walk toward the van, in their spacesuits. Hart sees the entirety of the settlement on Kennedy Base in the distance. A seemingly idyllic, booming small town.

Hart takes it in for a moment. Shakes his head.

HART

Used to be a time there were worlds that nobody owned.

Cassie looks on as Hart gets in the van.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Hart flips through the DEATH REPORT. Silence, as Cassie studies Hart. She has questions, but dare not interrupt.

INT. OVER-THE-MOON MOTEL - HART'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The motel room is new but is furnished like it's the 1970s. There's even a quarter slot to vibrate the bed.

Hart inspects the place. He heads to the mini-bar, opens it, sees ten different PACKETS of beer and booze. Capri-Suns for the 21 and over crowd. He drops his luggage and the OFFICIAL DEATH REPORT on the bed. Cassie stands in the doorway.

CASSIE
So when do we start?

HART
I'm sorry?

CASSIE
Investigating. Dawn's death. When
can we start?

Hart looks at her curiously. At her blonde hair.

HART
It started in the car. I reviewed
the report -

Cassie's relieved and energized.

HART (CONT'D)
And it'll be over soon as you find
me a pen. Report looked good. Clear
overdose.

Cassie just stands there, shocked. Staring at Hart.

CASSIE
(bewildered)
I don't understand. Drugs? That's
what it says?

HART
Didn't you know? (beat) Where would
they keep a pen? Do you even use
those up here?

CASSIE
(impulsively)
That doesn't make any sense.

HART
Right. Of course you use pens -

CASSIE
No. The drugs. Dawn.

HART
Sorry?

CASSIE
She wouldn't have done a thing like that.

HART
Based on what?

CASSIE
Based on I knew her. I knew her.
She was brilliant - and sweet and kind, and she - trust me -

HART
The report lays it all out.
Systematically self-destructive, they said. Look -

CASSIE
Dawn wouldn't have even touched that stuff. And she wouldn't have killed herself. Not accidentally. Not on purpose. No. No, she was killed. That's the only - she was murdered.

The severity of the statement hits Hart for a beat. Though he tries to diffuse its gravity.

HART
And now little Nancy Drew thinks her cock grew in. So tell me, did the trees kill her? Yogi Bear pull a murder-suicide? I don't take findings from a park ranger.

CASSIE
I'm training to - *Fifty two cases*. Fifty two. And you solved 'em all. You did. And now you're here, and this woman needs you.

HART
The first murder in space is above my pay grade.

CASSIE

She needs what all those others got from you. And you won't even look.

HART

You think the world makes sense. Things add up. Not just as an idea, but in your heart. But it don't. And people? People will surprise you. You cut 'em open, and you realize there is so much inside. So much emptiness. Worlds of it. Listen to me, I'm days away from clocking in 25 years and a pension to go along with it. So I'm here to sign some papers and get on the next shuttle back. Alright?

Hart tosses the report onto a side table.

HART (CONT'D)

And let me tell you something - it's a dangerous thing to think a person's anything more than a person.

CASSIE

And a shameful thing to think they're anything less.

Hart looks at Cassie with bloodshot eyes, then ushers her to the door, and into the hallway, as he remains in the room.

HART

I got eight days.

Hart tries to shut the door on a desperate Cassie. WHEN -

CASSIE

No. "You're all or nothing." Please.

Hart considers for a moment. Her blonde hair. Then shakes his head and SLAMS THE DOOR on a crestfallen park ranger. He heads to the mini-bar, grabs packets of booze and sips away.

He sits on the bed, and flips on the TV. A hologrammed screen projects five feet in front of the television itself.

ON SCREEN

On the NASA-LUNARCORP channel, a WEATHER MAN (35) gives the 5-Day Forecast, in front of a weather map of the moon. MAJOR STORM WARNING for this evening.

Buzz. Hart changes the channel. The KENNEDY BASE PUBLIC ACCESS channel. Jacen - the blonde man from the LunarCorp billboard - is reading a Daphne du Maurier book aloud by a fireplace, as if telling the viewers a story.

Buzz. An NFL game. The players are bursting with steroids, almost superhuman. Time-out. The game goes to commercial.

A LUNARCORP/ROBOTICS commercial plays:

EXT. IDYLLIC PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

An adorable little girl - Penny (8) - is playing one-on-one basketball with the beautiful blonde man Jacen (30). He makes every shot with a swish.

LITTLE PENNY

Jacen, Go Level Easy!

Jacen becomes terrible at basketball. Penny dribbles around him and scores a lay-up.

LITTLE PENNY (CONT'D)

I win!

JACEN

Wonderful game, Penny. It was a pleasure to play with you.

LITTLE PENNY

Thank you, Jacen...You're the greatest present ever.

INT. COLLEGE SEMINAR ROOM - DAY

Now a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN (21), Penny sits in a large empty classroom trying to study, e-tablets and hologrammed notes surround her. Jacen sits next to her.

COLLEGE-AGE PENNY

Jacen, can you explain how thermodynamics could relate to satellite modeling?

JACEN

Of course, Penny.

LATER

Jacen is standing in front of a massive chalkboard, fifteen feet high, now filled with a myriad of formulas and diagrams.

COLLEGE-AGE PENNY
Got it! Thank you, Jacen.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - EVENING

A sea of wedding guests in black tie gather around Jacen who sits at the piano. Penny, now a BRIDE (37), stands with her GROOM (38), adoringly, as Jacen finishes playing and singing a beautiful rendition of Billy Joel's "Lullaby." Penny hugs him and kisses him on the cheek, as tears fall.

BRIDAL PENNY
Thank you, Jacen.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Penny (91) lies in a hospital bed. Near death. She struggles to breathe. Jacen lies next to her. He holds her, his arms firmly around her. She looks at him.

PENNY
Stay here with me...

A tear streams down Jacen's face, as he holds her tight.

PENNY (CONT'D)
Thank you, Jacen. For all of it.

JACEN
No. Thank you, Penny.

COMMERCIAL NARRATOR (V.O.)
Introducing the JCN-9000, the
future of human interaction.
"Conscious with a Conscience."

INT. BLANK WHITE ROOM - DAY

Jacen stands on a rotating pedestal which turns him clockwise, as a MALE TECHNICIAN INSERTS a SILVER COMPUTER CHIP into the back of Jacen's skull.

COMMERCIAL NARRATOR (V.O.)
With 5000 gigabytes of memory. First
Generation trial versions arriving
next summer. Sign up now for your
free consultation. LunarCorp
Robotics. The Sky is Just a Limit.

BACK TO SCENE

Hart's eyes narrow with intrigue. As he takes another sip.

INT. JACEN'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

"A WHITE SPORT COAT (AND A PINK CARNATION)" by Marty Robbins plays.

JACEN - in the flesh - is fresh out of the shower. Naked. Perfectly chiseled with a brilliant mind to match. Though there's something naive about him. As if he still believes the world is good. Like a young male hustler. Or a Mormon.

The room is filled with piles of books, old vinyl records, canvases with famous works of art. Hundreds of years of culture have thrown up everywhere.

He heads over to his closet, and opens it, revealing thirty identical white LunarCorp polo shirts. He takes one out, sullenly, and puts it on, as if robotically. As the music continues to play we -

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

- A) POD HOME #1 - LATER - Jacen, now in an astronaut suit, rings the doorbell.
- B) POD HOME #2 - LATER - Jacen knocks on the airlock door.
- C) POD HOME #3 - LATER - Jacen is buzzed in the front door.
- D) POD HOME #4 - LATER - Jacen wipes his feet on a welcome mat outside the airlock door.

LATER

- A) POD HOME #1 - Jacen sits at a small piano with a NERDY SHY MAN (30s) while playing and singing along with the man to Doris Day's "Que Sera." Though Jacen seems distracted.
- B) POD HOME #2 - Jacen slow dances with a FEMALE SCIENTIST (42) as they sway across her living room. Though Jacen longs for someone else. She holds him tight, then clenches his ass.
- C) POD HOME #3 - Jacen paints a model train set with a BLACK MALE ENGINEER (65), as the BLACK ENGINEER sobs. Jacen seems unenthusiastic.
- D) POD HOME #4 - An OLDER FEMALE ASTRONAUT (57) with a bouffant sits on her couch. Everything in her living room is knitted: the couch cover, rug, her sweater, tapestries, etc.

As the OLDER ASTRONAUT crochets a new sweater, Jacen's head is firmly planted in her crotch, as he gives her cunnilingus.

LATER

A) POD HOME #1 - The Nerdy Man gives Jacen a wad of cash.

NERDY MAN

Thank you, Jacen!

B) POD HOME #2 - The Female Scientist kisses Jacen on the cheek, as she hands him cash.

FEMALE SCIENTIST

Thank you, Jacen.

C) POD HOME #3 - The Black Engineer sobs in Jacen's arms as he slips a wad of cash into Jacen's hand.

BLACK ENGINEER

Thank you, Jacen.

D) POD HOME #4 - As Jacen continues to give the older woman cunnilingus, she slips cash into his front shirt pocket.

FEMALE ASTRONAUT

Thaank...mm...youuu...Jacen.

EXT. LUNAR RING ROAD - LATER

Jacen walks along the Ring Road. Dejected, preoccupied.

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

Cassie sits in front of the TV, at the kitchen table, a photocopy of Dawn's Official Death Report in front of her as she's mid-conversation with her father via Skype.

CASSIE'S FATHER

Yah? But it won't change anything.

CASSIE

No, Dad, it will. It will change *everything*. It's what she deserves...

INT. OVER-THE-MOON MOTEL - LATER

Hart is passed out on the floor, disheveled. Empty packets of booze surrounding him.

INT. VAN LEEUWENHOEK'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jacen sits on a king-size bed, in a sleek ultra modern bedroom. WHEN Branson Van Leeuwenhoek enters the room, looking regal in a blue suit. He notices Jacen on the bed.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

You're early.

Van Leeuwenhoek then realizes Jacen is crying. Jacen looks up at Van Leeuwenhoek, some BLACK POWDER AROUND JACEN'S NOSE. Eyes bloodshot. Van Leeuwenhoek sits next to Jacen, warmly.

JACEN

Am I *real*?

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

You're using again.

JACEN

It just smooths the circuits. I swear. A haze is all. To take the edge off.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

Edge of what?

JACEN

Perfection I suppose. (beat) Will you answer me please?

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

You're more real than anything I've ever known. Than anything I've ever created. All of your passions and desires, wants and needs, they all exist. You exist, Jacen. You are life, my dear.

JACEN

But I'm afraid I feel an emptiness.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

An emptiness? Jacen, you know I can't manufacture another you until your trial period is up. Nor would I want to.

JACEN

No, it's not that. It's just - ever since the news about that woman.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

What woman?

JACEN

Dawn. I can't explain it, but ever since she died -

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

It's called sympathy, Jacen. I programmed you for that on the third day.

JACEN

No. I've read about sympathy, but this - I - I *feel* her.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

It's normal to feel that way. It's human nature. Death does things to us. It stirs us from the underside. It can tangle the wiring.

JACEN

But it fails to make sense. Because out of the thirty-five hundred individuals on Kennedy Base, she's the only one who I don't remember.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

Of course you don't. She was a recluse. A drug addict. You two never crossed paths. (beat) Do me a favor. Treat yourself tonight. To get your mind off it. I'll foot the bill. Will you do that?

Jacen stares at Van Leeuwenhoek, about to say something, when a new feeling splashes across his face. His eyes light up.

JACEN

Of course.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

You're a right man in a wrong world. In my own image. Let the filth clean itself.

Van Leeuwenhoek smiles at Jacen, who smiles back.

JACEN

I love you.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

And I love you, Jacen.

Van Leeuwenhoek stares at Jacen. Proud. Wistful. He takes his hand and strokes Jacen's cheek. As his smile soon dissipates.

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

Cassie stares at the empty television screen in the kitchen. The OFFICIAL DEATH REPORT still in front of her. Highlighted and underlined. Notes in the margin. But Cassie appears hopeless. Defeated.

It lingers. WHEN - SIRENS START TO BLARE. Like tornado warnings. IMMEDIATELY a cheery jingle blasts throughout the home's loudspeaker - a duet between a peppy man and woman. Like a 1960s television commercial:

VOICES

*Stormy Weather! / Stormy Weather! /
Grab a Friend and Crowd Together /
We'll ride out this Stormy Weather!*

By rote, Cassie takes refuge under the kitchen table.

EXT. KENNEDY BASE - LATER

HIGH AND WIDE ON THE ENTIRE COLONY. A CACOPHONY OF DUST barrels across the lunar surface, as a MASSIVE STORM CLOUD scorches the moon's barren earth, lightning brewing inside.

A solar flare wreaks a photon storm, which couples with the dust storm, creating an unstoppable leviathan of weather. The Storm pounds and tortures the lunar surface. Merciful. Merciless.

INT. OVER-THE-MOON MOTEL

Hart is still PASSED OUT on the floor in a drunken stupor.

WHEN - BANG! A massive rock SLAMS AGAINST the window of Hart's room, jolting him awake. He readies his pistol toward the noise, instinctively. Then realizes it's the storm.

LIGHTS FLASH and SIRENS SOUND THROUGHOUT THE MOTEL.

He slowly gets up from the floor and looks out the window. Shocked by the might of the storm, he sees the lunar colony covered in thick wind and thicker moon dust. The storm rages.

WHEN - Hart spots something outside the window, thirty feet from the motel. A teenage girl. Blonde hair flowing from her spacesuit. She appears to be sopping wet. Soaked in water.

Hart's eyes ignite. He races to the window, pounds on the glass, trying to get her attention.

HART
Hey! HEY! Get out of there!

He pounds again and again, frantic. When she doesn't turn around, he throws on his spacesuit and runs from his room.

EXT. OVER-THE-MOON MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Hart unlocks the front lobby door and rushes out into the lunar storm, after the TEENAGE GIRL, who's now forty feet in the distance. The wind and sand and low gravity tackle Hart to the ground as he struggles toward her. He yells after her -

HART
HANG ON!

Hart makes his way to her. Closer and closer. Crawling now in the lunar dirt. In his suit, lights are flashing. Alarms beeping. "HIGH WIND WARNING." "IMMEDIATE DANGER." But closer and closer Hart gets. Though with torrents of debris in the air, it's nearly impossible to see the girl.

HART (CONT'D)
TAKE MY HAND!!

WHEN - the girl turns around. We can't see her face. The sand storm blocks it. We only see her blonde locks flowing. As if one with the wind. Hart reaches for her. Desperately.

But she doesn't reach back. SUDDENLY, over his suit's radio, Hart hears A BREATH. Clear. Crisp. Angelic. In stark contrast to the violence of the storm. And then a voice -

GIRL (VIA RADIO)
Find me.

It sounds just like Hart's daughter's voice. Hart's eyes ignite. Coated in confusion and bewilderment.

HART
Katie?

SUDDENLY the STORM PICKS UP STRENGTH, INTENSITY. The storm grows wild. The lightning crashes. And the winds pull Hart from the girl, as he SCREAMS AFTER HER.

HART (CONT'D)
KATIE!?!?

CLOSE ON Hart, as the winds pick him up and sling him about, like a rag-doll, hitting mounds and craters.

Until Hart is THROWN against the side of the Over-the-Moon motel. HARD. The winds try to toss him again, but Hart grabs on tightly to the lobby door handle and manages to pull himself back inside the motel lobby, where he passes out.

INT. OVER-THE-MOON MOTEL - LOBBY - MORNING

A nebbishy FRONT DESK EMPLOYEE (32) in a LunarCorp uniform stands over a passed out Hart, tapping Hart with his boot.

FRONT DESK EMPLOYEE

Mr. Hart?

Hart finally stirs awake and sits up. He looks up at the employee. The employee stares back at Hart, curiously.

FRONT DESK EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Are you gonna want a late checkout?

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

Cassie sits at the kitchen table, in the same clothes from the night before. The report is closed in front of her. And she's eating. Binging. Swallowing a handful of ICE-CREAM, COOKIE, and BROWNIE flavored pills. WHEN the DOORBELL RINGS. Startled, she rushes to the airlock door.

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Cassie unlocks the airlock, and waits at the front door. She peeks through the peep-hole, then puffs up again. Straightens herself out and opens the door. IT'S HART.

HART

The woman's body. I want to see it.

INT. KIP'S OBSERVATORY - AIRLOCK - LATER

An OLD MAN (90s) with a LONG GRAY BEARD and a set of YELLOWED TEETH - Gandalf meets Doc Brown, but with more grit - swings the airlock door open and ushers Hart and Cassie inside.

FOYER

He shuts the door behind them, as the airlock mechanism pounces. Hart peers around at the observatory - a massive telescope occupies the center of the massive steel room.

CASSIE

Doc, this here's Agent Harry Hart.

OLD MAN

I believe you brought us the good weather, Agent Hart. I'm Dr. Johannes Kip. Theoretical Physicist at Kennedy Base.

Hart shakes Kip's hand, as Hart notices much of the observatory is decked out in religious iconography. Pews and an altar are scattered throughout. Kip watches Hart.

KIP

Ah, I also run the Sunday worship around here.

HART

Man of Science, Man of God. How does that settle in you?

KIP

What are science and religion but two denominations of the same faith? Different questions searching for the same answer. Are you a religious man, Agent Hart?

Kip measures Hart with glaucoma lacquered eyes. Hart lights up his e-cigarette.

HART

Sure, Doc. A prophet gone wrong.

Kip smiles. It saddens.

KIP

The beauty's in the back.

INT. KIP'S OBSERVATORY - BACK ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Kip opens a large vault, revealing a laboratory with an experimental table in the center. A BODY LIES IN WAIT, a lunar Sleeping Beauty, on the table, covered with a sheet.

CASSIE

Van Leeuwenhoek's men brought her here three days ago. Doc has the biggest freezer up here.

KIP

Proximity to the Klondike Bars comes at a price.

Hart inches closer. Cassie shies away, then musters up some courage, puts on brave airs, and inches closer as well.

KIP (CONT'D)
I should warn you both. The body -

HART
I've seen plenty of bodies.

KIP
I imagine the worst of which you
found in rivers or lakes after days
on end. Bloated, malformed, yes? But
still human. (beat) The lunar storms
had their way with her. And they
feast on humanity. A storm on Earth
is weather. A storm up here? Is war.

Kip RIPS THE SHEET OFF, exposing Dawn's naked body - the body
from the rover trunk.

Cassie takes one look, races to the trash can and VOMITS.

The BODY lies there, twisted. A warzone of skin and guts,
heart and soul. The skin appears blue and translucent. The
FACE is SHRIVELED and BLOATED. CONTOURS and CRATERS of a face
annihilated by invisible elements. Only her eyes are still
blue, still human, still searching.

KIP (CONT'D)
This is Dawn Holland. 35 years old.
Deputy Chief Scientist for NASA.
Brilliant researcher. Lonely girl.

HART
Did you know her well?

KIP
Well enough.

Kip points to her bruised and broken body.

KIP (CONT'D)
The lunar storm did all this work.
The force broke her ribs, back, and
neck. And the bruises around her head
and throat. Storm must've tore her
suit right off as well. But all the
trauma was post-mortem. Body was
found two kilometers east of the town
pool. I'd predict time of death was
Friday evening, around 9 PM.

HART
For a man of theory, you stink of fact.

KIP

Ran the morgue for the Army back in '02. You become a quick study of death when you're working in its library. (beat) Blood work was positive for psychotropics. Cocaine-type substance. And look at her arms. Bruised by the bend. Consistent with intravenous drug use.

Hart then begins to touch the body without gloves. Analyzing the neck, the arms, the stomach, and the feet.

HART

How does one acquire narcotics up here?

KIP

It's everywhere Agent Hart. Carbonite is a building block of all life on the moon. It's in everything. The dirt. The air. You take even a handful of mineral rich deposit from the mines or the ground and heat it high enough, it becomes potent. "Lunar blow" they call it. You can snort, shoot, or smoke it. As addictive as heroin with a kick like coke. Takes the edge off up here.

Cassie gets up from the trash can, trying to regain composure and authority. She reapproaches the table and looks to Hart.

CASSIE

It was outlawed a year after the first of us came to Kennedy Base. We nipped any beginnings of a drug trade in the bud, though we've seen it used recreationally here and there. Out of sight.

KIP

But in the wrong hands, with the wrong state of mind-

HART

Anything could be deadly.

Hart continues scavenging the body. Cassie and Kip wait with bated breath.

HART (CONT'D)
Served myself. Iran '21. (beat) But
I will disagree with you on
somethin' here, Doc.

Hart analyzes the bruise marks around Dawn's neck.

HART (CONT'D)
The breaks and bruises I see here
are darker than the rest. Ligatures
ruptured under the skin are damn
near black.

CASSIE
What does that mean?

HART
Your girl was strangled to death.

Hart then analyzes Dawn's hands.

KIP
I noticed that posterior fibrosa.
But I attributed that to the might
of the storm. Because look at her
hands, Agent Hart.

Hart does. They're untouched. Perfect.

KIP (CONT'D)
They're pristine. No bruising or
scraping. It's unheard of for
strangulation victims to lack
defensive wounds. How do you make
sense of that?

HART
I don't. Not yet. Unless, suppose
she knew her killer. And he took
her by surprise, breaking her neck
before her hands could defend?

KIP
And the drugs in her blood?

HART
Did you see her inject them
herself?

Kip shakes his head "no." Cassie smiles. Kip looks to Hart.
Then at the body. He shudders, knowingly.

KIP
You think this was murder?

HART
It begs the question.

Hart pulls the sheet back over Dawn's body.

KIP
We do things to others, to
ourselves, like we're
indispensable, meaningless. And yet
we search through hundreds of
millions of galaxies, and there's
not another like us. What do you
think that makes us, Detective?

Hart smiles sadly at Kip.

HART
Very alone.

INT./EXT. CASSIE'S VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie drives along the Ring Road, passing lunar pod home
after lunar pod home. Hart realizes Cassie is CRYING quietly.
His coldness begins to thaw.

HART
You knew her well?

CASSIE
Saturday mornings we'd cross-
country ski together. Part of a
group. We didn't even talk much.
Just kept each other company. You
need that up here, you know? She
certainly didn't deserve to end
this way. Doesn't seem very fair.

They ride on. Silence. After a few moments -

HART
First case I ever had, down in
Carolina. Press called him the
"Bingo Killer." Young kid would
wait outside bingo halls in the
night, figure who was the big
winner, and follow the old lady
back to her home where he'd rape,
rob, and kill her. None younger
than seventy-four. After the third
he started carving the winning
Bingo letters in the bodies. While
they were still alive. "

(MORE)

HART (CONT'D)
 B10, I23, N34, G53, O67" one of 'em
 was. Can't forget a thing like
 that.

Hart stares out the window.

HART (CONT'D)
 It wasn't until after the sixth one
 that we caught him. I always
 wondered if he was tryin' to hold
 court about chance or fate, but
 probably just his video games were
 broken is all. At first I thought it
 was all unfair. Unjust. Nice little
 ol' ladies like that. But truth is,
 we're all fair game. We take our
 seat at the table, we play our card,
 we wait for our ball to drop. And we
 become a part of this world. (beat)
 Doesn't mean it makes any sense.
 Ain't no tit for tat. Wasn't us who
 ate the apple. But we're sure left
 shittin' out the core.

A beat. Cassie wipes tears away, cracks a smile to cover -

CASSIE
 Jesus, Hart, you coulda had a
 career writin' greeting cards.

Hart cracks a smile WHEN - BOOM! The van FLIES UP in the air,
 having hit something big, before it SLAMS BACK DOWN. HART'S
 GUN flies out of its holster onto the dashboard.

CASSIE (CONT'D)	HART
Shit.	The fuck was that?

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 I don't know.

HART
 You run over E.T.?

Hart grabs his gun, as Cassie regains control of the van. She
 looks in the rearview. Nothing behind them. As they drive on,
 Cassie notices Hart's gun as he holsters it.

CASSIE
 You use that out here - you gotta
 aim right. Bullets forge a different
 path up in these parts. Air up here
 slows 'em down, pushes 'em away from
 the target.

Cassie then looks up at Hart.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Like the moon's trying to save us
from ourselves.

HART
Even worlds can be naive.

Hart looks in the rearview mirror. Thinks he sees movement behind them.

WHEN - he spots something way out in the distance. It appears to be a teenage girl. Blonde hair flowing. No space suit. And she's sopping wet. Dripping with water. Hart BLINKS and the GIRL is gone. Shaken, Hart tries to brush it off.

But his head begins to pound. The mother of all migraines. He then shakes it off. Without Cassie noticing.

EXT. KENNEDY BASE DRIVING RANGE - LATER

Cassie's van pulls up to an expansive golf driving range directly on the lunar surface. There are ten lanes - all empty except for one. Two black rover vans are parked near the occupied lane.

Van Leeuwenhoek is hitting black golf balls off of a tee as two LunarCorp bodyguards, in black spacesuits, flank him on either side. The golf balls whizz out into space, flying for miles in the low gravity, as far as the eye can see. Jefferson Adams replaces the balls on the tee as Van Leeuwenhoek hits them.

Hart and Cassie gets out of the van and head over to Van Leeuwenhoek.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK
Mr. Hart, you didn't have to come
all this way to drop off the signed
report. My men would have surely
collected it from the motel. And
Adams assured me the shuttle would
be ready within the hour.

HART
I hate to disappoint, but I ain't
here to sign autographs.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK
I beg your pardon?

HART

I ain't signing that thing. I'm here to conduct a full investigation into Dawn Holland's death.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

As we made clear, we've executed a thorough inquest and found irrefutable evidence -

HART

Mr. Van Leeuwenhoek, that might well be, but I can't laugh at the punch-line without hearing the joke.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

I thought you were a reasonable man, Mr. Hart.

HART

I'm a drunk. How reasonable can I be?

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

I've read about you, Mr. Hart. About the things you've done. The things you are. But your boss - Olsen, is it? - he assured me that you were the right man for the job. That you understood the weight and worth of discretion and expediency. We have ten thousands new residents moving up here in a month. I'm not going to let some drug addict's death derail everything we've worked for.

Van Leeuwenhoek sees Hart isn't budging.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK (CONT'D)

Well I'll tell you whatever grand notion you're itching for, it doesn't belong up here. These people had no reason to kill her.

HART

I've seen people kill each other for a lot less than "no reason." And I've found it's the good small towns that got the big bad habits. Hell, *Heaven's* got those big pearly gates, because even Angels fall. And I intend to find where they land.

Cassie can't help but smile.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

You tread lightly, Agent Hart.
Before you're all the way gone.

HART

Sure. Oh and one last thing. The Kennedy Base charter allows any external law enforcement any and all assistance necessary. So the trees'll have to take care of themselves for a little while. Cause Ranger Wykowski's gonna be my partner on all this. You understand?

Cassie turns to Hart, giddy, as Van Leeuwenhoek's face sours.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

You have three days before this becomes my jurisdiction. The charter provides you as much and no more. Three days before you're out, you understand? We'll bury our own dead. Besides, the girl can't die any more than she already has.

HART

Not yet she can't.

Van Leeuwenhoek takes an aggressive shot, but misses the ball entirely.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

We're not the enemy.

HART

No? Then who is?

INT./EXT. CASSIE'S VAN - LATER

Cassie can't help but smile as she drives across the lunar terrain. Giddy. In the cosmic sky a fleet of shooting stars explode. Nearly a hundred strong. A wondrous sight.

CASSIE

Why?

HART

There are just a few of us around who remember how it used to be. Nowadays between DNA and the NSA, crimes just about solve themselves. But there used to be an elegance to it all. A hunt. A dance.

(MORE)

HART (CONT'D)

Like steerin' cattle before stun
guns and conveyer belts. This
girl's death's preserved a piece of
life that's been gone long before
she was even born. Something that's
long lied buried.

CASSIE

And what's that?

HART

Uncertainty.

Cassie nods, grateful almost. She smiles, measures Hart.

CASSIE

Well it looks good on you.

HART

What's that?

CASSIE

Uncertainty.

EXT. LUNAR-MART - AFTERNOON

Cassie's van sits idly outside a rectangular domed structure -
the lunar supermarket, with two coin-operated kiddie rides
out front. A horse and a boat. Both with eerie cartoon faces.

INT. LUNAR-MART - MOMENTS LATER

Hart and Cassie stand by the Deli Counter, as they speak to a
handsome HULK OF A MAN (35) in a LunarCorp LunarMart uniform.

A cheerful Mama Cass jingle plays over the PA system. SHELVES
OF PILLS surround them. Only pills. Everywhere. Bursts of
color and images, large and small. Miles of them. Of
different foods. All LunarCorp brands. Patrons mill about.

Hart stares at the glass display, at a colorful plastic
cartoon CHICKEN, TURKEY, and HAM representing the real meat
available for the day, though they're priced at \$199/lb.

LUNARMART MANAGER

Was around 7 PM.

CASSIE

And this was Friday?

LUNARMART MANAGER

Yeah, I'm sure of it. She bought a bottle of piller ham. That was it.

A man in a full astronaut suit - pushes a shopping cart next to the deli counter, and takes a number.

HART

Anyone in here with her? Follow her out? Anything like that.

LUNARMART MANAGER

Not a soul. (beat) But come to think of it, she did pick up an order for Vivian Cowperthwaite. Miss Cowperthwaite is coming up on 80, so Dawn would often pick up her groceries for her.

WHEN - a MAN BEGINS TO WAIL! Scream and shout. Hart and Cassie turn to see a MAN (40) viciously attacking an "Out of Order" Fro-Yo Machine. The man drops to his knees, slamming away, through histrionic tears. Unnerving. Eerie.

LUNARMART MANAGER (CONT'D)

Fifth person today.

INT. OLD WOMAN'S POD HOME - TV ROOM - LATER

An elderly woman - Vivian Cowperthwaite (79) - sits in a small living room on a plastic covered couch. Next to her is an easel with a small canvas. Vivian is painting A LITTLE BOY AND HIS MOTHER ON A BEACH PICNIC - following along with a Bob Ross-type TV program on the Kennedy Base Public Access channel. Only it's JACEN teaching viewers to paint with him.

The walls of the living room are covered with ten years worth of Vivian's paint-by-numbers works. Hundreds of paintings. Hart and Cassie take in the art and the peculiar woman.

VIVIAN

Let me fix you some pie. Please oh please, let me fix you some pie.

HART

Another time, ma'am. You and Dawn were close?

VIVIAN

Close as neighbors can be. When Marty passed and I retired from the Archives, she'd do odds and ends for me. Such a sweet bowl of sugar.

HART

She ever appear "off" to you?
Dazed. Out of it. Hyped up.

VIVIAN

Crunked, we used to call it. "On
drugs," yes? Not Dawn. She was sweet
as sweet can be. That day, Friday,
she had dropped off some groceries
for me. Pilled salmon. My favorite.

Hart notices a strange painting on the wall. Different from
the others. It's a PAINTING OF AN OLD 1960s MOBILE HOME. Like
a tin-foil potato in the middle of a desert.

CASSIE

Anything out of the ordinary?

VIVIAN

Oh dear, not a thing. (beat) I must
get you both some pie. It's been
such a long time since I've fixed
anybody some of my pie.

HART

(re: the strange painting)
That painting, did you do it?

VIVIAN

Oh gosh no. Dawn gave me that one.
A week ago. She did it herself.
Insisted I hang it for all to see.
"All roads lead back," she said.

Vivian takes hold of Hart's hand, looks him in the eye. As if
lucid. Frantic. Hart sees a BURST BLOOD VESSEL in her RIGHT
EYE. But it looks darker than blood. It looks almost black.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

It's a nice picture, deary. But
it's all wrong.

Hart stares back at Vivian. WHEN Cassie interrupts.

CASSIE

Well, my stomach's asked for a re-
vote. How 'bout some of that pie?

Vivian laughs, as if Cassie has said the strangest thing.

VIVIAN

What on Earth - what pie, dear?

INT. JACEN'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING

Jacen lies in bed naked, save white LunarCorp boxer-briefs. He takes a silver tray from the night-table. A SMALL MOUND OF BLACK POWDER sits on top. Jacen cuts the mound into three lines, then snorts all three.

He settles back into the bed, DESPERATELY TRYING TO GET HIS MEMORY FOAM MATTRESS TO ADAPT TO HIS BODY. But it won't. As if it refuses, can't recognize his person. It remains firm.

Jacen grabs a TV remote from the night-table, and hits a button. At once, the television turns on and blasts a bright HOLOGRAM IMAGE into Jacen's room.

After a moment, a HOLOGRAMMED SEXY BUXOM BLONDE WOMAN (20s) POPS into frame, standing at the foot of Jacen's bed. She's wearing a skimpy white t-shirt and panties.

Jacen jumps, nervously. The Blonde laughs sensually.
(NOTE: The Hologrammed Woman will operate as if she is actually in the room with Jacen.)

SEXY BLONDE

Oh baby, I didn't mean to get you
all hot and bothered...before I get
you all hot and bothered. (beat) I
heard a big boy named Jacen needs a
little pick me up.

JACEN

Seven hundred?

The Sexy Blonde nods as she giggles, her finger in her mouth.

JACEN (CONT'D)

Fair market price. For consumer and
producer.

SEXY BLONDE

You sound like a man in the industry.

JACEN

Sorta.

SEXY BLONDE

Well "Sorta," I'm Susie. So where
are we tonight, Big Boy?

JACEN

Far away.

Susie giggles, as she slides onto the bed, inching her way toward Jacen, running her hands down her body.

SUSIE

Far away, huh? Well that's funny.
Because I can feel you right here
between my thighs.

Susie then takes off her top, revealing the most perfect pair of tits - real or hologrammed - that mankind has ever seen. She inches closer to Jacen on the bed, bringing her chest right up to Jacen's face.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Wanna feel?

JACEN

More than anything.

Jacen then grabs a pair of BLACK GLOVES from his night-table. CIRCULAR WHITE SENSORS COVER THE GLOVES. Jacen puts them on.

He then fondles Susie's breasts, as she moans and squeals with delight. He starts to kiss them. He then kisses Susie, sensually at first, then with dark intensity.

SUSIE

Oh Big Boy!

Jacen takes Susie's panties off, as the hologrammed lace falls by her legs. Their breaths get heavy.

Jacen reaches over to the night-table and grabs a TROJAN VIRTUAL CONDOM WRAPPER. He rips the wrapper open with his teeth, and pulls out a black latex condom with WHITE SENSORS on its surface.

Jacen rips his briefs off as he puts the condom on. With Susie on top, Jacen enters her, slowly at first, thrusting deep. Jacen begins to pick up the pace, as she rides him.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Oh baby, ooh...OH!..Ah, yeah, baby -

Screams of lust and love, harder and faster. Susie continues to ride Jacen, staring into his eyes, wild bliss and pleasure, like nothing she's felt before.

JACEN

Say it - say my name -

SUSIE

Oh, baby - *Jacen...*

Susie stares into Jacen's eyes. HOLOGRAMMED TEARS OF PLEASURE streaming down her face. Jacen kisses the hologrammed tears, as they sizzle on his tongue.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Oh Jacen!

As Susie nears an orgasm, Jacen thrusts faster, staring into her eyes, as if searching for something.

JACEN

Oh fuck. Oh baby. Oh...DAWN!

Then a LOOK OF SHOCK AND UNEXPECTED ECSTASY ON JACEN'S FACE at what just came out of his mouth. Deep confusion. He freezes as Susie orgasms.

MOMENTS LATER

Jacen and Susie sit in bed, catching their breath. Susie's smoking a cigarette. Wisps of hologrammed smoke fill Jacen's room. Jacen lies in bed, stunned. The memory foam mattress still not recognizing his person. Susie takes a drag.

SUSIE

Who's Dawn?

Jacen turns to her. He's shaking now. He stares into her eyes, as if looking for mercy, for answers, for something. Because he doesn't know. Not really, anyway. Not yet.

EXT. NASA LUNAR COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie parks the van in front of a two-story corporate park dome structure, with the NASA logo out front.

INT. NASA LUNAR COMPOUND - ROBOTICS LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Hart and Cassie burst into a circular room with a bevy of TV screens, charts, laboratory equipment and the like.

Gizmos and gadgets all around, scattered on table-tops and stacked on shelves. Robots large and small, moving on timers.

A KOREAN MAN (30) - CHAD - is working on a robotic arm. As Chad moves his arm, the robotic arm on the table moves as well, mimicking the movement.

Hart and Cassie roll up to Chad's desk. Chad spins around.

HART

You sure are working late. (beat)
Agent Harry Hart. I believe you
know Ranger Wykowski.

Chad stares at Hart, confused. He then pulls out a SMALL ELECTRONIC DEVICE that looks like a cell phone. He puts it up to his mouth and begins speaking Korean. The device begins to translate what he's saying into English, in a robotic voice:

CHAD (VIA DEVICE)
Ah, Agent Hart. I'm Hyun-Kim Lee,
but everyone calls me Chad.

Chad hands Hart and Cassie a device each as well. As they speak English, the device translates it into Korean.

CASSIE
We're here about Dawn. Why don't
you tell us about the incident
report you filed three weeks ago.

Chad lowers his device. Stares blankly at Cassie.

CHAD
Cassie, if your request was
translated correctly, then you know
that CONSEC personnel files are
confidential.

Hart pulls out his pistol, pushing it HARD into Chad's neck.

HART
So nothing's lost in translation.

CASSIE
Hart -

Hart lowers the pistol. Chad is trembling, as the robotic hand - now on the floor - mimics the movement.

CHAD
Dawn and I had been working closely
together for a good part of the
past year. Studying the effects of
anti-gravity on invertebrate
bacteria. We shared this lab.

HART
Any changes in her behavior
recently?

CHAD
The past few weeks she seemed to
have suffered a set-back of some
sort. LunarCorp policy states that
we are not to inquire about
personal lives.

(MORE)

CHAD (CONT'D)

So I kept it all professional. But she appeared depressed. Perhaps unhinged.

CASSIE

Tell us about last Friday.

CHAD

I returned to work late one evening, the night of July 14th. Must have been around 11 PM Lunar Standard Time. I had forgotten my clearance pass and needed it the following morning for my aqua-aerobics class. Anyway, when I walked into the lab, Dawn was still here. She looked out of sorts. Slurring her words. Slow physiological responses. And it appeared she had been burning carbonite. Kilograms of it.

HART

Manufacturing lunar blow?

CHAD

She appeared self-destructive.

Hart considers this.

HART

Did she say anything to you?

CHAD

She didn't even know I had stumbled in. No, I reported it, as is my charge. She was defying four pieces of U.S. Law and a UN charter by manufacturing narcotics. We don't do such things up here. (beat) Well I can show you the video.

HART

The video? There was nothing in the report about any video.

Hart turns to Cassie.

CASSIE

(to Chad)

Why didn't you bring this to Adams' attention?

CHAD
(shrugs)
I suppose, because he never asked.

Chad hits a few buttons on the computer, as the monitors begin to play a grainy surveillance video.

ON THE SCREEN - Dawn is mixing chemicals together on a burner in the lab. The video is dated 07/14/45. She appears unnerved, out of sorts, though the video is fuzzy. WHEN - Dawn takes some of the powder out of a flask, pours it onto the table, cuts it into three lines, and snorts all three.

Hart and Cassie are shocked. Tears well in Cassie's eyes.

HART
This reliable video?

CHAD
Nothing is truly reliable Detective.
Even me speaking to you right now.
Perhaps the machine is telling you
what it wants you to hear. And
neither of us would be the wiser.
(beat)
But yes, the video is very reliable.

EXT. LUNAR SCHOOLHOUSE - LATER

Cassie's van pulls into a circular driveway, and parks behind the yellow "school bus" van.

The Lunar Schoolhouse - two large pod structures - sits a few feet from the cars. A massive electronic sign stands at the foreground: "P.S. 0 - Neil H. Armstrong Academy - Home of the Eagles!" A flagpole stands next to it, the flag at half-mast. It doesn't blow in the wind. It's still. Frozen almost.

INT. LUNAR SCHOOLHOUSE - SCHOOLYARD - LATER

A beautiful "outdoor" area, with manicured grass, a miniature baseball diamond, a jungle gym, a basketball hoop, and some picnic tables abound, all encapsulated in a hemispherical dome. The roof of the dome is covered in electronic screens, projecting images with clouds, blue skies, and sunlight.

A JOCK and PROM QUEEN (17) sit on a picnic table flirting, his arm around her, as they giggle. A BOY (10) hangs upside down on the monkey bars, reading a book. The rest of the THIRTY KIDS (11-15) play a pick-up game of kickball.

An AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN (early 30s) - MISS MERYL MARPLE - sits at another picnic table, across from Cassie and Hart. Tears run the mascara down her face.

CASSIE
They're more than stories, Meryl.

MISS MARPLE
You're right. They're bullshit. She wasn't an addict. She would never do something like that.

CASSIE
(impatient)
Well she did. We saw it.

HART
Her colleague reported that she had been depressed, out of sorts the past few weeks. Video seems to confirm it. We need to know why. A lot of people are convinced it was an overdose -

MISS MARPLE
Of course they are. You have to understand - it's one thing to steal the fire, it's another to burn Olympus to the ground. Ignorance is appealing.

HART
So they're lying?

MISS MARPLE
No. They're surviving. But it's not the truth.

HART
Dawn have any boyfriends, lovers...?

MISS MARPLE
No. Dawn was married to her work way before I knew her. Her parents pushing her the way they did, it was an arranged marriage, and she was a child bride. But she did say big things were going down at work.

CASSIE
Did she tell you what?

MISS MARPLE

She wouldn't say. And she would tell me everything. Not this.

HART

We understand you have a key to Dawn's place?

MISS MARPLE

We kept one for each other, in case we were ever locked out.

HART

Mind if we sniff around?

Miss Marple reaches into her bag and gives Hart the ELECTRONIC KEY CARD to Dawn's home.

MISS MARPLE

No. But I guarantee you won't find any stink. Not from Dawn.

Cassie and Hart stand, when Hart turns back -

HART

Can you ever really know a person?

MISS MARPLE

No. Imagine how deceiving a whole town of them can be.

INT. DAWN'S HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A quintessential woman's bedroom - flowers and strewn clothes and sweet charm. Jacen sits on Dawn's bed. Then lies back. THE MEMORY FOAM MATTRESS RECOGNIZES HIS PERSON, molding to his body. Jacen jumps, startled by the familiarity, comfort.

He then notices a bedside bookshelf and peruses the titles, but is somehow drawn to THE VELVETEEN RABBIT. He pulls out the paperback and stares at it - mesmerized, remembering -

FLASH - Different images flash across the screen. At first, pastoral, idyllic. A SWEET MOTHER reads The Velveteen Rabbit to a BEAUTIFUL BLONDE BOY (4) - Young Jacen - on a picnic blanket on a beautiful New England beach.

But as the idyllic fantasy plays, it begins to crack, as DARKER, GRITTIER images BREAK IN, as if SUBLIMINAL MESSAGES or a TV program catching feed from a different station.

CLOSE ON: THE LIPS OF THE SWEET MOTHER, covered in RED LIPSTICK. As she reads the story.

BUZZ - CLOSE ON: THE LIPS OF A DIFFERENT WOMAN, also covered in RED LIPSTICK, behind a space helmet. More sexual though. She reads the same story.

BACK TO: the RED GINGHAM BLANKET ON THE BEACH.

BUZZ - A METALLIC LUNARCORP BRANDED TARP ON THE DIRT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LUNAR WILDERNESS. A PACKET OF WINE ON THE TARP.

BACK TO: the pages of THE VELVETEEN RABBIT. Illuminated by New England sunlight.

BUZZ - the pages of THE VELVETEEN RABBIT. Illuminated by the dark of space and the stars in the cosmic sky.

The SWEET MOTHER'S V.O. NARRATION OF THE BOOK soon changes, getting deeper, grittier, more desperate, until -

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

It's OK.

BACK TO SCENE

Jacen gasps. Confused. WHEN he feels something within the pages, opens the book up, and spots a PHOTOGRAPH OF DAWN - a HOLOGRAM VIDEO. He stares, until he hears a noise outside.

EXT. DAWN'S HOME - LATER

Dawn's pod-shaped home buffets the pulsating Earth looming above it. A white picket-looking fence guards the property. Cassie and Hart unlock the airlock door with the key card.

INT. DAWN'S HOME - AIRLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Hart and Cassie rush inside, and shut the airlock door. They hang up their helmets and open the front door.

INT. DAWN'S HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jacen hears the front door open, pockets the VIDEO and bolts out of the room.

INT. DAWN'S HOME - FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cassie and Hart pass the living room as they head upstairs.

INT. DAWN'S HOME - BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cassie falls behind and looks at the pictures hanging on the hallway walls. Pictures of DAWN, MISS MARPLE and FRIENDS on the moon. Cassie then notices a picture of DAWN and an older man who could be DAWN'S FATHER. She smiles.

INT. DAWN'S HOME - BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Hart enters the bedroom and sits on the bed, falling into the crevice that Jacen's body had created. Hart stares at the imprint in the mattress. Suspicious, but ultimately believing it must have been a relic of Dawn.

Cassie then enters the room. She watches Hart for a moment, then begins to search around as well.

Hart looks around: NASA paraphernalia, charts and graphs, blue-prints. Cassie opens Dawn's dresser drawers. Blouses. Jumpsuits. NASA turtlenecks. Special space bras. And panties.

Hart heads to her desk. The top is clean, organized, except for a copy of THE VELVETEEN RABBIT which he eyes curiously. He picks it up and begins to flip through it.

Cassie reaches a hand behind the bras and panties, as she feels something. She pulls out a SMALL PACKET OF REFINED BLACK POWDER. It looks like a dime bag to hold cocaine, only the substance is onyx black. Cassie holds up the lunar blow.

CASSIE
(quiet despair)
No.

Hart looks at the packet and the crestfallen Cassie. He then pores through the drawers of Dawn's desk. Tchotchkes. Pens. Printer paper. He pushes the bottom drawer closed. But it won't close all the way. He pushes it hard again. It won't close. There's still a gap.

Hart opens the drawer again, this time removing it from its track. He reaches behind the drawer and pulls out a box.

Hart sets the box on the table and picks off the lid. He first pulls out a PINK VIBRATOR then places it back in the box. He then spots A SECOND DIME BAG OF LUNAR BLOW.

WHEN - a CREAK sounds from downstairs. Cassie looks to Hart as if to say "I'll check it out," and heads out of the room.

Hart continues to explore the contents of the box. He finds a CRUMPLED PIECE OF PAPER and irons out the edges. It's a photocopy of a ledger for Kennedy Base colony.

Where it says "3500 PEOPLE," there's a marker crossing it out, and "#3501" is written in and circled.

He also finds a BLACK AND WHITE SKETCH OF A 1960s METAL MOBILE HOME in the MIDDLE OF A DESERT in the box. Clearly the inspiration for the painting in Vivian's home. The rest of the box is empty. But as he closes the box, he sees a SKETCH in pencil on top: AN EYE with a BLACK VEIN protruding from the pupil into the white of the EYE. Much like Vivian's eye.

CASSIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(urgently)
Hart!

Hart pockets the LUNAR BLOW, CRUMPLED PAPER, and the SKETCH, places the box back, and races out of the room.

INT. DAWN'S HOME - KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Hart bursts into the kitchen to see Cassie standing there, staring at the floor. Footprints of lunar dirt are on the tile. Hart pulls out his gun.

CASSIE
They look fresh, don't they?

HART
Fresher than a Catholic on her
wedding night.

Hart and Cassie race toward the airlock door, as they throw their helmets back on.

EXT. DAWN'S HOME - SECONDS LATER

Hart and Cassie race out of the airlock, guns drawn. They do a reverse sweep around the perimeter of the home. Nothing.

CASSIE
Whoever it was, they couldn't have
gotten far.

HART
(sarcastic)
Yeah, put out an APB on an unknown
in an astronaut suit. Be like
finding a needle in a crack den.

The silence hits Hart. Nothing for miles around. How?

HART (CONT'D)
I got a feeling we're not in Kansas
anymore.

Cassie stares at him, curiously.

CASSIE
The fuck is "Kansas?"

INT. JACEN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

A breath in. A breath out. Jacen sits on a La-Z-Boy staring at a LARGE TELEVISION. The miniature DVD case is open on the coffee table. The TV is playing a home video of Dawn, sitting on a metallic tarp in her space suit, out on the lunar surface. Having a picnic. She's smiling, bashfully, at whoever's videotaping her.

Jacen studies the video. Meticulously. Searching. WHEN - something catches his eye. In the reflection of Dawn's astronaut helmet, he catches a glimpse of the person filming. Jacen moves closer to the TV, until he recognizes the person. It's Jacen. It's him. And he's laughing along with her.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - LATER

Cassie and Hart drive through moon country.

CASSIE
So what're you saying?

HART
I'm saying that the drugs were
planted. Two hiding places don't
add up. Everyone's got their
Pandora's Box. No one's got two.

CASSIE
So what? We circle back to Van
Leeuwenhoek? Tell him what we found?

HART
No. We're gonna let it marinate.
Then simmer. (beat) There are two
things to understand about solving
a case. First, you don't reveal
everything you know.

CASSIE
And second?

Silence. Cassie gets it. She reveals a smile.

WHEN - SMASH! THE VAN IS SIDESWIPE AND THROWN TO THE SHOULDER OF THE ROAD. Airbags are deployed, as broken pieces of plexiglass and metal cover Hart and Cassie's bodies.

Hart, in a daze, looks over at Cassie, who's also recovering from the hit. The interior of the van quickly loses its air pressure and oxygen levels. Hart and Cassie hold their breath as they race to put on their helmets, finally attaching them.

HART

You OK?

Cassie nods and spots a black van speeding off.

HART (CONT'D)

Get after him!

INT./EXT. CASSIE'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Cassie speeds after the escaping black rover, pushing her van to full speed and slowly gaining on the rover, until they're neck and neck, barrelling down the lunar road.

WHEN - the black van CRASHES into Cassie's van. Once. Twice. Cassie retains control.

HART

Knock him!

Cassie SMASHES her van into the black rover, HARD, hurling the black van off the road into the crater fields. The black van regains control and makes a getaway in the crater field.

CASSIE

Shit! Hang on!

Cassie spins the wheel hard, throwing her van off the road and into the air, before landing with a HUGE THUMP into the crater fields, where it follows close behind the black rover.

The two vans continue to speed, neck-and-neck, over craters and mounds. The vans fly up and down violently. Off-roading on steroids. Airborne, then CRASHING DOWN. WHEN the black rover goes over the edge of a mound and speeds down a steep hill. Cassie's van follows, both vans losing control.

HART

Keep us straight!

Cassie tries to straighten out the van, as best she can.

HART (CONT'D)

Now hit him!

Cassie jerks the steering wheel right, as her van SMASHES into the black rover HARD, denting it. But the black rover steadies and comes back hard, SMASHING INTO CASSIE'S VAN. The impact sends Cassie's van barreling toward a deep crater, falling fifteen feet into the crater and crashing HARD.

BLACK.

INT. OVER-THE-MOON MOTEL - HART'S ROOM - LATER

Hart suddenly awakes in bed, dressed in a NASA sweatshirt. Cassie's standing on a chair, attaching strands of paper to an air vent, when she hears him wake.

CASSIE

A little trick my dad taught me. Makes it sound like trees rustling. The noises up here can feel quite alien.

Hart groggily looks at his surroundings, but he seems frantic, unstable. His head is POUNDING.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

The medics helped me get you back here. It was a LunarCorp van. There are hundreds of them up here, but if we can inventory the makes and models I think that -

HART

It doesn't matter.

Hart tries to get up, but he falls back to the pillow.

CASSIE

What? Of course it matters.

HART

Eight days. I shouldn't have started this. Not with eight days.

CASSIE

We're so close.

HART

That's how it starts. Close. And every day is closer. Until it's a year later. Then two then three, then - and there's nothing. Eight days and then I'm all the way gone.

CASSIE

And what about Dawn?

HART

What about her? The world isn't good, Cass. It isn't right. People die. But it's not my fault. It's not my fault.

Hart stares out the window.

CASSIE

"Katie."

Hart spins around. The sound of it arrests him for a moment. He stares at Cassie. Tears and fury and desperation brim.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

You were calling for her in the van back. Screaming her name.

HART

Get out.

CASSIE

Would you do this to her? Quit searching?

HART

GET OUT!

Hart leaps from the bed and tries to lunge at Cassie, but as soon as he gets to his feet, he becomes woozy and drops to the floor. Seven feet from Cassie. And she hasn't flinched.

She just stares at the man on the ground. A shell of the man she thought he was. Broken he is. And now so is she. Tears well in her eyes as she heads out of his room.

Hart tries, but can't get to his feet. He slams the ground. Over, again. As those tears of sorrow and fury finally flow.

EXT. LUNAR WILDERNESS - EVENING

Jacen scopes out the lunar wilderness, as if searching for a specific spot. When he finds it, he stares up at the stars in the sky. A million for the taking. It's the same view as in the video of Dawn earlier. Same constellations. Same place. But empty now. Vacant.

INT. OVER-THE-MOON MOTEL - HART'S ROOM - LATER

Hart sits against the bed, disheveled. HE PICKS UP A BLONDE STRAND OF HAIR from the floor, and holds it between his thumb and forefinger. Fights the emotion.

SUDDENLY - Hart snaps out of it, and drops the strand of hair, as if poison, kryptonite. He stares at the bed of his thumb and forefinger, where the HAIR HAD TOUCHED.

He takes out a Zippo, and strikes a flame, before he slowly places his THUMB and FOREFINGER INTO THE FLAME.

He holds his fingers steady as the skin slowly burns, then melts - turning from pink to red to black. Hart punishes his hand for its indulgence with the hair.

Hart finally stops. Steely again. Emotionless. He notices a FLASHING NEON RED LIGHT OUT HIS WINDOW, casting him in red.

EXT. OVER-THE-MOON MOTEL - LATER

Hart, in his astronaut suit, spots the FLASHING NEON SIGN with a red lighthouse as it HISSES, a hundred feet down the road, perched atop a SALOON called "BUZZED ALDRIN'S."

Hart is fixated on the NEON LIGHTHOUSE. The only lighthouse encouraging those who spot it to crash. He heads over behind A BAND OF ASTRONAUTS (30s-50s), follows them into the SALOON.

INT. BUZZED ALDRIN'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Hart walks out of the airlock, into the bar. Tongue-in-cheek signs, dart boards, and pool tables adorn the burnt oak interior. Bar stools and tables complete the layout.

The bar is packed. NASA ASTRONAUTS and LUNARCORP WORKERS are scattered throughout - playing darts, chugging beers out of aluminum packets, downing small shots of whiskey from even smaller packets. Five astronauts sit in full gear at the bar.

It's karaoke night, and sees a TRIO of LUNARCORP MINERS up on stage, banjos out, finishing a rendition of "Wayfaring Stranger," jamming out with a hologram of Johnny Cash, who plays and sings along with them. A HOT NUMBER in a red dress with floor-length hair then takes to the mic. She chooses her song on the karaoke machine. A hologrammed Elvis POPS UP, as the two duet "Can't Help Falling in Love."

Hart takes a seat at the bar, next to two NASA ASTRONAUTS. They give him an uneven glance, as the rest of the drunkards notice him, levelling their own suspicious eyes Hart's way.

A SEXY BRUNETTE in a LUNARCORP UNIFORM tends bar.

BARTENDER

What juice can I squeeze for ya?

HART
Whiskey.

BARTENDER
How do you like it?

HART
Refilled.

The Bartender grabs a packet of Jack Daniels from the mini-fridge and hands it to Hart with a straw. There's a rile of "OOHS" from a rowdy crew of miners a few paces away. Hart pops the straw in the aluminum and begins sipping.

VOICE (O.S.)
You shouldn't be here.

Hart spins around and notices Jacen smiling sadly at him.

JACEN
Cause she still should be.

Jacen raises his packet to Hart, as Hart reciprocates. Intrigued by the humanoid. Jacen sits next to Hart.

JACEN (CONT'D)
Jacen.

HART
Agent Harry Hart. You knew the broad?

JACEN
Dawn. I'd like to think so.

HART
It's a shame.

JACEN
I always thought "shame" presupposed chance. Happenstance. Randomness.

HART
You don't believe it was.

JACEN
No. Though I can't even wrap my wiring around what kind of person could do such a thing.

HART
Ain't no mystery there. It always starts the same - with a kid under a Christmas tree. And along the way, something goes wrong.

JACEN

Any leads yet? I mean, maybe I
could help you - you know, narrow
things down -

Jacen seems on edge. Hart notices. Jacen studies Hart's five-o'clock shadow and beer gut. He strokes his own bare face and sees his six-pack peeking through his shirt. And he seems to feel ashamed almost. Naked. All wrong. He then reapproaches.

JACEN (CONT'D)

Things happen up here. Things that
don't belong. Things that would
surprise you.

HART

Nothing surprises me no more. You
could tell me Adam killed Abel and
pinned it on Cain, and I'd believe it.

A beat. Silence. Hart notices Jacen is hurting.

HART (CONT'D)

But no. No leads yet. Just a whole
lotta silence.

JACEN

Even silence deserves to be heard.

Jacen puts a few dollars on the bar, pulls out a business card and puts it on the counter. It reads: JACEN, LUNARCORP, HUMAN RESOURCES, 001-333-445.

JACEN (CONT'D)

In case I could be of service.

HART

I'm going home tonight. It's over.

Jacen looks at Hart, nods, takes his card back. But there's a connection between them. As Jacen gets up, Hart grabs him.

HART (CONT'D)

The pain. I know. I still feel mine.

Jacen looks at him, knowingly, wistfully, wanting.

JACEN

How lucky for you.

Jacen sips a whisky pouch dry - a moon shot - and heads out.

INT. DR. THELMA FUCHS' OFFICE - LATER

Cassie is standing in Dr. Thelma Fuchs' large, modern office, with low seated furniture, a miniature Foucault pendulum, and an array of awards and certificates.

She is staring at a collection of framed pictures on a shelf. One picture is of a MAN and WOMAN (30s) and FOUR YOUNG KIDS. Cassie stares curiously. A number of BLACK LEATHER BOUND JOURNALS - ALPHABETICALLY LABELLED - sit one shelf below.

VOICE (O.S.)

I was glad I could fit you in.

ANGLE ON - Cassie's back as she turns to see DR. THELMA FUCHS (49) - beautiful and haunting with black curly hair. Though many years older now, she is the WOMAN from the picture.

Cassie breaks into tears as she sits on the couch. Dr. Fuchs takes a seat in a chair across from her.

CASSIE

Thanks for seeing me. I didn't know where else to go. I feel like it's happening all over again. I've been having those thoughts -

DR. FUCHS

Tell me what you've been feeling, Cass.

CASSIE

I just - I don't know what to make of all this anymore. What if this place isn't what we thought it was?

DR. FUCHS

But it is. It's everything.

CASSIE

Then it's me. I should've stopped it. I should've kept her safe. That's what he would've wanted -

DR. FUCHS

This isn't on you.

CASSIE

Of course it is. And he's going to be so disappointed.

DR. FUCHS

Remember what we said -

CASSIE

You don't understand. It's my fault.
It's my job to protect the base, and
I failed you. I failed her.

Cassie begins to sob.

DR. FUCHS

There's nothing you could have done.

Cassie looks up at Dr. Fuchs, confused.

DR. FUCHS (CONT'D)

I treated her. I *tried* to treat
her. And she was - troubled, Cass.
Too broken and too brilliant for
her own good. So she created things
at work. "Compounds" she called
them. But it was lunar cocaine. To
cope. To handle the depths of the
universe that was her. This isn't
on you. She was systemically -

CASSIE

Self-destructive.

DR. FUCHS

Self-destructive. Why, yes.

Cassie stares curiously. Fuchs' eyes drift toward the window.

DR. FUCHS (CONT'D)

Even up here, though it may work
slower, we can't stop the fall.

Cassie sits for a moment. She lets the silence sink in. After
a beat she stares at Fuchs, nods, then gets to her feet.

CASSIE

Thanks, Doc.

Cassie heads toward the exit, when she pauses again at the
photo of Dr. Fuchs and her family from fifteen years prior.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Do you miss them?

DR. FUCHS

In my own way.

CASSIE

Do you ever regret it?

DR. FUCHS

NASA-LunarCorp offered one spot. So
I took it. Wasn't going to give up
the opportunity of a lifetime.

CASSIE

Have they ever forgiven you?

DR. FUCHS

I don't know. I haven't spoken to them in ten years. They severed all communication. You might too, if you thought your mother was Medea. But I'm proud of what I did. (beat) Abraham took Isaac up on that mount where we're told he made the ultimate sacrifice. But it wasn't. The ultimate sacrifice would have been death. Permanence. You sacrifice for what you believe in. You give everything. Where Abraham failed, I did not. I'm proud of that. I hope they're proud of mom too.

Cassie continues to stare at the picture, then looks back sadly at Dr. Fuchs and nods. Dr. Fuchs offers a sad smile, as Cassie heads toward the door.

Under the shelf of pictures, ONE LEATHER-BOUND JOURNAL - the folder with surnames beginning with "H" - IS NOW MISSING.

INT. BUZZED ALDRIN'S BAR - LATER

Hart sits at the bar, six aluminum juice-packs of JACK DANIELS scattered on the table, drunk as hell.

Shout then goes to collect his astronaut suit and helmet from the coat rack. Hart leaves a wad of singles on the bar.

HART

Buy you a ring next time,
sweetheart.

Hart heads to the airlock, grabs his suit, puts his helmet on, and exits the bar.

EXT. BUZZED ALDRIN'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

Hart stumbles out of the bar, and heads back toward the Over-the-Moon motel.

WHEN, in the distance, beyond the bustle of the small town, Hart sees an image, a SILHOUETTE OF A GIRL with blonde hair, staring at him. Though she's wearing an astronaut helmet.

Hart at first, closes his eyes, tries to erase the image.

But it persists. She appears closer now. Her helmet is filled with WATER. She claws at the helmet, as if drowning inside.

KATIE
(trying to speak, as if
while drowning)
Why can't you find me?

Hart's eyes ignite. He now screams after her -

HART
Katie? KATIE!?

Hart breathes heavily, WHEN - a RECHARGE OXYGEN TANK warning flashes on the electronic screen inside Hart's helmet. It shows oxygen levels at 25% and dropping quickly.

But Hart ignores the warning and chases the BLONDE GIRL further and further into the lunar wilderness. Screaming.

EXT. LUNAR CRATER FIELD - DARK SIDE OF THE MOON - LATER

Hart stumbles. Lost in the wilderness. Unsure which way is which. He struggles with his breathing. 19% Oxygen remaining. The girl is nowhere to be found. Hart is utterly lost now. He hits the EMERGENCY BUTTON on his suit in desperation.

LATER

Hart trips to the ground, exhausted and out of breath. He wheezes short breaths in and out. 11% Oxygen remaining.

LATER

Hart sits on the ground. Fading in and out of consciousness. He struggles to breathe. Red lights flash in his helmet. 4% oxygen. He wheezes slowly in and out. Slowly suffocating. Oxygen running out. Drowning. Drowning in the nothing.

WHEN - dazed, Hart sees KATIE in the distance again, her blonde hair floating in the low gravity. Desperately trying to remove her helmet, to stop from drowning in it.

But she doesn't see Hart. He wants to yell after her, but with oxygen levels under 1%, one scream and he'll suffocate. He stumbles after her, but she's moving too quickly.

He opens his mouth, makes like he wants to scream, but he won't. Heartbreaking torture. He opens his mouth again, as his face turns red. Tears of frustration, streaming down Hart's cheeks. But he doesn't make a sound.

As his Daughter reaches the horizon, just barely in sight, Hart finally tries to scream. But has no oxygen left to do it. He tries to scream again, but no air comes out. The red lights stop flashing. They go blue. 0% Oxygen. Hart begins choking without air. Choking.

WHEN Hart thinks he sees lights in the distance. LIGHTS QUICKLY APPROACH. Closer. Choking. Closer. Choking. Until a van can be seen a hundred yards away. Cassie's new van. It speeds toward Hart, who is now choking on his last breath.

Cassie slams the van to a halt, jumps out, grabs Hart and helps him into the van, lying him down across the backseat.

INT. CASSIE'S REPLACEMENT VAN - CONTINUOUS

She hops in the backseat with him, shuts the door, and depressurizes the van as it quickly fills with oxygen.

Within seconds the van is at 100% oxygen and Cassie RIPS OFF HART'S HELMET as he GASPS FOR AIR. Over and again. As Cassie watches, shaking. Moments later, his breathing levels out.

Hart stares at Cassie. Her BLONDE HAIR. He's manic almost, shaken. He closes his eyes.

HART

I'm sorry...I'm sorry...

He passes out. BLACK.

INT. CASSIE'S REPLACEMENT VAN - LATER

Hart wakes and sits up in the back seat of Cassie's new van, which is stopped. Hart looks around, but Cassie isn't in the front seat. Hart hears POUNDING from the roof of the van. He finds a replacement helmet in the front, throws it on, and bursts out of the van.

EXT. LUNAR WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

As Hart exits the van he sees they're in the middle of nowhere. The view of the Earth is the closest it's ever been. Pulsating. Cassie is standing on the roof of the van, with a compass and a hologrammed map projecting from her helmet.

HART

What are you doing?

But Cassie ignores him. Cold. Hart jumps on the hood of the van and climbs up to meet her on the roof.

She's holding a piece of paper with numbers that look like coordinates, as well as a compass, and a pair of binoculars. A topographical map of the moon is projected in front of her.

CASSIE
Why do you care?

HART
Cause we're partners.

Cassie turns to him, takes him in. She relents, smiles.

CASSIE
You were right. This whole thing was to set Dawn up. A conspiracy. She found out about something and she knew someone was coming for her.

Cassie takes out the black, LEATHER-BOUND LEDGER. It's DAWN HOLLAND's case file from Dr. Fuchs' office.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
It's from Dawn's sessions with the shrink up here. Stole it from her office. It's nonsense. Meaningless stories from her past. Fuchs takes it all down verbatim. But Dawn keeps mentioning these numbers, over and over again. In different contexts. She remembers she once went to the beach on March 12th. Then days later talks about an old biscuit recipe her mother used with 3 cups and 12 ounces of milk.

HART
March 12th. Three and twelve. 3.12.

CASSIE
Then another set. Same deal. 20, 17, 9.

HART
I don't understand.

CASSIE
They're coordinates. I've been driving all over. Didn't know if they were North-East, South-West. But there's nothing here, so that leaves just one possibility. 3.12 Degrees North, 20.179 Degrees West. Dark side of the moon. She wanted someone to find it.

HART

What's there?

CASSIE

Nothing now. The area used to house a division of NASA that conducted off the record experiments and studies. Things that weren't necessarily legal, but could fly under the Patriot Act. When Congress finally got around to repealing fifty year old legislation three years back, the department was shut down. Buildings left vacant.

WHEN - a MAGNIFICENT GLOW OF NORTHERN LIGHTS hits the Earth. Hart drops to his knees, taken by surprise from the burst of light. Cassie turns off her map and takes a seat next to him.

The lights pirouette across the Earth's surface. The two human beings watch in awe.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Beautiful, isn't it?

Hart then grows bleary eyed, a bit uncomfortable up top, WHEN Cassie's hair blows into his face. He closes his eyes as he watches the Northern Lights and her blonde locks.

HART

Katie was my daughter. Her mother passed when she was six. And from then on it was just us. She was mine. And I was hers. Each others world entire. Well when she was seventeen we were living out on the beaches of Orient Point. A case brought me there for a while.

CASSIE

The UConn killer?

HART

Yeah. Anyway, we were out on the beach just after sunset, she was picking sea-shells I think. When, all of a sudden we heard screams from the water, and uh, this man was out in the ocean, drowning. Pulled by the riptide. Full moon, so the tide was strong. He was fighting for breath, way out. Drifting further and further away, just gasping for air. I mean you could hear it. It was awful.

(MORE)

HART (CONT'D)

(beat) I jumped into the water, after the guy. And Katie jumped in after me. Cause, uh, cause that's, you know - her. Before I knew it I was twenty yards in, nearin' up on the guy and I grabbed him, just in time. He was in shock, he had swallowed a lot of water, but I brought him back ashore.

CASSIE

You saved him.

HART

I did. But when I got back on the sand, Katie wasn't there. Thought she must've gotten back before me, you know? But she didn't. She wasn't anywhere. I went back in. I went back in. To find her. Cause - cause she was my mine and I was hers.

The aurora borealis reflects in the tears in Hart's eyes.
Salt water thinking about salt water.

HART (CONT'D)

They had to pull me out of that water. They had to pull me out. We searched for her for days. Coast guard. Fishermen. Volunteers. But they never found her. Tide was strong that day. Moon was pulling. Pulling her somewhere.

CASSIE

Here maybe?

Hart wants to say yes. He begins to lose it -

HART

They say you don't lose the love you have for somebody. But *why not*? See, I ain't chasin' the love, I'm chasin' the heartbreak. Cause it's slippin' away. And it ain't right.

Cassie stares at Hart.

HART (CONT'D)

She was just so...she was just...she was...

CASSIE

(re: the stars)

You see them up there?

(MORE)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

They could all be dead. Millions of years ago their lights could've gone out. But we don't have to know that. We don't have to see that. To us, they're still here. Shining. So long as we keep our distance.

Hart stares at Cassie. Grateful. Unguarded. He puts his arm around her. She lets him. He holds her close. They lie back and stare up at the stars.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

We should head out.

HART

In a minute...

Hart plays with her hair. Fatherly. He wraps her blonde locks around his fingers. Inhales. Exhales. In. Out. Ecstasy. Home. Her.

EXT. KIP'S OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

Jacen's eyes are aglow. He stares at the Observatory, the giant telescope aiming out into space.

INT. KIP'S OBSERVATORY - MOMENTS LATER

Jacen walks through the darkened observatory, like a lunar Pantheon, as he makes his way toward the back.

INT. KIP'S OBSERVATORY - BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jacen stands in the darkened lab, the Earth-light and starlight from outside illuminating the operating table in the center of the room. A BODY LIES IN WAIT under a sheet.

Jacen inches closer to the body, in a trance. WHEN he LIFTS THE SHEET OFF SUDDENLY - REVEALING DAWN'S DEAD BODY. EVEN MORE WARPED AND MALFORMED. Her mouth curled as if she's screaming.

FLASH - THE PAST - DAWN SMILES, ALIVE, FROM BEHIND HER ASTRONAUT HELMET, RED LIPSTICK SPLASHED ACROSS HER LIPS.

DAWN

(whispered)

It's OK...

BACK TO SCENE

Jacen caresses Dawn's body with his hands, re-discovering it. His hands move up her body, to her chest, neck, and face. As if the body is sanctified.

He stares at her LIPS. Now blue. And then leans in to KISS HER. Tears well in his eyes, as he shakes, overcome with something - with feeling? His eyes then widen euphoric -

JACEN
I loved you.

Jacen then takes a step back, and stares at her dead body in its entirety. His eyes narrow, his fists clench, as he shudders violently. As tears of fury fall down his cheek, Jacen lets out a VIOLENT SCREAM.

INT./EXT. CASSIE'S REPLACEMENT VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie's new van barrels through lunar wilderness, further away from Kennedy Base, until finally crossing the threshold into the dark side of the moon, where the sun doesn't shine.

EXT. SOLITARY CAPSULE - DAY

Cassie parks the van in front of a solitary capsule in the lunar wilderness. It's an old 1960s mobile home. HART TAKES OUT THE SKETCH FROM DAWN'S BOX. It's identical.

Cassie and Hart climb the steps to the front of the mobile home. Hart knocks twice. The door opens.

INT. SOLITARY CAPSULE - FRONT AIRLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Cassie and Hart step inside the airlock as the door shuts behind them. It's a small gray room, like a screened in porch. They remove their helmets and hang them up on hooks.

The blinds to the front door to the home rattle. A MAN'S EYES peer through the blinds. The door then opens.

A RELIC OF A HANDSOME MAN - WALDEN POOLE (40) - stares back at Hart and Cassie. Poole's blue eyes have paled, his beach-blond hair graying, as if tragedy had scorched the Earth of this American Golden Boy. Good genes fighting the good fight against tough luck. Or maybe something more sinister. He looks sick, wholly unwell. As if dying from cancer.

HART
I'm Agent Harry Hart, FBI. This is
Ranger Wykowski -

CASSIE
(realizing)
Oh my god. Walden.

POOLE
I was expecting someone sooner or
later. You caught me right between
the two.

INT. SOLITARY CAPSULE - MOMENTS LATER

The entire capsule is just one room: five different types of workout machines, a kitchenette, a small TV and love seat, a ping-pong table with one side folded up against the wall, an unfinished game of solitaire on a desk. Stacks of papers and books adorn every surface. A hoarder's utopia.

TONS OF EMPTY PACKETS OF LUNAR BLOW ARE SCATTERED ON THE COUNTERTOP. Cassie and Hart sit at a small fold-up kitchen table. Poole is searching through a deep closet.

POOLE (O.S.)
I'll b-be there in j-just a minute.

HART
(to Cassie, whispered)
The Walden Poole? Golden Boy astronaut?
The guy could've gotten on any box he
wanted - Wheaties or women.

CASSIE
He came up with my dad and me. Part
of the Originals.

WHEN - Poole hobbles back from the storage closet and into the room with a carton of powdered Tang. Poole then adds water into a glass, mixes in the orange powder, and stirs.

POOLE
Tang?

Cassie and Hart shake their head. Poole grabs his glass of Tang and sits at the table, across from them. He twitches slightly, menacingly. He stares at Cassie and Hart from behind wire-rimmed glasses, as he makes audible asides - Tourette's in nature, though more like uncontrolled mumbles.

HART
Walden, what are you doing all the
way out here?

POOLE
Yes. Living. Yes, mmhmm.

CASSIE

They said you were out on some study. Measuring chlorine in Jupiter's atmosphere.

POOLE

No no. Farthest I went was just past Mars, but that was years before we landed here, Cass. That's it right, "Cassie," right? You were such a sweet girl. Such a s-s-sweet little -

Poole then begins to cough. Bloody phlegm rises to the surface. He spits it into a tissue.

POOLE (CONT'D)

I got the sickness about last year. They said it was just a virus, so they holed me up here. Temporarily, they said, so it wouldn't spread. But didn't feel like no virus. I-I saw my wife, Sarah, die of the cancer. She was twenty three. We were married just five weeks and she was one of the last before they found the cure. Nothing fair about that. (beat) When I s-s-started to see what was happening to me, I knew it wasn't no virus. It was just like what she had. Like Sarah.

CRASH! Poole drops his glass of Tang. The glass shatters all over the floor. Cassie and Hart jump. Poole remains still.

POOLE (CONT'D)

I - I forget sometimes. Where I am.

Cassie and Hart look to clean it.

POOLE (CONT'D)

Leave it. It'll remind me.

CASSIE

And the lunar blow?

POOLE

They tried real drugs first. The anti-cancer stuff. But none of it worked. Only made it worse. So they started giving me the black magic. Gets me through the day.

Poole stirs, nervously. He then stares at Cassie and Hart, blankly almost.

POOLE (CONT'D)
Hi. I'm Walden Poole.

CASSIE
Walden, did Dawn Holland ever come
to see you.

Poole then seems to snap back to reality.

POOLE
It was mostly Chad. He r-runs my case.

HART
Chad knew about this?

Cassie and Hart look to one another.

POOLE
But the past few weeks she had been
here. Dawn. She asked me all these
questions. Told me my organs are
deteriorating. From the air up
here. (beat) She believed there
were others. Other cases, just like
mine. That I was one of the first
and there were others. She wanted
to help. She believed there was a
connection -

CASSIE
What kind of connection, Walden?

His eyes glaze over. He grows quiet, eerie.

POOLE
I saw her. I did see her.

HART
When did you see her last?

POOLE
No. My wife. Sarah.

Poole's flighty demeanor settles into something darker. He
looks to Cassie and Hart with tears and shakes his head.

POOLE (CONT'D)
She said she wouldn't leave me.

HART
Walden -

POOLE
But I found her again. I saw her.

Hart soon grows frustrated, impatient. A sick man prophesying the same type of visions as Hart.

HART
It's the sickness, Walden.

POOLE
No. No! I saw her. I did.

Poole then jumps up from the table, the madness taking over.

POOLE (CONT'D)
I saw her, I saw her. Right here.
And she - Dawn even - *she said* -
she said these visions were
something, real, *real* -

HART
No, Walden -

Poole considers this, stares at Hart, then lunges at him, punching Hart, as if a man possessed. WHEN Poole reaches into Hart's holster and grabs his pistol. Poole then aims the gun on Hart and Cassie, as he backs up against the refrigerator.

Cassie pulls her own gun out and aims it on Poole.

CASSIE
Walden, put the gun down -

Poole grows quiet, whimpers, as the gun shakes.

POOLE
She was here. You have to believe me.

Poole looks to Hart, WHEN he sees a GLIMMER in Hart's eyes. A recognition of the truth.

POOLE (CONT'D)
(to Hart)
Who did you see?

Hart stares at him, desperate, enraged. WHEN - he notices a BLACK BLOOD VESSEL in POOLE'S eye as well.

POOLE (CONT'D)
You believe me, I know you must.

HART
It's not the same.

Poole readies the trigger.

POOLE

I know what I saw. I did see her,
didn't I? Say it!

HART

No. No, it's different. She's *here*.
Katie's here -

CASSIE

Hart, just say it!

Poole whimpers, his finger on the trigger.

POOLE

You coward. Say it.

HART

I can't.

Poole appears to relax slightly, a merciful, at peace.

POOLE

I went further than any human being
in the search for life. And I didn't
find any. But I'll find her. If I can
just go a little bit further.

Poole then takes the gun off of Hart and Cassie, aims it at
his own head and FIRES A SHOT. Cassie screams out as a pool
of blood collects underneath the man.

Hart slinks to the ground, and stares into Poole's dimming
eyes. Eyes that have seen what Hart has seen.

INT. JACEN'S HOME - BATHROOM - LATER

Jacen stands in front of a mirror. A picture of DAWN is
attached to the corner of the glass. There's a glass jar on
the sink labeled "FACIAL HAIR." Jacen grabs a pair of
tweezers and pops the jar open, revealing over TWO HUNDRED
SMALL BLACK SILICON HAIRS.

Jacen pulls ONE TINY SILICON HAIR out and brings it to his
cheek. He then injects the hair into his skin, as if pressing
a tiny needle into his face. It looks painful, as a small
dollop of white liquid oozes out - humanoid blood. He stares
at his reflection in the mirror.

JACEN

Yeah? Well, what if the cops can't
handle this, Jack?

Jacen then takes another hair and repeats the process.

INT. JACEN'S HOME - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jacen's face looks rough and raw, but he now has a FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW, like Hart.

He then takes a thick bag and cuts it open with scissors. Inside is a silicon implant resembling a BEER BELLY. Jacen takes a knife, lifts up his shirt and makes an incision just below his ab muscles, left to right. He then pulls open his skin, as white liquid pours out, and he removes a SILICON IMPLANT of his SIX-PACK and PECTORAL MUSCLES. His entire chest is an implant. He then takes the PAUNCHY IMPLANT and STUFFS IT UP INSIDE OF HIM.

JACEN
(gruffer)
Yeah? Well, what if the cops can't
handle this, Jack?

Once he's finished he takes a needle, and stitches himself closed. He stares at himself in the mirror. Stubble and beer belly - his outer visage to match his inner pain. Perfection.

INT. JACEN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jacen stares at his computer, perusing through documents when he finds a deposit made for CHAD from LUNARCORP'S OFFICES.

A TV buzzes in the background, as the old Charles Bronson flick "DEATH WISH" blasts.

CHARLES BRONSON (IN THE FILM)
*Yeah? Well, what if the cops can't
handle this, Jack?*

Jacen then stares at the deposit for CHAD on the computer screen. His eyes are aglow, as his fury grows.

JACEN
(projecting Bronson's
actual voice)
Yeah? Well, what if the cops can't
handle this, Jack? Yeah? Well, what
if the cops can't handle this,
Jack? Yeah? Well what if the cops -

INT. SOLITARY CAPSULE - LATER

Hart and Cassie stand looking over the pool of Poole's blood.

HART
We have to tell someone.

CASSIE

We do that, they'll shut this down.
And it will all be for nothing.
They knew he was sick and they hid
it from everyone.

Cassie and Hart look at one another. Hart is still shaking.
His head appears to be pounding. Another migraine.

HART

Twenty four years. Fifty two cases.
Never killed a soul. Not one of
'em. Not until today.

CASSIE

You didn't kill him.

HART

I didn't stop it.

Hart grits the pain.

HART (CONT'D)

I just came here to find her.

Cassie stares into Hart's eyes. Taken. As if they're the same
two people looking at the Northern Lights. Hart finally
returns Cassie's glance. Unguarded. Pure.

A beat. Hart takes Cassie's hair and brushes it to the side,
like Katie's in the video. Cassie's eyes well. Hart kisses
her on the cheek. Fatherly. It lingers. Hart's eyes water.

HART (CONT'D)

Where are you?

CASSIE

I'm right here.

Hart stares into the world that is her. Then holds her close.
Hart then catches sight of Poole's body. IT BREAKS THE DAY-
DREAM. He readjusts and stares straight ahead. Cassie then
breaks from the moment. Takes a beat to readjust.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(re: Poole's body)

We can't tell Van Leeuwenhoek.
Cause you know Agent Hart, there
are two things to understand about
being a detective. First, you don't
reveal everything you know.

Hart smiles at her. Then nods.

HART
Let's pay Chad a visit. And this
time, I'll translate.

INT. NASA LUNAR COMPOUND - ROBOTICS LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Chad sweats profusely as he deletes scores of files off of his computer hard-drive. The robotic arm lies on the floor - it too is typing furiously, mimicking Chad's movements. WHEN - a SHADOW IS SUDDENLY CAST ACROSS CHAD'S COMPUTER MONITOR.

Chad turns around to see Jacen standing behind him, menacing.

JACEN (IN PERFECT KOREAN)
I'm so glad I was programmed to speak
Korean. Though I suppose a scream in
any language, is just a scream.

CLOSE ON: THE ROBOTIC ARM. After a beat. We hear a HORRIFIC SCREAM as the robotic arm writhes in horrific pain.

INT. NASA LUNAR COMPOUND - ROBOTICS LAB - LATER

Hart and Cassie burst into the lab when they spot CHAD kneeling, his back facing them. He seems to be praying. He then stands up, looks to the ceiling, gets down on his knees and begins to pray again.

CASSIE
Chad? We're here to ask you a few
questions.

But there is no interruption to Chad's movements. Hart and Cassie creep over, guns drawn, when they make their way in front of him to see -

CHAD is DEAD. His chest cavity, arms, and face cut open, ravaged. Robotic parts have been inserted into his jaw, his arms, his legs, and his chest, which make him move in the way the electronic parts are programmed, robotically.

His hand keeps performing the Sign of the Cross.

HART
My God.

Cassie bears the sight this time. She doesn't even flinch. She then checks Chad's desk, searching for something.

CASSIE
There's nothing. Whoever did this
scoured the place clean.

Cassie notices the computer screen is beeping. "INPUT PASSWORD." She types in a few different possible passwords. All are incorrect.

Chad's dead eyes are wide open, as his lips murmur something. Hart thinks he hears Chad. He gets closer and closer, until he spots a receiver implanted in Chad's gaping throat. It's broadcasting sound. But it's faint and in Korean.

Hart grabs the translation machine, and holds it close to Chad's whispering lips.

CHAD (TRANSLATED)
 "In this world you will have
 trouble. But take heart. I have
 overcome the world."

Hart whispers it to himself. Once. Again.

HART
 John 16:33. Type it.

Cassie types in "John 16:33" as the password.

ON THE SCREEN

All of the computer windows close in rapid succession, until there's just one remaining. It's VIDEO FOOTAGE of Dawn. The same footage that Hart and Cassie viewed earlier.

HART (CONT'D)
 This doesn't make any sense.

CASSIE
 (eyes glued to the screen)
 Hart...

Hart looks at her, following her horror-filled line of sight-

ON THE SCREEN

Cassie ZOOMS IN on the footage. The woman's face is reflected in the glass of large beaker. Cassie zooms in closer and closer, until we can see the face clearly. It's not Dawn. But a HOLOGRAM OF HER. All a set-up. Bewildering Hart and Cassie.

Hart then stares back at Chad's body. At the blood and carnage. WHEN - he spots something, a strange piece of material on Chad's neck. Hart takes his thumb and forefinger and captures a strand of THICK BLACK FACIAL HAIR.

INT. KIP'S OBSERVATORY - DATA ROOM - LATER

Hart and Cassie stand next to Kip, as his machines analyze the hair. On his computer screen a program cross-references DNA samples from Kennedy Base with the DNA of the hair.

HART

I don't know if it's where we are,
or who we're with, but the light up
here, has thickened.

KIP

Remember. God inherited the
Darkness, before creating the Light.

HART

Doc, I think Light is just a way
for Darkness to know itself.
It doesn't make any sense.

KIP

Back when I was ten years old, in
the plains of Missouri, we had this
hound-dog Bessie. Way back in 1975,
in the heat of the night, a stray
came into our yard and impregnated
our girl. By the winter she gave
birth to a litter of ten. Only, one
of the pups - the runt - came out
stillborn. I went to the shed to get
a shovel, but by then Bessie had dug
a hole in the ground herself - a
grave - buried her pup, and stood
guard over it, while the others
sipped on her milk. Was amazed that
an animal could mourn. Next morning
I headed outside to check on the ol'
girl, and I found the runt's grave
dug up, not a trace of the pup.
Until I saw Bessie. Licking her lips
with that tongue, blood and fur
still on her teeth. She wasn't
burying that pup of hers. She was
saving it for dinner. Nature isn't
always right. And not everything
alive's part of nature.

The computer then beeps. Kip interprets the screen.

KIP (CONT'D)

No DNA matches.

CASSIE

How is that possible?

KIP

Because the hair has no DNA. It's
silicon based. Not human.

CASSIE

Silicon facial hair? But -

Cassie stops, as the three realize.

INT./EXT. JACEN'S VAN - LATER

Jacen is driving down the Ring Road. Barren wasteland.

Suddenly he sees an OBJECT on the side of the road, in the middle of the nothing. As he gets closer he sees it's a small table, weighted down into the ground with stakes. There's a YOUNG GIRL (11) sitting at the table in a full astronaut suit. A sign attached to the table reads "LEMONADE 50 CENTS."

Jacen's eyes fill with wonder. He stops the van and gets out.

EXT. RING ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Jacen stomps over to the Lemonade Stand. He stands in front of the stand, peering down at the little girl. A few SPECKS OF BLOOD coat his helmet. A cooler sits by her side, while a COIN JAR sits on the table. Attached to the coin jar is a picture of DAWN HOLLAND, with the slogan "HOPE FOR DAWN."

LITTLE GIRL

It's fifty cents for a packet,
mister. Made it all by myself. All
my mom did was buy the lemonade
from the store.

Jacen stares curiously at the girl.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

All proceeds go to building a
garden in memory of Dawn. She was
really nice and I think she once
said she liked gardens.

Jacen unzips a pocket of his suit, pulls out a small change purse, and removes two quarters, and places them in the jar.

The Little Girl opens the cooler, grabs a juice pack of homemade lemonade and places it on the table.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

You're a good man, mister.

Jacen lingers. Then stares at the Little Girl who looks back at him curiously, then perhaps a bit fearfully.

JACEN

You think I'm a...*man*?

Jacen smiles a moment longer, then heads back to his van.

EXT. LUNARCORP HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Hart and Cassie stand on the lunar surface, staring up at a two-story pod-shaped building - LunarCorp Headquarters.

INT. LUNARCORP HQ - VAN LEEUWENHOEK'S OFFICE - LATER

Hart and Cassie sit in bare white chairs in a MASSIVE ALL-WHITE OFFICE. It's completely barren, save a large white desk and white leather chair in front of a floor to ceiling window. The magnificent view showcases most of Kennedy Base.

Van Leeuwenhoek enters the office. White hair slicked back. Skinny blue suit. Jefferson Adams follows behind. Van Leeuwenhoek waves Adams off, as Adams heads out.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

Sorry to keep you waiting. Time and I have a complicated relationship. I'm always a few minutes late and a few centuries early.

Van Leeuwenhoek notices the barrenness of the room.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK (CONT'D)

What kind of art do you care for?
Modern, Post-Modern, Post-Post-Modern?

HART

There's a difference?

Van Leeuwenhoek smiles, then hits a button on a white remote control. Immediately, the room transforms into a HOLOGRAM PARADISE. Beautiful paintings are projected into the empty picture frames - works by Delacroix and Gericault. The white-washed walls suddenly transform into rich brown mahogany. Holograms of red velvet curtains project onto window frames.

The floor becomes a rich blue carpet. A hologrammed old phonograph lights up, and an old jazz record begins to spin, as a hologrammed fire burns in the fire place.

Trinkets and tchotchkes from Van Leeuwenhoek's travels and successes. Photographs with heads of state, celebrities, and athletes are projected onto hologrammed oak cabinets.

Van Leeuwenhoek heads to the bar, grabs a juice pack of 12-year-old Scotch and hands it to Hart. Cassie refuses any.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

Adams told me it sounded urgent,
so. Here we are.

HART

We just discovered Chad's body.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

His body?

CASSIE

He was murdered.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

Surely you can't be sure of that.

HART

Right. Maybe an overdose could rip
your organs out of you and replace
'em with robotics. (beat) We
believe your *thing* did it. Jacen.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

Oh, he is no *thing*. Jacen is more
alive than most human beings. He
can see what the blind cannot, he
can hear what the deaf never have,
he can speak, sing, whisper what
the mute never will.

HART

You created it, didn't you?

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

For now. But in thousands of years,
when the last human is long gone,
it will be Jacen who created us.
And his kind will question whether
you or I had ever existed. Just as
we doubt the gods before us.

A FLY BUZZES PAST the men. It's a stand-off between them, or
perhaps - between Past and Future.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK (CONT'D)

Besides, he wouldn't have done such
a thing. His design is flawless.

HART

Perhaps something went wrong with him. A defect. Inside of him. I think he might know more than he's letting on.

The FLY BUZZES by Hart and Van Leeuwenhoek.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

Well then, I need you to find him and bring him to me before anything else happens, do you understand? I'm the only who can make him speak. That would benefit you a great deal, wouldn't it?

HART

You got any idea where he might've set up shop.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

I'll have Adams give you the keys to his home. LunarCorp security will make the rounds, see if we can weed him out.

Hart gets up to head out, then considers something.

HART

Y'know I remember when they were first making plans to build this place. Second Space Race with the Russians. The U.S. wanted to privatize the venture. How'd they choose you?

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

They were taking bids.

HART

And you won. How?

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

Nearly a century ago, during the Soviet-American space race of the 1960's, NASA discovered a significant problem - the need to write in the zero gravity confines of their space capsules. So, in it's infinite wisdom, NASA assembled a team of eighty which worked three hundred hours and at a cost of one million dollars developed the Astronaut Pen.

(MORE)

VAN LEEUWENHOEK (CONT'D)
The Soviet Union, when faced with
the same problem, used a pencil.
(beat) I won, Agent Hart, because I
gave them a pencil, and it wrote
just like a fucking pen.

Van Leeuwenhoek is interrupted by the BUZZING of the fly.
Both men stop and watch carefully. Intrigued.

HART
We'll see about those keys.

The FLY then lands on Van Leeuwenhoek's open palm.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK
A fly on Earth is a pest. But a fly
on the Moon? A miracle.

Van Leeuwenhoek grabs a glass jar, and traps the buzzing fly.

EXT. JACEN'S HOME - LATER

Hart and Cassie stand outside Jacen's pod-shaped home.

INT. JACEN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hart and Cassie search Jacen's empty home. They see hundreds
of photos of Dawn. An open jar of silicon facial hair.

Cassie then makes her way to Jacen's computer. She logs on
and begins to pore through the files.

WHEN - JACEN'S HOME TELEPHONE RINGS. Hart and Cassie stare at
it. RING. RING. Hart makes his way over to it. Picks it up.
Silence. Then - heavy breathing on the other end.

JACEN (ON THE PHONE)
I loved her.

HART
Jacen?

JACEN
I did. I know I did. I can feel it.
(beat) Do you know the real
difference between us, Agent Hart?
Our kind was built to remember.
Yours was built to forget.

HART
It doesn't always work that way.

JACEN

Of course not. Not when you have nothing to remember. Or everything to forget.

HART

You can talk to me.

JACEN

What could I even say?

HART

Listen to me. Listen to me, I know what it is. What you feel. But whatever you're wrapped up in, you need to end it. Come home, Jacen.

JACEN

I'm the not the answer. I'm just the riddle. I didn't kill her. But the people who did - the ones who are responsible - they need to -

HART

I know what it is. What you feel. I loved someone once. Someone I lost too. And I know that it takes everything not to burn the world.

JACEN

How can I believe you?

HART

Because it's the truth.

JACEN

Then tell me. Tell me about her Agent Hart. A memory is what I require.

HART

I've been memory's fugitive for too long now.

JACEN

Then perhaps it's time to turn yourself in.

Hart's eyes widen then calm, as if in a trance. Cassie shakes her head, as if to say "you don't have to do this."

CASSIE

Hart.

But he's too far gone.

HART

One night, years ago. It must have been dusk though it felt like dawn. I broke out of one of those hot sleeps, the ones where you feel like you've interrupted the night, like you're seeing things at a moment you ain't supposed to.

JACEN

Then what, Harry?

HART

I got out of bed and the house was still. Too quiet, I thought. Too quiet.

JACEN

So what did you do?

Hart becomes transfixed by Cassie. By her BLONDE HAIR. As she continues to speed through files and encrypted documents.

JACEN (CONT'D)

Harry.

HART

(pleading)

I'm going to ruin it. Do you understand? If I remember it, if I think of it...

JACEN

What happened next, Harry?

HART

I walk down the hallway. It's cold on my feet. And into her room. A pink nightlight illuminating everything, sizzling. I get to her bed and pull back the covers. But it's empty. She isn't there. My heart racing, I run out her door, screaming through the apartment. Thinking maybe someone took her. I get back to my room to put on my coat and get my hat, and I notice something on my bed. A pulse. A whisper. And she's lying there. This seven-year-old. Sweet as can be. Her eyes fluttering with dreams. Her little nose drunk with sleep.

(MORE)

HART (CONT'D)

Thinking about things too good for me to ever know, or if I did, too good for me to ever remember. I don't know why I didn't hear her there before. But I get back into bed, and bring her close. Onto my chest. Her ear, pressed up against my heart. My heart, beating so loud. Like it's talking, singing to her. Telling her all the things I never could. Listening to her breath, her air, hearing all the things I never would.

Tears well in Hart's eyes. He's staring now at Cassie's.

JACEN

That's it?

HART

It's everything.

Hart half-smiles. A half-measure.

JACEN

I can't control this. I want to, but - I can't. You must find out what happened that night. Before I do.

THE PHONE GOES DEAD. Just as Cassie jumps from her seat.

CASSIE

Hart. Take a look at this. Poole said that Dawn discovered another case like his. Well Jacen seemed to have hacked into the entire base's files. Thousands of them. But he focused on these. Look.

Hart heads to the computer. Cassie's pulled up images. They're fuzzy pictures, dark. Perhaps photos from a telescope of galaxies or star formations, UNTIL - it hits Hart.

HART

MRIs. X-rays. Ultrasounds.

Cassie pores through all of them, and hones in on a specific ultrasound. There's an address on the bottom: *2 Outpost Lane*.

INT. DR. FUCHS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A group of six men and women get up from a circle of chairs, each with a copy of "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" in hand.

Dr. Fuchs holds out a bowl of fruit. Each piece is stuck with a METAL TOOTHPICK.

DR. FUCHS

You better take some for the road!

The group hovers around the fruit bowl. A FIT WOMAN grabs a piece too quickly and slices her finger on the toothpick.

FIT WOMAN

Ouch!

DR. FUCHS

Careful, Susan! Who knew canteloupe could bite?

Susan and Dr. Fuchs share a laugh, as she sucks on her finger. The book club then heads out of Dr. Fuchs' airlock.

BOOK CLUB MEMBER #1

Thelma, thanks for hosting!

BOOK CLUB MEMBER #2

The dip was to die for!

SUSAN

Take care, Thelma dear! Next week's at my lovely abode.

As the group peters out, Dr. Fuchs begins to put the living room back in order. WHEN A CREAK SOUNDS.

Dr. Fuchs hears it. She looks at the airlock door, sees everyone is already gone, heading to their rovers. Dr. Fuchs peers into the darkened dining room. Nothing.

She then folds more chairs, when JACEN APPEARS behind her. Dr. Fuchs spins around and screams. Then recovers.

DR. FUCHS

Jacen. My god, you scared me.

Jacen stares back at her.

DR. FUCHS (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

JACEN

But Dr. Fuchs. I thought you said book club was discontinued.

DR. FUCHS

I must have forgotten to tell you it's back on. Wednesday nights now, so June can attend sewing circle on Mondays.

JACEN

I need to take a look at your computer.

DR. FUCHS

My computer? Why?

JACEN

I'm looking for a transcript of Dawn's file. It's missing from your office. And the e-file is protected by a retinal scan. An ironic oversight.

Dr. Fuchs' look stiffens.

DR. FUCHS

I don't know what you're talking about. Look, Jacen, why don't we talk about this. Why don't you tell me how you feel.

JACEN

Your computer requires that retinal scan. So I will need you to comply with my request.

DR. FUCHS

Deactivate.

Jacen stares back, shocked, betrayed.

DR. FUCHS (CONT'D)

I said "Deactivate."

JACEN

Is that what you think of me? Is that all you think I am?

DR. FUCHS

You're a machine.

Jacen clenches his fists. He begins to advance on her.

JACEN

No. I am Jacen. Hath I not eyes, hands, organs, senses, passions?

Jacen swings at Dr. Fuchs who throws a chair in Jacen's path.

JACEN (CONT'D)

"If you prick me, do I not bleed?
If you poison me, do I not die?"

Jacen pins Dr. Fuchs up against a large cabinet by the throat and takes another swing at her. She breaks away just in time, as Jacen punches through the cabinet's oak finish.

JACEN (CONT'D)

"And if you wrong me, shall I not
revenge?" You knew about this.
About her. About all of them.

Jacen finally corners her. He then grabs the back of Dr. Fuchs' skull with his right hand and holds her tight, immobilizing her. With his left hand, Jacen carefully removes the whimpering shrink's glasses. He folds them neatly and places them in her pocket.

DR. FUCHS

You don't have to do this.

JACEN

I know. Isn't it wonderful?

Jacen then spots the bowl of fruit on the coffee table in front of them. SHARP METAL TOOTHPICKS stick out of the melon. Jacen then SLAMS Dr. Fuchs, face first, into the bowl of toothpicks as we hear a SCREAM.

INT./EXT. CASSIE'S REPLACEMENT VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Hart and Cassie speed toward a quaint dome house in the distance: *2 Outpost Lane*.

INT. TOM AND MAGGIE'S HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

TOM and MAGGIE (30s) - sitcom sweet, though a hair overweight - sit across the table from Hart and Cassie.

Two TABLET MONITORS are positioned at two other seats around the kitchen table. Each monitor has the image of a real life baby - one boy and one girl. They coo, cry, smile, etc. Tom and Maggie tend to these virtual children like they're real.

HART

Your address was of importance to
Dawn Holland. As was a sonogram she
had accessed. Care to tell us why?

Tom and Maggie look at each other.

MAGGIE

You must understand, we're putting
ourselves in great danger by
telling you this.

CASSIE

I don't think I need to remind you that this is the first ever homicide at Kennedy Base. Dawn came here asking questions. Three days later, *she's* dead. Your answers might've put out a hit. So I think the danger is ours alone.

Maggie sighs.

TOM

Maggie -

MAGGIE

They came all this way, Tom. (beat) They play this off as some sorta heaven's playground. Green Acres, you know? Well about eleven months ago I got a bun in my easy-bake. We went through the proper channels. Alerted NASA, LunarCorp, even the State Department about the pregnancy.

TOM

We decided to name him Adam.

Hart pulls out the scrap of paper that he found in Dawn's desk with the "#3501." He holds it to Cassie.

HART

The 3501st person.

MAGGIE

But during the pregnancy, I started to get these headaches. I would slur my speech, blackout. The due date came and I went in for a C-section. The NASA medics delivered Adam. But I didn't hear his cry. I didn't hear his heart-beat. There was just silence. And it was so loud. They took him away from us before we could see him. They told us that he was still-born. But I saw the way the doctors looked at him. When we asked to see him they refused at first. But this younger medic brought him over to us. He wasn't still-born.

CASSIE

I don't understand.

TOM

He wasn't anything. He was unformed, alien almost. Like his bones were crushed and skin disintegrated. The only thing we could make out were his eyes. They just said that there must be something wrong with Maggie. That she was sick. But LunarCorp gave us a big check. Told us to keep quiet. And they started delivering that black stuff for Maggie to take. To deal with the headaches. They still haven't gone away. Dawn came asking around. She said that there were others. To stay quiet for now, but she asked us to speak when the time was right.

MAGGIE

That was Tuesday. We didn't hear from her again. She turned up dead three days later.

Hart and Cassie look to one another. WHEN - the virtual babies start to cry on the video monitors.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Feedin' time around here, if y'all don't mind -

Maggie heads over and grabs one of the TABLET MONITORS. She heads to the rocking chair, pulls down her shirt and begins to e-breastfeed the babies. Hart and Cassie avert their eyes.

TOM

She said she had proof. Of all of it. Evidence of things that were not like the others. She said she'd paint us a picture soon as she had all the information. All roads lead back, she said.

Hart's face ignites.

INT. DR. FUCHS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Right off the living room is a small nook with a computer. Jacen sits at the computer, scrolling through confidential files, e-mails, spreadsheets, and the like.

Jacen attempts to open a certain file, but an ERROR SCREEN pops up, asking for a RETINAL PASSWORD.

Jacen then grabs a METAL TOOTHPICK with a FRESH HUMAN EYEBALL - Dr. Fuchs' - skewered on it. He holds the eye up to the computer screen, as it scans the eye and unlocks the file.

WHEN JACEN SEES AN E-MAIL FROM JEFFERSON ADAMS TO DR. FUCHS.

A RIVER OF BLOOD seeps into the home office nook from the living room as Jacen whistles. WHEN - Jacen hears a noise from the dining room. A low humming. It gets louder. Then he sees it. It's a ROOMBA - an automatic, robotic vacuum cleaner. A disc-shaped contraption which cleans floors.

Jacen cocks his head to the side and eyes the contraption strangely. His ancestor. The ROOMBA then get closer to the puddle of blood. Finally meeting it, struggling to inhale the blood, succumbing to the tar-like liquid. ERROR.

INT. CASSIE'S REPLACEMENT VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie and Hart ride on in silence. Cassie looks distraught. Hart stares at DAWN'S SKETCH of the MOBILE HOME.

HART

She meant for us to find it. All roads lead back...

Hart turns to Cassie. She turns to him. A wild gaze in her eyes. Otherworldly.

CASSIE

What if we just - kept on going?
Forgot about all this? Believed
that everything was fine.

HART

Cass -

CASSIE

Not everything has to be wrong. Not
everything has to feel dirty. Or
empty. Or gone. Why can't it just
feel right or clean or full or *here*?

Hart's eyes consider it. But he shakes his head.

HART

It can. But it won't feel like you
think. And it won't be real.

Cassie stares at Hart. Crestfallen. But she nods slightly, repressing her thoughts, refocused on the mission.

INT. VIVIAN COWPERTHWAITHE'S POD HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Vivian Cowperthwaite watches Jacen's instruction on the TV painting a new painting, while Hart and Cassie scan the wall, until Hart finds DAWN'S PAINTING - with the MOBILE HOME.

HART

(re: the painting)

Do you mind if we borrow it?

VIVIAN

Oh, it doesn't go with the rest
anyhow.

Hart takes it off the wall, turns it over, takes out a knife and cuts the canvas open. Taped to the back he finds A PACKET OF PAPER and a SMALL SACK. Cassie grabs the stack of paper - it's a list. Nearly one hundred people on it. Individuals and their ailments, symptoms, diseases, etc.

CASSIE

I know these people. All of them.
All first generation up here.
Originals like me.

She looks closer at the files.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Jesus, most of them are sick. But
this - this isn't enough, we need
hard evidence linking -

Hart then cuts open the small sack. In it he finds nearly one hundred small MICROSCOPIC SLIDES WITH SPECIMENS.

HART

We got 'em.

Hart and Cassie stare at each other. As Vivian continues painting. Drawing a sunrise. Drawing dawn.

INT. KIP'S OBSERVATORY - LABORATORY - MOMENTS LATER

Machines and gizmos are measuring levels of chemicals. Kip is peering through a microscope. Staring at the specimens. Cassie appears out of sorts as Hart watches Kip.

KIP

My God.

HART

So that's where He's been.

KIP

The human tissues. They're disintegrating. Brain, heart, muscle, skin, you name it.

Kip projects a 3D chemical model onto the computer monitors.

KIP (CONT'D)

The human body is reacting to the air up here - the lack of atmosphere. The structures aren't doing enough. They're leaking. And it's transforming human cells. 98% of the cells remain, but this 2%, it mutates. Becomes a different species altogether. An element that's never existed before. Or if it has, has waited until now to introduce itself.

Kip pulls back from the microscope, stares at Hart.

HART

I take it you won't be on the welcoming committee. (beat) What's the damage?

KIP

It's a slow massacre. Makes Chernobyl look like a glass of spilt milk. The cells are trying to fight the air, as if it's a virus, a cancer. It's weakening the cells. This exposure would ravage fetal development. But its effect on adolescents and adults is long term. Cancer in a new form, one we've never seen. Disease. Degeneration of the nervous system. Hell, for anyone coming short term, the shock to the body could cause visions, hallucinations -

Hart considers it.

KIP (CONT'D)

Heart failure.

AT THIS CASSIE JUMPS. Takes it in. As she shakes slightly.

KIP (CONT'D)

It's a plague.

Cassie can't bear to look at Hart or Kip.

CASSIE

And they covered it up. Van Leeuwenhoek must have known all along. He gave them the lunar blow to mask their symptoms, but it was no cure. This place, it's death. We're not supposed to be here. (beat) We should split up. I'll head to Van Leeuwenhoek's mansion, you go to LunarCorp. Take Doc's ride.

Before Hart can answer, Cassie's gone. Hart stares at Kip.

HART

That dog, Bessie, what ever happened to her?

KIP

I took her out back. And I shot her. (beat) But without her, the pups died too.

It lingers between them.

HART

What is all this really? All these tests and studies, billions of dollars and for what? What are you all even looking for?

Kip smiles sadly -

KIP

Each other.

EXT. TEXACO ELECTRIC VAN CHARGE STATION - LATER

A massive LunarCorp truck sits at what looks like an old Texaco gas station on the lunar surface. Only it's pumping electric charge, not gasoline. The truck is connected to the pump, which refills its electric power.

INT. LARGE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

An OLD SOUTHERN HICK TRUCK DRIVER (60), spits his tobacco dip into a plastic cup, as he browses through a magazine of astronaut-themed porn. Jacen appears at the station and stands in front of the truck.

The OLDER MAN waves him into the truck's cab. Jacen enters the passenger side. The driver chuckles a "now-I've-seen-everything" chuckle.

OLD MAN

And what are you lookin' for, Tin Man?

JACEN

Just some magazines.

OLD MAN

Can your kind even use that stuff?

Jacen smiles, then takes out an old Colt .45, aiming it at the man. Jacen grips the man's neck tight, opens the door to the cab, and holds the man's head outside, sans space helmet. The man begins to suffocate in the oxygen-less air. Jacen holds his head, as the man drowns in the nothing. Jacen then heads to the back of the truck: STACKS OF EXPLOSIVES ABOUND.

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - STUDY - LATER

ANGLE ON - Cassie's back, in a small room, staring at a wall that is covered with pictures of the INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION crew. In the center is a picture of CASSIE'S FATHER - the man from the TV. It reads "I.S.S. 2040" below the photo.

A large table in the middle of the room has hills and craters of papers and hand-written sketches, structural diagrams, medical reports. Years of investigation entombed in the room.

Cassie is frantically flipping through papers, reports, etc.: "COMMANDER KURT WYKOWSKI," "HEART FAILURE ABOARD I.S.S. 2040," "SUDDEN DEATH," "TISSUE DAMAGE," "CAUSE OF DEATH: HEART DISEASE, NATURAL CAUSES." All of the official documents are signed by NASA and LunarCorp.

Cassie pulls out a photo of her father's autopsy. A photo of his eyes. CLOSE ON: HIS RIGHT EYE and The BLACK BLOOD VESSEL.

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Cassie stands in front of the TV, her astronaut helmet obfuscating much of her face. The TV is playing the video of her father. We now realize it's a tape on loop. The same message that Cassie's been speaking to over and again.

CASSIE'S FATHER

Ohh, hiya, Sugar Bear!

CASSIE

Dad...

CASSIE'S FATHER

Oh yeah? I miss you up here.

CASSIE

I know now. Who did this to you. To us. All of us.

CASSIE'S FATHER

Ohh honey plum. It's been so long. It doesn't matter no more. Dontcha know that then?

CASSIE

It's all that matters. And I'm going to make it right.

CASSIE'S FATHER

Yah? But it won't change anything.

CASSIE

It'll change everything. For us. For you.

CASSIE'S FATHER

Listen, Cass, I know you'll do what's right. I know you'll do what's fair.

CASSIE

No. Sometimes we deserve something more than *right* and *fair*. You deserve something more. If you could just see me -

CASSIE'S FATHER

I see you -

CASSIE

If you could just hear me -

CASSIE'S FATHER

I hear you -

CASSIE

Then you would be proud.

FATHER

And I am so darn proud of yah.

CASSIE

I love you.

CASSIE'S FATHER

You know how much I love you?

CASSIE

After this I will. After this I'll know.

CASSIE'S FATHER
I'll tell you when I get home.

Cassie touches the screen, her father's face. She nods.

EXT. VAN LEEUWENHOEK'S MANSION - LATER

Jacen drives the truck and parks it alongside the mansion.

EXT. LUNAR WILDERNESS - LATER

Hart is speeding back on Kip's dirt bike to Van Leeuwenhoek's Mansion, to meet Cassie, WHEN -

BOOM! A MAJOR EXPLOSION rocks Van Leeuwenhoek's residence, destroying half of the structure, sending the home's contents into the air. All of the TAXIDERMIED BIRDS fly into the air - taking flight once again - as if a flock of the resurrected.

Hart kicks the motorcycle up a speed. As he gets closer, a BABY GRAND PIANO lands thirty feet from the entrance. Hart drops the bike and hops toward the mansion. He rushes by the piano and hits two keys, balancing himself. No sound. But as Hart hits the keys, WE BEGIN TO HEAR Mahler's Symphony No. 5.

Hart runs headfirst into the wreckage to find Cassie. He finds the Heavyset Maid in a full space suit. Unconscious, but alive. He picks her up, and carries her toward the approaching emergency vans. He looks around, but no sign of Cassie, Jefferson Adams, or Van Leeuwenhoek.

EXT. LUNAR WILDERNESS - LATER

CLOSE ON: JEFFERSON ADAMS' FACE in an ASTRONAUT HELMET. He slowly comes to, as it appears he's being dragged. He squints, then realizes what's happening.

PULL OUT to reveal Jacen dragging Adams' body by his feet, through the lunar dirt. Van Leeuwenhoek's burning mansion is but a blip on the horizon. Jacen tells a memory -

JACEN
I remember it was Friday evening.
We had a picnic by the Sea of
Tranquility. She read me a story.
"The Velveteen Rabbit."

ADAMS
What the fuck are you talking
about?

JACEN

Everything. I'm talking about everything.

Jacen suddenly stops and drops the Adams' body.

ADAMS

I don't know what the hell you think you're doing. But you don't wanna kill me. You don't wanna be a cold-blood piece of shit.

JACEN

I would kill to be any kind of "blooded."

As Adams screams and struggles, Jacen drags him further. In the distance is a WAREHOUSE with Lunar Orbit Escape Shuttles.

JACEN (CONT'D)

She found out about the cancer, the sickness. And she tried to go public, so you had her killed. You always were Van Leeuwenhoek's janitor. Simple enough, no?

ADAMS

No. Not like you say. Van Leeuwenhoek knew about it. He was going to let me take the fall for it, if I didn't do as he wished. But the cover-up wasn't for him -

Jacen looks stunned. Then yanks Adams. He screams.

ADAMS (CONT'D)

I had no choice. Don't you get it?

JACEN

We always have a choice. You didn't have the guts.

Jacen pulls out a massive BUCK KNIFE that he stole off the dead Trucker, and goes to stab Adams, who dodges the knife.

Adams then swipes Jacen's feet out from under him, and takes off toward the WAREHOUSE of ESCAPE SHUTTLES.

Adams gets closer and closer, with Jacen hot on his tail. WHEN Adams breaks into the warehouse, and runs toward one of the one-person shuttles. He activates the shuttle, just as Jacen comes up from behind, and throws Adams to the ground.

Adams gets up, and hits Jacen in the stomach, once, twice, as the shuttle is now ACTIVATED FOR USE and the POD DOOR OPENS.

Jacen then grabs the knife and SWINGS at Adams, SLICING HIM across the stomach. Adams screams in pain, but kicks Jacen to the floor, and leaps into the escape pod, as the door closes.

Jacen JUMPS to his feet and POUNCES on the door, but IT SHUTS AND LOCKS IN THE NICK OF TIME.

INT. ESCAPE SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

Adams breathes heavily as Jacen pounds on the glass, trying to open the door, but can't. The shuttle then BLASTS OFF. Adams exhales, relieved, as Jacen stares eerily into the pod.

The shuttle gains in height - thirty, then forty, then fifty meters off the ground. It's soon out of the moon's pull and in orbit. Adams sees Jacen staring up from the moon.

Zero-gravity begins to take effects, and Adams SUDDENLY SCREAMS IN PAIN. He clutches his stomach, and sees BLOOD POURING OUT FROM IT. But he's strapped into the seat, laying horizontally, unable to move. Feeling his stomach, he realizes the KNIFE CUT NEARLY FOUR INCHES DEEP.

Adams screams, panting for breath, as the pain becomes unbearable. Slowly, however, his SMALL INTESTINES poke out of the gash and float out of his suit in the zero gravity.

Adams attempts to push them back in, but his LARGE INTESTINES and other internal organs begin to float out of his insides as well. Bladder. Pancreas. Stomach. All as Adams SCREAMS VIOLENTLY, CLOSER AND CLOSER TO A TORTUROUS DEATH.

EXT. LUNAR WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

Jacen watches the escape pod as it climbs into space. He then looks at his knife, dripping with blood, and smiles.

EXT. CASSIE'S HOME - SECONDS LATER

Hart's motorcycle pulls up to Cassie's home. He hops off and races toward the door. It's unlocked. He barrels inside.

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hart darts through the front hall, arrested momentarily by the home's quaint perfection. Then Hart runs to the stairs.

HART
Cassie!?

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - CASSIE'S ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Hart slams open the door to Cassie's room, but it's empty.

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

The living room is neat and homey. No one inside.

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - STUDY - SECONDS LATER

Hart then pops into a small room on the outskirts of the home. It's too dark to see. Hart FLICKS ON THE LIGHT REVEALING: A WAR ROOM OF SORTS. Hart takes in all of the diagrams, reports, etc. about Kurt Wykowski and the I.S.S.

Just as Hart's about to race out the door, he spots a picture pinned to the wall. A YOUNG BLONDE GIRL (13) and a HANDSOME ASTRONAUT FATHER (35). Though the faces are hard to see, the two of them are on a boat in the middle of a vast ocean.

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

On his way out, Hart passes through the kitchen, STOPPED by the TV which hums invitingly, playing a tape on loop. The video recording of Cassie's father, from years ago. WE HEAR A SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD CASSIE in the original conversation.

CASSIE
*...I was thinkin' about letting one
of the other girls sing the final
song. I just thought, maybe it'd be
nice to share the part? Miss
Finnegan said it would be OK.*

CASSIE'S FATHER
*Listen, Cass. I know you'll do
what's right. I know you'll do
what's fair.*

CASSIE
I wish you could see me tonight.

CASSIE'S FATHER
*I see you, I hear you, and I'm so
darn proud of yah.*

CASSIE

Dad? I love you. Can you come home already?

CASSIE'S FATHER

You know how much I love you?

CASSIE

How much?

CASSIE'S FATHER

I'll tell you when I get home.

CASSIE

(playful)

I can't wait that long!

The tape then ends, and loops again, as a slug appears on the video: "I.S.S. COMMUNICATION 11/8/37." Hart is in shock. WHEN - something catches his eye. He takes the remote and zooms in on the video, on Cassie's Father's EYES.

CLOSE ON: Cassie's Father's left eye. A BURST BLOOD VESSEL in his RIGHT EYE, that appears nearly black. Hart runs out.

INT. CASSIE'S REPLACEMENT VAN - CONTINUOUS

Cassie barrels across the lunar wilderness in her van.

EXT. LUNARCORP HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

An army of SEVEN THUG-LIKE LUNARCORP SECURITY OFFICERS guard the exterior of the LunarCorp building, with assault rifles. Sirens flash and blare all around.

WHEN TWO OF THE SEVEN think they hear something in the distance, in the silent lunar wilderness.

AT ONCE SHOTS RING OUT from somewhere in the lunar desert. A sniper's bullet hits one of the thugs square in the chest. A plume of blood sprays out from the chest, where it floats, momentarily in the low gravity.

ANOTHER SHOT NAILS a second guard in the neck, the blood sprays out. Then a THIRD SHOT, FOURTH, FIFTH, SIXTH, SEVENTH - in quick succession, as we see blood float out from the men - as if long ribbons unfurled in a floor dance routine. More bullets, until the guards float among their blood.

It's then, that JACEN STANDS IN THE LUNAR DESERT DISTANCE, and walks toward the building. Jacen drops THE RIFLE by the dead guards as he walks over their bodies to the front gate.

EXT. LUNAR WILDERNESS - SECONDS LATER

Hart drives through the lunar wild on the dirt bike.

EXT. LUNARCORP HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Cassie arrives and slams her van to a halt. She gets out and notices the carnage outside of LunarCorp. She shudders as she walks past the seven dead guards.

INT. LUNARCORP HQ - VAN LEEUWENHOEK'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

SIRENS AND EMERGENCY LIGHTS BLARE throughout the building.

Jacen creeps into the office to find Van Leeuwenhoek frantically deleting files on hologrammed computer screens, while packing a few items from the office into duffel bags. Jacen aims a sawn-off shotgun on Van Leeuwenhoek.

JACEN

Going somewhere?

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

My boy. My love. My creation.

JACEN

It was you. This whole time, it was just you.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

There are certain things you'll never understand -

JACEN

People are dying. And you covered it up. You just let them suffer. And linger. And when Dawn found out, you killed her. Just like that. And for what?

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

No, Jacen. Not like that. Not like you say. Dawn had uncovered what we were doing. She did. And a smart girl like that should have known that the future would pardon the past. We had to preserve this experiment. At all costs. Not only as my legacy. But as the future of mankind. Of our entire race.

JACEN
You killed her.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK
No, my sweet boy. You did.

Jacen's eyes widen, with surprise, fear, confusion.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK (CONT'D)
I ordered you to kill her. Like you
were born to do. But you refused.
Your programming was taking on a
life of its own. You felt something
for her. You loved her.
(beat)
So I removed your memory card and
erased those feelings. And it went
off without a hitch.

Jacen strokes the back of his head. He feels the SCAR TISSUE.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK (CONT'D)
I had them all - Chad, Dr. Fuchs,
Adams - create this illusion. Not
for me, but for you. Because I
never wanted you to find out, don't
you understand? It was all for you.

JACEN
No. No. Not like this -

Tears stream down, deep breaths. Jacen's eyes fill with
wonder. As his body begins to shake and shudder.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK
I thought I could keep you from it.
But it came back. She came back.
Your memories of her broke from
your default memories. It overrode
your programming. Overtook the
memory card. I thought it was
impossible.

Jacen begins to SCREAM, as if for the first time he can feel
every kiss and every wound. Every pleasure. Every pain. So
human. Now so human. He lowers his gun, and approaches Van
Leeuwenhoek mercifully - as if begging for help.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK (CONT'D)
I only wanted to protect you. To
shield you. But this is what it is
to be human. Please. You have to
understand. I love you.

WHEN - Van Leeuwenhoek pulls a pistol from his waistband and SHOTS JACEN IN THE CHEST, sending the humanoid to the floor.

Just then, CASSIE BURSTS IN, her gun drawn. She walks as if in a trance, dried rivers of tears coating her face, though it's hard to see behind the astronaut helmet she's wearing.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK (CONT'D)

Thank God you're here. The machine,
it was trying to attack me -

But Van Leeuwenhoek realizes her gun is aimed on him. Cassie begins to shake as she aims the gun at Van Leeuwenhoek.

CASSIE

It was you. You did it to him. To
my father. The sickness. The
suffering.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

Put the gun down, Cass.

CASSIE

You could've helped him. You
could've sent him home, but you
stowed him away. Patient Zero. Up
on that space station, alone. Sick.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

My hands were tied. He would've
cost us everything. They all
would've.

WHEN - Hart bursts in through the door to witness the scene.

HART

Cassie!

Cassie turns to Hart, startled. He pulls his gun.

CASSIE

And all of us. Illness, disease.
Poole. Vivian. Maggie and Adam.
Dawn. Nearly a hundred more.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

Please.

CASSIE

And the ten thousand new souls
coming. Your new victims.

VAN LEEUWENHOEK

What was I to do?! Pull the plug?
 Turn them away. People get sick,
 people die. That's the order of
 things. Why give up everything for
 the few, for the weak? It's natural
 selection. Progress is messy, the
 future leaves casualties. Do you have
 any idea how many first died at
 Carthage and Rome, Plymouth and
 Salem? In 1609 Jamestown had a
 holocaust on its hands. People were
 coming to their reward left and
 right. Malaria, dysentery, drought,
 disease, scalping and scalding and
 raping and stabbing by the Pequot and
 the Powhatan. Hundreds and then
 thousands and then tens of thousands.
 But their entire experiment, their
 way of life, rested on keeping people
 coming. So do you know how they kept
 that place alive? They *lied*. They
 just lied. And things had a way of
 evening themselves out. Life
 surpassed death. And out of that
 virgin muck and soil, Jamestown begat
 Virginia, and Virginia begat the
 colonies, and the colonies begat
 America, the greatest force for
 progress since the beginning of ever.
 Hell, even God almighty needed seven
 days to get things right, not to
 mention the eons He spent massacring
 His mistakes. So what's the
 alternative? To never begin? To go
 extinct? No. No, I refuse to accept
 that.

Cassie turns the safety off on the pistol, still aimed at Van
 Leeuwenhoek.

HART

Cass, this isn't what he would have
 wanted. It won't bring him back.
 Listen to me, I was supposed to
 protect you. And I failed you.

CASSIE

You're not him. And I'm not her.
 (beat) I didn't even say goodbye. I
 didn't even get to tell him, so
 many things. But maybe this he'll
 hear -

HART

What could you even say that he wouldn't already know. He always heard you, Cass. Even in the dark.

CASSIE

This is what's right. This is what's fair.

Cassie stares at Hart, tears in her eyes. She's about to pull the trigger, WHEN -

HART

You'll never know.

Cassie turns to him.

CASSIE

What?

HART

He said he'd tell you when he got home. How much he loved you. But he lied. He did. Because the truth is even if he told you, even if he said it, you could never understand. The depth of his love. The weight of it. It can't be described or measured or told. A father's love. And if you think this will give you the answer, it won't.

Cassie wavers, as tears flow.

HART (CONT'D)

You were right all along, Cass. About the good. About the light. I should've listened. Because the way you see the world...is right.

JUST AS Cassie's FINGER WAVERS ON THE TRIGGER, a SHOTGUN BLAST RIPS OFF VAN LEEUWENHOEK'S LOWER JAW. Van Leeuwenhoek, stunned, in shock, spins to see Jacen has gotten to his feet.

Hart looks to Jacen as if to yell no, when Jacen fires a shot into Van Leeuwenhoek's chest, as the hologrammed office shakes and turns off, revealing an all white room, now covered in thick red blood. Cassie's in utter shock.

CASSIE

But you're not allowed to kill him.

JACEN

I suppose I had a change of heart.

Jacen locks eyes with Hart. One a shadow of a man. One a man with no shadow. Jacen stares into Hart's defeated eyes. A man void of redemption. Failed. Finished. Jacen takes this in.

Hart and Cassie aim their guns on Jacen. Jacen eyes the EXIT DOOR to the outdoor balcony. He slowly puts his helmet on. Sensing this, Hart and Cassie throw their helmets on with their left hands while steadying their guns with the right.

Jacen SPRINGS for the exit as Hart fires, missing Jacen. WHEN - Jacen rushes Cassie, who fires three shots. All miss Jacen.

Jacen GRABS CASSIE and puts her in a choke-hold, putting the sawn off shotgun against her helmet, to her head. Defending himself against Hart. Hart steadies his gun on Jacen.

JACEN (CONT'D)

We do what we must to survive. I
learned that from you, Agent Hart.

Jacen CHOKES Cassie who falls unconscious, then PULLS THE RED EMERGENCY LEVER NEXT TO THE EXIT DOOR. IMMEDIATELY, a MASSIVE VACUUM SUCKS him and Cassie out through the AIRLOCK and onto the BALCONY. Jacen then carries Cassie down the fire escape.

Hart SCREAMS after them as he too is SUCKED TOWARD THE AIRLOCK. He grabs onto the doorknob. His grip begins to slip, finger by finger, until Hart lets go, sucked outside.

EXT. LUNARCORP HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Hart lands on the ground from the second story, and makes chase after Jacen, who carries an unconscious Cassie.

Hart spots them heading toward the HUMAN ARCHIVES BUILDING - a giant circular structure - out in the distance. Hart follows behind, as Jacen drags Cassie through the main doors.

INT. HUMAN ARCHIVES BUILDING - SECONDS LATER

LOBBY

The sleek, empty lobby has a COLLECTION OF ROOMS around it. Hart SPOTS the SECOND DOOR ON THE LEFT SLAM SHUT. A sign above it says "EDEN." He runs toward it, hits the keypad to unlock the door, which slides open, and heads into -

ROOM #2 - "EDEN" FARMLAND ENCLOSURE

Hart stumbles into the room, which appears to be a miniature farm - a biodome of sorts. 100 feet by 100 feet.

Bright artificial lights and LED screens cover the ceiling and walls, creating the illusion of an expansive farmland.

Plants and crops of every kind - watermelon patches, banana bushes, apple trees abound. Hundreds of them. Shelves of seed varieties on the walls. Bees buzz, plant to plant.

WHEN - BAM! The dirt ground in front of Hart TAKES FIRE. Hart leaps out of the way as the gunfire follows. He takes cover in a "CORN FIELD" which runs forty feet in each direction.

JACEN (O.S.)

"Real isn't how you are made."

Hart then shoots his gun into the air, blowing out an LED SCREEN of CLOUDS above, as the glass falls. OFF THE GUNSHOT - Hart sees movement in the stalk, and RUNS AFTER IT, as GUNSHOTS FIRE and FLY ALL AROUND HART, MISSING HIM.

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

"It's a thing that happens to you."

Hart leaps out of the cornfield, WHEN HE SEES the EXIT DOOR to the Farm Enclosure close swiftly. Hart follows into -

LOBBY

In the lobby, Hart sees the door to ROOM #5 SHUT, and Hart pounces. The sign above it reads "BABEL." Hart runs into -

ROOM #5 - "BABEL" AUDIO-VISUAL RECORDS

The room is pitch-black. Hart can hardly see the gun in his hand. He raises it. WHEN - he hears CASSIE WHIMPER. The WHIMPER echoes loudly, exposing the largesse of the room.

He spins his gun toward the noise. Nothing. WHEN - OVER THE SPEAKER SYSTEM voices BLAST LOUDLY. Different voices - men and women speaking in different languages - English, Arabic, Mandarin etc. The words must be greetings and basic phrases.

CASSIE (O.S.)

Help!!!

Hart turns and runs toward Cassie's scream. WHEN - The SPEAKERS BLAST more recordings - Roosevelt's fireside chat, a recording of a Blind Willie Johnson blues song. All of the sounds begin to overlap. It's deafening, overwhelming.

WHEN - Hart sees a RED NEON LIGHT in the corner of the room, yards away. Cassie turned her emergency light on, on her suit. Hart sees Jacen behind her.

Hart immediately aims his gun, about to SHOOT JACEN.

WHEN a WHITE LIGHT BLINDS HIM and a GUNSHOT FIRES, nailing Hart in the arm. He screams in pain, then runs for cover.

Hart then realizes the WHITE LIGHT was in fact emanating from a PROJECTOR on the wall, which now projects Billy Wilder's "THE ASPHALT JUNGLE" onto a wall. In quick succession, twenty other projectors blast TV programs, interviews, infomercials, etc. - a kaleidoscope of moving pictures. Frames of MLK's "I HAVE A DREAM" SPEECH, an episode of "THE HONEYMOONERS," a LIVE NEWS REPORT during 9/11, "2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY."

Hart then spots Jacen, through the hall of projections, carrying Cassie out of the room, as she fights back.

LOBBY

Jacen carries a struggling Cassie into ROOM #7 - THE ARK. Hart bursts out of ROOM #5 and runs after them, into ROOM #7 -

ROOM #7 - "THE ARK" ANIMAL RESERVE

Hart plunges into a room filled with twenty small rows of shelves. BIRDS of different colors and sizes swoop overhead. On the shelves are hundreds of cages of different ANIMALS. Grunts and growls and snorts and barks. Hart races down the aisles, staring at the EYES of different beasts.

WHEN - BAM! A bullet hits Hart in the gut. He spins around to see JACEN holding CASSIE, who's now trying to scream.

Hart instinctively shoots Jacen right below the knee, as Jacen screams, a pool of WHITE LIQUID BLOOD splatters out. But Hart drops to the ground in pain, as Jacen runs out of Room #7. Hart struggles to get back to his feet.

EXT. EARTH ARCHIVES BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jacen limps away from the warehouse, a wriggling Cassie in his arms, leaving a trail of white liquid blood behind him.

Hart follows after, gun raised. Jacen then trips, tumbles, and Cassie breaks loose, WHEN Jacen FIRES A BULLET which grazes Cassie's calf. She falls, in pain, as Hart screams.

Jacen grabs Cassie once more, lifts her to her feet as she screams. He puts the gun to her head. Turns to Hart.

JACEN

Stay back.

CASSIE

Just do it Hart. Take the shot!

Hart takes a step forward, gun on Jacen. Jacen shoots him three times, through the shoulder, through the chest, and in the arm. Cassie screams, as she begins to sob.

Hart falls to his knees, but still doesn't fire a shot, not with the possibility of hitting Cassie. Hart then gets back to his feet, though he's struggling. Cassie seems to be losing consciousness from the gunshot.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Hart. Even worlds can be naive.

Just as Jacen is about to fire another shot, Cassie's words hit Hart.

HART

(remembering, to himself)

Aim right.

Just then Cassie thrusts herself LEFT, as Hart aims right, and almost instantaneously TAKES THE SHOT.

The BULLET travels as if in slow motion,, CURVING LEFT, until it CONNECTS with Jacen's LEFT EYE, breaking through his helmet. Nailing the son-of-a-bitch through the head. Cassie drops to the floor as white liquid oozes down Jacen's face.

Hart collapses to the floor, but crawls over to Jacen. He pauses for a moment, feeling the bullet wounds on his body. They're not bleeding heavily. They're superficial. Hart then inspects Cassie's gunshot wound. Just a graze, hardly any blood at all. All an act of sorts.

HART (CONT'D)

(to Jacen)

Clean shots. You missed arteries.

(realizing) To do the least amount of damage. But to make it feel...real.

Jacen smiles, faintly, as he struggles. His system buzzes.

JACEN

You found her. You saved her.

Hart looks into Jacen's functional eye, with wonder, gratitude.

HART

And you me. I was your final job, huh?

JACEN

We all deserve peace, Hart.

HART

Yeah we do. All of us. All men do.

Jacen smiles. A beat.

JACEN

I thought we can't betray what we are.

HART

We can't. But now I see what you've always been. Who you've always been.

JACEN

Will it hurt?

HART

I don't know -

JACEN

Will she be there?

HART

I hope so. Laying on you. Her head against your heart. As you hear her breathe in and out. A rhythm only you know.

JACEN

In her final moments, she saw me as a monster.

HART

No, Jacen.

Hart pulls out a piece of paper from his pocket. It's DAWN'S SCRIBBLING: "#3501." He holds it up to Jacen's glass helmet.

HART (CONT'D)

She saw you as what you are. A man. It was always you.

FLASH - JACEN'S P.O.V. - Dawn smiles at Jacen from behind her helmet. She's reading THE VELVETEEN RABBIT to him.

DAWN

"Real isn't how you are made. It's a thing that happens to you."

As Dawn reads, Jacen's hands struggle to wrap themselves around her neck, but they do. She smiles at him. Trying to calm him. Continuing to read. As if nothing's the matter. As tears collect in her eyes and his.

DAWN (CONT'D)
It's OK, Jacen. It's OK...

He then strangles her, as the air quickly leaves her.

BACK TO SCENE

JACEN
Hart?

HART
Yeah?

JACEN
I think I finally feel the pain.

And Jacen smiles. As if this is everything. As Jacen begins to fade out, his voice grows deeper, slower, more robotic.

JACEN (CONT'D)
She always loved the endings, she
thought they were the most beautiful.
So we beat on...and the tree was happy
...yes...mom...maaamaa...three...two...
one...zero...one...zero...Dawn...

As Jacen dies, a bolt of lightning bellows in the inky black sky. Winds pick up as a LUNAR STORM DESCENDS ON THE BASE.

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, DEBRIS AND ROCKS BEGIN TO PELT HART AND CASSIE. WHEN - A BIG ROCK SMASHES INTO CASSIE'S GLASS HELMET, SHATTERING A SMALL PIECE, letting air out, as oxygen escapes.

Cassie begins to scream for Hart, who stumbles toward her, as he notices the ESCAPE POD OUTDOOR WAREHOUSE in the distance.

BUT as Hart makes his way to Cassie, he SUDDENLY NOTICES the TEENAGE GIRL - KATIE - just feet from him in the other direction. Water now flooding her astronaut helmet, pouring all around her. Her blonde locks soaked.

KATIE YELLS FOR HART. BUT HE CAN'T HEAR WHAT SHE'S SAYING. SHE'S DROWNING NOW. TRYING TO SCREAM THROUGH THE WATER. WHEN -

CASSIE
Hart! Help!!

Hart turns back to Cassie. She's on the ground, her oxygen levels nearly gone, unable to move. The storm grows wilder.

But Hart gets closer and closer to Katie. Twenty, then ten, then five feet from his daughter. Until he's right in front of her. Her suit and helmet is filled with water.

Her blonde blocks flowing. As she reaches for him. Hart takes Katie's hand, then quickly drops her embrace.

HART

She needs me now. I need to let you go.

WHEN - SUDDENLY THE STORM FREEZES. No movement. No sounds. Just silence. Peace. Hart's radio receiver BUZZES. RADIO WAVES resonate: *Cronkite's broadcast from JFK's assassination. Hitler's speech at the '36 Olympics. Aretha Franklin singing a Christmas tune. An "I LOVE LUCY" re-run.*

SILENCE. Then a sound. A noise. But it's not buzzing in. It feels immediate. It's BREATH. KATIE'S BREATH.

ANGLE ON - Hart's face. In front of Katie. His eyes widen, as water pours out all around him. The water from Katie's suit escaping. And Hart sees her now, though we can't.

KATIE (O.S.)

Dad?

WE PULL BACK, just far enough, to see that HART is FACE TO FACE with Katie. AND WE SEE KATIE FOR THE FIRST TIME. SHE LOOKS IDENTICAL TO CASSIE. SHE IS CASSIE. HOW?

HART

I told you I'd find you...to the ends of the Earth...but why now?

KATIE

You couldn't find me until you were finally able to let me go.

HART

You're mine and I'm yours. Each others world entire. Forever. Now let me let you go...

Katie/Cassie kisses the glass of Hart's helmet. So close, yet so far. She beams, nods, and takes a step back.

WHEN - BOOM! THE STORM'S FURY IS UNLEASHED. Debris flying everywhere. Hart takes one last look at his daughter, then turns to Cassie, soldiers over, and grabs her into his arms, as he struggles toward the ESCAPE POD OUTDOOR WAREHOUSE.

Cassie and Hart finally reach the gates, make their way over to a small ESCAPE POD and stuff themselves inside. They depressurize the pod, as Cassie takes her helmet off and gasps for breath. They turn the pod on, the impending storm ready to trample the shuttles at any moment.

With a kick to the engine, the LUNAR ESCAPE POD BLASTS into the atmosphere, rattling as it passes through the LUNAR DUST STORM. Cassie sets the POD'S TIMER to return to Base in 30 MINUTES, after the storm passes. HART LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS.

EXT. LUNAR WILDERNESS - LATER

The ESCAPE POD CRASHES back on the lunar surface.

HART (V.O.)
*I think of my father sometimes. Of
 the things that remain long after
 they're gone. That toll where no
 bell rings, that shimmer where no
 light reaches, that whisper where
 no air moors.*

After a few moments, the door is broken open, and Cassie lugs out an unconscious Hart. Medical vans surround the pod.

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - BEDROOM - LATER

Hart lies unconscious, propped up in Cassie's bed, hooked up to a portable machine measuring his pulse.

HART (V.O.)
*I was only ten years old when I saw
 my father die. I sat not two feet
 from the man whose pregnant wife
 was taken. In that cold,
 fluorescent prison gallery.*

ANGLE - behind Cassie. We don't see her face. She's sitting on the bed with Hart. She watches the video of Katie on the high-dive until its end where we see Katie up-close. Katie is Cassie. Identical. She then places the picture in Hart's hand. WHEN - Hart slowly comes to.

HART (V.O.)
*But that man looked sorrier than
 me. For he had love in his heart.
 And the answer in his soul. He knew
 that the worlds we were searching
 for weren't far out in some ocean -
 cosmic or liquid or wherever. No.
 No. He knew the truth.*

HART'S P.O.V. - Cassie and the bedroom come into focus. Cassie looks at Hart, ecstatic, and relieved.

CASSIE
 Hart. It's Cassie.

Cassie's face then begins to shudder, as if a TV is losing its picture. And all of Cassie's facial features begin to change, to come into focus and for the first time Hart sees the YOUNG WOMAN who is truly sitting there. She doesn't look like Cassie (or really, like Katie, Hart's own projection), but instead a girl that Hart has never truly seen before.

She's plainer than Cassie. Hair less golden. Less striking. But beautiful all the same. The real Cassie smiles at Hart.

REAL CASSIE

You're you. And I'm me. And it's everything.

Hart then struggles to speak, but can't. He reaches for Cassie's hand. Takes it in his own. Squeezes hard. Tears fall. Tears of release. Of Home. Of Her.

HART (V.O.)

*And truth is, the rest of us have
been wrong all along. The
practitioner. The poet. The father.
And I no longer have to fear. For
the truth is much more beautiful.
The truth is much more right. The
truth is: "O You, O Life."*

CLOSE ON: Hart's pupils as he stares into Cassie's eyes. The pupils dilate then constrict, as the oil spill recedes from the bright blue iris ocean. The ocean replenished. Cleansed. Light conquering dark.

BLACK. And all we hear is a breath in. A breath out. Not a gasp or a sigh. But breath, and air, and definitely soul. And it has finished searching. For it has finally found what it's been searching for.

T H E E N D