

MOON

An original screenplay by
Nathan Parker

Story by Duncan Jones

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 1'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 Sarang. CREW: 1."

CUT TO:

3 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS, SHOWER -- MORNING 3

Sam 1 takes a shower, treading in a tight circle beneath the nozzle, eyes closed, hot water blasting his face.

4 INT. COMMS NOOK -- MORNING 4

His hair still wet from the shower, Sam 1 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 1

Tess. Hi. It's me. How are you, sweetheart? It's the morning here. I'm just about to sit down with Gerty for breakfast, go over the day's itinerary. He sends his love.

*
*

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

5 INT. MONITORING STATION -- CONTINUOUS 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 1 (V.O.)

Everything's fine up here. Ticking along, slowly! I found a bug on one of my plants yesterday! What the hell?! A bug!

6 INT. RETURN VEHICLE -- CONTINUOUS 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 1 (V.O.)

Yeah. Get's a little dull up here sometimes. So! Two weeks, huh? Yay!

7 INT. REC ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 7

Sam 1 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 1 (V.O.)

You ready? I've been running. Yeah. Trying to, anyway.
(MORE)

SAM 1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I get tired faster than I used
to. Getting old!

DETAIL: A WOODEN MODEL

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

SAM (V.O.)
Not that old! Hey... Put your
hands over Eve's ears for a
minute. I'm not going to jerk off
for the next 17 days.

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 1 (V.O.)
Watch out! I'm gonna get you!

*

8 INT. GREENHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

8

And the tour of the base continues. Onto a new room. A dark
storage area Sam 1 has repurposed to grow a handful of
plants. They sit surrounded by darkness, glowing under
pools of artificial light.

SAM 1 (V.O.)
Maybe you should take a few days
off work and we drop Eve off with
your brother. We can go down to
Apalachicola. Shuck some oysters
down on the beach.

*
*
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*
*

9 INT. INFIRMARY -- CONTINUOUS

9

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

SAM 1 (V.O.)
I'm going to stop now. Eve can
probably see that daddy looks
uncomfortable.

*
*
*

10 EXT. LUNAR LANDSCAPE -- CONTINUOUS 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 1 (V.O.)

That, and I don't want to make
Gerty embarrassed.

*
*

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 1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You miss daddy, baby? You want me
to shave this big old beard off
before I get back? You still
going to recognize me?

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*
*

11 EXT. EARTH -- AS SEEN FROM THE MOON - CONTINUOUS 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 1 (V.O.)

I miss both of you sooo much! I
can't believe I'm coming home!

12 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS 12

Sam 1'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 1 (V.O.)

I love you.

We MOVE CLOSER to the PHOTO by the bed.

PHOTOGRAPH

Of a slightly younger and clean-shaven Sam 1 with his arms wrapped around his wife of four years, TESS BELL.

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.

13 INT. COMMS NOOK -- CONTINUOUS 13

Back with Sam 1 at the Comms Unit as he wraps up the message.

SAM 1

Eve, baby? What do you want daddy to bring you from the moon, huh? You want a big shiny rock? Im kidding! I love you! We'll go to FAO Schwartz and get you the biggest, fluffiest, cutest teddy bear you have ever seen! Ok. I gotta go. Gerty's getting jealous.

(kisses hand)

Bye.

And he sends the message.

CUT TO:

14 INT. CORRIDOR -- MORNING, LATER 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 1 leaves the Comms Room and heads down the corridor.

15 INT. REC ROOM -- MORNING 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 1, Gerty is as good as human, if not better.

Sam 1 enters.

SAM 1
Two weeks!

GERTY
Morning, Sam. How are you today?

Sam 1 grins.

SAM 1
Hey, you want to give me a
haircut later?

GERTY
Of course. How's your headache?

SAM 1
Much better, thanks, pal. Yeah.
Good! A hair cut... I think I'm
going to shave too. What do you
think, Gerty? Think it's time to
get rid of this?

Sam 1 feels at his chin. He treats Gerty more like a person than a robot. Whether this is down to Gerty's intelligence or Sam 1'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 1 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 1 sits before Sarang'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 1

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. REC ROOM -- DAY 18

Gerty is selecting food for the up-coming week, stacking ready-meals next to the fridge.

CUT TO:

19 INT. MONITORING STATION -- DAY 19

A RED LIGHT

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

BOARD

Sam 1 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 1

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

GERTY'S VOICE

Okay, Sam.

Sam 1 heads off.

20 INT. AIR LOCK -- DAY 20
A SPACE SUIT

Resembling an unmanned puppet. Sam 1 begins to insinuate his body into the suit.

21 INT. DOCK -- DAY 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 -- DAY 22

Sam 1 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 -- DAY 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 1 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 1 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 1 closes the door. He is able to breathe in the Belly without his helmet, which he duly removes.

Sam 1 steps up to a wall of computers. A light is flashing to indicate one of the pods is filled with Helium3.

Sam 1 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 1 just removed.

Sam 1 puts his helmet back on, returns to the Rover, reverses out of the Harvester carefully.

25 I/E. ROVER/MOON SURFACE -- DAY 25

Sam 1 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 1 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 1's new pod taking up the fifth and final slot.

27 INT. COMMS NOOK -- DAY 27

Sam 1 is seated at the Comms Unit recording a message for his superiors back on Earth.

SAM 1

Sam Bell reporting to Central.
10:14 Pacific Time.

(less formal)

Overmeyers, Thompson? How goes it?

(feigning laugh)

Oh really? That's terrible!
That's what happens when you don't wear protection though, huh? I'm sure it'll clear up. Just don't let Rex lick you there anymore. Don't worry. I'm not crazy.

(back to work)

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 Mark's thermostats a couple of days ago, but Gerty and I caught it in time, no big deal. Uh...how are things down there?

Sam 1 desperately wants to talk but has nothing very important to say. Then he remembers something.

SAM 1 (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 1 concentrates, getting a grip on his temper.

Two weeks. Two weeks.

(beat)

Hey. Three years is a long haul. Way, way too long! You need to cut these contracts down to 18 months max. 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 1 reaches forward, sends the message.

CUT TO:

28 INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

28

Sam 1 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 1 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 1 gets the FRIGHT of his life. He FLIES against the wall.

WIDEN to reveal Sam 1 and the Girl facing off. Sam 1 POP-EYED and SHAKING. The Girl IMMOBILE, arms at her sides, head tilted ever so slightly to one side.

There is a loud clicking and the lights briefly dim. The Cargo Container is fired into space with a TERRIFIC CRACKING noise. It distracts Sam 1's attention, breaks his stare...

And just like that, the Girl is gone. Sam 1 is just staring at an empty doorway. Nothing there.

Sam 1 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

Sam stares at himself in a handheld mirror. Gerty is cutting Sam 1's hair.

Sam 1 sitting back in a chair, thinking about trimming his beard with a pair of scissors. Gerty skims his hair with an electric clipper.

GERTY

Sam, is everything okay?

SAM 1

Everything's fine, Gerty.

For a moment there is no sound but the snipping of scissors and buzzing of clippers. Then:

SAM 1 (CONT'D)

Why do you ask?

GERTY

You don't seem like yourself today.

Sam 1 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 holds off.

GERTY (CONT'D)

Has something happened?

SAM 1

No, not exactly.

Gerty stops cutting, lowers the scissors.

GERTY

Sam, what is it?

Sam 1 goes with something different.

SAM 1

Aww, you know. Same shit.

A beat. Sam 1's fingers twitching around the red stress ball, squeezing harder.

GERTY

Sam, it might help to talk about it.

Sam 1 decides to come clean... sort of.

SAM 1

Tess seems -- distant.

GERTY

Tess *is* distant, Sam.

Sam 1 shrugs.

SAM 1

I mean, she isn't responding to things. To my messages.

GERTY

What kind of things?

SAM 1

(a beat)

You know. Vacation stuff. I was thinking of Mexico or Hawaii. Giving her all sorts of ideas. Things we could do when I get back. Tess never said anything about it. Three messages she's sent me since...and she's never once mentioned the vacation.

GERTY

I'm sure she can't wait, Sam.

SAM 1

That's not the point. This is someone who lives for vacations and travelling. I thought she'd be crazy about going -- with Eve, of course -- we'd take Eve.

GERTY

Perhaps Tess didn't receive the message?

SAM 1

This isn't the only time it's happened, Gerty.

(MORE)

SAM 1 (CONT'D)

I asked her how her dad was doing on his new heart medication, she didn't respond to that -- I asked her when Eve was going to start nursery -- nothing. Had her brother got tenure? Nothing.
Nothing.

*

Sam 1 is really having a go at the stress ball now.

GERTY

Christopher. Her brother. I believe he did get tenure.

*

SAM 1

He did?

GERTY

Yes. Professor of Biochemistry, at Syracuse University in New York.

*

*

Sam 1 is slightly alarmed that Gerty knows this and he doesn't.

SAM 1

How do you know that?

GERTY

You told me. Some time ago now.

(a beat)

You were very happy for your brother-in-law. You danced around the Rec Room.

Sam 1 looks perturbed. For a few seconds he'd eased up on the stress ball. He starts up on it again now.

SAM 1

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 right now, with the Jupiter mission active. I would imagine it's going to be very expensive to fix.

A pause. Sam 1 still looks troubled.

GERTY (CONT'D)

Sam, are you ok?

SAM 1

They need to sort that out.
Seriously. I've only got two
weeks left but 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 1

Nah. Come on. Let's finish
this.

Gerty resumes cutting Sam 1's hair, and stops again,
sensing Sam 1 is going to say something more.

The clippers freeze.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)

I've got another one of those
headaches. Can you get me
something for it?

GERTY

Of course. Now?

SAM 1

No not now, afterwards.

The clippers start up again.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)

Thanks, pal.

CUT TO:

30 INT. REC ROOM -- DAY, LATER

30

Sam 1 with a HAIRCUT and CLEAN SHAVEN is sitting before the
BALSA 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 1
has become highly skilled at it.

Sam 1 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 NOOK -- 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 1

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

33 INT. COMMS NOOK -- CONTINUOUS 33

Sam 1 sits at the comms unit watching a message from his superiors, OVERMEYERS and THOMPSON, a purposeful looking man in charge and his 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 no more than a professional friendliness on Overmeyers part, but for Thompson there's 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 1 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 1 shuts off the message before Overmeyers can pipe out his last line.

Sam 1 sits before the dead screen -- eyes closed -- taking a succession of DEEP BREATHS.

CUT TO:

34 INT. REC ROOM -- DAY

34

Sam 1 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 1 taking his FRUSTRATION out on the little white ball.

CUT TO:

35 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS -- NIGHT 35

Sam 1 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 and shaved face.

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

36 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS, TOILET -- CONTINUOUS 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 1 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 1

Be right there.

And he flushes the toilet.

CUT TO:

37 INT. COMMS NOOK -- CONTINUOUS 37

Sam 1 sitting before the monitor. He hits the "PLAY" button, begins watching the message.

ON THE MONITOR: Tess is sitting in a spacious living room talking to Sam 1. 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 miss you too.

(MORE)

TESS (CONT'D)

I know you've been really lonely up there, but in a lot of ways I think it's been good for you. For both of us. 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. Tess looks a little embarrassed by this. Having a nanny is a new part of her life. The little girl is EVE, Sam and Tess's daughter.

TESS (CONT'D)

What did you want to say to daddy, baby?

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 1.

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

TESS (CONT'D)

I'm still not used to that - and this house! It's amazing. Thank you.

(beat)

I can't believe you are going to be back soon. It's her birthday next month. I thought we could pick out a play house for the garden.

(MORE)

TESS (CONT'D)
(getting excited)
We can 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 -- NIGHT 39

Sam 1 is in improved spirits. He pours himself a glass of juice as Gerty prepares dinner.

SAM 1
What's on the menu tonight,
Gerty?

GERTY
Baby back ribs with french fries
and spinach.

SAM 1
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 1 sits down with the packet. Digs in with a fork.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
Oh yeah! Where did you get this
from? Sylvia's? Jesus! Does
that rail of yours go to Harlem?
(MORE)

SAM 1 (CONT'D)

Compliments to the chef, Gerty,
this is delicious! Mmmm..
Pudding!

*
*

Sam 1 eating ravenously.

CUT TO:

40 INT. GREENHOUSE -- NIGHT

40

Sam 1 is in the Greenhouse pruning plants with a pair of secateurs. He takes his time talking to each of the plants like they were little friends. CLASSICAL MUSIC plays over the sound system, Brahms, Beethoven, Bartok, one of the B's.

*
*

Sam 1 HUMS along to the music. A man at peace.

CUT TO:

41 INT. REC ROOM -- NIGHT/LATER

41

Sam 1 is working on his wooden model of the town. Across the room Bewitched play on TV.

*

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 1 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 1 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 1 calmly puts the tea kettle down and begins to move towards the Girl, slowly, cautiously, like he wants to sneak up on her.

Sam 1 walks right up to the Girl and reaches out his hand...

SAM 1

And then we CUT to Sam 1 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 right hand. *

Simultaneously: Sam 1 SNAPS his hand AWAY, Sam 1 SCREAMS. The tea kettle CLATTERS to the floor.

Sam 1 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 1 sits in a chair as Gerty tends to his scolded right hand. It's a nasty burn. *

SAM 1
Damn it. *

Gerty applies a translucent balm to the burn.

GERTY
Sam, can I ask how it happened?

SAM 1
I told you, I saw something on the TV and spilled boiling water on my hand.

GERTY
You saw something on the TV?

SAM 1
(a touch petulant)
Yeah, something on the TV distracted me, Gerty, what's wrong with that?

A pause. Gerty is wrapping Sam 1'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 1 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 1 asleep in bed.

44 TESS' APARTMENT 44

Sam 1 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 1 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 1 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 1 on his morning run. He gets a little out of breath and has to pause mid-workout.

*
*

47 INT. REC ROOM -- MORNING/LATER 47

Gerty is making breakfast. Sam 1 enters, fresh from the shower.

SAM
Morning, Gerty.

GERTY
Morning, Sam. How are you today?

SAM 1
Fine. Fine.

GERTY
How's the hand?

SAM 1
It's a little sore.

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

CUT TO:

48

INT. MONITORING STATION -- MORNING/LATER

48

Sam 1 sitting before The Old Man doing his daily log entry.
A CLOCK is running on the monitor.

SAM 1
8:19 Pacific Time. Readouts are
as follows: Matthew, 9.8 Miles...

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

SAM 1 (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 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 1 wonders if he didn't just
imagine it. After an awkward pause he simply continues the
original log entry.

SAM
Mark, 11 miles on the button...

CLOSE UP -- RED LIGHT

Pulsing. Going "ping-ping-ping."

49 INT. CORRIDOR -- LATER/MORNING 49

Sam 1 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 1

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 -- DAY 50

Sam 1 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 1's rover.

SAM 1

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 pedal.

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 1: 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 caught up in the tracks of the Harvester -- a HIDEOUS SCREECH of MANGLED METAL. *
*

The Rover is JAMMED under the Harvester's monstrous TREADS, 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 2 is sitting up in bed, propped with a pillow. Sam 2 doesn't have a scratch on his face, but has clearly been through a terrifying ordeal.

Gerty is bedside.

SAM 2

Where am I?

GERTY

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

Sam 2 looks bewildered -- he desperately racks his brain, trying to locate the memory.

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

SAM 2
No.
(a beat)
I don't remember a thing.

Sam 2 just stares back at Gerty, not so much as a flicker of recognition.

GERTY
Do you remember me?

SAM 2
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 2 taking it all in. Eventually:

SAM 2
How long have I been out?

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

Sam 2 closes his eyes, sinking deeper into his pillow.

CUT TO:

53 INT. INFIRMARY -- NIGHT

53

Sam 2 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 2's brain.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. MOON -- NIGHT

54

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

55 INT. INFIRMARY -- NIGHT 55

Sam 2 wakes up from an extended nap. He thrusts his fists into his eyes like a child, yawns ferociously.

SAM 2

Gerty?

No sign of the robot. Sam 2 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 2 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 2

Gerty?

The voices continue. Intrigued, Sam 2 PRESSES ON down the corridor.

ON SAM 2

As he walks up the corridor in the direction of the Comms Room. Sam 2 is close enough now that he can actually hear the conversation.

Sam 2 arrives around the corner from the Comms nook and peers over.

GERTY (O.S)

These were extraordinary
circumstances, as you know --

57 INT. COMMS NOOK -- CONTINUOUS 57

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

The moment Gerty sees Sam 2 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.

Sam 2 laughs. That's weird!

GERTY (CONT'D)
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 2 nods vaguely, turns around and heads back to the
Infirmary slowly.

CUT TO:

58 INT. INFIRMARY -- NIGHT, LATER 58
Sam 2 watching TV -- *Gilligan's Island* -- and eating
dinner. He's not laughing. *

59 INT. INFIRMARY -- NIGHT, LATER 59 *
Sam 2 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 -- NIGHT, LATER 60
Sam 2 has wheeled up a table to the hospital bed. 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 2 has just arranged a series of blocks into an L-shaped tower.

GERTY
Excellent, Sam.

SAM 2
How much longer do I have to be in here, Gerty?

GERTY
Sam, you **may have** suffered **some** brain damage in the crash. This **would explain your** memory loss and slight logic impairment.

*
*

SAM 2
What's the diagnosis? 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 2
(dryly, exasperated)
Terrific.

GERTY
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 2's face taugth with irritation. He isn't happy.

Gerty gives him the next puzzle to solve.

As Sam 2 works on the IQ puzzles, we notice that Sam 2's BANDAGE is GONE and the BURN appears to have completely HEALED.

CUT TO:

61 INT. CORRIDOR -- MORNING

61

Sam 2 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 2 pulls a face, disgruntled, continues down the corridor.

62 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS 62

Sam 2 takes in a Tennessee football team poster on the wall, the old boxing trophies and Lunar health, hazard and qualification notices on the walls. He 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 -- MORNING 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 -- DAY, LATER 64

Sam 2 sitting before The Old Man doing a few innocuous tasks, collecting readouts, slurping a cup of coffee. Gerty is within ear shot.

Sam 2 sees something that pulls him CLOSER to the monitor.

SAM 2

Gerty, do you know about this?

Sam 2 taps the screen.

*

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

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

GERTY (O.S.)

He must have stalled.

Sam 2 gives Gerty a look. That's not good.

65 INT. COMMS NOOK -- DAY, LATER

65

Sam 2 is recording a message for Central.

SAM 2

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

SAM 2 (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 2 sends the message.

CUT TO:

66 INT. REC ROOM -- DAY

66

Sam 2 enters the Rec Room, looks around, his eyes settling on the model of the town.

Sam 2 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 NOOK -- DAY, LATER

67

Sam 2 and Gerty are seated at the Comms Unit watching a video message from Central. Sam 2 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 2

(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 2

(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 2 stares at Gerty.

GERTY (CONT'D)

Sam, I am under strict orders not
to let you outside.

Sam 2 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 -- NIGHT 68
Sam 2 asleep in bed.

69 TESS' APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS 69
Sam 2 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 2 and Tess, and under the sheets of the bed.

Down between their entwined feet huddles a bearded, wide-eyed Sam 1, staring directly at us from under the sheets at the end of the bed!

CUT TO:

70 INT. REC ROOM -- MORNING 70
Sam 2 is quietly eating breakfast, lost in thought. Gerty pattering around in the background. The radio drones away.

71 INT. COMMS NOOK -- DAY, LATER 71
Sam 2 is seated at the Comms Unit watching a message from Tess.
We assume this is an old message since Tess is PREGNANT. She's sitting in a pretty shabby, run down kitchen somewhere. This has to be pre-pay-day.
Her slender hands and legs are twisted and crossed to cover her belly as much as possible. There's definitely something wrong.

TESS

I heard from Thompson today. Now that you're up there, they're promising the world, of course.

(a beat, shifting)

I think we made the right choice, Sam. I really do, but it's such a long time.

(sighs)

I suppose we need some time apart. There are things -- things I have to think about.

She glances down at her belly, clearly upset.

TESS (CONT'D)

Listen, you be safe -- 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 has clearly
agitated him.

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

72 INT. REC ROOM -- DAY, CONTINUOUS 72

Sam 2 strides in -- swipes a KNIFE from beside the wooden
model -- strides out again.

73 INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY, CONTINUOUS 73

Sam 2 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 2 bends the wires
around the BLADE of the knife -- and CUTS.

GAS ISSUES from the cut wires. An ALARM sounds.

Sam 2 hides the knife away, shouts down the corridor:

SAM 2

Gerty! Get over here! Quickly!

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

GERTY

What happened?

SAM 2

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 2

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 2

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 2's ankles. Gerty's arms work away as they speedily repair the damage Sam 2 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. AIR LOCK -- CONTINUOUS 74

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

75 INT. DOCK -- CONTINUOUS 75

Two Rovers parked side by side. One of the parking bays is EMPTY. Sam 2 stands before the empty bay for a moment -- why is one of the Rovers missing?

If Sam 2 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 -- CONTINUOUS 76

Sam 2 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 2 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 2 peers closer and sees that there is an UNCONSCIOUS MAN in a Lunar Industries space suit trapped inside.

Sam 2 can't see the man's face -- he has his back to Sam 2, his body sprawled across the passenger seat like he's searching for loose change on the floor of the vehicle.

With great effort Sam 2 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.

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 SAM 1. Sam 1 as we remember him. The Sam 1 from the opening twenty minutes of the film.

*

Sam 2'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

CUT TO:

*

78 OMITTED 78

79 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY, LATER 79

Sam 2 promptly collapses and DROPS the unconscious Sam 1 onto the floor.

SAM 2

Gerty!

Gerty approaches, gliding along his rail. Sam 2 is freaking out big time, exhausted, panic-stricken, bewildered.

SAM 2 (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 2 (CONT'D)

(demanding an answer)

Gerty!

GERTY

We need to get him to the Infirmary.

SAM 2

Not until you tell me who he is!

GERTY

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

Sam 2 SCOOPS the unconscious Sam 1 up off the ground and lifts him towards the INFIRMARY -- staggering -- stumbling -- going:

SAM 2

Who is he! Who is he!

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

CUT TO:

80 INT. INFIRMARY -- NIGHT 80

Lying in the Infirmary bed, propped on a pillow, is 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 right hand, the one he scolded a while back. *

81 INT. INFIRMARY -- NIGHT, 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 Six Million Dollar Man*, 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. GERTY'S STATION -- CONTINUOUS 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 -- CONTINUOUS 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 -- NIGHT

87

Sam 2 has stopped watching TV and is wrapping his fists to hit a speedball. Sam 1 appears in the doorway.

Sam 2 looks over. The energy bristling with tension.

SAM 1
You're Sam Bell.

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

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 1 nods. A beat.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
This is fucked up.

*

*

Sam 2 smacks the speedball; no rhythm. Nothing but vented anger. Sam 1 desperately attempts to put together a coherent thought.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
Why... What are you?

*

Sam 2 continues to try and ignore him.

*

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
How long have you been here?

*

SAM 2
About a week.

A beat.

SAM 1
How are you doing?

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

*

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

SAM 2
The harvesters are fine, Sam.
It's the fact that I'm here
talking to a clone that's
slightly troubling.

SAM 1
I'm not a clone.

SAM 2
Ok, Sam. You're not a clone.

SAM 1
You're the clone.

**Sam 1 goes into the greenhouse. Sam 2 gets back to hitting
his speedball.**

*

*

CUT TO:

88 INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

88

**Sam 1 inspects his plants. We can hear Sam 2 hitting the
speedball in the background. Eventually the punishment
stops and Sam 2 appears in the doorway.**

*

*

*

SAM 2
How long have you been here?

SAM 1
Almost three years.
(beat)
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
Maybe later.

*

*

Sam 2 wants nothing to do with it. Sam 1 stares at his clone, astonished.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)
(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.

Sam 2 turns away; goes back to his boxing in the REC ROOM. *

Sam 1 starts dragging the ping-pong table out of the REC ROOM and into the hall. *

Sam 2 is trying his hardest to ignore him, but curiosity gets the better of him and he goes to see where Sam 1 has gone with the table. The table is fully folded out in the corridor. Sam 1 is waiting.

SAM 2
I don't play ping-pong.

CUT TO:

89 INT. CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

89

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 1 is a better player than Sam 2. He's been up here longer. He's had more practice.

Sam 2 chucks the paddle at the net and storms away. Temper, temper. Moments later he walks back to the table, picks his paddle back up and prepares to keep playing. He catches Sam's eye, embarrassed. *

SAM 2 (CONT'D)
Two points to eighteen. Your
serve.

90 INT. REC ROOM -- LATER

90

After the game, the two Sams are sprawled in their seats, sweaty, flushed, energized. Sam 1 sits before the model of the town, Sam 2 loitering behind him.

*
*

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 my house. 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. This is your
house? It's nice.

SAM 1
Yeah. We needed it for the
family. 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
A *girl*? We did?
(beat)
I thought... She wasn't sure...
(MORE)

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

(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 SPRINGS from his chair. Sam 2 follows behind.

*

CUT TO:

91 INT. COMMS NOOK -- NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

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 your mind!

Gerty shuttles along after the two Sams.

92 INT. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT, CONTINUOUS 92

Sam 1 presses down the corridor towards the sleeping quarters, 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 Gerty 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 goes weak! He needs to get away! He heads in the opposite direction to where he was going, staggering into the Rec Room, Sam 2 in tow.

93 INT. REC ROOM -- NIGHT, CONTINUOUS 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)
(MORE)

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

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 they 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 your mind! 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. 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.

94 INT. MONITORING STATION -- QUICK CUTS 94

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 -- NIGHT, CONTINUOUS 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 people 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:

98

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS -- MOMENTS LATER

98

Sam 1 spills in. 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 -- NIGHT, LATER 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. GERTY'S STATION -- NIGHT, CONTINUOUS 100

Gerty is stationed at his station, collecting data. Sam 1 enters.

GERTY
Hello Sam.

SAM 1
Hi Gerty.

Sam 1 sits. A pause. Gerty turns from the monitor, faces off 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 *very angry*. 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 a couple of months 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 Sarang, 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.
Uploaded , edited memories of the original Sam Bell. 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 -- NIGHT, LATER

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 -- NIGHT, LATER

102

The TV is off. Sam 2 is sitting, arms folded, entrenched in GLOOM in a large, puffy SELK SUIT; A wearable sleeping bag with arms and legs.

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)

Thanks for this. It's pretty good. Cosy. 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. 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 wasn't supposed to find you,
Sam. Lunar instructed Gerty to
keep me locked inside the base,
while you were out there.

A pause. Sam 1 thinking it over.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

There's something else.

(a beat)

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

SAM 1 (CONT'D)

How do you know the conversation
was live?

SAM 1 (CONT'D)

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

SAM 2

It was live, man.

SAM 1

Yeah, there was a flare. It fried the satellite. *

SAM 2

It was live. They don't want us to be able to contact Earth. They lied to us. They've been lying to us since...well, they've always been lying to us.

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

SAM 1

If the satellite works, how are they blocking the live feed down here? Everything 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 TWO/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 THREE/MOON SURFACE -- DAY, CONTINUOUS 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
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 TWO AND THREE/MOON SURFACE -- INTERCUT 105

As the Sams continue to drive. *

SAM 2
I haven't seen anything yet. You? *

SAM 1
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 1 getting closer.

*

Sam 1 stops his Rover about twenty feet from the Jammer. He
opens the Rover's hatch and climbs 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 2's rover is approaching something similar. *

SAM 2 (O.S.) *
Jesus, I've found something! *
That's a big fucker! Looks like *
a.. a pylon or antennae or *
something. *

Sam 2 ENERGIZED -- they are excited to have made this discovery -- not dealing with the negatives yet. *

SAM 2 (CONT'D) *
Dude, its a jammer. *
(looking around) *
I knew it! No wonder we can't get *
a live feed. *

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 onto his knees. His chest LURCHES like he's been punched at from the inside -- he spins over onto his front -- *

SAM 2 (CONT'D) *
Sam? 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) *
(panicked) *
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'm going to stay out here a
little longer. I want to see if
there are any more of these
things.

CUT TO:

106 I/E. SAM 1'S ROVER/MOON SURFACE -- DAY, CONTINUOUS 106

Sam 1 at the wheel. He switches off his mic. 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 -- DAY, LATER 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 -- DAY, CONTINUOUS 108

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

109 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS -- DAY, CONTINUOUS 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, taught, 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 -- DAY 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 Sarang -- 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 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 -- DAY, LATER

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

...and please check to insure you have removed all jewelry before entering the cryo pod. Lay down, 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. And thank you. Lunar Industries, remains the number one provider of clean energy, world-wide due to the hard work of people like you.

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.

AIR LOCK

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 -- DAY, LATER 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 -- DAY, CONTINUOUS 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 -- DAY 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.

*

The two Sams can hardly believe their eyes: stretching back maybe one hundred feet are rows and rows of NUMBERED DRAWERS -- like an epic morgue -- and on the other side of the room, directly facing the drawers, an equally epic line of fridges full of food...

Spooky as hell.

For a few moments Sam 1 and 2 are too stunned to speak. They stare down the length of the chamber. It must be as long as the base itself.

Sam 2 opens a drawer beside them. The clone inside is bare chested. He appears to be wearing a HOSPITAL GOWN, identical to the ones they wore in the infirmary.

*
*

Sam 1 MARVELS at how the clone is identical to himself in every way, down to the minutest of details -- same hair, same skin tone, same fingernails -- a few of the drawers have different colored lights on next to them. Empty drawers. Sams' who have been and gone.

*

*

SAM 2
Why are there so many of them?
(MORE)

*
*

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

*

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

*

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

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

Where are you going? Why are
there so many of them?!

*

*

117 INT. MONITORING STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

117

Sam 1 is digging around, removing bits of equipment, some
wires; a radio, a small machine called a VIDEO PHONE,
referred to as a VP.

As he climbs down the ladder from the monitor room he is
surprised by Gerty.

GERTY
Sam, can I help you with something?

SAM 1
Not now, Gerty, okay?

Gerty settles into his station. Sam turns to 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.

Sam 1 heads towards the airlock.

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

Sam 2 appears from the return vehicle corridor. *

SAM 2
What's going on?

SAM 1
There's something I've got to do. *

118 OMITTED 118

119 I/E. SAM 1'S ROVER/MOON SURFACE -- DAY 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 distracted by her console, trying to work out why there is no image on her end and such a weird delay.
Tears glistening in Sam 1s 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.

OLDER 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.

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 -- DAY 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 NOOK -- DAY, LATER 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, 6 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. *

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

You suck. *

SAM 2 *

How do you carve these things? *

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

SAM 1

You don't hold it like you're trying to stab someone. You got to hold it closer to the blade. *

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 **carve**. He smiles, a little embarrassed. *

SAM 1 (CONT'D) *

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.
Sam 2 watches with concern. Eventually the coughing
subsides. **He looks exhausted.** *

SAM 2

What's happening to you?

Sam 1 averts his gaze. **Doesn't want to talk about it.** *

SAM 1 *

**That crew they're sending. If
they find the two of us awake
like this, you know they're not
going to let us live, right?** *

SAM 2 *

You know that? *

Sam 2 asks, but he already knows it's true. Sam 1 has shut
his eyes. *

SAM 1 *

**The return vehicle doesn't take
us home. It doesn't even move. It
doesn't...** *

(MORE) *

SAM 1 (CONT'D)

*

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

*

SAM 2

*

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 -- DAY, CONTINUOUS

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 -- DAY 124

Sam 2 enters the Rec Room. 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.) SAM 2
No...no way. 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. GERTY STATION -- DAY

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 others.

Gerty is still as an ATM. Sam 2 glances towards the return vehicle.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

That hidden room, Gerty!

A long pause.

GERTY

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

SAM 2

Ordinarily, 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 to wake *one of them up?*

GERTY

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

*

SAM 2

Opened?

*

*

Oh-oh . A beat.

*

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

*

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 be killed, Gerty. Do you understand?

GERTY

Yes.

SAM 2

Do you want me and the other Sam to be killed?

GERTY

That is the last thing I want.

SAM 2

Then you have to wake up a new clone. Okay, pal? You should wake up number 7.

*

*

Sam 2 waits for a response. And waits.

CUT TO:

127 INT. COMMS ROOM -- DAY

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 -- DAY 128
Sam 1 fast asleep in bed.

129 TESS' APARTMENT 129
Sam's hands making breakfast back on Earth in the old apartment. Scrambled eggs. Bacon. Toast. Something special.

130 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS -- DAY, CONTINUOUS 130
Back on the sleeping Sam 1. Deep breaths. Eyelids twitching slightly.

131 TESS' APARTMENT -- CONTINUED 131
Tess watches Sam from bed. She seems content. Sam can feel her eyes on him. He smiles. He trims a rose. Prepares a tray.

132 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS -- DAY, LATER 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, gently lowers his feet on the ground. They tremble under the weight of his own body.

The base seems eerily quiet. Too quiet. Sam 1 sits in the shower, propped up by the wall as the water pummels him.

133 INT. CORRIDOR - LATER 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 **outside**.

*

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

135 INT. GERTY STATION -- DAY, CONTINUOUS 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.

SAM 1

(points towards the
Infirmary)

That guy?

*

Sam 2 nods, avoids Sam 1s stare.

*

SAM 1 (CONT'D)

(stunned)

You're going to kill him?

SAM 2

It's not a person yet.

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
it 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
back to Earth before they get
here . In the Helium 3 launcher.
I did the math. You'll pull some
G's, but you'll be fine.

*
*
*
*
*

(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.
I'll get back! Maybe you can meet
Eve in person.

*

A beat.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

She's beautiful, man. We did
good.

*
*

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 Tess died?

*

SAM 2

I don't know.

(then)

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

137 INT. CARGO CONTAINER -- DAY, LATER

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 NOOK -- DAY

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.

(MORE)

SAM 2 (CONT'D)

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)

Fuckballs.

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 TESS' APARTMENT

141

Sam 1 has placed his breakfast on a beautifully laid out
tray. Tess is holding him from behind.

TESS

I'm hungry.

SAM 1

Get back in bed.

TESS

Sam?

We hear a voice in the darkness of the sleeping quarters.

SAM 2 (O.S.)

Sam?

142 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS -- NIGHT

142

Sam 2 glances at the bed but finds Sam 1 huddled by the
toilet.

SAM 2

We need to do it. We wait too
long and he'll be conscious.

*

Sam 1 stares back at Sam 2. He looks impossibly frail and
has to gather his energy to talk.

SAM 1
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 meet Eve now,
I'll scare the crap out of her.

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

SAM 1
Sam. We're not going to kill
anyone. You can't! I know you
can't.

*

Sam 2 seems defeated, but there is a palpable sense of
relief.

SAM 2
What about Eve?

SAM 1
She has a dad.

Sam 2 sits on the bed, lost.

Sam 1 smiles wearily, watching his old self.

SAM 1 (CONT'D)
You're a good guy, Sam. It's a
good plan, you just chose the
wrong guy to go back. You go.

*
*
*

SAM 2
(beat)
You sure?

Sam 1 nods.

SAM 2 (CONT'D)
No disrespect, but I think its
about time I had some experiences
of my own.

*

SAM 1
You should travel. I've always
wanted to do that.

*

SAM 2
Yeah! I was thinking of Mexico.
Maybe Hawaii.

*

SAM 1
(smiling sadly)
That's a great idea.

*

CUT TO:

143 I/E. ROVER TWO/MOON SURFACE -- NIGHT 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.
Sam 1 seems to be barely holding onto consciousness.

144 I/E. ROVER TWO/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. She wasn't
the best candidate. It didn't
matter. I had to give her the job
I wanted to keep her in the
country.

*
*
*
*
*

SAM 2

She was going to go back to
Ireland.
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 didn't need it because she
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
wanted to go to lunch or
something...

*
*

*

*
*

Sam 1 has dropped off to sleep.

*

Sam 2 turns and sees 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 ONE/MOON SURFACE -- NIGHT

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 TWO/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 -- NIGHT 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 -- NIGHT, 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
He's very close. Less than an
hour.

SAM 2
That's good.

GERTY
Sam? Where is Sam?

SAM 2
He's gone home, Gerty.

GERTY

That's wonderful news, Sam. Will you be taking this Sam to Matthew now?

Sam 2 is **shaken** by Gerty's calmness when saying this. He leaves the room. *

149

INT. CORRIDOR, CARGO CONTAINER -- NIGHT

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

I have recorded everything that has taken place since your awakening. If **anyone were to decide to check my memory cache,** it 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)

You could erase my memory banks. I can reboot myself once you have departed.

SAM 2

Are you ok with that?

GERTY

I'm here to keep you safe, Sam.
I want to help you. I'll require
your assistance, though.

SAM 2

Sure, just let me finish this.

Sam 2 continues his work.

CUT TO:

150 INT. INFIRMARY -- NIGHT 150

Sam 3 asleep in bed, very close to consciousness.

CUT TO:

151 I/E. CRASHED ROVER/MOON SURFACE -- NIGHT 151

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

SAM 1'S DREAM

Sam kisses Tess's ear. Places his breakfast tray next to
her in bed. She wakes up, smiles at him.

152 I/E. CRASHED ROVER/MOON SURFACE -- NIGHT 152

Back on Sam 1. The glass of his helmet is beginning to MIST
with blood. Sam sees a sliver of the sun as dawn breaks 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 **launched**.

*

GERTY

Okay, Sam.

SAM 2

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, we're not programmed. We're people.

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 -- NIGHT 154

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

155 INT. MONITORING STATION -- NIGHT 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 -- NIGHT, CONTINUOUS 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 MARK. *

157 EXT. MARK -- NIGHT 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 -- NIGHT 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 Sarang, we see the Cargo Container ROCKET through the sky in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

160 INT. MOON BASE SARANG/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 NOOK -- NIGHT 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 a 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 TESS' APARTMENT 167

Tess eating breakfast while Sam sits next to her, putting jam on her toast. She looks at him, takes his hand, kisses the tips of his fingers and then places his hand on her belly.

TESS
Thank you.

CUT TO:

168 I/E. CRASHED ROVER/MOON SURFACE -- DAY BREAK 168

A shadow passes over the window of the crashed rover and blocks out the light of the rising sun. The figure raises an arm. He's holding a weapon of some sort, but...

Sam 1 has already stopped breathing.

The figure lowers his arm and moves away. As he retreats, the sun pours in on Sam 1's face through the rovers open hatch.

CUT TO:

169 INT. THE BELL HOUSE-- DAY 169

The same home that we saw earlier on the video phone call from Sam 1 earlier. The doorbell goes.

EVE
I'll get it!

Eve runs to answer the door. No one is there. She is about to go back inside when she notices a small wrapped package on the floor outside. A gift of some kind. The label says it's for her from "a friend." She takes it inside, unwraps the box and finds SAM'S CARVED HOUSE.

CUT TO:

170 INT. COMMS ROOM -- DAY 170

Tracking through the quiet base. Just another day in Sarang. We pull to a halt at the coms unit.

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

"LIVE FEED AVAILABLE."

CUT TO BLACK

THE END.