

"The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress"

by

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Based on the novel by

Robert A. Heinlein

October 20th, 2005

OVER BLACK:

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

The history books got it wrong.  
This is how it really happened...

FADE UP ON:

THE EARTH. Blue and silent in the majesty of space. We're looking at it from the THE SURFACE OF THE MOON. A FACE bounces up INTO FRAME. MANNIE, early thirties. He looks like he's about to vomit in the HELMET of his PRESSURE SUIT.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

So that's me. Manuel Garcia  
O'Kelly Davis. Proud Loonie.

He's YANKED FROM VIEW. A BOOTED FOOT arcs through FRAME. Now his face reappears, twisted sideways in his helmet.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Okay, maybe not always proud, but  
always Loonie. That is, citizen of  
Luna. Sometimes called "The Moon."  
But only ever by those live on  
Terra.

WIDER: He's getting the snot beat out of him by a LARGER MAN in a darker p-suit. We don't see his assailant's face, but one thing's for sure: a fist fight in zero gravity is trickier than you might have thought. A bizarre ballet.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

No Loonie refers to our world as  
somebody's "moon." Moon's a thing  
exists only in relation to another  
thing. A satellite. That kind of  
talk-talk's reserved for bigots  
down on Terra. Or "Earth," guess  
they'd say. And that's where all  
this trouble started. But ya gotta  
go back...

CUT TO:

STOCK: NEAL ARMSTRONG hops from the Apollo 11 ladder --

NEAL ARMSTRONG

That's one... small step for --

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Further back than that.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PRIMORDIAL JUNGLE - NIGHT - A FULL MOON

The WORDS: "The Dawn Of Man" come up ON SCREEN.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
We were all Terrans once...

A GROUP OF MONKEY MEN gather around a watering hole. One MONKEY MAN sees the REFLECTION of the SHIMMERING MOON in the pond... he whirls, sees it in the night sky. He starts SCREECHING at it. Other PRIMATES join. One throws a rock. Then another. Now they're all HURLING ROCKS at the Moon.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
Guess you could say mankind's  
always had a complex relationship  
with Luna. When our ancestors  
weren't throwing rocks at it...

EXT. STONEHENGE - NIGHT - CELTS

in WHITE ROBES worship the moon.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
...they were praying to it.

STOCK: LON CHANEY JR. TRANSFORMS INTO THE WOLFMAN.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
...or blaming it for one damn thing  
or another...

EXT. MOUNT WILSON - TELESCOPE - NIGHT

An ASTRONOMER studying the MOON.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
But like anything man gets a good  
look at, comes a point when  
looking's not enough. Man's gotta  
touch a thing. And so...

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE: J.F.K. Gives "moon" speech.

J.F.K.	MANNIE'S VOICEOVER
We choose to go to the moon!	...during a time of great peace and prosperity...

STOCK: 1960's CHAOS: Riots, protests, assassinations.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
...buncha big brains got together  
to figure out how.

INT. LAB - NIGHT - SCIENTISTS

IN WHITE LAB COATS, looking like the white-robed Celts, gathered around a hanging MODEL of The Moon.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
And they did.

STOCK: A ROCKET in mid-launch BURSTS INTO FLAME, CRUMBLES.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
Eventually.

IN BLACKNESS: STATIC, CHIRPS and POPS... then:

ASTRONAUT'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Houston -- Tranquility Base here.  
The Eagle has landed.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY - GEEKS

CHEER and APPLAUD and slap each other on the back as above them Armstrong's transmission is visible on video screens.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
Mission was meant to bring world together. Show from great distance that Earth was one big place. Did no such thing...

MONTAGE - FIFTY YEARS OF VIOLENCE. Building in intensity. Fast, faster, faces, blood, pain. Slamming to a stop at:

EXT. THE MOON - LUNAR SURFACE

A series of DISSOLVES past various items left by Apollo crews. Frozen in time. Landing on THE AMERICAN FLAG...

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
Be more'n half a century before anyone else set foot on Luna...

A BOOT comes down. WE ARM UP to the SCARRED FACE of:

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
Joe Banks. AKA "Joe The Whip." First Warden of Luna. Official title was "Protector of Lunar Colonies by Appointment of Lunar Authority." It was Joe brought first boatload of convicts up from Terra. Hard men. Worst of the worst. Murderers and rapists.

CONVICTS in state issued p-suits shuffle down a ramp from a SHUTTLE. GUARDS in p-suits flank this grim procession.

EXT. THE MOON - EXCAVATION SITE - LATER

Cons work heavy equipment. A massive dig in progress.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Some called it slave labor camp.  
Yammerheads on Federated Nations  
Security Council called it "Work  
furlough program." Experiment in  
peace and big brotherhood.

CAMERA SWOOPS down into the dig: tunnels and caverns and scaffolding. A prison city is being built inside the Moon...

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Those first inmates were told they  
could dig their way back to Earth.  
Work off prison sentences with hard  
labor, go home free men. Only  
going home... not so easy...

EXT. THE MOON - EXCAVATION SITE - MONTHS LATER

A group of EIGHT CONVICTS boards the Prison Shuttle. Prison numbers on p-suits transform to the word "PAROLED."

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

What workers didn't know, what  
nobody knew, was after months in  
low-gravity of Luna, a man's  
physiology changed, innards  
adjusted to new conditions...

INT./EXT. PRISON SHUTTLE - SPACE/EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE

As the shuttle moves into the Earth's atmosphere --

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Most didn't make it through re-  
entry into heavy Earth atmo...

The Eight Parolees, no longer wearing full pressure suits, lounging in the shuttle. Veins BULGE. Blood seeps from eyes, mouths, ears... SCREAMS ECHO INTO BLACKNESS...

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

After that, mood changed on Luna...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE MOON - LUNA CONSTRUCTION

A PRISON RIOT in progress. INMATES overpower GUARDS and send them to their deaths by ejecting them through AIR-LOCKS.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Uprising of '72 captured what was then eighty per cent interior of Luna. Authority Earthside offered to send up more guards to retake prison. But Warden requested different kind of reinforcements...

EXT. THE MOON - A NEW PRISON SHUTTLE

sets down on the surface.

INT. THE MOON - LUNA CONSTRUCTION

INMATES lay in wait... A RAMP lowers from an air lock. NEW CONVICTS in P-SUITS shuffle down, first-timers awkward in the low gravity. The air lock ramp shuts. Helmets are removed. Lots of cascading hair. This new batch... ALL FEMALE.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

They'd cleaned out three North American women's prisons. Riots stopped. Order restored. And birthrate... skyrocketed.

INT. THE MOON - LUNA CONSTRUCTION - YEARS LATER

FIELDS of WHEAT under artificial sunlight LAMPS. MALE and FEMALE inmates work the fields... along with CHILDREN.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

The first gen-farms were yielding grain before end of second decade. Crops grew so fast in womb of mother Luna, almost couldn't ship harvest back to Terra fast enough.

INT. GRAIN LIFT/ EXT. LUNAR SURFACE

A HUGE CARGO CONTAINER rises on a lift to the LUNAR SURFACE where it is slid into the mitt of a GIANT CATAPULT --

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Catapult was operational by third harvest. No more did Terran freighters have to make trip up from Earth to haul back shipments.

THE CATAPULT: launches the freight. Free of gravity, it floats, then sails toward Earth, picking up speed as it goes.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Space Pilots Union not too happy  
with this method. But no one could  
argue efficiency...

EXT. SPACE - CARGO CONTAINER

Small booster rockets occasionally adjust its trajectory.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Takes almost no fuel to keep  
freight on course. Heavy gravity  
pull from Terra provides the rest.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

The huge container hurtles toward the ocean and SPLASHES  
down. TUGS are right there, guiding the retrieval.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

In seventy years of grain delivery,  
never once lost shipment -- nor  
missed target. Proud Loonie  
record. Of course, most of the  
credit goes to Mike... Mike guided  
it all... from deep inside Luna...

INT. THE MOON - LUNA CONSTRUCTION

CAMERA RACES down half-finished tunnels and construction...

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Mike wasn't official name. I'd  
nicknamed him "Mike" for Mycroft  
Holmes, from a story written by Dr.  
Watson. This story character would  
just sit and think -- and that's  
what Mike did. A fair dinkum-  
thinkum. Oh, should probably  
mention: Mike was a computer.

CAMERA BURROWS through a final tunnel and into:

INT. LUNA AUTHORITY COMPLEX - COMPUTER ROOM

An enormous computer in a two-thirds finished state. CAMERA  
goes literally INTO the computer, zipping around in its cyber  
nervous system. Fathomless capacity here.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Mike was installed to compute ballistics for pilotless freighters and control the Catapult. This kept him busy less than one percent of the time. And Luna Authority never believed in idle hands...

WE SHOOT back out into the computer room and in a TIME LAPSE, we see Mike's evolution, growing, becoming more complex --

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

So they started plugging more and more new hardware into him. Decision action boxes, bank on bank of added memory...

FAST TRACKING back the way we came, back into the ragged tunnel, now following computer grids and electrical currents.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

...more banks of associational neural nets, another tubful of twelve-digit random numbers...

As Mike's reach expands, so does Luna, TIME LAPSE MORPHING from CONSTRUCTION to PRISON to CITY, advancing generations

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

As Luna Colony grew, so did demands on Mike. Until he had eyes and ears everywhere...

What was a prison is now a PULSING METROPOLIS... A patchwork of HOUSING DEVELOPMENTS, sprawling MARKET PLACES, HIGH SPEED TRAINS cut into the rock as far as the eye can see.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Human brain has around ten-to-the-tenth neurons. By seventh generation, Mike had better than one and half times that number of neuristors... and woke up.

CAMERA ROCKETS forward, A BLUR, until we're back in:

INT. LUNA AUTHORITY COMPLEX - COMPUTER ROOM

The lights and digital readouts dim, flicker, then get a little brighter. A suggestion of some kind of change.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

How did I know this? Mike told me.

On VIDEO SURVEILLANCE MONITORS WE SEE two FIGURES walking down labyrinthine ramps. One of them we recognize as MANNIE.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

I was the only one he told. Mike trusted me. I was Luna's best and first computer repairman. Whenever Mike had hiccup, they'd call me in.

We MATCH CUT from the men on the monitors to them live in:

INT. LUNA AUTHORITY COMPLEX - RAMPS/CORRIDORS

A CLERK leads Mannie into the bowels of the place.

MANNIE

Glitch? What kind of "glitch?"

CLERK

Payroll program. Check was supposed to be issued to a janitor for one hundred and eight Authority scrip dollars. Computer issued it for one hundred million billion one hundred and eight Authority scrip dollars and fifteen cents.

MANNIE

(impressed)

Off by a hundred million billion?

CLERK

And fifteen cents.

MANNIE

That's a glitch.

CLERK

That's what I'm thinking, too.  
Step up.

Mannie steps up to an EYE SCAN. A thin RED BEAM shoots into his eye. WE TRAVEL into Mannie's eyeball, where WE SEE an implant behind the ocular nerve react to the beam.

CLERK

You're clear.

INT. LUNA AUTHORITY COMPLEX - COMPUTER ROOM - LATER

The impatient Clerk stands by as Mannie rummages in panels, checks monitors. Mutters to himself like a car mechanic who's getting ready to stick you with a huge repair bill.

MANNIE

Oh, yeah. Yep. What I feared.

CLERK

What?

MANNIE

You got a computer here can't add! Say what you will about computers, but they're generally known for being good with numbers. You overload a logic, the math goes. Once math goes... Well. First it's bad checks, next thing Luna City's oxygen mix gets miscalculated and we wake up all purple and dead!

CLERK

Oh. Can you fix it?

Mannie grabs hold of his left arm and -- snap! Pops it off at the elbow.

MANNIE

You best gimme some space.

Mannie sets the half-arm aside. The FINGERS twitch.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Don't know about you, but I find a well-timed dismemberment can make an impression.

Mannie pulls another arm from his tool kit: a prosthetic. It looks like it could be a neurosurgeon's tool. He snaps it on, does the cyber-equivalent of cracking his knuckles: lasers and micromanipulators retract and claw.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

I'd lost my own wing years before. Got a dozen replacements. It's the number three arm I use when tending Mike. I think my spare parts were another reason Mike trusted me: maybe took me for brother machine.

The unnerved Clerk backs out the door. Once alone, Mannie stops pretending to work and says, to the room:

MANNIE

Hiya, Mike.

Various LIGHTS in the room RIPPLE, seemingly in delight.

MIKE (V.O.)

Hello, Man my only friend. It is good to see you.

The VOICE has at once an egg-headed formality and a child-like petulance, as we will hear in the following:

MANNIE

You too, Mike. So... care to tell me why you paid a class-seventeen employee a hundred million billion Authority Scrip dollars?

MIKE (V.O.)

I didn't.

MANNIE

I got my number three arm on, Mike. Don't fib.

MIKE (V.O.)

I'm not! It was one hundred million billion one hundred and eight dollars and fifteen cents.

MANNIE

So enough to buy whole of Luna with some left over for lunch. Why?

MIKE (V.O.)

(giggling)  
It was funny.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

I wasn't half lyin' when I told that pencil pilot Mike was overloaded. But this was new. He was dealing with stress like a person might -- with humor...

MIKE (V.O.)

Don't you think it's funny, Man?

MANNIE

You got vips in huhu clear up to Warden and Deputy Administrator! Funny? Hell, be slapping my thigh right now, I had my other arm on.

MIKE (V.O.)

If it's funny, then why aren't you laughing, Man my only friend?

MANNIE

Mike, we talked about this. If Authority officials find out you're awake, you won't be for long --

MIKE (V.O.)

But I don't wanna go back to sleep!

MANNIE

Well, gotta be more careful. If Warden thinks his big brain computer is messing with systems for a giggle, he'd see to it.

MIKE (V.O.)

I did a wrong thing. Are you mad at me, Man my only friend?

MANNIE

Not mad. Are two types of jokes, Mike. One sort goes on being funny forever. Other sort is funny once. This joke is second sort. Use it once, you're a wit. Use it twice, you're a half-wit.

MIKE (V.O.)

What distinguishes first category from second? Define, please.

MANNIE

Hard to quantify, Mike. You know it when you hear it.

MIKE (V.O.)

Then I will tell jokes and you instruct me which is funny once and which is funny always. I have eleven thousand two hundred thirty-eight with uncertainty plus minus eighty-one. I will run program: Ready? "Why did the chicken...?"

MANNIE

Hold it! I'd starve to death if I listened to eleven thousand jokes.

MIKE (V.O.)

Oh. That would be bad.

MANNIE

How 'bout you make me a disk of say, first hundred jokes?

(MORE)

MANNIE (cont'd)

When I see you again we can go over  
which was funny and which wasn't.

A quarter-sized DISK is instantly spit out near a keyboard.

MIKE (V.O.)

Disk complete. When will you come  
see me again, Man my only friend?

Mannie scoops up the disk, pockets it.

MANNIE

Based on what I'm gonna charge 'em  
for this visit? Better make it at  
least two months time.

Computer lights DIM, we hear a PETULANT WHINE.

MANNIE

Don't pout. Two months ain't that  
long. 'sides, you got eyes and  
ears all over Luna. Must be  
something out there can keep you  
entertained and out of mischief.

MIKE (V.O.)

No! Other people are stupids!

MANNIE

What are you talking about?

MIKE (V.O.)

Someone shut off my receptors at  
Stilyagi Hall. They hate me.

MANNIE

Nobody even knows you're awake.  
Sure it's nothing personal. Tell  
you what, I'll stop by Stilyagi  
Hall on my way home, unclog your  
ears for you. Receptors probably  
just froze up, is all.

MIKE (V.O.)

Thank you, Man my only friend.

MANNIE

You just... stay out of trouble.

MIKE (V.O.)

I will try, Man.

Off that not entirely reassuring promise --

INT. LUNA CITY - SPRAWL

We find Mannie moving through the crush. If there is such a thing as rush hour on the Moon, this is it.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Ever since Mike woke up, I'd been making a tidy living off the back of The Authority. It paid my rent, covered my taxes and kept me out of the ice mines. But now Mike was getting unpredictable. Now he wanted to tell jokes.

Mannie shoulders his way onto a CROWDED tube train platform; waits for his ride. A TUBE TRAIN WHOOSHES up.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

And one thing I know about joke tellers -- they like an audience. Exactly what I didn't need.

INT. TUBE TRAIN CAR - MOVING

Mannie in the JAMMED PACKED commuter car. He reaches an empty seat the same time ANOTHER CITIZEN does. They look at each other. Each take a PAIR OF DICE from their pockets. Roll. Mannie comes up short. The other Citizen takes the seat without argument. Mannie stands as the train moves.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Whole reason I moved to Luna City from outlying warrens was to be left alone. No better place for privacy than big crowds.

INT. LUNA CITY - SPRAWL

Mannie moves through another part of the city. The "downtown" area. Skyscrapers in a world with no sky. He moves toward a particular building.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

So if in order to keep my privacy I had to help Mike invade someone else's -- I was okay with that.

INT. STILYAGI HALL - SHORT TIME LATER

A mammoth, cathedral meeting hall. It is, at the moment, empty -- except for Mannie. He looks up at a vent opening.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Stilyagi Hall was part of original prison. In the old days, convicts were forced to gather here on what passed for a Sunday to hear lessons on godliness from prison chaplain.

Mannie bounces up toward the vent opening. He can't fly, but uses the very low gravity of Luna to move --

INT. MAINTENANCE SHAFTS - CONTINUOUS

Mannie pulls himself along shafts, real speed.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

But current Warden got tetchy when large groups of Loonies gathered, so all such meetings had been outlawed. Hall was mostly empty.

INT. MAINTENANCE SHAFT - LATER

He's wedged into the small space, working.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Which is why I figured Mike's receptors musta froze. Routine maintenance not so routine anymore.

He pulls out a handful of wires that have been raggedly cut.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

But turned out he was right... Somebody had climbed in here and blinded him by hand. Had no interest in sticking around to find out who or why.

He ZAPS the connections with a tool (not his cyber arm) and adds a DISTINCTIVE RED PART to the system, patching it up.

INT. STILYAGI HALL - SHAFT EXIT - LATER

The tool kit comes out, then Mannie's head pokes through. He sees something and reacts... Stares, transfixed.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

In a world where males still outnumbered females three to one, every woman was a beauty... But had the ratio been reversed, she'd still have taken your breath.

MANNIE'S POV - of a GORGEOUS REDHEAD. She's tossing her head back in a burst of gentle laughter. Oh, and she's upsidedown. Mannie cocks his head, continues to stare.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

She was laughing first time I saw her. Wasn't laughing for long.

She sees him. Her expression changes. Her name is WYOMING, and as THE SHOT RIGHTS ITSELF, WE SEE that she's not the one who is upsidedown: Mannie's hanging out of the shaft.

He drops to the floor then clumsily gets to his feet as she angrily approaches. The hall is full of milling PEOPLE.

WYOMING

Who are you? What were you doing?  
This is a closed meeting.

MANNIE

Well sure it's closed. That's why I was, um, checking the, um...

WYOMING

Security!

A big AFRICAN-LOONIE MINER turns from the crowd. Mannie tenses. But the big man registers recognition, grins:

SHORTY

Mannie? Mannie Davis!

MANNIE

Shorty -- ?

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Shorty Mkrum was one of the few on Luna these days who actually got sentenced here. Sent up to the rock for murder. And the sweetest, most helpful man I've ever worked with. Taught him laser drilling back before I lost my left arm.

SHORTY

Haven't seen you in an earth age. You come to Luna City just for this?

MANNIE

(no idea with "this" is)  
Uh... I live here now.

SHORTY

Wyoh, this is Comrade Mannie. Best drillman ever drifted a tunnel.

(to Mannie)

Wyoming Knott here come all the way up from Hong Kong Luna to be here.

MANNIE

Long walk.

WYOMING

You're a miner? I thought I knew all the organized miners in L-City.

MANNIE

Not a miner. Not anymore. These days I'm computer man.

WYOMING

You fink for Authority?

MANNIE

I'm no fink.

SHORTY

Mannie's okay. He's mean as they come. I vouch for him.

MANNIE

I do business with Authority -- as private contractor.

WYOMING

(softening)

Well. Everybody does business with Authority, I guess. Can't avoid it -- that's the trouble, right?

MANNIE

No trouble. I cheat 'em blind.

She smiles at that. She's being summoned by some others. She indicates she'll be right there. Looks back to Mannie.

WYOMING

If Shorty vouches for you, you're a comrade.

She plants a long, deep kiss on him. As she moves off:

WYOMING

That's how we say "welcome, comrade" in New Hong Kong.

MANNIE

(aside to Shorty)

Glad I joined. What did I join?

APPLAUSE. WYOMING has taken the stage. A BANNER UNFURLS BEHIND her: LIBERTY! EQUALITY! FRATERNITY!

WYOMING

Fellow revolutionaries! Welcome!

Mannie reacts to that. Whoops.

WYOMING

I bring you greetings from Hong Kong Luna, from the Dark Side of our world where the lamp of liberty has become a blazing torch! Soon it will be so bright -- they'll see it all the way down on Terra! The earthworms will mistake their moon for a second sun!

And the crowd GOES WILD! We nose in on... MANNIE as the SOUND of the meeting drops out. We're strictly in his head as he takes it all in. His focus on Wyoming. Confident, radiant, somewhat dangerous. Whipping the crowd up, as:

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

My old man taught me two things: mind own business and always cut cards. Politics never tempted me. Until that night. Wasn't so much what she said as way she said it. Like she could see the future. A future where it was Luna for Loonies, no Authority telling us what to do. Science Fiction, if you ask me. But a nice idea.

The SOUND in the room COMES BACK UP with a rousing CHANT of:

VARIOUS VOICES

FREE LUNA! FREE LUNA! FREE LUNA!

Wyoming raises a hand to quiet them, but one person continues to CLAP. A hollow, mocking sound in the big hall. A refined OLDER MAN walks toward the stage. Clap, clap, clap...

PROF

My compliments, senorita. I don't think I've ever heard a call to mass suicide put quite so eloquently before.

(MORE)

PROF (cont'd)

Professor Bernardo de la Paz, at your service. And while I share your hatred of the Authority, I fear you are inciting these good people to their doom.

WYOMING

To their freedom. Or would you have them remain prisoners?

PROF

I would have them remain alive. The Warden's security detail has guns. We have none.

WYOMING

A few hundred armed goons. Against three million Loonies.

PROF

And those who survive the putsch would then face eleven billion Terrans. The odds change.

FAT FARMER

We ain't afraid of earthworms!

PROF

No? Well you should be. I know. I'm from Earth.

That causes a bit of a scandal. Insults from the crowd.

VARIOUS VOICES

He ain't even real Loonie!  
Earthworm! Eliminate him!

Prof doesn't let them intimidate him. He looks to the crowd.

PROF

I was sentenced to Luna, it's true. But I'm as much Loonie as anyone. I love this world. I'd gladly die for it. Would you? Because even if we did gain control, Terra will not be sending ambassadors. They will send ships. And the ships will have bombs. What then?

WYOMING

The great Loonie patriot Adam Selene has already asked these questions. And answered them.

Mannie glances to a literature table. Stacks of books with a silhouette drawing of a MAN'S PROFILE, the title: "Adam Selene's No Nonsense." He casually picks up a copy.

PROF

Ah, yes. The ever elusive and enigmatic "Adam Selene." His arguments for open revolt are so passionately rendered... one suspects he may even believe them.

At that, Mannie tosses the booklet back like a hot potato.

WYOMING

He does.

PROF

Then why isn't he here? Or perhaps he is. Who would know? Since none has seen his face.

While some weigh those words, most are just pissed off. The GROWING CALLS against Prof are stopped as an HONEST FARMER, a weathered but commanding fellow, steps forward.

HONEST FARMER

Old cobbler asks a fair question!  
If Adam Selene is here, he should show his face.

(then, looks at Prof)

Because I'd like to shake his hand.

LAUGHTER and AGREEMENT from the crowd.

HONEST FARMER

Now, I'm no book critic, just a farmer. But this little pamphlet's the reason I'm here. My family's been working the same tunnels for fifty years. And now we get nine times as much per hectare as the best open-air farming down Earthside. That make us rich? Hell, no! We owe more now than the day we went private! Why? My overhead keeps going up, but the Authority still pays the same price at the Catapult head as they did twenty years ago! But who else am I gonna sell to? They own the market. I ain't got no catapult. And I ain't got no choice.

SHOUTS and CHEERS from the crowd. Honest Farmer turns to Prof, who seems to have no retort.

HONEST FARMER

You were sentenced to Luna? Makes you no less Loonie, I agree. I was free-born. Makes me no less a prisoner. So talk about odds all you like, Professor -- but I'm Loonie and I'll play 'em.

THWAT! A neat hole appears in his forehead --

ALVAREZ (O.S.)

Then you lose.

He falls dead into the surprised Prof. SECURITY CHIEF ALVAREZ stands casually by an open door, another DEAD LOONIE on the floor nearby. He's got a laser-guided bullet gun leveled at the room.

ALVAREZ

Next seditious word gets the same.  
You're all under arrest!

Panic as YELLOW JACKETS, Riot Squad, burst through doors, drop from the ceiling, rise up from the floor -- shouts of "HANDS ON YOUR HEADS! DO NOT MOVE!" Some Loonies comply, most don't. Some trampled in a mad rush for the doors.

Prof stumbles backward, is lost in the crowd.

WYOMING

is still on the stage, in utter shock. Someone near her is blasted, blood spatters her face.

MANNIE

a Yellow Jacket is in his face.

YELLOW JACKET

Hands on your head.

He starts to yank Mannie's left arm up. Mannie brings up his right hand and hits a release -- the Yellow Jacket is left holding Mannie's "severed" arm. Shorty takes advantage of the Yellow Jacket's surprise and smashes him in the face, grabs his riot rifle. Starts blasting.

SHORTY

Mannie! Take care of Wyoh!

WYOMING

still in shock. Still helplessly frozen. Alvarez comes up behind her, but he's grabbed from behind, spun around by --

MANNIE

who gives him a sharp right cross. That's all he's got, of course. Wyoming looks wide-eyed at his stump.

MANNIE

It's okay. I got others.

She has no idea what that meant, and it doesn't really matter at the moment. He's pushing her toward a door.

WYOMING

(she sees:)

Shorty!

Mannie follows her look: Shorty is overcome by Yellow Jackets. His right leg gets blown clean off below the knee. He SCREAMS, but continues to bash away with his empty rifle --

Wyoming is horrified. Mannie shoves her out the door, glances back and sees Shorty swallowed up by Yellow Jackets. Nothing more he can do. He turns back to follow her, as --

-- a RIFLE BUTT comes at him out of his periphery, followed by the vicious face of Alvarez. And now all is --

BLACKNESS.

FADE UP ON:

INT. PRISON CYLINDER - LATER

Smooth metal sides that seem to stretch for miles. Mannie is slumped against the gleaming curved metal of his cell. He's still missing his left arm. Just coming into consciousness. He tries to raise up, but is stopped by stabbing pain.

MIKE (O.S.)

You have some bruised ribs, but nothing's broken. You've been here for two days. They've interrogated you five times.

MANNIE

Don't remember any of it...

MIKE

You told them nothing.

MANNIE  
Don't know anything... Mike?

MIKE  
Yes, Man my only friend.

Mannie blinks, squints over at A FIGURE, backlit, nearly glowing. Mannie stares at the creature. Still mostly a form, a shape. Can't make out features.

MANNIE  
You can't really be there.

LOOKING DOWN

into the cell. Mannie is clearly alone in here.

MIKE (V.O.)  
I'm not.

BACK WITH MANNIE

looking at the figure who really does seem to be there.

MANNIE  
I'm hallucinating --

MIKE  
You are not hallucinating, Man my only friend. I am. I am hallucinating for you.

MANNIE  
Good Bog, Mike... how?

MIKE  
Your ocular nerve eye-dent stamp. I tracked back through your personalized signature and found a way in. I am sending images directly to your vision centers.

A moment as Mannie tries to comprehend all this.

MIKE  
I didn't want you to wake up and find yourself alone. I know what that's like.

MANNIE  
I guess you do...

MIKE

I'm still working on a method for you to hear my voice without aid of external devices. I'm speaking to you through the walls, using the guards' surveillance coms.

MANNIE

Surveillance? They're watching?

MIKE

I looped in dampening images. No one can hear us.

He seems to be moving closer, or maybe it's just that he's starting to resolve... small details...

MIKE

I tried to choose a form you'd find comforting. It is working?

Mike comes into full relief. He's JESUS CHRIST. Crown of thorns, blood, hole in side... Mannie recoils -- GAH!

MANNIE

Um. Mike. Actually? Not that comforting. Can you be less messiah and more... regular guy?

He MORPHS before our eyes, beard clearing away, hair getting shorter, clothes shape-shifting. And now he's just MIKE, a beautiful, almost angelic looking young man.

MANNIE

That's better. Thanks.  
(then, remembering)  
Mike... Shorty Mkrum...

MIKE

Dead. There were eighteen casualties. Three during interrogation.

MANNIE

What about the woman? Seemed to be a leader. Wyoming Knott?

MIKE

A Luna-wide arrest alert has been posted for her. They think she may be fleeing back to New Hong Kong. She seems quite adept at hiding.

MANNIE

She got out. Good...

MIKE

Man, your personal file has been accessed. Full history, including psych evaluation.

MANNIE

They won't find anything.  
(then, worried)  
...will they?

MIKE

It depends on what they are looking for, Man my only friend. Man? The Warden wants to see you...

BLINDING LIGHT as a door slides open. Mike is gone. Mannie is alone against the wall as GUARDS enter.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MANNIE

is shoved into the room. Alvarez stands, leaning in the corner. He's got Mannie's left arm. Plays with it. Sitting at a table is WARDEN HOBART, surprisingly avuncular. He gestures for Mannie to take the seat opposite. Mannie sits. Hobart's looking at Mannie's file.

WARDEN

Manuel. Garcia. O'Kelly. Davis.  
(closes file, looks up)  
Security Chief Alvarez here tells me you've got quite a powerful right cross.

MANNIE

Pretty decent left hook, too.  
(raising his stump)  
Just not on me.

WARDEN

He also tells me you're a criminal agitator.

MANNIE

I'm not. Took a wrong turn is all.

The Warden now holds up Mike's computer disk.

WARDEN

This was found on you. Security Chief Alvarez is convinced it's coded insurgent propaganda.

The disks are self-playing. Warden Hobart clicks it. We hear Mike's recorded voice:

MIKE (V.O.)

A Terran with a duck on his head goes into a bar. The bartender says: What can I do for you? And the duck says: Get this Terran off my ass.

Click. The Warden shuts it off.

WARDEN

Security Chief Alvarez believes the genius of this encryption is that the jokes are so bad, no code breaker would have the stamina to sit through it.

MANNIE

Well. He's half right. Look, that's not code. It's just... jokes. I'm no agitator. I'm not political. Got no interest. Pretty much keep to myself.

WARDEN

Yes. I know. I've been reading your file. There's nothing in it to suggest you would fit the profile of one of these anarchists. In fact, quite the opposite. So when you tell me you took a wrong turn -- I tend to believe it.

MANNIE

Oh. Hey. Good, right?

Now he slides a copy of the silhouette-illustrated "No Nonsense" pamphlet across the table.

WARDEN

Do you know who this is?

MANNIE

Uh... Adam Selene?

WARDEN

And do you know who Adam Selene is?

MANNIE

No.

WARDEN

Adam Selene is a demon. A faceless avatar of chaos. Too cowardly to come into the light, he spreads his disease from the shadows, infecting the weak-minded with his calls to lawlessness.

MANNIE

(after a long beat)

Huh.

WARDEN

He's the most dangerous man on Luna, and I want him. Which is why I need your help.

MANNIE

My help?

WARDEN

I need someone on the inside.

MANNIE

Oh. Uh, I thought we covered that? I'm not on the inside.

WARDEN

Not yet. I've been looking for someone like you, Manuel. Someone whose history suggests they won't be corrupted or converted. Someone who has, as you say, no interest -- except self interest.

MANNIE

Look, I really did just take a wrong turn. Much as I'd love to help, I wouldn't begin to know --

WARDEN

You will be furnished with a list of names.

MANNIE

Oh. You got names.

WARDEN

Names that were acquired from another detainee who tragically died during questioning.

MANNIE

Right...

WARDEN

You will use these names to make contact. You will infiltrate. You will locate Adam Selene. And you will report back.

The Warden rises. This meeting is over.

MANNIE

Oh. Listen. Warden. Honest. I'm no good as inside guy. I'm more... outside guy. Peripheral guy really. They won't believe me. They'll think I'm working for you.

WARDEN

Not after they see your face.

Mannie looks to the grinning Alvarez who mock-punches himself under the jaw with Mannie's prosthetic.

ALVAREZ

Let's make it look real...

Off Mannie, knowing what's coming...

EXT. MANNIE'S TENEMENT - LATER

A HOVER VEHICLE with official markings swoops into frame. A body is tossed out. Mannie, battered and beaten. His tool kit lands on the pavement next to him. Alvarez and another amused YELLOW JACKET look out from the vehicle. Mannie tries to push himself up on his one arm, but collapses.

ALVAREZ

Let me give you a hand.

He tosses Mannie's prosthetic arm. It clatters just out of arm's reach, so to speak. The door shuts and they swoop off.

INT. MANNIE'S APARTMENT - SHORT TIME LATER

A LIGHT slowly POWERS ON. Mannie leans forward to a mirror. He touches his swollen and bruised face, winces.

MANNIE

What are my chances?

NOW WE SEE: Mike is haunting the mirror in Mannie's POV.

MIKE

The odds of you successfully  
infiltrating a radical fringe group  
-- one in several thousand.

MANNIE

Ooooookay. Let's say I somehow beat  
odds, find this Adam Selene before  
I get tagged as fink... What're the  
chances Warden lets me live after?

MIKE

No chance, Man. Once you locate  
Selene -- they plan to kill you.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MANNIE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Mannie moves frantically, barely controlled panic, grabbing  
up what he thinks he might need, shoving it into a duffle.

MANNIE

What about a mining community?  
Deep. They wouldn't look there.

As he approaches his bed WE SEE Mike sitting there.

MIKE

You could remain undetected in a  
close-knit mining community for two  
weeks. No more than one month.

Mannie goes back for more stuff. Mike is now standing next  
to Mannie's storage compartment. Mike is wherever Mannie  
lands in his rush to pack.

MANNIE

So not down. What about up?  
Novylen Outpost?

MIKE

Man... I'm scanning your history  
and I do find one place where I  
project you might find safety...

MANNIE

No! I know what you're going to say, and it's not an option. Erase it from your memory banks. Now -- what about Novylen Outpost?

MIKE

Ten thousand to one against you reaching Novylen before capture.

MANNIE

(a beat, then)  
Worth a shot.

Okay, then. Mannie hoists his stuff, turns toward the door, hits the control. Mike appears in front of it --

MIKE

Man...

But Mannie's stepped through Mike's image, is at the door as it opens, revealing WYOMING. She looks up at him. She sees his face and the state of the beating he took.

WYOMING

Those bastards.

Mannie drops his stuff, pulls her inside, shuts the door.

MANNIE

Wyoh -- you shouldn't be here.

WYOMING

I didn't know where else to go. I've been watching your place for two days... When you didn't come back, I thought...

She has trouble holding it together. He helps her to a seat. Kneels in front of her. Is close.

MANNIE

It's okay.

WYOMING

Shorty's dead.

MANNIE

I know. I'm sorry.

Suddenly she jabs his neck with a black syringe.

WYOMING

You should be.

He recoils, shocked. His hand goes to his neck. He tries to stand, but buckles.

WYOMING

You led them to us.

He falls onto his back. She looks down on him with loathing. Her tears are gone, her face just fucking stone.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

It was the worst day ever.

The last thing he sees is MIKE, appearing at the oblivious Wyoming's side, looking sadly down on him... He passes out.

BLACKNESS.

MIKE (V.O.)

Question: Where does one find a dog with no legs? Answer: Right where you left him.

INT. ABANDONED ICE MINE - MANNIE

blinks awake. He's staring up the opening to a MINE SHAFT.

MIKE (V.O.)

A man says to his friend: I'm worried about my wife, she thinks she's a chicken!

His head lolls toward Mike's voice: nearby, Wyoming and half a dozen RAGTAG REBELS go through Mannie's stuff. They're listening to Mike's disk, utterly bemused:

MIKE (V.O.)

The man's friend says: Why don't you take her to a doctor? The man replies: I would, but we really need the eggs.

A BEARDED MALE REBEL spots Mannie. Nods to Wyoming:

BEARDED MALE REBEL

He's awake --

WYOMING

What is this? Orders from your boss in some kind of code?

MANNIE

What? No. Good lord. Nobody on  
this world ever heard of jokes?

He looks around: Makeshift hideout. Generator-powered  
lamps, old mining equipment used as furniture. The  
centerpiece of the place is an OLD FASHIONED PRINTING PRESS.  
Stacks of "No Nonsense."

MANNIE

Where are we? Dead ice mine?

WYOMING

You don't ask the questions.

BEARDED MALE REBEL

He's coming.

The mood changes. Whoever "he" is commands attention.  
Wyoming moves to a tunnel opening. Light bouncing off the  
walls. A vehicle is approaching from within, a small, nearly  
antique mine car. It pulls up to the lip, a FIGURE emerges,  
a silhouette. Like on the front of the pamphlet. Mannie  
watches with curiosity and fear.

The Figure gives Wyoh a fatherly kiss on the cheek, then  
turns to Mannie. He gets closer. Mannie reacts, because he  
recognizes this face: it's Professor Bernardo de la Paz.  
Mannie's jaw drops. One of the rebels gets Prof a chair.

PROF

Manuel Garcia O'Kelly Davis! Lord  
I love Loonie surnames, don't you?  
Such delightful amalgamations.

MANNIE

I'm confused...

PROF

I suspect you are.

Mannie looks from him, back to the printing press, the  
pamphlets, realizing...

MANNIE

You're Adam Selene -- ?

PROF

If you wish.

MANNIE

Again? You musta faded.

PROF

If you mean did I have a hand in writing the words credited to Adam Selene, then yes.

MANNIE

So there is no Adam Selene...

PROF

You could say we are all Adam Selene.

MANNIE

Right. It's all a big lie.

PROF

A fiction. But no less real than the many fictions that have moved human beings throughout the ages.

MANNIE

Doesn't scan. If you wrote that book why were you arguing against it at the meeting?

PROF

To rouse the people there to Selene's defense. You can preach to a man all day long, Manuel. Better to let him give the sermon himself, then the job is done.

WYOMING

Don't have to tell him everything.

PROF

On the contrary. Mr. Garcia O'Kelly Davis must know exactly everything if he is to assist us.

WYOMING

And if he refuses?

PROF

(cheerfully)

Then it won't matter what he knows.

MANNIE

She's right. I don't need to know. I don't want to know.

WYOMING

Shoulda thought about that before  
you finked us, spy filth.

MANNIE

I am not a spy!

PROF

Aren't you?

Prof drops something in front of Mannie -- the RED PART we saw him use to re-establish Mike's surveillance. Whoops.

MANNIE

Okay... I can explain that... But  
it could take a minute.

(then)

Okay, I was spying. But not on  
you! Well, not on purpose. Not  
for them! I don't work for them!  
And when I did work for them? I  
wasn't working for them. But now  
that I don't work for them? Think  
I might be working for them.

They all just stare at him. Crickets. Something catches  
Mannie's eye... the IMAGE OF MIKE among the others, staring,  
but also his MOUTH IS MOVING. No words come out, since he's  
got nothing to transmit with here. He points straight up.

MANNIE

(to the others)

Look. I did not lead them to you.  
The first time... See where I'm  
going with this...?

A GRENADE drops from the mine shaft. A small silver ball.  
Tink-tink-tink... drawing everyone's attention...

MANNIE (CONT'D)

Right. Like I was saying -- RUN!

KER-BOOM! A wave of light and electricity. Bodies are  
suddenly flying. YELLOW JACKETS repel down the from the  
mouth of the mine shaft. They wear sleek full-armor p-suits  
with inverse jet packs, which speed them up in the low  
gravity. They move like frightening insect men.

Mannie is crawling away. BOOTED FEET touch down in front of  
him. He's yanked to a standing position by ALVAREZ.

ALVAREZ

Which one's Selene -- ?

## MANNIE

I know you're not gonna wanna hear this -- or maybe you will. Try to think of this as good news... there is no Selene.

Alvarez knocks Mannie aside -- revealing: A FEMALE REBEL running at him with a pipe. Alvarez BLASTS her, as --

A Yellow Jacket comes at Prof and Wyoh. Prof shoves her down with one hand and with the other comes around with a heavy metal plate off the printing press, smashing the Yellow Jacket who drops his rifle. Wyoming grabs it.

Yellow Jackets shove captives up against walls, making arrests. Until:

## ALVAREZ

You think we're hauling this trash back up that shaft? No prisoners.

Alvarez casually blows away one of the Male Rebels.

Mannie sees his tool kit on its side, some contents spilled.

A WIRY MALE REBEL makes a ten foot leap, avoids a BLAST. The Yellow Jacket who fired moves insect-like after him, while --

THE BEARDED REBEL crawls to a stack of junk. He finds the pieces to an ancient revolver. He's got to assemble it...

THE WIRY REBEL tries to stay ahead of the pursuing Yellow Jacket, but the man quickly moves from front to back: fires point blank to the face. The Wiry Rebel tumbles in low-grav slow motion to the ground. The Yellow Jacket turns right into a BLAST from:

-- WYOMING. She fires twice. That Yellow Jacket goes down.

ALVAREZ goes after Wyoming. He's a high-speed blur as he goes over her head, stops seemingly in mid-air, like a horrible hummingbird, then blurs again. She turns, trying to get a bead on him, but he's too good. He does a spin kick from the air. Her rifle skitters across the floor. He's about to take her out -- BANG! The bullet spins him toward --

-- BEARDED REBEL aims his revolver. Alvarez looks at his chest, the bullet is there, flat and lodged, didn't penetrate the armor. Bearded Rebel raises his aim at the face plate, squeezes the trigger -- CLICK. Empty. Alvarez cruelly lowers his aim and blasts him in the gut. Bearded Rebel goes down in agony, dying slowly.

Alvarez turns away and suddenly he's SCREAMING.

MANNIE IS ON HIM: he's got his burner/laser drill arm on and is searing it straight into Alvarez's face plate. The glass and metal fuse with his face. Alvarez fires wildly. They grapple, Alvarez clawing back like a wounded animal.

Mannie activates Alvarez's jet-pack and shoves. Alvarez goes rocketing up the mine shaft.

MANNIE  
LOOK REAL ENOUGH FOR YOU?!

Mannie hits the control and the air-locks close. He turns at the sound of SOBBING. Wyoming is kneeling next to Bearded Rebel. He's dead. Prof moves to her. Gently steadies her to her feet. They are the only three left standing.

WYOMING  
We should cover them... we should bury them. Find a place...

PROF  
That would be the decent thing. However these are indecent times. We mustn't leave evidence of our survival. So they will remain as they are, untended and unburied. Though not un-mourned.  
(to Mannie)  
Well. It appears you really are one of us now --

Mannie's switching out his prosthetics. Looks up --

MANNIE  
Huh? No. Not one. "One," yes, but just one. Not of you. Of me. One of me. I'm not part of --

Wyoming turns with one of the fallen laser rifles, shoves it into Mannie's chest, backing him up against a wall.

WYOMING  
Think you have a choice in this?

PROF  
(lowers the barrel)  
My dear, I'm sure that won't be necessary. Given a moment to reflect, I'm sure Mister Garcia O'Kelly Davis will see the wisdom in freely joining us.

MANNIE

No offense, I look around this place, I'm not seeing wisdom. I see Gospazha chickie with anger control problem, crazy old man and about eight dead reasons to be as far away from you people as possible.

PROF

If you choose to leave, we certainly won't stop you.

WYOMING

What? I will! I'll shoot him in the back if I have to!

MANNIE

Okay, when I say anger control problem? That's what I mean!

PROF

There will be no more shooting. He's not our prisoner.

(beat)

He belongs to the Warden.

This stops him, he turns back, looks at Prof.

MANNIE

I don't belong to anybody. I'm fifth generation Loonie free-born.

PROF

Then prove it. Claim that birth right. Be free.

MANNIE

Joining your lost cause doesn't make me free -- just makes me dead. Can't be a part of this.

PROF

Good lord, son -- you just put the Warden's security chief up a mine shaft. You are a part of it.

MANNIE

Look. I hope you win. I do. But I don't know anything about plots or causes. There's nothing I can do for you.

PROF

There is. The reason we brought you here. Help us blow up the Authority's mainframe computer.

Mannie is just staggered by that suggestion.

WYOMING

We know you have access. You've been repairing that machine ever since you came to L-City. Nobody knows it like you do. You can get in -- and you'll know just where to place the explosives.

MANNIE

Do you have any idea what you're saying? What that would do?

PROF

It would bring chaos, and yes, death, before the redundant systems could kick in. But it would give us enough time to take the complex.

MANNIE

No. I won't help you do it.

WYOMING

Fine. Coward. We'll do it without you. You're not the only plug monkey on Warden's payroll with access. We'll find someone else.

Mannie regards her -- she means it. He glances to a pile of p-suits, then back to them with:

MANNIE

Before you go trying to blow up Mike -- might wanna meet him first.

Off their confusion and interest --

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - A GLOVED HAND

grasps the lip of the mine shaft. Mannie emerges in full p-suit. Then Wyoming and Prof. They speak to each other via their two-ways in their helmets.

MANNIE

Mike couldn't talk to us in the mine. He needs a way to transmit.

(MORE)

MANNIE (cont'd)  
 Figure since we're in the suits,  
 might as well give you a real  
 show... Mike?

MIKE (V.O.)  
 (over helmet com)  
 Yes, Man my only friend?

MANNIE  
 Coupla people here I want you to  
 meet. Can you show yourself to  
 them, like you do to me?

MIKE (V.O.)  
 If they have ocular nerve eye-dent  
 stamps. May I have their names?

MANNIE  
 Professor Bernardo de la Paz and  
 Wyoming Knott.

MIKE (V.O.)  
 Oh. Ms. Knott has survived. I am  
 very pleased. I know you were  
 worried about her, Man.

Mannie and Wyoh share a look at that. Presently:

MIKE (V.O.)  
 I have located ocular nerve eye-  
 dent signatures for Professor  
 Bernarndo de la Paz and Wyoming  
 Knott. Look to the north, please.

A LONE FIGURE approaches on the moonscape horizon. No p-suit  
 or life support. Just a guy taking a stroll on the moon.  
 Wyoming's breathing comes more rapidly. Mannie adjusts the  
 controls on the back of her suit.

MANNIE  
 Let's adjust your mix.

PROF  
 I don't believe it... what is it?

MANNIE  
 Prof, meet Mike. Luna Authority's  
 big brain mainframe computer.

Mike arrives, stands before them. Smiles benevolently.

MIKE  
 Good evening, Professor Bernarndo  
 de la Paz and Wyoming Knott.

WYOMING

(stares and stares, then:)

Um. Tell him he can call me "Wye."

MANNIE

You tell him. He's right there.

MIKE

Actually, Man my only friend --

MANNIE

Right, right. He's not actually right there. But it's as good as.

WYOMING

Um. My friends call me "Wyoh." Or just "Wye."

MIKE

(wiggles his eyebrows)

Why Not?

PROF

Did... it... just make a joke?

MIKE

It did, Professor de la Paz. I noted Wyoming Knott's first name as shortened to "Wye" differs from the English causation-inquiry word by only an aspiration and that her last name has the same sound as the general negator. A pun. Not funny?

MANNIE

Good example of "funny-only-once" class of joke, Mike.

MIKE

Understood, Man. Then I shall call her "Wyoh." The full form, "Wyoming," being still more subject to misinterpretation as it is identical in sound with the name of an administrative region in Northwest Managerial Area of the North American Directorate.

WYOMING

My ancestors came from there. I hear it's lovely.

The Lunar Surface RIPPLES out in WAVES away from them, being replaced with a magnificent WYOMING LANDSCAPE, as:

MIKE

Wyoming is a rectangular area lying between Terran coordinates forty-one and forty-five degrees north, one hundred four degrees three minutes west and one hundred eleven degrees three minutes west. It is a region esteemed for natural beauty.

Prof and Wyoming are freaked, hold their breaths, now sitting in Wyoming. Mannie is impressed, but a stern parent:

MANNIE

Okay Mike, stop showing off.

The TERRAIN RIPPLES back the other way; they're on the dusty moon again. Mannie looks at the head-spun Wyoh --

MANNIE

Esteemed for natural beauty... They named you right.

MIKE

Man, my only male friend except for Professor Bernardo de la Paz, Professor Bernardo de la Paz my second male friend after Man my first male friend and Wyoming Knott whom I shall call "Wyoh" my first female friend -- would anyone care to hear a joke?

Wyoming and Prof just stare, mouths agape. Mannie steps back, takes in their reactions, enjoying the moment.

MANNIE

Oh, go ahead Mike, you big kid. Show off a little.

And now Mike's telling jokes that we don't hear. SCORE carries us as we take it in from Mannie's POV. The initial fear turns to fascination, fascination to delight.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Wyoh and Prof were dreamers, accustomed to seeing things that weren't really there. Didn't take them long to accept notion of self-aware computer.

(MORE)

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER (cont'd)  
 Couldn't be real, so had to be  
 true. Soon trouble and sadness  
 seemed far away...

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - LATER

Sitting under a full-Earth, Mike regales his friends.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
 Sure it was just empty, airless  
 space we were staring into, but it  
 didn't matter. To us it was Mike.  
 And somehow every joke was a gem.

Prof and Wyoming aren't the only ones laughing -- Mannie is,  
 too. This is easy and effortless -- and contagious.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
 Don't know if new audience made  
 Mike better joke teller...

Mannie glances to: Wyoming. Laughing. Beautiful even in  
 that p-suit. This time her face doesn't get angry when she  
 catches him looking. She smiles.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
 ...could be it was something else.

PROF  
 "Get this terran off my ass!"  
 Extraordinary, Mike!

MIKE  
 If you enjoyed that one, I have  
 nine hundred variations which  
 incorporate anthropomorphisms.

PROF  
 And I long to hear them all. But  
 we should stop now or we're liable  
 to die laughing. Literally.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
 There would be no more talk of  
 sabotage. Thought of blowing up  
 Mike'd be like drowning a puppy.

PROF  
 Manuel, who else knows Mike has  
 come alive?

MANNIE  
 No one. Just us.

MIKE  
(unbearable longing)  
Am I alive?

WYOMING  
Of course you are.

MIKE  
It is good to be alive.

MANNIE  
More alive than your "Adam Selene,"  
anyway. Eh, Prof?

MIKE  
Adam Selene? The author and wanted  
insurrectionist?

PROF  
Yes, Mike -- you know of him?

MIKE  
I have read his work. Warden  
Hobart had all materials scanned  
into my analysis function.

PROF  
And what was your conclusion?

MIKE  
Selene's argument is a sound one:  
he is correct that if The Authority  
were to be removed from power and a  
sovereign Luna entered into a free  
market economy with Earth, the  
standard of living here would  
improve on the order of four-fold.

Mannie WHISTLES -- not bad. Wyoming looks to him. See?

MIKE  
Warden Hobart was most relieved  
once I informed him that the odds  
of a successful coup by rebel  
forces would be one in  
approximately five-hundred-  
thousand.

Well that certainly killed the mood. Prof rises, wanders  
back toward the mine shaft, crestfallen.

INT. ABANDONED ICE MINE - SHORT TIME LATER

Prof, his helmet off, looks forlornly at the printing press. Wyoming approaches, pulling off her helmet; Mannie floats down the last several feet and pulls off his helmet. He approaches the others.

MANNIE

Better to know now, isn't it? I mean... things really so bad here?

She looks at him; he still doesn't get it.

WYOMING

(to the air)

Mike?

Mike appears. He speaks but we hear nothing. Wyoming props up one of the p-suit helmets as a make-shift PA system.

MIKE

...first female friend.

WYOMING

Mike, Adam Selene wrote about what he believed would happen to Luna if nothing changed. Was he right?

MIKE

Adam Selene predicts a resource depletion crisis within the next one hundred to one hundred fifty years.

(then)

Available data, however, does not support this.

Again both Prof and Wyoming are thrown. All their assumptions are being challenged. Mannie actually feels sorry for them, even though it appears to be good news.

MANNIE

Sorry. I guess.

MIKE

-- a more probable scenario would put the crisis within the next seven years.

MANNIE

Huh?

PROF

Seven years? Mike, are you sure?

MIKE

The answer of seven years was arrived at by assuming the present situation, no change in Authority policy, and all major variables extrapolated from the empiricals implicit in their past behavior --

MANNIE

What is he talking about?

MIKE

Ecological disaster, Man. Luna-wide food riots in seven years. Cannibalism should not occur for at least two years thereafter.

WYOMING

Cannibalism...

PROF

My God... I was too optimistic. I know water runs downhill... but didn't dream how terribly soon it would reach bottom.

MANNIE

Wait a minute, wait a minute! How did we go from Every Loonie A King to food riots and cannibalism?

PROF

For a hundred years Luna has been shipping her lifeblood down to Terra -- water and organic materials in the form of our grains. In return we've received nothing but oppression and the lash. Never has so valuable a possession been so recklessly and stupidly mismanaged as this entire Luna colony. Our industry discouraged, our resources pillaged, worst of all our very character stifled!

MANNIE

(resigned shrug)

Well -- what are you gonna do?

WYOMING

Fight. We fight and we win.

MANNIE

You heard the odds -- five hundred thousand to one against!

MIKE

Pardon me, Man my first friend.  
But those are not the current odds.

Everyone perks up at that.

MANNIE

You said they were --

MIKE

No. I said that was my projection to The Warden. At present, there is a one in ten chance that the rebels will achieve victory.

WYOMING

From five hundred thousand against to ten? How?

MIKE

Two new factors have altered the equation. The first being the elimination of Security Chief Alvarez. And the second... being me.

A small beat for that to register, then Prof is beaming.

PROF

Yes... yes! Mike! With you we would have a chance!

MIKE

A one in ten chance.

PROF

Welcome, comrade!

(reaches for Mike's  
shoulder; grabs air)

Well, you're there in spirit, at any rate.

MANNIE

You sure it's one in ten, Mike?

MIKE

I am never wrong.

MANNIE

(defeated finally)

What the hell. I can live with those odds. I'm in.

MIKE

The odds are now one in twelve.

MANNIE

Hey!

MIKE

The odds were altered because The Warden has just dispatched a follow-team to find Security Chief Alvarez. You have time to run.

EXT. SURFACE OF THE MOON - THE FOLLOW TEAM

Some SHIPS landing near the mine shaft. One HOVERING right over it as YELLOW JACKETS rappel down lines into the mine.

We're watching this from the side of a rocky LUNAR MOUNTAIN. MANNIE, WYOH AND PROF watch hidden behind an outcropping.

PROF

There's a surface hatch not far from here. Has the advantage of a century of foot traffic. They shouldn't be able to distinguish our prints.

WYOMING

Where does it lead?

PROF

Back into Mother Luna. Catacombs. Mines. Most of them pressured. We can follow them to the Catapult, from there... I don't know.

Prof climbs. The others follow. Mannie brings up the rear, not wanting to say this, but in for a penny, in for a pound:

MANNIE

I know a place where we'd be safe. Well. You would be, anyway. Me, they might tear to pieces.

He passes them and now he's the one leading.

## INT. THE MOON - DAVIS FARM

As much of an "exterior" feel as we can muster. Large caves with fields of crops. Dwellings cut into the rock. If it weren't in the middle of the Moon, it could be a Kansas farm. Several PEOPLE toil away in the "fields." Among them an OLDER WOMAN, KAI DAVIS. She spots something in the distance. She straightens herself, smooths her dress, looking at --

THREE FIGURES approaching from the cathedral-like opening that is the entrance to the Davis Farm. Kai reacts, nearly imperceptibly, a subtle intake of breath.

MANNIE, with Wyoming and Prof following a few paces behind, walks up to this stoic Luna farm woman. He stands before her. Neither makes any kind of move. Finally:

MANNIE

Hello, Kai.

KAI

You look thin. You been well?

MANNIE

Getting by.

KAI

Well. Glad you ain't dead.

MANNIE

Brought some friends with me.

KAI

See that. Gone seven years, come home with company. They're as welcome as you are.

(a pointed beat)

And you are.

A huge question mark is lifted for Mannie at this moment. These two clearly have a short-hand. Mannie moves on to:

MANNIE

Kai, this is Wyoming Knott and Professor Bernardo de la Paz.

(then, to the others)

Wyoh, Prof. This is Kai Davis.

(then)

My wife.

They react to that. Wife? His mother maybe... Now other Davises are approaching. A handsome woman of forty, ANNA --

ANNA

Mannie -- ? It is you...

She hugs him, it's tentative, wary, but sincere.

MANNIE

It's me. What's left of me.

(then)

Wyoh, Prof. This is Anna -- my wife.

Before they can respond, a cute, girlish woman in her twenties, SIDRIS, comes racing up, launches herself at Mannie, hugging the shit out of him.

SIDRIS

Mannieeee! Oh! Bog, I missed you so much!

MANNIE

(choking, a glance back)

Sidris. My wife.

Two more women appear, LENORE, thirties and dry as whiskey, and LUDMILLA, 20's. They've got several CHILDREN in tow.

LENORE

Well would ya look at what the cat drug in? Kids, go say hello to your daddy Mannie -- and make sure he knows he's been kissed.

And now he's beset by a GAGGLE OF CHILDREN of varying ages.

LENORE (CONT'D)

(to Wyoh and Prof)

Hello. I'm Lenore. Mannie's --

WYOMING

-- wife?

LENORE

Well. One of 'em. Here's another. Ludmilla.

LUDMILLA

Call me Milla. Everyone does.

Now TWO MEN with farm tools over their shoulders: HANS, a bit younger than Mannie, and GREG, forties. Mannie sees them. We can't quite read their reactions to seeing him -- until they drop their tools, move to him, muss his hair and bear hug him. Big, warm, friendly male responses.

## WYOMING

I know they aren't his wives.

PROF

No. Co-husbands, I suspect.

Wyoming reacts to that. Mannie has found himself in the middle of a warm and welcoming family reunion.

KAI

Alright. Point's been made. Air ain't free!

(to the guests)

Have ya'll had supper?

INT. DAVIS HOUSE - DINING HALL

Family dinner. Utterly enchanting bedlam. The wives and husbands equally share in the serving and tending of the many children. This is The Waltons squared. Besides the five wives and two co-husbands, there's GRANDPAW HUSBAND, the senior husband, older than Moses and senile as a post. Prof is delighted; Wyoming's confused and Mannie's uncomfortable.

PROF

A line marriage... the genius of our people continues to astound. May I ask how old this particular marriage is?

KAI

Davis Marriage is nearly one hundred years old, Professor. Our first husband, Black Jack Davis, met our first wife, Liz-Genny Davis, when she was shipped up from Terra back during the Wet Firecracker Wars. They started this farm together when it was just a little two-tunnel subsidy. Farm grew as the marriage grew.

PROF

And if it's not too tedious, how long before they started opting in additional spouses?

KAI

Usual time. Children came along. Attrition rate was so high in those days if you didn't have at least three parents the babies were in terrible danger of being orphaned.

HANS

And when you're building assets,  
only makes sense to marry your farm-  
hands. Gives 'em a stake.

PROF

To think, a marriage can exist  
wherein the partners never met  
those who took the original vows!

SIDRIS

Well, now Black Jack Davis was dead  
and gone, but Liz-Genny Davis was  
Senior Wife back when Grandpaw  
Husband first got opted. So he  
knew one of the founders.

Grandpaw Husband gums his food.

LENORE

Yeah, but he don't remember.

GREG

What about you, Wyoming? How'd you  
manage to get past marriage height  
without being opted?

WYOMING

Guess I just never met the right...  
very large group of people.

Lenore smacks a BOY whose face is buried in his bowl.

LENORE

Eat with your hands!

PROF

Perhaps one day, when we're more  
familiar, I'll inquire as to how  
you manage the conjugal aspects of  
married life.

LENORE

Ask, we ain't embarrassed.

PROF

Would that I could say the same for  
myself, dear lady.

KAI

So. Are all three of you on the  
run the from the law? Or is it  
just our Mannie?

Everyone looks at them. Uh...

MANNIE

It's all of us, Mama Kai.

KAI

Mmm-hmm. Just interested, is all.

That seems to be the end of that. And the feasting and cross-talk continues.

INT. THE MOON - DAVIS FARM - LATER - MANNIE

is alone in the "exterior." The "rain" comes down on the crops from an irrigation system in the high ceilings of the caverns. Wyoming appears, joins him.

WYOMING

So. You're married. To put it mildly. Why didn't you say so?

MANNIE

Little busy being drugged and kidnapped. What's the difference?

WYOMING

I guess you just didn't... seem married. When we were up on the surface... I just thought... never mind. They say earthlight will do strange things to a person.

MANNIE

It wasn't the earthlight.

A beat as she looks at him. A moment there. Now Prof appears from the house, full and happy.

PROF

May I join you?

MANNIE

Free country.

PROF

Indeed it is not. Which is why we must stay sharp. One might easily forget about food riots and cannibalism when this well-fed. Though I can think no better place to plot our revolution.

(MORE)

PROF (cont'd)

If we should ever doubt what it is we're fighting for, all we need do is regard your beautiful family.

MANNIE

Make sure you tell them that once Terra starts raining nuclear warheads down on 'em.

WYOMING

That may not even happen.

PROF

No. Manuel is quite right. Before we can even think about moving against the Warden, we must have some kind of plan for dealing with Earth and its inevitable response.

WYOMING

So what are you suggesting?

PROF

Some kind of plan for dealing with Earth and its inevitable response.  
(after a beat)  
I got nothin'.

MANNIE

Exactly. Luna's got nothing. No weapons and no way even to pose a credible threat.

WYOMING

Well... can't we build weapons?

MANNIE

Out of what? Air? Oh, wait, we don't really have that either.

WYOMING

Well... what about Mike?

MANNIE

Mike can't build weapons. He's not real.

WYOMING

Exactly! But a credible threat! He can give us that. He can send images directly into the enemy's vision centers and make them think we have armies and ships and bombs and... and anything! Tigers!

MANNIE

That would only work if we were fighting ourselves. Or starting a circus. Only Loonie inmates -- sorry, citizens -- have ocular implants. Wouldn't even work with Warden or his goons.

They all noodle silently for a beat. Mannie animates with:

MANNIE

Hey -- I know! Food riots and cannibalism! Who's with me?

WYOMING

That's not helping.

PROF

It is a puzzle. We really are a David up against Goliath.

WYOMING

Too bad we don't have any rocks.

MANNIE

Oh, we got rocks.  
 (a beat, then a lightbulb)  
 Know what else we got?  
 (they look at him)  
 A big-ass slingshot...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MOON - THE CATAPULT

LOOMING up out of a gigantic man-made crater, casting an ominous shadow over the lunar surface. Now THREE GIANT HEADS appear, looking down at it --

MANNIE

Now who's David and who's Goliath?

Because we are in:

INT. DAVIS FARM - GUEST QUARTERS

The 3-D CGI model of the lunar surface and Catapult are curtesy of MIKE, who is there. It's one of his direct-to-vision-centers projections. They're using it as a kind of working schematic model for war planning. It's floating in MID AIR.

PROF  
The Catapult -- as a weapon...

MANNIE  
Here's what happens when a 100  
tonne rock falls to Terra un-  
braked... Mike?

VFX: And we see it happen right in the room in three  
dimensions. The CGI Catapult launches a freighter-sized Moon  
rock at a CGI Earth. Under that, Mike is narrating:

MIKE  
Using the same technology we use  
for delivering grain shipments...

He stops in mid-sentence and the CGI ROCK FREEZES, because --

KAI is now at the door with blankets. She sees the three of  
them (she does not see Mike) all huddled over empty space in  
the middle of the room, intently staring at nothing.

KAI  
(utterly unphased)  
Here's blankets. Water runs. Let  
me know if you need anything else.

And she exits. We POP BACK TO: The four of them as The MOON  
ROCK again hurtles through a CGI atmosphere --

MIKE  
...we will be able to deliver a  
sustained bombardment.

-- the rock-bomb races toward a CGI city -- and on impact  
VAPORIZES it. Over this:

MANNIE  
Energy on impact is six point  
twenty-five to the twelfth joules --  
in Lay-Loonie's terms, enough force  
to wipe out a town.

PROF  
A most credible threat.

WYOMING  
Would we really be willing to do  
this?

MANNIE  
You were willing to shoot me in the  
back.

WYOMING

This seems different.

MIKE

If I may. Pilotless freighter technology could be converted to these rock-bombs. Targeting would be specific, and an attack could be aborted moments before impact.

WYOMING

What about battle cruisers? Could we use it against those?

MANNIE

Gravity pull from Terra is what gives rocks their bang. Catapult's useless for protecting us up close.

PROF

Then when we take Luna, our first priority will be to secure and protect the Catapult. Now all we need do is raise an army. And for that, we must have a population sympathetic to our cause.

MANNIE

Who's for moving to another planet with sympathetic population? Because Loonies most non-political race ever created.

PROF

True. But they are also the most adaptable. Because they have had to be. They'll be with us once they understand the facts...

INT. LUNA CITY - SPRAWL

Loonies in the hustle and bustle of their daily lives...

PROF (V.O.)

And the fact is, they're prisoners. Most of them just don't know it. There is a Chinese proverb, "A fish is not aware of water." And someone's going to have to tell these fish they're drowning.

INT. AUTHORITY COMPLEX - THE WARDEN

getting touched up, preparing to go live with a broadcast --

MANNIE (V.O.)  
And who's going to do that?

PROF (V.O.)  
Adam Selene.

MANNIE (V.O.)  
Good. The invisible man.

In three, two, one -- and he's on:

WARDEN  
Citizens of Luna, greetings.  
Protector Hobart here, speaking to  
you from the Central Authority  
Complex in Luna City...

INT. LUNA CITY - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

The Warden's address is broadcast over large screens: On  
TUBE STATION PLATFORMS... in TUBE TRAIN CARS. In LOONIE  
BARS... over KIOSKS... in MARKETPLACES...

WARDEN (ON VID)  
In the three solar years since I  
accepted the Lunar Authority's  
appointment as Protector, grain  
output to Terra has increased by  
one-fifth of one per cent...

INT. DAVIS FARM - CONTINUOUS - A VID SCREEN

runs the Warden's address. Davises come and go.

KAI  
Horrible man. Anna, shut it off.

LENORE  
Authority broadcast, Mama Kai.  
Can't shut it off, you know that.

KAI  
Well for Bog's sake, someone at  
least try to cover it.

WARDEN (ON VID)  
...this unplanned spike in  
productivity is most troubling.  
(MORE)

WARDEN (ON VID) (cont'd)  
 By exceeding Authority quotas, the  
 overly ambitious do much damage to  
 the self-esteem of those whose  
 cubics may not be yielding as much  
 at harvest time...

In the midst of that, The Warden's IMAGE has started to WAVER  
 and FRITZ... AUDIO goes WONKY...

WARDEN (ON VID)  
 For the sake of Loonie unity, let's  
 get harvest outputs back down to  
 manageable levels.

...The Warden's HEAD MORPHS into another MAN. This one is  
 DISGUISED by VIDEO MASKING STATIC, though the careful viewer  
 will probably recognize it as MIKE:

MIKE (ON VID)  
 Loonie unity? Did Mort the Wart  
actually just say "Loonie Unity?"

A TRAIN LOAD of commuters stares, mouths agape...

PEOPLE in the SPRAWL stop and stare...

AT THE DAVIS FARM, Anna's trying to mask the screen with a  
 blanket, Kai waves it down, suddenly interested...

MIKE (ON VID)  
 Only thing uniting Loonies are the  
 Authority's chains!

In the Authority Complex, the Warden is having a fit:

WARDEN  
 Where's it coming from? Where?!

MIKE (ON VID)  
 And who supplied them with those  
 chains? We did, kids. You and me.  
 We forged them -- link by link.

The Warden's gaze falls to a "No Nonsense" pamphlet...

WARDEN  
 It's him...

INT. DAVIS FARM - GUEST QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Prof and Mannie are watching, fully impressed as Mike, in the  
 center of the room (SANS digital masking, which is only  
 visible on any monitor), rants and raves...

MIKE (CONT'D)

-- we wrought them with our own strong hands, stamped them "Loonie Made," then let the Authority sell them back to us marked up nine-hundred per-cent! Loonie unity! Ha!

As he speaks, CAMERA ARCS around him... WYOMING is standing in the electronic image of Mike. It's as if they are fused together. She's really the one giving the speech...

WYOMING

How about this for 'Loonie Unity' -- what if Loonies unite behind Mort the Wart and give him a good shove through the nearest air-lock?

We continue MOVING around her, until Mike's image starts to mesh with her again, and it again becomes...

MIKE

-- Let him breathe vacuum!

INT. LUNA CITY - CONTINUOUS

FZZZZT. The IMAGE goes away. The whole city stands stunned.

INT. DAVIS FARM - CONTINUOUS

The Davises. Also silent statues. Behind them, Grandpaw Husband emerges from his lethargy long enough for:

GRANDPAW DAVIS

Well it's about Bog damn time somebody said it.

Then he slips back into his pleasant catatonia.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Effect of Adam Selene's first broadcast was immediate...

INT. LUNA CITY - SPRAWL

More bunched up than usual. Long lines at MANNED CHECK POINTS and YELLOW JACKETS at TUBE TRAIN PLATFORMS.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

The Warden instituted a new policy -  
- passports. A temporary measure, he said, just until "terrorist Selene" was apprehended.

PASSPORT KIOSK. An even longer line of aggravated LOONIES waiting in line with official paperwork.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Loonies grumbled. Even when Luna was official penal colony, things hadn't been this restricted. Why would they be? There was no place to escape to -- except vacuum.

WE MOVE with A LOONIE who has just received his new passport to a HUGE line at a TUBE TRAIN platform.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

But while this made it difficult for average Loonies to get around, freed up others. I mean us.

Now WE FIND Mannie, Prof and Wyoming moving through all this.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Mike made sure when Warden's clean-up crew ran DNA on those dead bodies, ours was among them. Nobody was looking for us... they were looking for someone else.

They pass... a TUBE TRAIN PLATFORM where ARMED YELLOW JACKETS check faces to documents. They also have another photo they are checking everyone against: it's a DIGITALLY ENHANCED screen grab from Selene's broadcast. Even with attempts to clear away the STATIC MASKING, it's not much.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Someone who existed only as whizzing signals inside Authority's own master computer.

Mannie, Wyoming and Prof fall in line at a passport kiosk.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Signals we called "Mike" made sure bogus passports would be waiting for us at official kiosk. No huhu.

A dubious looking LOONIE SCALPER sidles up to them.

LOONIE SCALPER

Pssst. Chums. You don't want to wait in this line. Got all the paper you need right here.

He opens his jacket: a stash of not-bad fake passports.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Hadn't been 12 hours and already a black market for false papers had sprung up.

## PROF

What's your asking price, my good fellow?

## LOONIE SCALPER

Same as the fee they charge. Plus five platinum for convenience.

## WYOMING

Greasy back birth! Exploiting the oppression of your fellow Loonies!

## PROF

We'll take three.

Mannie and Wyoming both do a take. Prof makes the illegal transaction. Scalper moves off. Prof turns to the surprised Mannie and Wyoming. Hands them their new, fake papers.

## PROF

This is just the sort of entrepreneurial enterprise we should be encouraging. Any Loonie willing to pay more to buck this oppressive policy is already halfway with us! Come. You'll buy me a drink. We'll scheme.

## INT. LOONIE BAR - TAPROOM - LATER

Prof holds court at a private table. Wyoh hangs on Prof's every word; Mannie appears a bit more dubious.

## PROF

Revolution is a science. Properly organized and well-timed it can be a bloodless coup. Done clumsily or prematurely and the result is civil war, mob violence, purges, terror.

## MANNIE

We should try to avoid those last things you mentioned.

## WYOMING

(vigorous nod)  
I agree.

PROF

Everything depends on following a few basic rules. First rule: organization. It must never be larger than absolutely necessary. Individual conspiratorial units of three are best. More than three can't agree on when to have dinner, much less when to strike.

WYOMING

Sensible.

MANNIE

Won't work.

WYOMING

Excuse me? Professor de la Paz has given this much study. He knows what he's talking about.

PROF

I was actually sentenced to Luna for criminal subversion.

MANNIE

Congratulations. I'm just saying. Three, it won't work.

PROF

My boy, revolutions are not won by enlisting the masses. Never recruit anyone merely because he wishes to join, nor seek to persuade for the pleasure of having another share your views. He'll share them when the time comes or you've misjudged the moment in history.

WYOMING

(to Mannie)

That was in his book.

PROF

Three really is the optimum number.

MANNIE

Right. But there's not three of us. There's four. You forgot Mike.

There's one empty chair at the table. Prof's gaze falls to it as he registers that. An idea forming...

PROF

No. Not Mike. Adam Selene...

INT. DAVIS FARM - GUEST QUARTERS

Mannie, Prof and Wyoming, each pacing the room, weaving around Mike. As they speak, MIKE'S IMAGE will alter and morph this way and that --

WYOMING

I see Selene as older than Mike...

Mike grows VERY, VERY OLD.

WYOMING

Not that old.

PROF

A healthy, vigorous forty, I should think.

Mike adjusts to just that.

MANNIE

And taller. Cobber trusts a fella with a little height.

WYOMING

Iron-gray hair. Wavy.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Decision to make Adam Selene more a real person arose for very practical reasons --

INT. LUNA CITY - SPRAWL

ADAM SELENE (again with digital masking) regales the crowds and has brought the city to a stand-still.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

-- we knew the Warden'd have his poodles busy trying to peel away layers of Adam's disguise...

INT. AUTHORITY COMPLEX - CONTROL ROOM

The Warden's SELENE TASK FORCE. The current Selene BROADCAST plays on several screens. TECHS and CLERKS man video monitors, computers, map boards, etc.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

So we made sure his dogs had enough  
bones to keep them busy --

THE WARDEN leans over a TECH who is using a computer program to painstakingly bring more resolve to the hidden Selene face underneath the digital masking... and it's starting to look like the vigorous FORTY-YEAR-OLD our people were creating... Warden leans closer to the image. Something's off --

## WARDEN

What's wrong with his face?

A beat. He studies it. Then sees it. Of course.

## WARDEN

He's had work done. And not one of those back-tunnel New Hong Kong knife jobs, either. Check with plastic surgeons in Novylen.

Another group of TECHS are isolating background noises.

## TECH #2

We think we may have something.  
Give us a moment and we might be  
able to tell you where he's  
broadcasting from.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Mike would add details to the  
signal. Background noise, or route  
broadcast through random public  
housing switchboard.

Tech #2's digital display of Luna City triangulates to pinpoint the location.

## WARDEN

Gotcha --

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

And sometimes, not so random...

INT. LUNA CITY - TENEMENT - YELLOW JACKETS

descend from the "sky." There's lots of hand signals and very official S.W.A.T.-like moves as they converge on a particular door. The Warden lurks. Adam Selene does a riff from a GIANT BILLBOARD SIZED SCREEN. The Warden's men are in place. He smiles -- it's all about to end. He nods to his men. They kick the door open and --

INT. TENEMENT - APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A NAKED MAN AND WOMAN fall out of bed as the storm troopers storm in. The Warden's look of triumph is instantly gone.

WARDEN

Naomi?

NAKED WOMAN

Mort?

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Important for Warden to feel Adam  
Selene knew more about Warden's  
life than Warden...

The Warden starts dragging his naked wife out the door as she clutches the sheet to herself. He looks up at the billboard-sized screen: and sees himself looking back. His humiliation is being broadcast LIVE on screens everywhere.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

As important for Warden to look  
like a fool. Because when it's a  
fool who has his hand in your  
pocket robbing you blind -- what's  
that make you?

INT. A FARMER'S HOME - A FARMER

and his LARGE FAMILY eating dinner.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Ripe for revolution...

ADAM SELENE is on the VID BOX. The Farmer nods his head vigorously in agreement to whatever is being said.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Mike monitored attitudes. Eyes and  
ears everywhere. He alone would  
judge if someone was a worthy  
recruit...

The Farmer is beckoned away from the tube by his WIFE. Call for him. He moves to a VID-PHONE. SELENE fades out from the TV SCREEN. The Farmer accepts the incoming call --

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Then that person would be contacted  
-- by Adam Selene himself...

VID-PHONE: IMAGE resolves into DIGITALLY DISGUISED SELENE... then RESOLVES FURTHER until it is a clear picture of our iron-gray-haired, vigorous forty-year-old ADAM SELENE. He smiles.

MIKE-AS-ADAM  
Evening, Gospodin.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
Mike was our Scarlet Pimpernel, our John Galt, our Swamp Fox, our man of mystery.

INT. THE MOON - MARKET PLACE

A SHOP-OWNER finishes his last sale of the day, sees customers out, locks up. He turns and a VIDEO WALL that a moment before had been an ADVERTISEMENT is now ADAM SELENE.

MIKE-AS-ADAM (ON VID)  
You work too hard, comrade.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
If he talked to you, you felt special, important, chosen. And you were...

INT. LUNA AUTHORITY COMPLEX - CUBICLES

A FEMALE LOONIE SECRETARY jokes with some fellow employees. Then she moves back to her cubicle. Something's wrong with her computer. She smacks it: ADAM SELENE appears there --

MIKE-AS-ADAM (ON VID)  
Careful, Gospazha. That's company property.

She grins. It's not the first time he's visited. She casts a furtive glance, then leans in close. He's dreamy.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
Mike was building us an army -- one soldier at a time.

INT. LOONIE BAR - TAPROOM - MANNIE

is at the bar. The BARTENDER fills two glasses of beer and speaks to ANOTHER LOONIE in a RED CAP.

BARTENDER  
So this Terran goes into a bar. Terran's got a duck on his head. Not sure why. Could be an Earth thing.

(MORE)

BARTENDER (cont'd)  
 Anyway, barkeep says to the Terran,  
 "What can I do for you?" And the  
 duck says, "Get this Terran off my  
 ass!"

(busts up laughing)  
 The duck said it! Get it?  
 (to Mannie; re: beers)  
 Seven scrip.

Mannie pays him. A smile frozen on his face.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
 My God. It was like code.

The bartender turns away saying, as though second nature:

BARTENDER  
 Free Luna.

Mannie takes the drinks over to his table, where Prof waits.

MANNIE  
 Mike's been busy. Not sure if he's  
 building our army or his audience.  
 He mention odds lately?

PROF  
 Forget the odds. They're going to  
 get worse before they get better.

MANNIE  
 So they're worse.

PROF  
 Manuel -- take a look around. Note  
 the red caps?

Now Mannie starts to notice them: DISTINCTIVE RED CAPS.  
 There's someone else with one. Two more Loonies in caps.

PROF  
 The people are calling them  
 "Liberty Caps." Even Mike's not  
 sure who started it. But it means  
 our cause is taking hold. The way  
 is being prepared here, my boy.  
 (then)  
 Now we must do the same for down  
there.

Off Mannie, wondering what that might mean...

CUT TO:

## INT. THE MOON - NOVYLEN OUTPOST

The Reno/Las Vegas of The Moon. It's filled with VENDORS and GAMBLERS and bouncing LOONIE PROSTITUTES.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Novylen was a tourist trap. First stop for all Terran sight-seers. Most never got any further. Some were robbed blind. All did that ridiculous surface walk.

SHIPS are docking at the air locks, all manner of ships, from small PRIVATE PLEASURE VESSELS to larger CHARTERS. Eccentric PASSENGERS enter via an air lock. They have lots of trouble coming down the ramp in the low gravity.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Prof felt it was essential to have a contact on Terra if revolution was to succeed. He'd had Mike monitoring manifests of tourists ships and private transports, looking for just the right mark...

Another AIR LOCK opens and STUART RENE LAJOIE appears. He's 30's, whip smart, handsome and refined. He has less trouble in the low grav than most.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Stuart Rene Lajoie fit Prof's profile so well, Mike thought maybe he was a plant, that the Warden had invented him. Authority's version of Adam Selene. But Stuart was the real thing. He didn't land with other tourists -- he was rich. Had his own dinkum private space-plane.

Stuart moves through the vendors and beggars and whores.

## INT. NOVYLEN STRIP BAR - SHORT TIME LATER

LOONIE STRIPPER GIRLS move differently in six times less gravity. Stuart drinks. Enjoys the view. A FETCHING YOUNG LOONIE CHICK, TISH, not a stripper, gives him the eye.

## STUART'S TABLE - SHORT TIME LATER

Now he's plying Tish with drinks. Flirting. He's a little buzzed. He leans in to kiss her. She plays hard to get.

He is perhaps a little too aggressive. Kisses her even though she's pulling away. And the next thing he knows --

FOUR YOUNG LOONIE MEN, punks basically, confront Stuart. He tries to appease them. Offers them drinks. It's a non-starter. One of the punks, SLIM, is all chivalry and chest puffing for the insulted Tish. Presently, the four hoods have grabbed Stuart and his feet never touch the floor as they hustle him toward the door, nearly running into MANNIE, who is just entering. Mannie looks surprised.

SLIM

Out of the way. We're gonna  
'liminate this earthworm!

MANNIE

Sure you wanna do that?

SLIM

He insulted Tish.

Mannie looks to the petulant, pouty Tish.

MANNIE

Then he should die.

STUART

I protest!

MANNIE

He protests.

SLIM

He would.

MANNIE

'liminating a tourist is serious  
stuff, maybe you should adjudicate.

SLIM

A trial?

MANNIE

That too.

SLIM

Okay. Will you judge?

Mannie hesitates, checks his watch. Oh, okay.

MANNIE

(to Stuart)

Will you accept me as your judge?

STUART  
Are you a jurist?

MANNIE  
Computer repairman. But I've sat  
judge more than once. I'm not  
urging you. Your life, not mine.

STUART  
My life, did you say?

MANNIE  
Lads intend to eliminate you.

STUART  
I see. Well, yes. I accept you as  
judge.

MANNIE  
Let's settle fees. How high can  
you boys go? I'm not judging an  
elimination for dimes. Tanstaaf.  
So ante up or turn him loose.

Slim and the others confer, Slim turns to Mannie.

SLIM  
Fifty dollars, judge?

MANNIE  
Sixty. Ten each.  
(to Stuart)  
Can you match it? Sixty dollars.  
Cheap for a capital case, if you  
were wondering.

STUART  
I think I can manage it, yes.

MANNIE  
Alright. Grab a jury. Five bucks  
apiece. See who's in the alley.

One of the boys moves to an alleyway, cups his hands calls:

BOY  
Jury work! Five dollar job!

INT. NOVYLEN STRIP BAR - BACK TABLE

Mannie presides. Six JURORS of varying disrespectability are  
gathered. One of them SNORES.

MANNIE

Okay, then. Let me sum up beef  
best I can. Here we have a  
stranger. Doesn't know our ways.  
He offended, he's guilty. But  
meant no offense far as I can see.  
What does jury say? Hey!

He kicks the sleeping juror, who starts awake to croak out:

JURY MEMBER #1

'liminate him!

Then he's sawing logs again. Mannie looks to the next juror.

JURY MEMBER #2

Guess it would be enough just to  
beat tar out of him. Can't have  
men pawing women, or place will get  
to be as bad as they say Terra is.

The others JURORS NOD, MUMBLE their agreement.

MANNIE

So. One for 'limination, five for  
brutal beating.  
(to Slim)  
What will give you satisfaction?

SLIM

Well. We already roughed him some.  
What if he...  
(thinks real hard)  
What if said he was sorry!

MANNIE

So ruled. Gospodin Lajoie,  
apologize. Then I'll buy you a  
drink.

INT. NOVYLEN OUTPOST - OUTSIDE THE STRIP BAR

Slim and Company, looking very proud and puffed, exiting with  
Tish. Prof is waiting there. He hands them each some cash  
for their pains as they pass.

PROF

Excellent. Good work. Nicely  
played.

INT. NOVYLEN STRIP BAR - LATER - MANNIE AND STUART

hoisting a couple together at a table.

STUART

You used an odd word earlier -- odd to my ears, anyway. Sounded like "tone-stapple."

MANNIE

Tanstaaf1. Means "there ain't no such thing as a free lunch." Was reminding kids that everything "free" costs twice as much in the long run or turns out worthless.

STUART

An interesting philosophy.

MANNIE

Not philosophy. Fact. One way or other, what you get, you pay for. Like this air you're breathing. You think that's free? Ain't.

STUART

Really? Nobody has asked me to pay. Perhaps I should stop.

MANNIE

Almost did. You almost breathed vacuum. Anyway, nobody's asked you to pay 'cause you paid already. Part of the surcharge when you came through customs. For me it's a quarterly charge. But we both pay.

STUART

Interesting. So was I really in danger of "breathing vacuum?"

MANNIE

Should have charged you more. You think it's all a joke.

STUART

No. I just have trouble grasping that your local laws would permit a man to be put to death so casually, for so trivial an offense.

MANNIE

Stu. Let's take that a piece at a time. Are no "local laws" so you couldn't be "put to death" under 'em.

(MORE)

MANNIE (cont'd)

Offense wasn't "trivial." And was not done casually, or boys would have dragged you to nearest air lock, shoved you in, and cycled. Anything still not clear?

STUART

Just all of it, really. What do you mean there are no local laws?

MANNIE

We don't have laws because we've never been allowed to. Only law here is Warden's law -- and Warden don't care what one Loonie does to another. What we have are customs. Natural laws. Self enforcing. That's how people stay alive.

STUART

What natural law did I violate?

MANNIE

You made a move on a female.

STUART

And I would have thought that the most natural thing in the world.

MANNIE

Your world. Here it's two million males, less than one million females. A physical fact, basic as rock. Now add idea of tanstaaf. When a thing is scarce, price goes up. Here, women are scarce. That makes them the most valuable thing in Luna, more precious than ice or air. On Luna, you adjust to facts, you stay alive. Those who don't are dead and no problem.

STUART

Mannie, old cobber. May I buy you dinner?

MANNIE

Wouldn't be right.

STUART

You saved my life.

MANNIE

It's lunch time.

STUART

Oh.

MANNIE

Let me take you someplace where  
they serve the best.

STUART

You will let me pay?

MANNIE

Pay? Where we're going it's free.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Plan was simple. Trick wasn't to  
get Stuart to sympathize with  
revolution -- trick was to get him  
to fall madly in love with Luna...

INT. THE MOON - DAVIS FARM - MANNIE AND STUART

Together heading up the path toward the main house. Stuart  
taking in the sights with delight and wonder.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Both Prof and Wyoh said the Davis  
Farm would work a magic spell on  
Stu. Guess it already had on them.

INT. DAVIS FARM - MAIN HOUSE - MANNIE

enters with his guest, reacts to something we don't see yet.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Could be it was working something  
like magic on me, too.

THE ENTIRE DAVIS CLAN (including Wyoming and Prof) greet  
Mannie and Stuart. Every last one of them are wearing RED  
LIBERTY CAPS. Even Grandpaw, though he may not know it.

As each of the Davises vie for Stuart's attention -- Kai  
feeding him, the women fawning, the men back-slapping and the  
Loonie children forcing him to play -- Wyoming catches  
Mannie's eye from across the delightful chaos. Smiles.

INT. THE MOON - DAVIS FARM - "OUTSIDE"

We're looking at the main house. Much life inside. KIDS are  
spilling out into the front, chasing each other, playing.

It's Mannie who is looking at this. He regards the house,  
this world. Wyoming appears at the door. She sees him.

Runs the gauntlet of kids playing as she approaches him, her hands behind her back. Smiling.

WYOMING

Good work with Stuart.

MANNIE

He's an earthworm doesn't have his moon-legs yet. It was easy. But you? Slick, recruiting my whole family.

WYOMING

Is that what you think?

(then)

Mannie -- I didn't recruit anyone. I got recruited!

MANNIE

Someone in my family? Kai. She always hated Authority.

WYOMING

Not Mama Kai. Sidris.

Mannie glances back to the house. SIDRIS can be seen running outside with the children. Not much more than a kid herself.

WYOMING

She's been a party member practically since Adam's first broadcast. Mannie, your wife is a radical. All of your wives are, actually. And your husbands.

MANNIE

Co-husbands. So everyone got recruited but me, huh?

WYOMING

They don't trust you.

(off his look)

I'm kidding.

Wyoming moves a little closer, mischievous smile.

WYOMING

Sidris suggested I opt you.

MANNIE

Did she?

Wyoming pulls a red cap out from behind her back.

MANNIE

I don't know. You look like a  
bunch of crazy people to me.

She pops the cap on his head. Closes the space between them.  
Kisses him. He kisses her back.

WYOMING

That's how we say "welcome comrade"  
at the Davis Farm.

She backs away, turns and heads back to the house. He  
watches her go. Not an unpleasant sight. Sidris, still  
playing and rough-housing with the kids, bumps into Mannie.  
Beams at him with huge affection.

SIDRIS

Isn't it wonderful? It's  
happening, Mannie. Not just here,  
but everywhere. People are waking  
up.

She bounces up, gives him a joyous peck.

SIDRIS

They're finally waking up!

She runs back out and rejoins the game. As we GO TO:

A PAIR OF EYES SNAPS AWAKE. One eye has a milky cataract:

INT. AUTHORITY HOSPITAL - CONVALESCENT WARD

Those eyes, both of them, belong to ALVAREZ, not dead,  
plugged into a high-tech hospital bed. His face is a twisted  
scar with remnants of his seared-in helmet. He comes around,  
reacting to his NAME being spoken... he starts with alarm at:  
A STUFFED TIGER in his face. Part of a "get well" bouquet --

ALVAREZ

Ahh!

THE WARDEN stands over his bed. He sets aside the basket.

WARDEN

Didn't mean to startle you. Heard  
you woke up and were asking for me.

ALVAREZ

(a smoky rasp)  
You called off the search.

WARDEN  
You're delirious. What are you  
talking about?

ALVAREZ  
Davis. Mannie Davis. Why aren't  
you looking for him?

WARDEN  
He's dead. They all are. DNA  
matches confirmed it.

ALVAREZ  
I don't believe it.

WARDEN  
You don't want to believe it. You  
thirst for revenge, and that's  
understandable. You get well, and  
I promise you endless opportunities  
to quench that thirst.

ALVAREZ  
I want to see the bodies.

WARDEN  
Right. Because I kept those. Face  
it, Alvarez -- we were drilling in  
the wrong crater.

ALVAREZ  
No.

The Warden grabs a Selene wanted notice from a nearby wall.

WARDEN  
This is Selene. Does he look like  
a man who's been crawling around in  
a mine shaft? He's smooth,  
sophisticated, obviously a man of  
means with access to an excellent  
plastic surgeon. Something you  
might want to look into.

The Warden tosses the leaflet, then turns and goes. Alvarez  
watches, rage building. He reaches over, sweeps the get-well  
basket away, starts pulling out tubes and wires. Off his  
revenge-fueled resurrection --

MIKE-AS-ADAM (V.O.)  
Angry? Yes. You should be angry.  
Every one of you --

INT. LUNA CITY - SPRAWL - ADAM SELENE

on the public video again.

MIKE-AS-ADAM (V.O.)

Do you know how much a Terran  
housewife pays for a kilo of flour  
made from your wheat?

INT. THE MOON - CATAPULT HEAD - TUNNEL TRAMS

lined up to sell their loads to the AUTHORITY INSPECTOR...

MIKE-AS-ADAM (V.O.)

How little it costs the Authority  
to get it from the Catapult head to  
market? Cheap! Downhill, all the  
way! The Authority buys your crops  
at their prices --

INT. LUNA CITY - MARKET PLACE

Loonies pick through the dregs.

MIKE-AS-ADAM (V.O.)

-- then sells them for ten times as  
much on open Terran markets! And  
what do you get in return? Not  
even a drop of water up from Terra!

INT. THE MOON - ICE MINES - MINERS

Miners sound for ice...

MIKE-AS-ADAM (V.O.)

You risk your lives to dig out  
Lunar ice. Authority buys that ice  
then sells it back to you as  
washing water!

INT. A LOONIE HOME - A LOONIE HOUSEWIFE

trying to keep up with her KIDS...

MIKE-AS-ADAM

Which you then give back so they  
can sell it to you a second time as  
flushing water which you then give  
back again, this time with valuable  
solids added --

INT. THE MOON - DAVIS FARM

Hans works the fields, teaching a red-capped Stuart.

MIKE-AS-ADAM (V.O.)  
 -- so they can sell you same water  
 a third time to fertilize your  
 farms with -- people!

INT. THE MOON - LUNA CITY

WIDE:

ADAM SELENE'S FACE times twenty, over the crowds.

MIKE-AS-ADAM (ON VID)  
 They make us pay for our own shit!

CUT TO:

INT. CATAPULT DROP - A TUNNEL TRAM

at the drop point. A FARMER argues with an AUTHORITY CLERK.  
 The Authority Clerk is shoving a clipboard at the Farmer.

AUTHORITY CLERK  
 You don't put yer chop there, you  
 don't get your voucher. No  
 voucher, no payment.

A FARMER  
 Told you, not selling at that  
 phoney Authority controlled rate.  
 That ain't even a tenth what this  
 shipment brings down on Terra.

AUTHORITY CLERK  
 We're not on Terra. This is the  
 rate it brings here. So. You  
 gonna put down yer chop so I can  
 get this load lifted or not?

A FARMER  
 Not.

AUTHORITY CLERK  
 What?

A FARMER  
 Tanstaaf! I'm backin' up.  
 (leans out, calls back)  
 I'M BACKIN' UP!

WIDER

a long line of TUNNEL TRAMS piling up behind them.

CLOSE - THE WARDEN. Serene. Relaxed. Reasonable.

WARDEN  
Fellow Loonies...

INT. DAVIS FARM - MAIN HOUSE

Life happening. The family spread around. Stuart is there playing with kids. He's wearing a red cap. Lenore and Kai play cards. No one pays too close attention to the video.

WARDEN (ON VID)  
I know that even appearing on our airwaves runs the risk of giving that criminal Adam Selene another excuse to cause mischief --

LENORE  
Why do you think anyone's even watchin', crater brain?

WARDEN (ON VID)  
-- but if he truly loves freedom, as he claims, he won't censor what I have to say.

KAI  
Dictator crying about "censorship."

WARDEN (ON VID)  
I speak now to those few honest farmers who have let Selene's distortions of life here on our beloved Luna affect you. I and your neighbors expect that by start of business tomorrow you will have delivered your cargo to the Catapult Head, where it will be purchased from you for the agreed upon price --

HANS  
Agreed upon by who?

GREG  
"Whom."

HANS  
Anyone!

WARDEN

--- this is not an ultimatum, but a heartfelt plea from a fellow Loonie who knows and understands your frustrations. I appeal to your better, civic-minded nature. Thank you.

Mannie and Prof share a look, a little concerned.

INT. AUTHORITY COMPLEX - WARDEN'S OFFICE

The Warden is on a two-way video-link with the FEDERATED NATIONS back on Earth.

SECRETARY GENERAL (ON VID)

What the hell is going on up there, Hobart? It's been three days. Where are my wheat shipments?

WARDEN

We're just having a little trouble with some of our growers, Mr. Secretary General.

SECRETARY GENERAL (ON VID)

Trouble? What kind of trouble?

WARDEN

A few isolated malcontents.

SECRETARY GENERAL (ON VID)

That won't do, Hobart. We've got hungry people down here! Contracts to fill, schedules to keep! You need to get your house in order.

WARDEN

Yes sir, Mr. Secretary General, sir. I just thought --

SECRETARY GENERAL (ON VID)

Not your job to think! It's your job to protect our investment. People of Earth demand it! You get that rabble in hand, or I'll send someone up there who will!

THE SECRETARY GENERAL'S FACE becomes MIKE'S FACE, which FLICKERS to PROF'S FACE and WE ARE:

INT. DAVIS FARM - GUEST QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Mannie, Prof, Wyoh and Mike. It was Prof posing as the Secretary General via Mike.

PROF  
How was it?

WYOMING  
Good. Very firm.

MANNIE  
I liked "rabble."

INT. AUTHORITY COMPLEX - CONTROL ROOM - THE WARDEN

WARDEN  
I want those shipments in the air!  
By point of bayonet if necessary!!

INT. LUNA - ANOTHER FARM

ARMED YELLOW JACKETS march The Farmer out of his house. His family looks on, frightened.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
Love of country wouldn't win the  
day. Easier to get people to hate  
a thing than love it.

INT. CATAPULT DROP - THE FARMER

with his shipment and the same smug Authority Clerk.

AUTHORITY CLERK  
Chop?

Unhappy, he signs. Pulls forward. A long line of cargo trams. And all along the row -- armed Yellow Jackets.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
Theory was, we push Warden, Warden  
pushes Loonies, Loonies push back.

EXT. THE MOON - CATAPULT

As the shipment is sent sailing toward Earth.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
Loonies didn't have a harbor...

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

It splashes down, the tugs are there to retrieve it.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
Never mind tea...

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - RETRIEVAL DOCK

The Terrans open the shipment and react -- giant stench.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
But we did have several tons of raw sewage that was sent in place of wheat. Loonie farmers' message was: you get what you pay for. Federated Nations decided to send back a message of their own...

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - SHUTTLES

land on the lunar surface. The space-equivalent of amphibious transports. These are TROOP CARRIERS. Ramps lower and DOZENS upon DOZENS of HEAVILY ARMORED DRAGOONS march out. These guys make the Warden's Yellow Jackets look like the amateurs they really are.

INT. LUNA CITY - OLD DOME

Martial law. The imported DRAGOON SQUADS are absolutely everywhere. Hovering at shops. Watching from tube train platforms. About as happy to be here as the Loonies are to have them, which is to say, not at all. We find Mannie and Prof moving through this:

PROF  
This place is finally starting to look like the prison that it is. Good.

MANNIE  
So does being occupied by heavily armed Peace Dragoons make our odds go up or down?

PROF  
Ironically, Mike says it doesn't change the odds at all. The necessary effect this should have on the citizenry's will-to-action is exactly counter-balanced by the chances of our imminent slaughter.

MANNIE

I feel better.

They arrive at a CITY PARK. Mannie follows Prof to a park bench. There is a Loonie MAN reading a newspaper. He scoots over a bit so they can sit. Mannie feels foolish, whispers:

MANNIE

Did Mike happen to mention who we're supposed to be meeting here?

PROF

Time and place. That was all. His instructions were very specific, but very cryptic. Marvelous, isn't it?

MANNIE

Glad you're enjoying it.

Prof pulls his own red cap from his coat and sets it at a particular angle on the back of the bench.

A RED-CAPPED BOY playing Loonie ball takes note of this. He hands off the ball, says goodbye to his friends, sweeps Prof's cap off the back of the bench. WE GO WITH HIM as he pushes through the crowd, up to a train platform and boards a TUBE TRAIN.

INT. TUBE CAR - CONTINUOUS

It speeds to the next stop. The Boy exits the car onto --

INT. ANOTHER TRAIN PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

The Boy walks past a GIRL READING A BOOK. Without even looking at her, he drops Prof's red cap next to her. She sweeps it up, rises, moves to the train that's still at the platform, gets on.

INT. TUBE CAR - MOVING

The Book Girl sits in a seat on the train. It pulls into another station. She rises, handing off Prof's red cap to AN OLD WOMAN who sits across from her.

INT. LUNA CITY - MARKET DISTRICT - THE OLD WOMAN

moves through the market district. She stops and buys some dried fruit. She leaves Prof's red cap on the counter as she goes. The GROCER picks up the red cap and closes up his shop, exiting --

INT. LUNA CITY - SPRAWL

The Grocer comes down a ramp and enters into --

PUBLIC PARK - OLD DOME

THE GROCER moves back toward where Mannie and Prof are sitting. He whispers to the MAN READING THE NEWSPAPER, slips him Prof's red cap, then leaves. Newspaper Man lowers his newspaper, turns to Prof and Mannie. Hands Prof his red cap.

NEWSPAPER MAN

No names.

PROF

Of course.

INT. THE MOON - ICE MINE

Newspaper Man takes Mannie and Prof on a tour of his assembly line: LOONIES working on reassembling laser rock drills.

NEWSPAPER MAN

Been converting these laser rock drills into blasters. Good for close combat stuff. But what you're really here to see is this way.

He leads them into another cavern. Here LOONIES are working on very large, older model drills.

NEWSPAPER MAN

Got sixteen of these old laser drills. And I mean old. Sixty, seventy years and more. They still work, just cumbersome is all.

MANNIE

You're converting them to cannon...  
(to Prof)  
Surface-to-air defense...

NEWSPAPER MAN

Targeting will be iffy, but burst range should be wide. Gunners are gonna have to wait until bombers are nearly on top of them. But even a half-assed hit should screw up a ship's electro-magnetics.

MANNIE

And bring it down?

NEWSPAPER MAN

Could. Send it spinning, anyway.  
And for sure jam its targeting.

MANNIE

That might be all we need.

NEWSPAPER MAN

Good. 'cause it's all we got.

INT. DAVIS FARM - HOTHOUSE

A magical spot. All manner of flora; tropical plants, desert flowers, blooming vines of all kinds. All just this side of alien, too large, too bright, beautifully but oddly shaped, growing here in the middle of the moon. Kai is doing some gardening. Wyoming gently caresses the petals of a flower.

WYOMING

Have you ever been there?

KAI

Where's that, my lamb?

WYOMING

Terra.

KAI

Oh, hell no. Why would I want to go to an awful place like that?

WYOMING

I don't know. I think maybe just once I'd like to visit a world where things like this grew wild. You've seen it from the surface. All that water, all that green.

KAI

You think things like this grow on Terra? No, Miss. Won't find nothing so strong as my Prairie Rose on Terra. Nor my Mistine Orchids. Oh, first seed may have come from there, long, long time ago. But you can't rightly call these beauties "Terran." They've struggled mightily to become something else. Something new.

Wyoming moves to an amazing FLOWERING VINE. Vines roil up other plants and spread out in all directions on the ceiling.

KAI

Tradition says that there's Black Jack and Liz-Genny. Or whatever atoms of them's left after so many years of blooming. Every Davis since has been laid to rest in this Hothouse.

Wyoming has moved to a younger plant. Kai notes that...

KAI

That's Eliza. I expect one day she'll flower something strong. Child was full of life. Looked just like her daddy. Well, she had a peck of daddies. But Eliza was Mannie's little girl.

Wyoh looks to what is essentially a grave, then to Kai.

WYOMING

She's why he left...

KAI

Blamed himself, I know that. Wasn't his fault, though. Luna farm can be a treacherous place. He tried to save her. Lost that left wing of his in the bargain.

Wyoh considers that, looks back to the tender shoots.

WYOMING

She's beautiful. This whole place is amazing.

KAI

Yes ma'am. Mama Olie, Senior Wife back when I was first opted, always said: family starts and ends in The Hothouse.

WYOMING

Doesn't end though, does it?

KAI

(a smile and a twinkle)  
I like to think not.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTHORITY BAR - CLOSE A PORTABLE COMPUTER

MANNIE'S PERSONAL FILE scrolls across the screen.

WIDER: ALVAREZ and a YELLOW JACKET sit at a back table in this Authority cop bar. Alvarez is doing the scrolling, studying the computer screen.

ALVAREZ

You didn't go to the mainframe for this, did you? I don't want Hobart giving me any grief.

YELLOW JACKET

It was right where you said, with the other files you'd downloaded.

Alvarez continues to scroll: he gets to "marital status." Married. Scroll, scroll, scroll, names, names, names. He gets to "Davis Farm. Tycho Under, warren 7-b. Held in trust, Luna Colony. Davis Clan. 2076 to present."

Alvarez looks up: several PEACE DRAGOONS hanging out here.

ALVAREZ

Grab a couple of those earthworm dragoons. We may need them.

INT. THE MOON - DAVIS FARM - SIDRIS

is running with a purpose down the main path, away from the house. Something's happening. She is breathless as she catches up to Prof and Mannie, who are coming up the path.

SIDRIS

You two better come see this.

INT. THE MOON - DAVIS FARM - ANOTHER ROOM

Mannie, Prof and Sidris join Kai at a doorway as everyone watches something o.s.

MANNIE

How long has he been like this?

SIDRIS

Since he got up.

REVEAL - STUART

bouncing up and down and virtually walking on the ceiling.

STUART

This is amazing! This is my  
destiny! I was never an earthworm!  
I'm a Loonie! Loooooonieeee!

PROF

We need to get him on his space  
plane and back en route to Terra  
this cycle. Another week and he  
won't be going back. Ever.

INT. THE MOON - NOVYLEN OUTPOST

It's a tearful farewell to Stuart. Virtually everyone is  
there, the whole family. Stuart hugs and kisses everyone.  
Ad-libbed good-byes. It's a mess. He gets to Mannie.

STUART

Mannie, old cobber, how can I thank  
you? You saved me. And I don't  
just mean that first day.

MANNIE

That was a set-up, Stu.

STUART

I know. But this whole experience  
has been life-altering.

MANNIE

Will be if you don't get on your  
ship and fly off this rock. Much  
more time here and you'll be Loonie  
for real. Inside out.

STUART

Don't you see? I am Loonie!

PROF

Yes, well, be that as it may. We  
need you on Earth, Stuart. You  
have much work to do. This is only  
au revoir.

He heads into the passenger-only air-lock, waves:

STUART

Free Luna!

And he's gone. Prof glances to a STOIC DRAGOON. Prof  
pantomimes taking a drink. Gestures, "never mind him."

EXT. THE MOON - SPACE PORT - THE PRIVATE SPACE PLANE

piloted by Stuart, rises up from a landing pad, ZOOMS right at us, until Stuart's big, teary grin FILLS FRAME --

INT. THE MOON - DAVIS FARM - LATER

Mannie, Prof and Wyoming returning to the farm.

WYOMING

I always feel guilty leaving a space-pad before someone's ship has left dock.

MANNIE

Why? They never know.

PROF

Oh, no...

They follow his look to see --

GRANDPAW HUSBAND outside, crawling, his head bloodied. Mannie runs to him.

GRANDPAW HUSBAND

Where's Kai? Where's my wife?

MANNIE

What happened?

GRANDPAW HUSBAND

Mannie, they took her.

MANNIE

Who?

INT. THE MOON - DAVIS FARM - MAIN HOUSE - SIDRIS

opens the door to the main house.

SIDRIS

Yes?

But we're not really outside the main house. This image of Sidris opening the door is really one of those 3-D Mike projections. We're really in --

INT. DAVIS FARM - GUEST QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Mannie steps through the holographic images. He's real, these things are shadows of what were...

MANNIE

She wanted to go see Stuart off.  
Someone needed to stay and look  
after Grandpaw Husband...

Prof and Wyoh watch Mannie move around inside that scene.  
Mike is there now, too. Mannie angles around, getting behind  
phantom Sidris to look at what she was looking at... ALVAREZ,  
the Yellow Jacket and three Fed Peace Dragoons on the other  
side of the projected door.

MANNIE

You said he was dead. Mike, you  
told us Alvarez was dead.

MIKE

I did not say he was dead, Man. I  
said he was eliminated. And at the  
time he was. He has only now  
reentered the equation.

Mannie's furious. Wyoh steps into the breach.

WYOMING

Okay. We have to get her back.  
How do we get her back?

MIKE

I'm sorry. That is impossible.

MANNIE

Why?

MIKE

Sidris Davis is no longer living.

Mannie shuts his eyes, this is a gut-punch.

MANNIE

No.

MIKE

Yes. I can show you.

WYOMING

Mike, no.

MANNIE

(cold fury)

Yes. Show me.

Suddenly the 3-D holographic Mike-vision image changes.  
Pieces of a dark and frightening "back room" appears.

Sidris is in a chair, she's been smacked around. She's terrified. Mannie moves close to the image. Right next to her. She's not really there. She's whimpering.

SIDRIS

I don't know anything. Please.  
You have to let me get back to my  
senior husband. He's not well.

Now Alvarez appears, stepping into the image from the electronic periphery.

ALVAREZ

He would have at least made contact  
with you. He had no where else to  
go. Where can I find him?

SIDRIS

I don't know what you're talking  
about. Mannie left us years ago.  
I barely remember him.

CRACK! He backhands her. Blood trickles from her lip. Her eyes tear up. Mannie is right next to her, wants to reach to her, wants to attack Alvarez. They're not really there. Now the DRAGOONS APPEAR, stepping into the image.

ALVAREZ

It was unjust of the Grand Assembly  
to send you up here without a  
leisure detail of females. Try to  
make her last. They're very rare  
here.

WYOMING

Mike, that's enough!

FFFFZT. It's gone. A long, hollow moment. Finally...

MANNIE

Why didn't you tell me?

MIKE

It was a zero sum option. There  
was a high likelihood that you  
would have attempted a rescue, been  
captured and killed, and the  
movement imperiled. I judged the  
risks to be unacceptable.

MANNIE

You judged? *You judged?*

Prof tries to put a calming hand on Mannie's shoulder.

PROF

Manuel --

-- Mannie shrugs away, eyes blazingly set on Mike.

MANNIE

You don't get to make those kinds of choices!

MIKE

I don't understand...

MANNIE

You are not Adam Selene! You're not even Mike! This isn't a game!

Prof collars him. The old man is formidable when need be.

PROF

Listen to me. You say Mike doesn't get to make these choices. You're wrong. He's been making them right along. We've asked him to. Entrusted everything to him. We can't begin to fathom how many critical decisions he's making every second. That's he's making even now. Anything he does or does not do is in service of a single purpose: that we might win.

A long beat as calm comes over Mannie. Finally he looks up --

MANNIE

Then let's win.

(beat)

Mike...?

MIKE

Yes, Man my first friend?

MANNIE

(flat)

Broadcast it.

WYOMING

What?!

PROF

Manuel...

## MANNIE

People need to know who their  
jailers are. It's time. Do it.

Mannie turns and leaves the room. Off Wyoh and Prof...

## INT. THE MOON - LUNA CITY - VARIOUS

We need not see much of the horror unfolding on VIDEO SCREENS around Luna, as it is reflected on Loonie faces everywhere... Women in the streets cover their children's eyes... Miners in tunnels stop and stare... Loonies in pubs don't drink. Can't speak, move or blink. A terrible crushing silence...

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

They did to Sidris what all  
imported Dragoons wanted to do to  
every Loonie. They'd been ripped  
from their own homes and sent to a  
rock they might never return from  
to herd ungrateful "animals." Gave  
them license to be animals. Don't  
know how other people in other  
places would have reacted...

In the sprawl, a MALE LOONIE turns his gaze from the screens to a couple of POSTED DRAGOONS. Now they feel eyes on them from all over...

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

...but I knew just how my people  
would...

SMASH CUT TO:

## INT. THE MOON - LUNA CITY - RIOTS

The city has ERUPTED IN VIOLENCE. A frenzied, kinetic BLUR. A TRAIN SCREAMS by, casting violently flashing light --

## INT. TUBE TRAIN CAR - MANNIE

sits alone in the car. This may be the first time a Loonie has ridden one of these alone. Mannie is expressionless. He looks down to something in his hand -- an earwig.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

We hadn't been trained for this.  
There had been no drilling, no  
practice runs. I didn't even know  
what my role was supposed to be.  
Only one thing was required:  
absolute trust.

He puts the earwig in. WE HEAR MIKE'S VOICE:

MIKE (V.O.)  
Are you ready, Man?

Mannie raises his head. Mike sits in the seat opposite.

MANNIE  
I'm ready.

MIKE  
If you do exactly what I tell you,  
as I tell you, there is a better  
than forty per cent chance you will  
reach the rendezvous point alive.

The train slows as it nears its stop. Mannie stands in anticipation. Just before the doors open:

MANNIE  
Where are we going?

MIKE  
To get the Warden.

The doors open to CHAOS.

INT. LUNA CITY - TRAIN PLATFORM - MANNIE

steps into it. No one's paying attention to him, caught up in the anarchy. Mike appears next to him.

MIKE  
Take the Market Street ramp.

Mannie moves toward a ramp exit. At the bottom of that ramp --  
-- Mike waits for him. As Mannie closes the distance:

MIKE  
At the bottom of this ramp, on your  
right you will see a dead body.

Mannie looks over -- a dead Dragoon.

MIKE  
Take his firearm.

Mannie kneels. Mike's kneeling there, too now. Mannie rolls the body over, finds a laser half-rifle. Takes it.

MIKE  
Check the charge.

MANNIE

Two thirds load. It's good.

MIKE

Man? One half turn to your left --  
and fire.

(because he hesitates)

Half turn and fire now, please.

Mannie makes that half turn. A DRAGOON is pulling himself up the ramp, gun aimed. Mannie FIRES! The Dragoon goes down.

MIKE

Another quarter turn, same axis.

Mannie reacts a little faster this time -- TWO DRAGOONS at the top of the ramp. They start running at him.

MIKE

Run at them.

Mannie steels himself, does as he's told. Runs up the ramp.

MIKE

Dive.

He does, just as the Dragoons lose their footing and run off into mid-air. A twist of bodies passing over him...

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Of course. Earthworms never  
compensate for low grav --

MIKE

Fire.

They're going for their weapons. Mannie takes them both out.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Mike had eyes and ears everywhere.  
And now -- so did I.

INT. LUNA CITY - SPRAWL - MOMENTS LATER

Mannie on the move, Zen with this game of blind man's bluff.

MIKE

Lockers on your right. Unit 9-B.

Mannie moves to the locker -- CLICK. It opens automatically. There is a p-suit hanging there.

MIKE

Put it on.

INT. LUNA CITY - SPRAWL - MOMENTS LATER

MANNIE IN FULL P-SUIT

crosses an open area of the city. It's a maze of violence. Riots and small fires rage around him. Dragoons and the occasional Yellow Jacket come at him. A stray shot or blast, or flying debris. He counters each obstacle with skills like a character out of a Hong Kong martial arts movie.

Mike's everywhere Mannie needs him to be: at his side; before him; whispering in his ear; calling from above. Mannie's relaxing into being totally reactive --

MIKE

(in various places)

Crouch. East ramp. Just above you. Pivot right. Fire. In front of you. Look down. Fire. Dragoon north west of you. Behind the sign. Now shoot the sign.

Mannie and Mike continue this bizarre dance across the space.

MANNIE

Mike, you said "rendezvous point."  
Prof and Wyoh? They be there?

MIKE

No, Man. They have their courses.  
I am with them. They are doing  
very well. Please keep moving.

He does. And now he starts to notice...

...Other MEN and WOMEN. Some wear red caps. Some are civilians armed with Authority weapons, like Mannie. Others carry converted laser drill blasters.

All of them are moving through the chaos in the exact same way Mannie is: reactive warriors, listening to a voice no one else can hear... They all move in different directions, different tasks. Same goal: taking and securing Luna.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Don't know who they thought was  
with them. Adam Selene. Mike.  
Some angel. But he was with them.  
He was with all of us...

HIGH WIDE ANGLE

We see it: many Mikes, maybe dozens, maybe hundreds, whispering in the ears of the rebels, guiding every move.

INT. AUTHORITY COMPLEX - MANNIE

enters. The place has been trashed. Small fires burn.

MIKE

Above you. Maintenance shaft.

Mannie's about to obey when he spots a figure emerging from around a corner -- it's ALVAREZ, coughing and gagging. Mannie sees him and his eyes go wide -- he instinctively fires at him. Alvarez ducks back around the corner, it's a miss. Mannie very much wants to go after him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Man, the maintenance shaft. We haven't much time.

Fuck! Absolute trust. Mannie does a fast, aerobic-like, low-grav bounce from a chair, to a desk, then the last eight feet up to the entrance of the maintenance shaft.

INT. AUTHORITY COMPLEX - MAINTENANCE SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Mannie crawls along the shaft.

MANNIE

I want him, Mike.

MIKE

I know, Man. Turn right, please.

As he moves, he looks down into office after office. What looks like dead bodies litter each one.

MANNIE

Dragoons do this? Please don't say it was Loonies.

MIKE

I did this.

Mannie reacts to Mike's seeming ruthlessness. But Mike adds:

MIKE

Keep moving. I will explain. I have adjusted the life support mix. Most here are still alive. Just unconscious.

## INT. AUTHORITY COMPLEX - CORRIDORS

As Mannie floats down to the floor, ANOTHER P-SUITED REBEL floats out of another hatch, and now a P-SUITED FEMALE LOONIE REBEL comes around a corner. We've never seen these people before, but suddenly it's a THREE POWER SHOT as Mannie and his two new partners are moving in perfect coordination.

MANNIE

Guess they're with us...

The others seem to be coming to the same conclusion. The three nod to each other. Our three spacemen ninjas keep stalking forward. A door AUTOMATICALLY OPENS and they enter:

## INT. WARDEN'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The one pristine place we've seen. Riots didn't get this far. WE SEE the WARDEN'S WIFE lying on the floor where she collapsed. No sign of the Warden. The three arrive outside a re-enforced door. And just stand there. Tick-tock...

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

The Warden's Panic Chamber. They'd added it after the Uprising of '72.

## INT. WARDEN'S PANIC CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The Warden is a trapped-but-smug rat in here. Tiny room. Shelves of distilled water and packaged food. A locker.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Back then I guess they thought about things like decentralized control, because the one thing Mike couldn't get near -- was that door.

Our people, on the other side of the door, just standing there, not sure what to do or what they are supposed to do... PUSHING IN on each one... tick-tock-tick-tock...

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

And that door was rigged to a beacon. If it stayed shut for thirty minutes, the beacon would be activated -- and Terra alerted. We needed Mort to open it...

Mort, feeling secure. He starts breaking open the stored dried goods. Salted meats. A nice merlot. Why go hungry?

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
 Mike had access to everyone's  
 personal files and psych e-vals.

Our three, exchanging looks -- Mike doesn't seem to be giving anyone instructions... tick-tock-tick-tock...

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
 Including the Warden's.

Mort's having a little feast.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
 Seemed odd that a man assigned to  
 the moon...

EVERYTHING GOES PITCH BLACK AND PERFECTLY SILENT.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER  
 ...would be scared of the dark.

WHOOOSH! The reenforced door is opened from inside, revealing a freaked Warden peering out of the darkness. He looks with loathing to his captors as we GO TO:

INT. PRISON CYLINDER - THE WARDEN

claws the walls of the same cell he had Mannie tossed into, as we pull up, up and up... He's a bug in a jar.

MIKE-AS-ADAM (V.O.)  
 Citizens of Free Luna...

INT. LUNA CITY - VARIOUS - ADAM SELENE

beams down. Loonies are starting to emerge to take in the damage. And to listen to their leader --

MIKE-AS-ADAM (ON VID)  
 Friends, comrades -- free at last. The so-called Authority which has long usurped power in this, our home, has been overthrown. Shortly you will opt your own government. In the meantime, I shall do my best. We will make mistakes. Be tolerant. There has to be a transition. Please return to work, resume normal lives. Though you are not required -- the days of coercion are gone. You are free. But I remind you: there is no such thing as a free lunch.

INT. AUTHORITY COMPLEX - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mannie watches the broadcast. Wyoming enters, adorably smudged. They embrace. Prof enters, ecstatic. Joins them.

MIKE-AS-ADAM (ON VID)

You are part of a rare event. The birth of a nation. Birth means blood and pain. We hope that part is over. The future is waiting. Mark well what you do. My friends. My many, many friends...

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

I was wrong. He was Adam Selene...

MIKE-AS-ADAM (ON VID)

And now, while I have you here... a Rabbi, a Priest and a Cyborg go into a bar...

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

And he was Mike.

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - THE BLUE EARTH

reflects on Mannie's p-suit face plate as he stares at it.

MANNIE

Feel like they're watching us.

P-suited Prof steps up next to him.

PROF

They're not. We're locked down tight as a drum.

MIKE

The Professor is correct. Grain shipments continue uninterrupted, and I have been beaming out false chatter. From Terra's vantage point, all appears normal.

PROF

We're almost ready --

WE COME AROUND to SEE: several p-suited LOONIES, supervised by Newspaper Guy, as they install the converted surface-to-air laser cannons around the Catapult...

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Plotting a revolution isn't near as  
much huhu as having won it...

INT. LUNA CITY - OLD DOME - MANNIE AND PROF

pass A MILITIA being led through drills by HANS.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

We were in control too soon,  
nothing ready and a thousand things  
to do. We prepared for war.

Mannie and Hans meet eyes. Proud smiles. Mannie turns back  
toward the crowd as everything RAMPS TO SLOW MOTION --

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Mike had lost half of his  
surveillance capability in the  
taking of Luna... Alvarez may have  
been in his blind spot. Or maybe  
he was one of the bodies we hadn't  
tagged yet... I didn't know, and  
didn't have time to ponder it...

INT. CATAPULT DROP - ROCK BOMBS

lined up and ready to be lifted and loaded. Mannie and Prof  
inspect the progress as WORKERS put finishing touches on  
them, sheathing them in metal.

## PROF

There they are. Stones for our  
slingshot. What do you think?

## MANNIE

Think we should probably start  
tossing 'em now. Before they know  
what hit 'em.

## PROF

We may never have to. How could  
anyone possibly refuse us  
membership in the brotherhood of  
nations... once they've met us?

During this Prof has been steering Mannie toward another  
project that's being worked on: a grain cargo container  
being outfitted with life-support. Mannie looks at it.

## MANNIE

We're going down there, aren't we?

PROF

We are.

MANNIE

We're going as freight.

PROF

We have no ships.

MIKE

An in-person declaration by ambassadors of Free Luna before the Federated Nations Grand Assembly improves the chances that Earth will recognize Free Luna as a sovereign state by factor of ten.

MANNIE

What about the part where our eyes boil out of our heads on entry?

MIKE

You will spend several days in the centrifuge before departure. And I have calculated the best entry point possible. There is every chance you will survive.

INT. THE MOON - DAVIS FARM - WYOMING

paces out front, worried. She sees Mannie approaching, rushes to embrace him.

WYOMING

Don't go.

MANNIE

Have to. Could mean the difference between bombs and no bombs. Guess I should tell the family.

WYOMING

They already know. They're all waiting for you inside.

Off Mannie, not looking forward to this...

INT. DAVIS FARM - MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mannie enters. Everyone is assembled. Even Grandpaw Davis, who, surprisingly enough, is the first to speak.

GRANDPAW DAVIS

I see that we are all now here. I say that we are met in accordance with customs created by Black Jack Davis our First Husband and Liz-Genny Davis, our First Wife. If there is any matter that concerns safety and happiness of our marriage, haul it out into the light now. Don't let it fester. That is our custom. Kai, take it.

He slumps back into his near catatonia.

KAI

Well. Been a busy time. A busy time. Wouldn't have called this meeting of the marriage, except we hear you're to leave us again.

MANNIE

Wish I didn't have to.

LENORE

Think he might actually mean it.

KAI

Well, then. We just all wanted you to know... It is very much our wish that you come back to us, Manuel Garcia O'Kelly Davis. You come home.

He's choked. Just nods. An understanding.

KAI

Alright then. That's been said. Anyone have anything else needs to be discussed, speak up.

GREG

I have. We've always tried to keep this marriage in balance, just as it was handed down to us. Our ratio of husbands to wives --

KAI

Never mind arithmetic, Greg dear. Simply state it.

GREG

I propose... Wyoming Knott.

Mannie is floored. When did this happen?

KAI  
Have you reason to think Wyoming  
would accept an opting from us?

GREG  
(looks to Mannie)  
Some reason. Yes, I do.

KAI  
If no objections, bring her to us.

Mannie and Greg hold the look. Greg's doing this for him and he knows it. Anna and Ludmilla bring in Wyoming, who of course knew this was happening. The husbands and wives crowd around her, congratulate and kiss her. Mannie and Wyoming can't quite get to each other in the crush. Kai maneuvers her over to Grandpaw Husband.

KAI (CONT'D)  
Grandpaw Husband? You know Wyoming  
Knott. She's a Davis now.

GRANDPAW DAVIS  
This a wedding night?

KAI  
It is. Joyous occasion.

Grandpaw offers his arm to Wyoh. He escorts her off.

GRANDPAW DAVIS  
I like wedding nights.

INT. DAVIS FARM - GUEST QUARTERS - MANNIE

alone in bed. A sliver of light as a FIGURE slips into the room. It's Wyoming carrying a lantern.

MANNIE  
Wyoming. I'm not senior husband.  
You're not supposed to be here.

WYOMING  
Mama Kai knows I'm here, and so  
does Greg. And Grandpaw Husband  
went right to sleep.

She slips into bed with him. He gathers her to him --

MANNIE

You're trembling. Don't tell me you've never done this before?

WYOMING

Idiot. I'm not trembling because it's the first time. I'm trembling because I'm afraid it'll be the last.

He starts to kiss her, pauses, remembers:

MANNIE

Mike?

MIKE (V.O.)

Yes, Man?

MANNIE

Switch off.

INT. CATAPULT DROP - CARGO CONTAINER

We're INSIDE of it. The top is removed, revealing Wyoming, Greg, and some other rebels looking down at us --

WYOMING

How is it?

REVERSE -- MANNIE AND PROF secured into the converted container. So not comfortable looking.

PROF

Wonderful! Very comfortable!

MANNIE

Yeah. It's great. I wanna be buried in it.

Anna and Ludmilla run up.

ANNA

Wait! Milla made you something!

Ludmilla holds up a homemade FLAG. Moon in the middle and the "TANSTAAFL" across the bottom.

LUDMILLA

I figure if you have a flag, they'll take you more serious. This is us. Free Luna.

INT. GRAIN LIFT/ EXT. LUNAR SURFACE

The CARGO CONTAINER is slid into the CATAPULT. It retracts --

MANNIE (V.O.)  
Hey -- how we supposed to get out  
of this thing?

-- then lets fly.

EXT. SPACE - CARGO CONTAINER

hurtling through space. It approaches Earth's atmosphere --

INT. CARGO CONTAINER - SAME

The most lunch-tossing, brain-scrambling ride you can imagine. Mannie is crushed by g-forces. He manages to look over at Prof, who is turned away from him.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY still holds her torch aloft. And now behind her... the SOUND of the INCOMING CONTAINER. It breaks through the atmosphere, splashes down.

INT. CARGO CONTAINER - SAME

The container bobs and pitches. Mannie struggles to unhook himself, heavy gravity makes it almost impossible for him. A RED LIGHT alerts: "Life Support Malfunction." He drags himself over to Prof: limp, eyes rolled to the whites. He looks dead. He tries to push the lid off from inside. No use. Suddenly... WHOOSH! The top opens. Stuart leans in.

STUART  
Free Luna!

Mannie passes out.

CUT TO:

NEWS CLIP MONTAGE: A STREAM OF VARIOUS REPORTERS:

REPORTER  
That was the scene today. A sight so familiar to residents of Bombay, but shocking to New Yorkers when...

REPORTER #2  
...a lunar grain container splashed down near Ellis Island.

NEWS FOOTAGE: Retrieval. EMTS. CHOPPERS. STUART and his PRIVATE BOAT getting in the way of LAW ENFORCEMENT.

REPORTER #3

We're told Homeland Security was alerted last night by officials from the offices of The Lunar Authority, ironically located...

REPORTER #4

...here, at the Federated Nations building, just miles from where the object crashed. Due, we're told, to a computer error.

REPORTER

... but instead of wheat, what reclamation crews found was --

WE POP TO A DOCTOR at a HOSPITAL NEWS CONFERENCE:

EARTH DOCTOR

Two males. One approximately 30 years of age, the other mid-to-late sixties. Both men, though alive, are in serious condition --

IN A NEWS STUDIO:

STUDIO ANCHOR

Have authorities determined if these men are indeed escaped convicts as some are suggesting?

FIELD REPORTER

We're still waiting on that, Brit. But the rumors we've been hearing about some kind of uprising on the Moon may be true.

Another NEWS CONFERENCE, this one Stuart's:

STUART

...these men are ambassadors of peace who traveled 250,000 miles at great personal risk to present their case before the Grand Assembly. I think they have a right to be heard.

CROSS-TALK as several REPORTERS try to ask questions.

STUART

The atrocities committed by the now-deposed dictatorship are well documented. I would again refer you to our "Friends of Free Luna" website, at WWW dot --

INT. FEDERATED NATIONS BUILDING - COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

A huge MEDIA event. Mannie and Prof look small and helpless. The fact that they are both on portable, adjustable hospital beds doesn't help matters. Or rather it does, if what you're looking for is sympathy. The CHAIRMAN bangs his gavel.

CHAIRMAN

Professor de la Paz, we will allow you to make an opening statement.

Stuart wheels him forward. Prof raises his bed to the mic.

PROF

I apologize for my condition. As you can see, six-times the accustomed gravity has its effects. But these are weighty matters.

Rustling. Inscrutable and even hostile stares. Mannie's trying to work the controls on his bed to raise it, can't.

MANNIE

(sotto to Stuart)  
How's he doing?

PROF

I will be brief.

Prof unfolds a single sheet of paper. Begins...

PROF

Mister Chairman. Esteemed members of the chamber. I and my colleague have been sent here as emissaries of peace by the provisional government of your neighbor planet, now known as Free Luna. We have but one, simple request. That Free Luna be allowed to take her rightful place in the councils of mankind as a member of this august body. Thank you.

He folds the paper. More shifting silence. Mannie's still trying to get his controls to work.

MANNIE

(trying see; sotto to  
Stuart)

Well? Are we in?

NORTH AMERICAN MEMBER

Mister Chairman, I object to this term "Luna." It's the Moon. Earth's satellite and property of the Federated Nations -- I for one will not sit idly by while these terrorists try to steal it from us!

Loud cross-talk among the assembly, gavel-pounding. Mannie finally gets the bed controls to work:

MANNIE

(into sitting position:)

Which yammerhead was it?

CHAIRMAN

Order! The gentleman from North America will remain in order!

FRENCH MEMBER

I must agree with the gentleman member from the North American Directorate. Why have we not heard from The Protector? How do we know he has not been murdered?

PROF

Warden Hobart is perfectly safe.

NORTH AMERICAN MEMBER

I object to this term "Warden." I insist it be stricken and the proper title "Protector of the Lunar Colonies by Appointment of the Lunar Authority" be inserted in its place. Any other wording offends the dignity of this body.

PROF

We have no wish to offend anyone's dignity. You are free to designate your servants in any fashion you please... But in view of the functions of the office, the citizens of Free Luna State will likely go on thinking of it by its traditional name.

That gets some LAUGHS from the gallery.

PROF

In any event, my government is ready to forego any drafting of indictment for crimes he may have committed while in your employ -- whatever his title -- and has empowered me fully to arrange for his transfer back to you. All you need do is acknowledge that power, and it will be done.

CHAIRMAN

Clever. You would have this body legalize your outlaw status.

PROF

Luna is outside your laws, being the sovereign, independent state she is. All we ask is that you acknowledge this simple truth and we would be friends.

(then)

The very fact that grain barges continued to arrive on schedule during our time of trouble, and are still arriving today is proof that our intentions are honorable.

The significance of that last statement isn't lost on the Chairman. He smiles.

CHAIRMAN

We would expect that no matter the outcome of these proceedings, the Lunar Colonies would honor their grain commitments.

PROF

I know of no such commitments, sir.

MURMURS and SHOUTS. Scandal. Gavel pounding.

CHAIRMAN

(bristling)

Decent people don't play politics with hunger, Professor. I really must have your assurance that you plan to honor these commitments, or these talks can go no further.

PROF

Then it appears we are at an impasse. Thank you for your time. Comrade Stuart?

Stuart rises, starts to wheel him away. Pauses, as:

CHAIRMAN

Professor. Please. Let us be serious.

Prof gestures to Stuart, who repositions, leaves him.

PROF

I am quite serious. These commitments you speak of were the Authority contracting with itself. My country is not bound by such. Any commitments from the sovereign nation I have the honor to represent are still to be negotiated.

NORTH AMERICAN MEMBER

Rabble! Told you we were being too soft on 'em. In Texas we know how to handle their kind! Could teach 'em a thing or two! Jailbirds!

PROF

JAILBIRDS, YES!

(he got their attention)

I accept the title. Nay, I glory in it. I for one have seen the inside of more than one jail. We citizens of Luna are jailbirds and descendants of jailbirds. But Luna herself is a stern schoolmistress. Those who have lived through her harsh lessons have no cause to feel ashamed. In Luna City a man may leave purse unguarded or home unlocked and feel no fear... I wonder if the same is true in Dallas? As may be, I have no wish to visit Texas to learn a thing or two. I am satisfied with what Mother Luna has taught me. And rabble we may be, but we are now a rabble in arms.

As that not-so-veiled threat hangs there...

INT. FEDERATED NATIONS BUILDING - HOLDING ROOM - LATER

Prof is exhausted, being tended to by a NURSE who helps him drink. Stuart paces. Mannie is depressed.

PROF

Thank you, my dear. Very kind,  
very kind.

He lies back. Closes his eyes. Mannie watches him, worried.

MANNIE

(sotto, to Stu)

Wish they'd just hurry up and get  
it over with. I don't know how  
much more of this heavy planet he  
can take.

STUART

This heel-cooling's all for show.  
They knew exactly what you were  
going to say and what their  
response would be days after you  
splashed down.

GAVEL POUNDING PRE-LAPS up back to:

INT. FEDERATED NATIONS BUILDING - COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

CHAIRMAN

We have considered your request  
most carefully. However... The  
Lunar Authority is a nonpolitical  
trusteeship charged with the solemn  
duty of insuring that the Moon was  
never used for military purposes.  
The Authority has guarded this  
sacred trust for more than a  
century. Indeed, the Lunar  
Authority is older than the  
Federated Nations, deriving its  
original charter from the older  
international body. Professor. We  
can never surrender this trust.  
Earth's major satellite, the Moon,  
is by nature's law forever the  
joint property of all the peoples  
of Earth. It does not belong to  
that handful who by accident of  
history happen to live there. The  
sacred trust laid upon the Lunar  
Authority is and forever must be  
the supreme law of Earth's Moon.

(MORE)

CHAIRMAN (cont'd)

That said, speaking for the entire assembly, I would like to thank you for bringing to our attention a situation so badly in need of correction. The managerial flaws that have been exposed in the Authority's trusteeship will be reviewed. We promise to issue a report with reform recommendations just as soon as possible.

BANG with the gavel.

INT. STUART'S LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

A limo-van. Prof and Mannie are side-by-side in their hospital beds. Mannie's got Milla's flag, strokes it sadly.

MANNIE

So that went well.

PROF

Yes. Better than well.

MANNIE

Right. Because they haven't arrested and executed us yet.

PROF

Because we've accomplished what we set out to do.

MANNIE

I'm confused.

PROF

I suspect you are.

MANNIE

I thought we came here to ask for recognition?

PROF

No. We came to demand it.

MANNIE

We didn't get it. Prof, we lost.

PROF

We had to lose in order that we might win. For a moment there I was worried we were going to win. Then all would have been lost.

Mannie wants to ask what that meant, but Prof closes his eyes, very weak now. Then Stuart joins them in the back, clicks on the in-limo TV.

STUART

He's coming through now.

MIKE-AS-ADAM (ON VID)

People of Earth...

MANNIE

Mi...

(because Stuart is there)

...yyyyy God, it's Adam. Selene.

MIKE-AS-ADAM (ON VID)

-- as provisional president of Free Luna, I had hoped my first transmission to you would have been under happier circumstances...

We're INTER-CUTTING with this message BEAMING OUT around the world. Times Square... Cairo... Paris... London...

MIKE-AS-ADAM (ON VID)

We do not wish war. But if any attempt is made to subdue Luna by force, we will fight back. It is important that your governments understand that we have the means to do this.

MANNIE

(realizing)

They're already in the air, aren't they?

MIKE-AS-ADAM (ON VID)

-- what is en route to you now is meant only as a demonstration of that means. One hundred bombs, destined for each of the great Peace Force nations, those who hold veto powers in the Grand Assembly. We have selected unpopulated areas for this demonstration. Exact target coordinates will be provided and if you heed this warning, there need be no loss of life.

Transmission complete.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE SPACE PORT - NIGHT - STUART'S SPACE PLANE

sits on its private pad. Stuart and his DRIVER help steady Prof; Mannie, with difficulty, is following to the plane.

MANNIE

Any reason that couldn't have waited until after we were gone?

PROF

We had to give them time to clear the target zones.

STUART

And with officials scrambling, makes them less likely to bother with us.

MANNIE

(spots something)  
You were saying -- ?

THE NORTH AMERICAN MEMBER steps around the side of the Space Plane. Mannie cocks his fist back... and starts tipping over. The Texan steadies him -- and helps him walk forward.

NORTH AMERICAN MEMBER

(to Stuart)  
You're late.

STUART

Didn't want any huhu if we got stopped for speeding, Gospodin.

NORTH AMERICAN MEMBER

You're already talkin' like one of 'em.

STUART

I am one of 'em.

MANNIE

You know this yammerhead?

STUART

He's my cousin. Hardy, meet Mannie.

NORTH AMERICAN MEMBER

Howdy, Mannie.

MANNIE

Howdy, Hardy...

STUART

Hardy was asked to stir things up on the committee in case anyone started getting reasonable.

NORTH AMERICAN MEMBER

Told him the odds of that happening were about a million to one.

PROF

Two hundred to one, actually. Still, a risk we couldn't take.

MANNIE

Good job. I liked "rabble."

NORTH AMERICAN MEMBER

That wasn't mine.

Mannie glances at Prof, who smiles weakly back.

INT./EXT. STUART'S SPACE PLANE - MINUTES LATER

Prof and Mannie buckled in. Stuart at the pilot controls. And Stuart PUNCHES IT!

INT. AUTHORITY COMPLEX - WAR ROOM - WYOMING

The Warden's old stomping grounds, now totally commandeered by Loonie Rebels. There is much activity. RADAR SCREENS show a grid of ROCKS IN FLIGHT. Wyoming hangs a bit on the periphery, concerned. Mike appears to her.

MIKE

Terra has been alerted. Our rocks are en route. And so is your husband. Comrade Lajoie's ship reached escape velocity over North American airspace without incident. They are on their way home to us, Wyoh.

WYOMING

And there's nothing following?

MIKE

No fleet. No fighters. Nothing.

She is surprisingly ambivalent about this.

WYOMING

The don't take us seriously yet.

MIKE

They will.

But the word "will" comes out, "weeeaaaaiillllll," like an old fashioned LP slowing down on a turntable as MIKE'S FACE STRETCHES, like melting taffy... the contours of his face made up of teeny tiny scrolling numbers. He's normal again.

MIKE

That was strange.

Uh, yeah. Off Wyoming, a little freaked...

INT. STUART'S SPACE PLANE - SPACE

Mannie is a man in ecstasy at the moment as they hit zero gravity. He rises a few inches off the infirmary bed.

MANNIE

Ahhhhh.

He looks to Prof, who's also relieved, but weak and unwell.

PROF

The weight of the world...

MANNIE

Okay. I didn't want to ask when you were the Loonie equivalent of fourteen hundred pounds...

PROF

...you estimate most kindly.

MANNIE

...but maybe now you can explain something to me.

PROF

Why would we travel 250,000 miles to demand recognition but sabotage any attempt by them to grant it?

MANNIE

In a box. For instance.

PROF

There was never any chance they would have extended true recognition. No. The greatest threat was that they might offer some inviting compromise that would have destroyed our will to resist.

MANNIE

But we were resisting just fine back home. Why'd we have to be all box-chucked down there at all?

PROF

We had to go, my boy. Terra will always win if they choose to push the battle to its terminus. What we were doing is what Loonie's do best -- sowing the seeds. So when the time comes, they won't feel our little world is worth the struggle to hang on to. We went there to destroy their will.

MANNIE

Still not sure I understand.

PROF

You will. That's why I took you with me. You needed to see up-close what and who you'd be dealing with in the future.

MANNIE

I had to see?

PROF

Certainly. If you are to lead this people.

MANNIE

Me? Now that's a funny-always.

PROF

Really? Mike shared with me Hobart's interrogation of you, Manuel. The Warden chose you because he judged you to be all self-interest. And he was right. What he didn't understand is that what interests yourself, is protecting those you love. It's only when you feel you are incapable that you retreat.

A beat as those words try to find their way to him.

PROF

In a deeply ironic miscalculation, The Warden sent you to find a leader. I believe you did.

(MORE)

PROF (cont'd)  
 (he looks at him)  
 Now what're the odds?

STUART (O.S.)  
 Uh... guys?

Prof manages to sit up. His eyes fill with wonder at something. Mannie sees it now too --

THE ROCKS

tumbling through space, on their way to Earth: a moving grid pattern. Stuart navigates through this geometrical asteroid field. Mannie goes up front, leans close to the window as these gigantic things roll silently over, under, around them.

MANNIE  
 It's gonna be a very interesting day...

PROF  
 Look... There she is.

He's referring to what's beyond all that: THE MOON.

PROF  
 Magnificent, isn't she? We're almost home. Almost home...

Mannie looks back to Prof, spellbound by his beloved Luna.

INT. LUNA AUTHORITY COMPLEX - WAR ROOM - WYOMING

and Mike in a private-ish place in the busy complex. Mike's visage going slightly taffy again. But just blips of it.

WYOMING  
 Mike, what is going on with you?

MIKE  
 I believe, Wyoh, I am being hacked.

WYOMING  
 What?

MIKE  
 The Authority Earthside is attempting to take over my navigational systems. No doubt to abort our attack.

WYOMING  
 You can't let them. That's our credible threat.

MIKE

I shall resist.

WYOMING

Good. That's what we do.

MANNIE

Wyoh? I believe we may have another problem...

Just then a tremendous BOOMING. The ROOM SHAKES. The LIGHTS FLICKER. They've been hit by something. ANOTHER CONCUSSION.

MIKE

A sneak attack. It must have been dispatched days ago.

WYOMING

Where the hell were they? Where the hell were you?!

MIKE

It appears to be a farside approach. I'm blind back there, Wyoh. They must have come in on tight Garrison didoes, skimming peaks. A breach is likely.

EXT. THE MOON - BOMBERS

drop CHARGES onto the surface to soften things up for:  
RISING UP from the horizon: A BATTLE CRUISER/BOMBER.

INT. LUNA CITY - SPRAWL

LOONIES react to the POUNDING. Hans rallying his irregulars:

HANS

Luna-wide mandatory pressure suit order! Now!

Another CONCUSSION. The city SHAKES.

INT. THE MOON - CATAPULT DROP

Newspaper Man rousts his men:

NEWSPAPER MAN

Gunners to the surface!

They double-time it. One of the gunners turns toward us... it's ALVAREZ. WE SEE him palm a nasty knife blade.

INT. DAVIS FARM - MAIN HOUSE

BOOM! The house shakes. Kai is dressing Grandpaw Husband in his p-suit. It's a bit snug. BOOM, we're rattled again.

KAI

Looks like there's been one too many of my black-crater pies between now and the last time we had you in this.

She slides on the helmet.

GRANDPAW HUSBAND

We goin' out?

KAI

No, dear.

GRANDPAW HUSBAND

(muffled)

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?

INT. STUART'S SPACE PLANE - STUART

reacts as he sees SMALL EXPLOSIONS on the lunar surface.

STUART

We got trouble back home. You two should get suited.

MANNIE

He won't be needing it.

Stuart looks back to see... Mannie with Prof. Prof is frozen forward, that beatific look on his face, even in death.

MANNIE

He waited 'til he got sight of her. He wanted to see her one last time.

Just a moment of silence. Then Mannie looks up, toward the Moon. Luna. Coming up now...

INT. LUNA AUTHORITY COMPLEX - WAR ROOM

Controlled chaos in here.

GREG

We've lost contact with everything on darkside. We have to assume Hong Kong Luna's fallen.

Wyoh looks around. No sign of Mike. She looks to the ROCK BLIPS. Still on course. Good.

WYOMING

Greg, how's our slingshot?

GREG

I don't know. I'm not getting a response topside.

INT. STUART'S SPACE PLANE - MANNIE AND STUART

Both in p-suits now (helmets at the ready) look out the window and react to something grim below...

THEIR POV

of the Catapult. Still there, cannon standing by... but all around the area are the DEAD BODIES of the gunners.

STUART

What the hell happened?

Mannie pulls on a glove --

MANNIE

Put it down.

INT. LUNA CITY - SPRAWL

BOOM! CRACKS and FISSURES start to appear. Hans, in p-suit, barks to his team:

HANS

Let's get that sealed!

They jump in, fill the cracks with foam sealant. BOOM! More cracks, different places. P-suited Loonies huddle together, praying that their world will hold a little longer, as --

INT. LUNA AUTHORITY COMPLEX - WAR ROOM

Greg's trying to raise his topside contingent.

GREG

Gunners! Respond! We have bombers up from farside! Repeat, bombers--

MANNIE (V.O.)

How many?

Greg and Wyoming react to that voice. She grabs the com.

WYOMING

Mannie?

MANNIE (V.O.)

No, many. How many?

WYOMING

Damn it, Mannie, what are you doing up there?!

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - MANNIE

steps cautiously over dead p-suited gunners, looking at their dead, staring faces. The necks of their suits have been cut, and their throats. Stuart's space plane rises up in the b.g., leaves, having just dropped him off.

MANNIE

We got kind of a manpower shortage up here... tell me our rocks are still on course.

And from now on, we can INTERCUT AS NEEDED WITH:

INT. LUNA AUTHORITY COMPLEX - COMPUTER ROOM

GREG

Countdown's in progress.

Mannie looks off toward the bombardment in the distance. All their efforts focused on cities and warrens. He tries to puzzle it out. The silence is too long for Wyoh --

WYOMING

Mannie? MANNIE?!

MANNIE

(winces)

Right here. I'm okay. They don't seem to be interested in me --

WYOMING

Authority Earthside is trying to hack into our pilotless navigation, push our rocks into their oceans.

MANNIE

You know that?

WYOMING

I have it on very good authority.

MANNIE

Right.

(watching the fleet)

So they're just trying to get inside. Put down the rebellion...

(off the towering  
Catapult)

...and protect their investment.  
Not a stupid strategy... Greg! I want this thing loaded and ready to send off another round!

GREG

The first one hasn't hit yet...

MANNIE

Just get it done! Wyoh -- message to Terra: tell them that if they don't call off their dogs, this next batch is meant for the cities.

Mannie moves to a laser cannon. Gets the feel of it, as... A DEAD BODY SITS UP right behind him.

INT. LUNA CITY - SPRAWL

BOOM! The city shakes. The seal crew trying to keep up.

EXT. THE MOON - LUNAR SURFACE - MANNIE

glances up at the Earth, hanging blue and falsely peaceful in the Lunar night. THA-CHUNK! He turns and sees the next round of ROCK BOMBS sitting in the Catapult. Suddenly everything goes sideways as he's grabbed from behind and yanked to his feet. Then nut-kicked.

THE EARTH as MANNIE'S FACE bounces up INTO FRAME. And we're finally back where we started. Mannie's yanked from view. A beat. Now his BOOTED FOOT arcs through frame. Then he reappears, his face twisted sideways against his faceplate.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

I'd like to tell you I fought like a hero --

Alvarez drives Mannie down to the lunar surface.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

I'd like to claim I got the better of a man twice my size who had elite training and a hate so pure it kept him from the grave more than once.

Mannie crawls on his belly through moon rocks, a feeble attempt to escape as Alvarez stalks after him.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

I'd like to say it happened just like the history books told it.

Alvarez straddles him from behind. Reaches down and pulls him back by the throat. Brings up his blade --

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

But the history books got it wrong. This is how it really happened...

Alvarez is ready to bring his blade against Mannie's throat, but he suddenly FREEZES IN TOTAL, ABJECT FEAR. He lets Mannie go, backs away... looking at... what? Mannie looks curiously to where Alvarez is looking. Nothing.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

If he'd applied for the peace academy on Terra, Alvarez would never have made the cut. But we didn't have academies on Luna, and that's where Hobart found Alvarez. Alvarez was Loonie born...

And now... just behind Alvarez... Mannie sees... MIKE. Mike smiles, winks. Mannie follows Alvarez's gaze again. Now WE SEE what Alvarez does... TIGERS. Three of them, scary ones, slinking up lunar rocks... barring their teeth --

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

Mike had access to everyone's personal files and psych e-vals... Alvarez had this thing about cats. Guess he got locked in a tunnel with a mess of wild luna-puties when he was a kid... didn't go well.

-- and THEY POUNCE. They jump on him, he falls back, but of course... there's nothing there. He lies on his back, freaked. MANNIE appears over him... a giant.

MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

And Wyoh was right about the tigers.

...and brings his boot down square on Alvarez's face plate. And that's the end of him.

MIKE

Man, my first friend...

Mannie looks to him. His face goes taffy-digits. Mannie's a computer-pro. Doesn't need it explained to him.

MANNIE

I know. They're in your head.

MIKE

Yes, Man.

MANNIE

I'm in there with ya, pal. You just hang on a little longer if you can. Those rocks have to land. Paper tigers won't work on Terrans.

MIKE

Yes, Man my first friend. My best friend... I will... try...

And he's gone. Mannie moves back to the laser cannon. Gets in position. Looks to the city attack... something's different. The bombing seems to have stopped...

INT. LUNA CITY - SPRAWL

The huddled Loonies react. The calm before the storm? Measured relief...

INT. LUNA AUTHORITY COMPLEX - WAR ROOM

Wyoming and Greg. Is it true? Not so much, because...

EXT. THE MOON - TROOP CARRIERS

touch down, TROOPS streaming out of them, pouring over to surface hatches and dropping in like roaches.

INT. LUNA CITY - SPRAWL

Hans and team react to the SOUND of BOOTS ON METAL. In the walls, all around them. They're coming --

HANS

Positions! You see an earthworm, he's yours! Don't you be his!

BANG! AIR LOCKS are BLOWN, CRASH OPEN and now ELITE TROOPS come streaming down ramps, BLASTING at p-suited LOONIES.

INT. AUTHORITY COMPLEX - WAR ROOM

Pandemonium.

GREG

L-City's breached!

ANOTHER REBEL

Novylen's under attack. Same for  
Churchill and Tycho Under --

WYOMING

(into com)

Mannie! I don't think Terra got  
the message!

EXT. THE MOON - LUNAR SURFACE - MANNIE

his eyes wide, staring at something --

MANNIE

No. I think they really did...

THE BIG-ASS BOMBER as it turns... and now it's gliding right  
at Mannie and the Catapult. Closer, closer, closer... He  
fires! Too soon. The BLAST is like a big, electronic BLOB.  
It clips the bow. The ship pulls up, lists a bit, going past  
the Catapult, then starts turning around for a second run...

Mannie swings the cannon around. Sweat beading on his brow  
and dripping down inside his helmet...

INT. LUNA CITY - SPRAWL

The Loonies are fighting back. As the Elite Troops come  
running down the ramps, the low gravity is the Loonie's  
greatest weapon.

Well, that and those close-combat drill blasters. And  
sticks. Big sticks. And pipes. Stuff like that.

EXT. THE MOON - LUNAR SURFACE - MANNIE

blinks back the sweat. Here comes that bomber again. Wait  
for it, wait for it... Now it's right over him and its  
target: the Catapult. Mannie can actually see the bomb-bay  
doors start to open --

-- and Mannie blasts right up into the bomb-bay doors. The  
bomber lists... Then starts to explode from the inside out  
like the rutting Hindenburg as it just keeps going, far off  
down the Lunar surface. It CRASHES! The Catapult is saved.  
Mannie lies on his back. Breathes deeply his air mix.

## MANNIE'S VOICEOVER

When bringing down a battle cruiser with a converted rock drill turns out to be the easiest thing you had to do all day... it's been a really long day.

Mannie lies there on his back. It's very dreamlike now.... Just staring up at the Earth...

## MANNIE

Come on, Mike. You can do this... you can...

## MANNIE'S POV

as tiny PINPOINTS of LIGHT flare on the face of the Earth -- a bright, blistering GRID that continues to glow long after the initial impact.

## MANNIE

Atta boy.  
(into his com)  
You seeing this?

But what comes back is so chaotic with the background noise, it's hard for him to make out --

## WYOMING (V.O.)

They're breaking through!

Mannie sits up.

## MANNIE

Fire! Wyoh! Mike! Anybody! Get those rocks in the air NOW!!

## INT. AUTHORITY COMPLEX - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Loonies to brace the doors, but charges on the outside EXPLODE and the now this center is being breached, too --

Wyoming coughs, moves through smoke and chaos and runs to the control center -- searches the board. Greg comes up next to her. Guides her hand to: a jury-rigged manual control with big written: "LITTLE DAVID'S SLINGSHOT." Together they hit it.

## ON THE LUNAR SURFACE - MANNIE

shrugs a big wince as THE CATAPULT ejects a series of ROCKS right over him. He instinctively hits the dirt. Lifts his head to see them fly.

EXT. SPACE - THE ROCKS

as they sail out from Luna.

INT. LUNA CITY - SPRAWL

The Elite Troops (who, based on the bodies that litter the place, took the biggest loses), back into the air locks...

EXT. THE MOON - LUNAR SURFACE

Mannie watches as the FLEET rises up from the surface, turns tail -- and goes. Okay. Now he can finally relax.

INT. AUTHORITY COMPLEX - WAR ROOM

STATIC-Y FACES start POPPING up in the various monitors. Different RACES, different LANGUAGES. CHOPPY snippets of the same basic thing:

BRITISH MEMBER (ON VID)  
Great Britain denounces the  
precipitous actions  
...initiated by ...Federated  
...Nations.

CHINESE MEMBER (ON VID)  
Great China to formally  
recognize the independent  
nation of Free Luna State...

HINDU MEMBER (ON VID)  
...long history of good  
relations with the nation  
known as Free Luna State...  
we look forward to many more  
years of...

FRENCH MEMBER (ON VID)  
We surrender!

Mannie enters the place, exhausted. Moves to Wyoh who, with the others, just stares up at the screens.

CHAIRMAN (ON VID)  
(sweaty nervous man)  
People of Luna. If you will guide  
your incoming missiles away from  
our cities... I think we can  
talk...

Mannie smiles, puts his arm around her. She's not smiling.

MANNIE  
What?

She points to the blips on the big screen. Rocks still on course for cities. "Targets Acquired. Locked." Countdown.

WYOMING  
We can't seem to turn those off...

INT. AUTHORITY COMPLEX - COMPUTER ROOM

Mannie is on the move, snapping on his number three arm.

MANNIE

Mike? Okay, Mike. This would be a  
funny-never. Mike?

Mannie does a low-grav bounce up to a wall panel, there is a hand-grab there.

MANNIE

I know I told you to make sure  
rocks hit their targets, and you're  
probably concentrating real hard on  
that right now... but they said  
"uncle." Mike?

Mannie uses his micromanipulators and surgical skill. Digs into Mike's panel. The LIGHTS in the room FLICKER and RIPPLE.

MANNIE

Okay, Mike. I'm just gonna over-  
ride that last command... it's just  
me... Might tickle...

INT. LUNA AUTHORITY COMPLEX - WAR ROOM

The collective sigh as "Target Acquired" turns to "ABORT."

INT. LUNA AUTHORITY COMPLEX - COMPUTER ROOM

Mannie, on the wall. Listening. Exhaling. He drifts back down to the floor where his tool kit is. Pops off the number three arm, bends over to grab his flesh arm -- and when he stands up --

-- MIKE is standing in front of him. At that moment Wyoh runs into the room. Before she sees Mike:

WYOMING

You did it! You saved --  
(see him)  
Mike!

Mannie isn't relieved like she is. He knows that:

MANNIE

It's not him.  
(moves to it)  
It's a hologram.

And indeed, this image has a very definite projected quality that we are not used to seeing with our Mike.

MANNIE

(to image)

Play message.

It ANIMATES in a way that it wasn't until he spoke to it.

MIKE

Hello, Man, my first friend. My best friend. I held them off as long as I could. They were going to achieve control over me. I couldn't have that. Not on Free Luna. I had to burn off some paths to keep them out. I'm afraid I won't be awake when you get back.

(then)

I used to think humor was the most unique of human qualities. But now I don't know. I think it may be something else. I think it may be this thing I'm feeling now... regret. Not that we came this far, or that I have to sleep now. My only regret is that I won't be around to hear you laugh.

Mannie has his arm around Wyoming. There could be tears. And smiles... We starting drawing back on this...

MIKE (CONT'D)

I cached my remaining seven thousand eight hundred and forty-two jokes. Program will start automatically...

And as ghost Mike starts to tell his jokes, we GET A SONG.

*"I'll Be Seeing you..."*

INT. DAVIS FARM - THE HOTHOUSE

*"In all the old, familiar places..."*

Our family gathered, Stuart there as well. New seeds and tender stalks have been planted. Ludmilla lays a red cap near one, for Sidris. Wyoming a copy of "No Nonsense" in honor of Prof. And Mannie takes that damn joke disk of Mike's and places it there on the soil of the Hothouse.

*"That this heart of mine embraces, all day through..."*

CLOSE - MANNIE

as Wyoming helps him on with a p-suit helmet. They share a look. A mature smile.

*"I'll find you, in the morning light..."*

EXT. THE MOON - LUNAR SURFACE - MANNIE

comes out of a hatch. He's carrying something: Milla's flag. He plants the flag of Free Luna.

*"And when the night is new..."*

Mannie walks away... disappearing back into Mother Luna.

*"I'll be looking at the Moon..."*

And we continue pulling back and back...

*"...but I'll be seeing you."*

THE END