

A VIDEO WINDOW ON A DIGITAL SCREEN

The screen is black, and in white letters in the center reads: LUNA. A faint gray insignia, the Cyrillic letter "L," stays in the lower right hand corner of the frame.

The green play arrow at the center of the screen blinks.

EXT. MOON

An HD image of empty lunar landscape rolls slowly past below, a striking panorama of jagged mountains, deep craters, and wide stark canyons, all of it gray brown and barren. It is a bright cinder beach in endless sea of black.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
(slight Eastern European
accent)
We take up the task eternal, and
the burden and the lesson.

The Earth crests the curved lunar horizon, sliding higher and higher with surprising speed until the full, shining blue marble hangs in the sky.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC -- NIGHT

SUPER: DECEMBER 22, 2009, 2 AM

The full moon is a silver ball shimmering on the smooth black surface of the winter Potomac. We hear the droning of millions, a Babel of tongues, the electronic communications of the entire city. In the mix we hear:

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)
The president said today that the
western world should expect to be
at war with Islamist terrorism for
a hundred years.

Then, as we glide up toward the Washington Monument.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)
A UN spokesman today estimates that
ongoing tribal warfare in the Sudan
has already killed half a million
people and may topple the entire
region into famine.

Up a steep embankment stands the Washington Monument, illuminated. Another voice rises from the mix:

VOICE (O.S.)
Is is this the DC police?

POLICE OPERATOR (O.S.)
Can I help you?

VOICE (O.S.)
There's something on the sidewalk
outside the Washington Monument.

A large bundle, three feet- by-three feet, wrapped neatly in brown paper and twine, on the circular sidewalk at the base.

VOICE (O.S.)
I thought you should know. It might
be a bomb or something.

A beat.

Floodlights turn on. Police run from a nearby guard shack. Distant sirens wail.

Howling police cars in the distance. We pan away from the Monument toward the illuminated Capitol, then south to the The Air and Space Museum.

Emergency vehicles flash past on Constitution Avenue as a large crane at a construction site comes to life. It crawls up the sidewalk and crunches up a few steps to a patio just outside a slanting museum atrium. FOUR BLACK-CLAD RAIDERS shoot hooks trailing ropes to the top and, securing them, run up the steeply angled glass ceiling, slapping palm-sized globs of plastic explosive at intervals as they go. When all four reach the top, one pushes a button and the globs blow, sending the glass ceiling crashing down into the building.

INT. AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM

The four invaders rope down from the open ceiling to the Apollo Lunar Excursion Module, the LEM, a relic of the Moon missions. It is 20-feet high. TWO SECURITY GUARDS run toward the noise.

GUARDS P.O.V. The glass ceiling is in shards around it. The full Moon is visible in the opening above. One of the guards is about to speak into his walkie-talkie when he and the other are grabbed from behind and subdued.

EXT. LAFAYETTE PARK

In the empty seven-acre park directly across the street from the White House, a driverless truck careens through gardens toward the White House. It bounces out to a portion of Pennsylvania Avenue closed to traffic and collides hard with concrete security barriers, exploding in a great fireball, throwing pieces of flaming debris against the high front gate and over it to the White House lawn.

Washington is one big emergency siren. Helicopters overhead.

INT. MUSEUM

Ignored by the racing emergency vehicles outside, a large hook lowers from the arm of the crane through the open atrium. The invaders work on the LEM with blowtorches to sever the ascent stage from the descent portion.

One of them, a young woman, climbs to the top of the LEM. A blue-handled dagger is strapped to her calf. It is ANYA POLONIEV, 27, slender, fit, dark-haired and all-business as she guides the hook down and loops thin steel cables over it. The straps form a basket for the upper stage of the craft, and it is lifted straight up and through the roof.

EXT. MUSEUM

Sirens blaring all over the city, the ascent stage is lowered to a flatbed truck, where FOUR MEN pull a huge tarp over it and secure it. The hook swings back toward the atrium.

INT. MUSEUM

Anya hands one of the guards an envelope, and they watch as the descent portion is lifted out in the same way. Anya and the three others stand on each of its legs.

Where the LEM had stood is an envelope, and written in larger letters on it is "I.O.U."

EXT. WHITE HOUSE -- LATE AFTERNOON

SUPER: DECEMBER 22

Establishing shot. Crime scene on the front lawn. Work crews are cleaning debris and repairing the iron fencing along Pennsylvania Ave. Detectives sort through the remains of the truck.

FEMALE TALK SHOW HOST (V.O.)

By now you've all heard the bizarre news that in the midst of all those failed terror attacks on the nation's capital last night, someone stole the Lunar Excursion Module from the National Air and Space Museum.

MALE CO-HOST (V.O.)

You're kidding? What would anyone want with that?

FEMALE NEWSREADER (V.O.)

I have no idea, Vernon. Maybe some of our callers do. But, lordy, this thing is huge. It is an actual lunar lander from the old Apollo program that never flew --

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL OFFICE

NSC DIRECTOR DR. DONALD DRAKE, 60, a big-bellied man with gray hair, glasses, and a gray beard, enters his office briskly. Waiting is TONY RIDDER, his deputy, 40, tall, slender, neat gray suit.

DRAKE

Walk with me.

Ridder follows Drake out of his office, down a hall, and out a door.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE BACK LAWN

Drake strides into a cinder walking path. The lawn slopes downhill, Washington Monument in the distance. The path follows the perimeter fence. Drake is pumping a hand exerciser as he strides along, belly first.

DRAKE

What in everlasting hellfire happened last night?

Ridder struggles to keep pace. He is carrying a briefcase.

RIDDER

We've been working it all day, sir. We think this is related to the theft of that Topaz reactor last week from Moscow University.

DRAKE

How?

RIDDER

Some kind of international group,
NGO tree-huggers. They call
themselves Luna. We believe they
have got hold of an old Soviet
Proton booster.

DRAKE

Why?

RIDDER

Because according to their new web
site, they intend to go back to the
Moon, and none of NASA's rockets
are missing.

DRAKE

The Moon?

RIDDER

I know. It gets weirder. They
intend to leave someone there, too.
They call it the "Lighthouse," like
the way mariners left lighthouse-
keepers in islands to guide them.
Watch this.

He takes Drake's hand exercisers and hands him an i-Phone.

RIDDER

This video came up on a their
website yesterday. It opens with a
shot of earthrise from the Moon,
and a quote from Whitman, which
I've spared you. This is the
pertinent part.

He presses a button and the video plays.

SCREEN

The Cyrillic "L is in the corner of the frame. Close-up on
Anya, whose voice was heard in the opening segment.

ANYA

We are going back to the Moon because the Moon enables us to see the Earth whole, to see it as it is, life's fragile foothold in the darkness. The technology to go and to leave a permanent settlement there is not some futuristic dream. The tools we need belong to the past. They are gathering dust in museums and laboratory basements all over the world. We are liberating them.

Shot from a distance by a jerky handheld camera, we see a bound guard, and TWO MEN in black masks driving an odd-looking vehicle, a lunar rover, out garage doors from a warehouse at Carnegie Mellon University. The rover approaches rapidly with TWO MORE GUARDS chasing on foot, but falling behind. As it travels up a ramp into the back end of a tractor trailer, one of the drivers waves at the CAMERAMAN to hurry, and the image flails wildly for a moment as he scrambles to join them on the truck. The picture steadies looking out the back end of the truck as it pulls away, the masked men pulling its doors shut, leaving the guards in the road.

ANYA (O.S.)

We are taking the power out of the hands of government and corporate power to show mankind what is possible. Our future is in the stars, and the Moon is our essential first step. We will --

EXT. WHITE HOUSE BACK LAWN

Ridder hits the stop button, takes the phone back. Drake resumes his brisk walk, his deputy giving chase.

RIDDER

They have a list. Eleven things they intend to steal. Most of the necessary technology needed is off-the-shelf nowadays, but there are things they can't buy or make, essential but highly-specialized items. She doesn't say what they are.

DRAKE

But three of them are the Topaz,
that rover, and the LEM?

Ridder hands a paper to Drake. Nine items are listed: 1) Proton rocket; 2) Soyuz capsule; 3) spacesuits; 4) Lunar habitat; 5) H2O converter; 6) Helium 3 Miner; 7) Topaz mini-reactor; 8) lunar rover; 9) LEM.

RIDDER

These are the nine things they've
stolen. They leave these I.O.U.s.

Drake studies the list as he walks.

DRAKE

At least they're polite. What are
ten and eleven?

He hands the paper back.

RIDDER

We're working on it.

DRAKE

Who is funding this? Jesus, the
last thing the world needs is
somebody starting a stampede to the
Moon.

RIDDER

As for money, we see an organized
crime tie-in in Kazakhstan or
Georgia, probably Dmitri Bolshov,
the outlaw oil baron, the one with
the ponytail. The brains behind it
may be home grown. There this
former NASA engineer, a boy genius
type who got bored with the space
program four years ago and dropped
out.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS -- SAME TIME

A small bright yellow jeep with skis projecting out the back
moving at a good clip along a winding mountain road. Snowy
peaks abound.

RIDDER

His name is Cole Nealson. He wrote some sort of fuck-you doctoral thesis that lays out a stripped-down, low-cost, high-risk Moon mission, complete with thrust vectors, orbital speeds, fuel ratios, escape geometry ... it appears to be the blueprint they're following. He itemized ten things that would have to be stolen. NASA describes him as young, off-the-charts smart, obsessed with the Moon, and "difficult."

DRAKE

Where is this boy wonder now?

The Jeep gets hung up behind a line of school buses.

RIDDER (O.S.)

Some posh private observatory in Colorado. Big salary. It does research, education outreach, nothing as exciting as what he was doing at NASA. We're thinking --

DRAKE (O.S.)

That he decided to take things into his own hands?

RIDDER (O.S.)

In theory. He's at the Aubrey High Altitude Observatory outside Boulder. He hasn't showed up for work yet today.

INT. JEEP

The back end of a school bus fills the view from the windshield. Kids in the back moon the Jeep from the rear window, pointing and laughing.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

According to sources in Washington, the LEM was loaded on a tractor trailer --

A hand in the Jeep turns the volume of the radio up. Behind the wheel is COLE NEALSON, 27, unshaven, slightly wind- or sun-burned, balancing a cup of coffee in one hand, a joint between his lips.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)
 -- and driven out of the city, but
 no one seems to know why they would
 want it.

Following the buses, the Jeep rounds a corner and descends
 toward a very large, very modern complex with a towering
 domed structure at the center, the Aubrey Observatory.

RADIO VOICE
 Maybe they're planning to go to the
 Moon.

The announcer chuckles. Cole passes a long line of school
 busses, pulls into the one waiting space, and parks.

RADIO VOICE
 And now, in sports --

Cole turns off the car, steps out, flicks away the joint,
 strips off a pair of ski pants, drops his goggles into the
 front seat, grabs his backpack and jogs toward the front
 door, still balancing his coffee.

INT. OBSERVATORY

Cole backs in through the front door. Mobs of children are
 making noise in a spacious modern lobby with a high ceiling.
 DIANE ZIMMERMAN, 23, big-boned, soft, and cheerful, is seated
 behind a reception desk with a little girl on her lap.

DIANE
 He's been looking for you.

COLE
 What's the kiddie convention?

DIANE
 The lunar eclipse tonight? Hello?
 You remember, the sleep over?

Cole grimaces with recognition. Then smiles.

COLE
 I'm bringing Danny!

DIANE
 Your ex has been calling to remind
 you.

He moves rapidly down a long corridor. As he passes one
 doorway, a voice calls out.

VOICE

Nealson! Where in snowy hell have you been?

BOB ROBINSON, 50, chubby with a crisp white flat-top, white shirt, tie, sweater, red-faced, agitated, emerges from the room and chases Cole down the hall, furious.

ROBINSON

I know *exactly* where you've been. NASA thinks you're some kind of wizard, but what good are you to me off on your skis when I've got the entire grade school population of Boulder coming in to watch the lunar eclipse tonight and our refractor is down?

Cole pushes open the door to his small office, which is covered with Moon posters, photos, maps. His bookshelves are full of volumes about space, aeronautics, astronomy, and there are models of the Moon, spacecraft, etc.. Cole drops his backpack on his chair.

COLE

Down? What's wrong with it? The new lens was delivered yesterday, and we rewrote all of the software --

Robinson sniffs at Cole theatrically.

ROBINSON

Do I smell weed?

COLE

Opium, boss. Primo Afghan shit, compliments of the US Department of Defense. But you're too late, I smoked the last of it at lunch.

ROBINSON

This shit is going to catch up to you, Nealson, so help me God.

COLE

(with a hopeful smile)
But not today?

Robinson just shakes his head. He wants to explode, but there isn't time.

ROBINSON

Your new lens doesn't fit.

Cole follows Robinson down the hall, and they pass into the observatory chamber.

INT. OBSERVATORY CHAMBER

It is an enormous space under the great dome, and a giant telescope nearly fills it, pointed at the rounded, unopened ceiling. Cole and Robinson climb steps to a platform at the base of the viewing scope, where a foot-long metal tube, its eyepiece, is unscrewed and sitting upright on a tray. Robinson picks up the new two-inch-wide lens off a piece of soft cloth, and sets it in the opening at the top of the eyepiece. It doesn't drop into place. Its circumference appears to be a micrometer off.

COLE

Can we use to old lens?

ROBINSON

Not with your new software! We're going to be showing them images that look like this.

On a monitor alongside is an image of the Moon that looks like it has been shot through three inches of gauze.

DIANE

Excuse me. Cole?

Robinson glares angrily down the steps at the receptionist.

ROBINSON

(roaring)

We are busy here!

DIANE

I'm sorry to interrupt, Mr. Robinson, but there's these two agents who insist on seeing Cole right away.

COLE

Agents?

DIANE

FBI. They say it can't wait.

Cole gives Robinson a quizzical look, takes the lens, and heads down the steps.

INT. COLE'S OFFICE

Two FBI AGENTS, one male, CHUCK REID, 35, a burly, bearded man who bought the conservative suit he is wearing fifteen pounds ago, and female one, SID PERRY, 30, short blond hair and a neat conservative pants suit.

PERRY

Mr. Nealson, I'm Special agent Perry, and this is Special Agent Reid.

They show badges.

COLE

Hey, I was just kidding about the opium.

The agents exchange a confused look.

REID

We would like to ask you some questions.

COLE

I'd invite you in to sit down, but one of you
(an invitingly look at Perry)
is going to have to sit on my lap.

PERRY

(unamused)
We'll stand.

Cole moves over to his seat. He cranks open the window and sticks the lens in a bank of snow. Robinson appears in to doorway and makes a face at Cole, as if to say, *What am I going to do now?* Cole shrugs helplessly.

Perry has a thick file. She pulls out a picture of the stolen LEM.

COLE

Is this about the LEM? Shit, my apartment isn't even big enough for me and my cat.

REID

Cute little tabby.

Cole is shocked. They've been to his apartment. He drops the attitude.

COLE

What do you want from me?

PERRY

You have a curious career track, Mr. Nealson. Masters Degree from M.I.T. Your professors there say you were some kind of prodigy. You're working toward a doctorate there while heading a NASA program in Pasadena to design
(she refers to the notes)
"Extraterrestrial Sustainable Habitats" and then you go off the rails. You resign, drop your doctoral program, and take this job baby sitting a big telescope?

COLE

Who doesn't like astronomy? So I'm downwardly mobile. Is that a crime? You make it sound like I planned it that way.

She pulls out a thick document and drops it in his lap. Sixty pages. The title: "RIP THE MOON." Cole is puzzled.

COLE

How did you get this?

REID

We're the FBI, which means we do have the Internet.

COLE

I never posted this anywhere. I wrote it when I left NASA. I was pissed off.

PERRY

What pissed you off?

COLE

We weren't going anywhere! Not to the Moon, to Mars. Nowhere, other than in circles around the Earth. Not in my lifetime. We gave up!

(MORE)

COLE (cont'd)

What do you do when you realize that the thing you have worked toward your whole life is not going to happen?

REID

You tell us.

Cole hands the document back to Perry.

COLE

Well, one thing you do it write a thesis that explains exactly how the thing they say CAN'T be done, can be done, and for one-tenth the cost, and you realize the whole time that it doesn't mean shit because nobody is ever going to read it, and then you go find a good job where you can ski and be close to your kid. I never even submitted it!

REID

I should say not, it's a blueprint for a criminal conspiracy. You didn't show it to anyone?

COLE

My thesis advisor.

REID

When's the last time you saw or heard from Dr. Tom Scheye?

COLE

Not since I left NASA.

Perry gestures at the document.

PERRY

Page Four.

Cole flips to the page, and sees his list of ten essentials for the mission, items that would have to be stolen.

PERRY

What if I told you that nine of the things on your list have been stolen?

Cole sees now why he is a suspect. He is also intrigued.

COLE

Oh, come on. You cannot be serious!

PERRY

Somebody seems to be.

COLE

What? You think whoever these people are, they're planning to go to the Moon?

REID

One of these items is a small nuclear reactor. That got our attention.

Cole lets this sink in for a minute.

COLE

Then, whoever they are, trust me, they're fucked! I wrote this in my dorm room! Believe me, if your worried about somebody getting to the Moon with my paper, rest easy, my friends. It will never work.

PERRY

Maybe so. Then you'll help us?

REID

You want us to believe you're not involved. Then prove it.

COLE

How?

PERRY

Show us where they're going to find numbers ten and eleven.

She consults the paper.

PERRY

A "PBPC"?

COLE

Plant Biomass Production Chamber. It's for growing food without any soil.

REID

See? You're already helpful.

PERRY

We have all the likely places, NASA and university labs, locked down and under surveillance, but we need to know where else they can go for this.

COLE

I'll need my files. You say they need *eleven* things?

INT. FBI SEDAN -- MINUTES LATER

Cole is in the back seat. Perry and Reid are in the front. They are driving on a mountain road, leaving the observatory. Cole makes a call on his cell phone.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Massachusetts Institute of Technology. May I help you?

COLE

Yes, would you ring the Space Sciences Department? Tom Scheye?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Sure thing.

Ringing.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Space Sciences, Director's office.

COLE

Yes, hello? I'd like to speak to Dr. Scheye, please.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

I'm afraid Dr. Scheye is no longer with us.

COLE

Really, as of when?

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Whom may I ask is calling?

COLE

This is Cole Nealson. I was one of -

-

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Cole! How are you, dear? Didn't you know? Dr. Scheye left about three years ago.

COLE

Where did he go?

SECRETARY (O.S.)

That's the funny thing. We don't know. He left suddenly. He left no forwarding information, and so far as I know, none of us have heard from him. I'm sorry.

COLE

Okay. Thanks anyway.

Cole flips the phone shut. Reid turns around and lifts an eyebrow, as if to say, *Interesting*.

EXT. MOUNTAIN VIEW -- SAME TIME

The gray FBI sedan pulls into Mountain View, a suburban neighborhood in Boulder, cute little houses with snow-covered lawns.

COLE

Are you going to need me after this? I promised my boy --

Reid holds up a hand.

REID

Let's see what you come up with.

Cole realizes he forgot something else. He flips open his cellphone and punches a speed dial key.

COLE

(into the phone)

Diane, listen. Go to my office and open the window. I put the new refractor lens in a snowbank there. Get it and tell Robinson to try it now.

The sedan pulls up to the curb. Cole hangs up and steps out.

COLE

I'll be quick.

Reid and Perry stay in the car. Cole bounds up to the front door, which is decorated with a Christmas wreath. He rings, and LIZ, his ex, 26, red-haired, answers the door. She is not happy to see him.

LIZ
You're late.

COLE
Look, Liz, something has come up. I may not be able to take Danny tonight.

LIZ
You what? He'll be crushed!

DANNY (O.S.)
Daddy!

A four-year-old comes running. He leaps and Cole catches him in his arms. He looks at Liz pleadingly, and she reluctantly steps back and lets him in the door.

INT. LIZ'S HOUSE

LIZ
(softly)
Do you have any idea how disappointed he will be?

Cole ignores her.

DANNY
Are we going to the Moon sleep-over tonight, Daddy?

COLE
Maybe. We'll see.

The boy's face crumbles.

DANNY
You promised!

COLE
I'm sorry, Danny. We still might be able to. I have to see about something first.

LIZ
Remember, Danny. Daddy doesn't keep
his promises.

Cole hands the boy back to Liz and heads up the stairs. He doesn't have time to defend himself. Liz follows.

COLE
Look, I'm really sorry, Liz. I
don't have time to explain. I just
need something from the attic. It's
important. Then I'll be out of
here. If I can, I'll be back for
Danny.

Liz shakes her head and consoles the sobbing boy as Cole draws down the attic steps and climbs them.

INT. OBSERVATORY AUDITORIUM

Diane steps into the wings of the stage. Robinson is in front, looking harried and embarrassed before hundreds of children and their teachers.

ROBINSON
We are having some trouble with our
telescope.

Groans from the audience.

DIANE
(loud whisper)
Psst! Mr. Robinson!

ROBINSON
We are going to show you the film,
"Star Wars," and while you're
watching --

Diane crosses the stage and hands him the cold lens.

DIANE
Cole says to try it now.

ROBINSON
(to the audience)
We'll be working on it.

INT. OBSERVATORY CHAMBER

Robinson drops the lens into the slot. It clicks neatly in place.

ROBINSON
(to himself)
Now, how in hell did he do that?

INT. ATTIC -- SAME TIME

Dimlit. Cole must stoop to maneuver. He shifts through old boxes, and we see artifacts of his old dream - traveling in space. Cole finds a box labeled THESIS, tears into it, rooting through old college papers and files. There is a old picture of his professor, TOM SCHEYE, a lean man in his forties with long brown hair.

Cole starts shifting through thick file folders in the box, one for each of the ten items. He selects the one labelled "PBPC," takes it out and opens it. Inside are sketches, notes, growth charts, engineering drawings, then photos of a triangular-shaped object studded with rows of openings for plants. He pulls out a page of typewritten notes, runs his finger down it, searching, and stops at a line written in his own handwriting. It reads, "EPCOT Center exhibit. Working Model."

EXT. EPCOT CENTER -- EARLY EVENING (SAME TIME)

Establishing shot.

INT. MISSION SPACE PAVILION

On an elevated platform, the Plant Biomass Production Chamber, a pyramid-shaped object with a back outer frame enclosing clear plastic panels. Inside a variety of healthy vegetation spills from top to bottom - this is a self-contained device, state-of-the-art hydroponics.

Dressed in white Epcot overalls, Anya gently shoos away a group of schoolchildren gathered around the exhibit, and steps around to disconnects various hoses and cables. She and THREE MEN, all wearing the same overalls, lift the PBPC, place it on a cart, and begin rolling it away.

TANISHA JONES, a uniformed guard, a chubby young black woman wearing a thick belt laden with important security equipment, comes trotting across the floor to stop them.

TANISHA

Hang on! I didn't get notice of this.

ANYA

(smiling, smooth, speaking with a French/Eastern European accent)
Regular biannual maintenance, whether it needs it or not.

She hands the guard some official-looking papers.

ANYA

How long have you been here? We haven't met. I'm Anya.

She extends her hand. The others roll the cart through the doors and into the hallway. The guard shakes Anya's hand and smiles, distracted now as the cart disappears through a doorway.

TANISHA

Tanisha. I started in October.

ANYA

Enchante. Every six months we need to replace the gas mix and check the valves. Routine.

TANISHA

Okay, sure. But hang on, would you? Let me just check.

The guard takes a walkie-talkie off her belt.

ANYA

Sure ... Hey, I'll get them to hold up for you. Be right back.

She trots out the side door and then sprints down the long hallway. Tanisha looks down at the papers, and one of them reads, "I.O.U."

EXT. EPCOT

Anya's associates have rolled the chamber into the back of their van already and are closing the back door. She hops in the front, and the truck pulls away fast.

They pass the real food service van, identical, approaching. The geodesic dome rises up ahead.

Tanisha appears at the open door, seeing the two vans, starts shouting into her walkie-talkie.

INT. LIZ'S HOUSE

Cole enters the foyer and sets down the box. Liz rolls her eyes.

LIZ

Not this crap again. Are you going to the Moon for Christmas, Cole? Make sure you send us a postcard. Say goodbye to Daddy, Danny. Daddy's going to play with the Martians.

DANNY

There's no Martians on the Moon, Mommy.

Cole winks at his son. Out of the box he takes a small model of the Apollo LEM and hands it to the boy.

DANNY

A spaceship!

LIZ

Is that his Christmas present?

Cole picks up the box. He cannot be drawn into a fight.

LIZ

You're leaving?

COLE

I'll explain later. No time.

Cole carries the box out the door.

EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE

Liz is furious. She sets the boy down inside and follows Cole out to the lawn, baiting. She was angry when he showed up, and is now angry that he is leaving.

LIZ

Who are these people, Cole? Cole! I need to talk to you.

Reid is talking on the phone as Cole sets the box into the back seat of the car. Perry steps out of the car.

PERRY
We're sorry, ma'am.

LIZ
(to Cole)
What is this? Are you under arrest
or something?

Cole grimaces at her, gives her a quick apologetic half-hug, and gets in the car. She stands with her arms crossed as he pulls away.

INT. LIVING ROOM

By the Christmas tree, Danny has a sheet of wrapping paper, and begins trying to wrap the LEM toy.

INT. FBI SEDAN

COLE
EPCOT Center.

PERRY
We know.

COLE
You know? Then --

Reid turns around to look at Cole.

REID
While you were having your little
reunion, EPCOT was hit. The PC ...
the thing you told us about is
gone.

COLE
You don't think --

REID
I'm thinking that in the time it
took you to lead us on this little
wild goose chase, we could have had
our people waiting for them. That's
ten of the eleven items on their
list.

COLE
I'm telling you, I have nothing to
do with this!

PERRY

You've got your notes. What's the eleventh item?

COLE

I don't know. I really don't. I only had ten!

REID

I'm wondering here, just how dumb to you think we are?

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD

The sedan is approaching a gray van on the two-lane winding road, and a second van, a brown one, is approaching from the read.

PERRY (O.S.)

Cole Nealson, you have the right to remain silent, --

COLE

You're arresting me? I don't believe this!

PERRY

You have the right to an attorney -- Jesus!

A van in front of the FBI sedan slams on its brakes. Perry does the same, Their car goes into a skid and slams into the rear bumper of the van. No serious damage, but a violent stop. Another van from behind then hits the sedan's back bumper.

INT. FBI SEDAN

The agents and Cole are thrown violently forward. A BEARDED YOUNG MAN flies out of the front van and begins shouting and gesticulating at the agents' car. Perry steps out.

BEARDED MAN

What the fuck!

Reid opens his door, and glances back at Cole.

PERRY

You all right?

Cole nods. Both agents are out of the car.

REID
(to the bearded man)
Calm down!

Cole sits as Perry and Reed follow the bearded man toward the front of his van.

A SWARTHY MAN reaches into unlock the rear door of the FBI sedan, opens it, and pulls Cole from the car. TWO OTHER MEN grab him and one places a rag over his face. He goes limp. With the agents distracted, Cole is loaded into the rear van, which backs up, turns around and races away. Reid and Perry run back to see the van depart, and realize that Cole is gone. The bearded man jumps back in his van and speeds away.

EXT AROUND A SHARP CURVE

The van carrying Cole stops. Two men jump out and throw a barbed strip across the road. They jump back in and the van speeds off.

The FBI sedan rounds the curve and the strip shreds their tires. They skid to a stop, sparks flying from the rims of all four tires. In the darkening distance they see the van round a turn and disappear.

PERRY
What just happened?

REID
My guess? I'd say our man Cole here
was number eleven on their list.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR -- NIGHT

The van carrying Cole rolls in. A Citation Jet is waiting, engines running. Cole is carried from the van, and up the steps into the jet. The door closes, and it taxis out of the hangar.

EXT. RUNWAY

The jet takes off into a night sky. The Moon is blood orange and half eclipsed.

EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE, BACK PORCH

Liz and Danny sit wrapped in a blanket, looking up at the spectacular lunar show. She has her arm around him.

DANNY

Is there really a man on the Moon,
Mommy?

LIZ

No. Well, there was once. Men went
there, but then they came home.

DANNY

Is Daddy really going there?

LIZ

No.

Beat.

DANNY

But if he does go there; he will
come home, too, right?

EXT. KAZAKHSTAN STEPPE, FIFTEEN HOURS LATER -- NIGHT

SUPER: DECEMBER 24, KAZAKHSTAN

A dilapidated warehouse in an vast empty expanse of
grassland. No sign of life. Two blackened helicopters fly in
low overhead, then two more. In the distance, a convoy of
vehicles approaches on a dirt road, throwing a cloud of dust.

INT. WAREHOUSE

A mobile communications van with satellite dishes on top and
antennae.

INT. VAN

TOM "DOC" SCHEYE, a reed-thin man with graying, shoulder-
length brown hair and glasses, wearing earphones microphone,
sits before an impressive bank of monitors. TWO TECHNICIANS
flank him, one at the back door with a digital camera. Doc
speaks with an Australian accent.

DOC

Okay, Hack, all systems are go. The heat is closing in. We'll begin final countdown, thirty seconds.

EXT. DIRT ROAD A MILE AWAY

The convoy is closing in. Lights flick on inside the choppers, hovering over the warehouse, and floodlights beam down from them. Men with weapons slide down ropes to the ground.

DOC (O.S.)

Twenty seconds.

EXT. FIVE HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE WAREHOUSE.

A sudden rumbling sound. The armed men on the ground stop. The ground shakes. There is the screech of huge metal gears engaging.

DOC (O.S.)

Fifteen seconds, silo doors opening.

Light pours heavenward from the opening as the silo doors slide open wider and wider. The sound grows louder and louder.

INT. LUNA CAPSULE

Deafening noise. Accelerating vibration. Cole is out cold, strapped into the seat, wearing the same jeans and jacket he had on in Colorado. There are four others in the capsule, all of them wearing spacesuits and helmets. In the two front seats are the pilot, HACK SIMON, an athletic, intense man of 45 with short-cropped gray hair, wearing an old blue jumpsuit; the co-pilot SERGEI MIKAELEVITCH SUSLOV, wearing the faded green spacesuit of a cosmonaut. Three seats are behind them. Cole is in the middle. To his left is SABURO SAKAI, a tiny Asian man of indeterminate age, and to his right is Anya, both clad in form-fitting, sleek, gray pressure suits.

ANYA

(shouting)

I need to get him suited up.

HACK

No time.

DOC (O.S.)
Ten, nine, eight --

EXT. WAREHOUSE

A short distance from the warehouse, the line of vehicles comes to a halt.

Light pours skyward from the silo. An earth-rattling roar radiates from the opening.

DOC
We have ignition. Five, four,
three, two one ... ignition.

INT. HELICOPTER

Pilot's P.O.V.

Men sprinting away on the ground. In the open silo, rising billows of exhaust, steam, and the nose of the rocket.

PILOT
(in Russian!)
Pull back!

Convoy vehicles are reversing direction and fleeing.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Sound becomes violent and physical, one thunderclap after another and another and another. Blinding light projects upward and in it we see the nose of the rocket appear, slowly at first, but accelerating.

Choppers are police vehicles fleeing recklessly. A technician in the back of Doc's mobile command center aims his camera out the open back door as it drives away from the warehouse in the opposite direction of the retreating convoy.

DOC (O.S.)
You're up, Luna

INT. LUNA

Great shaking. Cole is being thrown violently against his seat straps. His eyes open. Anya reaches over to pull his straps tighter. He looks terrified.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

SUPER: MISSION TIME 00:00:02

Thunderous noise. The whole body of the patchwork rocket slides into view, a magnificent jalopy of a rocket, not the sleek, crisply-painted NASA or Russian models, but a bluish-gray Proton with rust spots girded by four faded yellow and brown solid fuel boosters at the base, an object beautiful in its monstrosity, a small sun spreading beneath it. Huge trailing cloud of smoke.

DOC (O.S.)
Perfect burn. Prepare for roll.

HACK (O.S.)
Roger that. Rolling.

The retreating choppers get blown sideways and fight to stay in the sky. The rocket rotates as if picking a direction.

INT CHOPPER

The pilot manages to right his craft.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

The warehouse is lit up like noon, and buffeted so hard that it sways violently, big pieces tearing away. In the confusion, the mission control van drives off in the opposite direction of the retreating convoy. Hanging on for dear life in the back, the technician with the camera keeps it trained on the launch.

A wider flash of light and Luna zips up and out of sight as if shot from a gun, growing smaller and smaller at the top of a twisting pillar of white smoke in the night sky until it is just a point of light, a new star.

INT. LUNA

Cole has his eyes closed. Strong vibrations. Mounting G-forces press him and the others back into their seats. They weigh six times normal, their innards wrapped around their spines. Saburo has his eyes closed. With effort, he reaches over and closes a gloved hand over Cole's.

HACK
 (voice shaking)
 Trajectory nominal. We're on our
 way.

DOC (O.S.)
 Godspeed, Luna.

EXT. STEPPE

The fleeing vehicles have congregated at a distance, and men are outside the vehicles gaping at the dispersing pillar of smoke.

EXT. RADAR STATION -- DAY (SAME TIME)

SUPER: NORAD STATION, LONELY POINT, ALASKA

Establishing shot. Runways, brick outposts, large disc antennae, lots of snow.

INT. NORAD

Military technicians before a glowing array of blue screens, tracking Luna. An klaxon alarm is sounding, and an OFFICER, 45, male, and TWO TECHNICIANS, both young men, crowd around a FOURTH, a young woman in a headset, before a big monitor.

OFFICER
 (into land line phone)
 Scramble! Full SAC alert! Warning
 Red. Unidentified ICBM launch! Full
 Ready all air-breathers. Repeat,
 all Air-breathers, Full Ready. This
 is not a drill.
 (to his technicians)
 Whose is this? What's the heading?

He leans in to look at the screen. They watch. The blip on their screen doesn't turn; it rises and rises.

FEMALE TECHNICIAN
 (joking)
 Maybe its aimed at the Moon, sir.

OFFICER
 Jesus. Who would want to nuke the
 Moon?

EXT. KREMLIN -- SAME TIME (NIGHT)

An out-of-breath AMERICAN CONSUL, thirties, short hair, long overcoat, racing up steps into the FOREIGN MINISTRY.

INT. MINISTRY

Removing his coat, he steps into a posh furnished office. A RUSSIAN GENERAL, tall, thin, white-haired, is standing behind his desk holding a phone. He glares at the consul.

CONSUL

Is this yours?

GENERAL

How do we know it's not yours?

CONSUL

Well, for starters, it launched from Kazakhstan.

GENERAL

(to the phone, in Russian)

It's who? Why wasn't I briefed on this earlier? Are these madmen trying to start World War Three!

He slams down the phone.

GENERAL

(in English)

It is not ours, or their's, and it's not a weapon. It's some band of idiot troublemakers with on old Proton rocket.

EXT. MINISTRY STEPS -- MOMENTS LATER

The consul dials a satellite phone.

CONSUL

Get me Tony Ridder.

EXT. NASA HQ, HOUSTON -- SAME TIME (DAY)

Establishing shot, bland, flat Houston landscape, looks like a community college campus.

INT. NASA CONTROL ROOM

A DOZEN TECHNICIANS, an even mix of men and women in their twenties, casual attire, some long hair, lots of blue jeans. They are behind an array of monitors. On a large screen looking down on the room a flashing green blip moves toward orbit. The observers are excited, fascinated. An unknown spaceship has just launched.

INT. LUNA

SUPER: MISSION TIME: 00:09:14

Roaring engines. Cole's face is distorted by G forces. Eyes still shut. In the forward seats Hack and Sergei are flipping switches, flying the thing.

HACK

(voice still shaking)

Indicating six Gs. We're clear of the second stage. Sustainer engines firing. Slight pogo oscillation. Velocity 28,000.

EXT. KAZAHSTAN HIGHWAY -- NIGHT (SAME TIME)

A speeding van with a satellite dish on top.

INT. VAN

Doc before a monitor, wearing a headset. TWO TECHNICIANS on either side of him. Speeding landscape out the window.

DOC

You have insertion speed. Engine shut down, three, two, one.

INT. LUNA

The roaring suddenly stops. Cole and the others are thrown violently forward against their seat straps. And then, they are floating inches above their seats. Out the round windows on both side is a bright blue curve, the Earth's horizon, against the deep blackness of space.

Cole is wide-eyed now. Anya has removed her helmet and unstrapped herself. Her ponytail is floating.

She turns a somersault in the space right over her seat.
Saburo is in lotus position upside down.

SABURO

The swinging door also swings
upside down!

He looks at Cole happily.

SABURO

I am Saburo Sakai. Expect nothing!
Do Something!

Cole, bewildered, unstraps himself and, instinctively pushing himself up from the seat as if on Earth, inadvertently launches himself at Saburo, sending him crashing into the capsule's far wall.

SABURO

Not doing is also doing.

In the copilot seat, Sergei, a pale man with a thick black moustache and wide face, lifts off his helmet and turns toward Cole, who is now upside down.

SERGEI

I am Sergei. Stay out of our way.
(looking at Anya,
gesturing toward Saburo)
And see if you can shut him up.

Cole stares back at Sergei. Then, abruptly, his face contorts.

COLE

I don't feel --

SERGEI

Get him a bag!

Saburo reaches up with a vomit bag, which Cole takes and throws his face into, just in time. His body heaves. Anya swings open a hatch, and then guides Cole, his face still in the bag, into the larger orbital capsule of the Soyuz, a spacious chamber like the inside of the diving bell. She leaves him there.

SERGEI

Has he had any training? God help
us.

ANYA

(in fluent and forceful
Russian)
(MORE)

ANYA (cont'd)

You leave him alone, Sergei Mikaelovitch. You know none of this would be happening if not for me, and Dmitri Sergeyevitch is as fully committed to the Lighthouse as your Helium Three. He listens to me, and you know it.

(in English)

So back the fuck off!

A greenish sphere, about the size of a tennis ball, floats toward them out of the open hatch to the orbiter in a small galaxy of glistening similarly colored globules. It is shimmering and pulsing and vibrating in what appears to be three directions at once. At first they are fascinated.

SERGEI

Oh, no. Tell me that's not --

Sounds of Cole violently retching.

INT. NASA HQ, HOUSTON -- SAME TIME (DAY)

Tony Ridder steps into a glass-walled office on a mezzanine overlooking the control room floor. He closes the door and confronts JON CAMPALONG, 55, a tall, tan, athletic former astronaut with short white hair, a retired Air Force Colonel.

RIDDER

Colonel Campalong, I'm Tony Ridder.

He extends his hand as Campalong stands, shakes it.

RIDDER

I'm a deputy with the National Security Counsel. I was attending a program at Ellington. You're tracking this thing, right?

CAMPALONG

We are.

RIDDER

Moscow says it is some sort of private launch. The Russians *think* they intend to try for the Moon.

CAMPALONG

(can't disguise his excitement)

It's *manned*? The Moon!

RIDDER

These are the people behind the LEM theft in DC. Some Russian mobster is backing it. Something about Helium Three?

CAMPALONG

H3, the perfect fuel for a fusion reactor. Clean. It's rare on earth but the lunar soil is thick with it. Some people think it could be a primary fuel source in the future.

RIDDER

Apparently there's some Russian billionaire who thinks the future is now.

CAMPALONG

Bolshov! We heard he had an interest in this! Whose flying it?

RIDDER

We're not sure. There's a former cosmonaut and ... do you know Hack Simon?

CAMPALONG

Our Hack Simon? Oh, my God. He dropped out of sight three years ago when we let him go.

RIDDER

Why?

CAMPALONG

Emotional issues. No life outside the program. It happens. He tended to become obsessive about the mission to the exclusion of ... well, he didn't play well with others. He had a breakdown.

RIDDER

Jesus, he's nutcase?

CAMPALONG

Here at NASA we prefer less pejorative terminology.

RIDDER

Can he fly this thing?

CAMPALONG

Hell yes. He's a crack LEM pilot,
too.

Ridder clamps down on the NASA man's enthusiasm.

RIDDER

Look, Colonel. This mission,
whatever it is, is not in the
national interest of the United
States of America. These are
international criminals on a terror
watch list. We don't know what
they're up to, and we can't stop
them, so far as I know, but we sure
as hell aren't going to help them.
Is that clear? There will be no
assistance from NASA. None
whatsoever.

INT. PENTAGON

Agents Perry and Reid enter a darkened briefing room. Rows of
military brass look on. A picture of Cole appears on screen,
from an old NASA ID.

PERRY

You've already been briefed on Cole
Nealson and Hack Simon, the ship's
pilot.

Hack's picture is shown from an old astronaut portrait. An
old student ID photo of Anya comes up.

PERRY

This is Dr. Anya Poloniev, 27,
orphaned in Sarajevo, both of her
parents were shot. She was adopted
by a French family. She earned her
medical degree from The Sorbonne,
she was considered a brilliant
student, double major in aerospace
studies, became involved in
extremist "Green" movements, and
dropped out of sight three years
ago. We are still searching for the
link between her and Nealson. She
is the face voice of this Luna
group, and we suspect she convinced
Dmitri Bolshov to bankroll it.

GENERAL

Can Simon fly these craft?

PERRY

He is fully checked out on the Soyuz, which was standard training for I.S.S. crew, and was considered the best LEM simulator pilot in the astronaut crew.

SECOND GENERAL

They're still qualifying astronauts on the LEM?

PERRY

Not officially, sir. But apparently the astronauts love the simulator and compete to master it. Landing one in one sixth gravity, no atmosphere, an unfamiliar craft on an alien environment, is still considered the world's most difficult piloting challenge.

GENERAL

And boys will be boys.

PERRY

Sergei Suslov, former cosmonaut, brought up in the old Soviet program, is copilot. Suslov flew a Soyuz mission to the I.S.S. ten years ago, but left the Russian program after that. He worked for a time as Bolshov's personal pilot.

Saburo's picture comes up.

PERRY

This one is a mystery. Saburo Sakai, who we believe is a Zen monk. I know it sounds crazy, but if they get to the Moon, we think they intend to leave him there.

GENERAL

A man on the Moon?

PERRY

He's a severe ascetic. The sect subsists on small portions of rice, dried fruit, and nuts. Devout.

(MORE)

PERRY (cont'd)
 Years ago he adopted a complete vow
 of silence. Never speaks.

INT. LUNA

Strapped to the ceiling, Saburo is singing loudly. Cole is in his seat, still green with nausea.

SABURO
 Oh, the pops are sweeter and the
 taste is new/ They're shot with
 sugar, through and through! --

SERGEI
 (turning)
 Shut the fuck up, Sakai!

SABURO
 Kellogg's Sugar Pops/ They're tops!

ANYA
 (to Cole)
 He likes jingles.

SABURO
 And the Beatles.

Cole just closes his eyes.

EXT. EARTH ORBIT

SUPER: MISSION TIME 01:40:23

The Soyuz, with its rounded front end and cylindrical back end, is edging into position directly in front of the service module. It is a large cylinder with a big rocket funnel on its back end.

INT. NASA HQ -- NIGHT

JULES KEANE, a diminutive, fiesty 24-year-old NASA mission controller, with short dark hair and a nose stud, chewing gum rapidly, is clearly excited, monitoring the spacecraft on her screen.

KEANE
 They're gonna hook-up.

THREE TECHNICIANS around her watch as two blips, representing the Soyuz and the service module, grow closer and closer on the screen.

EXT. LUNA CONTROL VAN -- DAY (SAME TIME)

The mission control van is speeding along a divided highway now, somewhere in eastern Europe, making good time.

INT. LUNA CONTROL VAN

Doc is still in his headphones, still looking at the screen, clutching a big cup of coffee.

DOC

It looks good from here, Hack. You appear to be perfectly lined up to dock.

EXT. EARTH ORBIT

The two spacecraft are close. Small jets can be seen from the Soyuz's maneuvering rockets.

HACK (O.S.)

Easing up. Two meters ... one meter

...

The service module and the capsule slide together, a tapered rod projecting from the capsule disappears into the open front of the module, and gripping mechanisms inside pull them tightly together.

HACK (O.S.)

Lock us in, Sergei.

INT. LUNA

There is a light vibration and the echo of metal closing on metal. Hack, helmet off now, is hard at work. Saburo, Anya, and Cole are strapped into their seats. Cole looks woozy and wrung out. He is still clutching the vomit bag. The craft shudders as the two craft lock together.

HACK

Bingo!

INT. LUNA CONTROL VAN

Cheers from the two technicians with Doc.

DOC

Well done! Once you have checked out all those connections, let's get ready for the TLB on the next go-round.

HACK (O.S.)

Roger that.

INT. NASA HQ

NASA controllers watch the big screen. The two blips on Keane's screen are now one. There is a murmur of approval.

KEANE

Sweet!

She catches the eye of Campalong and Ridder, hovering, and squelches her excitement. Ridder appears very unhappy.

KEANE

These dudes are capable. They've locked up with their service module, Colonel.

RIDDER

How are they doing this? I mean, they stole some components, but don't they need a big computer on the ground?

CAMPALONG

Well, it depends on the level of risk you are willing to accept. All the electronics it took us to steer Apollo to the Moon forty years ago are available in an Apple laptop today. But if you want redundancy ... they are definitely up there without a net.

RIDDER

Can they get to the Moon alone?

CAMPALONG

Without some ground control backstopping them, iffy. Unless they intend to linger in Earth orbit, which I doubt, they will have their TLB coming up soon.

RIDDER
Speak English.

CAMPALONG
Sorry. The Trans Lunar Burn. It will put them on a course for the Moon, a standard slingshot trajectory. They have to aim themselves at where the Moon will be in about sixty-six hours. They'll need help for that.

RIDDER
Or what?

Silence all around.

KEANE
What was the classic show called?
"Lost in Space?"

RIDDER
Your lips to God's ear. There has been no contact from here, right?

CAMPALONG
None whatsoever.

RIDDER
But *somebody* is helping them.

EXT. HIGHWAY, SOMEWHERE IN RURAL KAZAKHSTAN -- ONE HOUR, TEN MINUTES LATER

HELICOPTER P.O.V.

The Luna control van is speeding down a lonesome highway across the steppe, seen from above. The chopper is closing in fast.

INT. LUNA CONTROL VAN

Doc is fighting off sleep.

DOC
(into his headset)
Okay, Hack. Coming up on the TLB.
You don't need me to tell you. This one is for all the marbles.

A chopper buzzes the van and appears in front of them.

DRIVER
Doc! Company!

He points to the chopper visible now out the windshield.

DOC
Don't stop!

The chopper in front of them descends, trying to slow the van to a stop. The driver turns off the highway and heads off overland.

INT. CHOPPER

PILOT
Okay, he wants to play.

The chopper rises and turns to follow. There are two others with it.

INT. VAN

Doc is rocking and bouncing violently.

HACK (O.S.)
I would like to do one more system check.

DOC
Now or never, Hack. Initiate sequence countdown now.

EXT. STEPPE

The van is bounding along, bracketed now by three choppers, one directly in front, one on each side. The choppers are slowing and descending, and the van slows.

INT. VAN

DOC
Ten ... nine ... eight ...

The van comes to a stop.

EXT. STEPPE

The chopper before it is on the ground. The two others set down on either side. FOUR ARMED MEN men jump out of each chopper.

The driver throws the van into reverse, does a rapid 180.

INT. VAN

Doc is thrown from his chair. The other technicians lose their perches.

DOC
Three .. Two ... one.

EXT. STEPPE

A helicopter sets down immediately in front of the fleeing van, which skids and flips on its side, scraping to a violent stop.

INT. VAN

Doc is now tangled with the technicians inside in piles of gear, from which comes a voice.

HACK (O.S.)
We have ignition.

INT. LUNA

Roaring noise. The crew is pinned back as the capsule accelerates out of Earth orbit. Hack has a hand on a joy stick and is watching cockpit monitors.

HACK
Burn initiated. Holding steady.
Five thousand feet per second ...
six thousand ... seven thousand ...
Doc? Do you read me?

EXT. STEPPE

The van is on its side. SWAT TEAMS are approaching with weapons drawn from the three choppers. The side door of the vehicle, now on top, slides open.

An arm appears, then Doc's head. He is bleeding, one arm appears broken. He is still wearing the headset.

DOC
Roger that, Hack. Go with God.
We've been shut down.

A SWAT member hops up on the van and tears off Doc's headset.

DOC
Don't tell me there's a speed limit
on this road, officer.

INT. LUNA

The crew is riding out the critical burn, still plastered to their seats.

HACK
Doc? Do you read me? Doc? Twenty
thousand feet per second.

Silence.

HACK
Shit!

SERGEI
What happened?

HACK
We lost our ground control. We're
on our own.

INT. NASA MISSION CONTROL

A digital clock on the monitor at NASA command center is counting down in sync: 1:45:20. 19, 18 ... , Campalongo, Keane and a crowd of young engineers surround the screen. On the monitor, the blip of the LK is seen rising away from the Earth.

RIDDER
(hanging up his phone)
We shut down their mobile ground
control, somewhere in Kazakhstan.

No one heeds him. They are all fixated by the blip on the screen, which continues to rise, digital numbers on one side count up, numbers on the other side count down.

RIDDER
What's happening?

CAMPALONG
The clock on the left is their velocity. You can see they are accelerating rapidly. On the right is our calculation of when the burn should end. Their acceleration will fall off dramatically when it ends, so when it reaches zero, the craft should start to slow. We will know right away if they're on target.

RIDDER
Do they need ground control for that?

CAMPALONG
Depends. Not if their on-board computer has the correct data.

As the right hand zeroes, the readout for velocity rapidly and instantly slows.

KEANE
(with admiration)
Props!

A stifled cheer. Campalong quiets them. Ridder is annoyed.

CAMPALONG
I wouldn't worry too much, Tony. They're on course, but I wouldn't bet a full bedpan that they'll make it. Getting into lunar orbit, much less landing and taking back off, will take an act of God, or an act of genius.

He stops for a minute at that word.

CAMPALONG
Did you say Cole Neelson is on that thing?

RIDDER
You know him?

EXT. SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE EARTH AND MOON

SUPER: DECEMBER 25. MISSION TIME 08:25:10

The Soyuz with the LEM attached to its nose is traveling at 24,000 mph in deep blackness speckled with stars.

INT. LUNA

Hack, Sergei, and Saburo are sleeping, strapped against the ceiling of the orbiter. Cole, who looks haggard, is floating before a window. He has now donned one of the gray, form-fitting space suits. It is chilly in the spacecraft; they have dialed down the heat to conserve energy. The Earth has become a blue ball about the size of a baseball held at arm's length. Cole is holding the ship's sextant, a triangular device, and makes a small mark on the window with a black marker. Alongside it are two others. Anya floats behind him.

ANYA

Merry Christmas.

Cole ignores her.

ANYA

Are you feeling better?

Silence. Cole makes another mark on the window.

ANYA

What are you doing?

COLE

Plotting our position.

ANYA

It's all programmed into the computer.

COLE

You'll forgive me for not trusting you, or any of this.

Silence.

ANYA

Aren't you a little bit excited?

COLE

You, all of you, are mad. I am going to do my level best to get us out of this alive, but I give us maybe one shot in a million. When we... what I mean to say is, *if* we ever get back, I am going to live to put you all in jail.

Silence.

ANYA

This, all of this, Luna, it was your idea. Think of it, Cole, we're going to change human history. We are going to establish a lighthouse on the Moon, what you called for in your brilliant paper.

COLE

This is bullshit. First of all, you *kidnapped* me! And secondly, where did you get the money for this? From some billionaire mobster? Hack and Sergei aren't here to establish a lighthouse and mark the way to the stars, there's something else going on. What is it? Helium Three?

He sees by the look on Anya's face that he has guessed correctly.

COLE

Of course, H3. Nuclear fusion. The fuel of the future. You must think I'm an idiot. This a half-assed mining expedition.

Anya is stung.

ANYA

Remember Werner Von Braun? He wanted to send a rocket to the Moon, so he partnered first with Hitler and then with Kennedy. He wasn't a Nazi and he wasn't a Democrat. He believed in one thing: his rocket. To get things done in this world, you take your allies where you find them. Dmitri and his billions want H3, but they have no idea of how to get to the Moon.

(MORE)

ANYA (cont'd)

Thanks to you, I could show him how. So in return, we get the Lighthouse. We change the world.

COLE

And you kidnapped me to help you!

ANYA

We needed you. You know how to make everything work, and if it breaks, you can fix it. You are angry with me for taking you seriously, more seriously than you take yourself. You write this *magnifique* blueprint for getting to the Moon, building a habitat, ... and you show how it could all be done for a fraction of what the experts say. You work for NASA, you live in America, you have every advantage in the world ... and you *quit*?

COLE

I was wasting my time.

ANYA

Non, mon ami, only after you quit, then you were wasting your time. Now you are not. Now you are accomplishing something. You quit too easy. It is your -- *q'est ce que vous ditte?* -- default mode. All your life you've been coasting on your reputation as a "genius." There is no such thing as genius, Cole Nealson, there are only *acts* of genius.

COLE

And who are you to make decisions about *my life*?

HACK

(stirring)

Hey! You lovebirds take it to the LEM, will you? God Damn.

EXT. SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE EARTH AND THE MOON

The camera pulls back from Luna faster and faster until it is just a dot against the blue Earth, then invisible, and then the Moon appears in the frame, huge, stark, and dead ahead.

EXT. USAF BASE, WEISBADEN -- NIGHT

SUPER: USAF BASE, WIESBADEN, DECEMBER 25

Establishing shot.

INT. WEISBADEN MP STATION

Doc and his men are trussed up like terrorists in a hallway, orange jump suits, stretch woolen sacks pulled over their heads. Doc's arm is in a sling. He is scooped up roughly by TWO GUARDS in American military fatigues and led into an interrogation room. He has to shuffle because his feet are chained together. He is set on a stool alone in the room.

TV MONITOR

Color image of Doc sitting alone. The camera moves back to show TWO INTERROGATORS, "Gators," as they call themselves, both crisp young army intel officers, short hair, short-sleeve uniform shirts, one black, one white, otherwise interchangeable.

BLACK GATOR

The ol' One-Two. I'll scare the
piss out of him, and then you come
in with the coffee and donuts.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

The two guards re-enter and wrap a rope tightly around Doc's ankles. They attach the rope to a hook on the ceiling. Doc is shouting something, but it is muffled under the tight sack over his face. They lift him and pull the rope taut, so that he is hanging upside down, swinging a little, his head just feet from the floor.

DOC

(muffled)

Blithering moronic bastards.

The black Gator One enters.

GATOR

Here's how this will work. I ask
questions, and you give me answers.
If you don't speak English, we will
provide a translator. Help me and
life will improve for you rapidly.

(MORE)

GATOR (cont'd)
 Lie to me, or refuse to answer,
 your quality of life goes downhill.

More muffled shouting from inside the sack. The Gator stoops and slides it off Doc's head. He is red-faced with anger and blood flow, and glares at him furiously.

GATOR
 Name and nationality?

DOC
 (to himself)
 Lord God Almighty, spare me these
 cretins!
 (to the Gator)
 Thomas M. Scheye, Phd Applied
 Physics, University of Melbourne,
 faculty MIT. That's in Boston,
 Massachusetts. Untie me, you
 bleeding idiot.

GATOR
 You are going to tell me exactly
 what --

DOC
 That's right, I am, unless you piss
 me off with these B-movie third-
 degree theatrics of yours! We are
 wasting time! I want you to know
 exactly what's going on, because my
 friends up there are going to need
 some help. So get me down and turn
 on a fucking tape recorder.

INT. NASA MISSION CONTROL MEZZANINE -- NIGHT

SUPER: DECEMBER 27

Clock shows 3AM. Campalong looks down from his office at an
 virtually empty room, sees Keane sitting at a monitor
 surrounded by technicians.

INT. CONTROL ROOM FLOOR

Campalong approaches Keane.

CAMPALONG
 What are you all doing here at this
 hour, Jules?

KEANE

Just watching, Colonel. We think they're going in.

Campalong leans in for a look.

CAMPALONG

How long have they been in lunar orbit?

KEANE

Just a few hours. They separated from what must have been their service module on the way in, and I think they docked with the LEM.

Silence.

KEANE

Colonel Campalong, is it true that Cole and Colonel Simon are aboard this thing? I don't know how they got mixed up in this but, boss, those are *our* guys. Without any ground support, the chances of them landing are grievously minor.

Campalong nods.

KEANE

Colonel, let's help them! Most of us have been waiting our whole lives to send people back up there, and here it is. They're fucking orbiting the Moon!

Ridder is watching from Campalong's office above.

CAMPALONG

With stolen equipment.

KEANE

Stuff that was gathering dust in store rooms and museums.

CAMPALONG

We'll keep an eye on them, Jules. That's the most we do right now. Get a good fix on where they land. I'll call some friend in Japan and get their Kaguya lunar orbiter in place for close-ups.

EXT LUNAR ORBIT

SUPER: MISSION TIME, DAY THREE, 02:20:45

The lunar surface is huge and gray brown. The LEM is apart from the Soyuz and begins falling away toward the surface, picking up speed. The lower it goes, the faster it goes.

EXT. LUNAR ORBIT

The Kaguya orbiter moving majestically over the lunar landscape. Below it is the line of darkness creeping across the surface, a stark division between day and night, hot and cold. The Kaguya rotates and with a short burst of helium from its maneuvering jets, alters its orbital path.

INT. LEM

Hack and Sergei are standing at the LEM controls. Cole, Saburo, and Anya are crammed into corners of the craft. The craft is pressurized; they are in suits but no helmets. There is little room; the LEM was built for two.

COLE

You're coming in too fast!

Hack doesn't answer.

COLE

Christ!

HACK

Shut up! Thanks to your girlfriend, we're heavier than in the simulator.

SERGEI

(to Anya, in Russian)

This asshole and that hab of yours is going to get us all killed.

EXT. LUNAR SKY

The LEM is streaking in sideways when the first rocket burst from the descent engine abruptly slows them.

INT. LEM

Cole, Saburo, and Anya hang on to overhead handles; Hack and Sergei are standing in harnesses attached to the ceiling. They lean into the force, keeping their footing, their experience showing. They know how to fly this thing.

EXT. LUNAR SKY

The craft rotates upright. They are both falling and moving horizontally.

INT. LEM

SERGEI

Horizontal velocity slowing, but we're still too fast. Five thousand feet.

HACK

Find me someplace soft to put this thing down.

Beat.

HACK

Hold on, I'm going to try something.

EXT. LUNAR SKY

The LEM tilts again and the descent engine fires once more. The horizontal speed is greatly reduced, and a craft tilts upright again.

INT. LEM

SERGEI

Two thousand feet. Still too much horizontal!

HACK

We'll have to live with it.

SERGEI

One thousand!

Hack is wrestling with the controls. The craft is vibrating from the descent engine, shaking hard. Hack is looking out the window now, searching for a smooth spot on a very rocky surface. Abruptly, out the window, the ground falls away, a cliff, the surface is now hundreds of feet further below.

HACK

(alarmed)

Crater! There's not supposed to be a crater here!

SERGEI

(shouting)

We overshot our landing area!

HACK

More juice!

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE

The descent engine is blazing as the LEM, upright but still racing horizontally, slows its descent and starts to rise again slightly. It is fast approaching the opposite cliff, the other side of the crater, and Hack, having reversed the descent, is now inching it up higher and higher, trying to clear the looming crater wall.

He doesn't make it, clipping the rim with the legs of the lander. The craft pitches over violently on its side and comes apart. The entire descent portion, legs and engine and frame, tears away, breaking open and spewing its contents down the sloping outer rim of the crater.

The upper, ascent portion of the craft, which contains the crew, crashes sideways into the surface, which is amazingly soft, deep gray powder finer and softer than sand flies up on all sides as the craft bounces once, twice, and then settles into a long skid down the gentle slope, scraping a divot in the thick powder as it skids to a stop hundreds of yards downhill. The dust that flies away goes off hundreds of feet before settling back down.

The LEM is on its side. Behind it, far up the slope, the contents of the descent stage litter the side of the crater rim on both sides of the divot.

INT. LEM

Cole, Anya, , Hack, and Sergei are tangled in a heap inside the upended LEM, but they are uninjured.

Miraculously, the skin of the craft has not ruptured. They still have air pressure and oxygen.

COLE
(to Anya)
You OK?

She nods, rubbing a shoulder. Cole crawls over to a window and looks out ... the surface of the Moon! It is magnificent and desolate and gray. In the distance is a jagged mountain range. The line of the horizon is stark black. The light off the lunar soil is brilliant, unbelievably crisp. Uphill is the jagged rim of the crater they clipped on the way down. Anya's eyes are alight with excitement and disbelief.

ANYA
We're here! *Mon Dieu!* Look! We made it!

Hack is throwing people off him frantically, scrambling to do an immediate damage assessment.

HACK
We made it all right, but this might be our last stop.

INT. NASA CONTROL ROOM

Keane is watching his monitor with THREE TECHNICIANS behind her.

KEANE
They're down.

TECHNICIAN ONE
Did they crash?

KEANE
I don't know. Their air speed way high, and then, boom! they stopped moving. Somebody get Colonel Campalong.

INT. LEM

Hack and Sergei are inspecting every corner of the craft. It remains pressurized and filled with oxygen. Cole has the sextant and is peering out of the window, trying to fix their position. Anya is at another window.

ANYA
Can we get this back upright?

SABURO

To be in a different place is
nothing to get excited about. To be
is the excitement.

SERGEI

(rolling his eyes)
Aren't Buddhas supposed to be
silent?

Hack has climbed to the back end of the craft. He is scrutinizing the fuel tank for the ascent engine, a thick silver cylinder that is the largest object in the LEM, and the most vital single item in their inventory, because without it they are all stranded. He sees a portion of the outer shell has folded in against it, and notices that the fuel gauge on top indicates the tank is no longer full. It has lost about two thirds of its contents and the needle is vibrating.

HACK

(bellowing)
Suit up! Now! I'm going out!

They all hurriedly pull on helmets, hook up portable oxygen.

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE -- MOMENTS LATER

The hatch swings open and Hack crawls out. He bounds down to the surface and lands softly, knee-deep in dust, and moves swiftly toward the upended rear of the craft. He climbs up to get a look at the top of the ascent engine and spies a tiny jet of white vapor, revealing the leak. He places his finger over it, and roots in a tool kit hanging from his neck for material to patch it.

Sergei, Anya, Saburo, and Cole emerge, easing themselves down to the surface, unsteady in one-sixth gravity. They communicate by radios inside their helmets. Anya joyously performs a stunning, exaggerated pirouette, launching herself and flying six feet high, turning, and then landing and tumbling head over heels.

ANYA

(giggling)
Splendide!

Cole and Saburo attempt long strides, each one launching them three feet high and six yards out.

COLE

This is incredible!

Sergei circles the craft and sees Hack patching the tank.

SERGEI

How bad is it?

HACK

Bad.

Cole, Anya, and Saburo turn in slow circles, overcome by the magnificent desolation, the absolute clarity of the sunlit landscape unfiltered by atmosphere. Distant objects are seen with the same clarity as those nearby. They are filled with wonder. Saburo kicks his foot and dust flies off in a straight trajectory a great distance.

A few feet away from the craft the depth of the powder is markedly thinner, in some places only as deep as their ankles. They are stunned to be here. Cole points, and Anya looks up at the glorious blue ball in the black sky.

ANYA

It is hard to believe, but there's our entire world, all of human history, politics, religion, war, science, art --

A howling noise in their headsets.

HACK

(bellowing, livid)
You worthless bitch!

He comes literally flying out at Anya and knocks her down. He is on her back, his face twisted in rage, reaching for the tube supplying oxygen to her suit. Saburo, Cole, and Sergei pull him off and restrain him.

HACK

(screaming)
Leave me alone! I'm going to kill that fucking bitch!

Anya gets back to her feet, her hand closed around the blue-handle of the dagger she keeps strapped to her calf. Hack is enraged.

HACK

(pointing)
Acceptable Level of Risk! What did I tell you? Stay within mission parameters. This is your fault!

COLE

What? What's her fault?

SERGEI

We're stranded. We lost our fuel.

HACK

We're fucked! That's what we are.
All of us! Stranded! We are all
going to die here!

Hack bounds off up the slope in great, long leaps. Cole climbs back into the LEM. Behind him is Sergei.

INT. LEM

Cole and Sergei stare at the gauge. The needle is steady, but the tank is only one-third full.

COLE

Oh, shit.

SERGEI

Hack was right. We were too heavy.
Without ground control, we couldn't
manage the landing.

Anya appears behind them.

ANYA

We're stuck?

As Sergei climbs back out, Cole notices for the first time that hanging from a strap in his tool kit, slung over one shoulder, is a handgun.

EXT. CRATER SLOPE

Hack is rooting through the remains of the descent portion of the LEM, tossing aside pieces of the thin foil paneling, which fly remarkable distances. He finds the descent engine fuel tanks. They are ruptured and empty. Hack hurls one that flies all the way over the rim of the crater and far into empty space. He slumps down and sits.

HACK

Fucked. Fucked. Fucked.

EXT. LEM

Sergei climbs back out to the surface. Cole sits on the open hatch of the overturned LEM holding the sextant and the laptop.

SERGEI

Okay everybody, listen to me. We have oxygen and water and food to last us twenty days. That gives us twenty days to work on this problem.

COLE

Actually, less than that.

Sergei and the others look at him, alarmed.

COLE

The way I figure our position, we have less than four full days until dark. The temperature here will go from oven to deep freeze. The LEM and these spacesuits are not meant to survive lunar night, and we could all cram in the hab, only we'd deplete the oxygen in a matter of hours.

A moment of stunned, depressed silence.

SERGEI

(deflated)

Then I suggest we do what we can in the time we have left. I brought this mining equipment here, and I intend to see if it works. If any of us is to make it, we will need the hab. So we are going to go to work.

He steps away, turns, and looks up the hill at Hack, who is still seated where he dropped.

SERGEI

Hack?

Hack makes no move. Sergei shrugs and starts uphill toward the debris field, where Saburo is already dragging components downhill.

Anya walks over to the LEM and looks up at Cole with tears in her eyes.

ANYA
I'm sorry. You were right.

Cole ignores her. He takes a reading from the sextant and enters it into the laptop.

COLE
We're not dead yet.

INT. NASA MISSION CONTROL

A glum Keane sits before her monitor. Coffee and food wrappings litter her desk. She is peering at lunar satellite photographs from the Japanese lunar orbiter. A technician looks over his shoulder.

TECHNICIAN
Are these the shots from the Kaguya?

KEANE
Yep. Looks like they bought it.

She points to the edge of a large crater. The line scraped by the crashing LEM is visible, and the craft itself, along with the portions of the descent stage and its contents can be seen as black spots in the uniformly gray surface.

KEANE
Debris field.

TECHNICIAN
Crazy bastards.

INT CAMPALONG'S OFFICE -- MINUTES LATER

Campalong inspects the photos at his desk as Keane and Ridder look over his shoulder. He doesn't disguise his disappointment.

CAMPALONG
They must have clipped the rim of the crater. Judging by the divot, their horizontal velocity was way too high.

KEANE

Looks like they just missed
slamming into the crater wall here.
(pointing)
Hack could always fly that thing.

RIDDER

Could any of them have survived?

CAMPALONG

The LEM wasn't built to hold
together in a crash like that, and
they probably went in pressurized,
so they wouldn't have a chance when
the craft came apart. It happened
quick, but it wasn't pretty. Even
if the impact didn't kill them,
it's hot enough up there to slow
roast a turkey. Space is no place
for amateurs.

Ridder is pleased. He steps out into the doorway and places a
call on his cell. Campalong and Keane overhear, and are
disgusted by his satisfaction. They know their assistance
might have helped avoid the crash.

RIDDER

(to phone)

They crashed. The Kaguya confirms
the debris field.

Listens.

RIDDER

(to phone)

Have you given any thought, sir, to
how this should be handled, I mean,
with the press? Colonel Campalong
here said something we can use.
"Space is no place for amateurs."

He listens for a few moments, holding up a finger to
Campalong.

RIDDER

(to phone)

Got it. Perfect, sir. I'll fly back
tonight.

Listens.

RIDDER
(to phone)
Thanks. I appreciate that.

He hangs up.

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL OFFICE

Drake sets the phone down, grins, and punches happily at the air. He gets up and exits his office, walking past CATHERINE, his secretary.

DRAKE
I'm heading upstairs to see the boss, Catherine. Good news should always be delivered in person.

INT. CAMPALONG'S OFFICE

RIDDER
(to Campalong)
Okay, Jon. Could you have your people work up a report on this thing? We'll say NASA was tracking the mission, trying to help, but that our offers were refused. Include those Kaguya pictures. I'll get the FBI to fly in that character from Berlin, and you can finish debriefing him here. You guys speak the same language. We'll figure out how to release it in the next few days. God, what a relief!

EXT. MOON CAMP

SUPER: DECEMBER 28. MISSION TIME: DAY THREE, 22:15:18

Much has been done. A camp has been created. The small nuclear generator is up and running, and thick yellow and black cables connect it to the various components of the working site. The long, delta-shaped habitat is inflated and pressurized, about half the size of a mobile home. It's sides arch up to a point. The ribs of it have been unfolded accordion-like from its housing, which serves as a transit chamber. There are large tanks of liquid O2 set alongside. Saburo is filling bags with lunar soil and stacking them along the base of the hab.

SABURO

(singing)

Words are flowing out like endless
rain into a paper cup/They slither
while they pass They slip away
across the universe!

Sergei is working the H3 miner, which looks like a small garden tractor with a scoop on the front and a big red cylinder on the back. Dirt is scooped into the device, which is cooked in its innards, releasing H3 gas into a red metal cylinder mounted on the back.

The rover is parked alongside the LEM, and behind it are tracks up and down the slope from where Anya and Cole have been scavenging pieces of the shattered lander. The LEM is closed and pressurized.

Anya and Cole are before the LEM alongside a heap of aluminum tubing. Cole is crouching, working at a circular metal frame, a remnant from the mounting of a landing pad.

ANYA

I know it's awful, but have you given any thought yet to how you would prefer to ... you know, end it?

Cole ignores her.

ANYA

Saburo and I were talking, and we figured we would rather freeze than suffocate. I'm told that's not a bad way to go.

COLE

You're told? Who would know such a thing?

He has removed the cover of the rim, and is picking three-quarter-inch round silver ball bearings out of it and putting them in his pockets.

ANYA

What are those?

COLE

Ball bearings.

ANYA

I know what they are. Why do you want them?

COLE

You never know what might come in handy. Did you know your friend Sergei has a weapon?

ANYA

What?

COLE

Looked like a Glock to me. In his bag. You can add that to your list of ways to check out.

ANYA

Would that even fire here?

COLE

Without any doubt. It's a chemical reaction. Spark. Bang! Hell of a kick though.

ANYA

Is Hack still in there?

COLE

He's lost it. We'll have to keep an eye on him. I think he plans to kill you. That expands your list to four.

ANYA

Pourquoi? I would just die a few days earlier.

COLE

Not necessarily.

She looks at him again, intrigued.

ANYA

How are we going to take off in this? It is not even facing in the right direction.

COLE

That's no problem. I figure it weighs just over half a ton up here. We can use this rim, some of these metal rods, some wire, and rig a pulley.

(MORE)

COLE (cont'd)

I can weld these slats together to create a cradle for it, and together we can lift her upright and set her in. It will take about a day.

ANYA

Cole, we don't have enough fuel.

COLE

There is that.

Sergei, carrying a full red cylinder of H3 approaches.

SERGEI

For what it's worth, the H3 miner works as advertized.

COLE

Sergei, what do you know about the Surveyor program?

SERGEI

American robotic landers. They sent them up in advance of the manned Apollo missions.

COLE

The way I figure our position, we're in the Sinus Medii, and Surveyor Six is about eighty miles northeast.

Sergei is suddenly very interested.

SERGEI

Fuel!

COLE

Good old Aerozine Fifty, lifeblood of rocketry. There should be some left. Six was designed to test soft landings, but the craft froze during the lunar night before they got to do it more than once. If you found it, could you extract the fuel from its tanks?

SERGEI

Yes! Of course! It's a simple electric valve. I could use the cylinders we brought for H3.

ANYA
You are a genius, Cole!

SERGEI
This is good, good thinking.

COLE
It's a very slender thread. Those tanks have been alternately baking and freezing up here for more than thirty years. Still Aerozine is remarkably stable.
(to Sergei)
You and Hack take the rover and find it. I'll draw you a map.

SERGEI
No. We'll send Hack. He's worthless to us right now, and I want to continue mining. If we do find enough fuel, this
(holding up the cylinder)
is why I came.

Sergei climbs excitedly up the step to the LEM hatch and bangs on it.

INT. LEM -- MINUTES LATER

Hack and Sergei have their helmets off. Hack is stone-faced.

HACK
Got to give the kid credit. But even if there is fuel left in that thing, there won't be enough for all of us.

They ponder this for a moment.

SERGEI
Bog Pomogayet nam. (God help us)

Silence.

SERGEI
The hab; it can only support one. If we leave them, they die.

HACK
Fuck the three of them. They wanted so desperately to come to the Moon, well, we brought them.
(MORE)

HACK (cont'd)

I told Dmitri that bitch was crazy from the start; all this bullshit about a Lighthouse. That hab will never work. We should have come by ourselves, just you and me. Then she crams the crazy monk and kidnaps this wingnut. That's why we're in this fix.

SERGEI

What do we tell them?

HACK

Not one fucking thing. We're going to right this thing and get this bird ready to fly, and then I'm going to go find that fuel. If there is any, it won't be much.

INT. NASA CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

Keane sits at her desk. The room is empty and quiet. She is looking at more satellite photos. Campalong makes his way over to the spot. He looks over her shoulder.

CAMPALONG

What are you doing, Jules?

KEANE

Scope this, Colonel.

Campalong sits and rolls the chair over to Keane's monitor. He leans in.

KEANE

The Kaguya has been snapping away on every orbital pass. Here's the first shots.

On the screen, Keane calls up the original photo.

KEANE

Now, look at this, four hours later.

The dots on the screen have moved.

CAMPALONG

Show me those shots side by side.

The pictures on the screen are clearly different.

CAMPALONG

It could be a lot of things. Maybe an oxygen or fuel tank ruptured.

KEANE

That's what I thought at first, too. But look at this.

She puts up a newer photo. The material scattered at first has all been grouped together.

KEANE

When was the last time an explosion moved things closer together?

CAMPALONG

(softly)

Holy shit! They're alive! The poor bastards.

Campalong stands and starts to pace. He leans back in for another look.

CAMPALONG

Okay. Fuck this. Here's what we do. Get the rest of your team in here. Try to establish radio contact and lets start trouble-shooting this. Not a word to anyone outside out team, got it? I'll get Kaguya to try and move in closer. Washington be damned, we're not going to just sit here and let them die up there.

Keane jumps up and plants a kiss on Campalong's cheek. She starts across the room.

CAMPALONG

Jules, do you have any friends with a website or a blog?

KEANE

Duh.

CAMPALONG

Maybe now would be a good time to ease out the fact that for the first time in thirty-seven years we have human beings on the Moon.

Keane pumps her fist.

EXT. ABOVE THE MOON

SUPER: DECEMBER 30. MISSION TIME: DAY SIX, 02:21:09

The line of darkness across the surface. It is a stark barrier, bright on one side, black on the other. At its edge charged dust particles swirl in a sparkling wall of storm a mile high.

EXT MOON CAMP

Tubing from the descent portion has been used to form a triangular frame over the LEM, and the rim has been mounted at the apex as a pulley. The LEM now sits upright, cradled securely above a jury-rigged launch platform. It is closed and pressurized. The hab is also closed tight. Saburo's wall of dirt sacks reaches about halfway up one side.

INT. LEM

Sergei is asleep in the pressurized atmosphere.

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE

Across a vast empty landscape the rover creeps, leaving tracks stretching far behind. High above, in the blackness of space, hangs the blue Earth.

INT. ROVER

In the pressurized cabin, on the other side of the crater, Hack drives. Compasses don't work on the Moon, and he has no GPS, but Cole has drawn a star map. Hack stops the rover and looks intently at the sky, then starts it again.

INT. HAB

Sunlight filters in now from just the small portion at the top of the hab uncovered by the bags. The hab looks lived-in. Vegetation in the biomass chamber is evident and healthy. Saburo has rows of potted plants lining shelves.

Helmets off and out of their space suits, Saburo is in a peculiar yoga position, standing easily on one hand.

SABURO
How soon 'til we get cable up here?

Anya rolls her eyes.

SABURO
Kidding.

Anya and Cole are intently watching a long tapered aluminum tube stretching from the H2O converter -- it looks like a misshapen metal box -- over the opening to a large glass beaker.

SABURO
If we have not enough fuel for launch, we could all chant *Kannon Sutra* over and over, and use positive energy to lift the ship back into orbit.

COLE
It's a nice thought Saburo, but there's physics involved.

SABURO
Still, even if the ship stops too soon, it is wonderful practice, doing *Kanzeon* together!

Slowly a drop of pure water forms at the tip of the tube, larger and larger, and plunks a drop into the beaker.

ANYA
It works!

She throws her arms around Cole.

COLE
We'll see.

Another drop falls. Then another.

ANYA
Water, Cole. Water from lunar dirt. That means oxygen, and life. It works! This, THIS, is an act of genius.

COLE
Just chemistry. Don't celebrate yet. We have to achieve a workable rate.

Anya shakes him by the shoulders.

ANYA

Take a moment, Cole. Life is one problem after another. It is all suffering if you don't recognize the moments of triumph. This is a moment of triumph! It works! It *will* work; all of it will work.

She kisses him. He is startled, but not displeased. He kisses her back.

SABURO

I am wanted outside.

ANYA

No, Saburo. It's okay.

Saburo bows and exits into the transit chamber, lightly closing the inner hatch and rotating the handle, leaving Cole and Anya alone.

They retreat from further intimacy.

COLE

There's something I didn't tell Sergei.

ANYA

What?

COLE

Surveyor Six is about eighty miles northeast; which means Fra Mauro, where Apollo 14 landed, is only thirty miles southwest.

ANYA

Apollo 14? How does anyone know these things?

COLE

The Moon was my life, Anya. For almost twenty years. I know there's fuel left in Apollo's descent tanks, Alan Shepherd plunked Antares right down, pretty as you please. Best landing in the series. There has got to be fuel left in the descent tanks, more even than the Surveyor.

ANYA
Do you think? Cole, that's
wonderful!

COLE
We'll have to find it first.

ANYA
Why didn't you tell Sergei and
Hack?

COLE
I wanted to get rid of them. Sergei
stayed behind, but that's OK. It
could still work.

ANYA
What could still work?

COLE
If Hack comes back with enough fuel
for just the two of them, they'd
leave us behind for sure.

ANYA
They wouldn't do that!

COLE
Are you willing to bet your life on
it?

Anya is silent.

COLE
You will have to come with me,
because if I leave you behind, I
think Hack will kill you. If we can
reach Apollo 14 on foot, we can
harvest enough fuel to take us all
up. We have to wait for the right
time, but we should go soon.

ANYA
What's to stop them from doing just
as you fear, leaving without us?

COLE
I'm going to disable the LEM.

Anya takes this in.

COLE

Anya, if we try this, we might not make it back. We could easily run out of oxygen on the way. It's hard to navigate. All the terrain is so similar, and I'm just going to be guessing at the location of Apollo 14.

ANYA

Then, won't they be stranded if we don't make it back? We would doom them as well. I cannot --

COLE

They have the rover, Anya. As soon as they realize I've disabled the LEM they'll follow us. If we die, they'll find us, and the missing parts. Hack will know how to put them back.

She ponders.

COLE

It's a long shot at best, but they won't get enough fuel from Surveyor to lift us all off.

Anya bows her head and makes the sign of the cross.

COLE

What are you doing.

ANYA

I'm praying on it.

Cole shakes his head with wonder, watching her.

COLE

After all that has happened to you, losing your parents, crashing on the Moon, you still pray to the God who did all that?

ANYA

God did not do those things, Cole, people did, people who have forgotten God. But look what else people can do!

She gestures around the hab and smiles, then returns to her prayer.

Cole picks up a metal tube about four feet long, removes one of the ball bearings from his pocket and holds it up to one end of the tube. Too large. He roots through some of the other tubes and find one thicker. The ball bearing slides into the opening of the tube, a perfect fit.

EXT. MOON

LUNAR ORBIT P.O.V.

The Kaguya satellite flies past. Far below, zooming in, we see the rover inching up a low slope, its tracks clear in the lunar dust stretching far away. The rover crests the slope, and before it stretches a broad plain. In the distance, sitting on three legs, is Surveyor 6.

EXT. MOON CAMP

Sergei is working on the miner, filling another red cylinder. He has gouged a trench in the lunar soil about ten yards long and two feet deep.

Saburo has covered most of the hab with "sand" bags now. He is still at it, throwing bags up toward the top.

INT. HAB

Cole is working on the long metal tube. He has cut away a slot at one end and inserted a spring, and crafted a short spring release with a lever. He flips the lever and the spring snaps to its full length. A copper wire is wrapped tightly from one end of the tube to the other, and two wire leads are attached to a battery with a switch. Cole is taping the battery to the back end of the tube. Anya awakens.

ANYA

What is that?

COLE

A weapon.

ANYA

A what!

COLE

A rail gun, a magnetic cannon.

He holds it up proudly.

COLE

Cool, huh? See, it works by --

ANYA

Are you out of your mind? What are you going to do, shoot it out with them? Good God! Men! Here we are, the first settlement in the history of humankind on another world, and we've been here ... what, seven days? A week? One week and you're already going to have a war? Count me out, Cole Nealson. I'm not fighting. If somebody has to stay behind, even if it means dying here, I volunteer.

COLE

Well, I'm not volunteering, and neither are you. No asshole with a gun is going to just decide to leave me behind, or you.

ANYA

Not on my behalf you don't. I'm not going to fight. I've seen enough fighting in my life.

COLE

Listen to me, Anya, as soon as Sergei leaves the LEM and goes back to work, we've got to go. Hack might be back in as little as four hours, which will give us a good start. Take all the O2 packs and water.

ANYA

(pointing to the rail gun)
Are you taking that?

COLE

Indeed.

ANYA

Then I'm not going.

COLE

Suit yourself. But I can promise you I won't use it unless I have to.

INT. NASA HQ

SUPER: DECEMBER 29

Doc, his arm now in a cast and sling, is escorted into Campalong's office by an FBI AGENT, who sits in the chair alongside him. Campalong enters.

CAMPALONG
(to the agent)
Can you let us talk?

AGENT
Okay, I'll wait outside.

He exits and Campalong closes the door.

CAMPALONG
Dr. Scheye, it's a pleasure to meet you. What have they told you about your friends?

DOC
Luna?

CAMPALONG
Right. What do you know?

DOC
They crashed into the Moon, no thanks to you.

CAMPALONG
Right so far. But what if I was to tell you that they survived.

DOC
They're alive?

CAMPALONG
Some of them are. They crashed, but take a look at these.

He slides the Kaguya pictures to him. Doc looks at the sequence.

DOC
They're setting up camp! I was told they'd all been killed.

CAMPALONG

That's what the world thinks, at least so far. We're working on it.

Doc gets it. He recognizes in Campalong an ally.

CAMPALONG

Now, look at this.

He slides Doc two more pictures.

CAMPALONG

I've had Kaguya lower its orbit and it is shooting pictures of the Sinus Marii on every pass.

They pictures show the long tracks made by the rover. In the sequence, taken over hours, the rover has traveled a great distance.

DOC

The rover. What's the heading?

CAMPALONG

Northeast, 70 degrees. Somebody from the group has gone off in search of something. If they were exploring or sightseeing, they would have taken a circular route. This is a straight line, with a few course corrections. They are looking for something particular. Do you know what it is?

Doc leans back in his chair, pondering.

DOC

Do you have a map of the area where they landed?

Campalong has a large one on his desk. Doc gets up to have a look, and the FBI agent outside the door makes a move to re-enter. Campalong holds up his hand and the agent sits back down.

CAMPALONG

Jesus, who does he think you are?

Doc scrutinizes the map. Then it occurs to him.

DOC

Surveyor!

CAMPALONG

What?

DOC

Surveyor Six.

CAMPALONG

The old robotic lander?

DOC

They're close.

(to himself)

Cole! Why would you head to Surveyor? Think. Think.

(to Campalong)

If they lost fuel in the crash-landing but the engine was still intact, where would they find fuel? Surveyor Six would definitely have some left in its tanks ... but very little. It doesn't make sense.

CAMPALONG

Whoah, doctor. Slow down. What doesn't make sense?

DOC

Why would they go to Surveyor Six? It's less likely to have as much, and it's further away.

CAMPALONG

Than what?

DOC

Than Apollo 14! They're only about thirty miles away from the Apollo 14 landing site, verses eighty for Surveyor. So why wouldn't they head there first? It doesn't make sense.

CAMPALONG

Who would know this stuff?

DOC

Cole Nealson would. Cole and only ... well, me. But mostly Cole. He's in his element up there.

Doc sits back down, thinking hard. Then he smiles.

DOC

Of course! He's going to both!
Surveyor is further away, so he
sent the rover there; he's going to
Apollo on foot! Is there any way we
can communicate with them?

Campalong's eyes light up. He hops up and gestures for Doc to follow him. They both head out the door. The FBI agent, who has dozed off, is startled awake as they pass. He sits for a second, getting his bearings, and then lowers himself back in the chair.

DOC

Aren't you going to get in trouble
for this?

CAMPALONG

That would be my guess.

INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Danny is seated cross-legged in front of the TV, playing with the little LEM Cole gave him weeks earlier. On the TV set is a news program.

TV MONITOR

An image of the full Moon is shown.

ANNOUNCER

And now for something really wild.
NBC News has not confirmed this
report, and we can't tell you how
reliable it is, but the blogo-
sphere is buzzing today with the
story that a group of outlaw
astronauts have crash-landed on the
Moon.

Picture of DMITRI BOLSHOV, 40, graying blond hair in a ponytail, leather jacket and jeans, being escorted into a court building in Moscow.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

According to accounts attributed to an unnamed source at NASA in Houston, a group funded by controversial Georgian billionaire Dmitri Bolshov, a man many people consider a crime boss, successfully launched a Soviet era rocket --

Shaky footage of the Luna launch.

ANNOUNCER

-- and with a combination of American and Russian technology successfully traveled to the Moon.

Images of the mayhem in DC the night the LEM was stolen. Empty gallery at the Air and Space Museum with broken glass, open ceiling.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

This is the same group, according to the reports, that was involved in the theft of the Lunar Excursion Module from the Air Space Museum in Washington DC two weeks ago, and to a string of thefts of space-related hardware from around the world. Again, these are unconfirmed reports, but the outlaw mission reportedly includes former NASA astronaut Hack Simon --

Hack's NASA portrait shown.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

-- and a former NASA engineer named Cole Nealson.

Cole's picture on screen.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Danny is gaping at the monitor.

DANNY

Mommy!

INT. NASA MISSION CONTROL

Campalong leads Doc and Keane into an older, smaller control room, the one that was used for Apollo flights. It is well-maintained as an exhibit.

CAMPALONG

We've got a camera up there that was pointed at the lander for the launch. After Shepherd and Mitchell took off, the picture got pretty boring. We turned it off ... what? Thirty-eight years ago.

He flips some switches to power up the equipment. Old computer monitors with antiquated displays. A layer of dust is wiped off old screens. Campalong is right at home. His fingers fly on the keyboard, and then he leans back to watch a video monitor slowly return to life. What comes up on the screen is a live color image of the descent portion of the Apollo 14 lander, standing on the surface of the Moon undisturbed, exactly as it was thirty-eight years ago.

EXT. MOON CAMP

SUPER: DECEMBER 31. MISSION TIME, DAY SEVEN, 09:05:00

The hab is completely covered with sandbags. Sergei emerges from the LEM carrying a red cylinder and heads back out to his H3 miner.

The hatch to the hab opens, and Anya and Cole slip out and step behind it. Both are laden with portable O2 bags, and Cole is carrying the rail gun, fully assembled, slung over one shoulder.

Cole walks down the length of the hab out of Sergei's view. In two long strides he reaches the LEM and climbs inside.

INT. LEM

Cole climbs to the rear of the LEM, and with a screwdriver, removes a protective panel. Inside he loosens screws and removes a length of yellow cable. He pockets the cable, returns the panel, and then begins the same operation on a second panel.

ANYA (O.S.)

Haven't you got it yet?

COLE

There are two. Everything in these Apollo systems had a duplicate.

ANYA (O.S.)

Vite!

EXT. LEM

Cole exits, pausing at the hatch to make sure Sergei is facing the other way. Anya is waiting behind the craft.

COLE

We're good. They're not going anywhere.

He shows her two six-inch yellow cables, which he zips in a leg pocket.

ANYA

We have seven hours of oxygen.

Cole and Anya check their bearings, and begin moving rapidly up the slope of the crater in the opposite direction taken by Hack in the rover. Then bound down the rim of the crater and begin their journey on foot across a forbidding landscape.

Sergei spots them as they depart. He hops off the Miner and runs with long, bounding strides to the rim of the crater. He sees the two figures loping off rapidly in the distance, and turns back to the camp.

EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE -- DAY

A small mob of reporters and cameras is camped on the lawn. Liz's car, a Honda Accord, pulls up in the driveway and the reporters crowd around it. Cameras flash as Liz steps out of the driver's side.

REPORTER ONE

Mrs. Nealson?

LIZ

I am *not* Mrs. Nealson.

DANNY

Mom!

The boy is cut off from his mother by the reporters, who part to let him through. She scoops him up.

REPORTER TWO

Do you know anything about reports
that your ex-husband is on the
Moon?

DANNY

See, Mommy, I told you.

LIZ

Please, let us pass. I have no idea
about any of this.

REPORTER THREE

When is that last time you heard
from your ex-husband?

LIZ

Look, I am no longer married to
Cole Nealson and I don't have a
clue where he is, which, I assure
you, is nothing new.

She walks away from the reporters and to her front door. She
turns

LIZ

(shouting)

And get off my lawn before I call
the police!

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE

SUPER: MISSION TIME, DAY SEVEN, 12:28:04

Cole and Anya are in very rugged mountains. They cling to a
steep incline, but move very efficiently in one-sixth
gravity. They are breathing hard. Cole stops on a ledge,
ponders a point high above, and then leaps up to it. Anya
follows. He helps her on the next portion, reaching a ledge
up a vertical incline, and then leaning back to grab her by
the arm. She jumps and he catches her by the arm and with
considerable ease -- she weighs about 20 pounds -- pulls her
up to him.

They reach the summit. Before them is a stunning panorama,
jagged mountains and deep valleys. They check their oxygen
levels and sip water from tubes inside their helmets, and
start down the mountain. They take stunning leaps, finding
one perch, choosing another below, and then flying down to
it.

The distant blue Earth shines in a black sky,

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN

A large group of reporters and cameramen are gathered awaiting a press conference. Microphones are set up on stands, and bright lights illuminate the scene. Drake comes striding from across the driveway wearing an overcoat, followed by Catherine, his secretary, and Ridder. Catherine steps up to the mikes.

CATHERINE

Dr. Drake will make a short statement, but will not be taking questions.

A groan from the reporters.

DRAKE

Thank you for coming. Happy New Year to everyone. We can confirm that a very large rocket was launched seven days ago from a former Soviet ICBM silo just outside Baikonir, Kazakhstan. Video of the launch has been airing on television and the internet. American missile defense forces tracked a space craft into Earth orbit, and then continued tracking as it left on a trajectory to the Moon. NASA maintained contact with the vessel, which we believe contained several wanted international criminals, and offered assistance, but the offer was rejected. According to our tracking devices in Houston and photographs taken by the Kaguya Lunar Orbiter, we believe the spacecraft crashed into the lunar surface four days ago in an attempt to make a soft landing. There is no chance that those on board survived. We will be releasing Kaguya orbiter photographs of the crash scene. Space is not for amateurs. We have no involvement with this tragic mission, and will have no further comment.

He turns and leaves. Catherine and Ridder follow.

REPORTER

(shouting)

Is it true that Dmitri Bolshov is
was arrested in Moscow?

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE

SUPER: MISSION TIME, DAY SEVEN 13:05:14

Cole and Anya are bounding across a great rock-strewn plain. They come to the top of a high cliff. Far below them is a rille, a wide flat expanse between sheer cliffs. The opposite side is miles away. Anya checks her gauge. They are short of breath.

ANYA

We're using O2 fast.

COLE

Dial it down.

ANYA

We've only got a three hours. If we go on, there will be no getting back unless we find it. Are you sure there's oxygen there?

COLE

The Apollo rover has O2.

ANYA

Are you willing to bet your life on it?

Cole smiles and leaps down to another level, landing softly. She grimaces at him.

ANYA

Do you know where we are going?

COLE

(looking at the stars)

I have a decent idea. Why, do you want me to stop and ask directions?

ANYA

What?

COLE

It's an American joke, a male-female thing.

ANYA
It's not funny.

COLE
I never thought it was either.

They set off down the cliff, picking their way down the side like spiders.

EXT. LUNAR ORBIT

The empty Soyuz moves slowly past. Far below the line of darkness has moved closer to the Moon camp. The rover is returning, following its outbound tracks.

EXT. MOON CAMP

SUPER: MISSION TIME, DAY SIX, 15:52:17

Sergei is still mining. Saburo is inside the hab. The rover appears over the rim of the crater. Sergei stops the mining machine and steps off, and then lopes down to meet the rover. Inside the pressurized cab, Hack gives a thumbs up. The rover pulls up to the LEM and Hack puts on his helmet and prepares to depressurize the cab. On the seat beside him is a large red cylinder.

INT. LUNA ROVER

A whumph of escaping oxygen as Hack opens the door. He steps out.

EXT. MOON CAMP

SERGEI
How much?

HACK
Enough.

He removes the cylinder, and starts for the steps up to the LEM.

HACK
We'll have half a tank, enough for
you and me.

Sergei is clearly disappointed, and troubled.

HACK
Where are they?

SERGEI
The monk is in his cave. The
lovebirds went off.

Hack stops.

HACK
Went off?

SERGEI
Almost seven hours ago. I saw them
run off into the crater. They have
not come back.

HACK
Seven hours? Then they're dead.
I'm going to fuel this bird up for
launch, and when it is ready, we're
taking off, Sergei. In about six
hours it is going to get very cold
up here, and by then we are going
to be long gone.

SERGEI
I don't know, Hack.

HACK
Look, how much oxygen could they
carry?

SERGEI
But why would they go off like
that?

HACK
Maybe they were doing us a favor.
The noble thing, electing to
sacrifice themselves for the
mission. They're idealistic types.

Sergei is unconvinced.

HACK
Look, Sergei. I need you to help me
fly this thing, and the Soyuz.
Think about all the years we spent
in uniform, and in the space
programs, and what did we have to
show for it? This is our chance!
Think about what's at stake.

(MORE)

HACK (cont'd)

You have about ... what, ten million dollars worth of H3? This is why Dmitri sent us. You will return to Earth a rich man, and famous. Your children will go to universities. You and your wife will have money for the rest of your days. Or you can stay here with these loonies and freeze with them in their "Lighthouse." I'm going back.

He climbs the steps, and turns back.

HACK

Ten minutes.

EXT. MOON CAMP -- TEN MINUTES LATER

The hatch to the hab opens. Saburo steps out and sees Sergei stacking empty red cylinders out by the H3 mining equipment. Sergei removes the one attached to the miner, and begins carrying it to the LEM. Saburo waves. He notices the rover, and bounds over to Sergei.

SABURO

Did Colonel Simon find the fuel?

Sergei doesn't answer. He climbs into the LEM with the cylinder, and closes the door behind him. Sergei catches a glimpse of Hack standing behind the controls. The door stays shut. Systems that had been shut down on the LEM are stirring back to life. Saburo steps back. He surmises that Hack and Sergei are about to launch, a hunch that is confirmed over his headset.

HACK (O.S.)

Stand clear, Saburo.

The monk bounds over to the heap of debris from the lander and retrieves the long wire Cole used for the pulley. He wraps it around his waist, and then bounds over to the LEM and hooks the wire on a metal support bar on its underside. He is now tied to the LEM, a human anchor, and begins banging on the underside.

INT LEM

Hack looks out the window. No sign of Saburo.

HACK
(agitated)
What is that crazy monk doing?
We're launching whether he is out
of the way or not.

More banging.

SERGEI
I'll check it out.

Sergei opens the hatch and looks out. He sees that Saburo is now tethered to the craft.

SABURO
Going and not going. It is the same
thing.

SERGEI
Untie yourself, Saburo! We don't
want to hurt you.

HACK
What!

SERGEI
He's tied himself to us.

HACK
Tied himself!

Hack leaves the controls to see for himself. He sees Saburo standing, arms crossed, smiling, and leaps down to the lunar soil.

SERGEI
Hack, wait!

Hack moves swiftly to Saburo and without a word yanks out the lifeline of his spacesuit. Saburo looks stunned, and then, violently, the oxygen is sucked out of his lungs. It is as though he had just been hit by a car. Then blood and fluids spurt from his nostrils, mouth, eyes, and ears, sweat shoots from every pore, and his face turns beet red. The vacuum has sucked the fluids and gases from his body, and he is now cooking alive. He keels over backwards.

SERGEI
(horrified)
Yeeh-zoos!

Hack is climbing back into the LEM.

HACK
Untether *that* and get back in!

SERGEI
Yeesh-zoos! Yeesh-zoos!

Sergei is trembling. He fishes a wire cutter from his kit bag and cuts the wire. He eases around Saburo's cooking body, now black and shriveling. He backs into the LEM steps, and hurries back aboard. The hatch closes.

INT. LEM

Hack is flipping switches. Sergei moves slowly back to his position. He looks at Hack, horrified. Hack has a cold, steely look. He sees Sergei looking at him.

HACK
Suck it up, Sergei. We're
completing this mission.

He flips a switch to ignite the ascent engine and ... nothing. He turns the switch back off and tries it again. Nothing.

HACK
(screaming)
FUCK!

Hack doesn't wait for Sergei. He opens the hatch and jumps out again to the lunar surface. Inside his suit, Saburo is already shriveled and blackened. Hack steps under the LEM and inspects the engine. Nothing. Sergei joins him. Reaching for his tools, he disassembles the housing at the top of the engine. It is all normal.

HACK
That motherfucker! He sabotaged us!

Hack stands with both hands on his hips, livid, surveying the empty landscape. He sees the footprints left by Anya and Cole, heading off to the southwest. Then, speaking in a measured tone, directing his fury.

HACK
Sergei. Get in the rover. Bring
oxygen and water. And bring the
gun.

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE

Cole and Anya are worn out and struggling to breath. They are in mountains, and while all their moves are exaggerated and they move quickly, it is clear they are nearing their limit. They stop at the rim of another steep drop-off. There are steep rocky hills in all directions, and they cannot see very far. Both stoop with their hands on their knees. Anya checks her O2 meter.

ANYA

I'm about out, Cole. I can't dial it down any further.

COLE

I know.

He looks up at the stars, breathing heavily. The Earth hangs invitingly. Cole stands and turns slowly, looking.

COLE

It *has* to be here.

They both turn full circles, slowly. Nothing but mountains, rocks, and more rocks.

ANYA

I think this is as far as I can go.

She sits down and reaches for the O2 valve.

COLE

What are you doing?

ANYA

Just a few more lungs full of air.

COLE

(grabbing her)

No! You are *not* going to die! Who is quitting now?

She looks at him, startled by his vehemence. She has reached an accommodation with the inevitable, and he defiantly has not. Cole embraces her.

COLE

You are *not* going to die.

Anya smiles weakly.

They stagger to their feet. Cole jumps down to a ledge, and reaches back to help Anya, who jumps, but in her weakness stumbles. She falls past Cole and tumbles a great distance down the steep hill. Cole is devastated. Anya is way down below now, on her hands and knees. Cole rushes down the slope toward her frantically, thinking she's hurt, but ... she is just staring at the ground, inspecting ... a golf ball.

There is a clear line in the dust, marking the direction the ball rolled. Anya reaches for the ball as if she is hallucinating, picks it up gingerly, stares at it dumbfounded, then looks up at Cole.

COLE

Alan Shepard, you sweet, sweet
bastard!

INT. NASA HQ -- NIGHT

Keane is half asleep before the old monitor filled with the static image of the Apollo 14 lander when she sees movement. She leans forward for a closer look. Figures moving in the distance. She reaches for one of the old bulky phones, and knocks over her coffee. She dials and continues to watch amazed as Cole and Anya bound closer and closer.

KEANE

I guess this kind of blows to hell
the theory that we staged the Moon
landings.

(to the phone)

Colonel, come quick! You're going
to want to see this!

In the foreground, on the monitor, Cole and Anya approach the landing site, pass right by it, and race off-screen.

Campalongo and Doc come racing down stairs from the mezzanine, Campalongo in the lead, Doc two steps behind. The FBI agent is sound asleep in his chair. They come running across the control room. When they get to the monitor there is nothing.

KEANE

Two people! A man and a woman.

DOC

Anya and Cole!

KEANE

They booked right past the lander
and then off camera.

Then they see the camera moving, shaking.

EXT. MOON, APOLLO 14 SITE

Cole and Anya have hooked up their O2 tubes to a large oxygen tank in the Apollo 14 rover. They are in the rover seats, breathing deeply, exhausted but relishing lungs full of air.

ANYA
How much is there?

COLE
Plenty!

Laying in the dust yards from the lander where Shepard and Mitchell threw them shortly before taking off for Earth, are two bulky white backpacks, coated with a fine patina of gray dust.

COLE
There's more.

INT. NASA HQ -- SAME TIME

Campalong, Keane, and Doc watch as Cole and Anya reappear. They circle the lander, both of them now wearing the bulkier Apollo packs on their backs. Cole begins to tear panels off the lander.

CAMPALONG
Hey, that's a historical site!

DOC
They're looking for fuel. After that hike they must have been almost out of oxygen but they found some on the rover.

CAMPALONG
Holy shit.

Cole has wrested a large cylinder from the bowels of the lander and is carrying it to the rover.

EXT. MOON, APOLLO 14 SITE

Cole sets the cylinder in the cargo bay of the rover. He is grinning.

COLE

Half full, and there's another.

Anya leaps for joy, a good six feet high.

INT. NASA CONTROL ROOM

The Apollo lander on the monitor has been partly disassembled. The camera mounted on the rover begins to shake, and then to move. The lander begins to recede.

DOC

I do believe they've stolen your rover, mate.

CAMPALONG

It's their M.O.

The lander grows smaller and smaller.

DOC

Is there a radio receiver on that thing?

CAMPALONG

Yes!

(to Keane)

Jules, get in touch with Deep Space Network. Tell them to look up old coms data with the Apollo 14 rover, and patch in the connection here.

KEANE

Roger that.

EXT. MOON

SUPER: MISSION TIME 20:40:36

From high above, the shadow of darkness has fallen over the far side of crater and is creeping toward the Luna camp.

Many miles west, inside the pressurized cab of the rover, helmets off, Hack and Sergei roll across a flat expanse, following the trail of footprints left by Cole and Anya.

INT. LUNA ROVER

They ride silently. Hack furious and intent, Sergei stricken.

SERGEI

You didn't have to kill him.

Hack doesn't answer at first. Then he glares at Sergei, seething, a look that suggests he has crossed a line from which there is no return.

HACK

The crazy Jap son of a bitch would have killed all of us! If we hadn't spotted him and had tried to take off, we would have killed him and us in the crash. I had no choice.

Sergei says nothing.

HACK

Look, are you in this with me, or not? I'm getting off this rock with or without any of you.

SERGEI

Calm down. I'm with you.

They roll up to the cliff overlooking the great rille crossed earlier by Anya and Cole. In the far distance, they see something moving. The other rover.

HACK

That bastard. Apollo 14! This is the Sinus Marii! He sent me all the way to Surveyor when Apollo was a third of the distance away.

Hack backs his rover away from the edge so that it can't be seen.

EXT. APOLLO 14 ROVER

Cole and Anya are rolling through the great rocky highlands, occasionally picking up their tracks, which, when they find them, are still clear in the lunar dust. The smallest bump causes the rover to leap airborne, which is unsettling at first, but the landings are relatively soft. Cole reaches one small drop-off and just guns the rover over it. He and Anya hang on with both hands and nearly are thrown from their seats as it sails smoothly through the vacuum and bounces high as it hits the ground. Cole is grinning.

ANYA

You're going to get us killed in this thing.

COLE

Hey, I'm beginning to think nothing
can kill us.

Anya notices a red light blinking on the rover's dash. She
peers down at a small radio, and adjusts the frequency on her
headset.

KEANE (O.S.)

This is NASA Mission Control,
Houston, do you read me?

Anya looks at Cole wide-eyed.

KEANE (O.S.)

This is NASA Mission Control,
Houston. Apollo, do you read me?

Anya grins.

INT. NASA CONTROL ROOM

Campalongo, Doc, Keane and SIX OTHER TECHNICIANS are seated
behind monitors in two rows of consoles. On the old TV screen
on the wall, a relic from the Apollo days, is a map of the
Moon showing the moving rover inching across the surface of
the Sinus Marii.

ANYA (O.S.)

You are not in control of *my*
mission.

A cheer goes up.

DOC

Anya!

EXT, APOLLO 14 ROVER

ANYA

Doc! How wonderful to hear your
voice. What are you doing in
Houston?

DOC (O.S.)

Long story. What are you doing in
an Apollo rover?

ANYA

Cole is with me. We're trying to
get off the Moon.

(MORE)

ANYA (cont'd)

Boy, am I glad to hear your voice.
We found fuel at the Apollo lander.

DOC

I know, we saw you.

ANYA

You saw us?

DOC

Look behind you. There's a video
camera mounted back there. We
turned it on. You've been giving us
a fascinating tour of the Fra
Mauro.

Anya turns around. She sees the camera, and reaches back to
swivel it forward.

INT. NASA CONTROL ROOM

First on a small monitor, then on the big one, the wobbly TV
image of Anya and Cole in the rover comes up. Anya is waving.
Cole is driving. Both turn back to look at the camera.

Suddenly the other rover appears behind them, bearing down
straight at them.

CAMPALONG

Holy shit, what ... who's that!

DOC

Cole, look out!

EXT. LUNA ROVER

Hack has depressurized the rover cab, and Sergei is now
driving. They are wearing helmets again, breathing portable
oxygen. Cole turns away from them, and the Luna rover gives
chase.

Hack leans out of the passenger side pointing the Glock as
they bear down hard on Cole and Anya. The Luna rover is much
faster than the Apollo one, which turns sharply to avoid a
collision.

Hack fires the weapon, which emits no sound but the muzzle
flashes. The kick sends him crashing backwards into Sergei.
The Luna rover skids wildly, and does a 180 to give chase.

APOLLO 14 ROVER

ANYA

Cole, he's shooting at us! I saw
the flash!

COLE

That ass! We have enough fuel for
us all now. Try to raise them on
the radio!

They are moving through highlands as fast as the old rover
will go, weaving around huge outcroppings of rock, picking up
speed and bouncing down steep slopes and gunning it uphill.
At the peak of every slope all four wheels leave the ground.

ANYA (O.S.)

Hack! Sergei!

LUNA ROVER

Sergei guns it back up to give chase, and Hack leans out the
passenger side with his Glock.

APOLLO 14 ROVER

ANYA

Crater, eleven o'clock!

The rover flies off the edge at a slight angle. Anya is
nearly thrown out the side. Cole is hanging on to the wheel.
The rover flies through space in slow motion, at an angle.
Its back right wheel hits first, sending up a spray of dust.
The rover bounces and finally settles back down on four
wheels.

ANYA

Watch where you're going!

Abruptly, from a ledge overhead, the Luna rover comes flying,
soaring out ahead of them, and lands alongside them. Sergei
veers his rover into the passenger side of their's, sparks
fly, and the driver's side of the Apollo rover is set
scraping against a wall of rock. Cole slams on his brakes,
and does a 180.

ANYA

Sergei, stop! Hack!
(to Cole)
(MORE)

ANYA (cont'd)

They must have turned their radios
off!

COLE

I don't think they want to talk.
You drive!

He pushes himself up and out of the seat, and Anya slides quickly over.

ANYA

I can't --

COLE

Just drive!

As Anya takes off with the Luna rover bearing back down on them, Cole reaches into the back of the vehicle for his homemade rail gun.

Anya makes a sharp turn to the left and Cole's side of the vehicle leans up in the air. He nearly falls out. As the vehicles bound across an open plain, he fumbles for a ball bearing and loads it into the spring chamber.

INT. NASA CONTROL ROOM

Campalong, Doc, Keane and the others have a ringside seat. The image on the screen shows a lunar landscape flying past, a long shot of blackness, and then a wildly bouncing image as the rover comes back to ground. Behind them, Ridder enters.

RIDDER

What the hell is going on?

Campalong turns toward him and grimaces.

CAMPALONG

Honestly? We have absolutely no
idea.

EXT. MOON

The two rovers are moving as fast as they can toward the cliffs at one end of a massive rille, much too high for them to leap. Anya skids the Apollo rover to a halt just at the edge.

COLE

Jesus! And you were complaining
about me!

A round from Hack blasts the video camera off its stand and sends it spinning out over the cliff.

INT. NASA CONTROL ROOM

The image on the screen goes suddenly black.

CAMPALONG

Is that on our end?

KEANE

No. Something must have happened to the camera.

Someone explain to me immediately what you are doing! Why weren't we informed that they are still alive up there? And how did word of this get to the press?

Campalong turns to look at him calmly.

CAMPALONG

Tony, with all due respect, go fuck yourself.

(to Keane)

Jules, remember those comfy quarantine chambers we had for the returning Apollo astronauts? I'm going to give Mr. Ridder here a tour.

Campalong steers Ridder out of the room.

RIDDER

You're all fired!

EXT. MOON

Both rovers are now racing along the edge of the cliff, the Luna closing in fast. Hack rams into the back end of the Apollo rover, sending it flying into the air. It bounces to a landing, settling back on all four wheels as the Luna rover shoots past it and skids to a turning stop about two hundred yards straight ahead.

APOLLO 14 ROVER

Cole rests his rail gun on the open dash of the rover as the Luna picks up speed and starts coming straight for them.

COLE
Play chicken with him.

ANYA
Chicken?

COLE
Go straight at him.

EXT. MOON

The two rovers close in on each other, throwing sprays of gray dust behind them. Hack leaning out with his handgun, Cole lining up his rail gun.

LUNA ROVER

Hack has his weapon pointed straight ahead. The Apollo rover grows closer and closer.

SERGEI
What's he got?

APOLLO 14 ROVER

Cole presses the lever on his rail gun. There is no flash and minimal kick. The Luna rover goes wildly out of control, turning over on its side, rolling, tumbling wildly, bouncing many feet into the air... right off the cliff.

ANYA
Oh, God, Cole. What did you do?

COLE
It worked!

Anya turns the rover, slows it, and rolls to the cliff. They step out and peer over the edge. Far below, about fifty feet down, the Luna rover lays in a heap. Sergei, on his back, has a large hole through his helmet and his face.

ANYA
Ohhh! *Mon Dieu!*

Hack is sprawled about twenty feet away, one leg at a crooked angle, clearly broken, motionless. Anya makes the sign of the cross.

COLE

Stupid bastards. We had enough fuel
for all of us.

ANYA

We have to go down to check on
them.

COLE

No time. We would have to find a
way down and back up. We've got to
get back and launch before darkness
hits. Its now or never, Anya.

EXT. MOON CAMP -- HOURS LATER

The storm that marks the approach of darkness is visible in the background, not far beyond the habitat. The Apollo rover rolls over the rim of the crater, past the hab and down to the LEM. Anya stops it and leaps from it when she sees Saburo's suit.

ANYA

What did they do! Oh my God.

She steps away with horror when she sees the monk's withered blackened remains inside his breached suit. Cole stands over Saburo, and stoops to lift the wire wrapped around his waist. He sees that it trails off toward the LEM

COLE

He tried to stop them.

ANYA

(sobbing)

They didn't have to kill him!

COLE

I should have told him. I should
have told him.

ANYA

Told him what?

COLE

(shouting angrily)

I disabled it!

Anya reaches out and puts a hand on his shoulder. She is suddenly very calm.

ANYA

It is not your fault, Cole.

COLE

We don't even have time to bury him.

ANYA

I will.

COLE

No, we have to get off before darkness. We don't have time, Anya.

ANYA

Cole, I'm not going with you.

Cole is stunned. He steps back. The logic of it hits him like a hammer.

COLE

Anya, listen to me. You can't be serious.

ANYA

I have never been more serious about anything in my life. None of this has any meaning if I don't stay. It will just have been another stunt.

COLE

Then I'll stay with you.

ANYA

You know better than anyone that the hab will only sustain one. Besides, you must go back. You have a son. I can do without the mess on our planet. I *like* the idea of starting over again here. You can tell people about what happened, and make sure that someone comes back for me. Maybe *you* will come back for me?

They embrace. They are both crying.

COLE
(emphatically)
No.

ANYA
(as emphatically)
Yes.

COLE
(softly)
No.

ANYA
(as softly)
Yes.

INT. NASA CONTROL ROOM

SUPER: MISSION TIME DAY SEVEN, 23:51:09

Doc is at the controls with Campalong. Keane and his men are seated in the row before them.

DOC
Okay, Cole, with the data you just input into the LEM computer, she should fly herself back up into orbit. You just have to light her up and hang on.

COLE (O.S.)
Okay.

CAMPALONG
Nealson, this is Colonel Jon Campalong. We have radio-linked with the orbiting Soyuz, so we should be able to maneuver her to you once you reach lunar orbit. We'll have to talk you through the docking procedure, but, as I recall, you're something of a quick study.

DOC
Is Anya there with you?

Silence.

DOC
Cole, do you read? Is Anya there with you?

COLE (O.S.)
She's staying.

DOC
Staying? What about Saburo?

COLE (O.S.)
He's dead.

DOC
Jesus, what happened up there?

INT. LEM

Cole is standing at the control panel, strapped into the harness, alone. Outside the triangular window the hab is glowing softly with light, the line of darkness and cold has fallen over it. Between the LEM, still in sunlight, and the hab, is a spectacular sparkling cloud of charged particles.

COLE
It's a long story.

DOC (O.S.)
So Anya was the only one left to stay behind. That's exactly what she would do.

KEANE (O.S.)
Okay, Cole, ol' buddy. We're going to begin the countdown. Do a final systems check with me, will you?

EXT. MOON

From over the crater rim climbs Hack, dragging the broken leg. His helmet is cracked and his face is contorted with pain and red and blistered from the heat. The integrity of his suit has been breached, so he slowly roasting inside it. wheezing at too-thin air that flees his helmet almost as rapidly as it is pumped in. In one gloved had he holds the Glock.

INT. HAB

Anya sits in the half light, her face in her hands, sobbing.

INT. LEM

Cole is flipping switches.

KEANE (O.S.)

Five, four, three, two, one, igni --

Cole flips the ignition switch, and the LEM interior roars with the sound of the ascent engine springing to life.

COLE

Lift off!

Just as the craft begins to lift off, Cole leans forward for a last look at the glowing hab, and sees Hack moving toward it. He reaches for the abort switch.

COLE

Abort!

KEANE (O.S.)

Dude, don't!

Cole flips the switch.

EXT. MOON CAMP

The LEM is about six feet off the ground on a ball of flame. The force of the launch has blown Hack off his feet and he lands hard twenty feet back up the slope. The flame abruptly shuts down, and the LEM falls, as if in slow motion, back into the makeshift launch platform, where it comes to rest.

INT. HAB

Anya feels the vibration from the rocket engine stop too soon. She stands, alarmed. She begins rapidly pulling on her spacesuit.

EXT. MOON CAMP

Hack picks himself back up. His face looks like it is being slowly boiled, blood is coming from his nose and mouth and ears. He starts forward again.

The hatch of the LEM opens, and Cole climbs out. He closes the space between him and Hack rapidly, throwing himself at him. They both fall and roll away from each other.

Hack stands, levels the Glock at Cole, and fires, but his arm is so unsteady the shot misses and the kick knocks him off his feet and sends him flying backwards. Cole is on him and they grapple, rolling. Hack reaches around Cole's suit and his gloved hand closes over the O2 line on his back, but before he can pull it, his hand opens suddenly.

Standing over them both is Anya. The blue handle of her knife projects from Hack's shoulder. The violent depressurization of his suit has knocked him cold. She is already holding the bloody fabric together, gripping it tightly.

ANYA

Help me with him!

They drag Hack into the abruptly subzero darkness. Anya opens the hatch to the hab, and they pull Hack inside and close the hatch behind them, staggered and shivering with the cold.

ANYA

Why did you abort?

COLE

I saw him with the gun. I had to.

When the pressure chamber is full, they open the inner hatch and pull him into the hab. Anya tears open his suit and reaches for his vital signs.

COLE

Is he alive?

Anya nods. She wraps a bandage around his arm to stop the bleeding, and injects him with morphine.

ANYA

That'll knock him out for a while.

COLE

He'll make it, right?

INT. NASA CONTROL ROOM

Campalong, Doc, Keane, and the others are mingling around their desks, wondering what has happened.

COLE (O.S.)

Houston, this is Luna. Are you boys still awake up there?

They scramble back to their seats.

KEANE

That would be *down here*, Outlaw One. Are you ready to leave this time?

COLE (O.S.)

We are.

DOC

We?

ANYA

Yes, Doc. It's me. I'm coming back.

DOC

Thank God. How did you talk her into it, Cole?

COLE

It wasn't me, Doc. It turns out that NASA's very own Colonel Hack Simon, our commander, is not deceased, as previously reported. In keeping with his lifelong and well-known dedication to the mission, and the age-old duties of command, has volunteered to remain behind.

Doc knows this is horse shit.

CAMPALONG

Colonel Simon is manning the Lighthouse?

COLE

Roger that. You could say that he fought for the privilege.

INT. HAB -- MINUTES LATER

The walls, floor, and contents of the hab begin to vibrate. Simon's eyes open, he looks around briefly, then falls back asleep. Water drips from Cole's H2O converter into the beaker.

EXT. MOON BASE

The LEM is ten, twenty, thirty feet up, riding a ball of flame, and then rockets up and away into the blackness.

INT. SOYUZ CAPSULE -- ONE DAY LATER

Naked and weightless, Cole's hands and feet are locked into cloth strip holds, and Anya, also naked, clings to him, her arms and legs wrapped around him. Iron & Wine plays, "Our Endless Numbered Days." Her hair floats in a wild cloud. Her blue handled knife floats in mid-cabin. One of the earplugs from Anya's i-Pod is in Cole's ear, the other is in her's. The camera swims around them as they make love in a place where there is literally no up or down, no point of reference except each other.

COLE

I guess this makes us charter members of the one hundred thousand mile high club.

TV MONITOR -- TWO DAYS LATER

ANNOUNCER

The latest from the remarkable saga of the outlaw astronauts that has riveted the attention of the entire world, is that two of the crash survivors, Cole Nealson --

A picture of Cole on the monitor. Shot of pedestrians in Los Angeles looking in a store window.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

-- And Anya Poloniev --

Anya's face on a giant screen in Times Square. Shot of people watching a monitor from a sidewalk cafe in Paris.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

-- Have achieved Earth orbit in their Soyuz capsule and will be returning to Earth, if all goes well, later today. According to the FBI, both will face a variety of federal charges if they splash down safely.

EXT. AUBREY OBSERVATORY

Robinson is beaming in a suit and tie before a bank of microphones.

ROBINSON

We encourage our people to work on exciting outside projects, and we have always tried to support Cole in all of his interests.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA FEDERAL COURTHOUSE

Agent Perry before a battery of microphones.

PERRY

(on screen)

These are serious charges, but in light of the circumstances, obviously they are under review. We understand that Mr. Nealson and Miss Poloniev have become international folk heroes, but if they return safely they will have to answer for the theft of the LEM from the Air Space Museum and various other crimes related to this stunt.

INT. LIZ'S LIVING ROOM

Danny and Liz are camped in front of the TV, Danny in his mother's lap.

TV MONITOR

ANNOUNCER

Here is a clip from yesterday's press conference with Nealson and Poloniev aboard the Luna shortly before it re-entered earth orbit.

REPORTER (O.S.)

You know the authorities plan to arrest you if you land safely.

ANYA

(on screen)

I am prepared to answer any charges. We kidnapped Cole. He had nothing to do with the thefts. The devices we took have been put to remarkable use.

(MORE)

ANYA (cont'd)

We will be donating our Soyuz capsule to the Air Space Museum, replacing a model that never flew with one that has actually been to the Moon. We are also returning with more than 200 ounces of Helium Three, which is worth about ten million dollars, which will be used to repay and repair anything we took or damaged.

INT. LIZ'S LIVING ROOM

Danny points to the image of his father drifting behind Anya in the frame.

DANNY

Daddy!

TV MONITOR

REPORTER (O.S.)

Can you tell us what has become of Colonel Simon and the others who made the trip with you.

ANYA

(on screen)

Colonel Simon heroically volunteered to stay behind in the lunar habitat after the intended Lighthouse keeper, Saburo Sakai, was tragically killed. The world owes a tremendous debt of gratitude to both Saburo and Sergei Suslov, and to Colonel Simon.

ANNOUNCER

(on screen)

The presence of a former astronaut living on the Moon led yesterday to this startling announcement from NASA.

Campalong is standing before microphones on the lawn at the NASA complex with Keane and Doc.

CAMPALONG

We have begun talking about going back, yes.

(MORE)

CAMPALONG (cont'd)

Apparently Colonel Simon is safe and well, and we have been able to establish radio contact with him.

REPORTER (O.S.)

How long can he be expected to hold out alone on the Moon?

CAMPALONG

Indefinitely. The habitat was designed on a contract by NASA by Cole Nealson, and is apparently functioning well. Colonel Simon has ample food, water, and oxygen. His presence on the Moon has accelerated plans for us to return there. We may be talking within a year or two.

REPORTER TWO

When and where do you anticipate the Soyuz will splash down?

CAMPALONG

For safety reasons we are bringing them right down. We are estimating -

-

He turns to Keane, who steps up to the microphones.

KEANE

In the Atlantic, just east of New York City, and about 11 AM tomorrow morning. We aren't completely familiar with this craft, so we are guess-timating broadly here.

EXT. UPPER ATMOSPHERE

The Soyuz capsule re-entering Earth's atmosphere, streaking like a meteor.

INT. CAPSULE

Cole and Anya, strapped into Hack's and Sergei's seats in the front, holding hands.

EXT. SKY

Parachutes deploy, slowing the capsule's descent.

INT. HIGH RISE, MANHATTAN

Office workers crowded around upper story window, some with binoculars. The huge brightly-striped parachutes can be seen high overhead.

EXT. SEVENTH AVENUE, MANHATTAN

Crowds stopped in their tracks. Traffic at a standstill. Everyone is looking up. Cheers as the capsule floats past, dangling underneath enormous chutes.

EXT. BATTERY PARK

Crowds cheering as the capsule descends across the Hudson river.

EXT. MEADOWLANDS

The capsule lands in the marshes, sizzling as it splashes down in the cold shallows. Two boys on bicycles come peddling up a dirt road near where it has gone down. Sirens heard in the distance. Choppers overhead. The boys skid their bikes to a stop, gaping at the enormous, scorched Soyuz. The parachutes flap loudly in the tall grasses around it.

BOY ONE

What is it?

BOY TWO

A UFO!

The capsule door opens, and Cole emerges, blinking up at the sunlight. He steps down into the marsh, about waist deep, and helps Anya step out. They wade toward the shore.

COLE

(to the boys)

Take me to your leader.

INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, FRONT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

SUPER: PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 5, 2010

The doorbell rings. Liz steps into the foyer, peeks outside, then opens the door slowly. It is Cole.

LIZ
It's not your night.

COLE
Nope.

Danny comes running and leaps up into his father's arms. He embraces and kisses him. Liz looks out and sees Anya standing beside the car.

LIZ
Is that the girl?

COLE
That's her.

LIZ
I thought she's be in jail.

COLE
Bail.

He fishes something out of his pocket, a golf ball.

DANNY
What's that?

COLE
A ball. I brought it back for you from the Moon. Hang on to it; it's probably worth a lot.

DANNY
Did you really go to the Moon, Daddy?

He looks at Liz.

COLE
I did. But tonight is not Daddy's night. I'll be back for you --

LIZ
Tomorrow.

COLE
Tomorrow. I'll tell you all about it.

He hands him back to Liz.

LIZ
Tomorrow night at five?

COLE
 (speaking to Danny)
 Count on it.

EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The Moon is full. Cole stops on his way back to the car and looks up. Anya does as well.

EXT. MOON -- NIGHT

SUPER: NINE MONTHS LATER

The hab glows in a the deep, dark freezing night.

INT. HAB

The living space is overgrown with vegetation. Hack is doing push-ups, looking fit and much thinner. Bearded. His laptop is open and a voice is coming from the speakers.

RUSSIAN VOICE(O.S.)
 Dmitri sends his personal regards. We are hoping for the launch next month of food provisions and more empty cylinders. The combined manned mission with NASA has hit a snag, but we're working on it. Maybe even this time next year. We're optimistic. Having you up there has been huge, huge plus. We thought you might want to know that a memorial for Sergei Mikaelovitch was dedicated at Baikonir last week. His whole family was there, and Anya and Cole came. The charges against Anya have all been dropped. Dmitri made generous gifts to the various institutions who "loaned" us equipment.

And, oh yes. Anya and Cole had a baby. A boy. Get this, they say he is the first child ever conceived in space! We got a big kick out of that down here. Apparently he has the right number of fingers and toes. They named him Saburo Sakai Neelson. They wanted you to know.

END