

TB

APOLLO 18

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TB

A VINTAGE 1970'S NASA APOLLO LOGO - FILLS THE SCREEN

We hear the benign BEEP of a QUINDAR TONE.

Titles appear over logo:

Jittery. Like Archival Film.

"Property of NASA. Not for public distribution."

"Apollo 18 Technical Report R-278 -- Lunar Anomalies."

"16 mm - Beta Reel - Color"

"Footage retrieved: 20.16 degrees north, 30.77 degrees east."

"Taurus-Littrow Valley June 21, 1974."

"Policy Directive 1382.2 - J Mission Classified."

Again. The BEEP of a QUINDAR TONE.

BLACK SCREEN

CUT TO:

INT. APOLLO LUNAR MODULE - DAY

GRAINY 16mm COLOR FOOTAGE of...

A white blur.

Strange distorted shapes.

Lots of movement. Chaotic.

Documentary style.

The SOUND of rapid BREATHING. Shallow. Panicked.

A distressed VOICE in the fuzzy images.

BEN (O.S.)

Oh my God!

Another edgy VOICE overlaps.

NATHAN (O.S.)

EVA 3 complete. PLSS oxygen low.
Requesting emergency ascent.

BEN (O.S.)

What the hell was that?

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A third VOICE.

Distant. Tinny. Over a radio. STATIC.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
Standby 18. Commence cabin repress.

The IMAGE comes into focus.

We realize:

We're looking THROUGH A HANDHELD CAMERA at...

The cramped cockpit of a 1970s Apollo Lunar Module.

This looks like REAL archival Apollo footage.

Buttons. Switches. Compass gimbals. Primitive.

Gray DUST coats the bottom of the camera lens.

It obscures some of our view.

But we see:

The cabin walls are filthy.

Smearred gray with more dust.

Flight checklists clipped to the controls.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
18 you are negative to prep for
ascent at this time...

We hear more labored BREATHING.

INTO FRAME:

A thick white lunar glove emerges.

Chromel-R metal cloth fingertips coated in moon dust.

Fingers clutch a small LUNAR ROCK HAMMER. Tight.

HAND Shaking.

Places the hammer down

On a stowage shelf next to:

The aluminum Lunar Sample Containment Case.

Opens the case.

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Inside:

Documented sample bags of lunar dust. A breccia rock.

Also inside:

A few small shreds of an American flag.

Like those planted on the moon.

Hanging from a twisted metal frame.

Hold on the flag...

Whatever did this wasn't natural.

BEN (O.S.)
 (Struggling for air)
 Do you think it's coming back?

NATHAN (O.S.)
 I don't know.

Gloved hand leaves frame.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Stop talking. Conserve your O2.

Returns with:

A dusty Beta-cloth sample collection bag.

The hand opens the bag.

Pulls out...

A small Westinghouse TV camera used on the lunar rovers.

Lens is SHATTERED.

Protective gold foil TORN and CHARRED.

The hand places it in the aluminum case.

The hand leaves frame again...

Returns with another sample collection bag.

Inside:

An Apollo commemorative plaque

Plaque is WARPED.

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SCRATCH MARKS all over it.

Partially MELTED.

We can still make out some of the etching...

"..Apollo 17...completed...explorations...moon...1972 A.D."

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Excavation of 17 complete.
What's the ETA on ascent L-0?

Gloved hand:

Clicks the latches on the Sample Case shut.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
...still working on that 18...

From somewhere off screen:

An eerie ORANGE LIGHT fills the cabin.

BEN (O.S.)
Shit. Did you see that?

CAMERA SNAPS UPWARDS.

BEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
100 meters. Starboard window.

The IMAGE blurs.

Lose FOCUS for a moment.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Where?

Another blur comes into view.

Camera focuses.

BEN (O.S.)
Station 4. Off the far wall rim.

We see:

THROUGH A TINY TRIANGULAR WINDOW

The Lunar Surface.

Sea of Serenity. Taurus-Littrow. South Massif Mountain.

A world of ash and blinding sunlight.

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It seems tranquil. Lifeless.

Looks like the typical Apollo footage we've all seen before.

Then:

THROUGH THE OTHER WINDOW

A very different view...

The Lunar Rover...

Overturned in a crater.

Only three wheels.

The fourth wheel buried in the dust nearby.

It's umbrella VHF radar crushed.

Camera zooms.

We also see:

Tracks in the lunar soil.

Some human. Some machine. And...

Other tracks.

Still blurry.

We can't tell. The image is too grainy from this distance.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Houston, we have another possible
TLP sighting at 16:04 hours.

INTO FRAME:

Tiny bristles of an Apollo lens brush.

Obscures our view for a moment.

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

Can you confirm sighting near
Massif station 4 on video feed?

The brush clears the moon dust from the lens.

Image is much clearer.

Refocus.

Outside. The Lunar Landscape. Still nothing.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
Negative 18...VHF feed is down.
We're trying to get it back up.

An eerie calm.

Just the constant TONE of the onboard glycol pump.

Something doesn't quite feel right...

BAM!

A loud SOUND. Like a gunshot.

The camera JUMPS.

The gloved HAND thrusts INTO FRAME.

The rock hammer held outward against the window

Like a weapon. Unsteady.

NATHAN
Jesus. What was that?

But it still looks tranquil outside.

No movement. Nothing.

BEN
Stirring O2 tank. See anything?

Camera zooms on window.

Still no sign of anything outside.

Zooms closer.

To the black, starless sky.

We see something out there!... Wait...

It's just a man's REFLECTION visible in the glass.

A FACE obscured by a space helmet and a 16mm Maurer camera.

This is NATHAN. (30s) Mission Pilot.

NATHAN (O.S.)
We need to get out of here.

Camera SWINGS DOWN to follow the gloved hand.

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To a steel lever.

On the small rectangular LEM hatch door.

The hand pulls down the lever.

As it extends outward we see...

The arm of Nathan's Apollo Spacesuit.

A small EVA cuff checklist on the wrist. Pages torn.

A standard Apollo issue Omega-Speedmaster watch.

A Mission Patch on the shoulder:

"Apollo XVIII. Anderson. Walker. Bower."

We notice:

A RIP across the Beta-cloth fabric of the arm.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Port hatch closed and locked.

CAMERA FOLLOWS GLOVED HAND

Back to switches.

We see ANOTHER gloved hand flipping a switch.

BEN (O.S.)
(Struggling to breathe)
Dump valves are both auto...

Both gloved hands frantically flipping switches.

BREATHING becomes more rapid.

As if running out of air.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Cabin repress auto. Point 5 psi.
Rising....1 psi...

A loud HISS.

As the cabin slowly repressurizes.

The VIEW SHIFTS.

Another FACE enters frame.

Behind a severely CRACKED space helmet.

Young. Scared eyes.

This is BEN. (30s) Mission Geologist.

A small spatter of BLOOD on his face.

He looks down at his chest-mounted RCU unit.

BEN
(Barely able to speak now)
PLSS oxygen... zero.

We notice:

CHARRED STREAKS all across the chest of his suit.

The Beta-cloth fabric is RIPPED. Just like Nathan.

His chest mounted Hassleblad camera is SMASHED.

Oxygen hoses to his pack damaged.

He looks directly into camera.

Begins HEAVING. Choking. Eyes flutter.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Turn around!

Ben spins around. Drops down.

We see:

The top of his PLSS life support backpack on his suit.

Nathan's hand

Pulls a red apple ball attached to a cord on the backpack.

We hear: A slow WHINE. Like an air leak.

Ben turns back to Nathan. Still struggling for air.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Fuck. O2 reserve malfunction.

Nathan's hand

Grips Ben's hand

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Come on bud. Hang in there. Just a
few more seconds.

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Camera swings back to the switches.

A digital readout.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Increasing psi 1.5...2...2.5...

VIEW WHIPS TO:

Another stowage shelf.

Nathan's gloved hands fumble for

The small MEDICAL KIT.

Hands rip open the Beta cloth bag.

Frantically searching the pouches...

Bandages. Bottles of various pills...

Hands grab a Portable Oxygen Mask.

Back to Ben:

Coughing BLOOD.

The blood sprays against the INSIDE of the helmet.

His face obscured by the blood drops.

Nathan's hand enters frame.

Grips Ben's hand again.

Ben:

Gasping for air. Eyes bulging. About to die.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Psi 3.0. Stable pressure. Soft
suiting...

Frame jostles.

Camera is placed on a STOWAGE SHELF.

Nathan moves into frame to help Ben.

He blocks the camera.

All we see is:

The PLSS backpack on his suit.

TB
It's half mangled...

As if some kind of animal attacked him.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(To Ben)
You're going to be ok.

We hear a CLICK.

A large GASP of air.

Nathan shifts

Now we can see...

A sliver of Ben's face.

Pale. Bloodied.

Helmet off. Breathing through the Oxygen Mask.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Houston, where the hell's the CSM?
We need to lift off now!

Ben takes a huge gulp of oxygen from the portable unit.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
Bower just slipped into comm
blackout. Orbiting the far side.

Nathan's back still faces the camera:

NATHAN
Shit.

Nathan removes his helmet.

Breathes the fresh cabin oxygen.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
You're going to have to wait for
him to swing back around.

He unlocks his gloves from his wrists.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Earliest launch window for CSM
rendezvous...1 hour 52 minutes.

Nathan checks the window. Nothing outside.

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MISSION CONTROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...try to hang on up there guys...

As Nathan turns towards camera we see...

His face in detail for the first time.

Stubble. Exhausted. Bloodied. Defeated.

He's just been through hell.

NATHAN
Copy that Houston.

Behind him:

A small section of the window is visible.

THROUGH THE WINDOW:

For an instant we see...

a SHADOW

move across the lunar surface. Lighting fast.

But before we can get a good look...

Nathan's gloved hand fills the screen.

Turns camera OFF.

Silence.

BLACK SCREEN

CUT TO:

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

FUZZY IMAGE.

A blotch of red.

Against something white.

Focus.

A pair of BLOODY white Teflon coveralls.

A WOUND...

FILLS THE SCREEN.

TB

12.

NATHAN (O.S.)
What is that?

VIEW WHIPS:

To Ben's face.

We see:

He's wearing the more comfortable space suit undergarment.

FRAME SHAKES a little.

Behind him we see:

Their filthy, ravaged space suits

Hanging by the port hatch.

Ben looks down at the wound.

Looks back up.

BEN
I don't know. It wasn't there when
we soft suited.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Does it hurt?

BEN
It's not too bad.

A quiet beat between them.

Then:

Crackle of STATIC.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
18 do you read? We're starting to
get some noise on the high gain
channel.

Ben quickly looks away.

Back to the instrument panel.

BEN
Affirm. We'll check high gain.
Ready to run PGNS.

Winces a little.

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Even if the wound hurts he doesn't want to talk about it.

He flips a switch on the panel.

BEN (CONT'D)
Attitude monitor, PGNS.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
Go.

CAMERA VIEW SHIFTS

Back to the wound.

There's something odd about it.

The blood. It's blooming...

In a perfect triangular pattern through his coveralls.

Zoom into:

The bloody pattern.

We also see:

A strange BLACK FLUID oozing through.

Almost like oil.

NATHAN (O.S.)
We need to document this.

Camera shifts back to:

Ben's face.

BEN
I'm fine. Let's just get the fuck
out of here.

Ben's face:

Flickers. Overexposed.

Disappears...

For instant:

A few empty film frames.

Random CODED NUMBERS on the sides of the screen.

The TAIL LEADER of a roll of film.

TB

FILM ROLLS OUT.

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CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

VINTAGE APOLLO LOGO - FILLS THE SCREEN AGAIN

Titles over logo:

"16mm Charlie Reel - Color"

For an instant we see:

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

CAMERA TEST

An Apollo era GRAY SCALE CHART fills the screen.

We see:

The tips of Nathan's fingers...

Holding the edge of the card.

Magazine. Aperture. Speed info.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

Ben's face.

Towards the window:

Ben points a small Hassleblad stills camera.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

We see:

THE ORANGE LIGHT

Again.

It's beautiful.

BEN

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah! These are great.

TB

Suddenly no CLICK.

BEN (CONT'D)

The alpha mag is jammed.

Scrambles for another mag on the stowage shelf.

Pulls out the mag.

A small grayish block.

There are three other mags stacked next to it.

BEN (CONT'D)

Loading bravo mag.

Checks the camera.

BEN (CONT'D)

Starting on frame count 4.

The Orange Light...

Is GONE.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

Nathan's HAND.

On one of the control panel dials.

SOUND of STATIC.

Scanning Radio frequencies.

Then a quick burst:

Mission Control chatter. Garbled.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

Tranquility...not localized...

NATHAN (O.S.)

Shit. We're losing comm.

Nathan makes adjustments on the panel.

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

Squelch to full decrease.

Both sets of hands flipping switches.

TB

16.

BEN (O.S.)
Copy. Full decrease.

Then...Mission Control. Loud and Clear.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
Repeat TLP is not localized.

CAMERA VIEW

Shifts back to the windows.

Still nothing outside.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Bower is reporting multiple TLP
contacts from orbit in Sea of
Tranquility and Schroeder's Valley.

Back to Ben's face.

He looks into camera.

Looks even more pale now.

Sweating.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...contacts are on the move...

BEN
They're fucking everywhere.

Another GARBLED message from Mission Control.

We can't make out anything out.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Last transmission clipped Houston.
Say again.

This time the message is crystal clear:

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
We have approximately four thousand
TLP contacts converging on your
location.

VIEW WHIPS

To the windows.

Still nothing...Yet.

Back to Ben's face. Horror.

BEN
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
...do not under any circumstances
attempt to communicate or engage
with them.

BEN
No shit, Houston.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Calm down. We'll lift off before
they reach us.

BEN
You saw how fast that thing was.

The radio chatter is silenced.

STATIC again.

Ben GRUNTS in pain.

CAMERA SWINGS down to:

His wound.

It's getting worse.

Ben touches it gently with his hand.

His hand is covered in fresh blood.

NATHAN (O.S.)
We got to do something about that.

BEN (O.S.)
We don't need to do anything except
get the hell out of here.

NATHAN (O.S.)
I saw it swipe you on the egress
platform. We have to...

BEN
Wait...

Back to Ben's face:

He stops for a moment. Listens.

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As if there's something out there...

BEN (CONT'D)
You hear that?

Nothing. Just the HUM of the LEM's machinery.

NATHAN (O.S.)
No.

Ben's eyes look wild.

BEN
They're out there. Close.

Eerie silence again.

Too quiet. Then...

Through the radio.

A strange SOUND.

Almost like a barely audible WHISPER.

Then:

EARSPLITTING LOUD STATIC FEEDBACK

CAMERA JUMPS.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Shit!

Ben looks out the window. Visibly shaken.

They're both clearly on edge.

The STATIC ends.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
18 Houston is back. Lost you for a
second there. Might check your S-
band.

Ben looks into the camera at Nathan.

Fear in his eyes.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Are we go for pre-flight checks?
Lift off in 48 minutes.

FRAME is shaky from Nathan's hands.

TB

Two of the world's finest astronauts.
Scared out of their fucking minds.

NATHAN (O.S.)
We're go for pre-flight.

BLACK SCREEN

CUT TO:

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

We see:

The triangular window.

The Lunar Landscape. It's beautiful.

Tranquil outside.

Sunlight flares through the window.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
18 your RSC feed is looking good.
Lift off 32 minutes...

Nothing unusual. Then...

A SCREAM...

VIEW SHIFTS

To Ben's face.

Screaming in agony.

There is:

An identical SECOND triangular wound on his right side.

BEN
Holy Christ!

We see:

Nathan's hand enter frame.

Holding a small syringe.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Unzip your coveralls.

TB

Ben struggles out of his white Teflon coveralls.

VIEW SHIFTS AGAIN to:

Pale skin.

Camera scans down the body.

Ben turns to his side to reveal...

BLOATED skin lacerations above his rib cage.

On the right and left sides.

Camera zooms.

One of the lacerations fills the screen.

It looks bad. Bloodied.

A strange BLACK viscous substance surrounds the wound.

VIEW SHIFTS

Back to Ben's face:

Tears streaming from his eyes.

BEN

I just want to get out of here.

Follow the syringe:

To Ben's arm.

The needle pierces the skin.

NATHAN (O.S.)

This will stop the pain.

Ben's screaming dies down.

Hear his breathing calm a little.

Back to Ben's face:

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

Better?

Ben nods.

Sweaty relief.

PANTING.

TB

Back down to the wound:

Camera zooms.

It looks pretty disgusting.

Blood mixed with black fluid.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
17:26 HMT. June 21, 1974. First
evidence of TLP to human contact.

Image blurs.

Regain focus.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Partial laceration over 8th
vertebrochondral rib. Right and
left side.

A pair of tongs enters frame.

Applies a piece of gauze to the black fluid.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm going to get a sample.

Just as the gauze touches the fluid.

A MOON BOOT flies into frame.

ANOTHER SCREAM...

The camera is knocked upwards.

We looking at:

The ceiling hatch of the LEM.

As we hear more SCREAMING from Ben.

BEN (O.S.)
Turn the fucking camera off...

SOUND cuts off mid-sentence.

CAMERA OFF.

BLACK SCREEN.

CUT TO:

TB

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

Quiet.

A pair of eye pupils. Glazed.

Reveal:

Ben's heavily drugged eyes.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
Ben, this is CAP COM. Flight
surgeon says your heart rate and BP
are still high...

Half of Ben's face fills the screen.

Illuminated by moon glow.

Dried blood caked around his eyes.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Are we still go for lift off in 22?

NATHAN (O.S.)
How are you feeling?

Ben reaches into the Medical Kit.

Rummages around.

BEN
(Slurring)
I need something to counteract the
morphine.

We see:

Bandages, aspirin...

BEN (CONT'D)
Where are the stimulants?

NATHAN (O.S.)
I don't think you should...

Ben faces the camera.

BEN
I can't do pre-flight checks like
this.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Second pouch.

TB

Ben pulls out a bottle of pills.

Shakes out two tablets.

Pops them with a thimble bag of water.

He's looking out the window to:

The Lunar Surface...

Watching a solitary dune...

We see some of the ASLEP experimental equipment out there.

Moonquake detector lying on its side.

Wires twisted.

We HEAR a MASTER ALARM.

MISSION CONTROL
18 this is Houston. We've lost
vitals on Ben!

Pull Back.

Reveal Ben slowly ripping off his electrodes.

Blurred image.

Refocus.

Ben's face again.

Lit by the dull gray glow.

Exhausted. Almost catatonic.

Ben's eyes remain fixed on the window. Nervous.

BEN
They're not going to let us leave.

Bandages on both his sides. Where the wounds were.

Silence in the cabin. Eerie.

BLACK SCREEN

CUT TO:

TB

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

A compass gimbal. Switches.

LOUD MACHINERY SOUND.

NATHAN (O.S.)
(Shouting over sound)
What are you doing?

Nathan's hand toggles various switches.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You're killing the RSC feed. We
won't be able to launch.

Red lights blink out.

LEM engines slowly WHINE down to idle again.

Much quieter...

VIEW SHIFTS

To Ben:

His hands are shaking.

Is it the stimulants?

Or something else...

BEN (O.S.)
I...I didn't touch anything.

He points off screen.

To the window.

BEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Those fucking things are affecting
our systems...

WHIP TO WINDOW.

The Lunar Landscape. Nothing unusual.

Back to Ben:

He looks edgy. Can't hold the camera's gaze.

Looks out the window...

TB

BLACK SCREEN.

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

Blurry image.

Yellow.

Focus.

A small urine pouch.

Several others next to it.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
CAPCOM wants status on your 16 mm
mags.

CAMERA SWINGS

Into the aft storage compartment.

Cramped.

We see:

Another Maurer 16mm camera.

A few cannisters of film.

Nathan's hands fumble through the film cans.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Looks like 6000 feet color, 3000
black and white.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
Conserve your rolls. We want aerial
shots for lift off and orbit.

VIEW SPINS

Camera rests on the stowage shelf.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Department of Defense needs more
evidence to discover any
weaknesses.

Camera finds...

Ben's face.

Looking out through the window.

BEN

They don't have any weaknesses.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

The loud rumble of ENGINES.

We looking at:

The instrument panel.

Then Ben:

Faces camera.

Looks edgier than we've ever seen him

BEN

Give me another stimulant.

NATHAN (O.S.)

You've already taken...

BEN

Jesus! Just give it to me...

Nathan's hands fumble in the med kit.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

Houston we're 50 seconds from lift
off. Are you go?

Nathan pulls out a bottle of pills.

Shakes out a white tablet. Hands it to Ben.

NATHAN (O.S.)

18 is go.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

You're looking good here. TLPs may
be visible at altitude. Get color
16 on ascent.

CAMERA SWINGS

To the triangular window.

The Lunar Landscape.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Ok. Ok.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

And we'd like you to put your ascent batteries on.

His hands flip a switch.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Battery affirm. Houston, P12 looks good and the PGNS is in auto.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

Everything still looks great down here.

BEN (O.S.)

(Voice trembling)

We have a good reading on our ascent helium tank 3.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Okay Master arm is on. I've got two good lights.

BEN

Ok. My...I've got 400 plus 1 in.

NATHAN

RSC feed is good.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

Go PGNS auto and proceed.

Flips switch.

NATHAN

Copy. We're PGNS auto.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

Roger, DAP is set and you're in wide deadband.

NATHAN

10 seconds.

BEN

10 seconds

Ben's finger on the "Abort Stage" button.

BEN (CONT'D)
Ready to separate from descent
stage on your mark...

The whole ship RATTLES

Getting ready for lift off. For freedom.

CAMERA WHIPS

To Ben's face.

A hint of a smile. The first we've seen.

BEN (CONT'D)
Time to get the hell out of here.

Before he can press the abort stage button...

FROM OFFSCREEN:

An ORANGE flash of light. Blinding.

An ear splitting NOISE.

CAMERA SNAPS UP

THROUGH THE WINDOW

The orange light blinding.

OVEREXPOSES the images.

We can't see anything...

Fades.

The Lunar Surface appears normal again.

Back to control panel:

MASTER ALARMS

Wailing.

Lights flash all over the control boards.

BEN (CONT'D)
We've got seven master alarms.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Abort launch. Abort launch. We are
not go.

Shit. BEN (O.S.)

Ben's finger off the "Abort Stage" button.

Their hands begin flipping switches.

NATHAN
Some kind of power spike.

More ALARMS.

BEN
We have a transducer shift in the ascent helium tanks.

NATHAN
Copy. Tank 2 is hot.

BEN
Oxygen level dropping. We got a leaky main A reg.

NATHAN
Switch to main B reg.

Ben flips a switch.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Houston we need power down procedures.

Nothing but NOISE. STATIC.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Houston do you copy?

Still STATIC.

BEN (O.S.)
We lost comm.

NATHAN
Are you in high gain?

He flips switches. Turns dials. Nothing.

BEN
Manual. Auto track...

Flips more switches.

BEN (CONT'D)
The whole fucking S-band is gone.

NATHAN

Maybe Goldstone dropped the uplink.
Switch omnis.

Flips more switches.

BEN

I already tried that.

More RADIO NOISE.

BEN (CONT'D)

That thing must have damaged the
antennas. How are we going to
rendezvous with the CSM?

NATHAN

I don't know.

Ben's face. Into camera.

BEN

Without that antenna we've got no
position and velocity. We're dead.

BLACK SCREEN

CUT TO:

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

Ben plays with the switches on the instrument panel.

Nothing but STATIC.

BEN

We've got 12 hours left on the
ascent stage batteries.

Turns to camera.

BEN (CONT'D)

If I keep playing with the omnis I
can maybe get comm back by then.

NATHAN (O.S.)

We don't have 12 hours.

BLACK SCREEN

TB

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

Gray blur.

Refocus on:

A LUNAR MAP

A rough composite of black and white photos.

Latitude and longitude lines drawn over the photos.

Nathan's hands run over the map.

NATHAN (O.S.)

The one we saw was moving pretty fast.

We see the Sea of Tranquility and Schroeder's Valley.

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

If they're coming from Tranquility and Schroeder's we might have 4. Maybe 5 hours.

BEN(O.S.)

We'll work on comm. Take turns sleeping.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Either way we launch by 23:00.

VIEW SHIFTS

To the window.

Still nothing outside. Tranquil.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

From somewhere:

Dean Martin's "Going Back to Houston" plays.

Calm in the cockpit now.

Blurred image.

Focus.

TB
A little GIRL'S face.

A WOMAN smiling.

Reveal a bare HAND holding a POLAROID family snapshot.

We hear Ben's voice.

BEN (O.S.)
What did you tell them?

No response.

A finger traces the outline of the faces.

Fingernail crusted with lunar dust and blood.

BEN (CONT'D)
(Muffled)
When you left?

CAMERA SNAPS UP

To Ben's haggard face.

He's playing with some of the instruments on the panel.

His flight checklist opened to:

Communications Malfunctions Procedures.

A list of complex computer procedures.

He turns a knob.

Only STATIC.

BEN (CONT'D)
I gave Denise the official NASA
bullshit story.

Looks at the manual.

Toggles a switch.

Still STATIC.

BEN (CONT'D)
Training exercise in Tallahassee.

A smile creeps on to his face.

He looks up from his work.

TB

Right into camera.

BEN (CONT'D)
She didn't buy it.

CAMERA SWINGS

Back to Nathan's family photo:

Carefully clips it to a Checklist on the control panel.

BEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
She thinks I'm on a wild weekend
with a waitress from Cocoa Beach.

Back to Ben:

His smile fades.

He looks out one of the windows.

At the gorgeous Lunar Landscape. Lost in thought.

BEN (CONT'D)
Been working to get here my whole
life. Now I can't wait to leave.

CLICK of a tape recorder.

The Dean Martin song ends.

BEN (CONT'D)
Worst part is, no one's ever going
to know we were here.

Ben looks directly into camera.

BEN (CONT'D)
Not even Denise.

Back to the window.

Lunar Landscape looks ghostly. Haunting.

We only hear the soft purr of RADIO STATIC.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

BLACK SCREEN

We hear Nathan's voice...

NATHAN (O.S.)
Initiating interview A34.

A long pause.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What did you see?

We hear:

The gentle HUM of machinery.

AN IMAGE

Now we have picture but...

It's dark.

We only see:

The reddish glow of a few buttons...

VIEW SHIFTS

To Ben:

A quarter of his face...

Lit by a small shaft of moon glow.

The rest of his face in complete shadow.

His one visible eye...

Looks into the camera.

BEN
I don't know.

Ben shifts slightly.

We can't see his face at all now.

Entirely consumed by shadows.

In the shaft of light:

We only see his blood stained hand.

Slowly rubbing the wound on his side.

BEN (CONT'D)
I don't want to talk about it.

NATHAN (O.S.)

We have to document this Ben. It's the first recorded contact between humans and...

Ben's full face comes into the light. Fierce.

BEN

What did they tell you before we left?

CAMERA withdraws.

NATHAN (O.S.)

What are you talking about?

BEN

They told me about the fossils in the Apollo 17 rock samples.

Ben's face gets close to the camera lens.

Distorted. Creepy.

The film speeds to 12 frames per second.

Ben's image is jerky.

Like an old silent film.

His eyes...

Look strange. Almost hypnotized.

He looks right at camera.

Eerie. Almost possessed.

The SOUND is out of synch.

We see his lips move.

But the sound comes a few seconds later...

BEN (CONT'D)

(Delayed from image)

But you knew they were still here.

A long silence.

NATHAN (O.S.)

They told me the exact same thing they told you.

TB

Ben's face looks jerky in the 12fps.
Synch sound is still fucked.

BEN
Bullshit.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Terminating interview A34.

Puts the camera on a shelf.

VIEW SHIFTS

We can't see Ben and Nathan anymore.

Just a lunar rock hammer.

Blurry. Too close.

But we still hear their voices off camera...

BEN (O.S.)
Why didn't anyone tell me? Why?

An almost eternal pause. Then...

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

Fuzzy image.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Initiating interview A35.

Focus.

Ben's face.

Eyes look drugged now.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Describe the TLP.

BEN
One was big. Maybe 3 meters high.
The other was smaller...maybe 4 or
5 feet in diameter...

Stops mid-sentence...

BEN (CONT'D)
What was that?

CAMERA SEARCHES THE CABIN

Nothing.

Silence.

Back to Ben:

NATHAN (O.S.)
Continue.

BEN
...and extremely fast. Those
suckers can move.

NATHAN (O.S.)
How many did you see?

Ben tries to look through the hole in the window.

Nervous eyes.

BEN
Two. But only the small one
attacked. The other retreated to
the north.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Was it organic or more of a
machine?

BEN
It was definitely----

We see Ben's lips move but...

Sound CUTS OUT.

The end of that sound reel.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

NO SOUND.

There is a HAIR in the gate.

Control panels.

TB

Dusty moon boots.

Half empty medical bag.

Then:

We see Ben.

He's holding...

The other 16mm Maurer camera.

The lens is pointed directly at us...

His lips are moving.

He's talking.

But we can't hear what he's saying.

It's MOS.

Then suddenly:

Choppy SOUND.

Cuts in and out.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Shut it off...we have...conserve
film...

Ben keeps filming.

BEN

I'm just documenting your...

Nathan's hand reaches out into frame.

Ben recoils. Doesn't stop filming.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Jesus. Ok fine...what did you see?

A low buzzing sound.

Then:

STATIC.

SOUND cuts back in again...

BEN

Saw...legs...the closest thing I
could compare it to is a spider...

His camera looks

Right at Nathan.

Gets closer...

Until the lens of his Maurer camera

Almost fills the screen...

This part we hear crystal clear:

BEN (CONT'D)

...it's already infecting you
too...

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - CONTINUOUS

The same scene as before...

But:

Through Ben's Camera POV

Nathan's face.

He looks haggard.

VIEW PANS DOWN

To Nathan's coveralls.

We see:

The exact same triangular blood wound as Ben's.

We hear:

Ben's dialogue from the last scene again...

BEN (O.S.)

...it's already infecting you
too...

Nathan's hand covers the lens.

BLACK SCREEN

TB

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

TITLES OVER BLACK SCREEN:

"LEM DSEA Black Box Voice Transcript Recording"

HMT: 18:34. 06/21/74.

"Mission Elapsed Time: 04 days 12 hours 16 min 43 sec"

"16 mm Footage Unavailable"

NO IMAGE.

We can't see anything.

Just a very faint SOUND...

Almost like an animal SCRATCHING to get inside...

Then:

Loud MACHINERY SOUND from everywhere.

The CRACKLE of STATIC.

Degraded sound quality.

From somewhere:

A terrifying SHRIEK...

Massive audio FEEDBACK.

Then...

A VOICE...

Sounds like Ben's. Garbled. Distorted.

As we HEAR it we...

SEE his dialogue transcript

Over the black screen.

DIALOGUE TITLES ON BLACK SCREEN:

04 12 16 52 LMP: BENJAMIN WALKER
Turn it on! Turn it on!

04 12 16 55 CDR: NATHAN ANDERSON
Rolling.

TB
A Pause...

41.

04 12 17 01 LMP: BENJAMIN WALKER
Not at me. Over there.

04 12 17 03 CDR:NATHAN ANDERSON
Shit. Double R mag is jammed.

04 12 17 05 LMP: BENJAMIN WALKER
Get the Hassleblad. TLP is right
outside port window. Z axis.

Another horrible SCREECH.

04 12 17 11 CDR: BENJAMIN WALKER
Christ. It's going for the flag...

Nathan's VOICE...Garbled.

Can't make out what he's saying.

TITLES ON BLACK SCREEN:

04 12 17 18 CDR:NATHAN ANDERSON
<Unintelligible>

04 12 17 22 LMP: BENJAMIN WALKER
...then just use the 500 lens...

04 12 17 25 CDR:NATHAN ANDERSON
Switching to...<unintelligible>...
Hassleblad 500 lens.

04 12 17 28 LMP: BENJAMIN WALKER
Oh Jesus. It's looking right at
us...<Unintelligible>...

A SHRIEK...

BLACK SCREEN.

Silence.

CUT TO:

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

A Black & White image...

A pair of eyes. Looking right at us...

Slightly out of focus.

TB

Behind a Reseau Line grid.

There's something strange about the eyes...

Reveal...

We're looking at:

A HASSLEBLAD STILL PHOTO

It fills the screen.

TITLES ON SCREEN:

HASSLEBLAD 500 MM

FRAME AS18-138-21028 LL MAG

It's a medium shot of Ben's eyes.

Blood caked around the eyelids. Disturbing.

We hear...

His Black box VOICE RECORDING over the still photo.

"La Jette" style.

BEN (O.S.)

Oh my God! Are you getting this?

Behind him.

In the still photo...

THROUGH THE PORT WINDOW

We see:

The American Flag

Planted just outside the LEM.

Next to it:

A SMALL BLACK BLOTCH

Barely noticeable...

An ARROW superimposed on the image

It points out the blotch...

Just like in old UFO photos.

TB

Next to the arrow: **SAMPLE 82215**

Another horrible SOUND...

Like an animal about to devour it's prey.

BEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
TLP is shredding the flag...

As he says this...

Another STILL PHOTO -

FILLS THE SCREEN.

A fraction of a second after the previous one.

The next photo in a series...

TITLES OVER THE PHOTO:

HASSLEBLAD 500 MM

FRAME AS18-138-21029 LL MAG

THROUGH THE WINDOW of the photo...

The American flag is now TORN...

Another ARROW: **SAMPLE 82216**

The SOUNDS of HEAVY BREATHING.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Christ. Are those teeth?

BEN (O.S.)
Holy...

STATIC FEEDBACK.

BEN (CONT'D)
...there's another one. Station 2.
Steno Crater rim. South wall...

NATHAN (O.S.)
Confirmed. Two. I repeat two TLP
sightings at HMT 18:38...

Now we hear:

TWO horrible screeching sounds...

TB

44.

BEN (O.S.)
It's right outside the window!...Oh
Jesus! Oh Jesus!...

NATHAN(O.S.)
Switching to 60mm lens...

Just as he says this...

A DIFFERENT STILL PHOTO:

Fills the screen.

TITLES OVER STILL PHOTO:

HASSLEBLAD 60 MM

FRAME AS18-138-21031 UU MAG

This one a much more MACRO SHOT.

But it's too close.

Too much detail...

What are we looking at?

An eye? Teeth?...

It's unclear...

Then:

Another still PHOTO.

Another.

In quick succession now.

A series of Hassleblad still photos.

MONTAGE OF STILL PHOTOGRAPHY

Like a disturbing SLIDE SHOW as we hear...

BEN (O.S.)
Jesus. There's another one...

NATHAN (O.S.)
Make that 3. Repeat 3 TLPs...

We see:

The American flag is more and more SHREDDED in each shot.

TB

A distinct BLACK BLUR in each shot.

We get closer and closer to the blur on each photo.

More ARROWS...

More black blurs...

With each still photo...

Closer to seeing it.

Searching for some recognizable detail.

But nothing.

BEN (O.S.)

More orange light. There's another!
Fuck. Fuck. Fu...

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

Ben is rummaging around in the stowage compartment.

Geological tools:

A small rake. A scoop.

BEN

They should have packed some
weapons.

A pair of tongs.

BEN (CONT'D)

We're going to need it when those
things come back

He holds the pair of tongs up.

BEN (CONT'D)

What the hell am I supposed to do
with these?

NATHAN (O.S.)

This is a science mission.

Ben holds up a core tube sampler.

Waves it around for a second.

TB

There's no way this thing is ever going to be a weapon.
Places it aside.

Looks right into camera.

BEN
No. This is a war.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

We see Ben:

He's rigging some wires behind the control panel.

Nathan is behind the camera.

NATHAN (O.S.)
What are you doing?

BEN
We got to kill these things.

NATHAN (O.S.)
They can't be killed.

Ben flips some switches.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Besides like you said we don't have
any weapons.

Ben keeps flipping switches.

BEN
Maybe we do.

His back is to the camera.

We don't see his face as he works.

NATHAN (O.S.)
What are going to do kill them with
a soil sample container?

Ben flips one last switch.

BAM!

The whole ship rattles and shakes a little.

TB

It feels like an explosion

In the distance.

Ben looks back into the camera.

Wild eyes.

BEN

I'm going to blow those fuckers up.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

Ben's face:

Fills the screen.

BEN

We have the explosive charges
rigged for the seismic experiments.

He flips more switches.

NATHAN (O.S.)

We can't detonate those while we're
still on the surface.

BEN

I just did. We're still here aren't
we?

NATHAN (O.S.)

That was station 4. If you
detonated station 2 or 1 the blast
could breach the hull. Kill us.

BEN

Maybe.

He turns back to the camera.

BEN (CONT'D)

But it might be the only way to
kill these things.

BLACK SCREEN

TB

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

Ben's face

In complete SHADOW.

He sees something outside.

We see his eyes go wide in fear.

He lunges for the instrument panel.

BEN

It's near station 2! Detonating
seismic package.

Flips a switch.

NATHAN (O.S.)

No! We're too close...

BAM!

The whole ship rattles violently.

Ben grabs on to the restraint handles for support.

CAMERA WOBBLER BACK AND FORTH

As Nathan gets his footing.

Lose focus. Regain focus.

On Ben again. Looking out the window.

BEN

Shit. It's still coming...

CAMERA SPINS

To the window...

We see NOTHING.

Just the same quiet lunar vista.

BAM!

The floor rattles underneath them.

Silence.

We hear:

TB

A small SCRATCHING sound.

There's something...

Directly beneath them.

VIEW SHIFTS

To the floor.

Nathan's moon boots shift ever so slightly.

BEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(Whispering)
It's in the descent module.

More quiet SCRATCHING. Eerie.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Sounds like quad 1. In the mesa
pallet.

BEN
If it gets into the ascent
stage...The fuel tank or the
engine... we're dead. We got to get
it out.

Suddenly:

AN EAR SPLITTING NOISE

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

LOUD MACHINERY NOISE

Ben's face comes into focus.

BEN
(Shouting over noise)
I'm stirring the tank. Tank 3 is
getting hot....

NATHAN (O.S.)
(Shouting over noise)
We can't do this for long...

VIEW SHIFTS DOWN

To the floor...

TB

There is POUNDING underneath...

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We'll lose the RSC feed for ascent.

...something trying to get out from below.

BEN (O.S.)
Just a few more seconds.

We see a strange black fluid.

It's bleeding up through the vents.

It looks like the same black fluid in Ben's wound.

Zoom on the fluid.

It fills the screen.

It's coming in faster now.

NATHAN (O.S.)
What the hell is that?

BAM!

CAMERA SNAPS UP

To the window.

We see a flash of something leave frame.

In it's wake...

A trail of black fluid

Drips down the outside of the window.

Ben rests against the console.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's gone.

The black fluid slowly covers the window...

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

A smudged BLACK image.

Very faint light.

TB

Refocus.

On the ceiling we see:

The small rectangular docking window.

It's now covered...

With the black fluid.

Only a small ray of moon glow enters the cabin from above.

One of the other two windows is mostly covered as well.

We only get small glimpses of the lunar surface.

NATHAN (O.S.)
We're half blind.

A small ALARM.

BEN (O.S.)
Something's blocking the RSC feed.
We have to fix it...

NATHAN (O.S.)
We can't. Your PLSS pack...

CAMERA SHIFTS UP

To Ben.

BEN
We've got the back up packs.

EXT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

A bright GOLD halo of light...

The SOUND of SHALLOW BREATHING.

Reveal...

Sunlight flaring off...

The LEM's gold thermal insulation foil.

We're on:

The EXTERIOR of the LEM.

The egress platform.

TB

VIEW SHIFTS DOWN TO

A lunar boot.

A ladder.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Leaving egress platform. Stepping
down the ladder...

BEN (V.O.)

Looking good from here. No visible
TLPs.

Boot steps...

Down another rung of the ladder...

Another...

It's eerily quiet.

Only the sound of HALLOW BREATHING inside the helmet.

Suddenly:

A SHADOW...

BREATHING increases. More rapid.

NATHAN (O.S.)

What the hell is that?

CAMERA SPINS BEHIND HIM

To reveal...

The entire Lunar Panorama. Sunlit. Desolate.

In the distance...

The towering South Massif Mountain. Craters.

In the foreground...

The overturned Rover.

The shredded remnants of the American flag.

Scattered science equipment.

Tracks everywhere in the soil.

Nothing.

TB

No signs of TLPs.

CAMERA VIEW SHIFTS

To the side of the LEM.

We see:

The gold foil landing legs.

The MESA platform with science gear.

The side mounted Westinghouse TV camera.

Still no signs of TLPs.

BEN (O.S.)

Easy. You're doing fine. We're
still clear.

CAMERA SHIFT BACK DOWN

To Nathan's boots.

Stepping down to the last rung on the ladder.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Preparing to step on the surface...

Empty Frames.

FILM ROLLS OUT

EXT. LUNAR MODULE - DAY

A Black & White Video Image...

Locked off. Slow Scan.

Grainy.

We see:

Nathan.

In his spacesuit.

Profile view.

From the TV Camera mounted on the LEM.

At the bottom of the LEM ladder.

TB

About to step on the surface.

Looks similar to the classic Apollo 11 broadcast.

NATHAN

Charlie color reel roll out.
Switching to Delta color reel.

He changes mags on his 16mm camera.

His image looks ghostly in the black & white.

As he looks down to change mags...

A SHADOW moves through frame.

Lighting fast.

We can't make anything out in the degraded TV image.

Nathan doesn't see it.

Still looking down.

At something in the soil...

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Oh my God. You've got to see
this...

Suddenly:

THE TV CAMERA VIEW SHAKES

As if something is jiggling it...

From behind...

A drop of the TLP black fluid.

Slowly rolls down the lens into frame.

Nathan is still looking at the soil...

He doesn't see whatever is moving the TV camera.

As he steps off the ladder...

CAMERA IS YANKED UPWARDS

For a split second we see:

The SUN.

TB

Too bright. Image overexposed.

Screen static.

BLACK SCREEN

EXT. LUNAR MODULE - CONTINUOUS

BACK TO:

16mm Color footage of...

A single boot print.

In the grayish lunar soil.

Just like the classic shot of Armstrong's boot print.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Delta Kodachrome reel is rolling.

More HEAVY BREATHING.

VIEW PANS TO

Another boot print...

Another.

Rover tracks.

PANS FURTHER

More boot tracks. Now messy. Chaotic.

NEXT TO:

Other tracks.

Not human. Not machine.

Zoom in to...

Pointed three toed tracks...

Some tracks are small.

Other tracks are huge...

...Almost the size of a car.

TB

56.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We have several TLP track samples.
I'm going to get some close-ups...

Into frame:

A white camera mounted on a cane.

The Apollo Lunar Surface Close Up Camera.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Switching to ALSCC camera...

BLACK SCREEN

EXT. LUNAR MODULE - DAY

A SET OF TWIN STILL PHOTOS

SPLIT SCREEN

In color

of...

The alien track.

Two macro still shots...

Placed side by side on screen.

We can see the details of the soil.

An identical inventory label on each photo:

ALSCC CAMERA

FRAME AS18-138-21177 BB MAG

AUDIO RECORDING played over the still images...

NATHAN (O.S.)
Stereo Panning the radial sample...

ANOTHER SET OF STEREO PAIR PHOTOS

More alien tracks.

Another inventory label:

ALSCC CAMERA

FRAME AS18-138-21178 BB MAG

TB

57.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Tracks are in fine fragment
breccia. 3-4 millimeters deep.

ANOTHER SET OF STEREO PAIR PHOTOS

ALSCC CAMERA

FRAME AS18-138-21179 BB MAG

But...

This photo is different.

There is black fluid in the tracks.

It looks fresh...

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Wait a minute. I see something...

CUT TO:

EXT. LUNAR MODULE - CONTINUOUS

Color Video footage of...

Nathan looking at the tracks.

Locked off. Slow Scan.

A different POV than we've seen...

We're almost at ground level.

20 feet from Nathan.

Dutch angle.

This is the Rover Camera.

It's still working.

As Nathan checks out the tracks

We see very faint in the background...

Three small fuzzy balls of ORANGE LIGHT.

Nathan doesn't see them.

They WHIP OUT OF FRAME.

TB

58.

BEN (V.O.)
Jesus. Stop documenting. Just get
to the RSC...

Nathan slowly hops towards the side of the LEM

CUT TO:

EXT. LUNAR MODULE - CONTINUOUS

16mm Handheld Color footage...

6 frames per second

We're back with Nathan's POV.

First there's NO SOUND.

Then:

A LOUD HIGH PITCHED WHINE

Then:

STATIC.

Then:

Absolute silence...

TITLES ON SCREEN:

"Audio File Damaged"

Mission Elapsed Time: 04 days 16 hours 34 min 22 sec

Everything looks jittery with the frame rate.

CAMERA VIEW BOBS UP AND DOWN

As we hop with Nathan

Towards the MESA platform on the side of the LEM.

SOUND cuts in for a few moments..

We hear:

HEAVY BREATHING in his helmet.

SOUND cuts out again.

It's quiet. Too quiet.

TB

On the side of the LEM...

We see:

An open compartment.

This is the MESA stowage unit.

For science equipment.

Into frame:

Nathan's gloved hand holding a small flashlight.

Shines the light inside the compartment.

Looks empty.

We get closer to the compartment...

Closer...

A low BUZZING SOUND then...

NATHAN (O.S.)
...crawling inside...

SOUND CUTS OUT AGAIN.

We crawl...

Into the cramped space with Nathan.

We're inside the belly of the LEM.

Machinery. Science equipment.

Very tight. Very dark.

Only a single beam of the flashlight.

The camera finds...

Black fluid from the TLP...

All over the equipment...

We move deeper inside to...

A fuel hose.

It's twisted. Blocking the fuel flow.

Nathan's gloved hand straightens it.

STATIC then sound cuts in again briefly...

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...RSC fixed...looks like the hose
was twisted...

We hear a strange MUFFLED SOUND.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What was that?

No Answer.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ben? You copy?...

Still no answer. Static.

SOUND cuts out again.

Dead silence.

In this dark cramped space.

Then suddenly:

AN EAR PIERCING SHRILL NOISE...

Is that the damaged audio feedback...

...or an alien?

CAMERA VIEW IS YANKED BACKWARDS

As if something is pulling Nathan out of the cramped space.

DIALOGUE cuts in again.

As we're being dragged out...

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oh my God! Oh my God!

SOUND CUTS OUT.

No shrill sound.

No dialogue.

As we get pulled out to the exterior again...

CAMERA VIEW ROLLS OVER

Looking straight up at:

TB

A space suit. A gold faceplate.

It's Ben.

He's pointing to something.

STILL NO SOUND.

In the reflection of the face plate we see:

The LEM...Nathan holding the 16mm camera...

And...

Something else...

Small. Fast.

Three orange balls of light.

As Ben turns to look....

His helmet moves into the sun.

The reflection blinds us...

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

BLACK SCREEN.

Ben's face fills the screen.

We're back inside the LEM.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Describe a little bit more of what
you saw out there.

Ben looks in the camera for a long beat.

He's exhausted.

BEN

I've already told you everything I
remember.

NATHAN (O.S.)

I know it's hard. Just try. We need
to document as much as we can.

Ben looks out towards the moon glow coming from the window.

BEN
I was dragging you out of the MESA
unit...

He looks into camera again.

BEN (CONT'D)
Do I have to do this?

NATHAN (V.O.)
You're doing fine. Keep going.

BEN
They were gone before I got a good
look.

NATHAN (O.S.)
What exactly did you see? Were they
like the others?

BEN
Yes. Beautiful orange lights.
Almost like flares. But much
bigger...

NATHAN (O.S.)
Good. What else?

BEN
You were there too.

NATHAN (O.S.)
You had the better vantage. Did you
see anything besides an orange
light?

BEN
Yeah. It was...

His eyes are lost in thought.

NATHAN (O.S.)
What did you see?

Ben's eyes shut in pain.

BEN
I don't want to talk about it.
Please.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Ben we have to document...

Ben's eyes snap open. Rage.

BEN

We should have never come back to the moon. We should have planted a couple of flags and left.

NATHAN (O.S.)

What are you talking about?

BEN

They don't want us here.

He clinches his face as if he's in severe pain.

BEN (CONT'D)

Can't you hear that? I can't get them out of my head.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Are they speaking to you?

BEN

WE. ARE. GOING. TO DIE.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

Ben's face. Calmer now. Drugged.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Is the sedative working?

Ben looks up to a beam of light through ceiling window.

He doesn't answer.

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

What else did you see out there?

Ben closes his eyes.

BEN

A-119.

He opens his eyes in the beautiful moon glow.

NATHAN (O.S.)

What?

Ben looks right into camera.

His face looks haunting in the moon glow.

BEN

Back in the 50s the Air Force had a top secret plan to detonate a nuclear device on the moon. Show the Commies what we could do. It was called A-119.

Ben looks away again.

BEN (CONT'D)

But they ultimately decided that astronauts planting flags was more peaceful.

Ben looks back at the camera.

BEN (CONT'D)

"One giant leap for mankind" my ass. We should have nuked the moon when we had a chance.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

BLACK SCREEN

Nathan's VOICE.

But no picture yet...

NATHAN (O.S.)

It's recording.

A long silence over black then...

BEN (O.S.)

.5 Pounds.

Picture is up.

Blurry image.

Refocus.

We see:

Ben's face.

Half illuminated by moon glow from the window.

TB

He opens a small nylon bag.

Marked "PPK - Astronaut Preference Kit."

BEN (CONT'D)

Our lives. Everything that's
important...

Reaches inside.

Pulls out small velvet box.

BEN (CONT'D)

.5 Pounds. In a "preference kit."

Opens the velvet box.

We see:

An engagement ring.

He holds it up for the camera.

He looks at the ring.

BEN (CONT'D)

I had a whole speech worked up
about how this ring went to the
moon...

Ben's face. Flickers.

Overexposed.

Empty frames.

Time Codes on the side of the film.

FILM ROLLS OUT.

VINTAGE APOLLO LOGO - FILLS THE SCREEN

"16mm Edward Reel - Color"

CUT TO:

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

Ben's face fill the screen.

Pale skin. Hallow eyes. Sweat.

But he manages a smile.

TB

Reveal...

He's on his knees now.

Holding the ring out.

BEN
(Struggling to speak)
Denise...Denise...baby. Will you
marry me?

He takes the ring out.

BEN (CONT'D)
I'm not coming back.

He holds it up for the camera.

BEN (CONT'D)
But the moon will always be ours.

He doubles over in pain.

BEN (CONT'D)
Cut it. Cut...

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

SHAKY IMAGE

Ben is holding the camera now.

Hands rummaging through the medical kit.

An empty bottle.

NATHAN (O.S.)
We're out of stimulants.

CAMERA WHIPS UP

To Nathan:

His face exhausted.

Dark circles under his eyes.

Lit only by the soft ambient light of the switches.

He toggles a few switches.

TB

Still STATIC on the radio.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
We've only got a few more hours...

VIEW SHIFTS

To the windows:

The shadows are more angled.

It's getting darker outside.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...I don't know if we're going to
get comm back by then.

BEN (O.S.)
I don't want to fall asleep.

Back to Nathan:

NATHAN
Neither do I.

He looks out the window.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Then we'll sleep in shifts.

BEN (O.S.)
Take a second. I'll take first
watch.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

Blurry image.

We hear:

SOBBING

Focus.

Nathan's eyes.

Closed.

Sleeping.

We realize:

Ben is holding the camera.

CAMERA SWINGS
TO:

Ben.

He's pointing the camera at his face.

Tears streaming down.

BEN
Please stop.

Ben gets closer to the camera.

Too close.

Lose focus on his face.

It's one big blur.

BEN (CONT'D)
Don't you hear that?

Silence in the cabin.

BEN (CONT'D)
They're telling us we're going to
die.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - DAY

Nathan's eyes.

Still closed. Sleeping.

We hear a faint SCRATCHING sound.

Almost as if there's something outside the window.

Ben is still holding the camera.

Watching Nathan sleep.

It's creepy.

Ben's hand reaches out towards Nathan.

TB

Shaking.

Gets closer...closer...suddenly...

LOUD STATIC FEEDBACK

A VOICE.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
Your uplinks are coming CSM. We'll
give you a vector and pos/neg the
cells.

It's Mission Control chatter with the Command Module.

The crackle of more STATIC.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
LEM is still in comm blackout.
Maintain orbit...

Nathan stirs in his hammock.

Looks like he might wake up with the chatter.

VIEW WHIPS

To the instrument panel.

BOWER (V.O.)
Affirm Houston. There's no change
to 047 and 053...

Ben's hand fumbles for the controls.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
...we have a K-factor for you...

Ben switches the radio OFF.

Silence in the cabin.

VIEW WHIPS BACK

To Nathan:

Stirs.

Wakes up.

NATHAN
(Groggy)
Did you hear something?

No.

BEN

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

A BLINDING LIGHT - Fills the screen.

BEN (O.S.)
Can I trust you?

A long silence.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Yes.

The light swings away...

It's a flashlight.

We see Ben's face.

Looks feverish. Jittery.

Nathan's hand extends into frame.

Ben reluctantly gives him the flashlight.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We need to redress the wounds.

Ben slowly unzips his coveralls.

The flashlight illuminates his pale skin.

Zoom in on:

One of the dried bloody bandages.

As Ben pulls the bandage pulls back...

We notice:

The wound is GONE!

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What the hell?

There's absolutely no sign of any injury.

The skin is pale and pristine.

As if there was never anything there.

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

Turn over.

Ben shifts to the other side.

Removes the other dried bloody bandage.

No wound.

BEN (O.S.)

(Shaking voice)

See I'm fi..I'm fine...

Nathan shines the flashlight in Ben's face.

He doesn't look fine at all.

Sweaty. Nervous.

The light shines in Ben's eyes.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Your pupils are dilated. Maybe...

Ben lunges right for the camera.

His face right up to the lens.

BEN

I said I'm fine!

BLACK SCREEN.

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

VIEW SWINGS

To the window.

Closer...

Zoom in on:

The Lunar landscape. Desolate. Empty.

NATHAN (O.S.)

22:33 HMT. Some sort of sound
outside...

Landscape is still empty.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
No movement. TLP sighting negative.

BAM!

A loud sound inside the cabin.

VIEW SWINGS

To Ben:

He's slamming the film cannisters against the shelf.

Opens one labelled "Alpha."

Exposes some of the film to the bright moon glow.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You're destroying the footage!

We see Nathan's hands as he swipes the cannister away.

Ben breaks down. Sobbing.

BEN
The more evidence we get the more
they'll want to send another crew
back.

He slumps to the floor.

BEN (CONT'D)
We just need to get out of here.
Just leave and forget we were ever
here.

He looks into the camera with sad, hurt eyes.

Hold on his eyes.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

We see:

Ben's back.

We can't see his face.

He's facing the instrument controls.

BEN
Propellant pressure is holding up.

We hear the soft purr of STATIC on the radio.

He flips a few switches.

BEN (CONT'D)
...roger that. Mid-course
correction for free return...

Nathan's hand reaches out to the instrument panels.

Turns a dial.

Scans frequencies.

All STATIC.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Who are you talking to?

BEN
Noun 33 minus 0021.3, Plus 00041,
and I have your LM GDA angles...

STATIC.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Ben there's no one there.

BEN
...Affirm Houston. Pitch 5.86, roll
6.75 DPS throttling...

We see:

Nathan's hand

Reaches out for Ben's shoulder.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Ben! Look at me.

Ben's face spins around to face camera...

CAMERA JUMPS

A shocking sight...

Ben's eyes. Blood red.

BEN

Get that camera out of my fucking face.

He lunges for the camera.

We see:

Broken blood vessels on his eyes.

Massive conjunctivitis.

His hand blocks out the camera lens.

We can only see slivers of dim light through fingers.

Hear the MUFFLED SOUNDS of a struggle.

FLASH FRAME

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

EARSPLITTING ALARMS

NATHAN (O.S.)

What the fuck did you do?

Lights flashing all over the control panel.

Nathan's hand in frame.

He frantically flips the switches.

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

Huh?!

BEN (O.S.)

Nothing!

CAMERA SHIFTS TO

Ben's face.

Pale. Pouring sweat.

BEN (CONT'D)

Did you tamper with the PGNS settings?

NATHAN (O.S.)

You're the one who's infected.

TB

75.

BEN
It's gotten to you too.

A pause.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN

We see:

Nathan's coveralls...

A blood blooms from his side...

It's the same wound Ben had.

BEN (CONT'D)
You're one of them.

NATHAN (O.S.)
I don't know how...

BEN
Shut the fuck up. You're one of
them.

Ben picks up the lunar rock hammer.

Holds it out to camera.

BEN (CONT'D)
Stay away from me.

Nathan approaches.

Ben's face gets larger in the screen.

He raises the hammer over his head.

The hammer swings down towards the lens...

We hear:

A CRACK.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

Blurry gray image.

Focus.

The destroyed Maurer camera.

TB

Lens smashed.

We're now looking through the second 16mm camera.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

The Lunar Landscape.

It's completely empty now.

The Lunar Rover is GONE.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Where's the rover?

The ASLEP science package is GONE.

There are just some new tracks in the dust.

The light is fading. The shadows lengthening.

On the edge of the frame:

A SHADOW moves.

VIEW SHIFTS.

Blurry image.

Refocus.

A single rover wheel slowly rolls across the terrain.

A SCREAM.

CAMERA FOLLOWS THE SCREAM

To Ben.

BLOOD on a wrist.

Takes a bloodied sharp geological tool.

Slashes his other wrist.

Blood everywhere.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Jesus!

Camera is placed on the shelf.

It's at a strange angle.

TB

DUTCH ANGLE

We see:

Nathan grab bandages from the medical kit.

He starts wrapping Ben's wrist.

Ben looks at Nathan.

BEN

I'm not going to let them control
me.

The two men look at each other for a beat.

Then:

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

BOOM! A loud NOISE.

IN FRAME:

Nathan's hand shakes Ben's face.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Ben!

Ben lying in his hammock.

Eyes open. Almost catatonic.

We see:

Bloodied bandages wrapped around his wrists.

BOOM!

The whole LEM jostles again.

Ben's hammock SWAYS.

But he doesn't move.

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

Jesus. Get up!

BOOM!

TB

This time the LEM shakes more violently.

VIEW SHIFTS

To the window.

OUTSIDE

The Lunar Surface near the LEM is covered in SHADOW.

There's something outside blocking the Sun.

It stretches across the lunar landscape.

Whatever it is it's BIG...

BOOM!

The LEM shakes again.

Back to Ben:

Suddenly...

Ben lunges right for us...

His face right up against the lens.

Creepy. Distorted.

We hear GURGLING. CHOKING.

We realize off camera:

Ben is choking Nathan.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(Struggling to breathe)
What are you doing?

Ben's eyes look dead.

It's almost as if he's possessed.

BEN
Why do you keep coming back?

His voice sounds different.

Almost demonic.

Off screen:

GURGLING of Nathan choking.

TB

79.

BEN (CONT'D)
(Demonic voice)
The moon is ours. Do not return.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

A blood smeared compass gimbal.

A bloody fingerprint on the window.

There's been a serious struggle.

Ben is in a drugged sleep. Twitching

Just a sliver of moon glow.

Can't make out any details in the dark.

FILM ROLLS OUT

CUT TO:

VINTAGE APOLLO LOGO - FILLS THE SCREEN

Titles Over Logo:

"16mm - Alpha Reel - Black & White"

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

BACK TO:

The same blood smeared gimbals.

But now:

It's in Black and White.

NATHAN (O.S.)
16mm color stock is spent.

VIEW SHIFTS

To Ben:

He's in a drugged sleep.

Breathing shallow.

Eyes fluttering under the lids like an REM state.

TB

Tied by his restraints in the hammock.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Successful changeover to black and
white stock.

VIEW PANS

To the stowage shelf.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Only 2000 feet remaining.

He slowly unzips Ben's coveralls.

We see Nathan's hand against Ben's neck.

Checking his pulse.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Vitals are good.

The camera jilts.

Rests on a stowage shelf.

INTO FRAME

Nathan's face.

He looks directly into camera.

He's badly bruised.

Dried blood around his mouth.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
At approximately 22:48 HMT Mission
geologist Ben Walker attacked me.

We hear a rustling noise.

Nathan turns and faces away from camera.

We see a sliver of Ben in the background.

He shifts in his hammock.

Still sleeping.

Nathan's face fills the screen again.

NATHAN CONT'D)
It seems like some sort of
infection from the TLP.

Nathan looks out the window.

NATHAN
Current whereabouts of TLP unknown.

Looks back at the camera.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
I was forced to administer a high
dose of barbiturates...

Suddenly:

The Image gets...

Brighter...brighter...too bright.

Overexposed.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

Silence.

A child's face.

Another face...

Obscured by a smudge of blood.

Reveal:

The same polaroid photo of Nathan's family.

Nathan's finger...

Wipes away the blood smear.

We see:

His wife's smiling face again.

We hear:

A NOISE.

Inside the cabin.

TB

VIEW SHIFTS

Blurry.

Refocus.

It's Ben.

He's shifting in his hammock.

In a drugged sweaty sleep.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

Fuzzy black and white image...

A dark stain fills the screen.

The SOUND of labored BREATHING.

Focus.

It's blood.

A wound.

Just like Ben's.

But this is Nathan's body.

INTO FRAME

Nathan' hand.

Trembling.

He touches it.

NATHAN (O.S.)
(Voice trembling)
Alpha reel. No make that...

The CAMERA SWINGS

To the stowage shelf.

Four other reels. Carefully documented.

He picks up one reel marked "A."

Bloody fingerprints on it.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...Beta. Beta reel. 16 mil. B & W.
Time 23:42 HMT.

VIEW SHIFTS BACK

To the wound.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Infection has spread...

The same black fluid leaks around the edges.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...airborne...highly contagious...

CAMERA VIEW SHIFTS

To Ben:

Looks dead.

Sprawled in one of the hammocks.

Dried blood on his face.

He's tied to the hammock with the gravity restraints.

The camera gets closer to Ben's face.

Closer...

Will he wake up again?...

THE LOUD SQUEAL OF FEEDBACK...

Nathan jumps with fear.

MISSION CONTROL (O.S.)
18 Liberty this is Houston...

SOUND OF FEEDBACK.

Nathan lunges for the controls.

STATIC.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Houston this is 18...

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
18? It's great to hear you. What's
your status?

TB

STATIC.

A MUFFLED SCUTTLE SOUND.

NATHAN (O.S.)

What the fuck?

Nathan turns to check on Ben again.

But the hammock is...

EMPTY.

Nathan looks around the small cabin.

Face fills the screen.

Eyes darting. Searching.

Nothing.

Where could he be?

It's a tiny cabin.

Then...

A small drop of black fluid...

Falls onto Nathan's nose.

He slowly touches it.

Eyes look up.

He's looking at something on the ceiling.

We can't see what he sees.

His eyes go wide...

NATHAN (CONT'D)

How the hell did you get up there?

A HORRIBLE SCREECH SOUND.

Ben's body drops into frame.

Blocks the camera.

A SCREAM.

CAMERA DROPS.

TB

We get a glimpse of:

Ben swiping at Nathan with a lunar rock hammer.

We lose Ben and Nathan.

They move out of frame.

BAM!

Something smashing into the control panel.

SPARKS fly down into frame.

Camera finally comes to a rest on the floor.

TILTED UP

To Ben:

Swiping at Nathan again with the hammer.

Misses.

Smashes a gimbal on the control panel.

Nathan slams Ben up against a window..

They struggle out of frame again.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

18. Say again. What is your...?

BAM!

Only STATIC.

More sparks.

Smoke.

FIRE ALARMS RING.

We see Nathan and Ben back in frame.

Nathan takes the hammer away from Ben.

For a split second we see:

Ben's face in a shaft of moonlight.

It doesn't look human. Alien.

Ben attacks Nathan.

TB

Out of frame:

Nathan beats Ben with the lunar rock hammer.

Until Ben's body stops moving.

Nathan. Exhausted.

Realizes what he's done.

Steps back in horror.

MISSION CONTROL ((CONT'D)V.O.)
18? 18? Respond.

Collapses backward onto the camera.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

BLACK SCREEN

Nathan's hand...

Toggles various switches.

Nothing.

No lights.

No readings...

He toggles one switch. Again. Again.

Violently.

As if he might break the switch in frustration.

Then...the hand leaves frame.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Ascent batteries are dead...

We're still looking at the instrument panel.

Suddenly:

The SOUND of CRYING.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

TB

CAMERA VIEW SHIFTS

Ben's face fills the screen.

Dead. Bloodied.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 At approximately 23:44 HMT. Apollo
 18 geologist Ben Walker...

More crying. Muffled words. Can't make anything out.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ...died...

Another SOUND.

CAMERA SNAPS

To Window.

Nothing.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 It appears TLP infection spread to
 the brain and...

FILM ROLLS OUT

BLACK SCREEN

CUT TO:

A VINTAGE 1970'S NASA LOGO - FILLS THE SCREEN

Titles Over Logo:

"16mm - Charlie Reel - Black & White"

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

16mm Black and White footage of a...

Blurry image. Jittery.

Bright heavenly light...

Around a dark squarish object.

NO SOUND.

TITLES ON SCREEN:

TB
"NO AUDIO TRACK AVAILABLE"

Mission Elapsed Time: 04 days 18 hours 08 min 56 sec

Focus.

1 frame per second.

We see:

Nathan's family photo.

Taped to the window.

Moon glow pouring in behind it.

Like a halo around the picture.

Into frame:

Nathan's hand

His fingers touch the picture.

CAMERA VIEW SHIFTS

To Nathan's face.

He's pointing the camera at himself.

We see:

His lips move.

Jerky with the frame rate.

He's speaking to the camera.

A smile on his lips.

It's obvious he's saying goodbye to his family.

Behind the photo...

THROUGH THE WINDOW

We see:

A FLASH OF TLP LIGHT.

Nathan looks back for a moment.

Then looks back into camera.

TB

The look of fear is gone from his face.

He turns his back to the camera.

Takes the picture off the window.

Faces camera again.

Holds the picture up.

With his lips...

We can see:

Him mouth the words:

"I love you."

Even without sound we know what he said.

In the jerky 1 frame per second mode.

He says it again.

Looks eerie. Like an old silent movie.

Then shuts off the camera.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. LUNAR MODULE - LATER

BLACK SCREEN

MISSION CONTROL (O.S.)
Apollo 18. Liberty do you read?
Liberty this is....

STATIC.

Then:

MISSION CONTROL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...if you can hear this message...

AN IMAGE

Nathan's hand...

Reaching...

MISSION CONTROL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...CSM Orion has initiated return
trajectory to Earth...

For a switch on the control panel.

His fingers tremble violently.

Blood smeared.

Flips the switch.

NATHAN (O.S.)
(Can barely speak now)
Hous...Houston this is...Apol...lo
18 Lib...liberty.

Coughing.

A little blood spatters on the controls.

Shallow BREATHING.

Nathan sinks.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
Liberty 18 what's your status?

CAMERA VIEW DROPS DOWN

We see:

Nathan's coveralls.

The legs are soaked with blood.

His hand enters frame...

Unzips the flight suit.

The triangular wounds COVER his body.

Much worse than Ben.

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

MISSION CONTROL (O.S.)
Say again 18...transmission
clipped...

More STATIC.

NATHAN (O.S.)
...I killed him...

STATIC. Then:

MISSION CONTROL (O.S.)
Say again 18...we're losing you...

STATIC.

MISSION CONTROL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...repeat do you have TLP
footage?...

NATHAN (O.S.)
10 mags Hassleblad stills...5000
feet color 16. 3000 Black and
white...

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
...Copy. We're sending...

STATIC.

Nathan's hands slowly grope up...

To the medical kit on the stowage shelf.

Opens the kit...

STATIC breaks.

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...do you copy? Maintain current
position... Apollo
19...launched...landing in 2
days...

His hands fumble through the medical kit.

He finds a special BLACK BOTTLE.

There are no markings on it.

Shuffling SOUNDS.

He rests the camera on the shelf.

We see:

The cabin.

Blood smeared all over the walls and control board.

TB

Bloody handprints on the window.

It looks like a massacre.

NATHAN (O.S.)
...it's too late...

Hear the SOUND of the bottle opening...

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...we won't be here in 2 days...

CAMERA IS PICKED UP AGAIN

VIEW SHIFTS TO

Nathan's hand.

A small white pill.

Pops it.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm not going to let them control
me...

Picks up the last thimble pouch of water.

BAM!

The whole ship shakes.

BAM!

Again.

MISSION CONTROL (O.S.)
Apollo 18...Apollo 18...

CAMERA WHIPS AROUND 180 DEGREES

To Nathan's face.

It looks horrendous.

Frightening. Almost demonic.

Eyes possessed.

Stares into camera.

BAM!

Ships rattles again.

TB

Behind him...

THROUGH THE WINDOW

The Radar Antenna falls.

We see:

Thousands of SHADOWS...

In the late day Lunar sun.

We can't see what's making the shadows...

But they're getting larger...

Closer...

Surrounding the ship...

A LOUD CREAK...

CAMERA FOLLOWS SOUND

To the ceiling...

The hatch door.

The handle is slowly moving...

Whatever these things are...they're coming in.

ANOTHER LOUD CREAK

CAMERA FOLLOWS SOUND

The port wall.

The other hatch door.

That handle is moving slowly as well.

CAMERA SPINS BACK 180 DEGREES

To Nathan again.

His dead eyes look right through us...

NATHAN

(In a demonic voice)

Don't come back to the moon.

The shadows move in...

TB

A PIERCING ALIEN SOUND

Like a frenzied animal ready for a feed...

A FLASH OF LIGHT...

Nathan's SCREAM.

Then:

FLASH FRAME

FILM ROLLS OUT.

For a moment...

THE VINTAGE NASA APOLLO LOGO -- FILLS THE SCREEN AGAIN

The benign BEEP of a QUINDAR TONE...

Titles Over Logo:

"END OF DOCUMENTED FOOTAGE"

"NASA & DOD Classified. Not for public distribution"

BLACK SCREEN