

MOON

An original screenplay by
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Helium3 is a gas ejected from the surface of the sun and blown through space by solar winds.

It plays an essential role in Cold Fusion, often touted as the solution to humanity's future energy needs.

There is one major problem...

Helium3 is extremely scarce on Earth. The gas does, however, exist in abundance on the Earth's only natural satellite:

The Moon.

Should we turn to Cold Fusion in the future, it is conceivable that man will mine the Moon for **Helium3** and bring the precious gas back to Earth...

IN THE BLACK:

We hear something -- a machine -- CHURNING and POUNDING. Constant. Rhythmic. Though the sound is slightly familiar, we're not sure what it is yet. Hold for a few seconds and then

CUT TO:

1 INT. REC ROOM -- MORNING 1

The sound belongs to a regular old TREADMILL like you see in most gyms across the world. Running on it: SAM BELL, mid thirties, thick beard, handsome, striking blue eyes.

Sam's face is flushed and glistening with sweat. He lunges for a towel draped over the treadmill's bar, dabs his face as he runs.

We see OUTSIDE THE WINDOW: A gray, powdery landscape stretching beneath a BLACK SKY.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. MOON -- MORNING 2

Aerial view of the Earth's only natural satellite, the camera roaming about a hundred feet off the surface.

Desolation. Serious, uncompromising, desolation. This place makes Antarctica look like Tokyo.

And utter silence.

Eventually the camera arrives at a moon base, DIVING DOWN towards it --

TITLE CARD: "MINING BASE SELENE. CREW: 1."

CUT TO:

3 INT. BATHROOM\SHOWER -- MORNING 3

Sam takes a shower, treading in a tight circle beneath the nozzle, eyes closed, hot water blasting his face.

4 INT. COMMS ROOM 4

His hair still wet from the shower, Sam sits before a COMMS UNIT, dressed in a "Lunar Industries" boiler suit, a zip up the front, colorful patches sewn into the arms. He begins to record a message.

SAM

Tess. Hi. It's me. How are you, sweetheart? It's the morning here. In a few minutes Gerty and I will sit down for breakfast, go over the day's itinerary.

As Sam continues his message, we are given a TOUR of the mining base. Beginning with:

5 INT. MONITORING STATION 5

This is where you want to be if the shit hits the fan. The base's equivalent of HQ. A wall of computers and flickering digital displays.

SAM (V.O.)

Today begins my 154th week on Selene. I officially have two weeks to go before I climb into that Return Vehicle...

6 INT. RETURN VEHICLE 6

A small space craft attached to the base. It is essentially a tiny room with a coffin like, sealed bed in the middle of it: a cryogenic POD with an array of complicated controls surrounding it.

SAM (V.O.)

And blast home.

7 INT. REC ROOM 7

Sam spends most of his time here. It is kitchen and play room combined. We PICK OUT a television set, an armchair, a Ping-Pong table, the treadmill.

SAM (V.O.)

I never dreamed I'd make it this far.

DETAIL: A WOODEN MODEL

On a table, we also PICK OUT a LARGE MODEL carved out of BOLSER WOOD. It's a TOWN. Intricately done down to the tiniest details.

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There were times, as you know...

We go even CLOSER to the model, seeing that there are actual people, actual characters in the little town; actual buildings: a CHURCH, a TOWN HALL, etc. Clearly someone has put a ton of work into this thing.

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...when I thought I was going to crack up.

8 INT. GREENHOUSE 8

And the tour of the base continues. Onto a new room. A dark storage area Sam has repurposed to grow a handful of plants. They sit surrounded by darkness, glowing under pools of artificial light. *

SAM (V.O.)
But I think I've come out the other side now.

9 INT. INFIRMARY 9

A strange angular room, obviously purposeful, but its design more geared to a computer than a human being. A single bed dominates. *

SAM (V.O.)
In many ways, this place is all about contradictions.

10 EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE 10

The empty terrain surrounding the mining base, as viewed from the Monitoring Station window. Across the landscape a mountain rises from the morning shadows.

SAM (V.O.)
It's bleak, it's beautiful.

CLOSE UP -- A HAND TOOL

Some kind of rake or shovel half buried in the powdery soil, like a child's toy abandoned in a sand box.

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's barren, yet filled with
riches.

11 EXT. EARTH -- AS SEEN FROM THE MOON 11

From up here it is easy to see why the Earth is sometimes referred to as "the blue marble." A swirl of color.

SAM (V.O.)
The earth is thousands and
thousands of miles away, but
sometimes looks so close I feel
like I could reach out and snatch
it with my hand.

12 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS 12

Sam's bed -- A New York Jets poster on the wall -- a few knickknacks bedside, rock samples in jars, a lucky tambourine Sam got in Mexico some years ago -- a red stress ball -- a photograph by the bed in a frame --

SAM (V.O.)
I'm incredibly lonely, yet I'm
never alone...

We MOVE CLOSER to the PHOTO by the bed.

PHOTOGRAPH

Of a slightly younger and clean-shaven Sam with his arms wrapped around his wife of four years, TESS BELL.

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Because I have you.

Tess is a far cry from the stereotypical Astronaut's Wife of the 1960's/70's with the plastic smile and beehive hairdo.

Tess is modern, sophisticated, and jaw-droppingly beautiful. She looks like she'd be a hard woman to leave behind.

Note: In the photograph Tess is visibly PREGNANT.

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And I have Eve. I don't take you
guys for granted. You know that
now.

13 INT. COMMS ROOM 13

Back with Sam at the Comms Unit as he wraps up the message.

SAM

Please kiss Eve for me. And tell her daddy will only be away a little longer -- seventeen days longer, approximately. I love you both dearly. Bye.

And he sends the message.

CUT TO:

14 INT. CORRIDOR 14

The main corridor connecting the different rooms. We've seen everything there is to see now. The base is small. Confined. Claustrophobic. It is easy to imagine how someone could crack up here.

Sam leaves the Comms Room and heads down the corridor.

15 INT. REC ROOM 15

A state of the art robot, a GERTY 3000 -- known simply as "GERTY" -- is preparing Sam's breakfast.

Gerty is in three sections and moves along a horizontal rail that runs throughout the base. He has a readout screen that perpetually spews data. His hands resemble pincers, but are perfectly nimble.

For the purposes of helping run the base and looking after Sam, Gerty is as good as human, if not better.

Sam enters.

SAM

Morning, Gerty.

GERTY

Morning, Sam. How are you today?

SAM

Fine. Fine. You?

GERTY

I'm very well. How's your headache?

SAM

Much better, thanks, pal.

Sam treats Gerty more like a person than a robot. Whether this is down to Gerty's intelligence or Sam's desperation for company isn't clear just yet.

Note: Gerty talks like a well-educated older man. His language doesn't have a great deal of inflection (i.e. Monotone) but he is friendly enough.

Sam switches a dial on a radio but gets nothing but static - - he sticks in a mini cd and skips the first few tracks. We hear brief clips of talk radio and shuttle through it before he allows it to play on, on some random American station -- an old weather report:

VOICE ON RADIO

...it's a hot one on the East Coast, temperatures soaring to a high of ninety three degrees in New York City --

They zip around the tiny kitchen, together preparing Sam's breakfast, working as a team.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. MOON 16

We take in the whole Moon at once. Gray, colorless, eerie. From this distance the surface resembling Plaster of Paris.

17 INT. MONITORING STATION -- DAY 17

Sam sits before Selene's main computer, known as THE OLD MAN. Data flickering off Sam's face. He is making a log entry. A CLOCK is running on the monitor.

SAM

8:32 Pacific Time. Lunar Day 1. All Harvesters running smoothly this morning. Readouts are as follows: Matthew, 14.6 miles; Mark 16.8 miles...

Sam continues with his entry while we

CUT TO:

18 INT. STORAGE CUBBY 18

Gerty is selecting food for the up-coming week, stacking ready-meals on a small fork-lift buggy.

CUT TO:

19 INT. MONITORING STATION 19

A RED LIGHT

Pulsing rapidly. The "ping-ping-ping" of an alarm.

BOARD

Sam stands before the Big Board. The names of the four Harvesters (Matthew, Mark, Luke, John) in a collum. The red light is flashing next to Matthew.

Sam presses an INTERCOM BUTTON, dips down, speaks into it.

SAM

Gerty, we've got a live one on Mark. I'm going out now to rope her in.

GERTY'S VOICE

Okay, Sam.

Sam heads off.

20 INT. CHANGING AREA 20

A SPACE SUIT

Resembling an unmanned puppet. Sam begins to insinuate his body into the suit.

21 INT. DOCK 21

Three Rovers (moon buggies) parked in their separate bays. The Rovers are caked in lunar soil, as though sand blasted.

In his space suit Sam bends into one of the Rovers, starts the engine.

22 I/E. ROVER/MOON SURFACE 22

Sam drives along, dwarfed by an enormous lunar bolder and the rising slopes of the valley beyond. A toy car in this vast and alien terrain.

23 EXT. HARVESTER/MOON SURFACE 23

The second in a fleet of four Harvesters (this one known as Mark) collecting lunar soil. The Harvester resembles a tank and kicks up clouds of dust. Booming, hulking, efficient.

Sam catches up in his Rover and accelerates into the back of the Harvester up a couple of ramps. An intricate and dangerous maneuver he executes deftly.

24 INT. HARVESTER/BELLY -- CONTINUOUS 24

Sam is in an area of the Harvester -- a kind of hatch -- not dissimilar to a garage and known as THE BELLY. Once safely inside Sam closes the door. He is able to breathe in the Belly without his helmet, which he duly removes.

Sam steps up to a wall of computers. A light is flashing to indicate one of the pods is filled with Helium3.

Sam does his thing, eventually removing a keg-size pod of Helium3. He hauls it over to the Rover and sticks it in a special slot in the equivalent of the Rover's trunk.

A new pod -- an empty -- replaces the pod Sam just removed.

Sam puts his helmet back on, returns to the Rover, reverses out of the Harvester carefully.

25 I/E. ROVER/MOON SURFACE 25

Sam snakes through the soil on his way back to base, the tracks of the Rover as sharp as if they had been made through talcum powder. The Harvester churns into the distance.

CUT TO:

26 INT. CORRIDOR -- LATER 26

Sam loads the filled pod into a CARGO CONTAINER. The Cargo Container is about the size of a fridge and can take a maximum of five pods. There are four pods already inside, Sam's new pod taking up the fifth and final slot.

27

INT. COMMS ROOM

27

Sam is seated at the Comms Unit recording a message for his superiors back on Earth.

SAM

Sam Bell reporting to Central.
10:14 Pacific Time. Lunar Day 1.
(less formal)

Overmeyers, Thompson? It's Sam.
How goes it? I've got a full container of Helium3 ready to roll. The purity is pretty good, so assuming your last market prices are still relevant I think you are looking at getting about 3 million dollars per kilo with this load. By the time this message reaches you it should be in transit.

(a beat)

Otherwise, everything running smoothly. There was a discrepancy between a couple of the N3000 modulators a couple of days ago, but Gerty and I caught it in time, no big deal. Uh...how are things down there?

Sam desperately wants to talk but has nothing very important to say. Then he remembers something.

SAM (CONT'D)

Oh, and I just wanted to thank you for sending out the football feed. Almost felt live!

(getting pissed off)

Seriously, I don't mean to be an asshole, but surely replacing one satellite cant be that fucking hard! I haven't been able to have a conversation with my wife... My kid can talk now...! Fuck!

Sam concentrates, getting a grip on his temper.

Two weeks. Two weeks.

(beat)

Hey. Three years is a long haul. If you guys want to run some psych evals on me when I get back, I'm happy to do it. It ain't Disney World up here.

(a beat)

That's it. Over and out.

Sam reaches forward, sends the message.

CUT TO:

28 INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

28

Sam is loading the Cargo Container into the base's MAGLEV LAUNCHER. He works with a sense of routine, far away, preoccupied.

All of a sudden Sam STOPS. He has the feeling someone is standing behind him. He slowly turns.

A GIRL is standing in the doorway watching him. She is perhaps fifteen or sixteen years old. A yellow dress. Long, wheat-colored hair. Freckles. At once beautiful and haunting.

Sam gets the FRIGHT of his life. He FLIES against the wall.

WIDEN to reveal Sam and the Girl facing off. Sam POP-EYED and SHAKING. The Girl IMMOBILE, arms at her sides, head tilted ever so slightly to one side.

The Cargo Container is sent hurtling through space. A TERRIFIC BLAST. It distracts Sam's attention, breaks his stare...

*
*
*

And just like that, the Girl is gone. Sam is just staring at an empty doorway. Nothing there.

Sam is baffled. Had to be his imagination. Had to be. After a few seconds he shakes his head dismissively and continues working.

*

CUT TO:

29 INT. REC ROOM -- DAY

29

Gerty is cutting Sam's hair.

Sam sitting back in a chair, barber shop style, while the robot snip-snip-snips away with a pair of scissors. Sam is gently squeezing a STRESS BALL in his right hand.

GERTY

Sam, is everything okay?

SAM

Everything's fine, Gerty.

For a moment there is no sound but the snipping scissors, reminiscent of keys snapping on a typewriter. Then:

SAM (CONT'D)

Why do you ask?

GERTY

You don't seem like yourself today.

Sam frowns, contemplative. For a moment we think he is going to tell Gerty about the Girl he saw earlier -- or imagined he saw. But he goes with something different.

SAM

It's Tess.

GERTY

Has something happened?

SAM

No, not exactly.

Gerty stops cutting, lowers the scissors.

GERTY

Sam, what is it?

SAM

Something doesn't feel right, that's all.

A beat. Sam's fingers twitching around the red stress ball, squeezing harder.

GERTY

Sam, it might help to talk about it.

Sam decides to come clean.

SAM

Tess isn't responding to things.

GERTY

Tess isn't responding to things?

SAM

Right.

GERTY

What kind of things?

SAM

(a beat)

A couple of weeks ago I asked her if she wanted to go on vacation when I get back, and that I was thinking of either Mexico or Hawaii.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Tess never said anything about it. Three messages she's sent me since...and she's never once mentioned the vacation.

GERTY

Im sure she can't wait, Sam.

SAM

That's not the point. This is someone who lives for vacations and travelling. I thought she'd jump at the chance for us to go away -- with Eve, of course -- we'd take Eve.

GERTY

Perhaps Tess didn't receive the message?

SAM

(as if anticipating
Gerty's comment)

But this isn't the only time it's happened, Gerty. When I asked her how her dad was doing on his new heart medicine she didn't respond to that -- I asked her when Eve was going to start nursery -- nothing. Had her brother got the position at the University? Nothing. Nothing.

Sam is really having a go at the stress ball now.

GERTY

I think her brother did get the position at the University. His name is Christopher, correct?

SAM

He did?

GERTY

Yes, I seem to recall he got the position. Professor of Biochemistry, I think. At Syracuse University in New York?

Sam is slightly alarmed that Gerty knows this and he doesn't.

SAM

How do you know that?

GERTY

You told me. Some time ago now.
Towards the beginning of your
time on Selene. When we were
starting to get to know each
other.

(a beat)

You were very happy for your
brother-in-law. You danced around
the Rec Room, if I remember
correctly.

Sam looks perturbed. For a few seconds he'd eased up on the
stress ball. He starts up on it again now.

SAM

Gerty, have you heard anything
new about anyone fixing lunar
sat?

GERTY

No Sam. From what I understand
it's fairly low on the companies
priority list with the Jupiter
mission active. I would imagine
it would be very expensive to
fix.

*
*
*

A pause. Sam still looks troubled.

GERTY (CONT'D)

Sam, are you ok?

SAM

They need to sort that out.
Seriously. I've only got two
weeks left. It's not fair on
whoever's up here next. Gerty,
you tell them to sort it out.
It's not healthy.

GERTY

I will Sam. Do you want me to
finish cutting your hair later?

SAM

Nah. Come on. Let's finish
this.

Gerty resumes cutting Sam's hair, and stops again, sensing
Sam is going to say something more.

The scissors freeze.

SAM (CONT'D)
I've got another one of those
headaches. Can you get me
something for it?

GERTY
Of course. Now?

SAM
No not now, afterwards.

The scissors start up again.

SAM (CONT'D)
Thanks, pal.

CUT TO:

30 INT. REC ROOM -- LATER 30

Sam with a HAIRCUT and a neatly TRIMMED BEARD is sitting
before the Bolser Wood model of the little town.

He is arched over working away with an EXACTO BLADE --
SQUINTING -- whittling a figure out of wood. This is
difficult and complicated work, and over three years Sam
has become highly skilled at it.

Sam can carve an actual person out of wood -- actual
cheekbones, actual throats, actual hands -- it's
fascinating to watch.

From another room Sam hears the "ping-ping-ping" of an
alarm.

CUT TO:

31 INT. COMMS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 31

CLOSE UP -- COMMS UNIT

Flashing on the comms unit monitor: "NEW TRANSMISSION."
There is a small icon of a telephone.

CUT TO:

32 INT. REC ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 32

ON SAM

He carefully puts down the wooden figure and the exacto
blade -- stands and leaves the Rec Room.

33

INT. COMMS ROOM

33

Sam sits at the comms unit watching a message from his superiors, OVERMEYERS and THOMPSON, a purposeful looking woman in charge and her earnest second.

The two talk RAPIDLY and trade off like a tag team. At times their tone can be almost bizarrely whimsical.

Overmeyers and Thompson seem to have known Sam for a while, but even so, there is a practised casualness to the repartee. It's a professional friendliness on Overmeyers part, no more and for Thompson it's merely an eagerness to be involved.

OVERMEYERS

Delighted to hear about the latest shipment, Sam.

THOMPSON

According to Albatross 90 it should be landing off the California Coast within the next three days.

OVERMEYERS

Now in response to your question about the communications equipment, the news is not good.

THOMPSON

Sam, those solar storms did a lot more damage than initially thought --

OVERMEYERS

Fixing the lunar sat is going to take some time. It's a significant operation.

THOMPSON

And what with the Jupiter Program hemorrhaging money --

Sam curses to himself.

*

OVERMEYERS

Lunar doesn't have the budget it once did, Sam, you know that.

THOMPSON

Even the coffee machine down in the Hub has been broken since I don't know when --

OVERMEYERS

We have to go to Genesis 3 just to get a decent cup of coffee, Sam. Genesis 3. That's three buildings over.

THOMPSON

We're hoping to get the live feed up and running by the Fall. The good news is you'll be home by then, Sam.

OVERMEYERS

You only have two weeks to go! Congrat--

Sam shuts off the message before Overmeyers can pipe out his last line.

Sam sits before the dead screen -- eyes closed -- taking a succession of DEEP BREATHS.

CUT TO:

34 INT. REC ROOM -- DAY 34

Sam playing Ping-Pong. He has folded up the second half of the table and is using it as a wall. The sound is rapid and rhythmic: ca-cluck ca-cluck ca-cluck. Sam taking his FRUSTRATION out on the little white ball.

CUT TO:

35 INT. BATHROOM -- DAY 35

Sam stands before the toilet urinating. Rather ironically he is whistling *I'm Walking on Sunshine* -- focussed ahead at his reflection in the mirror -- angling his face, admiring his haircut, his beard.

Then he looks down to flush the toilet and his WHISTLING abruptly STOPS.

36 INT. BATHROOM\TOILET 36

It looks like someone just poured a glass of CRANBERRY JUICE into the toilet bowl. Literally. The red urine clouding the water like a squirt of octopus ink. Yeah, Sam just pissed blood.

There is a "PING!" and Gerty's voice crackles from the intercom.

GERTY'S VOICE

Sam, a transmission has arrived
from your wife.

Sam reaches over and presses the INTERCOM BUTTON.

SAM

Be right there.

And he flushes the toilet.

CUT TO:

37

INT. COMMS ROOM -- DAY

37

Sam sitting before the monitor. He hits the "PLAY" button,
begins watching the message.

ON THE MONITOR: Tess is sitting in a living room talking to
Sam. Tess has a sweet voice, she sounds grounded, like
she's got a head on her shoulders.

TESS

Hi Sam. It's me. How are you?

(a beat)

I got your last message, it was
really great to hear your voice.
I know you've been really lonely
up there, but in a lot of ways
it's been good for you, I think.
I hope you don't mind me saying
that. I'm proud of you.

(a beat)

Hey, someone's got something to
say.

A WOMAN, possibly a nanny or some form of hired help,
swings a LITTLE GIRL into Tess's arms. This is EVE, Sam and
Tess's daughter.

TESS (CONT'D)

Eve, it's daddy. What did you
want to say to him?

Eve just stares. Tess whispers to her ("Remember what we
practiced", etc.) Finally Eve attempts:

EVE

Asstraut.

TESS

Who's an astronaut?
(encouraging)
Go on!

EVE
Daddy asstraut!

Tess laughs. So does Sam.

TESS
That's right, daddy's an
astronaut. Clever girl!

Eve fidgets, rubs her nose, distracted.

TESS (CONT'D)
She's shy. Uh, Cathy, could
you...?

The Maid steps in, hoists Eve away. Tess waits until they're out of earshot.

TESS (CONT'D)
It's her birthday next month. I
thought we'd get her a play house
for the garden. We could even
pick it out together.

A pause. Tess just stares into the camera. She is hundreds and thousands of miles away, but for a second it feels like she's right there in the Comms Room with Sam. It's intimate.

She finally shakes her head, self-conscious, shy.

TESS (CONT'D)
God, I hate these things. Sam, I
love you. I'm thinking of you
always. I can't wait to see you,
sweetheart. Okay. Bye.

And the message ends.

ON SAM: smiling, on the brink of tears.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. THE EARTH -- NIGHT/LATER 38

The Earth at night, illuminated by a glittering spider's web of artificial lighting. From the Moon this is one of the most beautiful sights you'll ever see.

39 INT. REC ROOM -- SAME 39

Sam is in improved spirits. He pours himself a glass of juice as Gerty prepares dinner.

SAM

What's on the menu tonight,
Gerty?

GERTY

Baby back ribs with french fries
and spinach.

SAM

Ribs! Good choice, pal. Fine
choice.

It might be baby back ribs with french fries and spinach,
but it's made from a packet by adding hot water. Nasty.

Sam sits down with the packet. Digs in with a fork.

SAM (CONT'D)

Oh yeah! Compliments to the chef,
Gerty, this is delicious!

Sam eating ravenously.

CUT TO:

40 INT. GREENHOUSE -- NIGHT

40

Sam is in the Greenhouse pruning plants with a pair of
secateurs. He treads up the aisles slowly, taking time with
each of the plants. CLASSICAL MUSIC plays over the sound
system, Brahms, Beethoven, Bartok, one of the B's.

Sam HUMS along to the music. A man at peace.

CUT TO:

41 INT. REC ROOM -- NIGHT/LATER

41

Sam is working on his wooden model of the town. Across the
room the *Ed Sullivan Show* is on TV. Ed's guest is a very
young Goldie Hawn.

Note: Whenever any TV is watched in the film, it is always
a show from 1970's America. (*Mash, Six Million Dollar Man,
Laugh-In, etc.*) No explanation is given for this.

Sam is half-watching the TV, but his focus is chiefly on
the SMALL HOUSE he is carving. And carving beautifully.

After a few seconds he stands and snaps off the TV with a
remote. He crosses to the kitchen section of the Rec Room
to make some tea. The water has just boiled.

As Sam is about to pour the boiling water, tea kettle in
hand, he glances across the Rec Room and sees:

The Girl. She's taken Sam's chair before the model. She is motionless, staring down at the model like she recognizes one of the little figures walking the tiny streets.

Sam calmly puts the tea kettle down and begins to move towards the Girl, slowly, cautiously, like he wants to sneak up on her.

Sam walks right up to the Girl and reaches out his hand...

SAM

And then we CUT to Sam standing in the kitchen. Over by the model there is no sign of the Girl. The chair is empty. She's gone. Her sitting there, Sam's walk across the room -- apparently he imagined it all.

Sam looks down. The tea kettle is dangling at an angle and BOILING WATER is DRIBBLING onto his left hand.

Simultaneously: Sam SNAPS his hand AWAY, Sam SCREAMS. The tea kettle CLATTERS to the floor.

Sam HURRIES to the sink and jerks his hand under a stream of cold water. Cursing under his breath the whole time: "Shit, piss, fuck..."

CUT TO:

42

INT. INFIRMARY -- LATER

42

Sam sits in a chair as Gerty tends to his scolded left hand. It's a nasty burn.

SAM

I'm going to feel that for a while, aren't I, Gerty?

(then)

Damn it.

Gerty applies a translucent balm to the burn.

GERTY

Sam, can I ask how it happened?

SAM

I told you, I saw something on the TV and spilled boiling water on my hand.

GERTY

You saw something on the TV?

SAM
 (a touch petulant)
 Yeah, something on the TV
 distracted me, Gerty, what's
 wrong with that?

A pause. Gerty is wrapping Sam's hand with a bandage.

GERTY
 Sam, you said it was the TV that
 distracted you, but when I came
 in the TV wasn't on.

Gerty has caught him out. Sam knows it.

GERTY (CONT'D)
 Perhaps you were imagining
 things?

Gerty has hit the nail on the head, in a way that makes Sam
 feel a little uneasy. Is there something Gerty knows that
 Sam doesn't?

CUT TO:

43 INT. THE SLEEPING QUARTERS -- NIGHT 43

Sam asleep in bed.

44 SAM'S DREAM 44

Sam making love to Tess. We remain very close to their
 bodies in bed. The background a blur. No sound. It's all
 flesh and white sheets. Sensual, delicate, intense. We feel
 almost intrusive watching.

45 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS -- MORNING 45

Sam wakes up and lunges across the bed to shut off his
 alarm clock. We notice a WHITE BANDAGE on the hand that he
 scolded.

Afterwards: Sam lies back, watching the ceiling, groggy,
 reflective, still surfacing from his dream.

And then OVER THIS: The sound from the opening of the film,
 THE TREADMILL, and we

CUT TO:

46 INT. REC ROOM -- MORNING 46

Sam on his morning run.

47 INT. REC ROOM -- MORNING/LATER

47

Gerty is making breakfast. Sam enters, fresh from the shower.

SAM
Morning, Gerty.

GERTY
Morning, Sam. How are you today?

SAM
Fine. Fine.

GERTY
How's the hand?

SAM
It's a little sore.

Gerty pops the radio on. Just another morning on Selene.

CUT TO:

48 INT. MONITORING STATION -- MORNING/LATER

48

Sam sitting before The Old Man doing his daily log entry. A CLOCK is running on the monitor.

SAM
8:19 Pacific Time. Lunar Day 2.
Readouts are as follows: Matthew,
9.8 Miles...

Suddenly the monitor BLIPS -- a BLAST of STATIC -- and Sam SEES himself talking on the monitor. It appears to be a previous log entry.

SAM (CONT'D)
Luke...7.3 miles...wow, better
look into Luke...

But bizarrely, the Sam talking on the monitor has long hair pulled back into a ponytail -- and no beard --

And then another BLIP -- another BLAST of STATIC -- and the screen turns completely BLACK.

A single word begins to flash in the center of the screen:
"ERROR."

The word flashes three times -- before the screen returns to normal, the CLOCK running again.

It all happened so quickly Sam wonders if he didn't just imagine it. After an awkward pause he simply continues the original log entry.

SAM (CONT'D)
Mark, 11 miles on the button...

CLOSE UP -- RED LIGHT

Pulsing. Going "ping-ping-ping."

49 INT. MONITORING STATION -- LATER/MORNING

49

Sam stands across the room with a mug of coffee, peers up at the Big Board, sees that the alarm belongs to Matthew.

He crosses to the INTERCOM, speaks into it.

SAM
Gerty, looks like we've got a live one out on Matthew. I wondered what was taking him so long, the old fart. I'm heading out in a few minutes, just going to finish my coffee.

GERTY'S VOICE
Okay, Sam.

CUT TO:

50 I/E. ROVER/MOON SURFACE -- MORNING

50

Sam at the wheel in his space suit, speeding towards the first of the Harvesters, known as MATTHEW.

HARVESTER/MATTHEW

As Sam gets closer to the Harvester, he suddenly sees something:

The Girl.

She is standing maybe a hundred yards away in her yellow dress, resembling a FLAME or a FLOWER in the barren and colorless landscape. She appears to be staring directly at Sam's rover.

SAM

His face unfolding with panic, alarm, curiosity. An intense, yearning, curiosity.

He drives closer.

But like in a dream, Sam can't seem to make up any distance between the Rover and the Girl. He CRUSHES the accelerator peddle.

For a moment Sam drives right alongside the Harvester, clouds of lunar dust being kicked up, cascading against the side window. But Sam is looking away from the Harvester, focussed on the Girl.

ON SAM: He doesn't notice Matthew (The Harvester) suddenly veer RIGHT, slamming into the side of the Rover and causing Sam to lose control.

The steering wheel swings left and right as Sam desperately tries to STRAIGHTEN the path of the vehicle, but a split second later the Rover is FLIPPED like a matchbox, and SPUN into the path of the Harvester -- a HIDEOUS SCREECH of MANGLED METAL -- the Rover gobbled up by the front of the Harvester, DEVOURED.

The Rover is JAMMED under the Harvester's monstrous AXLE, resembling a crushed beer can in a fist -- and with a BIG, BOOMING GROAN the Harvester slides to a STANDSTILL.

WIDE SHOT: Silence. The Harvester stationary. The Rover caught beneath it.

No sign of the Girl.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

Silence. Hold it for five seconds and then

51

A BLUR

51

Eyelids fluttering, bright light, at first broken up, filtered, as if viewed through a Kaleidoscope. Slowly shapes and impressions begin to form and we know where we are.

It's the Infirmary.

52

INT. INFIRMARY -- DAY

52

A CLEAN SHAVEN and drugged-up Sam is sitting up in bed, propped with a pillow. Sam doesn't have a scratch on his face, but has clearly been through a terrifying ordeal.

Gerty is bedside.

SAM
Where am I?

GERTY
Sam, you're in the Infirmary. You
had an accident.

Sam looks bewildered -- he desperately racks his brain,
trying to locate the memory.

GERTY (CONT'D)
Do you remember what happened?

SAM
No.
(a beat)
I don't remember a thing.

Sam just stares back at Gerty, not so much as a flicker of
recognition.

GERTY
Do you remember me?

SAM
Yes, of course I remember you,
Gerty.

GERTY
That's good. That's very good.
It's nice to see you awake again.
(a beat)
I'd like to keep you under
observation here in the Infirmary
for a few days and run some
tests.

A pause. Sam taking it all in. Eventually:

SAM
How long have I been out?

GERTY
Not long. Sam, go back to sleep.
You're still very tired. We can
talk later.

Sam closes his eyes, sinking deeper into his pillow.

CUT TO:

53 INT. INFIRMARY -- LATER

53

Sam asleep in bed. Gerty is scanning his head with a small
instrument resembling a camcorder.

There are READOUTS on a monitor showing blood flow, oxygen levels and glucose metabolism in the tissues of Sam's brain.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. MOON -- DAY 54

LUKE, one of the Harvesters, crossing the lunar landscape at HALF SPEED.

55 INT. INFIRMARY 55

Sam wakes up from an extended nap. He thrusts his fists into his eyes like a child, yawns ferociously.

SAM

Gerty?

No sign of the robot. Sam is feeling well enough to walk. He swings his legs out of bed, begins to plod around the room. He is tentative at first, slow, as if walking is something he is having to learn from scratch.

Eventually when he is moving fluidly he goes to the door and pokes his head out into the corridor.

56 INT. CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS 56

Sam peers around. From another room he can hear the faint drone of VOICES. One of these voices belongs to Gerty. The other voices are deeper, faster, human.

SAM

Gerty?

The voices continue. Intrigued, Sam PRESSES ON down the corridor.

ON SAM

As he walks up the corridor in the direction of the Comms Room. Sam is close enough now that he can actually hear the conversation.

Sam arrives at the door of the Comms Room and peers in.

GERTY (O.S)

These were extraordinary
circumstances, as you know --

57 INT. COMMS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 57

Gerty is installed at the Comms Unit. Thompson and Overmeyers are on the screen.

The moment Gerty sees Sam he shuts off the monitor and the screen fizzes to black, Thompson and Overmeyers vanishing.

Strange: Gerty appeared to have a live feed.

GERTY

Sam, you're out of bed.

SAM

I wanted to stretch my legs.

(then)

What was that?

GERTY

Not talking. No. We've been having some problems with the lunar sat and our live feed seems to be down. I was recording a video message for Central updating them on your progress.

(a beat)

Sam, you need to stay in bed. You're not ready to walk around yet.

Sam nods vaguely, turns around and heads back to the Infirmary slowly.

CUT TO:

58 INT. INFIRMARY -- LATER 58

Sam watching TV -- *The Muppet Show*, the "Pigs in Space" sketch -- and eating dinner. He's not laughing.

59 INT. INFIRMARY -- LATER 59

Sam hunched over the infirmary's stainless steel wash basin giving himself a shave. He hits the razor on the side of the basin -- tap tap tap -- like a conductor with a baton.

CUT TO:

60 INT. INFIRMARY -- LATER 60

Sam is seated at a table. Frankly he looks better now than he did before the accident.

Perhaps it's the rosy hue of his freshly shaven face. He certainly looks younger. A man revitalized, a man mended.

Gerty is giving Sam something very similar to an IQ Test. Sam has just arranged a series of blocks into an L-shaped tower.

GERTY
Excellent, Sam.

SAM
How much longer do I have to be in here, Gerty?

GERTY
Sam, you suffered minor brain damage in the crash. This has resulted in memory loss and slight logic impairment.

SAM
When can I get back to work?

GERTY
Central has asked me to slow down the Harvesters to ensure you have time to recuperate and get your strength back --

SAM
(dryly, exasperated)
Terrific.

GERTY
The good news is you can return to the sleeping quarters tomorrow. But it will still be a few more days before you can resume anything like a normal work schedule.

Sam's face taugth with irritation. He isn't happy.

Gerty gives him the next puzzle to solve. WE MOVE IN ON SAM'S LEFT HAND as he takes the puzzle, the same hand he scolded in an earlier scene.

The BANDAGE is GONE and the BURN appears to have completely HEALED.

CUT TO:

61 INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

61

Sam walking down the corridor in the direction of the Sleeping Quarters. He stops at a RED LIGHT on the corridor wall, beneath it the word, "EXIT DOORS."

He's locked inside the base.

Sam pulls a face, disgruntled, continues down the corridor.

62 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS 62

Sam takes in the New York Jets poster on the wall and walks over to the bed -- studies his lucky tambourine and the glass jar of lunar rock samples -- like he's trying to reacquaint himself with his own belongings.

His eyes arrive on the red stress ball. Sam scoops up the ball and PITCHES it at the wall like he expects the thing to bounce back to him. The stress ball doesn't bounce back, simply hits the wall with a dull THUD and DROPS to the FLOOR.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. THE MOON -- DAY 63

A desolation special. The blacker than black sky above. None of the ingredients of life. On Earth we have rainforests, and flowers, and birds. We have color. Up here we realize how lucky we are. The base is lit by large halogen comfort lights, alone in the lunar desert. This is a lunar night.

CUT TO:

64 INT. MONITORING STATION -- MORNING 64

Sam sitting before The Old Man doing a few innocuous tasks, collecting readouts, slurping a cup of coffee. Gerty is within ear shot. *

Sam sees something that pulls him CLOSER to the monitor.

SAM *

Gerty, do you know about this?

Gerty approaches. Sam taps the screen.

SAM (CONT'D)

Matthew's got no velocity readout. He's completely still.

GERTY (O.S.) *

He must have stalled.

Sam gives Gerty a look. That's not good.

65 INT. COMMS ROOM -- LATER

65

Sam is recording a message for Central.

SAM

There's no way to tell from here if a track's been thrown, or if it's just something jammed in an axle, or what... I can shoot out there, check it out, get some video and maybe save you guys the expense of floating in a whole crew! I know how tight money is right now....

Sam really frustrated now. He feels cooped up, stir crazy, idle.

SAM (CONT'D)

Just give me the word -- or Gerty the word, tell him to unlock the exit doors -- and I'll go out and get Matthew up and running again.

(a beat)

That's it. Over and out.

Sam sends the message.

CUT TO:

66 INT. REC ROOM -- MORNING

66

Sam enters the Rec Room, looks around, his eyes settling on the model of the town.

Sam sits down in front of the model, staring -- he picks up the HOUSE he was carving earlier -- studies it carefully.

CUT TO:

67 INT. COMMS ROOM -- DAY

67

Sam and Gerty are seated at the Comms Unit watching a video message from Central. Sam is holding a carved HOUSE, examining it as he listens to the video.

The familiar faces of Overmeyers and Thompson on the screen, shoulder to shoulder, the two looking more like vultures right now than lizards.

THOMPSON

Sam, we appreciate the offer, but you concentrate on feeling better.

SAM
(muttering, vexed)
Oh for Christ's sake...

OVERMEYERS
We don't want you to take any
unnecessary risks. You're too
important to us.

THOMPSON
You're to stay put, understand?

OVERMEYERS
It's an order.

THOMPSON
It's an order, Sam. From Lunar.
Stay put.

OVERMEYERS
We're going to send a Rescue Unit
to tend to the stalled harvester
and get the base back on its
feet.

SAM
(incensed)
Why?

The message ends. Sam turns to Gerty, irate, the message as
good as a kick in the balls.

GERTY
I'm sorry Sam.

Sam stares at Gerty.

GERTY (CONT'D)
Sam, I am under strict orders not
to let you outside.

Sam throws the half completed wood carving in his hand at
the other end of the room, breaking it. He FLIES to his
feet -- growling with frustration -- STORMS out of the
room.

CUT TO:

68 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS -- MORNING

68

Sam asleep in bed.

69 SAM'S TROUBLED DREAM 69 *

Sam and Tess making love. We remain very close to their bodies in bed. The background a blur. It's the same dream we saw earlier.

Something is different though. *

We drift past Sam and Tess, and under the sheets of the bed. *

Down between their entwined feet huddles a bearded, wide-eyed Sam, staring directly at us from under the sheets at the end of the bed! *

CUT TO:

70 INT. REC ROOM 70 *

Sam is quietly eating breakfast, lost in thought. Gerty pattering around in the background. The radio drones away. *

71 INT. COMMS ROOM 71

Sam is seated at the Comms Unit watching a message from Tess.

We assume this is an old message since Tess is heavily PREGNANT.

Her slender hands are spread over her prodigious belly as she beams at the camera.

TESS

He's kicking...or she's kicking.
I'm certain he's a boy. I wish
you could feel it.

(a beat, shifting)

I think we made the right choice,
Sam. I really do. We need some
time apart. We got stuck. That
happens in marriages sometimes.
It's nothing terrible.

(then)

Well listen, I love you lots --
and we'll talk soon, okay? Bye
Sam.

A POP and Tess is gone -- the monitor filled with STATIC. Sam sits staring into space. Tess' message seems to have agitated him.

SAM

Fuck it.

He JUMPS from his chair and HEADS OUT of the Comms Room at pace.

72 INT. REC ROOM 72

Sam strides in -- swipes a KNIFE from beside the wooden model -- strides out again.

73 INT. CORRIDOR 73

Sam glances left and right -- making sure there's no sign of Gerty -- then begins to PRY open a VENT with the knife.

Once the vent is removed he reaches deep inside and YANKS out a bundle of interwoven WIRES -- Sam bends the wires around the BLADE of the knife -- and CUTS.

GAS ISSUES from the cut wires. An ALARM sounds.

Sam hides the knife away, shouts down the corridor:

SAM

Gerty! Get over here! Quickly!

Gerty comes out of the Monitoring Station and SHUTTLES down the corridor.

GERTY

What happened?

SAM

Don't know -- Micro meteorites, maybe? Either way there might be damage to the exterior shell. I'd better go outside and take a look.

GERTY

There is no damage to the exterior shell.

SAM

It's not that I don't believe you, Gerty, but the inner skin is springing leaks like an ACME fire hose. Maybe you better let me take a look, just in case, huh?

GERTY

Sam, I'm not supposed to let you go outside.

SAM

Then let's keep it between you and me then. Ok?

The robot takes an inordinate amount of time to think this through. The syrupy gas distorts the light as it collects at Sam's ankles. Gerty's arms work away as they speedily repair the damage Sam has done. Finally:

GERTY

Okay, Sam.

The "Exit Doors" LIGHT turns from RED to GREEN. For Sam this is like the BLAST of a STARTING PISTOL -- he immediately takes off down the corridor --

74 INT. CHANGING AREA 74

Sam finds his space suit is gone, so grabs the spare suit and scrambles into it.

75 INT. DOCK 75

Two Rovers parked side by side. One of the parking bays is EMPTY. Sam stands before the empty bay for a moment -- why is one of the Rovers missing?

If Sam suspected something was wrong before, he is certain of it now. He climbs into one of the two remaining Rovers.

76 I/E. ROVER/MOON SURFACE 76

Sam speeding along in the Rover. He has Matthew's coordinates plugged into his Navigation System and is following a MAP on a small monitor.

77 EXT. MOON -- CONTINUOUS 77

Sam heading towards the stalled Harvester. It soon becomes apparent that there is something STUCK under the front of the Harvester's AXLE. A second later it is apparent what that something is: inevitably, it's the MISSING ROVER.

Sam slows his Rover down, approaching the scene with CAUTION. He parks a few feet away from the wreck and opens the door of his Rover, stepping outside gingerly.

ONE SIXTH GRAVITY is like walking on a trampoline. Sam takes long strides, bobbing over to the front of the Harvester to take a closer look, his boots leaving deep FOOTPRINTS in the lunar soil.

THE FRONT OF THE HARVESTER

The crashed Rover is exactly as we left it after the accident, mangled, crushed, captured beneath the trundles of the Harvester. Sam peers closer and sees that there is an UNCONSCIOUS MAN in a Lunar Industries space suit trapped inside.

Sam can't see the man's face -- he has his back to Sam, his body sprawled across the passenger seat like he's searching for loose change on the floor of the vehicle.

With great effort Sam manages to prize the Rover's door open. He reaches inside and begins to pull the man out -- Sam's sheer ADRENALINE giving him the strength of a YETI.

Sam DRAGS the unconscious man away from the crashed Rover, his body leaving a big TRACK MARK in the gray soil. Sam takes a second to catch his breath, then leans down and turns the unconscious man onto his back.

He BRUSHES DUST from the glass of the man's HELMET, leans down even closer.

CLOSE UP -- THE MAN

Through his helmet we see a BLOODY and BEARDED SAM. Sam as we remember him. The Sam from the opening twenty minutes of the film.

Sam's face as the PANIC, the ALARM, the SHOCK, the REALIZATION hit him like a wrecking ball: this man he has just pulled out of the crashed Rover is himself.

WIDE SHOT -- THE STALLED HARVESTER

Sam gathers his wits and manages to lift the unconscious Sam up over his shoulder, fireman's lift style, taking him to the parked Rover.

CUT TO:

78

INT. DOCK -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

78

Sam drives the Rover into the Dock, flies out and removes his space helmet, screaming:

SAM
Gerty! Gerty! Help!

He reaches into the Rover, lifting out the unconscious Sam. He carries him in both arms, staggering across the dock -- back arched, arms beginning to sag -- and into the corridor.

79

INT. CORRIDOR

79

Sam promptly collapses and DROPS the unconscious Sam onto the floor.

SAM

Gerty!

Gerty approaches, gliding along his rail. Sam is freaking out big time, exhausted, panic-stricken, bewildered.

SAM (CONT'D)

I found him outside by the stalled harvester. Who is he? What the fuck is going on?

A pause. Gerty literally seems lost for words.

SAM (CONT'D)

(demanding an answer)

Gerty!

GERTY

We need to get him to the Infirmary.

SAM

Not until you tell me who he is!

GERTY

Sam, we need to get him to the Infirmary immediately.

Sam SCOOPS the unconscious Sam up off the ground and lifts him towards the INFIRMARY -- staggering -- stumbling -- going:

SAM

Who is he! Who is he!

Sounding like some deranged homeless man. Gerty gliding alongside him.

CUT TO:

80

INT. INFIRMARY -- DAY

80

Lying in the Infirmary bed, propped on a pillow, is the first Sam, the bearded Sam, who we will now refer to as SAM 1.

He has a wicked black eye and a purple bruise on the right side of his face, looks like he was on the losing end of a brawl.

He has a DRIP stuck in his arm and a tangle of WIRES attached to his bare chest. A MACHINE is BEEPING away.

Gerty hovers over him, redressing the BANDAGE on Sam 1's left hand, the one he scolded a while back.

81 INT. INFIRMARY -- LATER

81

Sam 1's eyes pop open, he is awake, staring directly at Gerty.

GERTY

Hello Sam.

(a beat)

How are you feeling?

SAM 1

Where am I?

GERTY

The Infirmary. You had an accident out by one of the harvesters. Do you remember?

For a second this is playing out like the other Infirmary scene. A case of deja-vu.

Sam 1's eyes twitch as he catalogues through his memory. Yes he remembers the crash. He remembers something else, too.

SAM 1

I saw someone out there, Gerty.

GERTY

Who did you see, Sam?

Just then Sam 1 notices the other Sam -- the more current, clean-shaven Sam -- who we will now refer to as SAM 2. He is standing against the wall watching Sam 1.

SAM 1

I saw a girl.

GERTY

You saw a girl out by the harvester? How is that possible?

Sam 1 continues to stare at Sam 2, hardly believing his eyes.

GERTY (CONT'D)

Sam, you suffered a slight concussion in the crash and have incurred minor injuries, but all in all the prognosis is good. I'm happy to see you again.

As he says this Sam 2 crosses slowly from one side of the room to the other, never taking his eyes off Sam 1. It's like Sam 2 is purposefully keeping his distance, reluctant, afraid even, to approach any closer.

Meanwhile Sam 1 is beginning to look spooked.

SAM 1

Gerty?

GERTY

Yes, Sam?

SAM 1

Is there someone in the room with us?

GERTY

Yes.

SAM 1

Who is he?

But Sam 1 knows exactly who it is. He's seen that face every morning of his life in the bathroom mirror.

GERTY

Sam, get some sleep. You're very tired.

Sam 2 wordlessly walks out of the room.

Sam 1's eyes shift to Gerty, the spooked expression yet to leave his face.

CUT TO:

82 INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

82

Sam 1 hobbling along, in addition to his facial injuries he injured his knee in the crash and is walking with a slight LIMP. The camera TRACKING behind Sam 1 as he swings along and stops at

83 INT. REC ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

83

Sam 1 in the doorway, he peers in.

Seated before the TV watching *The Newlywed Game*, Sam 2. He turns from the TV and shares a LONG LOOK with Sam 1. Finally:

SAM 1

Hi.

Sam 2 just nods. He turns back to the TV.

Sam 1 continues on down the corridor.

84

INT. MONITORING STATION

84

Gerty is studying lunar rock samples through a microscope. Sam 1 enters.

SAM 1

Gerty, what the hell is going on?
Who is that guy in the Rec Room?
Where did he come from?
Why does he look like me?

Sam 1 is perplexed, but not freaking out, not yet anyway.

GERTY

Sam, you're out of bed.

SAM 1

Yes, Gerty, I'm out of bed. Who
is the guy in the rec room?

GERTY

Sam Bell.

Sam 1 is officially FREAKING OUT now.

SAM 1

Who the fuck is in the rec room,
Gerty!?

GERTY

You are Sam Bell.

A long pause. Sam 1 at the point of tears.

GERTY (CONT'D)

Sam, what is it? It might help
to talk about it.

SAM 1

I don't understand what's
happening, Gerty. I think I may
be losing my mind.

GERTY

We could run some tests.

(a beat)

I haven't reported anything to central, Sam. They don't know you were recovered alive from the accident.

SAM 1

Recovered alive? What do you mean? Why haven't you reported to central?

GERTY

I'm here to keep you safe, Sam. I want to help you. Are you hungry?

Sam 1 merely nods at this, turning and plodding out of the room, seemingly in a DAZE.

85 INT. CORRIDOR 85

Sam 1 comes out of the Monitoring Station, passes the Rec Room without looking in.

86 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS 86

Sam 2 has taken over the room. The same belongings, of course, but there's a different energy. For one thing it's very untidy; looks like the bedroom of an unruly teenager.

Sam 1 stands in the doorway, taking it in.

Wordlessly Sam 1 begins to tidy the room. He seems almost RELIEVED to be able to lose himself temporarily in this physical activity -- making the bed, folding clothes, etc.

CUT TO:

87 INT. REC ROOM 87

Sam 2 has stopped watching TV and is now seated at a table playing solitaire. Sam 1 appears in the doorway.

Sam 2 looks up. The energy bristling with tension.

SAM 1

You're Sam Bell.

Sam 2 doesn't answer, goes back to his cards.

Sam 1 enters with CAUTION, takes a seat across the room, purposefully keeping his distance.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
I'm Sam Bell, too.

SAM 2
Yeah.

Sam 1 nods. A beat.

SAM 1
This is fucked up.

SAM 2
Completely.

Sam 2 slapping down cards. Sam 1 desperately attempts to put together a coherent thought.

SAM 1
Why... What are you?

For a second we don't think Sam 2 is going to respond. Then:

SAM 2
I'm a clone, Sam. Im a fucking clone.

SAM 1
How long have you been here?

SAM 2
About a week.

A beat.

SAM 1
How are you getting on?

SAM 2
(repeating the question slowly)
How am I getting on?
(then)
The company ordered Gerty to lock all the exits. I haven't been able to do anything for seven days but sit on my ass.

SAM 1
They locked all the exits? What about the harvesters?

SAM 2
Slowed them down to half speed, apparently.

(MORE)

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

And then when I finally trick Gerty into letting me outside I find a clone of myself in a crashed rover. How am I getting on? Oh I'm loving it.

SAM 1

I'm not a clone.

SAM 2

Ok, Sam. You're not a clone.

SAM 1

You're the clone.

CUT TO:

88

INT. GREENHOUSE - LATER

88

The two Sam's are inspecting plants.

SAM 2

How long have you been here?

SAM 1

Almost three years.

SAM 2

Hence the Captain's beard.

SAM 1

(with a smile)

Right.

SAM 2

I didn't know it could get so thick. Does it itch?

SAM 1

No, not really.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)

Listen, I wanted to say thank-you. If it wasn't for you I'd still be out there in the crashed rover. You saved my life.

(then)

Will you shake my hand?

Sam 2 hesitates, eventually shakes Sam 1's hand. Meanwhile Sam 1 is staring at his clone, astonished.

SAM 2

(self-conscious)

What?

SAM 1
You look just like me. It's
incredible.

SAM 2
Why do I look like you? Why don't
you look like me?

SAM 1
We look like each other, I guess.

This final line intended as a kind of truce.

CUT TO:

89 INT. REC ROOM -- LATER

89

Sam 1 and Sam 2 are folding the Ping-Pong table down so they can have a real game.

PING-PONG

The two Sams playing Ping-Pong. It's slightly competitive, but mainly they are just happy to take their minds off their situation for half an hour.

SAM 1
Your serve.

SAM 2
Score?

SAM 1
Two points to eighteen.

SAM 2
Fuck!

Sam 2 slaps his paddle on his thigh, his temper creeping up on him. He catches Sam's eye. Gets a grip. Sam 1 is a better player than Sam 2. He's been up here longer. He's had more practice.

*
*

*
*

90 INT. REC ROOM -- LATER

90

After the game, the two Sams are sprawled in their seats, sweaty, flushed, energized. They sit before the model of the town.

SAM 2
How long did it take you to do
this?

SAM 1

I don't remember doing all of it.
I remember when I did the church
and the Salvation Army. And a few
of the people. My mind's been
acting kind of weird lately,
though.

SAM 2

It's Fairfield, right?
(pointing)
There's Town Hall.

SAM 1

Uh-huh. You know Fairfield?
(also pointing)
That's the Baskin&Robbins. And
there's Tess and Eve. Do you know
Tess?

The mention of their wife has stopped the conversation in its tracks. Sam 2 immediately drops into deep melancholy.

SAM 2

Yes. I know Tess.

SAM 1

You know about Eve, right?

It is obvious from Sam 2's expression that he doesn't.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)

We had a girl.

SAM 2

We did?
(beat)
She thought she was going to have
a boy. She was so sure.
(then)
Eve?

Sam 1 nods.

SAM 1

She's beautiful. She's really
beautiful.

SAM 2

How much did she weigh? Isn't
that what you're supposed to ask,
how much did she weigh?

SAM 1

Nine pounds, eleven ounces.

Sam 2 doesn't know what to do with the news: on the one hand he is jubilant, on the other he's a clone, the baby technically isn't even his.

All of a sudden there is a "PING!" From the Intercom speaker:

GERTY'S VOICE
Sam, a message has arrived from
Central.

Sam 1 and Sam 2 share a look, then together SPRING from their chairs.

CUT TO:

91 INT. COMMS ROOM -- DAY

91

Sam 1 and Sam 2 seated before the Comms Unit. Sam 1 hits the "Play" button. Overmeyers and Thompson appear on the screen.

OVERMEYERS
Greetings, Sam!

THOMPSON
How's our Man? Feeling better?

OVERMEYERS
You getting lots of rest?

THOMPSON
Yeah, you resting up, Sam? You'd better be you bastard.

OVERMEYERS
Enjoy it while it lasts! We've got good news.

THOMPSON
The Jupiter Program had to be put on hiatus, so we've got a few free pairs of hands --

OVERMEYERS
We've managed to secure you a Rescue Unit ahead of schedule.

THOMPSON
Rescue Unit Eliza.

A SHOT/STILL PHOTO of Rescue Unit ELIZA. A meaner group of sons-of-bitches you have never seen. These guys make the rescue team from *Apocalypse Now* look like The New Kids on the Block.

OVERMEYERS

They've been stationed on Goliath
19 for the last couple of months.

THOMPSON (O.S.)

Eliza's been in transit for the
last day....we expect them to
reach you in approximately 14
hours.

OVERMEYERS (O.S.)

Commence to jump for joy!

THOMPSON (O.S.)

You'll be back to work in no
time.

Now back on Overmeyers and Thompson.

OVERMEYERS

Eliza is bringing you something
special, Sam. Compliments of the
company.

THOMPSON

A hooker!

OVERMEYERS

No not a hooker. What's wrong
with you? It's a little something
to drink, Sam, that's all, our
way of patting you on the back
for all that you've been through.

THOMPSON

In the meantime, keep resting up,
and hang in there.

OVERMEYERS

Yeah you hang in there, Sam. Over
and out.

And the screen pops to black. A pause.

For a moment there is silence, neither of the Sams knowing
how to react -- going by the message Thompson and
Overmeyers don't know anything about there being two Sams
on the base now.

SAM 1

They're sending a Rescue Unit?
Why?

SAM 2

To fix the stalled harvester.
They didn't think I was up to it.

SAM 1
Then I'm going back.

Sam 2 gives Sam 1 a perplexed look.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
I've done my three years. That's
it for me --

Sam 2 is shaking his head slowly.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
What?

SAM 2
Is that what you really think?

SAM 1
I've got a contract --

SAM 2
You're a fucking clone! You don't
have shit!

At once Sam 1 and Sam 2 ROCKET to their feet -- right in
each others faces, on the BRINK of BLOWS.

SAM 1
I'm going home!

SAM 2
You're not going anywhere!

Sam 1 turns around, heads out of the room. Sam 2 STORMS
after him, TALKING the whole time --

SAM 2 (CONT'D)
You've been up here too long,
man! You've lost the plot!

Gerty shuttles along after them.

92 INT. CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

92

Sam 1 presses down the corridor, Sam 2 tailing right behind
him.

SAM 2
What, you think Tess is back home
waiting for you? What about the
original Sam?

SAM 1
I'm the original! I'm Sam
fucking Bell! Me! Me!

Sam 1, stress ball pumping away in his hand, spots Gety and angrily faces him.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
Gerty, am I a clone?

Gerty doesn't know which way to look.

GERTY
Yes, Sam.

Sam 1 ducks in the Rec Room, Sam 2 in tow.

93

INT. REC ROOM

93

Sam 1 takes his old seat before the model. Sam 2 stands over him.

SAM 2
What about the other clones?

"Other clones?" Sam 1 just stares back.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)
Yeah, we might not be the first two to be woken up.
(indicating the model)
You said that thing had already been started when you got here. Well, who started it?
(then)

There might be other clones up here right now. Think about it. How did I get here so quickly after your crash? They didn't ship me in from Central, there wasn't time. I must have come from the base.

*

SAM 1
That's ridiculous. Impossible. Why would hey do that?

*

*

SAM 2
I bet there's some kind of secret room --

SAM 1
(laughing)
Secret room?

SAM 2
Yeah, secret room, why not?

SAM 1

(losing his cool)

You're the one who's lost the plot! I've been here for three years. I know every inch of this base. I know how many dust fibres are between those wall panels over there -- why would they do that?!

SAM 2

Look. It's a company, right? They have investors, shareholders -- shit like that. What's cheaper? Spending time and money training new personnel or just have a couple of spares here to do the job. If they make it through their contract, great. If they don't, hallelujah! No contract completion fees, no retirement package. Just thaw out the spare, and keep the profits rolling in. It's the far side of the Moon, Sam! The tight fuck's haven't even fixed our communications satellite.

SAM 1

Tess would know.

SAM 2

Do you really think they give a shit about us? They're laughing all the way to the bank!

SAM 1

Tess would know what's going on! She wouldn't let that happen!

SAM 2

(exhasperated)

There's some area we don't know about. I'm going to find it.

Sam 1 shakes his head dismissively, picks up the wooden house, starts whittling.

Meanwhile Sam 2 has left the room.

Sam 2 in the Monitoring Station checking wall panels, reaching his hand inside cubbies and feeling around deep inside, SEARCHING.

95 INT. CORRIDOR -- QUICK CUTS 95

Sam 2 moving along the corridor, pressing his ear against panels, tapping with his finger --

96 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS -- QUICK CUTS 96

Sam 2 RAMPAGES through the Sleeping Quarters, pushes the bed aside, lifts the mattress, goes tearing through a closet, ripping clothes from hangers, checks the back panel.

97 INT. REC ROOM 97

Sam 2 has come full circle. He shifts the ping pong table, goes through cabinets in the kitchen, feels inside --

Sam 1 half-whittling, half-watching.

SAM 1
I told you.

SAM 2
Shut-up!

Finally Sam 2 arrives before the model.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)
Get out of the way.

SAM 1
Why?

SAM 2
I want to check underneath there.

SAM 1
You're not moving the model.

SAM 2
Get the fuck out of my way!

Sam 1 stands, keeps his ground.

SAM 1
No.

Sam 1 is still holding the knife. Though he's not about to use it, both Sams are aware that it's there.

Suddenly Sam 2 LUNGES for the knife; an INTENSE STRUGGLE ensues -- TEETH CLENCHED, sputtering BREATHS -- the two Sams less clones right now than ANIMALS.

Sam 2 is able to loosen Sam 1's grip on the knife -- flinging the weapon across the room -- and SWINGS Sam 1 up against the wall.

Now Sam 2 turns to face the model. Using BOTH HANDS he lifts the model up HIGH over his HEAD and PUSHES the entire thing UPSIDE DOWN. A massive CRASH.

There is nothing there but the bare table.

Sam 1 comes up behind Sam 2 with his nose SPEWING BLOOD, wraps both arms around Sam 2's neck. Sam 2 elbows him in the ribs -- a quick, controlled jab -- SPINS around, manages to secure Sam 1 in an arm lock.

But suddenly there is no struggle coming from Sam 1: he's stopped fighting. Sam 2 removes him from the headlock -- notices his arm is SMUDGED with Sam 1's BLOOD --

SAM 2

You okay?

Sam 1 has remained bent over, like he's cast in stone, blood RAINING from his face and POOLING at his feet thick and fast.

Sam 2 just staring, as freaked as he is baffled.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

I hardly touched you.

Now he tries to help Sam 1.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

Let me see.

Sam 1 tears away from him. He looks up, his face a MESS of blood -- the WHITES of his eyes unnaturally bright, shouts:

SAM 1

Get off me!

Sam 1 holds his face with his outstretched hand, as if holding it in place -- STUMBLES from the room -- leaking BLOOD the whole way.

A concerned Sam 2 watches him go.

CUT TO:

Sam 1 spills in and locks the door. He RAPIDLY turns on the faucet and cups his hand to transfer water up to his face -- this going on for a few seconds.

MIRROR

Sam 1 stares at his reflection in the mirror, holding a MOUND of TOILET PAPER against his NOSE. The blood flow has subsided

Suddenly Sam 1 sees the GIRL in the mirror. It gives him a hell of a FRIGHT.

The Girl remains in the mirror looking at Sam 1. A neutral expression, impassive. Sam 1 takes a deep breath, lowers the toilet paper from his nose.

SAM 1
Who are you?

No answer.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Who are you!

Sam 1 swings around to confront the Girl...but she's not there, she's vanished. Her reflection has vanished from the mirror also.

CUT TO:

99 INT. REC ROOM 99

Sam 2 snaps on the TV with the remote, starts watching *Laugh-In*, turns, sees Sam 1 wander by in the corridor. Sam 2 considers calling out to him, opts against it, gives the TV his full attention.

100 INT. MONITORING STATION 100

Gerty is stationed at the Old Man collecting data. Sam 1 enters.

GERTY
Hello Sam.

SAM 1
Hi Gerty.

Sam 1 sits. A pause. Gerty turns from the monitor, faces of with an EXHAUSTED and DRAINED Sam 1.

GERTY
Sam, is everything okay?

SAM 1

We had a fight. Me and the other guy, the other Sam. We had a fight, Gerty. He's a maniac. You know what he did? He flipped the entire model over. Do you know how much work I've put into that thing?

GERTY

938 hours.

SAM 1

938 hours, exactly.
(then)
Really? 938 hours.

GERTY

Approximately.

SAM 1

(a beat)
He scares me, Gerty.

GERTY

What is it about Sam that scares you?

SAM 1

He flies off the handle. I see it now...I see what Tess was talking about.

(a beat)

I've never told you this, Gerty, but she left me. Tess left me. For six months. She moved back in with her parents.

GERTY

I know.

SAM 1

Oh...

(beat)

It was the year before I came in here. She gave me a second chance. I promised her I'd change.

GERTY

You have changed, Sam.

SAM 1

Yeah, I guess I have.

A beat.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)

Gerty, since I've been up here I've sent Tess over a hundred video messages. Where did those messages go? Did they ever reach her?

A pause.

GERTY

Sam, I can only account for what occurs on the base.

SAM 1

What about the messages she sent to me?

A long pause. Finally Gerty repeats:

GERTY

Sam, I can only account for what occurs on the base.

SAM 1

Gerty, am I really a clone?

GERTY

Sam, when you first arrived at Selene, there was a small crash. You woke up in the infirmary. You suffered minor brain damage and memory loss. I kept you under observation and ran some tests.

SAM 1

I remember.

GERTY

Sam, there was no crash. You were being awakened.

(a beat)

It is standard procedure for all new clones to be given tests to establish mental stability and general physical health. Genetic abnormalities and minor duplication errors in the DNA can have considerable impact--

SAM 1

And Tess? Eve?

GERTY

They are memory implants, Sam. I'm very sorry.

Sam 1 nods at this. He's broken-hearted. He begins to leave.

GERTY (CONT'D)
Sam, it's been several hours since your last meal. Can I prepare you something?

SAM 1
No thanks, Gerty.

Sam 1 exits.

CUT TO:

101 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS 101

Sam 1 enters the sleeping quarters -- straightens the bed and lies down. He picks up the picture of the pregnant TESS, stares at it long and hard.

CUT TO:

102 INT. REC ROOM -- LATER 102

The TV is off. Sam 2 is sitting, arms folded, entrenched in GLOOM.

Sam 1 enters and heads for the kitchen, prepares himself a snack. Sam 2 is aware that Sam 1 is there, but keeps his eyes focussed forward, as immobile as a statue.

Eventually Sam 1 tentatively comes over.

SAM 1
You okay?

SAM 2
I'm staring into space.
(points to the window)
Get it?

Sam 1 does get it. He smiles to be polite, sits.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)
How's the nose?

SAM 1
Better.

A beat.

SAM 2
Listen, I went haywire before. I lost it. I'm sorry.

SAM 1

It's okay.

SAM 2

No it's not okay. I fucked up
Fairfield -- your model -- that's
unacceptable. I don't know what's
wrong with me.

(then)

I've got a temper. I need to do
something about it.

SAM 1

Yes you do.

A pause.

SAM 2

I've been thinking. That Rescue
Unit -- Eliza -- they'll be here
in less than fourteen hours. I
don't know about you but I'd like
to figure out where we stand
before they get here.

SAM 1

Absolutely.

SAM 2

Ostensibly they're coming to deal
with the stalled harvester. We
both know that isn't true.

(then)

They're coming to dig your body
out of that rover. They think
you're in there.

SAM 1

Right.

SAM 2

What'll their reaction be when
they find out you survived the
crash? I wasn't supposed to find
you. Lunar instructed Gerty to
lock me inside the base for
Christ's sake.

A pause. Sam 1 thinking it over.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

And there's something else.
Something I haven't told you.

(a beat)

(MORE)

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

Right around the time I was awakened...I walked in on Gerty talking to Central. He was having a live conversation.

SAM 1

A live conversation?

SAM 2

Yeah.

SAM 1

That's not possible.

SAM 2

No no no, it is possible. It's possible because I saw it, that's my point.

Sam 2 feels himself losing his temper a little here. He reigns himself in.

SAM 1

How do you know the conversation was live?

SAM 2

It was a back and forth exchange. And I saw Thompson and Overmeyers up on the monitor. I was supposed to be asleep in the Infirmary. The moment I walked into the comms room Gerty terminated the transmission. Now I was a little drugged up, granted, but I didn't imagine it.

SAM 1

The communications equipment is damaged -- there was a solar storm --

SAM 2

Tabitha.

SAM 1

Tabitha, right.

SAM 2

Lunar made it up. Maybe. I don't know. Bottom line is they don't want us to be able to contact Earth. Otherwise why would they have lied to us?

A pause. Sam 1 staring forward, concentrating. Sam 2 concentrating on Sam 1.

SAM 1

How are they blocking the live feed? The base's communications equipment works fine --

SAM 2

Maybe they're not blocking the signal from inside the base.

SAM 1

From where then?

As if reading each others minds, the two Sams' heads turn to the window -- a slow, perfectly synchronized movement.

The lunar landscape, as black and vast as ever. The view almost cruel in its emptiness. It's not giving them any answers, not yet.

CUT TO:

103 I/E. ROVER ONE/MOON SURFACE -- DAY

103

Sam 1 speeding along in one of the Rovers. He wears his space suit and resembles a cosmic racing driver -- shifts up a gear, the vehicle flirting with peak speed.

He flies past one of the Harvesters, speaks through a microphone inside his helmet.

SAM 1

Just passing the last of the Harvesters -- looks like John --

All of this against the ROAR of the Rover's engine.

104 I/E. ROVER TWO/MOON SURFACE

104

Driving away from base in a different direction, Sam 2. He also wears a space suit. He also guns the engine. He also has a microphone inside his helmet. The two clones are able to talk back and forth with no delay.

SAM 2

How long until you're out of the base's range?

We INTERCUT between the two Sams in their Rovers.

SAM 1

If I maintain this speed...a minute. Ninety seconds tops.

SAM 2

You ever been this far out?

SAM 1
No, never.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- SECOND ROVER

Viewed from far away, the Rover's speed less impressive from a distance.

105 I/E. ROVER'S ONE AND TWO/MOON SURFACE -- INTERCUT 105

As the Sams continue to drive.

SAM 1
You see anything yet?

SAM 2
Nothing. You?

SAM 1
There isn't shit out here...I
feel like I'm about to drive off
the end of the world.
(then)
It would help if I knew what I
was looking for.

Through the glass of Sam 1's helmet we see his FACE suddenly SHIFT.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
Wait a second, wait a second.

Sam 1 squints and leans closer towards the windshield, like he's trying to decipher a road sign --

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
I see something.

SAM 1'S POV

About a hundred feet away -- appearing from thin air -- a massive metal pole stretches up into the black sky.

SAM 2
What is it?

SAM 1
Don't know yet.

Sam 1 getting closer.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
Looks like some kind of antenna.

SAM 2
Antenna? Really?
(then)
Hang on, looks like there's one
on this side too.

Sam 2 is indeed approaching something similar.

Sam 1 stops his Rover about twenty feet from the Jammer. He opens the Rover's door and steps out to take a closer look.

WIDE SHOT -- SAM 1/ROVER

Taking in the Jammer and the adjacent Rover. Sam 1 loping towards the Jammer, seemingly in slow motion.

The JAMMER is GIGANTIC --An intimidating, stark pole stabbed into the lunar landscape, like the worlds biggest caber. Next to it Sam 1 is tiny, a white dot, as insignificant as a pin prick.

Sam 1 and Sam 2

We cut back and forth between the two Sams as they both investigate the separate but identical-looking Jammers.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)
I can just make out the top. Must
be a hundred feet tall at least.
It's huge!

SAM 1
Whoever built these things meant
business. They weren't fucking
around.

Their voices ENERGIZED -- they are excited to have made this discovery -- they aren't dealing with the negatives yet.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
What do you think?

SAM 2
Its not an antennae, dude. Its a
jammer.
(looking around)
No wonder we can't get a live
feed. These things must be
blocking our signal.

Suddenly Sam 1 doubles over. He vomits thick, viscous blood and sick into his helmet. Revolting.

The noise is AUDIBLE over the microphone.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

You okay?

No answer from Sam 1. He COLLAPSES backwards onto the ground. His chest LURCHES like he's been punched at from the inside -- he spins over onto his front --

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

Sam?

Sam 1 manages to climb to his feet -- heads slowly back to the Rover -- he dips in, closes the door.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

Sam, can you hear me?

SAM 1

Yeah, I hear you.

(then)

I'm going to head back to base.

I'm not feeling too good.

SAM 2

I'll stay out here a little longer. I want to see if there are any more of these things.

Sam 1 pulls a U-turn and begins his journey back to base.

Sam 2 remains out by his Jammer, investigating further.

CUT TO:

106 I/E. SAM 1'S ROVER/MOON SURFACE

106

Sam 1 at the wheel. He has pulled his helmet off within the safe pocket of the rovers cabin. He's a grizzly mess of splashed sick and blood all over his face and chest.

Sam 1 screams out with confusion, frustration, terror.

SAM 1

Fuck!

He seizes the steering wheel, shakes it FIERCELY -- beginning to really LOSE IT --

107 INT. DOCK

107

Sam 1 drives his Rover into the Dock -- not with his customary precision -- parks at an angle, grazes the wall.

The Rover's door JERKS opens and Sam 1 steps out unsteadily, his face visibly PALE through the glass of his helmet.

He STAGGERS across the dock -- doesn't even close the Rover's door behind him -- heads into the corridor.

108 INT. CORRIDOR 108

Sam 1 goes swerving up the corridor like a drunkard -- BANGING into walls -- he finally reaches the bathroom and ducks in --

109 INT. BATHROOM 109

Sam 1 sinks to his knees before the toilet bowl. With great effort he is able to remove his helmet, placing it on the floor next to him. He stares into the toilet.

For a moment all is calm. The gentle "ping-ping-ping" of a computer somewhere inside the base. Sam breathing steadily. Spots of sweat on his upper lip.

And then he VOMITS. He vomits LOUD, he vomits VIOLENTLY. His whole body THRUSTS forward in the process, taunted, tense, like a dog being YANKED on a CHAIN.

Sam 1 vomits again. And again. And again. And stops.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE -- SAM 1

Sam 1's vomit is DARK RED -- he's thrown up BLOOD -- but that's not all -- we can clearly see two or three TEETH floating in the vomit --

THE MIRROR

Sam 1 stands, moves to the mirror, opening his mouth wide to look for the missing teeth -- he uses his thumbs, shows his gums -- revealing: yes, he's lost at least a couple of teeth.

He flushes the toilet.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. MOON -- DAY 110

Sam 2 driving along in his Rover. He comes across another one of these JAMMERS. He drives right up, ducks down, peering up through the windshield -- this new Jammer is as tall as the others, in fact, it is identical in every way.

How many of these things are there?

Sam 2 circles the Jammer in the Rover, drives on.

CUT TO:

111 INT. MONITORING STATION

111

Sam 1 enters and sits down at The Old Man. Frantically he starts typing in numbers.

An array of Log Entries appear ON THE SCREEN. Sam watches one of them.

SAM 1
(on screen)
January 12th, Lunar hour 8:32.
All Harvesters running smoothly
today. Readouts are as follows:
Matthew, 12.7 miles; Mark 11.9
miles...

These are just his log entries. What's he looking for?

Sam 1 starts scrolling BACK through the log entries, like he's REWINDING chapters on a DVD, showing himself at various stages of his time on Selene -- his beard essentially growing in REVERSE as the messages stretch further back -- eventually Sam 1 is clean shaven --

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
(on the screen)
Luke, 12.9 miles; John, 11.1
miles...

Sam 1 keeps typing in numbers.

ON THE SCREEN: "RESTRICTED. PASSWORD REQUIRED."

No go. He tries to hack his way in, but is having no luck.

One of Gerty's long spindly ARMS slides into the room. Sam backs away from the intimidating piece of machinery, but it stops within reach of the computer.

Sam 1 watches as the arm reaches forward and taps the password in for him. It leaves the room the way it came in.

Sam 1 continues to go further and further back -- and suddenly he POPS up on the screen again -- or is it him? -- this Sam up on the screen has stubble -- no beard -- and looks seriously ILL --

He is barely able to talk -- in fact he's SLURRING --

SAM
(on screen)
...John, 15.1 miles...sorry, I'm
not feeling too hot today -- I'm
going to have to continue this
later --

The SEQUENCE becomes a FAST-PACED and NIGHTMARISH MONTAGE -- continuing to BACKTRACK through the log entries -- showing yet more SAMS -- one has a MOUSTACHE -- one has a SHAVED HEAD -- one has grown out his hair and has a PONY TAIL, we've seen this particular Sam before in an earlier scene.

But all the Sams have one thing in common: towards the latter end of their log entries they all appear to be in very bad physical shape --

SAM 4
...I've got blood coming out of
my nose...

SAM 5
I don't feel too well, Old Man.

SAM 6
My hair's falling out...look it.

Sam 1 searches even DEEPER into the COMPUTER and uncovers yet more footage.

We see the others Sams returning to Earth -- yet they don't seem to go anywhere -- when they blast off the RETURN VEHICLE remains in its bay --

Sam 1 views different Sams blasting back to earth in the return vehicle -- always with the same result -- the return vehicle remaining in its bay, the Sams seemingly VANISHING.

In one particularly GRAINY SEQUENCE Sam 1 views Gerty opening the lid to the cryo pod in the return vehicle and beginning to VACUUM what appears to be DUST or DEBRIS --

Sam 1 understands now that the Return Vehicle is not a spacecraft, but some kind of INCINERATOR.

112 INT. RETURN VEHICLE

112

Sam 1 heads into the Return Vehicle. Its dominated by the cryo pod, used to hold astronauts in a state of cryogenic sleep on their way back to Earth. Sam 1 pops open the lid and starts frantically searching the chamber for TRACES of the previous Sams, eventually finding particles of DUST in the cracks --

He closes the lid. A video showing a TECHNICIAN in a white lab coat begins to play on a screen aimed at the glass lid of the pod. It's mute, but we can hear a tinny version of the audio coming from the cryo pod. Sam 1 pushes a button on the monitor and we hear the audio properly.

TECHNICIAN

...relax and breathe deeply. The cryo pod is designed to put you into a deep sleep for the duration of your three day return journey back to Earth. As you begin to get sleepy, think about the magnificent job you've done, and how proud your family are of what you've accomplished.

Relaxing music begins to play. After a moment the music stops. There is a pause. Then an almighty pulse of light from the cryo pod. This is how Sams past have met their end. Nuked to ash like microwave meals in the cryo pod.

Sam 1 inspects the controls of the spacecraft to see if it really is a vehicle -- in the process of his search he finds himself down on his knees checking out the wiring.

Suddenly Sam 1's attention is on the floor BENEATH HIM. He appears to be kneeling on some kind of PANEL -- like a tablet in the return vehicle's floor -- he presses his ear against the panel -- KNOCKS --

The panel sounds HOLLOW.

CUBBY

Sam 1 opens a cubby, swipes something similar to a CROW BAR, heads out of the frame --

RETURN VEHICLE

Back in the Return Vehicle, Sam 1 stands over the panel in the floor. He uses the CROW BAR to prize the panel open -- this takes an extraordinary effort -- the panel eventually LIFTING like a manhole cover.

Sam 1 can't believe his eyes. At the top of the OPEN PANEL, leading down into darkness...there's A LADDER.

113

INT. DOCK

113 *

Sam 2 returns from his tour of the perimeter of the base; pulls up alongside Sam 1's Rover, having to compensate for his clone's poor parking job.

114 INT. CORRIDOR 114

Sam 2 exits the Parking Bay and removes his helmet. Down the corridor he sees Sam 1 standing outside the Return Vehicle: facing him, waiting.

SAM 2

I saw three more of those
jammers. The base is surrounded.
I printed out their coordinates --

Sam 2 begins to remove a piece of paper from his pocket, but suddenly stops. He can tell by Sam 1's expression that something has happened.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

What? What is it?

SAM 1

I found your secret room. *

CUT TO:

115 INT. RETURN VEHICLE 115

Standing over the Open Panel, an anxious Sam 1 and Sam 2 stare down.

SAM 2

Who goes first?

Sam 1 wordlessly takes the lead, crouching slightly to seize the ladder and twist his body down into the hole. He begins to DESCEND. When he is roughly half way down Sam 2 follows.

116 INT. LOWER DECK/CHAMBER -- CONTINUOUS 116

Sam 1 reaches the bottom of the ladder. He's in a dark room, a kind of CHAMBER -- if NASA did crypts, it would look like this. *

The only light source right now is the coming from the Return Vehicle up above. Sam 2 hops down beside Sam 1, squints into the darkness.

SAM 2

Is there a light?

Both Sams FUMBLE along opposing walls -- Sam 1 eventually finding a SWITCH, snaps it on.

An array of overhead fluorescent bulbs begin to STUTTER and FLASH before ILLUMINATING the chamber completely --

The two Sams can hardly believe their eyes: stretching back maybe fifty feet are rows and rows of PODS -- like upright glass coffins -- and standing inside each pod, an as-of-yet UNAWAKENED CLONE. It's like an ENTIRE ARMY of Sam Bells...

Spooky as hell.

For a few moments Sam 1 and 2 are too stunned to speak. They walk to the end of the chamber and back again, looking at each clone one at a time -- all the clones are bare chested and wear some kind of white cloth to cover their genitals, like a diaper.

Of course they all look the same, that's why they're clones, but this piece of scientific wizardry is mind-boggling to Sam 1 and 2 -- they MARVEL at how each of the clones is identical in every way, and down to the minutest of details -- same length of hair, same skin tone, same fingernails --

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

Why are there so many of them?

SAM 1

The cryo pod in the Return Vehicle is an incinerator.

Sam 2 reacts with appropriate shock.

SAM 2

What?

SAM 1

We don't go home. We're burned to death up there. Then the company wakes up a new one. Every three years. Like clock work.

*

Sam 2 absorbing this. Then:

SAM 2

How do you know all this?

SAM 1

(beat)

I hacked into the Old Man. Actually, Gerty did. I saw footage. You're right, there have been other clones before us.

*

*

SAM 2

How many?

SAM 1

Enough.

*

A pause.

SAM 2

If that Rescue Unit finds the two
of us awake at the same time,
they'll kill us both for sure.

Sam 1 doesn't respond, he's in his own world.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

What are we going to do?

All of a sudden Sam 1 makes a beeline for the ladder,
starts heading back up.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

117 INT. MONITORING STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

117

Sam 1 is digging in drawers, removes some equipment, some
wires; a radio, a small machine called a VIDEO PHONE,
referred to as a VP.

He is watched by Gerty.

GERTY

Sam, can I help you with
something?

SAM 1

Not now, Gerty, okay?

Gerty begins to slide out of the room. Sam calls after
him.

*
*

SAM 1 (CONT'D)

Gerty? Why did you help me? With
the password? Doesn't that go
against your programming or
something?

*
*
*
*
*

GERTY

Helping you is what I do.

*
*

Gerty leaves.

*

Sam 1 goes on picking up equipment, shoves it all into a
backpack he swiped from a peg.

Now Sam 2 appears in the doorway.

SAM 2

What's going on?

SAM 1

There's something I've got to do.

Sam 1 brushes by Sam 2 on his way out.

118 INT. DOCK 118

Sam 1 marches up to his Rover, tosses in the backpack and dips inside without his helmet, closes the door and backs out into the black day.

119 I/E. SAM 1'S ROVER/MOON SURFACE 119

Sam 1 at the wheel, flooring the Rover -- he looks possessed, determined -- a man on a mission --

WIDE SHOT

Sam's Rover approaches one of the many Jammers that we now know circle the perimeter of the base.

Sam 1 stops the Rover on the other side of the Jammer. Here, outside the range of the Jammers, he figures he might be able to get a signal through to Earth.

ON SAM as he removes his equipment from the backpack and starts to uncoil wires -- inserts a small BATTERY PACK onto the back of the VP, sits the VP on his lap. The VP resembles a Play Station Portable with its small but nonetheless high-quality screen.

Sam isn't sure who to contact at first...finally he enters some numbers from memory. The VP shaking in his hands. He is nervous, scared. He disables the video mode on his end, so he is only sending audio. *

A moment of silence. The VP seems dead. *

SAM 1
Come on...come on...

Then the VP BEEPS -- the monitor BLIPS -- the message seems to have gone through.

And suddenly a GIRL appears on the screen.

Sam 1 can't believe it. It's the same Girl from his hallucinations. Same wheat-colored hair. Same freckles dotting her cheek bones. Same yellow dress.

The moment Sam 1 sees the Girl he thinks -- naturally -- that he's imagining things again. But then she speaks:

GIRL
Hello?

That's never happened before. Sam 1 finally manages to respond:

SAM 1
Uh, Bell residence?

The conversation has a very slight delay, maybe a second or two, and the Girl isn't completely clear on the monitor. We assume that these minor technical glitches are the same on the Girl's end.

The Girl is sweet, chirpy -- nothing like the haunting, ghost-like figure from Sam 1's hallucinations.

GIRL
This is the Bell Residence.

SAM 1
I'm trying to reach Tess Bell.

The girl's expression shifts -- now somewhere between melancholy and curiosity --

GIRL
I'm sorry, she passed away some years ago.

Sam 1 GASPS. He literally gasps. Like someone just plunged a paring knife into his belly.

SAM 1
No...no way.

The girl just stares.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
Tess Bell? Are you sure?

GIRL
Uh, yeah, I think so. I'm her daughter.
(then)
Can I help you?

And astonishingly, the news of Tess's death actually takes a back seat as Sam 1 is forced to confront this new revelation.

The girl is EVE BELL. Sam 1 is talking to his DAUGHTER.

Sam 1 tilts his head, a smile twitches on his face.

SAM 1
Eve?

Sam 1 can't believe it. She's beautiful. She's beautiful.

EVE BELL

Yes?

A moment. Eve looking more closely, trying to decipher Sam 1's face. Tears glistening in his eyes.

SAM 1

(overwhelmed)

Hi... Hi. Eve. How old are you now?

For a second Eve is embarrassed -- she blushes slightly -- but is still pulled in, intrigued.

EVE BELL

I'm fifteen.

(then)

Do I know you?

SAM 1

How did mom die, sweetheart?

EVE BELL

Uh...

Now Eve is beginning to look spooked. She turns away from the screen and calls to someone in another room:

EVE BELL (CONT'D)

Dad!

And then we hear a voice. Sam's voice.

SAM'S VOICE (O.S.)

What!

EVE BELL

Dad, there's someone asking about mom...

Sam's voice sounds CLOSER, more SUCCINCT, as he comes into the room -- but we don't see him yet -- he sounds, OLDER. *

SAM'S VOICE

Who's asking about mom?

Sam 1 hurriedly shuts off the VP.

He sits there in the Rover, on the Moon, the middle of nowhere -- hundreds and thousands of miles from Earth -- Sam 1 has never felt more alone than he does right now.

120 EXT. ROVER/MOON SURFACE 120

The Rover viewed from outside. We can't hear a thing. Just the endless and unrelenting MOON SILENCE.

Inside the Rover we are able to make out Sam 1, quivering at the wheel as he sobs.

CUT TO:

121 INT. COMMS ROOM 121

CLOSE UP -- THE OLD MAN

The "ping-ping-ping" of an alarm.

Appearing on The Old Man's monitor: "RESCUE UNIT ELIZA: ARRIVAL TIME, 12 HOURS and 22 MINUTES."

CUT TO:

122 INT. REC ROOM -- DAY 122

Sam 2 is sitting before the model. He's flipped it back over and returned it to the table top. Now he is attempting to fix some of the demolished pieces. At this moment he's gluing the spire back on the church.

Sam 2 hears a sound from the corridor. Moments later Sam 1 appears in the doorway wearing the backpack.

Sam 1 is beginning to look alarmingly ILL. His depleting health has been evident throughout the film, but now it seems to have jumped to a new level.

He watches Sam 2 for a little while.

SAM 1
Want me to help?

Sam 2 shifts over to give Sam 1 the adjacent chair. Sam 1 walks over, sits down. Together they work on gluing the church back together.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
Remember that crazy drunk guy who used to hang out by the church?

SAM 2
Barbara Streisand?

SAM 1
(with a smile)
He looked like Barbara Streisand.
We used to hide his Bible when he
passed out. Drove the guy nuts.

Sam 2 nods, remembering. A pause.

SAM 2
How do you carve these things?

SAM 1
Want me to show you?

Sam 2 nods. Sam 1 picks up a block of wood, grabs an exacto
blade. Demonstrates.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
You need to hold the wood away
from you. Like this.

SAM 2
You're shaking.

Sam 2 isn't kidding. Though he is carving the block of
wood, Sam 1 can't keep it steady.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)
Why are you shaking?

SAM 1
Watch what I'm doing.
(then)
You watching?

SAM 2
Yeah.

SAM 1
Now you try.

Sam 1 hands the wood and exacto blade to Sam 2.

Sam 2 attempts to whittle. He smiles, a little embarrassed.

SAM 2
I suck.

SAM 1
You'll get the hang of it.
(a beat)
You see, that's a little better
already.

Suddenly Sam 1 turns around and has a vicious coughing fit. It actually seems to propel Sam 1 out of his chair and up onto his feet. Sam 2 watches with concern. Eventually the coughing subsides.

SAM 2

What's happening to you?

Sam 1 averts his gaze.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

Listen, I realize I've been less than cooperative. But I want to change that. You and me, we need to work together. And that starts with not keeping secrets from each other.

(a beat)

Now what's going on?

Sam 1 tells the truth.

SAM 1

I think I'm dying.

Sam 2 stares back at him.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)

There's blood in everything. My urine. My vomit. I've got a constant headache. Dizzy spells.

(a beat)

The same thing happened to the other clones. I saw it when I hacked into the Old Man. After three years they all started to get sick. Now it's happening to me. Well, it's been happening for a while now. A couple of weeks.

SAM 2

What do you think it is?

SAM 1

Maybe we don't live that long. Maybe we start to decompose or something.

SAM 2

Jesus.

Suddenly Sam 1 closes his eyes -- SWAYS -- looks like he's going to pass out.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

Hey hey hey, you okay?

Sam 2 stands and moves to Sam 1. Holds him up, checks his temperature.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)
Why don't you lie down for a while? Take some tranqs. Get some sleep.

SAM 1
(grim smile)
No tranqs. I don't think I would ever wake up again.

Sam 1 manages a nod.

Sam 2 hooks his arm around Sam 1's shoulder, helps him from the room.

123 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS

123

Sam 2 deposits Sam 1 onto the bed. He removes Sam 1's backpack, eases a pillow under his head. Sam 1 is instantly asleep. Sam 2 pulls the comforter over him.

Sam 2 begins to leave the room, sees Sam 1's backpack on the floor, the VP sticking out of it. Curious, Sam 2 grabs the VP.

FLASHING on the VP's SCREEN: "Last Transmission: 15:14pm."

CUT TO:

124 INT. REC ROOM

124

Sam 2 enters the Rec Room and shuts the door. He moves to one of the tables and sits down, POPS on the VP.

ON THE VP MONITOR we begin to re-watch the conversation between Eve Bell and Sam 1. Obviously we are only seeing Eve's face on the screen, but WE HEAR Sam 1's voice in the background.

SAM 1 (O.S.)
Uh, Bell Residence?

EVE
This is the Bell residence.

SAM 2
(commenting as he watches)
No you didn't...

SAM 1 (O.S.)
I'm trying to reach Tess Bell.

EVE

I'm sorry, she passed away some years ago.

Sam 2 and Sam 1 have exactly the same reaction at the same time.

SAM 1 (O.S.)
No...no way.

SAM 2
No...no way.

SAM 1 (O.S.)
Tess Bell? Are you sure?

EVE
Uh, yeah, I think so, I'm her daughter.
(then)
Can I help you?

I'm her daughter. A couple of days ago Sam 2 didn't know he had a daughter, and now he's seeing her as a teenager, a young woman. He is stunned.

Sam 2 continues to watch the message but we

CUT TO:

125 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS -- DAY 125

Sam 1 fast asleep. Sam 2 watches him from the doorway.

126 INT. STORAGE CUBBY 126

Gerty is just continuing with his tasks like nothing is happening. Right now he's STACKING ready-meals and miscellaneous lunar snacks into neat columns.

Sam 2 walks up.

SAM 2
Gerty, I need to talk to you.

GERTY
Of course, Sam, how can I help?

SAM 2
We found the hidden room. We know about the other clones.

A long pause. Then:

GERTY
I don't know of a hidden room.

SAM 2

The hidden room under the Return Vehicle, Gerty. You know what I'm talking about. We found it on our own. Lunar doesn't know anything about it.

A beat.

GERTY

The lower deck is out of bounds to awakened clones --

SAM 2

Ordinarily, Gerty, but what with there being two of us awake at the same time, and what with the situation being unprecedented, the rules have had to change. Do you understand?

GERTY

I understand the situation is unprecedented.

SAM 2

Good.

(a beat)

Gerty, how long does it take for a clone to wake up?

GERTY

A clone is awake the moment his pod is opened. But he is not fully conscious for several hours.

A beat.

SAM 2

Gerty, we need to wake up a new clone.

GERTY

I am not permitted to do that, Sam.

SAM 2

If we don't wake up another clone me and the other Sam will die. We'll die, Gerty. Do you understand?

GERTY

Yes.

SAM 2

Do you want me and the other Sam
to die?

GERTY

That is the last thing I want.

SAM 2

Then you have to wake up a new
clone. Okay, pal?

Sam 2 waits for a response. And waits.

CUT TO:

127 INT. COMMS ROOM 127

CLOSE UP -- THE OLD MAN

The "ping-ping-ping" of an alarm.

Appearing on The Old Man's monitor: "RESCUE UNIT ELIZA:
ARRIVAL TIME, 6 HOURS and 19 MINUTES."

CUT TO:

128 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS 128

Sam 1 fast asleep in bed.

129 SAM 1'S DREAM 129

A stretch of green grass dissected by a dirt path. A light
breeze. Endless blue sky above. No clouds. No visible sun.

130 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS 130

Back on the sleeping Sam 1. Deep breaths. Eyelids twitching
slightly.

131 SAM 1'S DREAM -- CONTINUED 131

In the distance, sitting beneath a tree on a blanket, we
see TESS BELL. She is removing items from a picnic basket.

Sam enters the frame, his back to the camera. He watches
his wife for a few moments, maintaining his distance.

Tess looks up and sees Sam. She lifts her hand, waves.

ON SAM -- IN THE DREAM

Sam's expression is blank at first, but then he smiles at Tess, waves back.

132 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS 132

Sam 1's eyes open slowly. He's awake.

Was his dream a memory? A premonition? Or was it simply made up?

ANOTHER ANGLE -- SAM 1

A BLEARY Sam 1 yawns and stretches his arms over his head. He reaches across the bed and rips a couple of tissues from a box of Kleenex, blows his nose.

Afterwards he checks the tissues: a thick RED GOO came out of his nose, the color and consistency of tomato purée. Yeah, gross.

Sam 1 rolls out of bed, plants his feet on the ground.

The base seems eerily quiet. Too quiet. Sam 1 stands and crosses to the door.

133 INT. CORRIDOR 133

Sam 1 begins to walk left, down towards the Rec Room and the Monitoring Station, but hesitates -- he turns the other way, towards the Infirmary, heads that way instead.

134 INT. INFIRMARY -- CONTINUOUS 134

Lying in one of the Infirmary beds, eyes closed, a NETWORK of WIRES attached to his chest...Sam. We don't know which Sam it is yet. He is clean shaven. He looks like any one of the clones down in the secret chamber; then again he could just as easily be Sam 2.

And that's what Sam 1 naturally assumes as he enters the Infirmary and sees him lying there. Sam 1 moves closer, curious, until he is standing right at the edge of the bed.

Sam 1 reaches out his hand to wake him up when there is a voice from the doorway behind:

SAM 2
Don't touch him.

Our suspicions are now confirmed. The Sam in the Infirmary bed is a new clone. We will call him SAM 3.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

He's not conscious yet. Gerty and I only woke him up a few hours ago.

Sam 1 is not even remotely on the same page.

SAM 1

Why?

Sam 2 puts his finger to his lips. Then:

SAM 2

Come to the Rec Room.

Sam 2 turns and leaves. Sam 1 follows slowly, one or two glances at the sleeping clone along the way.

135

INT. REC ROOM

135

We cut straight to the Rec Room and the conversation between Sam 1 and Sam 2.

SAM 2

When the Rescue Unit arrives they'll expect to find a body in the crashed Rover, right?

(a beat)

We've got our body.

SAM 1

(points towards the Infirmary)

That guy?

Sam 2 nods.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)

They'll expect to find a dead body in the crashed Rover.

SAM 2

I know.

SAM 1

(stunned)

You're going to kill him?

SAM 2

Someone's got to pull the short straw here, better someone who's unconscious than you or me.

Sam 1 simply digesting the gravity of Sam 2's plan.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

If we go through with this, I'm going to need your help hauling him out to the crash site.

SAM 1

What about us? Eliza arrives, finds you and me as the welcome party --

SAM 2

They're not going to find you and me as the welcome party, they're going to find me. You're going to blast back to Earth before they get here in one of the Helium 3 containers.

(a beat)

You're going home.

Sam 1 wasn't expecting that.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

You've done your three years. I can't expect you to stick around. Maybe you can meet Eve in person.

A beat.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

I saw the message on the VP. Eve is beautiful. She looks like her mom.

Sam 1 realizes that Sam 2 knows everything. There are no secrets between them now.

They both absorb the impact of knowing Tess is dead. Finally:

SAM 1

How do you think she died?

SAM 2

I don't know.

(then)

Jane died of cancer. I mean, it was in the family. Who knows? Or maybe it was an accident? Could have been a million things.

SAM 1

I wish I'd been there.

SAM 2
Yeah. Me too.

The two Sams sitting together, UNITED by their grief.

CUT TO:

136 EXT. MOON BASE -- DAY 136

Shot of Selene from across the lunar plane. The base looks almost peaceful. No evidence of the DRAMA going on inside.

137 INT. CORRIDOR 137 *

The two Sams are testing out the CARGO CONTAINER to see if their plan is going to work and Sam 1 can actually fit inside.

These containers were designed to carry cannisters of Helium 3, not to accommodate human beings.

Sam 1 looks in increasingly bad shape. Blanket draped around his shoulders -- gaunt, bobbing, shivering.

SAM 2
Go for it.

Sam 1 hunches and slowly insinuates himself into the container -- yes, he fits, but it's tight, like really tight -- Sam 1 can anticipate one hell of a stiff neck by the time he steps out onto terra firma.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)
Comfy?

SAM 1
No.

Sam 2 chuckles.

SAM 2
But you fit. That's good. You fit.

With a HEAVE Sam 2 PULLS Sam 1 from the container.

CUT TO:

138 INT. INFIRMARY -- DAY 138

Gerty is running tests on the unconscious Sam 3.

Sam 1 and Sam 2 stand on opposite sides of the room. Both clones seem uneasy. They can't look at each other. They can't look at Sam 3. Their eyes roam every inch of the room just about before finally settling on Gerty.

Regardless of Sam 3 being unconscious, are they really going to kill him?

CUT TO:

139

INT. COMMS ROOM

139

Sam 2 sits at the comms unit recording the message, a smile plastered on his face, as WIDE as it is FAKE.

SAM 2

Sam Bell reporting to Central.
19:14 Pacific Time. Lunar Day 14.
(a beat)

Evening Overmeyers, evening Thompson! According to the Old Man Rescue Unit Eliza will be here in just over three hours. Not a moment too soon! I never thought I'd say this, but I want to get out there, I want to work. I feel like a kid who's been grounded. Looking forward to Eliza straightening everything out and things getting back to normal around here. Well...that's it. I'll let you know how it goes. Over and out, gentlemen.

Sam 2 sends the message, his SMILE instantly COLLAPSING. He mutters under his breath:

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

Bastards.

140

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS -- DAY

140

Sam 1 is sitting on the edge of his bed holding the photograph of the pregnant Tess -- staring with great concentration -- almost penetrative -- like he's trying to will himself into the photograph.

We find out what's running through his head, cutting to:

141

SAM 1'S DREAM

141

Sam 1 has gone back to his dream -- or his vision -- of Tess sitting on the picnic blanket beneath the tree.

Sam and Tess continue to wave to one another. Sam hasn't moved. Tess calls out:

TESS
Come on!

Suddenly we hear a voice.

SAM 2 (O.S.)
Sam?

142 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS

142

Sam 2 is standing at the door. Sam 1 looks up at him.

SAM 2
We need to do it. We need to do it now. He'll be conscious any minute.
(a beat)
We've been putting it off for long enough.

Sam 1 stares back at Sam 2 with defiance.

SAM 1
We don't have to do anything. I changed my mind.

Sam 2 isn't following.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
I'm not going back.
(a beat)
I'm coughing up blood, I'm as white as a ghost. I look like I belong in a graveyard. I meet Eve now, I'll scare the shit out of her more than anything else. D'you think she'll even come within ten feet of me, the way I look?

SAM 2
What are you talking about? She's your daughter, man! She's not going to care what you...

SAM 1
(angry)
She's not! She's not... my daughter. At least, I'm not her father. Not to her.

Sam 2 keeps quiet.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)

I'll put myself in the Rover,
I'll be the body -- it was me to
begin with anyway, right? You go
back to Earth. You go back.
You're healthy. You've got three
years ahead of you. You stand a
much better chance than I do. The
other guy....Gerty can get him up
to speed...he can be here to meet
Eliza when they arrive.

Sam 1 seems to have it all figured out. Although Sam 2 should in some ways be relieved by Sam 1's decision, he looks closer to distraught.

SAM 2

This is wrong. What are we
supposed to do? Sit around here
and wait to die? Fuck that!

SAM 1

I don't know.
(beat)
It's what we were designed to do.

Both Sams struggle to hold in their emotions; Sam 1 morose, Sam 2 angry.

SAM 2

Screw that! I'll go! ...And I'm
going to find this asshole, Sam
Bell, and ask him why the hell he
put us through this shit!

Sam 1 looks concerned. Sam 2 reads his mind.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

I'll be careful. I'll keep Eve
out of it. She wont even know I
exist.

Sam 1 smiles wearily, watching his old self.

SAM 1

You're a good guy, Sam.

SAM 2

I might stop shaving; It suits
us.

(beat)

If all our memories are implants,
no disrespect, but I think its
about time I got some of my own,
as well.

SAM 1

Yeah. You should travel. I've always wanted to do that.

SAM 2

I'd like that.

CUT TO:

143 I/E. ROVER/MOON SURFACE -- DAY 143

Driving to the crash site. Sam 2 at the wheel, Sam 1 riding shotgun. Both men staring ahead in silence.

MATTHEW

Where all the trouble really started. Matthew, the stalled Harvester, with the crashed Rover still trapped beneath it. The crash site is beginning to resemble some old underwater shipwreck.

The Rover enters the frame, beginning to slow down as it approaches the crash site. Sam 2 rolls the Rover to a standstill about ten feet from the front of the Harvester.

144 I/E. ROVER/MOON SURFACE -- MOMENTS LATER 144

Sam 2 keeps the engine running as Sam 1 takes a handful of TRANQUILIZERS one by one, washing down each pill with a swig from a bottle of water.

Afterwards: a long pause. The two Sams sitting side by side, staring across the bleak landscape. Neither of them wants to say good-bye particularly.

SAM 1

Tess came in for the interview, remember?

Sam 2 is nodding away. Of course he remembers.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)

She was so beautiful. Even if she wasn't the best candidate, I just knew I had to give her the job. I thought she was so sweet.

(a beat)

And then it was the end of the summer.

SAM 2

She was going back to San Francisco.

(MORE)

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

You knew you had to take a chance. So you called her. You were terrified and wrote that whole speech for her answer machine --

(a beat)

But I didn't need it because Tess answered the phone. And I could tell in her voice as we talked, she was thinking...

"Why has Sam called me?"

"The internship's over, why's he called me at home?"

And then I asked her if she was going to Adrian Fiddle's barbecue and...

Sam 1 has dropped off to sleep. The back and forth exchange is now essentially Sam 2's monologue.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

That's when I knew she liked me. Because she didn't want to talk to anyone else! She'd get up, get some potato salad, go to the bathroom, but she'd always come back. And then we kissed. On the steps in front of her apartment building.

Sam 2 finally turns and looks at Sam 1. Sam 1's head cocked to one side, eyes closed.

Sam 2 lifts the helmet off Sam 1's lap -- carefully lowers the helmet onto Sam 1's head.

145 I/E. ROVER/MOON SURFACE

145 *

Sam 2 LOPES towards the crashed rover holding Sam 1 in both arms like a bride. He places Sam 1 on the ground and PRIZES open the rover door -- he slowly slides Sam 1 inside.

Inside the Rover Sam 1 lies with his head jammed awkwardly against the passenger side door. At once he looks peaceful and wretchedly uncomfortable.

Sam 2 can barely bring himself to look at Sam 1. With both hands he FORCES the door CLOSED, pivots around and slowly BOBS back to his rover.

146 I/E. ROVER/MOON SURFACE -- MOMENTS LATER

146

Sam 2 driving back to base. He has removed his helmet and is brushing tears from his eyes with his glove.

CUT TO:

147 INT. COMMS ROOM 147

CLOSE UP -- THE OLD MAN

The "ping-ping-ping" of an alarm.

Appearing on The Old Man's monitor: "RESCUE UNIT ELIZA:
ARRIVAL TIME, 1 HOUR and 40 MINUTES."

CUT TO:

148 INT. INFIRMARY -- LATER 148

Gerty is continuing to run tests on Sam 3. Sam 2 enters. He carries the freighted exhaustion of a man who has just completed a long and difficult journey.

SAM 2

How long before he's conscious,
Gerty?

GERTY

The new clone will be conscious
within one hour.

SAM 2

That's good. That's very good.

GERTY

Sam? Where is Sam?

SAM 2

He's gone home, Gerty.

Sam 2 leaves.

149 INT. MONITORING STATION -- DAY 149

Sam 2 is loading OXYGEN CANISTERS into the CARGO CONTAINER
in preparation for his trip back to Earth.

Sam 2 working FAST, a sense of URGENCY. Eliza will be there
in a mere 90 minutes! It's coming down to the wire.

Gerty glides in as he works.

GERTY

Sam, this is not going to work. *

SAM 2

What? Why not? *

Now Sam 2 loads food into the cargo container -- moon snacks, rations, etc. -- and bottles of water. His final addition is a 5 kilo load of precious Helium3; A good 15 million dollars worth!

GERTY

If the Rescue Unit examine my memory banks they will discover what has taken place over the last week. As you know I record everything. If they are suspicious, the first thing they will do is search my memory banks, and this would put you in considerable danger.

Sam 2 straightens up, giving Gerty his full attention now. This is serious. It could ruin everything.

The fact that Gerty has brought it up indicates that the robot's loyalties lie ultimately with Sam.

GERTY (CONT'D)

I recommend erasing my memory banks. I can reboot myself once you have departed.

SAM 2

So that's what we're going to have to do.

(beat)

Are you ok with that?

GERTY

I'll require your assistance, Sam.

SAM 2

Sure, just let me finish this.

Sam 2 continues his work.

CUT TO:

150 INT. INFIRMARY -- DAY 150

Sam 3 asleep in bed, very close to consciousness.

CUT TO:

151 I/E. CRASHED ROVER/MOON SURFACE 151

Sam 1 inside the crashed rover, resembling a wild animal pinned in a trap. He's still breathing.

SAM 1'S DREAM

Once again we see Tess beneath the tree sitting on the blanket. She looks over at Sam, continuing to wave.

TESS

Come on, Sam! Sam Bell! Come on!

Sam begins to walk towards Tess.

152 I/E. CRASHED ROVER/MOON SURFACE 152

Back on Sam 1. The glass of his helmet is beginning to MIST with blood. Sam sees a sliver of the sun as he dawns on his side of the moon. He closes his eyes for the last time.

CUT TO:

153 INT. INFIRMARY -- LATER 153

Sam 2 stands before Gerty.

SAM 2

I've set your computer to reboot the second I've blasted off.

GERTY

Okay, Sam.

SAM 2

Thanks for all your help, Gerty. I wish I could say I was going to miss you, buddy, but to be honest, I can't wait to get away from here.

GERTY

I understand, Sam. I hope life is everything you remember it to be.

SAM 2

Thanks. Are you sure you're going to be ok? *

GERTY

Of course. The new Sam and I will be back to our programming as soon as I have finished rebooting. *

SAM 2

Gerty, I'm not programmed.

Gerty doesn't respond. Sam 2 seems troubled.

Sam 2 leans forward and activates the Memory Erase button. Gerty's READOUT SCREEN begins to TWITCH and FLASH with RANDOM DATA -- then slowly FADES TO BLACK.

The Robot has been officially SHUT DOWN.

Gerty just stands there. Completely still. As lifeless as a toy.

Sam 2 heads out of the room at top speed.

154 EXT. MOON SURFACE 154

Shot of LUKE, the third of the Harvesters, heading across the lunar plane.

155 INT. MONITORING STATION 155

Sam 2 pauses at the window...looking for Eliza. The Rescue Unit is so close Sam 2 might actually be able to pick out their spacecraft.

And he can! It's tiny, but nevertheless it's there -- a metallic spacecraft, glinting like a jewel -- and heading steadily towards the Moon.

There isn't a moment to lose. Sam 2 swings around, heads for the CARGO CONTAINER.

We remain inside the Monitoring Station as Sam 2 climbs inside the Cargo Container He readies himself. Says a little prayer and... he cant do it! Cursing at himself and glancing at the time ticking away before Eliza lands, he jumps back out of the CARGO CONTAINER and runs back into the base.

CUT TO:

156 INT. MONITORING STATION 156

Sam 2 sits down before the Old Man. Eliza's imminent arrival causing increased STRESS and TENSION.

Sam 2 takes out the piece of paper on which the COORDINATES of the Jammers are printed out.

He starts to frantically type, altering the PATH of the HARVESTERS.

*

- 157 EXT. MARK 157 *
- Mark trundling along at half-speed. The Harvester suddenly changes direction -- veering sharply to the left and heading up over a steep slope.
- CUT TO:
- 158 INT. MONITORING STATION 158
- Back on Sam 2 as he RAPIDLY types, makes an error, screams:
- SAM 2
Fuck!
- Pounds the delete button, continuing to type coordinates into the Old Man -- He's done! He leaps out of his chair and tears off through the base towards the cargo container.
- CUT TO:
- 159 EXT. WIDE SHOT -- THE MOON 159 *
- As Eliza's spacecraft sets its sights on Selene, we see the Cargo Container ROCKET through the sky in the opposite direction.
- CUT TO:
- 160 INT. MOON BASE SELENE/QUICK SHOTS 160
- For a few moments all is quiet inside the base.
- The "PING-PING-PING" of the Old Man.
- The grinding GURGLE of a computer readout.
- This sequence echoes the tour at the very start of the film, but the base has a decidedly different feel to it now. It's like an abandoned house.
- CUT TO: *
- 161 INT. COMMS ROOM 161
- CLOSE UP -- THE OLD MAN
- On the monitor: "RESCUE UNIT ELIZA: ARRIVED."

162 EXT. ELIZA'S SPACECRAFT/MOON SURFACE 162

A box shaped spacecraft, all menace and angles, slowly DESCENDING towards the lunar surface.

CUT TO:

163 INT. INFIRMARY -- LATER 163 *

Gerty sits lifeless. *

We hear the sounds of pressure doors opening. Unrecognized voices as the landing crew enters the base, calling for Sam. *

Gerty comes to life. *

His principal monitor POPS ON and his pincer-like HANDS begin to TWITCH. His READOUT SCREEN streams with DATA. *

Gerty's head begins to swivel left and right -- as if he's awoken with a stiff neck -- eventually he SEES Sam 3, crosses to him. *

Just like that, Gerty continues his routine checks of Sam 3 -- studying Sam 3's heartbeat, his brain activity -- the robot literally picking up where he left off. *

And then Sam 3's eyes open. He is awake. He blinks at Gerty, cloudy, groggy. *

SAM 3 *

Where am I? *

GERTY *

Sam, you're in the Infirmary. You had an accident. *

Sam 3 staring ahead, trying to dig up the memory. *

GERTY (CONT'D) *

Do you remember what happened? *

SAM 3 *

No, Gerty. *

(a beat) *

I don't remember a thing. *

We hear heavy footsteps and voices closer now, just outside the infirmary. *

CUT TO: *

- 164 EXT. MARK/JAMMER/MOON SURFACE 164
- A CLOSE UP of MARK as the Harvester churns along and SLAMS into an JAMMER with full force.
- The Jammer wobbles unsteadily from the IMPACT, before finally TOPPLING over, HAZING the air with lunar dust. *
- CUT TO:
- 165 EXT. CARGO CONTAINER/SPACE 165
- The Cargo Container BULLETING through space, fire blasting from its jets like the petals of an exotic flower. *
- CUT TO: *
- 166 INT. CARGO CONTAINER 166 *
- Sam 2 is seriously cramped inside one of the Helium 3 containers, about as comfortable as a pony in a dog kennel, but nonetheless WHOOPING RAUCOUSLY at the sheer velocity of the container -- as well as, and perhaps even more so, the fact that he has successfully escaped the base.
- He's going home.
- CUT TO:
- 167 I/E. CRASHED ROVER/MOON SURFACE -- DAY 167
- Sam 1 has stopped breathing. The sun shines on his face.
- 168 SAM'S DREAM 168
- Sam walks towards Tess. He sits down in front of her on the blanket.
- A beautiful picnic is spread out before them. Tess has never looked so radiant, so beautiful. Light from the sky pours into her upturned face.
- TESS
- What took you so long?
- Sam just smiles back at her. She hands him a bottle of wine and a corkscrew.
- CAMERA PANS UPWARD -- not a cloud in sight -- but we are just able to pick out the chalky outline of the MOON, resembling a white thumb print in the blue sky.

HOLD THIS shot of the Moon for a few seconds before we

FADE TO BLACK.

*

169

INT. COMMS ROOM

169

*

On the Comms Unit monitor there is a BLAST of STATIC,
followed by a FLASHING MESSAGE:

*

*

"LIVE FEED AVAILABLE."

*