

# CONSTELLATION



ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY RUDI O'MEARA



CONSTELLATION

Written by

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IN TOTAL DARKNESS:

We hear something — or someone — BREATHING. Quickly. Frantically. Almost in time with the MUFFLED CHIME of a seemingly far off alarm.

We hold for a few seconds and then:

CUT TO:

**INT. ARTEMIS GATEWAY, CREW MODULE AIRLOCK - DAY**

The breathing belongs to an astronaut — OMAR (late 20s, black, not normally one to panic). He's wearing a worn white spacesuit plastered with patches.

The visor to his helmet is cracked. His propulsion pack is singed. And sweat beads on his brow as his dust-covered gloves scramble to unlock the hatch.

OMAR  
(English accent)  
Repeat. Ground. Negative!

Above him, a bright red beacon strobes in time with the ALARM — filling the airlock with sweeping washes color.

He tugs fruitlessly at the hatch release.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Hatch release inoperable.  
(beat, urgently)  
Override!

His eyes dart to a digital display above the hatch. It flashes a swiftly descending series of numbers.

GROUND CONTROL (O.S.)  
Negative. You're losing pressure.

OMAR  
Override!

GROUND CONTROL (O.S.)  
You're losing pressure!

OMAR  
Override!

Suddenly, the face of another man appears in the crazed glass porthole of the hatch.

This is WES (late 50s, deeply tanned, perfect teeth). He's oddly, incongruously calm.

Smiling, not wearing a helmet, he touches a small black comms mic stuck to the left side of his neck.

WES  
(doing HAL 9000)  
I'm sorry Dave. I'm afraid I can't  
do that.

Omar slams both gloved hands against the hatch - apparently knocking his right gauntlet loose.

Strangely, it twists free of his suit, falling to the floor with a heavy METALLIC THUD.

OMAR  
Control, override! Now!

GROUND CONTROL (O.S.)  
Negative. If we blow the hatch, the  
entire station...

Through the porthole, we can see Wes grinning blindingly ear-to-ear.

WES  
(still as HAL)  
Look Dave, I can see you're really  
upset about this.

Omar smashes his helmet against the hatch - then his one gloved fist.

Above him, we see what appears to be some sort of BOOM MIC hovering briefly overhead. It nips quickly out of frame.

OMAR  
Who hired this smug little spray-  
tanned--

The alarm abruptly SILENCES. The strobe light stops.

GROUND CONTROL (O.S.)  
Cut!

Omar raises his bare right hand to the porthole and flashes Wes a two-fingered 'piss off'.

**INT. ARTEMIS GATEWAY, CREW MODULE - CONTINUOUS**

Wes, still grinning, turns on his heels and (smugly) strides away from the hatch - crossing his arms as he goes. He moves like someone at full 9.807 m/s<sup>2</sup> Earth gravity.

WES  
 Gotta clear the hatch *before* the  
 station voids.  
 (over his shoulder)  
 Physics, man!

As Wes threads his way through the strangely shabby crew module, we notice there's no roof. And sections of the dingy white walls give way to what look like 2x4s.

Wait a minute. The whole thing, it's some sort of set!

SUPER: **BOCA CHICA, TEXAS, 2031**

Wes pauses. Ahead of him, we can make out a gaggle of other similarly clad 'astronauts' - all glaring at him.

The nearest, SIMON (late 30s, a brawler) grimaces.

SIMON  
 (also English accent)  
 Fuck, man. Reset?

WES  
 Nah, I'm sure it'll do for the  
 bumpers.

Opposite Simon stands a statuesque brunette. This is CAMILLE (50s, the world-weary air of a former ingénue).

CAMILLE  
 (French accent)  
 He was trying to save your life.

Wes grins her way - now doing Yoda:

WES  
 There is no try, only do!

Just past Camille, through an open gap in the wall of the module, we can make out what looks like a large CAMERA CRANE lowering to the ground.

Out of the crane's basket jumps a long-haired man in a tight-fitting bomber jacket. This is VAL (late 40s, paunchy, director-y, impatient).

VAL  
 (loud, toward Wes)  
 C'mon, dude! I need you to keep  
 these guys on their--

Before he can finish, Val disappears behind a panel of blinking lights and dials.

WES  
 (to the open ceiling)  
 Oh, now you need me?!

Behind Wes, we can see Val jumping up and down trying to get a glimpse at Wes through various half-finished portholes.

VAL  
 Mister Anderton is *not* gonna--

WES  
 Mister?  
 (beat)  
 Can't believe they sent that handsy  
 fake news hack up before us.

Down below, a YOUNG WOMAN with a clipboard steps up and hands Val a bullhorn. He tpulls the trigger.

VAL  
 (over feedback)  
 Alright, people! Guess that's a  
 wrap. Let's strike the sim, drain  
 the pool, and prep Hangar B for the  
 press conference!

It's only now that we realize his voice is the voice of ground control.

#### **INT. HANGAR A - CONTINUOUS**

Stepping out of the module, Wes takes a hard right and bounds out onto the upper platform of a safety ladder.

In the distance, another crane is scissoring up to fetch Omar (who's still dangling from stunt wires outside the airlock hatch with one missing gauntlet).

Wes rumbles down the ladder toward a bored-looking woman wearing the top of her spacesuit rolled down to her waist and a 'Punk Never Dies' tank top.

This is HANA (late 20s, Asian American, fierce).

She speaks with an inconsistent blaccent and the husky croak of an unrepentant smoker.

HANA  
 (toward Wes)  
 Yo, Camille's right, dude. Cut Omar  
 some fucking slack.

Looking pleased as punch, Wes leaps the last few steps.

WES  
And then what? We all get along  
like a big happy family?  
(beat, smiling)  
Bo-ring! Conflict, that's what the  
people want!

Hana GRUMBLES something under her breath in Mandarin.

WES (CONT'D)  
The c-word? Really?

Hana stifles a glimmer of mortification at having forgotten  
Wes speaks Mandarin.

WES (CONT'D)  
(in subtitled Mandarin)  
I used to be huge in China!

Just over her shoulder, we see one last 'astronaut'  
approaching - removing his helmet.

This DIEGO (mid 30s, a slick, entitled hothead).

DIEGO  
(to Hana)  
Kiss your girlfriend with that  
mouth?

Hana swivels her head his way.

HANA  
Let's go, tech bro douche bag.

WES  
(to Diego and Hana)  
Yeah! That's more like it!

For a second, it almost looks like Hana and Diego are about  
to come to blows. But Wes surges between them - still  
grinning (still blindingly).

WES (CONT'D)  
Fucking space, you guys!

Behind him, Omar is being patiently lowered to the ground.

WES (CONT'D)  
Ever since I was a little kid, all  
I ever dreamed about was seeing the  
sun rise over the horn of Africa  
from 238,900 miles up!

Omar hits the ground, twists off his helmet, and calmly strides over toward Val.

WES (CONT'D)

If I could do that - if we can do that - I think I'd die a happy man!

OMAR

(an aside, to Val)

You do know this fool's gonna get one of us killed.

Val nods faintly - perhaps thinking of the ratings.

Not hearing Omar, Wes lifts his arms from Hana and Diego's shoulders and loudly snaps his fingers.

WES

C'mon! Tomorrow, we make history!

#### INT. HANGAR B - LATER

All six of our seeming space travelers sit shoulder-to-shoulder at a long table draped with a dark red runner emblazoned with the NASA logo.

Camera shutters CLACK and POP over the DIN of REPORTERS SHOUTING indecipherable questions.

Behind the table, Val gestures with a long pointer toward a projected image of the Moon's surface.

VAL

(pointing)

The Chinese agricultural station is here. Their main operational center is here. Roscosmos has a presence here, here, here, and here. They're both claiming here, here, and here - crater coordinates and proper names are in your briefing packets - as proprietary Helium-3 mining interests. So, we'll be sure to keep our distance.

(deep breath)

Here. Near the lunar south pole. At Basecamp Artemis. Extreme light. Extreme dark. And, as we've discovered, water. Which can be removed from the regolith - or lunar soil - using a process NASA calls Ablative Arc Mining.



The screen behind him transitions to footage of a vast crater over which ripples sizzling blue/white ribbons of RAW PLASMA. It's breathtaking. And a little terrifying.

The hangar ECHOES again with urgently BARKED QUESTIONS.

VAL (CONT'D)  
 (ignoring the questions)  
 The arc pulls particles out of the regolith and ionizes them. Allowing us to gather and then store them using dome magnets that--

More SHOUTING drowns him out. One reporter's VOICE cuts through the chaos.

CHAD GROMLEY  
 Chad Gromley, Russia Today. What do you say to those who accuse NASA of using this so-called mission as a ploy to interfere with ongoing Russian and Chinese expansion on the lunar surface?

Val slowly turns back around. Everyone else at the table seem to be barely listening - checking their socials, etc.

VAL  
 Chad, you know I can't answer that.

Val's eyes drift to a far off gaggle of SHADOWY NASA EXECS.

VAL (CONT'D)  
 Our crew will be piloted - in tandem - by a CNSA taikonaut and a Roscosmos cosmonaut...  
 (pointing again)  
 ...here. To the Gateway Orbiter.

A rendering of the ARTEMIS GATEWAY ORBITER fills the screen. It looks like a random hodgepodge of various modules.

VAL (CONT'D)  
 From there, they'll meet Colonel Adams and our host, former MSCNNBC anchor Cameron Anderton.

WHISPERS rumble through the assembled crowd.

VAL (CONT'D)  
 En route, the cast will participate in a series of challenges designed to simulate the dangerous and often stressful conditions--

CHAD GROMLEY

Is it true that SpaceX has signed  
an exclusive contract with CNSA and  
Roscosmos, leaving NASA with no  
effective means of lunar transport?

VAL

No comment.

(continuing)

Now, as a sign of good will...

CHAD GROMLEY

(cutting him off)

...and proof that NASA doesn't have  
the budget!

Val SIGHS deeply.

VAL

I can neither confirm nor deny--

The hangar ERUPTS with HURLED QUERIES.

VAL (CONT'D)

Alright, alright. People. Please!  
Let's try to keep this civil!

Val turns, lifting his arms like a circus impresario.

VAL (CONT'D)

Everyone, meet the final cast of  
"Constellation" Season One!

More SHOUTING. Val WHISPERS assembled cast.

VAL (CONT'D)

Please try and keep it clean. And  
do not under any circumstance drink  
tonight. You hear me?

(to Wes, Camille, and  
Simon)

Not. A. Drop!

Only Camille and Simon nod back. Val spins back around to  
see that all the shadowy NASA officials have vanished.

VAL (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Worst idea ever.

TITLE SEQUENCE: **CONSTELLATION**

In a series of FLASH CUTS set to THEME MUSIC, we jump back-and-forth from reality TV character intros and real-life snippets from each contestant's less than stellar past:

-- Omar (stylized) stands with his arms crossed at the edge of a race track as a bunched pack of F1 cars blast by --

-- Omar (real-life) yanks a steering wheel hard left as another car hits the wall and spirals into the air --

-- Diego (stylized) stands cockily at the center of a fake version of the TED conference stage --

-- Diego (real-life) chases after a tow truck pulling away with a bright blue Aston Martin Vanquish on its bed --

-- Wes (stylized) stands grinning blindingly on the ersatz set of made up Hollywood action picture--

-- Wes (real-life) screams at a bored-looking camera crew in a tight green-screen body suit covered in ping-pong balls --

CUT THE MUSIC.

WES

Wait, like, cry/cry for real or  
just look like I'm crying?

FRUSTRATED DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Somebody PLEASE fet this pint-sized  
prima donna off my set!

CONTINUE THE MUSIC.

-- Camille (stylized) stands at the center of a jet-black runway during a simulation of Paris Fashion week --

-- Camille (real-life) guzzles a goblet of chardonnay while live-streaming a mascara-running crying jag --

-- Simon (stylized) stands clutching a soccer ball at the center of a vast modern football arena --

-- Simon (real-life) headbutts his (former) head coach on the sidelines beneath a 6-0 scoreboard --

-- Hana (stylized) stands in the light of a single spotlight inside a high-tech recording studio --

-- Hana sits a crowded dining table across from her MOTHER and FATHER, staring into a steaming bowl of soup --

CUT THE MUSIC.

HANA'S FATHER  
 (in subtitled Mandarin)  
 What do you mean, she loves women?  
 I love women. You love women. We  
 both love her. What's the problem?

HANA'S MOTHER  
 (also subtitled Mandarin)  
 No, no. You don't understand. She  
loves women!

CONTINUE THE MUSIC.

**EXT. MOTEL POOL - PRE-DAWN**

It's early morning. And we're looking up from the bottom of a motel swimming pool. Hazy aquamarine.

Amidst a sea of abandoned Styrofoam noodles and saggy, deflated beach balls, a person in a spacesuit floats face-down like a corpse. Behind them, hints of sunrise ripple.

Of course, it's Wes. Of course, he's drunk. And of course he's reciting the opening monologue from "The Right Stuff":

WES  
 (slurring)  
 There was a demon that lived in the  
 air. They said whoever challenged  
 him would die.

He takes a long, deep breath. And we hear the HISS of his oxygen generator expelling CO2 into the water.

WES (CONT'D)  
 The demon lived behind a barrier  
 through which they said no man  
 could ever pass.

Above him, we can make out the undulating figure of what appears to be Hana (wearing a blue NASA jumpsuit).

She steps to the edge of the pool, looking down.

WES (CONT'D)  
 They called it...  
 (beat)  
 ...the sound barrier.

CUT THE MUSIC.

Wes BELCHES loudly and then paddles toward the deep end - trailing a cloud of shimmering silver bubbles.

**EXT. MOTEL, POOLSIDE - PRE-DAWN**

Next to Hana, the rest of the cast now stand shoulder-to-shoulder in matching jumpsuits - staring down at Wes.

HANA  
Ditch him?

OMAR  
They'd scrub without him.

DIEGO  
Where the hell'd he get that suit?

CAMILLE  
Method actors are the worst.

SIMON  
Alright, c'mon.

He kicks off his booties.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
We ain't got all fuckin' day!

END TITLE SEQUENCE.

**EXT. SPACEX STARBASE, LAUNCH PAD - MORNING**

Standing with her back to a launch pad - on which sits a gleaming SpaceX Starship - a neatly-dressed NEWSCASTER lifts her mic and speaks:

NEWSCASTER  
And we're back! With just...

Her eyes dart to a nearby digital countdown clock.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)  
...under three and a half minutes remaining until the long-awaited launch of what's become sort of a last-ditch Hail Mary for NASA's beleaguered Artemis program.

**INT. STARSHIP, CREW CABIN - MORNING**

Strapped in and surrounded by glowing instruments, Wes and Camille sit (helmeted and looking beyond nervous) next to two actual ASTRONAUTS - their pilots to space.

These are SERGEI (early 40s, dead eyes, sickly complexion) and CHAO (mid 30s, clean-cut, leading man looks).



Quickly and confidently tapping and swiping through screens, they both address Wes over the comms:

SERGEI  
(Russian accent)  
Hated you in "Mercury Rising".

CHAO  
(zero accent)  
Second act. What a disaster!

**EXT. SPACEX STARBASE, LAUNCH PAD - SECONDS LATER**

The newscaster continues as a steady stream of water vapor billows out from below the gleaming Starship:

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)  
Given the recent ramp-up in tensions between the newly dominant superpowers in space - China and Russia - many security experts are increasingly convinced that this shameless ratings gambit may turn into a giant international...

She's cut off by the BOOMING VOICE of FLIGHT CONTROL echoing over the P.A. system:

FLIGHT CONTROL (O.S.)  
T-minus 60 seconds to launch.

**INT. STARSHIP, CREW CABIN - SAME**

Behind Wes and Camille - wearing identical flight suits and helmets - sit Diego, Hana, Omar, and Simon. They each fiddle anxiously with their telemetry leads.

FLIGHT CONTROL (V.O.)  
Stage one tanks pressing for flight.

HANA  
So, we're just gonna, like, trust the people who put us up at that shitbird motel to get us to the fucking Moon?!

Ignoring her, Chao reaches a gloved hand forward and taps a stylus to the glass screen of a digital display.

VAL (O.S.)  
(over the comms)  
Remember, people. Keep it clean.

**EXT. SPACEX STARBASE, LAUNCH PAD - SAME**

The newscaster picks up (roughly) where she left off as the cloud of water vapor swells behind her.

NEWSCASTER

...now, it's unclear what Russia could possibly have to gain from--

FLIGHT CONTROL cuts back in again:

FLIGHT CONTROL (O.S.)

Flight termination system has been armed.

NEWSCASTER

Okay then. We are, apparently, all systems go!

**INT. STARSHIP, CREW CABIN - SAME**

Looking increasingly antsy (and still blisteringly hungover) Wes swivels his head toward Camille.

WES

You know, we should totally have a dalliance.

HANA

Eew.

DIEGO

Yeah, dude. Disgusting.

Wes tugs at his shoulder straps.

WES

Alliance. I meant alliance!

Behind the glinting dome of her visor, Camille frowns.

CAMILLE

This isn't like the stupid one on the island. Nobody get voted off.

WES

Yeah, but... think of the ratings.

OMAR

Is that *all* you think about?

SIMON

Can we please just--

FLIGHT CONTROL (CONT'D)  
SpaceX Starship, go for launch.

SERGEI  
*Da.*

CHAO  
Affirmative.

Wes glances left and right, looking like he wants to jump out of his skin.

CAMILLE  
(mockingly)  
Thought you did all your own stunts.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Ten, nine, eight, seven, six...

Wes takes a deep breath, staring straight ahead.

WES  
(overcompensating)  
LET'S LIGHT THIS--

**EXT. LAUNCH PAD, LAUNCH MOUNT - MORNING**

The exhaust cones of the Raptor engines ignite - filling the frame with gusts of silvery flames and a deafening ROAR.

**INT. STARSHIP, CREW CABIN - TIGHT ON WES**

As the Starship RUMBLES and GROANS, Wes's head shakes side-to-side, then up and down.

At first, he's grinning like a kid in a candy store. But then a hint of fear begins to creep in. Then terror. Then the abiding desire to be anywhere else in the world.

And then, almost as if on cue, he passes out cold.

CUT TO BLACK.

We again hear someone - BREATHING. Rhythmically. Calmly. Entirely oblivious to what sounds like the CLICKING of someone typing commands into a digital display.

We hold for a few seconds and then:

CUT TO:

**INT. STARSHIP, CREW CABIN - BACK ON WES**

Wes comes to with a JOLT - like someone who's just had a bucket of water (or a vodka tonic) dumped in his face.

The roar of the engines is gone. The cabin is eerily calm. Only Sergei, Chao, and Camille remain - still in their spacesuits.

WES

Oh my god! Oh my god! How long was I... how long was I out?!

Sergei and Chao both raise their wrists. Camille grins.

CHAO

Roughly...

CAMILLE

Ninety seven minutes, thirty four seconds.

WES

WHAT?!

It's only now that Wes realizes that both of his arms are floating out in front of him, weightless.

Over the Cabin P.A. we hear a loud BING.

VAL (O.S.)

Crew Starship. This is SpaceX.

(bing, static)

Glad to see from telemetry that Sleeping Beauty has awakened.

Wes STUGGERS, still perplexed by his floating arms.

Another VOICE echoes over the comms. It belongs to our host, Cameron Anderton:

CAMERON (O.S.)

(silky smooth)

Way to go there, buddy. That was a good hour and a half of riveting, must-see TV.

WES

Oh, hey-- I, uh... how you doin' up there, Mister, uh, Anderton?

CAMILLE

(scornful)

Mister...

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. NETWORK NEWS DESK - CONTINUOUS**

We slowly dolly in on our host - CAMERON ANDERTON (mid 50s, a clean cut bobble head of a man who once aspired to be a proper journalist).

CAMERON  
(direct-to-camera)  
It's with a heavy heart that I'm  
reporting to you on this network  
for the last time tonight.

He shuffles some papers, clearing his throat.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
As some of you may know, I have  
been under investigation by our  
ombudsman for--

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. ARTEMIS BASECAMP - TIGHT ON CAMERON**

Seated similarly at a surprisingly grimy control panel inside the underfunded and barely habitable Basecamp Artemis, we re-meet an older Cameron.

His former good looks have gone to seed and he's sporting a four or five day thicket of stubble. Instead of a pinstriped suit, he's wearing a threadbare, deeply-stained flight suit.

CAMERON  
(over the mic, to Wes)  
Look at you trying to suck up to  
the boss already.

VAL (O.S.)  
Uh, technically, I'm the boss.

**INT. STARSHIP, CREW CABIN - BACK ON WES**

Still looking stunned, Wes STAMMERS:

WES  
Wait. Where is everybody?

Camille gestures behind them.

VAL (O.S.)  
I said no drinking. No Xanax!



SERGEI  
Don't worry, SpaceX.

Sergei pulls a small orange pill bottle with Wes's name on it off the instrument panel and slowly tucks it into an open cargo pocket on his thigh.

CHAO  
Just say no.

Sergei and Chao share a quick, condescending eye roll.

**INT. STARSHIP, PAYLOAD BAY - CONTINUOUS**

Moving through the interior of the Starship like swimmers floating, Simon, Omar, Hana, and Diego make their way toward what appears to be some sort of loading bay.

Empty pods designed to house each crew member's suit and helmet line both sides of the bay.

SIMON  
Dunno what all the fuss was about.  
That was bleedin' easy!

Grabbing a grip to slow down, Omar moves toward an open pod.

OMAR  
Speak for yourself.

Diego glides into the pod across from Omar.

DIEGO  
(to Omar)  
Thought you'd be, like, an old pro  
at pulling few Gs.

Hana backs her way into another empty pod and two robotic arms lock her in, removing her helmet.

HANA  
Dude, leave him be.

All four of them shimmy themselves out of their spacesuits.

DIEGO  
Last one to the viewing gallery's a  
rotten egg!

Diego shoves off, gliding away. After a second, they all scramble off after him weightlessly.

**INT. STARSHIP, MAIN PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Leaving Sergei and Chao at the helm, Camille pulls Wes out of his seat and toward the circular main passageway.

WES  
Don't tell the others about the,  
uh, Xanax, huh?

Now Camille rolls her eyes.

WES (CONT'D)  
You know how much they, uh, you  
know... look up to me.

CAMILLE  
I imagine most five-year-olds don't  
even look up to you.

Wes just lets this roll off his back as they drift their way through the passageway.

WES  
Say, I've been meaning to say...

Wes nearly slams into control panel lined with flashing touchscreens. Camille reaches back, yanking him clear.

WES (CONT'D)  
...you live-streaming that thing  
about getting cut out of what's his  
name's will - that took balls.

Looking like she'd rather talk about literally anything else, Camille lets go of Wes - pushing away.

CAMILLE  
Yeah, and now I can't book a gig to  
save my life.

WES  
Tell me about it.  
(beat)  
Hey, but... rockin' bod, still.

Wes grabs onto a grip, starting to get the hang of things.

CAMILLE  
You disgust me.

Camille shoves off again, toward the cargo bay. Wes follows.

WES  
You know what's weird?

CAMILLE

The fact that someone thought it'd  
be a good idea to send a bunch of  
D-listers like you into space?

WES

D-listers?

Not listening, Camille backs her way into one of the  
remaining open pods. Two robot arms lock her in and start  
removing her helmet.

WES (CONT'D)

I never used to get the jitters  
before the day. Never had stage  
fright. Hell, I've been catatonic  
basically my entire career!

Wes squeezes into the empty pod across from her.

WES (CONT'D)

But now that it's all really  
really, really happening, I'm  
actually kind of... *nervous*.

Her helmet off, Camille seems momentarily surprised by Wes's  
fragment of candor. His robot deftly undoes his torso  
assemblies and then starts in on his arms.

CAMILLE

Really? Why?  
(wryly)  
What could *possibly* go wrong?

# **INT. STARSHIP, VIEWING GALLERY - CONTINUOUS**

Omar, Hana, Simon, and Diego tumble and drift through the  
vast viewing gallery in the nosecone of the ship.

It's a cathedral-like space with a massive, spade-shaped  
glass window bisected by geodesic support struts. Beyond,  
stars flicker and flutter in the inky blackness.

VAL (O.S.)

(over the P.A.)

Alright people. We'll be up-linking  
live in five. So, ixnay on the  
motherfuckersnay. Yeah?

Everyone but Hana freezes.

VAL (CONT'D)  
And remember. This is a popularity  
contest. So, at least try to seem  
remotely likeable. Got it?

Diego pushes off, floating down toward the central shaft.

HANA  
Whatevs.

DIEGO  
God, can't you just--

HANA  
Can't I just what?

DIEGO  
Stop acting like some blasé Gen-Z  
done-it-all for, like, one second.

Flashing him double middles, Hana shoves off, away.

HANA  
Gen-Z? Generation Alpha,  
motherfucker!

She disappears down the shaft. Omar and Simon share a quick  
look. Diego pushes off after her.

**INT. STARSHIP, COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The sleek, circular common room is lined with small  
portholes and ringed by safety grips. Discrete digital  
cameras abound - covering every inch of the space.

A series of huge displays feature live feeds from Ground  
Control and Basecamp.

VAL (O.S.)  
(on one screen)  
Alright, people. Places.

Hana, Diego, and Simon vie for the most flattering angles.

OMAR  
It's not a competition.

HANA  
It is *literally* a competition.

VAL (O.S.)  
And we're live in five, four,  
three...

Camille and a still frazzled-looking Wes emerge from the circular void in the floor, drifting up.

DIEGO  
(down toward Wes)  
Good nap, Grandpa?

Wes mimes drilling out his dimples with his middle fingers.

VAL (O.S.)  
And, action!

**INT. ARTEMIS BASECAMP - TIGHT ON CAMERON**

Cameron leans closer to his mic to speak. The front of his jumpsuit looks like it was once covered in oil. Or blood.

CAMERON  
Take it from 'and'?

VAL (O.S.)  
Did I not say we're live?

CAMERON  
Like, live/live?

Behind him, we see another man in a similarly ragged jumpsuit. This is COLONEL ADAMS (late 50s, thick graying heavy droop mustache - an early NASA throwback).

VAL (O.S.)  
No! There's a 10 minute delay for  
assembly, color grading but--  
(frustrated)  
Never mind! Take it from 'and'!

**INT. STARSHIP, COMMON ROOM - BACK ON THE CREW**

Wes glides closer to Hana and Omar, grabbing onto one of the rails below the portholes to slow down. Camille follows.

CAMERON (O.S.)  
(host-y)  
And, astronauts, welcome to deep  
space! Welcome to Zero-G! And,  
perhaps more importantly, welcome  
to your very first team challenge!

All assembled nod.



CAMERON (CONT'D)

Now, as practice for your upcoming docking with Gateway, our first set of challenges are about teamwork, decision-making, and speed.

Simon bites his lip. Diego crosses his arms, floating.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

We'll be breaking you into teams of two and sending you to different sections of the ship - to face a set of potential disaster scenarios often encountered during long-distance space travel.

The entire cast (again, other than Hana) already looks totally beyond their depth.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

This is, of course, an individual competition. The overall points winner at the end of your six week tour - as voted on in real-time by the folks at home - will be awarded the ultimate prize of \$20 million.

Barely listening, Wes seems more focused on trying to keep his legs where he wants them.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

But it will still be critical to score individual bonus points as part of a team. You have...

On screen, he lifts his watch.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

...five minutes to complete your first challenge.

Everyone in the room braces - other than Hana who's full-on 'game on' loose.

#### **INT. ARTEMIS BASECAMP - BACK ON CAMERON**

Cameron leans back from the mic. Behind him, Colonel Adams looks like he's trying to block out Cameron's voice.

CAMERON

And remember, the whole world can vote. And the whole world will be watching.

COLONEL ADAMS  
 (in the background)  
 I won't. Got better things to do  
 with my time.  
 (muttering to himself)  
 Stupid boob tube circle jerk.  
 Somebody's gonna get killed!

**INT. STARSHIP, COMMON ROOM - BACK ON THE CREW**

Even Hana seems momentarily shaken by the Colonel's offhand comment. Onscreen, Cameron soldiers on:

CAMERON (O.S.)  
 On your marks. Get set. Go!

On cue, they all make a mad dash for the circular shaft at the center of the space.

And, as they go, slamming into each other left and right, we linger on Cameron and Val on their monitors.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
 Can we cut around the boob tube  
 bit?

VAL (O.S.)  
 Yeah, no prob. The buffer's mostly  
 for Standards and Practices anyway.  
 Knowing these losers.

**INSERT MONTAGE:**

To the GALACTIC TWANG of "Orbit Around the Moon" by Joe Meek and The Blue Men, we quickly cut between teams.

-- Hana and Omar in the middle of the RADIATION SHELTER frantically try to put out a growing electrical fire with crude looking fire extinguishers --

-- Simon and Diego in the HABITATION MODULE desperately open and close every hatch and bay door trying to identify the source of a howling pressure leak --

-- Wes and Camille hastily don pressurized oxygen masks as they search every inch of the CARGO BAY for a toxic spill while strobe-like alarm lights flash --

-- Wes pauses (still in the cargo bay) next to a GIANT METAL CONTAINER covered in NUCLEAR MATERIAL WARNING in bright red Cyrillic script --

CUT TO:

**INT. STARSHIP, CREW CABIN, HANA'S BUNK - LATER**

Having barely broken a sweat, Hana sits on the edge of her bunk, speaking direct-to-camera - confessional-style:

HANA  
 Southern fucking Poverty Law  
 Center, bitches.  
 (beat)  
 Because \$20M would do a great deal  
 to dismantle white supremacy,  
 strengthen intersectional  
 movements, and advance the human  
 rights of all people.  
 (beat)  
 Ya feel me?

**INT. STARSHIP, MESS CABIN - LATER**

Seated by himself at a table in in the dimly-lit mess cabin, Omar whispers toward the screen - also confessional-style:

OMAR  
 Dunno why everyone's so hung up on  
 the popularity graph. The more you  
 get wrapped around the axle with  
 telemetry, the more likely you are  
 to, well, you know. Die.

**INT. STARSHIP, GYM CABIN - LATER**

Hooked up to all sorts of sensors, Simon shouts while sprinting on a treadmill - also confessional-style:

SIMON  
 My money? It's on me, of course.  
 But Hana, she's in there close.  
 Gotta watch out for that one.

**INT. STARSHIP, LATRINE - LATER**

Recently showered, Diego leans toward a faintly fogged mirror and speaks - also confessional-style:

DIEGO  
 Who'd I vote off if I could? Wes,  
 no doubt! That cocky *pendejo* still  
 thinks he's the shit. God's gift to  
 Hollywood. So, yeah. I'd cut that  
 little Napoleon loose.

BACK TO:

**INT. STARSHIP, CARGO BAY - EARLIER**

With the Russian nuclear material container looming behind him, Wes (now doing the fire suppression exercise) watches as the sleeves of his jumpsuit slowly catch fire.

WES

Uh, little help?!

The picture of calm, Camille hesitates for a second and then blasts Wes with a gust of foamy retardant.

CAMILLE

Men. Can't live with them. Can't  
let them burn.

(beat)

Not enough oxygen.

FADE TO:

**INT. STARSHIP, CREW DECK - LATER**

The lights dimmed, we drift briefly through the crew deck. Large, padded bay doors line the space, each lettered.

Over the HUM of the ship, we hear one bay door WHOOSH open.

Out steps Wes, still wearing his fire-blackened flight suit. His stockinged feet grip grip the floor.

He stretches, unable to sleep. And then he pushes off toward the central shaft, and up the ladder.

**INT. STARSHIP, MESS CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Up ahead, we see a flickering light glowing from inside the mess cabin. Wes glides gracefully toward the light.

Seated where we last saw him - alone at one of the white dining tables, wearing wireless ear buds - is Omar.

In front of him is the source of the light - a thin translucent tablet playing some sort of video.

He pulls out one of his ear buds.

OMAR

Can't sleep?

WES

Need my little helper.

OMAR

Been there. Done that.

Wes lowers his feet to the floor where they stick again.

WES  
What're you watching?

Omar spins the tablet around, hitting pause. On it we see Diego's lathered face frozen mid-sentence.

OMAR  
First episode's already streaming.

WES  
Holy cow! How is it?!

OMAR  
Well...

Omar taps the screen and the video plays again aloud.

DIEGO  
(over the tablet)  
...God's gift to Hollywood. So,  
yeah. I'd cut that little Napoleon  
loose.

Wes screws up his face.

Onscreen, Diego squeezes a tube of water and gobbles silver  
orbs out of the air, continuing:

DIEGO (CONT'D)  
Strange thing is though, nobody  
seems to care about the whole  
Russia/China thing.

Omar hits pause again.

WES  
Napoleon?

OMAR  
What Russia/China thing?

WES  
Hell if I know!

Wes lifts his feet from the floor and pushes off, back  
toward where he came from.

OMAR  
Ever wonder why the studio would  
send us to the Moon if the whole  
place is teetering on the brink of  
World War--

Wes slows, pondering. Omar stands.

OMAR  
(wondering)  
Ratings?

WES  
(knowing)  
Ratings.

Wes shoves off again.

WES  
Gotta get back in the game somehow!

# **INT. STARSHIP, CARGO BAY - LATER**

To the ethereal CHORUS of "Space Song" by Beach House, Wes as glides back toward the cargo bay from earlier. Automatic lights track with him as he goes.

Back inside, he pushes off toward the giant metal container with the stenciled nuclear material warnings in Cyrillic.

Behind the container, he sees the massive corkscrew blade of an industrial boring machine.

CUT THE MUSIC.

# **INT. STARSHIP, CARGO BAY - ON SERGEI**

Sergei - looking pissed - stands upside down with his feet fixed to the ceiling. He's holding some SOME SORT OF DRILL.

SERGEI  
Below your pay grade.  
(not subtitled)  
гребаный турист.

Wes looks to the boring machine and then back to Sergei as he pushes himself off the floor and up toward the ceiling.

Sergei turns to leave.

WES  
Wait, what?

SERGEI  
Below your pay grade. Fucking  
tourist.

Wes gets his feet to the ceiling and they grip instantly.

WES  
What is that thing?

Sergei spins back around.

SERGEI

You Americans are all the same.

Suddenly, a LOUD PING echoes off the angular struts spanning the cargo bay. Then a single sweep of RED LIGHT washes over the faces of both men.

Sergei doesn't move a muscle. Wes stares into his empty eyes as if searching for his next line. Then, another PING. And:

CHAO (O.S.)

Petrov. We've got a problem.

Not budging, Sergei leans closer to Wes's face.

SERGEI

*Da.*

**INT. STARSHIP, DOCKING BAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Wes follows Chao hand-over-hand through a darkened corridor. Ahead, various alarms FLASH silently on screens.

WES

Wait a minute! Hold on!

Ignoring him, Chao stops at a display and hastily swipes through a few screens.

CHAO

(into his comms mic)

Looks like a misfire in one of the bay door Dracos. Why didn't we see this earlier?

WES

Why are we transporting Russian nuclear material to the Moon?!

Through the glass of the bay door porthole, we see a silent BLAST of one of the docking thrusters.

CHAO

(still not to Wes)

Tell me you didn't do that.

SERGEI (O.S.)

(too calm)

*Net.*

WES

Holy shit. Maybe Diego--

Chao spins back toward him, angry:



CHAO  
I need you to pay attention!

Wes pushes off and drifts weightless for a moment.

WES  
Man, fuck! Of course! Why didn't I  
think of--

Suddenly, Wes looks to his right leg - where Chao has  
unceremoniously sunken what appears to be some sort of  
syringe.

They share a brief look before Chao presses the plunger.

WES (CONT'D)  
Hey! Now...

The effect is almost instant. Chao withdraws the syringe.

CHAO  
If we don't get this fixed, no  
Gateway. No landing. No show. No  
mission!

WES  
(already slurring)  
Yeah, what is your mission anyway?

Wes's eyes roll back into his head as he drifts slowly away.

CHAO  
(into his mic)  
Find another. I'll suit up.

SERGEI (O.S.)  
Da.

FADE TO BLACK:

Over the MUTED SOUND of thrusters firing, we hear OMAR'S  
VOICE nervously barking out coordinates:

OMAR (V.O.)  
Pitch negative 52.7 degrees! Yaw  
23.5! Roll 16.25!

FADE TO:

**INT. STARSHIP, DOCKING BAY - WES'S POV**

The scene FLUTTERS back to life in front of us. It's the  
same docking bay. But this time, Omar floats in front of the  
bay door, not Chao.

Holding onto a nearby rail with one hand, he lifts a flickering wireless display attached to his wrist. It flashes a complex looking set of telemetry diagrams.

OMAR  
It's not working!

SERGEI (O.S.)  
Calm yourself.

OMAR  
Don't make do this! Don't make me  
crash this thing!

SERGEI (O.S.)  
(too calm)  
It's space. There is nothing to  
crash into.

As Omar's body twists around the bay door, we can suddenly see, outside, the tethered figure of Chao.

Floating, he wears a bulky white CNSA spacesuit. His protective visor is up.

CHAO  
I don't understand. It must have  
been damaged at takeoff!

SERGEI  
Not possible.

CHAO  
It's like-- like someone's drilled  
right through it.

OMAR  
Roll 21.45 degrees!

SERGEI  
Micrometeorite?

CHAO  
No, sensors would have-- Wait.

Through the porthole, we see Chao's worried face - garishly lit by the bright lights lining the inside of his visor.

Then we hear an outbound COMMS BING.

CHAO (CONT'D)  
SpaceX, this is Starship. Over.

Unexpectedly, all four Draco thrusters FIRE - blasting Chao from the capsule's surface, snapping his tether, and sending him tumbling end-over-end into the darkness of space!

OMAR

No, no, no, no, NO!

An anxious 2.4 seconds later we hear an inbound COMMS BING.

VAL (O.S.)

Starship, SpaceX. Do you read?  
Over.

SERGEI (O.S.)

(again, eerily calm)

Roger, SpaceX. Entering lunar shadow. Expect loss of signal in approximately...

VAL (O.S.)

Starship, report! We're picking up data suggesting that--

SERGEI (O.S.)

(ignoring him)

...five, four, three, two...

FADE TO BLACK:

No breathing, no sound. Just total, desolate, disconcerting SILENCE.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STARSHIP, ENTERING LUNAR ORBIT - CONTINUOUS**

The silver spacecraft is engulfed by the lunar shadow - just as the tiny white speck of Chao's lifeless body drifts further into oblivion.

Far off in the distance, the aquamarine disc of the Earth.

FADE TO BLACK:

In the darkness, we hear HUSHED VOICES - talking over each other. Arguing. Groggily bickering about what's just gone down - or what seems to be happening.

DIEGO (V.O.)

What the fuck is this?!

SIMON (V.O.)

What do you mean 'gone'?!

OMAR (V.O.)  
Gone! Chao. Petrov, he just--

DIEGO (V.O.)  
Is this part of the thing?

HANA (V.O.)  
Everything's part of the thing.

CAMILLE (V.O.)  
Why would they do that?

SIMON (V.O.)  
Doesn't make any fuckin' sense!

HANA (V.O.)  
Told ya Wes was gonna screw the--

CUT TO:

**INT. STARSHIP, CREW CABIN - ON SERGEI**

Back at the helm, Sergei furiously taps at the array of controls before him. Omar glides into the seat next to him - looking beyond stressed.

On the other side of Sergei sits Wes - still out of it but conscious again (and back in his spacesuit and helmet).

Behind the three of them, the crew cabin is packed to the gills with the rest of the cast - minus Simon.

SERGEI  
(stone-faced, to Omar)  
Initiate Gateway orbit insertion  
burn on my mark.

OMAR  
Don't make me DO this!

SERGEI  
Five, four, three...

WES  
(slurring his words)  
Go, Omar. You're crushing it!

He gestures weakly toward his helmet.

**INT. STARSHIP, CREW CABIN - WES'S POV**

Through Wes's visor, we can see a heads-up display of the live POPULARITY METER. Omar is surging, off the charts.

OMAR (O.S.)  
DON'T SAY THAT!!

**INT. STARSHIP, CREW CABIN - BACK ON SERGEI**

Looking like he'd rather have ejected the lot of them into space, Sergei SHOUTS:

SERGEI  
...FIRE!

Omar closes his eyes, wincing as he presses a button - firing the boosters and sending everyone lurching forward.

SERGEI (CONT'D)  
Kill main thrusters.

Omar swipes nervously through more screens, pressing more buttons. The Starship slows.

Outside, we see the Gateway orbiter drift by.

OMAR  
(to himself)  
It wasn't my fault. It wasn't my--

Wes tries to swivel his head toward Omar.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Davies. He never should have tried  
to pass on the inside.

Sergei presses a call button.

SERGEI  
England, thrusters!

SIMON (O.S.)  
I think we're comin' in too hot!

SERGEI  
QUIET!

**EXT. GATEWAY ORBITER - ON THE STARSHIP**

We watch from afar as the Starship glides roughly into place with the pockmarked gray surface of the Moon bleeding by in the distance. Docked.

**INT. STARSHIP, AUXILIARY DOCKING BAY - SAME**

Simon anxiously reaches out and pulls a large metal lever - unlocking the hatch to the Gateway orbiter.

Val's voice crackles back to life over the comms:

VAL (O.S.)  
(over static)  
Starship! Come in, Starship! What  
the HELL is going on up there?!

Simon looks back. Everyone else is gathered right behind him  
- crouched, suited up, and looking nervous as hell.

VAL (CONT'D)  
If you can hear me, we're live  
again in five, four, three...

Everyone stiffens. Simon looks ahead, hands on the hatch.

VAL (CONT'D)  
...two, one!

Simon throws open the hatch - revealing two other astronauts  
waiting just inside the airlock. It's Cameron and Colonel  
Adams.

COLONEL ADAMS  
For God's sakes CUT!

Everyone hesitates. *What the fuck is going on?!*

COLONEL ADAMS (CONT'D)  
Go! Go! GO!

Adams grabs Simon by the shoulders and heaves him roughly  
into the cluttered orbiter.

SIMON  
What the fuck, mate?!

Hana shoves her way out after Simon, toward Cameron.

HANA  
(to Cameron)  
Are we still live?

CAMERON  
Heck if I know!

HANA  
Are we still streaming?!

Colonel Adams leans in past Hana, reaching for Camille.

COLONEL ADAMS  
Move it!

VAL (O.S.)  
 (over more static)  
 You can't just fucking cut!

Adams yanks Camille out.

CAMILLE  
 (to Adams)  
 Get your hands off me!

A still groggy Wes ducks out after her.

WES  
 Oh, shit. My drugs.

Colonel Adams grabs onto Wes, shaking him hard.

COLONEL ADAMS  
 Listen to me! The Russians have  
 rigged the refueler! You gotta get  
 these guys to the LEM. Get to the  
 surface. Before it blows!

The Colonel roughly hurls Wes past Carmeron.

WES  
 (to Cameron)  
 Blows?!

CAMERON  
 I don't know!!

CAMILLE  
 (also to Cameron)  
 Is this a team challenge?

Hana pushes herself further into the module.

HANA  
 Are we fucking live or not?!

Colonel Adams ignores this, reaching back into the airlock.

COLONEL ADAMS (CONT'D)  
 If I can get to the logistics  
 module, I can get Esprit free and  
 try to defuse it!

Camille pushes off, toward Hana.

CAMILLE  
 Diffuse what?!

COLONEL ADAMS  
The fuckin' bomb you latte sippin'  
nitwits! GO!

Everyone freezes. Up ahead, Hana spins blithely around amid a sea of floating debris.

HANA  
What a dump!

WES  
(suddenly sober)  
Bomb?!

CAMILLE  
Did he say--

VAL (O.S.)  
Adams!

Colonel Adams stabs at a watch-like device on his wrist and the POPULARITY GRAPHS glinting in everyone's helmet visors flicker and go dead.

HANA  
Hey!

VAL (O.S.)  
Report! We just lost suit feeds!

The signal from Ground Control PINGS twice and goes SILENT. All we hear is STATIC over HEAVY BREATHING.

Adams flings DIEGO out, helmet first.

DIEGO  
Dude! Seriously uncool.

Diego slams into the far wall with a MUFFLED THUD. Camille, Wes, and Hana duck out of his way.

COLONEL ADAMS  
Keep moving!

Omar pushes himself out of the airlock, gliding quickly past Colonel Adams and Cameron.

OMAR  
(to Cameron)  
This was not in the pages!

CAMERON  
I know!



Wes, still getting his bearings, grabs Omar by his life support pack - slowing him down.

Adams quickly swings the airlock hatch shut and spins the seal closed.

COLONEL ADAMS  
Get to the LEM!

Up ahead, Diego wheels back around.

DIEGO  
What's the LEM?

COLONEL ADAMS  
I think I can disarm it! But you  
need to hurry!

With a loud CLANK, the Starship decouples from Gateway.

SERGEI (O.S.)  
(over the P.A.)  
*Dasvidaniya. Tupyay Amerikantsy!*

COLONEL ADAMS  
GO!!

Simon takes off. Everyone including Cameron slowly follows.

Colonel Adams pushes off in the other direction - toward the Logistics Module, toward Esprit.

# **INT. GATEWAY ORBITER - CONTINUOUS**

We FOLLOW the entire crew as they fumble their way frantically through a sea of floating DEBRIS.

WES  
This can't be happening.

Omar shoves Wes forward - toward the rest of the crew.

OMAR  
You heard him. Move!

SIMON  
Do you remember ANY of this from  
prep?

DIEGO  
NO!

Just behind Simon and Hana, Diego drifts wide - slamming into a sharp-edged bank of controls.

Wes pulls himself hand-over-hand up next to Diego.

WES  
Careful, man! These suits aren't  
bulletproof!

DIEGO  
Shut it, shorty.

Diego rights himself and pushes off. Ahead of him, Camille slows. Omar quickly passes her by.

OMAR  
Come on! Come on!

Cameron, taking up the rear, pauses to yank Wes up after Camille and Omar.

WES  
(to Cameron)  
This has gotta be a bit, right?

CAMERON  
I don't know. I don't know!

Omar takes a hard left. Everyone else follows.

Simon pauses briefly at a long bank of clear glass cages full of floating dead mice.

SIMON  
What the bloody--

Hana grabs him by the cuff, dragging him away.

HANA  
(way too calm)  
Some ESA genius broke the life  
support systems on Artemis 4.  
Typical French dick move.

CAMILLE  
I heard that!

Wes catches up to Omar and kicks his way toward Simon.

WES  
Left again, left!

Wes glides left - down a dimly-lit tunnel full of tangled cables and blinking instruments.

WES (CONT'D)  
This way! FOLLOW ME!

Diego and Simon swap a quick eye roll. Ignoring them, Hana takes off after Wes. Camille and Omar follow.

**INT. GATEWAY ORBITER, LEM AIRLOCK - CONTINUOUS**

Pausing at the hatch to another airlock, Wes lifts a gloved hand to a key panel.

WES

Wait. The code! What's the fucking code?!

Omar thuds into the hatch, next to Wes.

OMAR

How am I supposed to know?!

Cameron bounces off of Omar and throws a hand up to keep himself from slamming into Wes.

CAMERON

I got it. I got it!

Cameron grabs onto a grip, flipping himself over, and then hurriedly punches a series of digits into the keypad.

The airlock hatch BANGS open.

OMAR

(toward Cameron)

Hold on! We don't know anything about flying this thing!

Cameron lunges past Omar, into the airlock and toward the hatch to the LEM - punching in another code.

CAMERON

Don't worry! It's just a giant Tesla built by Amazon after eight years of lawsuits and at half the budget!

The hatch to the LEM GRINDS open - and the lights inside the (surprisingly shabby) module flicker to life.

Camille glides past Wes and Omar into the airlock, followed by Simon and Diego.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

(back to Omar)

You can totally do this!

Omar hesitates. Everyone else (minus Hana) follows Cameron into the landing module - buckling in.

WES  
(to Cameron)  
What about Adams?!

CAMERON  
He said something about a Soyuz.  
Said Dolly'd get him down!

CAMILLE  
Who?!

OMAR  
That glorified Alexa thing!

Still in the airlock, Hana pauses - leaning toward a small wall-mounted camera.

**INT. GATEWAY ORBITER, STATUS CAM - ON HANA**

She speaks direct-to-camera, confessional style again:

HANA  
Finally something moderately  
fucking fun!

Behind her, inside the LEM, Wes shouts:

WES  
They can't hear you!

**EXT. GATEWAY ORBITER - CONTINUOUS**

We watch in SILENCE as the LEM detaches from Gateway. For a moment it just drifts peacefully away in seeming slow motion. Then, once clear, its boosters fire.

In the distance, we see the Logistics Module at the far end of the station separate from the Habitation Module - towing another small silver orb-like structure.

**INT. LANDING MODULE - CONTINUOUS**

We watch as the crew descends with surprising speed and ROUGH VIBRATION toward the surface of the Moon.

Omar's at the helm - looking like he's losing his shit.

CAMILLE  
(yelling)  
Is it supposed to be this rough?!

DIEGO  
I do NOT think so!

OMAR

Quiet!

Wes tries to lift both arms as if to calm them all.

WES

Don't worry, Omar's a pro.

HANA

With a fucking death wish!

One of the boosters fires once, then twice more - RATTLING the interior of the cabin. Outside each small porthole, the Moon's horizon twists and swivels wildly.

In the distance outside, we can see the Logistics Module gliding slowly away.

SIMON

For fuck's sake!

OMAR

(beyond stressed)

DO YOU ALL REALLY HAVE TO SWEAR SO  
BLOODY MUCH?!

Suddenly a DISEMBODIED VOICE CHIRPS over the comms.

DOLLY (V.O.)

Amen to that!

(beat, twang-y)

Greetings y'all!

A stunned hush falls over them all as the VIBRATION begins to diminish and the Moon's horizon slowly stabilizes.

CAMERON (O.S.)

(over the comms)

Dolly, I need you to--

Suddenly, a massive FLASH cuts him off. Then, a SILENT  
EXPLOSION rips through the distant Logistics Module!

The entire module instantly vaporizes - splintering into a cloud of a million shimmering silver particles.

DOLLY (V.O.)

Ooh-wee! That was close!

Camille and Wes share a quick look. WTF?!

CAMILLE

(wordlessly mouthing)

Dolly?

Wes stares out at the pulverized remnants of the logistics module - as if knowing that the only actual astronaut among them just bit the dust.

WES  
(distantly)  
An autonomous A.I. designed to run  
Basecamp between deployments.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
(overly chipper)  
Bing, bing, bing! Winner winner  
chicken dinner!

For an over-long second, everyone just sits there, strapped in, in stunned silence - completely unable to process what's just happened.

They're entirely on their own up here.

HANA  
(too calm, toward Diego)  
So, uh. What'd you do to get stuck  
in this shit can again?

WES  
Guys...

DIEGO  
(gravely)  
Prison. Tax evasion.

His eyes still on the helm, Omar screams:

OMAR  
(loud, to them all)  
What the HECK IS HAPPENING?!

DOLLY (V.O.)  
My sentiments exactly.

All four boosters kick in. The DIN is near deafening.

**EXT. MOON'S SURFACE, LANDING ZONE - SAME**

We watch from above as the LEM lowers itself silently to the surface of the Moon, landing pads deployed.

Next to the dust-clogged landing pad waits a large Lunar Terrain Vehicle (or LTV).

**INT. LANDING MODULE - SAME**

Safely down - but without the Colonel - the entire crew sits in the lander dumbfounded and shell-shocked.

SIMON

Uh, now wha'?

WES

I don't-- I don't know.

HANA

Dudes. Chillax! This is all just some stupid, lame-ass writers room bullshit. A plot twist. You know, a cliffhanger. To boost the--

CAMERON

No. They would've told me. Said something. This was definitely not the plan.

CAMILLE

So, what? Now we're fucking stranded? On the fucking Moon! Alone?!

The prospect of it hits everyone but Hana, hard.

DOLLY (V.O.)

'Least we have each other!

Diego stabs at his safety harness buckle.

DIEGO

Fuck that. I'm out!

Simon clicks out too - drifting out of his seat. More gravity now, but not a lot.

SIMON

You heard the man. Let's hit it!

Hana - still game for anything - follows suit.

HANA

Yeah, dudes. Vamanos.

CAMILLE

To fucking WHERE?!

Cameron slowly unbuckles, too. Then Wes.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
To the station. Basecamp, honey.

CAMERON  
I think I can get us there. In the  
thing. The LTV.

WES  
Then we radio back home. See what  
hell's actually happening.

Wes throws a hand out to Camille. She reluctantly takes it,  
clicking out.

Above them, Cameron pulls himself up toward the exit hatch.

CAMERON  
First thing I do when I get home...  
(punching in the code)  
...fire my fucking agent!

CAMILLE  
At least somebody still has an  
agent.

**INT. LANDING MODULE, EXIT HATCH - WES'S POV**

As seen through Wes's safety visor, we catch our first real  
glimpse of the lunar surface.

WES (V.O.)  
Oh. My. God.

We track with his gaze down to the LTV - toward which  
Cameron, Diego, Simon, and Hana bound (all near-weightless).

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Only the best the last of the  
Social Security trust fund could  
afford!

OMAR (O.S.)  
Holy cow, man! The bloody Moon!

Wes looks down the extended ladder leading to the pockmarked  
dusty, matte gray surface - now covered in boot-prints.

In the distance, the ramp to the LTV automatically extends -  
kicking up more dust.

CAMERON (O.S.)  
Dolly, coordinates for Basecamp.



Wes looks to his left and right. Surrounding the landing zone, small black metal light stanchions cast an eerie glow.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
You got it, hon.

Wes steps out and turns back around toward the LEM. It's all gold foil and scorched gray thermal tiles.

Framed by the open hatch, Camille stands, blinking.

CAMILLE  
*C'est vraiment incroyable.*

Wes turns and gingerly slides down the ladder - landing silently on the surface of the Moon.

WES  
That's one small step for...

DIEGO (O.S.)  
Really, dude?

HANA (O.S.)  
Lame!

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Yeah, Wes. Show some respect, huh?

Wes takes a step away from the lander - catching a momentary glimpse of his own lunar footprint.

WES  
(ignoring them)  
Unreal.

Wes looks back up to see Camille sliding down the ladder.

CAMILLE  
(to Wes)  
Improv never was your strong suit.

Ignoring her, Wes takes a long, loping, tentative few bounds forward toward the waiting LTV.

#### **INT. LUNAR TERRAIN VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS**

With Cameron at the helm and Omar seated next to him (looking very glad to not to be in the driver's seat) we watch as the whole crew rumbles on in eerie silence.

Outside, the otherworldly landscape streaks by.

CAMERON

So, wait. Lemme get this straight.  
You think Petrov...

Wes and Omar both nod furiously.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

...killed Chao. Deliberately?

WES

Yes! I mean, I think so. Maybe?

(beat)

Listen, I know it sounds crazy. But  
Omar, you saw it!

Omar nods again. In silence, Cameron drives on.

WES (CONT'D)

What if he meant to? What if it's,  
like, sabotage? Some sort of--

Cameron lifts a finger to his helmet, cutting Wes off.

CAMERON

Shhh.

(beat, hushed)

The walls have ears. Everything's  
bugged.

HANA

Bah! Hi-larious.

Eyes ahead, Cameron points to the ceiling.

CAMERON

Just ask Dolly.

They all stare at him uncomprehendingly.

DOLLY (V.O.)

(overly peppy)

Yup! Ever since that little dust-up  
on the ISS back in the day, the  
Russians have been listening in on  
pretty much everything. 24/7, 365.

**EXT. ARTEMIS BASECAMP - FROM HIGH ABOVE**

The LTV pulls into a charging bay beside a solar array.

Next to the array stand three large regolith berms connected  
by trapezoidal metallic tunnels. At the foot of each berm is  
a pockmarked airlock.

At the center of the compound, a pair of small domed greenhouses full of dead plants glint in the relentless sunlight.

**INT. LUNAR TERRAIN VEHICLE - ON CAMERON**

Killing the engine and flipping the safety visor on his oddly retro helmet down, Cameron stands.

It's only now that we notice that his suit bears CNSA patches and insignia, not NASA. It's Chinese-made.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Welcome y'all to the pinnacle of  
U.S. aerospace engineering!

**EXT. ARTEMIS BASECAMP - MOMENTS LATER**

The ramp to the LTV telescopes out, kicking up a fine cloud of dust as Cameron lopes out, down the stairs, past the solar array, and toward one of the main modules.

Everyone else follows awkwardly (and urgently).

**INT. ARTEMIS BASECAMP, MAIN MODULE - LATER**

Looking entirely worse for wear, the crew (now free of their more modern NASA spacesuits) trickles into a cramped, disorganized command center.

The whole place looks like an intentionally distressed set - every corroded metal surface is covered in a thin film of dust and grime.

Entering behind Wes, Cameron strides across the floor in a ragged jumpsuit and slides his palm onto a chunky, over-engineered palm scanner.

Next to him, a large, cracked flat panel FLICKERS to life.

CAMERON  
(to the ceiling)  
Dolly, LunaNet home.

An oddly old-school wall of code flickers up onto the display panel. It looks like the interface of a mid-70s airline ticket counter console.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Anything for you, dear.

CAMERON  
Anybody good with computers?

Without a second thought, Diego surges forward, grabs a chair and sits - hands on the keyboard.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
Dolly, we need an open encrypted  
line to Boca Chica. To Ground.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
I'm afraid that's not advisable.

CAMERON  
ASAP.

After an overlong pause:

DOLLY (V.O.)  
The Colonel would not approve.  
Speaking of, where is Sam?

Cameron wheels around, searching everybody's face for an answer. Nothing.

SIMON  
Uh, he, uh...

Cameron waves him off.

WES  
(mouthing)  
Don't tell her!

DIEGO  
(also mouthing)  
Her?

Cameron desperately lifts his fingers to his lips.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Actually, I prefer they/them.

HANA  
Word.

DOLLY (CONT'D)  
Only pulling your leg. He's still  
at Gateway! Tricky fellow.

Cameron and Wes share a quick, nervous look. *No, he's not.*

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
Okay, Dolly. Anything you say.  
(beat)  
Can you give us access to the  
briefing files from last week?

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Of course, Cam. Anything for you.

Another wall of code appears. And with a furious flurry of keystrokes, Diego navigates through a series of screens.

DIEGO  
Jesus, who wrote this code?!

DOLLY (V.O.)  
(chipper again)  
Why, I did, Diego. Hashtag blushing.

Pausing, he reaches across himself for a nearby mouse.

DOLLY (CONT'D)  
Sure is nice to finally have another code jockey in our midst.

DIEGO  
Thank you?

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Bet it's a relief to be free of that ankle bracelet!

Nodding distractedly, he scrolls until what appears to be a Roscosmos PERSONNEL DOSSIER appears on-screen.

DIEGO  
That's him.

Clipped to the upper corner of the dossier is a small CADET PHOTO of Captain Sergei Petrov.

DIEGO (CONT'D)  
I mean, right?

Omar nods gravely.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Flight Commander Captain Sergei Petrov. A commissioned Roscosmos--

CAMERON  
Dolly, pause.  
(to Wes and Omar)  
Are you absolutely sure?

OMAR  
All four Dracos. Couldn't have been an accident.

CAMERON  
But that doesn't make any sense.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Of course it does. Per 2020 Russian  
nuclear doctrine...

CAMERON  
Dolly?

DOLLY (V.O.)  
...Russia reserves the right to the  
preventive employment of nuclear  
weapons in the face of any  
existential threat on Earth or--

CAMERON  
Pause!

CAMILLE  
Wait a minute. I thought we were  
supposed to be calling home!

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Afraid that won't be possible,  
sweetie. All inter-terrestrial  
comms are down. Can't even hale  
Gateway!  
(beat)  
I've been tryin'. Poor Sam. He must  
be bored out of his gourd!

Cameron's eyes drift toward another display to Diego's left.  
It flashes a single text on a loop:

SIGNAL LINK LOST / LIVE FEED DOWN

DOLLY (CONT'D)  
Looks like we're all on our  
lonesome y'all.

HANA  
Classic.

Camille wheels around toward Hana.

HANA  
Who wrote this shit? Fucking plot  
holes up the--

CAMILLE  
You still think this is a game?!

She nods, self-satisfied.

HANA

Totes.

SIMON

Can't be! You saw it! That--

Simon mimes an explosion with his hands.

DOLLY (V.O.)

Go ahead, Simon. Say it.

Simon glares at the ceiling.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

The destruction of the Logistics  
Module was likely visible to the  
naked eye all the way back on *terra*  
*firma*!

CAMERON

(his mind racing)

Dolly?

DOLLY (V.O.)

Yes, Cameron?

CAMERON

Music, please.

DOLLY (V.O.)

Sure thing, dearie.

Suddenly, a near-deafening rendition of Tammy Wynette's  
"Take Me to Your World" ECHOES over the Basecamp P.A.  
system. It's mind-meltingly loud.

Cameron quickly gestures for everyone to huddle up. They all  
do, minus Hana - who covers both ears.

HANA

What is this... garbage?!

Cameron speaks in hushed tones. We can barely make out his  
words over the MUSIC:

CAMERON

Okay. This is officially not a  
drill. This is not an accident. Not  
a trick. Not some staged hook. This  
is all actually happening!

The ear-splitting TWANGY DIN continues.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

NASA briefed the Colonel two days ago. Or maybe it was three. I was only kinda half-listening. And this is exactly what they were talking about! Worried about. That the Russians were planning some sort of, like, move against the Chinese or something like that. A blitz!

His hands cupping his ears, Wes leans toward Cameron.

WES

Why?!

OMAR

Exactly!

DIEGO

On live T.V.? That's insane!

HANA

(calmly)

Live minus ten.

They all wheel around, glaring at her.

WES

Only we weren't streaming. We were on the dark side. No signal.

HANA

(ignoring him)

Color grading my ass.

CAMERON

In the briefing, they said something about a crater. Harmony. And a telescope. A radio telescope.

Clearly, Hana isn't buying it. Neither is Simon.

SIMON

A radio what?

CAMERON (CONT'D)

We have to get to the Chinese. In-person. Not over the comms. See if they can help.

DIEGO

Do what?!



CAMERON  
Get us home!

SIMON  
Why can't we just go back the way  
we fuckin' came?!

Dolly chimes back in over the music, having heard single word clear as day.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
There's not enough fuel in the LEM  
to get back to Gateway. And, well,  
the Starship...  
(gravely)  
...that was your only way back.

CAMILLE  
No, no, no, no, NON! *Ce n'est pas possible!*

Next to her, Wes seems visibly shaken. A first.

HANA  
Dudes. This is bo-ring. Let's just,  
like, play along already!

They all shoot her daggersn.

HANA (CONT'D)  
Okay, your loss. Twenty mil, come  
to mama!

Cameron pulls away - the ECHOING DRAWL of the music reverberating off of every surface.

CAMERON  
I got an idea!

He spins on his heels and bolts toward a dimly-lit passageway across the room.

# **INT. ARTEMIS BASECAMP, PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Wes run/walks after Cameron. Everyone else struggles to keep up - other than Hana, who ambles along in the distance like she already owns the place.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
(loud over the music)  
Cameron, shouldn't we be showing  
our guests to their bunks?

CAMERON  
 (also loud)  
 Not yet, Dolly. We have a fucking  
 situation here!

DOLLY (V.O.)  
 Cameron, language. Please.

Cameron, apparently used to Dolly's scolding, takes a hard  
 bend toward another grimy passageway - shouting:

CAMERON  
 Sorrrrr-RY!

Dolly responds, sounding suddenly much more serious:

DOLLY (V.O.)  
 Need I remind you all that the  
 entire remit of this broadcast is  
 to show the people of Earth that  
 there's still a reason we're up  
 here. A purpose to it all.

HANA  
 (in the background)  
 Pfft!

DOLLY (V.O.)  
 Honor. Courage. Duty.

They all take another hard bend - into a windblown section  
 of passageway caked in lunar dust.

The song ECHOES at seemingly impossible volume.

DOLLY (CONT'D)  
 It's called Constellation for a  
 reason.

Cameron slides to a stop in front of a tall battered steel  
 airlock door - punching in another code.

DOLLY (CONT'D)  
 And what's a constellation? Nothing  
 but a bunch of random, gaseous  
 stars leaking helium and light into  
 the emptiness of space alone.  
 Meaningless individually.

The airlock door in front of him RUMBLES up - revealing a  
 small, dust-covered octagonal airlock lined with threadbare  
 Chinese spacesuits and dented helmets.

DOLLY (CONT'D)  
But seen together, as a unit...

CAMERON  
Dolly. Prep Airlock A.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
...said sad little luminaries  
flickering in the blackness just  
like y'all...

CAMERON  
I said, prep Airlock A!

DOLLY (V.O.)  
...well, they can mean something  
far greater.

With everyone in, the door behind them WHOOSHES down - and  
the space pressurizes ominously.

**INT. ARTEMIS BASECAMP, AIRLOCK A - CONTINUOUS**

Breathing heavily, the disorganized crew scrambles to  
contort their way into bulky CNSA spacesuits with old-school  
twist-on helmets.

DIEGO  
Why can't we just wear our suits?  
The suits we came in?

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Because, dear, our Chinese friends  
built the entire infrastructure of  
Basecamp as a favor during the  
first round of budget cuts. Sadly,  
none of our internal comms work  
with your fancy new suits.

Cameron spins around, reaching into a dust-covered locker  
and pulling out a long, white, padded duffel.

DOLLY (CONT'D)  
Don't bring it up to the Colonel.  
It's kinda a sore spot.

CAMERON  
(ignoring her)  
We'll stick to FM ground comms.  
They're shorter range but the  
Russians won't be able to hear us.

He hands the duffel to Camille. She strains under the weight  
of it.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
 (to Omar and Diego)  
 Okay. You guys take Rover One. Head  
 to their agriculture station -  
 Bounty.

OMAR  
 Wait. What?!

DOLLY (V.O.)  
 Dunno what they put in the soil  
 over there, but *man* that place's  
 been going gangbusters since '27!

He hands a second duffel to Omar - who seems to immediately  
 recognize what it likely contains.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
 (to Simon and Camille)  
 You two take Rover Three to their  
 Helium-3 pit over near Leibnitz.

CAMILLE  
 No, no, no. *Non!*

DOLLY (V.O.)  
 Coordinates: 38.3°S 179.2°E. A very  
 unique impact crater--

CAMERON  
 (cutting her off)  
 Just above Finsen. Not far from  
 Harmony.

WES  
 How do you know all this?

Cameron impatiently fastens the corroded cuff assemblies on  
 Wes's suit.

CAMERON  
 Didn't anybody listen to anything  
 in prep?!

They all seem to draw a blank. Cameron thrusts the third  
 duffel into Simon's hands.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
 Don't worry. All the rovers are  
 totally autonomous.

Only Omar seems relieved. Simon unzips his duffel slightly.

SIMON

Oh, no. Nope! No fuckin' way!

Simon pulls out what looks like some sort of futuristic rifle made of a milky gray composite material.

DOLLY (V.O.)

Standard issue mass driver!  
Electromagnets accelerate a  
ferromagnetic projectile to high  
velocity. Buck Rogers' style!

HANA

Dope.

DOLLY (V.O.)

(suddenly HAL-like)

Cameron, where are you going?

CAMERON

(like a surly teen)

OUT!

DIEGO

Guns?! Are you flipping nuts?!

HANA

Dude, chill.

Wes takes the duffel from Camille.

WES

On-set, always treat every firearm  
as if they're loaded at all times.

CAMILLE

Set?!

DOLLY (V.O.)

And, if things get squirrely, just  
lean on your trainin'.

Cameron moves to help Camille again with her suit. She bats his hands away.

CAMILLE

This is insane!

CAMERON

(ignoring her)

If the signal comes back up, just  
pretend like nothing's happening.  
Like nothing's wrong. Just another  
team challenge, okay?

WES  
(gesturing toward Hana)  
Wait. What about us?

CAMERON  
Stick to the original plan. Your  
first bonding challenge.

Wes stares blankly back at him through his visor.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
Ugh! Take Rover Two to the Hopper.  
It'll bounce you to Tranquility.  
Explore the site. Bond. Make them  
think we think everything's 100%  
hunky dory.

CAMILLE  
What are you TALKING about?!

CAMERON  
(whispering)  
Let them think we think we're still  
streaming - still putting on a  
show. That we still have a signal.

WES  
Why?

CAMERON  
So they won't try to beat us to the  
Chinese!

HANA  
(to Cameron)  
Does that mean Wes's last and I'm  
first?

Cameron nods distantly. Hana fist pumps.

HANA (CONT'D)  
Yassss!

CAMERON  
(ignoring her)  
Just keep your heads down, keep  
your wits about you.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
And who knows, y'all might even  
just win a whatchamacallit!

WES  
(distantly)  
An Emmy?

DOLLY (V.O.)  
No, silly. A Presidential Medal of  
Freedom!

**INT. LUNAR TERRAIN VEHICLE - DAY**

To the JANGLING GRIND of Iggy Pop's "The Passenger" we watch as Cameron pilots the LTV over the harsh lunar landscape.

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER, BASIN - DAY**

The MUSIC CONTINUES as we see Sergei (from earlier) standing imperiously at the center of the basin of a vast crater.

Above him, COSMONAUTS wearing propulsion packs work to cut the massive steel cables that span the crater rim-to-rim - suspending a large octagonal radio reflector dish.

SERGEI  
(in subtitled Russian)  
Tear it all down!

In the distance, we see a very familiar-looking industrial boring machine shredding its way into the gold mesh covering the floor of the crater.

**EXT. ROVER ONE - DAY**

The MUSIC CONTINUES as we see Omar and Diego getting whipsawed side-to-side in their rover - the steering wheel spinning seemingly haphazardly left and right.

DIEGO  
(to Omar, distracted)  
Dude, I hate saying this, but  
Hana's right. I totally wouldn't  
put it past the network to--

The Rover skids sideways. Diego holds on for dear life as the rover nearly slams into a solid wall of regolith.

Omar throws out both arms to brace himself.

DIEGO (CONT'D)  
(into his comms mic)  
Who the programmed this fucking  
thing?!

No answer. The rover slows, then makes a hard right - as if two people were fighting over the controls.

Holding on for dear life, both men watch the pockmarked surface of the Moon whiz by.

DIEGO (CONT'D)  
So, uh, is it true.

OMAR  
Is what true?

DIEGO  
That you, like, tried to off yourself? After the, uh, accident.

Still getting whipsawed wildly, Omar shakes his head - looking like he can't believe that, with everything else going on, this is where Diego wants to go.

OMAR  
Yeah. Sleeping pills. Twice.

Diego nods, bracing.

DIEGO  
Well, as my cellmate used to say:  
There's almost always an upside to failure. If you look hard enough.

#### INT. LANDER - DAY

The MUSIC CONTINUES as we see Wes and Hana inside the Hopper as it descent to Tranquility Base.

WES  
(loud)  
You really think so?!

HANA  
Hells yeah! Either that perv-y fucking mainstream media whore has gone full-on batshit cray-cray, or it's just some lame-ass "Save the Cat" bullshit.  
(beat)  
My money's on the latter, not the former.

The lander makes contact with another HLS base with a LOUD METALLIC THUD. The retro boosters cut. SILENCE, then:

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Surely that's no way speak of correspondent of Cameron's stature.  
Now, is it?



They both turn to face each other, eyes wide.

**EXT. ROVER THREE - DAY**

The MUSIC CONTINUES as Simon struggles to keep his hands on the wheel of Rover Three.

CAMILLE  
Look out!

SIMON  
Don't fret, luv.

He lifts his hands from the steering wheel - and it spins slightly, course correcting on autopilot.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
Ever feel like a fuckin' pawn in the machine?

CAMILLE  
You mean a cog?

SIMON  
Cog, pawn. Whaeva.

CAMILLE  
All the time! It's called being a supermodel.

The two of them roll along for a long beat in SILENCE.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)  
First, you're the object of desire.  
Then total ambivalence. Then  
nothing but scorn.

Simon nods.

SIMON  
You know wha' I miss? I miss 'avin'  
to go out in the same shitty puffer  
an' tracksuit every day to fuck  
with the Paparazzi. So they can't  
use the snaps.

Camille nods.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
Now I can wear whatever I want.  
Nobody cares. Feels so... bloody  
normal.

She smiles.

CAMILLE

I don't think that's a word anyone  
would use to describe any of us. On  
this planet or the other one.

Her words hang there for a moment before:

DOLLY (V.O.)

Bah! Normal's overrated, sweetie.  
You know that!

They both stiffen - also unaware they were being surveilled.

**EXT. LANDER - DAY**

The MUSIC CONTINUES as Wes moves to help Hana down from the  
HLS platform.

HANA

Yo, at least this lame little...  
(trying not to swear)  
...circus got me my SAG card.

At the bottom of the ladder, she pushes away.

WES

Ever wonder if this lame little  
circus is as good as it gets?

HANA

Uh, no.  
(beat)  
Dude, it's 2031! If people like me  
can't muscle out people like you,  
well then, what's the point?

She spins. In her visor we can barely make out the  
reflection of something red, white, and blue.

HANA (CONT'D)

Motherf...

She cuts herself off, staring ahead in awe. The SONG BEGINS  
TO FADE and we hear (faintly):

IGGY POP (V.O.)

La la la la la la la la, la la.

Wes turns to see what Hana sees: the tattered American flag  
planted by the Apollo 11 astronauts in 1969.

WES

Oh my goodness.

He bounds toward it through a sea of long-abandoned Apollo-era landers, rovers, camera gear, and random detritus.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Purdy, ain't she?

Hana pauses briefly at base of an iconic descent stage.

Leaning in toward a small PLAQUE attached to the substructure, she dusts it off with one gloved hand.

**EXT. TRANQUILITY BASE - HANA'S POV**

Through her visor (past her dead POPULARITY GRAPH) the brushed metal PLAQUE reads:

Here men from the planet Earth  
first set foot upon the Moon.  
July 1969, A.D.

We came in peace for all mankind.  
RICHARD M. NIXON

She wags her head side-to-side at the sight of Nixon's overlarge signature.

HANA (V.O.)  
What a douche.

**INT. LUNAR TERRAIN VEHICLE - ON CAMERON**

Cameron slows the LTV. Hana's POV flickers on the screen on the dash in front of him.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Careful there, honey. That  
philandering mick Kennedy didn't  
get us here all by his lonesome!

**EXT. CNSA LUNAR GREENHOUSE - DAY**

Their rover still driving itself, Omar and Diego bounce their way toward an enormous CNSA greenhouse.

Oddly, sections of the glass canopy appear to have been smashed in. And the once verdant jungle of plants within seem to have been flash-frozen.

The rover doesn't slow.

OMAR  
Um, Cameron, come in. Over.

CAMERON (O.S.)  
(over static)  
What is it? Over.

DIEGO  
Dude, something doesn't look right.

CAMERON (O.S.)  
(breaking up)  
What're you talking about? Over.

Diego presses both hands to the dash as they pass a heaping pile of abandoned CNSA spacesuits stacked like trash.

OMAR  
Something's wrong with the  
greenhouse. Everything's dead!

DIEGO  
The glass, it's broken.

The rover zips by a large airlock in the berm ringing the greenhouse. It's been blasted open. Burnt.

OMAR  
Get us out of here!

Only STATIC.

The rover pulls up to a charging station and skids to a stop, idling silently. Beyond the charger stands another mound of Chinese spacesuits.

At the top of the mound, one suit lies chest up - with its arms dangling down and the clear glass of its helmet visor facing Omar and Diego upside-down.

In the stark light of the idling rover's headlamps we can make out the face of a DEAD WOMAN staring back!

The abandoned suits... are people. Bodies!

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Oh, hell no!

Omar grabs the wheel, throws the rover into reverse and slams his foot onto the accelerator.

Diego is stunned mute - either by the sight of the piles of dead taikonauts, Omar willfully driving, or Omar swearing.

The rover fishtails away. Still no answer from Cameron.

**EXT. CNSA HELIUM-3 MINE - DAY**

Their rover parked, Simon and Camille make their way slowly overland toward a massive industrial mining vehicle parked against a sheer cliff inside a vast crater.

The machine isn't moving. Adjacent conveyor belts are stilled. What appear to be droid-like excavators are scattered across the crater floor, also not moving.

SIMON

Cameron, didn't you say this was a working mine?

STATIC. No answer.

CAMILLE

Cameron, come in. Over?

Nothing. Simon gestures.

Up ahead, we can make out the silhouetted figure of a LONE CNSA TAIKONAUT seemingly scanning the ground with a detector of some sort.

Simon bounds forward. Camille hesitates. Oddly, the figure up ahead seems to be sweeping the same spot over and over.

Simon slows. The taikonaut's back is to him. Camille puts a hand on Simon's arm. He gestures 'hold tight' and continues toward the taikonaut alone.

**EXT. CNSA HELIUM-3 MINE - SIMON'S POV**

Through Simon's stilled POPULARITY GRAPH, we see the figure of the taikonaut getting closer. Closer. Closer.

Simon looks back to Camille. She tries to wave him back.

He gestures 'chill' before turning back around, reaching out, and gingerly taping the taikonaut on the shoulder.

As if on cue, the taikonaut spins Simon's way. His visor is SHATTERED, his face a freeze-dried GROTESQUE. Carnage!

**EXT. ROVER THREE - MOMENTS LATER**

Camille has taken the wheel and is hightailing their rover back across the barren lunar surface.

SIMON

What THE FUCK is going ON?!

CAMILLE  
I don't know! I don't...

Finally:

CAMERON (O.S.)  
(over static, urgently)  
Rover Three, Rover Three! Report. I  
repeat--

CAMILLE  
This is Rover Three. We're here!  
We're here!

CAMERON (O.S.)  
I'm sending you coordinates. Follow  
the map. Make it fast!!

SIMON  
What the bloody HELL is happening?!

More static. Then:

CAMERON (O.S.)  
We just got a signal from Ground.  
From Boca. Briefly.  
(beat)  
But...

Simon and Camille are on tenterhooks.

CAMILLE  
BUT WHAT?!!

SIMON  
BUT WHA'?!!

CAMERON (O.S.)  
(gravely)  
There's been tactical nuclear  
skirmish.  
(beat)  
In the South China sea.

Over more STATIC:

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Between Russia and the People's  
Republic of China.

A small topo map pops up on the rover's dash. Seeing it,  
Camille takes a hard left.

**INT. LUNAR TERRAIN VEHICLE - DAY**

Slowing deep in the shadow of a large outcropping along the  
rim of Von Kármán crater, Cameron seems rocked to his core.

CAMERON  
Wes, Hana, get back to the Hopper  
ASAP. Repeat. ASAP. Over.

WES (O.S.)  
(oblivious)  
Man, what a blast!

Cameron cuts the engine - eyes staring blankly ahead.

CAMERON  
Um, so...

Out of nowhere, Val's VOICE from Ground Control chirps over the LTV's speakers:

VAL (O.S.)  
Hold all footage? Over.

CAMERON  
Except for Hana and Wes.

VAL (O.S.)  
Roger that. Over.

Without saying another word, Cameron lifts a pair of binoculars from the dash.

CAMERON  
You sure this'll--

VAL (O.S.)  
No. But Command thinks it's our  
only option. Over.

CAMERON  
What do you think? Over.

Silence, then more STATIC. Then:

VAL (O.S.)  
Not my call. Over.  
(beat)  
Not my call.

Cameron lifts the binoculars.

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER, RIM - CAMERON'S POV**

In the far distance, over a pixelated sea of background radiation, we can make out what appear to be four giant SURFACE CRAWLERS perched on the far edge of the crater.

They look like mining machines with huge collection containers on their back beds.

Next to them is some sort of outpost. Russian? Chinese?

VAL (O.S.)

You know, I used to watch you every single night. Like Cronkite. Over.

We ZOOM in on the crawlers. Russian insignia.

CAMERON

Thanks, man. That's--

The binoculars SWERVE to the right - just as a small two-person ROVER peels away from one of the crawlers, toward the outpost.

VAL (O.S.)

You're no Cronkite. Not yet, anyway.

Cameron ZOOMS in on the rover. On the DRIVER's right shoulder, a baby blue ROSCOSMOS emblem.

VAL (CONT'D)

But this could be your shot.

#### **EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - CONTINUOUS**

With the HOPPER cooling off in the distance, the entire reassembled crew now stands outside the LTV - nervously cradling their rifles.

SIMON

For the record, I am 100% against this!

CAMERON

We're only supposed to take a look. Gather what they're up to if we can. Report back.

DIEGO

(to everyone else)

Dude, like we're gonna take orders from this hack?

Everyone stares back.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

He green screened his broadcasts from fucking Baghdad!



CAMERON  
That was one time!

DIEGO  
From some stupid studio in fucking  
New Jersey?!

CAMERON  
These are not *my* orders. Not Val's.  
Not the network's. They're NASA's!

VAL (O.S.)  
(over static)  
Wait, Cam? Over. Hold your--

Val's voice is overcome by a wave of STATIC.

WES  
Val?! Come in! Over.

Nothing. Cameron steps away.

CAMERON  
I admit it. I lied! I bent the  
truth.

HANA  
(blithely)  
Is this an individual challenge or  
teams again?

Cameron doesn't answer. Instead, he trudges forward - rifle  
drawn - into the crater.

CAMERON  
Fabricated stories. But not this  
time.  
(beat)  
Not this time.

Behind him, Simon drops the gun in his hands to the ground.

SIMON  
Wait!

Dolly chimes in as Cameron continues down into the crater:

DOLLY (V.O.)  
FYI this here crater used to belong  
to us. To NASA! Then the Chinese  
snatched it up.

Realizing they're being left behind on the surface of the  
Moon, everyone else suddenly jolts forward, after Cameron.

DOLLY (CONT'D)  
But, then, guess what?!

SILENCE over HEAVY BREATHING.

DOLLY (CONT'D)  
The Ruskies did a little digging  
and found out what *made* the crater,  
way back when.

Cameron continues scrambling over matte gray rock, ahead.

DOLLY (CONT'D)  
An asteroid the size of Toledo!  
Comprised almost entirely of metal.  
Iron, nickel, platinum, palladium.  
(beat)  
And gold! Enough gold to give  
everyone on Earth about ninety  
three billion dollars. Each!

HANA  
Say what now?

Cameron slows, throwing up one arm with a closed fist. Only  
Wes and Omar respond, stopping dead. Nobody else recognizes  
the gesture and they continue walking.

CAMERON  
Dolly?

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Uplink paused. Two-way comms down.

The whole crew stands staring at the Cameron in perplexed  
silence.

CAMERON  
Okay, now, I'm not sure how to put  
this exactly. But what happens next  
will likely define the course of  
human history here and at home for  
the rest of our lives. Probably  
longer.  
(beat)  
And make each of us look like  
heroes or zeroes.

Cameron turns back around.

At the center of the crater, smashed through the gold mesh,  
is a giant hole some 50 feet in diameter.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
 (re: the damaged antenna)  
 So much for E.T. phonin' home.

The rest of the crew gazes out into the crater.

WES  
 What is this place?

Cameron points toward the antenna's sub-reflector - now dangling at an odd angle above the crater from a tangle of severed cables.

CAMERON  
 Harmony.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
 A high-powered CNSA radio telescope designed to listen to the universe at frequencies reflected by Earth's ionosphere.

CAMERON  
 Supposed to be a symbol of mankind's *shared* pursuit of life beyond the stars.

Wagging his head, Cameron takes a couple more steps down into the crater. Everyone follows, Simon reluctantly.

OMAR  
 This makes no sense! Those were bodies we saw back there!

WES  
 Bodies?!

CAMERON  
 (ignoring them both)  
 Now the oligarchs want to suck up all the loot. Buy a few more yachts. Blow it all on hookers, cocaine, and Big Macs while watching Eurovision on repeat.  
 (beat)  
 Dolly?

Simon steps up next to him, staring down into the crater.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
 Uplink resumed. Feed on buffer.  
 Two-way ground comms still locked.

Cameron taps Simon just above his comms panel.

CAMERON

You stay put. Keep a lookout.

Simon flashes him thumbs up - which quickly turns to 'piss off' as soon as he turns back around.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Everyone else, follow me.

Hana turns to Diego. He shrugs.

DIEGO

Your guess is as good as mine.

DOLLY (V.O.)

Time to earn your keep by workin'  
as a team - just like ol' Tricky  
Dick said: for all mankind.

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER, HARMONY STATION - DAY**

As the rest of the crew (minus Simon) follows Cameron down into the crater, we can see the infrastructure recently installed in the crater more clearly.

Across from the gaping hole in the center of the mesh stands a pair of immense ELECTRODES (like the ones from the arc mining video from way back at the press conference).

Not far from them are a series of blade-like METAL TOWERS. And, at an oblique angle from the towers, stand a couple of sleek looking BLACK DOMES about 12 stories tall.

Suddenly, an ALARM goes off on Cameron's wrist. He shuts it off. Then another more urgent ALARM sounds. He looks down.

Abruptly, the watches on everyone's wrists flash a VIBRANT RED and we hear Dolly's voice once again - this time entirely de-twanged:

DOLLY (V.O.)

Unanticipated solar storm activity  
detected. Uplink unstable. Please  
seek immediate shelter. Repeat--

Cameron taps his watch again, silencing her.

Then, out of nowhere, a tiny metallic OBJECT whizzes past him - hitting the crater wall with a silent BLAST that sends bits of regolith flying.

DIEGO

What the hell was that?!

Next to Diego, Camille freezes. Something BUZZES SILENTLY by her too - nearly grazing her visor. Diego reaches out, pulling her closer from behind.

Cameron spins and falls to one knee, swiping his rifle off his shoulder.

CAMERON

When it rains, it fucking pours!

He lifts his rifle, flicking open the sight cover.

HANA

DUDE! Is this a fucking individual challenge or not?!

CAMERON

Depends on what your definition of 'is' is.

#### **EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - CAMERON'S POV**

Through the digital display of his rifle sight, we see a PLATOON OF COSMONAUTS fanning out on the opposite side of the crater. Each one is armed.

Cameron ZOOMS in on one of them just as they lift their rifle and fire.

Cameron takes aim and fires back. Three quick rounds with minimal recoil. PUFF! PUFF! PUFF!

CAMERON (V.O.)

Everybody back to the LTV!

#### **EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - CONTINUOUS**

Everyone else stands watching in stunned disbelief.

CAMERON

(urgently)

Run!

The lot of them (still minus Simon) turn and scramble back up the steep, unstable crater wall.

Swinging a few degrees to his right, Cameron fires again. Behind him, Camille, Diego, and Hana frantically claw their way uphill.

Wes and Omar instinctively split up, desperately ducking behind a pair of boulders.

WES  
Tell me those are extras!!

Three MICRO EXPLOSIONS ricochet SILENTLY off the boulder  
he's behind.

CAMERON  
Cosmonauts, Wes! A lot of 'em!

OMAR  
Have you lost your mind?!

WES  
Why are they shooting at US?!

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Because they think y'all like Mu  
Shu Pork for breakfast, lunch, and  
dinner darlin'!

Wes looks down at his suit. It's covered in CNSA patches!

WES  
Oh, right.

OMAR  
What do we do?! What do we do?!

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Return fire!

Omar looks to Wes.

WES  
Val! Come in, Ground. Come IN!

No response.

CAMERON  
(to Wes)  
Solar storm, Wes. No signal.  
(to Omar)  
Any time now, man!

As the rest of them flee, Omar reluctantly lifts his rifle,  
flicking open the sight. Wes does the same.

Like a pro, Omar squeezes off a few quick shots: PUFF! PUFF!  
PUFF! Wes aims, and pulls the trigger. Nothing happens.

OMAR  
Safety!

WES

Right!

In the distance, small DETONATIONS track right behind Hana and Camille.

Wes finally fires. PUFF!

DOLLY (V.O.)

Wide right, doll!

Omar FIRES again. PUFF!

DOLLY (V.O.)

Bingo! Bullseye!

OMAR

WHAT ARE WE DOING?!

Cameron FIRES again - just as a tiny projectile PIERCES his secondary oxygen pack. It JETS out SILENT GUSTS of gas.

CAMERON

Shit! I'm hit! I'm hit!

He fumbles quickly with the keypad on his sleeve.

DOLLY (V.O.)

Pressure failure. Leak detected.  
Please seek immediate...

He slams an open palm on his watch to shut her off. Behind him, SHOTS are getting closer to the three on the run.

CAMERON

You two, run! Draw their fire.

The two of them scream back, in unison:

WES

Draw their fire?!

OMAR

Draw their fire?!

Clutching his rifle, Cameron turns and sprints away.

CAMERON

You heard me!

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - ON WES AND OMAR**

Pumping off a couple quick ROUNDS, Wes stands and runs for Omar's boulder. SHOTS tail him, fracturing bits of rock and sending dust flying.

WES  
 (out of breath)  
 What the hell is this?!

Omar jumps up, FIRING again.

OMAR  
 We saw bodies!

Wes jumps up, STRAFING.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
 At the greenhouse! Chinese  
 astronauts. Run!

The the two of them turn and make a furious break for it -  
 their feet faltering up the jagged face.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
 Solar storm inbound. Uplink  
 unstable. Seek immediate shelter.

On the run, Wes and Omar duck and dive, drawing fire, as  
 Cameron returns fire - leaking oxygen.

DOLLY (CONT'D)  
 Catastrophic suit failure. Life  
 support systems compromised.

#### **EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER RIM - CONTINUOUS**

Cameron is about to catch up to Diego, Camille, and Hana  
 when Simon peers over the crater rim.

SIMON  
 Will someone please tell me wha'  
 the bloody hell's goin'...

PFFFT, PFFFT, PFFFT - three shimmering projectiles tumble  
 over Cameron's shoulder.

One round hits just below Camille. The other, just above  
 Diego. The third clips Simon in the shoulder - knocking him,  
 spinning, skyward.

Wes and Omar crest the rim.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
 Leak detected. Suit failure  
 imminent. Please...

Wes and Omar zigzag their way toward the LTV. Cameron  
 roughly pushes Diego and Camille to do the same.



CAMERON

GO!

DOLLY (V.O.)

Dangerous radiation levels  
detected. Uplink unstable. Seek  
immediate shelter.

Hana hesitates, looking to Simon still drifting skyward -  
about 10 feet above the surface. Behind him, the sky looks  
perfectly normal - just a blanket of stars.

CAMERON

(to Hana)

Move!

HANA

We can't just leave him!

CAMERON

If you don't move your ass, we're  
all cooked!

Hana shoves him roughly away. A couple of SHOTS zip by. She  
turns and runs away from the LTV, toward Simon.

HANA

He's the only one up here with any  
fucking balls!

With a hop, a skip, and a jump, Hana leaps from rock to rock  
skyward. In the Moon's  $\frac{1}{6}$  gravity, she's just barely able to  
snag Simon's boot.

Silver projectiles tumble by.

SIMON

I am?

HANA

Yeah!

Their collective weight starts dragging them both back to  
the surface in a low arc.

HANA (CONT'D)

It takes stones to headbutt your  
fucking coach on live TV!

SIMON

Shriveled old geezer should've  
stayed in Saint Petersburg.

Hana strains a foot out, snagging a small rock and sending Simon lightly to the ground. He lands like Fred Astaire.

HANA  
But you really gotta work on  
your...

THUMP! A single round hits Hana squarely just above her display control module. A direct hit.

HANA (CONT'D)  
(stunned)  
...passing.

SIMON  
No, no, no, NO!

In the distance, Cameron spins back around, dropping his rifle and sprinting dead out their direction.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Life support systems, critical.  
Critical. Critical.

Hana's knees buckle. Simon grabs her.

SIMON  
Hana!

Hana's suit is failing. A web of ice crystals is quickly forming on her visor.

Simon tries desperately to wipe them away. But they're on the inside, building a fractal film between him and her placid, angelic face.

HANA  
(pained)  
And here I thought I was gonna win  
this stupid goat rodeo.

Cameron grabs the two of them just as the fight begins to leave Hana's eyes.

CAMERON  
Shit, shit! Go, GO!

Wes and Omar surge up - projectiles ricocheting all around them. Wes slings his rifle over his shoulder and quickly scoops Hana off the ground.

WES  
C'mon, kid. Stay with us!

Together, they all make a mad dash for the LTV.

**INT. LUNAR TERRAIN VEHICLE - MOMENTS LATER**

Back inside the safety of the LTV, Wes throws off his helmet, rips open Hana's suit, knocks her helmet clear, and quickly starts CPR.

They're losing her. They're losing her.

CAMERON

This is all my fucking fault! I  
never should've--

WES

Help me! Get her arms off!

Omar and Simon lunge toward Hana's motionless arms - twisting and tugging at her sleeves, while Wes tries to heft her out of her damaged suit.

She groans - conscious, but barely breathing.

Wes bends, one ear to her lips. He slides a hand behind her neck, tilting her head back - before pinching her nose closed and lowering his mouth toward hers.

Then, out of nowhere:

HANA

(barely audible)

Don't even think about it, perv.

Wes falls backward. A huge surge of relief. Hana blinks, obviously in pain but alive. Barely.

HANA (CONT'D)

(rasping)

Okay, fuck. It's not a game.

**INT. LUNAR TERRAIN VEHICLE - LATER**

The momentary elation has melted into a testy maelstrom of recrimination and finger pointing.

DIEGO

What were you fucking thinking?!

CAMILLE

You could've gotten us all killed!

CAMERON

I just-- I-- We had *orders*.

OMAR  
You lied to us!

CAMERON  
No, no. I just--

The dusty, darkened interior of the LTV goes quiet. There are no words.

SIMON  
(to Hana)  
Can't believe you came for me.

Hana sits against one wall - breathing from a portable oxygen generator.

HANA  
(into her mask)  
Bros before hos.

CAMERON  
It is all my fault.

His voice falters. Wes's shoulders sink.

WES  
No. It's my fault.

Simon turns to him, squinting.

WES (CONT'D)  
My agent - my former agent - he  
pitched this whole goddamn show.  
The whole concept. I was the reason  
it got greenlit.

SIMON  
Fuck you, man.

CAMILLE  
Yeah, you arrogant prick!

DIEGO  
They almost killed Hana! And it's  
ALL our fault!

OMAR  
(to Cameron)  
Especially you! Tell me right now,  
was this the plan all along?

SIMON  
Juice the fuckin' ratings by  
putting us - a bunch of clueless  
bloody idiots...

CAMILLE  
Hey.

OMAR  
...into harm's way!

CAMERON  
No. No, it wasn't. I swear. At  
least, I don't think it was.

Omar spins away from him, full of contempt.

OMAR  
We shouldn't be here. Any of us.

A brief SILENCE. Then:

DOLLY (V.O.)  
On the plus side, this here LTV is  
actually a gigantic Faraday cage on  
wheels! Designed for sustained  
habitation beyond the safety of  
Basecamp, the entire skin of the  
vehicle is--

Cameron stabs a button on the dash, shutting her up.

SIMON  
Cheers, mate.

Cameron nods. Wes shifts in his seat.

OMAR  
(into his suit mic)  
Val? Come in, Ground! Over.

CAMERON  
Interference. I think we lost  
uplink too.

WES  
(to the rest of them)  
As soon as we're back to base, I'll  
radio Boca. Tell 'em we're done.  
Outta here. Finished!

Hana lowers her oxygen mask.

HANA

Dude, man. Don't be a wuss.

Everyone's gaze falls to her. She grins, wild-eyed again - lifting her mask back up and taking a deep draw like Dennis Hopper in "Blue Velvet".

**EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - ON THE LTV**

From high above, the LTV trundles slowly across the barren rim of the crater - staying hidden in the shadows as it edges closer to the crawlers.

**INT. LUNAR TERRAIN VEHICLE - ON CAMERON AND CREW**

Their helmets pressed to the glass, the team peers silently out at the electrodes in the crater.

Cameron watches through binoculars.

OMAR

So, that's the thing from the thing  
in the thing?

DIEGO

What thing?

OMAR

From the press conference.

DOLLY (V.O.)

Wait for it...

Suddenly, a ferocious BOLT OF PURE PLASMA shoots out of one of the ELECTRODES.

It arcs over toward the other ELECTRODE and then sweeps back and forth across the surface, toward the big black metal DOMES in the distance.

As it moves, the fine gold mesh of the antenna vaporizes.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Ablative arc mining. Designed to  
pull water from the surface to make  
rocket fuel. To go to Mars.

The lightning zigzags across the crater, destroying the antenna and tugging up thousands of particles as it goes.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

The eggheads at JPL dreamed it all  
up.

(MORE)

DOLLY (CONT'D)  
 But now the Ruskies have figured  
 out how to use it to do even more.

Cameron lowers the binoculars and hands them to Wes.

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - WES'S POV**

The FOCUS WHEELS IN AND OUT wildly for a second, before  
 homing in on a closeup of the PLASMA BOLT. It's a terrifying  
 blue/white bundle of raw energy.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
 The arc pulls metals out of the  
 regolith...

CAMERON (V.O.)  
 Dolly, pause.

We PAN toward four parallel streams of airborne material -  
 moving swiftly toward the four surface crawlers and into the  
 open containment chambers on their beds.

**INT. LUNAR TERRAIN VEHICLE - BACK ON CAMERON AND CREW**

Wes hands the binoculars to Omar - the far off light of the  
 bolt sending strange shadows all over the roof of the LTV.

CAMERON  
 In one fell swoop, they can yank  
 billions out of the dirt and fly it  
 all back to Mother Russia.

Wes nods deeply, as if suddenly cluing-in.

WES  
 (to himself)  
 Destabilizing the entire global  
 economy and turning every other  
 superpower into an also-ran!  
 (beat)  
*Especially China!*

Cameron nods, pointing to each surface crawler.

CAMERON  
 Gold, platinum, palladium, rhodium.  
 (to Wes)  
 I bet they're using that digger you  
 saw in the hold to set charges  
 under the surface to pulverize the  
 whole crater.

CAMILLE

Fine! Now we've seen it! Now NASA  
can prove it! Now we go home!

Wes lifts his wrist to check his suit status.

WES

Yeah, we could do that...

HANA

(into her mask)  
...OR we could rudely interrupt the  
proceedings!

DIEGO

No, no, no.

Cameron's eyes fall to the motionless viewership graph on  
the dash.

CAMERON

Guys! Listen, when I first booked  
this gig, I thought: 'whatever,  
"Dancing with the Stars" but on the  
Moon.' Lamé, but it's a paycheck.  
(beat, gravely)  
I couldn't have been more wrong.  
This is, like, "Ocean's Eleven"  
times a million!

CAMILLE

How many times do we have to tell  
you? We're not soldiers! Not stunt  
doubles! Not even actors!

WES

Thanks.

DIEGO

This is not what I signed up for!  
We shouldn't be here! We don't  
belong here!

Wes spins out of his seat, standing slowly.

WES

The hell you don't. I picked each  
and every one of you for a reason.

Even Hana seems momentarily taken aback by this. Like it's  
the first she's heard of it.

WES (CONT'D)

You...



He gestures toward Omar.

WES (CONT'D)  
Before you crashed and burned, I  
was your biggest fan. The way you  
handled Monza - a masterpiece!

Omar seems genuinely stunned.

WES (CONT'D)  
I hate to see a good man lose his  
mojo. And his will to live.

He points to Diego.

WES (CONT'D)  
You. Even presidents don't pay  
their taxes! There's no reason you  
can't summon your better angels.

DIEGO  
My better what?

WES  
(to Simon)  
And you. Hana was right. You have  
balls, kid. That freeze dried relic  
can suck it!  
(to Camille)  
You! You had the spine to stick it  
your deadbeat ex for writing you  
out of his will - live and for all  
the world to see! If I had a  
daughter, I'd want her to be just  
like you.  
(to himself)  
I kinda half hope this whole deal  
would shown you that not every  
loser with a Y chromosome is a  
sonofabitch.

He turns toward Cameron - who's still staring out the  
windshield at the BOLT.

WES (CONT'D)  
Speaking of. Now, Cam, I didn't  
really get a say with you. But I  
went to the mat once they wanted  
you gone.

CAMERON  
Oh, yeah. Why's that?

WES

Because you're a cocky bastard that everybody wants to see fail. Just like me.

CAMERON

Great. So, I'm good for ratings. Duly noted.

WES

And because you have nothing left to lose. Also just like me.

Cameron softens just a fraction.

WES (CONT'D)

You know, when I was a kid - back when NASA still meant something...

The anger in the dimly-lit vehicle begins to fester again.

WES (CONT'D)

...it was about working together. For the greater good. With common purpose.

DIEGO

*Mierda.*

WES

It was about self-sacrifice. Discipline. And now what? It's a race to the bottom. To the exits. Whoever can scoop up enough gold gets a first class one-way ticket off our godforsaken trash heap.

(beat)

Shit, they almost killed Hana! The only one up here who had the courage to sacrifice her entire career - her whole livelihood - just so that she could love whoever the hell she pleases.

(beat)

I say fuck that shit! Courage. Honor. Duty. Just like Dolly said. Time to work as a unit - as a constellation - for all mankind.

He locks eyes briefly with Hana. She nods, inhaling deeply.

HANA

(into her mask)

Word.

Silence, then:

SIMON  
Fine. I'm in.

Camille SIGHS.

OMAR  
(to Wes)  
If you think you can pep talk us  
into going back out there...

WES  
Now, I'm not asking for much.

Wes lets his eyes glide back out to the crater.

WES (CONT'D)  
Just a little elbow grease. Some  
drive. And maybe a tiny bit of--

Suddenly, the viewership graph on the dash flickers back to  
life. The numbers scissor immediately upward!

CAMERON  
Holy shit! We're back up!

Wes grins ear-to-ear, reaching for the dash.

WES  
(to Cameron)  
Think Val could trim our buffer to,  
like, 20 seconds?

Cameron nods, uncertain - typing. Hana tosses away her mask.

HANA  
They won't even fucking see us  
coming! And the rest of the world -  
they'll be on the edge of their  
motherfucking seats!

Beat. SILENCE. Wes stands.

WES  
The show must go on!

OMAR  
Oh, man!

DIEGO  
We're not fucking actors!

Simon slowly stands as well.

SIMON  
C'mon. For Hana.

Surprisingly, Camille stands too.

CAMILLE  
For Hana.

Hana points to Simon's torn shoulder.

HANA  
(to Cameron)  
Think we can fix it?

CAMERON  
I dunno.

HANA  
Mine?

CAMERON  
Don't think so.

HANA  
Fine. We'll hang back. But we all  
split the pot. Equally.

WES  
Deal.

Cameron rips off his pierced life support module and tosses it to the floor.

CAMERON  
I think I've got maybe a good ten  
minutes, max.

HANA  
(turning, to Simon)  
C'mon, ball hog. You know the  
drill. Use your words.

Simon grins, nodding.

SIMON  
(in subtitled Russian)  
"Men make their own history, but  
they do not make it as they please.  
They make it under circumstances  
transmitted from the past."

Wes slowly claps his gauntleted hands.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
 Played my whole career for  
 oligarchs. Bits rub off.

WES  
 Fuck the Emmy. Oscar!

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER, LTV - CONTINUOUS**

Everyone minus Simon and Hana clusters toward the tail-end of the LTV. They're all armed again. This time, willingly.

WES  
 All we gotta do is get in those  
 things and drive?

CAMERON  
 Right. But wait for me to divert  
 the current. Otherwise...

He mimes 'poof'.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
 And watch out for the lightning.  
 It'll wanna suck every last scrap  
 of metal out of your helmet, torso  
 assembly, cuffs, and control  
 module. So stay well clear.

They all nod.

DOLLY (CONT'D)  
 And the popguns. Those especially.

HANA (O.S.)  
 (from inside the LTV)  
 With any luck, Homeboy and his  
 lame-ass Stormtroopers will be  
 binging Episode Two as we speak.

Cameron peers around the corner of the LTV. The lightning is still hungrily sweeping the surface, sucking up metals.

WES  
 What about the digger?

CAMERON  
 I'm gonna try and disable it.

OMAR  
 How?

Cameron lifts his rifle.

SIMON (O.S.)  
(also inside the LTV)  
Why?

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Because it has enough fissile  
material on-board to vaporize the  
crater to a depth of approximately  
450 meters!

DIEGO  
Great. Of course it does.

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - ON WES AND CAMILLE**

Everyone fans out - Wes and Camille to the left, Omar and Diego to the right. Cameron runs right down the middle.

The massive RIVER OF ELECTRICITY whipsaws wildly back and forth above the lunar surface.

CAMILLE  
(already out of breath)  
Really? The show must go on?

WES  
(also out of breath)  
It's why we're here ain't it? Give  
the people of Earth a little  
razzle-dazzle!

CAMILLE  
You are unbelievable.

WES  
But I meant what I said.

He lifts his gun overhead and leaps over a large mass of rock - lit by the lightning. Camille follows.

WES (CONT'D)  
If I had a daughter, I'd want her  
to be just like you.

CAMILLE  
Isn't it a little late to try and  
get on my good side?

WES  
Can't blame a guy for trying!

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - ON OMAR AND DIEGO**

Mirroring Wes and Camille but running along the opposite edge of the crater, Diego struggles to keep up with Omar - his eyes fixed on the river of gold streaming just overhead.

DIEGO  
Goddamn, it's beautiful!

On the run, Diego reaches one gloved hand up into the stream. Gold particles shower down all around him.

OMAR  
Man, forget it!

DIEGO  
We're gonna be so--

Suddenly, a branch of lightning sweeps precariously close to them both. Omar spins and tackles Diego to the ground.

OMAR  
Look out!!

Crackling right above their heads and reflected in both of their visors, the stream of raw energy seems to be drawing them ever so slightly off the ground. Suddenly:

DIEGO  
*Mierda!*

Diego's gold-dusted rifle springs out of his hands and immediately VAPORIZES - sending a gust of tiny glittering particles raining down on them both.

Omar rolls his body over Diego, his rifle between them. Above, the branch of lightning scissors back and forth.

DIEGO (CONT'D)  
Okay, fine! Fuck the gold!

They stare at each other through the thick glass of their visors - their now active POPULARITY GRAPHS mirror images, scissoring upward.

OMAR  
Hope your parole officer's watching.

Straining to hold him down, Omar smiles.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
You know, good behavior!

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - ON CAMERON**

Sprinting full-bore right down the center of the crater, Cameron ducks and dodges the white-hot river of PLASMA.

CAMERON  
Keep moving! Keep--

SIMON (O.S.)  
Cam, to your right!

Cocking his head, he sees an OSCILLATING BAND OF ENERGY twitch his way. He dives to his left, hitting the ground and tumbling just barely clear.

CAMERON  
Thank you, Simon.

SIMON (O.S.)  
Don't mention it, mate.

Cameron swivels back onto his chest, aiming his rifle at the blades of the ION FOCUSERS.

HANA (O.S.)  
Alright, dude. Plug it!

Through the blades, a torrent of IONIZED PARTICLES stream and bend toward the CAPTURE CONTAINERS.

And, from the hole in the center of the crater, a fine mist of VAPOR jets out into the vacuum of space.

CAMERON  
Wait. Dolly, is that what I think it is?

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Yep, hon. Water. Surprisingly pure.

HANA (O.S.)  
Fucking A-HOLES!

DOLLY (V.O.)  
Could've gotten us to Mars.

Cameron twists a knob on his rifle scope.

CAMERON  
Guys?!

OMAR (O.S.)  
(windy)  
Almost... there.



CUT TO:

**INT. ZVEZDA OUTPOST - DAY**

Clustered around a monitor, a rough-looking cadre of COSMONAUTS hurl epithets at the screen.

The footage before them is of Wes and Hana bounding past one of the abandoned Apollo landers at Tranquility Base.

COSMONAUT #1  
(in subtitled Russian)  
Stupid Americans. Always looking  
back, never ahead.

COSMONAUT #2  
(in subtitled Russian)  
Almost worse than the Chinese!

Behind them, Sergei turns his dead eyes toward a nearby screen. On it, we catch a momentary glimpse of what appears to be Cameron lying prone in the crater.

Suddenly, an alert PINGS and we hear a familiar sounding VOICE boom over the Russian comms:

SIMON (O.S.)  
(in subtitled Russian)  
Starship Eight to Zvezda outpost.  
Zvezda outpost. Do you read?

His eyes drifting momentarily from the monitor, Sergei taps a button to respond.

SERGEI  
*Da.*

SIMON (O.S.)  
(still subtitled)  
I'm picking up a sizable leak in  
LOX tank two. It's dropping  
pressure, fast. Over.

Unmoved, Sergei looks to a screen full of telemetry data.

SERGEI  
(subtitled again)  
I see nothing. Who is this?

No response.

SERGEI (CONT'D)  
(still subtitled)  
Repeat, who is this?

**INT. LUNAR TERRAIN VEHICLE - ON SIMON**

Hunched over the LTV dash, Simon STAMMERS:

SIMON  
 (still subtitled)  
 Um, uh. Flight Commander  
 Andreievich, sir.  
 (beat, nervously)  
 Pavel.

After a moment:

SERGEI (O.S.)  
 (also subtitled)  
 Hold your position...

**INT. ZVEZDA OUTPOST - TIGHT ON SERGEI**

Lifting his finger from the button, Sergei turns back to the monitor. Cameron is gone from view.

SERGEI  
 ...Mr. Chekov.

Spinning, Sergei stands and strides out of frame.

**INT. LUNAR TERRAIN VEHICLE - ON HANA AND SIMON**

On the dash display ahead of him, Simon watches his numbers dip. Hana nods disparagingly.

HANA  
 Really, dude? "Star Trek"?!

Simon STUTTERS. Hana grins.

HANA (CONT'D)  
 (fondly)  
 Fuckin' nerd.

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - BACK ON CAMERON**

Ducking and dodging the lightning, Cameron races across the crater floor.

CAMERON  
 (to Simon)  
 Thought you footballers knew how to  
 think on your feet!  
 (to the others)  
 Tell me you're close!

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - ON WES**

Nearing their two SURFACE CRAWLERS, Wes and Camille part.

WES  
Almost... there!

SIMON (O.S.)  
Once you're in, head up over the  
edge, east toward Finsen. We'll  
catch you up, lead you back to  
Basecamp. Over.

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - ON DIEGO**

Near the back of his crawler, Diego leaps up onto a ladder  
and starts climbing - shedding gold dust as he goes.

CAMERON (O.S.)  
Diego, Omar?

Just past Diego, climbing up the ladder to his crawler, Omar  
draws his rifle.

OMAR  
YES! We're-- Wait.

Diego pauses - seeing in the distance another small Russian  
ROVER veering toward them, from Zvezda.

DIEGO  
Anybody else seeing this?

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - OMAR'S POV**

Through the sight of Omar's rifle, we can make out SERGEI  
alone at the helm of the small, fast-moving rover.

Superimposed over Omar's view, the POPULARITY STATS are  
bananas - a hockey stick ratings bonanza.

OMAR (V.O.)  
Single rover. One o'clock.

The rifle sight tilts up, revealing a fixed forward firing  
system mounted to the rover's roll bar. The muzzle flashes  
three times in quick, silent succession.

HANA (O.S.)  
Camille, look out!

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - ON CAMILLE**

Jumping from the powdery regolith, Camille grabs the lower rungs of the ladder to her crawler - just as three large ceramic projectiles whip her way.

The first two ricochet off the cab. The third grazes her sleeve and hits the collection tank just behind her - leaving a huge dent.

CAMILLE

*Merde!*

Oxygen jets out of a tear in her suit, knocking her off the ladder and down onto the ground. She frantically tries to cover the leak with one hand, screaming:

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

My suit! It's torn! I'm--

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - ON WES**

All instinct, Wes jumps down from his crawler - spinning to see Camille tumbling across the surface, kicking up dust.

WES

I'm on it!

He sprints toward Camille's thrashing body, ducking under the silver stream of metal particles flowing into her crawler's capture chamber.

Sliding onto one knee, he reaches out and grabs her by her shoulder - flipping her over.

Her eyes are wild. Panic-stricken.

WES (CONT'D)

Where?! WHERE?!

CAMILLE

(almost out of air)

My arm. Right arm!

Still on his knees, holding her down - the lighting lashing all around them - Wes frantically types commands into controls screen on the chest of Camille's suit.

Suddenly, Dolly's VOICE chirps:

DOLLY (V.O.)

Self-healing membrane compromised.  
Enabling mechanical counter  
pressure.

The material surrounding Camille's upper arm mechanically contracts and she SCREAMS again. Her grazed arm goes rigid, like it's being crushed in a vice.

CAMILLE

Aie!

WES

It's okay. It's okay!

DOLLY (V.O.)

There we go.

CAMERON (O.S.)

Fuck! Guys, we're been made!

Gritting her teeth, Camille locks eyes with Wes.

DOLLY (V.O.)

Critical systems failure averted.  
Mechanical counter pressure  
diabled.

Wes stares into her eyes.

CAMILLE

(pained)

I'm sorry I called you a V.O.D.  
wannabe Tom Cruise.

WES

You did? When?

CAMILLE

Episode one. Second half.

WES

Aw, fuck it! C'mon, let's do this!

#### **EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - ON CAMERON**

Cameron levels his rifle at the ion focuser blades. Between them, the geyser of water vapor still plumes skyward.

Through the plume, three more javelin-like ceramic projectiles zip toward him - hitting just to his left and kicking up clouds of dust.

CAMERON

(to himself)

Relax. You can do this.

PUFF! PUFF! Two rounds leave the muzzle.

They ZIP straight toward the shimmering plume of water and then instantly bend left and hard right - hitting the first two focuser blades.

With the force, both blades SNAP inward, toward the geyser - sending the river of lightning arcing upward.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
Now, Hana! Trim the buffer!

HANA (O.S.)  
Fo shizzle my nizzo.

With the current BUZZING straight up, the tidy horizontal airborne columns of metallic particles fall to the ground - just as two of the crawlers rumble away in the distance.

**INT. ZVEZDA OUTPOST - SAME**

Standing, staring at the monitor, the slack-jawed Cosmonauts watch what appears to be nearly live footage from Cameron's helmet cam as he - belatedly - takes the shot.

As if on cue, they all turn to see the ropey coil of bright blue energy snaking skyward in real time. Then, looking back at the monitor, they see the same view (20 seconds delayed).

COSMONAUT #3  
(in subtitled Russian)  
What is this?!

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - BACK ON CAMERON**

Still lying prone, Cameron sees another set of muted BLASTS from the muzzle of the rack-mounted gun on Sergei's rover - which is fast approaching the departing crawlers.

CAMERON  
This one's gonna hurt!

WES (O.S.)  
Don't worry. I got this!

CAMERON  
What? No! Wait--

All three rounds hit the deck right in front of Cameron, knocking him up off the ground in a cloud of dust.

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - ON WES**

Wes turns and runs for Sergei's rover as it streaks by. Behind Wes and Camille, the other crawlers rumble away.

CAMILLE (O.S.)  
What are you doing?!

WES  
My specialty, not taking direction!

He yanks his rifle off his shoulder, on the run. Camille staggers to her feet, her suit no longer leaking.

Wes looks over his shoulder, shouting over the comms:

WES (CONT'D)  
Go! Get back to your thing. I'll  
take care of this joker.

She turns.

He skids to a stop - squaring off before firing again, hitting the dash of the rover just left of Sergei - who cranes around to finally see him.

Sergei does a skittering 180° and floors it toward Wes.

Camille bolts - leaping for the ladder to her crawler.

SIMON (O.S.)  
Bad idea, Wes!

WES  
Yep. That's kinda my thing lately.

Wes squeezes off another round - hitting the hood of the rover, knocking it off-course.

#### **EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - WES'S POV**

Through his helmet visor, Wes sees his POPULARITY GRAPH zip upward - finally nearing Hana/Omar levels.

WES (V.O.)  
(doing Sally Field)  
You like me! You really like me!

#### **INT. ZVEZDA OUTPOST - BACK ON COSMONAUTS**

Still staring, transfixed, the Cosmonauts watch delayed suit cam footage of Wes firing at the rover.

SERGEI (O.S.)  
Battle stations!

They pause, looking at the monitor - seeing Sergei spin delayed u-turn.

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - ON WES AND SERGEI**

Wes advances as Sergei bails out of his rover before it overturns. He's seemingly unarmed. Empty-handed.

HANA (O.S.)  
Curb stomp his ass!

Behind Sergei, the coursing stream of current shakes side-to-side as if it's being torn apart.

WES  
(re: the current)  
Is that supposed to be happening?

The bolt SPLITS IN TWO, surging rapidly across the lip of the crater as if frantically searching for someplace to go.

SERGEI  
(over static, in English)  
Ground FM and CNSA suits. Clever.

With Sergei in his rifle sight, Wes continues.

WES  
Bite me, greedhead.

SERGEI  
That's rich coming from you, Mister  
V.O.D. wannabe Tom Cruise.

Wes slows, his finger on the trigger.

WES  
She didn't mean it.

Sergei continues his advance.

SERGEI  
Sounded like she did.

WES  
Stop, or I'll--

SERGEI  
What? You'll shoot? Please.

Behind him, the ribbons of raw energy twist and braid back together and then swing erratically across the crater.

CAMERON (O.S.)  
Simon, Hana. Step it up!



Wes lifts his gaze from the scope to see the LTV as it speeds across the crater, toward Cameron.

Sensing his chance, Sergei reaches quickly behind his life support pack, pulling out some sort of pistol.

Reflexively, Wes pulls his trigger. Nothing happens. He pulls the trigger again. Zip. Nothing. He's out.

Grinning, his eyes still devoid of life, Sergei casually tosses his pistol away and charges at Wes.

SERGEI  
*Dasvidaniya, cowboy!*

Wes stands stone still as Sergei bounds across the surface of the Moon toward him.

WES  
You watch too many movies.

At the last second, Wes twists slightly sideways. Then, he spins back around - ramming the butt of his rifle squarely into Sergei's suit, just below his chest.

The blow sends Sergei instantly airborne - where he's immediately IMPALED by the roving bolt of electricity!

Every scrap of organic material in his suit VAPORIZES - leaving nothing but tattered clouds of high tech fabric and shattered glass fluttering above the barren landscape.

Suddenly, something catches Wes's eye. It's his orange prescription bottle of Xanax, tumbling, near-weightless.

WES (CONT'D)  
There you are, my pretty!

Just as he snatches the bottle out of the air, the lightning in the distance seizes up and PLUNGES SWIFTLY DOWN THE TUNNEL at the center of the crater, vanishing completely.

#### **EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - ON CAMERON**

On the run, his rifle slung over his shoulder, Cameron jumps to catch the side of the LTV as it careens past the void that the bolt just shot into.

CAMERON  
Abort. Abort. Abort!

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - ON DIEGO**

Holding onto the wheel of his crawler, Diego sees Wes's abandoned crawler pass him by.

DIEGO

Dude. What?! It's working!

CAMERON (O.S.)

No, no! Get back to the LTV! We gotta get outta here!

OMAR

But, we're almost--

KA-BOOM!

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - SAME**

From high above, we see the ground all around the crater SHUDDER. And then a FLASH OF LIGHT surges up from the gaping hole at the center of the crater.

And a massive SUBTERRANEAN NUCLEAR BLAST rocks the surface!

SIMON (O.S.)

BAIL THE FUCK OUT!

In silence, the entire crater starts violently SHAKING.

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - ON WES**

Wes, on the run, leaps to catch Cameron's hands as the LTV streaks by.

**INT. LUNAR TERRAIN VEHICLE - ON SIMON AND HANA**

Simon pilots the LTV across the crater floor - which, it seems, is being pulverized from within.

SIMON

Which way? Which fuckin' WAY?!

HANA

(pointing)

There, there!

Through the windshield, we can see Camille also on the run.

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - CONTINUOUS**

Barely slowing, the LTV zips past Camille - who's snatched up by Wes.

Then, bending to the right, the vehicle picks up speed toward Diego and Omar.

Behind them, their RUMBLING CRAWLERS shimmy and sway over the shaking ground. And, further off, some sort of TROOP TRANSPORT trundles away from Zvezda.

**INT. LUNAR TERRAIN VEHICLE - BACK ON SIMON**

Simon veers the LTV toward Diego.

CAMERON

Faster, Simon. Drive like Omar!

DOLLY (V.O.)

Abnormal photon levels detected.  
Harmful thermal x-rays detected.  
Seek immediate shelter.

Behind them - through the glass panels at the rear of the LTV - we can make out a second FLASH. Then a third.

**EXT. VON KÁRMÁN CRATER - CONTINUOUS**

Struggling to keep his balance, Diego stumbles sideways. Omar grabs him and yanks him with him as he leaps toward the speeding LTV.

All we see is Omar's gloved hand straining toward Wes's as a fourth FLASH erupts in the distance.

WES

Gotcha!

Together, Wes and Omar yank Diego into the vehicle as Cameron slams the hatch shut behind them.

CAMERON

Dolly! Deploy all thermal countermeasures and redirect all excess power to the shielding grid!

DOLLY (V.O.)

Affirmative.

Diego stands, dusting gold particles off his arms and thighs as the LTV accelerates away from the crumbling crater.

DIEGO

Let the suits at Standards and Practices fucking suck on that!

Wes turns toward Cameron.

WES  
 (to Cameron)  
 Well, go on now. You're a reporter.  
 Report!

**EXT. LUNAR SURFACE, LANDING ZONE - FROM ABOVE**

With the NUCLEAR FIREBALL still growing in the background, the LTV races its way up and out of the crater.

CAMERON (V.O.)  
 This is Cameron Anderton reporting  
 to you live from the surface of the  
 Moon. Where, approximately two  
 minutes ago, a Russian-made nuclear  
 device was detonated beneath what  
 was previously a top secret  
 NASA/CNSA joint observation  
 facility. Let me repeat...

**INT. LUNAR TERRAIN VEHICLE - BACK ON SIMON**

Simon frantically swipes through a series of topo maps on the dash panel. Outside, the ground shimmies and shakes.

SIMON  
 We're never gonna make it!

DOLLY (V.O.)  
 Correct, Simon. By my calculations,  
 the chain reaction will likely  
 decimate Basecamp in roughly...  
 17 minutes and 37 seconds.

HANA  
 We gotta get off this rock!

DIEGO  
 The LEM!

OMAR  
 Not enough fuel!

WES  
 The Starship! Hijack the--

Through the windshield, another BLAST. It's the Starship leaving the surface - with Russian survivors on-board.

CAMILLE  
*Sa mère!*

DOLLY (V.O.)  
 There may be an alternative. There  
 is an abandoned Chang'E capsule  
 approximately 2.7 kilometers south.  
 It will be tight. And the odds of  
 failure are--

WES  
 Dolly, pause!

Dolly goes silent.

WES (CONT'D)  
 We can do this, together.

Simon nods, spinning the wheel and stomping the accelerator.

**EXT. LUNAR SURFACE, LANDING ZONE - CONTINUOUS**

The lot of them run for their lives away from the LTV.

Up ahead, a WEATHERED CHANG'E CAPSULE comes to life -  
 automatically jettisoning its antenna and solar arrays.

DIEGO  
 (to Cameron)  
 What's she mean, 'tight'?

CAMERON  
 Like I know?!

Camille is the first to reach the ladder. She stops, turning  
 back toward the LTV which is backlit by the growing blast.

WES  
 Don't worry. Go.

She spins back around and starts climbing. Diego follows.  
 Then Simon, Hana, and Cameron in their crudely salvaged and  
 duct taped suits. Wes and Omar are hot on their heels.

**INT. CHANG'E, ASCENT STAGE - CONTINUOUS**

The hatch open, Camille crawls inside. Ahead, we see only  
 five angular metal jump seats.

CAMILLE  
*Merde!* There's only room for five!

DOLLY (V.O.)  
 Wes, you know what to do.

Wes pauses. Omar drifts past him into the cabin, pulling  
 Camille with him.

DIEGO

Omar?

OMAR

On it!

Wes grabs Hana by her barely functional suit.

WES

This way. Hurry!

He drags her with him, down toward a small hatch at the bottom of the capsule.

DOLLY (V.O.)

(to Wes)

That's right, Wes. See, bein' tiny  
has its perks after all!

Over the comms, we can hear Dolly LAUGH to herself. Ignoring her, Wes opens the hatch - pulling Hana inside with him.

WES

Sorry about this!

HANA

It's all good.

DOLLY (V.O.)

That's why I love short people.  
They're more... down to Earth.

Dolly full-on BELLY LAUGHS over the comms. Omar closes the main hatch behind himself and slides into the helm.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Now, I'm not sayin' short people  
are inferior.

(cracking herself up)

But I do look down on 'em!

Doing his best to block her out, Wes gently lowers Hana inside the hold and then gingerly slides in next to her. There's barely enough room for the both of them.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Oh, oh! How do short people greet  
each other?

With flip of a switch, Omar lights the booster. Wes closes the service bay hatch and the ascent stage ROARS to life.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

They microwave!

The capsule LAUNCHES - sending everyone instantly crumpling back into their seats.

SIMON  
Fuckin' hell...

The capsule begins a swift roll - and then starts SHIMMYING violently back and forth. Omar is sweating bullets, trying hard not to over-steer.

DOLLY (V.O.)  
(suddenly serious)  
Now, don't forget. If you beat the Russians to Gateway, they'll probably try to void the station to keep all y'all from getting to the Soyuz first.

DIEGO  
(screaming)  
VOID?!

DOLLY (V.O.)  
(over increasing static)  
Suck whatever oxygen's left inside the station out! So, you know, quick as a bunny!

**INT. CHANG'E, CARGO BAY - ON WES AND HANA**

Lit only by the lights on Wes's helmet, we see Hana grinning. The two of them are face-to-face - the glass of their visors, touching, vibrating in time.

WES  
I'm sorry, Hana. I didn't mean for any of this...

It might be all the shaking, or it might just be a moment of actual emotion, but Wes's voice suddenly falters.

HANA  
(loud but calm)  
Fuhgeddaboudit, dude.  
(beat)  
Oh, and, uh, hey... can I get your, like, autograph?

**EXT. CHANG'E, ASCENT STAGE - SAME**

As the pockmarked, still quaking surface of the Moon zips by below the capsule, the single ascent booster FIRES rapidly.

Rising over the horizon, we can make out the familiar sight of the Gateway Orbiter. Beyond it, the Starship races from the surface, too.

**INT. CHANG'E, ASCENT STAGE - ON OMAR AND CAMILLE**

With both hands hovering over the control panel in front of him, Omar pilots the Chang'E toward Gateway.

OMAR  
Anyone remember if this thing is  
NDS or probe and drogue?!

SILENCE. Camille looks back to him, biting her lip.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Did anybody listen to anything in  
prep?

WES (O.S.)  
NDS, for sure. Has to be!

OMAR  
Thank you, brother.

A bead of sweat runs down Omar's cheek.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
And don't listen to that glorified  
Alexa. Short is beautiful.

WES (O.S.)  
5'6" is NOT short!

Omar and Camille both silently nod. *Yeah, it kinda is.*

**EXT. GATEWAY ORBITER - SAME**

From high above, we see both the Chang'E and the Starship approaching Gateway from opposite directions.

**INT. CHANG'E, ASCENT STAGE - CONTINUOUS**

With a loud metallic CLANG which reverberates through the dome of the capsule, the Chang'E docks.

The cargo bay swings open and Wes springs out - gliding, weightless with Hana, toward the main docking hatch.

WES  
Alright! Let's go home!  
(beat)  
Hana first. Her pressure's barely  
holding!



Wes pulls the hatch lever open. Behind him, everyone else scrambles to free themselves from their jump seats. Diego and Simon pull Hana to the front.

Wes swings the hatch open and spins the flywheel to the interior airlock. It grinds loose with a long RASP.

Wes pushes Hana into the orbiter first. Omar snags Cammille by the shoulders and pulls her toward the hatch.

OMAR

Through the hab! Left after Halo!  
Into the Soyuz! Move your ass!

CAMILLE

(to Wes)  
He swears?!

**INT. GATEWAY ORBITER - CONTINUOUS**

Just like last time, we FOLLOW the lot of them as they pull themselves swiftly through the dimly-lit orbiter.

At the back of the pack, Wes grins - looking like a man finally fully in his element.

WES

Dunno why, but I think I'm actually  
gonna miss this place!

Up ahead, Camille takes a hard bend to the right. Simon grabs her.

SIMON

No, no! Left, left!

Suddenly, a RESOUNDING BOOM rocks the station - the Starship has docked.

DIEGO

Shit, guys. That's them!

**INT. GATEWAY ORBITER, I-HAB - CONTINUOUS**

Midway through the incomplete Habitation Module, Simon tugs Camille with him toward the airlock. Diego follows. Hana leads the way.

**INT. GATEWAY ORBITER, AIRLOCK - CONTINUOUS**

Next to Hana, Simon quickly undoes the lever to the hatch - and it swings open to reveal the darkened interior of the ancient Soyuz capsule.

A panoply of lights, screens and buttons come to life.

CAMERON  
Hurry! They're right on our--

A VOICE booms over the P.A.:

VAL (O.S.)  
(from ground control)  
Jesus! What the HELL is going on up  
there?! Over!

Somewhere far off down the station we hear a familiar  
SCREECH - like the sound of another hatch grinding open.

CAMERON  
No time, Val!

From inside the Soyuz, Omar quickly guides Cameron, Diego  
and Camille in after Hana and Simon.

Wes scrambles quickly to catch up.

OMAR  
(toward Wes)  
We did it, man! We--

Before he can finish, a deafening CLANG cuts him off.

And, in terrifying SILENCE we watch as THE HATCH TO THE  
SOYUZ SLAMS SHUT - LOCKING WES OUT!

He grabs onto the latch with both hands.

AND THE ENTIRE STATION DEPRESSURIZES! Every piece of free-  
floating junk WHOOSHES away in a breathtaking GUST.

OMAR  
(from inside)  
No, no, no! WES!

Wes, holding on for dear life - both legs straining to find  
a foothold - is whipsawed side-to-side against the walls of  
the airlock.

HANA (O.S.)  
Damn it, dude! I told you!

WES  
(straining)  
Relax. I do all... my own...  
stunts!

OMAR  
Cam! Release the hatch!

CAMERON (O.S.)  
I can't! It won't--

OMAR  
Release the hatch!

CAMERON (O.S.)  
I can't!

Wes slowly begins to get his footing.

OMAR  
Override!

Straining, Wes looks up to see a very familiar-looking digital display above the hatch. It's almost identical to the one we saw way back in Boca Chica.

He laughs faintly to himself.

WES  
Negative. You're losing pressure.

OMAR  
Release the hatch!

WES  
You're losing pressure!

OMAR  
Override!

WES  
Hana will die. You all will!

Wes pulls himself closer to the hatch porthole - the glass of his visor nearly touching it.

**INT. SOYUZ CAPSULE - ON OMAR**

Through the porthole, Wes flashes his pearly whites.

WES  
(doing HAL again)  
I'm sorry Dave. I'm afraid you  
can't do that.

OMAR slams both gauntleted hands against the hatch - this time from the inside.

OMAR  
Dammit, Cam. Override! Now!

WES  
Negative. Decouple.  
(somberly)  
It's the only way.

Through the porthole, we can see Wes's grin fade.

WES (CONT'D)  
(zero arrogance)  
Physics, man.

**INT. GATEWAY ORBITER, AIRLOCK - ON WES**

His fingers starting to slip, Wes looks down to see the Velcro flap of the cargo pocket on his left leg rip open.

Out of it tumbles his bottle of Xanax. It ricochets silently away into oblivion.

WES  
Oh, well. Good riddance.

OMAR  
Wes! Don't do this!

WES  
Not my choice, man.  
(trying to spin it)  
But, god, talk about a fucking ending!

OMAR  
Cam!

WES  
Listen.

With all of his strength, he pulls himself closer to the porthole again.

WES  
(breathlessly)  
You drive better than anybody out there. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

OMAR  
Wes!

Wes calmly closes his eyes.

WES  
 Sorry, guys. I'm so--

Wes and Omar lock eyes. Wes's fingers are slipping.

WES (CONT'D)  
 All this time...

Wes's left hand falters, falling free.

WES (CONT'D)  
 ...crying on demand, never feeling  
 a thing.

OMAR  
 There's GOTTA be a way!

WES  
 And now I'm actually...

Wes gulps down a couple quick last breaths.

WES (CONT'D)  
 ...afraid.

OMAR  
CAM!

Wes gives him a wink. And then lets go completely.

CUT TO BLACK.

In the darkness, we hear the sound of someone BREATHING calmly. Peacefully. Almost in time with the MUFFLED CHIME of a seemingly far off alarm.

We hold for a few seconds and then:

CUT TO:

**EXT. LUNAR ORBIT - WES'S POV**

Stretched out before us (as seen through Wes's visor) is the spellbinding sight of the sun rising over the horn of Africa - some 238,900 miles away.

His POPULARITY GRAPH is superimposed over the vista. But, just as his line zigzags up and to the right, the whole thing flickers and goes dead.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a VOICE:

COLONEL ADAMS (O.S.)  
 (over static)  
 Gotcha.

Our view jolts forward briefly - as if we've been bumped by a passing stranger.

**EXT. GATEWAY ORBITER, SERVICE BAY - CONTINUOUS**

From high above the station, we see Gateway's robotic arm gently snatch Wes out of the blackness.

WES  
 (breaking up)  
 Adams? Is that... is that you?

The arm slowly retracts, pulling Wes to safety.

COLONEL ADAMS (O.S.)  
 That's Colonel Adams to you, boy.

WES  
 (overcome with emotion)  
 I can't-- I-- I thought...

COLONEL ADAMS (O.S.)  
 What? That I'd ditch you like y'all ditched me?! No way!  
 (beat)  
 Hell's bells, boy, what kinda teamwork's that?!

Over the comms, we can hear Wes's FAINT LAUGHTER quickly crumble into a cascade of tears.

COLONEL ADAMS (CONT'D)  
 Aw, quit yer blubberin'. We got a Starship to commandeer!

As the robotic arm slowly draws Wes back toward Gateway, we can see, in the distance, the Soyuz silently decoupling and drifting away from the orbiter.

WES  
 But I thought...  
 (through tears)  
 ...I thought that was... it.

The robotic arm gently lowers Wes into the open service bay at the foot of the station's solar array.

COLONEL ADAMS (O.S.)  
 Camille's right. Method actors are the worst.

With the sun glinting off the solar array above, Wes looks out to see the cobalt blue orb of Earth coming to life.

COLONEL ADAMS (CONT'D)  
I ain't lettin' you off that easy!

The robotic arm slowly releases Wes and withdraws.

COLONEL ADAMS (CONT'D)  
C'mon, let's go snatch up your pals  
and make a beeline for home, huh?  
(beat)  
You up for it?

Wes stands alone for a moment, staring out at the far distant Earth.

WES  
Yeah. I... I think so.  
(beat)  
I think so. Yeah.

Slowly, the service bay doors above him begin to close, silently blotting out the blue.

And, across the cargo bay, a hatch swings open - revealing Colonel Adams. He surges, tethered, toward Wes.

COLONEL ADAMS  
(quoting "Casablanca")  
Well, kid, I think this is the  
beginning of a beautiful  
friendship.

Colonel Adams snatches him up - firing the boosters on his pack to pilot the both of them quickly back to safety.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL END CREDITS --

To "Oh!" by The Linda Lindas.

THE END