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High Moon

By John Christopher

Astronauts used to be heroes.
Maybe we'll get a medal
if we fix this sensor relay.
Buzz Aldrin's spacesuit
wasn't issued
by the bureau of prisons.
What a bunch of posers.
Those first astronauts,
they were on the Moon
for two and a half hours.
I'm doing 10 to 20.
I thought you said
the first moon landing was fake.
All those medals they got?
The only one they deserved?
"Best actor."
We got a bum satellite.
Satellites don't
just fall out of the sky.
Um...
I think this one did.
Huh.
No. Just stare at it.
That's good.
Here. Can I see
those, please?
Yeah.
Nah. It's toast.
Somebody cut that?
Sabotage...
Probably the russians.
They are history's villains.
You worried about
the russians, Leon?
I... I don't know.
You should be.
They've banked
a hundred years of resentment
about losing the race
to get here,
and now they're
ready to cash in.
Huh. Fascinating.
Whoa.

It looks like a root.
What is that?
It's a flower.
Do we have earthquakes
on the Moon?
Not by definition.
Get up. Get up, Leon!
Compliments of Pilgrim Galactic.
You must be
Eve St. John-Smythe.
Thank you.
I am so sorry for your loss.
I can't imagine losing a brother
and then being asked
to investigate
what caused the explosion
you lost him to.
"Who."
"What" caused it
is for the forensic scientists.
I'm here to find out
who caused it.
I'd want revenge, too.
Justice.
State-sanctioned revenge
is still revenge.
So what part of the state
is sanctioning you?
I guess you could say
I work for myself.
Everybody answers to somebody.
Unless they're you, of course.
I answer to the shareholders.
Don't you own
the majority share?
I answer to my father's legacy.
And his father's.
The St. John-Smythe family
have poured generations
into bringing the Moon
to the people of Earth,
and you still haven't
answered my question.
When I catch

whoever's responsible,
they'll answer
to the air force office
of special investigations.
I hope you find your justice.
Prepare for landing.
Your gravity suit
is too cumbersome
to put on yourself,
so the sarcophagus
does the heavy-lifting.
Doesn't leave much
to the imagination.
We sacrificed modesty
for efficiency.
And a view.
It's just like moving
in Earth gravity.
By contrast,
your spacesuit
is ultra-light,
designed to be taken on
and off quickly.
Snappy.
Uh...
Self-filtering,
smart-fibre clothing,
so if you have to go,
go forth and eliminate.
Just...
No solids.
And where's your space suit?
Form-fitting,
oxygen-recycling force-fields.
Beta-testing?
Omega-testing.
I am wearing it.
You still get oxygen
from your suit.
Don't run out.
Ah. Yours?
When it opens to the Moon's
first recreational visitors
in three months,

we'll finally be delivering on
the commitment made
by this monument.

The Moon and her helium
aren't just an energy drink
to quench Earth's thirst
for fuel.

She's a medal
pinned in the night sky
to commemorate mankind's
greatest accomplishment
and to remind everybody
we're capable of more.

Very inspirational.

It's going to stay that way.

That little lander
didn't just carry
two men to the Moon,
it carried the promise
of bringing the Moon
to everyone on Earth,
and I'm not going to let
sabotage, revenge, or...
Justice break that promise.

Bon voyage.

Ian Thurgood.

I'm Yama winehart.

I'm your lunar liaison.

The general's daughter.

A pleasure.

All mine.

I understand you're the one
going into the debris ring
to collect what's left
of our physical evidence.

One of the perks of having
muscles built for the Moon.

Yes. I am "baby prime."

First, and last,

kid born on the Moon.

Oh, you're a big deal, you know.

Living proof

that artificial gravity
is not fetus-friendly.

So you aren't required
to wear the, uh...
Same sous-vetements
as the rest of us?
That's right.
I don't have to wear
any fancy underwear.
I'm a portrait
of grace in Moon "g" s,
but breathe like
a 600-pound heifer
in Earth gravity,
which is kind of unfortunate,
'cause I'm a sweater.
Good luck with the general.
The entire Moon
is just bigger than Africa,
and the five countries
scratching Helium-3
out of its green cheese
share an area no bigger
than the Sahara.
The Japanese are our allies,
the Indians don't have the tech
for this kind of attack,
and the Brazilian-Mexican
coalition
would've needed outside help.
That leaves the Russians.
The Russians?
We're not even on their radar.
They've got no motive.
That we know of.
But we can assume that
whatever country was responsible
had inside help.
Suspects.
The U.S. economy is up
Cripple Creek without a crutch,
which means
that instead of trained miners,
we get
white-collar criminals
who chose manual labor here

over prison time on Earth.
Smart people
who did something not-so-smart
and now have to work for free.
These are
the "indentured servants"
that fit the profile
to go fifth column.
Why are they suspects
if they're dead?
Your brother, Martin Thurgood,
was engaging
in suspicious activity
directly above the epicenter
of the blast,
and immediately preceding it.
He'd have to be
a pretty stupid terrorist
to blow himself up.
Well, "stupid" is
a terrorist's Lingua Franca.
So until we recoup his body
and prove otherwise,
he's swimming laps
in the suspect pool.
Your coming here
is a mistake.
You're compromised.
"Compromised"
suggests an intimacy
I didn't share with my brother.
Well, then you must be
hobbled by regret.
Either one comes
at the cost of objectivity.
You wanted me
to see that mugshot
in the hope that I would crack,
because you don't want
an outsider
running an investigation
you think you should
be in charge of.
I don't crack.

I find answers...
How did this happen,
and who's to blame.
You say the russians,
but you don't really say why,
which suggests to me you know
something you're not sharing,
and that makes you,
not me, general,
the one who's compromised.
Now, let's place our competency
concerns aside
and focus on answers.
Let's start with the one
that explains why the russians?
Tranquility station
sits on the Moon's
largest stores of helium.
The russians
are atop the smallest,
but have the most high-tech
drilling operations.
They're running out of gas?
So they put their straw
in our milkshake.
And you're letting them?
Oh, no, no.
We have them red-handed,
and you'd better believe
we're gonna bend 'em
over a barrel.
But their straw has to be
discovered... "Organically,"
to protect certain assets.
You've got a spy.
Velocity...
Rotation...
Altitude.
Place this in locus 276.
More moon buggy.
Marker 7-1-2,
code for priority.
It looks like ordnance.
Repeat, marker 7-1-2

is a piece of a bomb.
Ew! Ew! Dead body.
Air!
Debris ring blocking your view?
It's not the Earth
I'm looking for.
Hiya, Moose.
Never thought I'd be so happy
to hear your "moose" call.
Ow! Geez...
What's with the...
The explosion,
it, uh, wasn't an accident.
Well, what's that
got to do with me?
I don't know yet.
"Yet?"
No. Don't read into that.
How did you make it up there?
My com-link was busted,
so I bounced from one dead guy
to the next,
using their oxygen
to stay alive.
And now here you are.
And now here you are.
This is a second chance.
I-I'm gonna be...
I'm... I'm gonna...
I'm gonna be...
There was a flower.
Beg your pardon?
Growing right out
of the moon dirt.
Okay.
Fine. Uh...
Look. I love you,
and I'm glad you're alive.
Here we go.
You're the sole survivor
of a massive explosion,
there's moon-buggy footage
of you tampering
with an unknown object

at ground zero,
and I'm looking
for an inside man.
Okay, so this your idea
of a second chance?
Accusing me
of being a terrorist?
Your excuse you're not
is that you saw a flower.
And we're back!
It's only been, what,
like, two years?
And in two minutes, you're
trying to get inside my head.
Because I need to know if
you're working for the russians,
and you won't just tell me
if I ask you.
Uh... yes, I will.
No, I'm not.
Has it occurred to you
that being raised by a brother
who's a mind-reading swami
ruined my ability
to tell a convincing lie?
Or it made you better.
You're really committing
to this moonflower story.
The whole moon could be a plant.
It could've spent
the last billion years
squeezing its little plant parts
as hard as it can
to sprout
that one single flower.
And this might be the only point
for another billion years
to prove it,
but you won't
unclench long enough
to even consider it.
Validating your hallucinations
would only make me
seem collusive or desperate,

and I'm already gonna look bad
just talking to you.

To who?

Contact with your brother was
an absolute breach of protocol.

We've already had
this discussion, general.

Your brother showing up alive
is a game-changer.

My mandate
is two-pronged.

Prong one...

Find the party responsible
for the helium-mine explosion,
and parties are no fun
when only one person shows up,
so I've still got work to do,
even if Marty is involved.

And prong two...

Make sure
nothing like this happens again.

The fine print there
is that I'm going to be here
until I've installed
a security apparatus
that makes

your base impregnable.

I am a fixture, general.

Your boss
in special investigations
disagrees.

You're done.

Connect to 123181.

Authorization Ian Thurgood.

Please stand by
while we connect your call.
Thurgood.

I'm sorry to bother you,

Mr. secretary,

but general winehart here
seems to be playing politics
and is trying to get me
shipped home.

There won't even be

a way to get home
if our helium supply
falls even one hitch short
in its get-a-long. General!
Sir.

The whole damn
western hemisphere
is running on batteries
as it is.

We're already
rationing electricity
because of this attack.
If there is one more,
we are stewed.

I understand, sir.

Then why are you adding
more "polyticks"
to my already
crumbling woodpile?

Now, this whole damn mess
is 100% under
Thurgood's jurisdiction,
so you give him
everything he needs.

Am I making clear?

As a bell, sir.

Thank you, sir.

Now, somebody
shut this thing off!

Have all your files on Marty
and reports
from your russian spy
sent to me immediately.

You're running out of oxygen.

I always carry a spare.

Any scuttlebutt on
an indentured servant
named Martin Thurgood?
Might be our trigger man.
Never heard of him.

Everybody's pretty hush-hush
in the motherland.

They got something new to hide?
Just the tunnel

we've been digging
to steal american helium.
New plan is to bury it
before you find it.
Even with all your sabotage
and subterfuge,
that russian funnel's
still nipping at my moonshine.
They haven't turned it on yet.
Then who the hell else
is stealing our helium?
Our output is down 13%
from last month.
The russians
are losing yields, too.
What do you know
about this Thurgood guy?
Small-potatoes felon.
Presumed dead in the blast,
but then showed up alive,
babbling about a flower,
the same day
his well-connected brother
coincidentally arrived.
Whole thing stinks like fish.
I'll put a word-worm
in the communications database
and see if he turns up.
Any chance you haven't
heard anything
because they found out
you're a spy?
They've had plenty of
opportunities to kill me,
and haven't yet.
Never too late to start.
Stay lucky.
You rum-running me out
in the middle of the night
is a little shady.
I don't even know you.
Why didn't my brother join us?
This isn't exactly
an official, on-the-books

sort of thing.
He's trying to help you
prove your story
without compromising himself.
That sounds like my brother,
all right.
Ground-penetrating
radar?
There's a cavern beneath here.
Well, there were
no mining tunnels
this far out, right?
Could it be part
of the sinkhole?
No. It's definitely
its own cave.
The fireball came
out of that vent there.
Maybe where there's a flower,
there's a garden.
Maybe.
You go first.
Hey, sergeant?
Sergeant! I'm gonna unhook
and go deeper.
I'm right behind you!
Sergeant, you gotta see this.
There's roots...
Or something.
Whoa!
Help! Sergeant!
Sergeant! Get in here!
Leak detected.
Oxygen level at 75%.
Oxygen level at 50%.
Leak contained.
Sergeant, where are you?
Up, up, up, up, up, up, up, up!
Just say it.
Stop chewing on it in your head
and say it out loud.
Do you have any idea
how this looks?
Like I was attacked

by an assassin?
Presumably because
I saw something
I shouldn't have.
Like a flower.
You stole a moon buggy,
snuck into a crime scene
and survived
another massive explosion.
It looks like
you're working for the russians.
Oh, well, that's weird,
'cause the guy who attacked me
was an Indian.
I suppose you think
I stabbed myself, too?
You did!
Yes. To plug
the leak in my suit
after I was stabbed
the first time.
That sounds insane!
Everything you're saying
is coming off like
some dumb criminal
trying to come off like
a hippy-dippy pacifist.
"I wasn't planting a bomb.
I saw a flower."
"I stabbed myself
because an Indian made me."
Alright.
Okay. Fine.
Let's pretend
I'm completely gullible
and irrational.
You've got 60 seconds
to explain to me
how a flower could
possibly grow in a vacuum.
How would I know that?
Ian, how would anybody
know that?
Even if lunar botany

was a thing,
it wouldn't be my thing.
I just saw it.
No thing is your thing.
That's your problem, Moose.
Okay, just because
I don't need to dethrone you
as the great potentate
of the psyche
doesn't mean I'm not driven.
Where are you?
The moon... I love.
Being on it
and doing my small part
to tame it
is all the purpose I need.
Your calling
is being indentured labor
to pay off a felony conviction?
Dreams really do come true.
30 seconds.
This is why I left.
First of all, you didn't leave!
You were arrested.
Yeah, I got arrested
so I could leave!
And second of all,
I'm doing everything
I can to help you,
but it's hard to help someone
who's going out of their way
to appear guilty!
Okay, well, you got
a funny way of showing it,
because it was the guard
you sent to help
that ditched me!
I didn't send a guard.
What do you mean,
you didn't send a guard?
What version of me
have you seen
in the last 25 years
that would send some lackey

that I don't know
and that you don't know,
to lead you into an area
that everyone thinks
you blew up?

Well, somebody sent him!
I was at my post all night, sir.
Security footage proves it.
You're dismissed, sergeant.
Sir.

Uh, quick question
before you go, sergeant.
Can you hold your breath
for two hours?

Security footage shows you
at your post,
but oxygen logs say
you weren't breathing.

You a hologram right now?
No. Seems real.

Who're you working for, horton?

Why are they after Marty?

Something he said
in his debriefing.

I don't know what.

Who? Whose dole are you on?

Russians?

Indians?

Sergeant?

Sergeant,

he asked you a question.

I haven't seen

a brain-bomb since the war.

Nowadays, they can be rigged
to explode based on specific
neurological signatures.

Like when a mole is

about to give up the goat?

What was that?

About Indians?

Marty said

an Indian stabbed him

while he was busy

"not" causing

the last explosion.
Your pain-in-my-ass
dipstick little brother
is either working for
the same people who did this,
or he's a hapless patsy.
You got a damn lot of work to do
convincing me
it's door number two,
or it's gonna take more than
the secretary of the air force
to keep you on my moon.
Fair.
Let's start with this.
Brain-bomb
knew about Marty's debriefing.
Who have you talked to about it?
Russian, Indian, or otherwise.
My russian spy
may be compromised.
Hello, Stanislav.
Are the shackles
really necessary?
If you arranged to have
Martin Thurgood killed.
I steal mining technology
and drill bits.
I don't kill people.
Nobody else knew
about his debriefing.
Have you mentioned
his name to somebody?
Nobody.
Well, let's assume
you're just a really bad spy
and not a murderer.
Why would the russians
attack the americans?
They spent a lot of rubles
to build a tunnel
to Filch U.S. helium,
which they now
have to tear down.
They would've gained nothing

from an attack.
Well, there's plenty worth
killing for on the moon.
Food.
Water.
Air.
Revenge.
Love.
So...
The russians want more air.
The russians
want to control the moon,
but they can't,
because Eve St. John-Smythe
supplies everybody's oxygen.
If the russians were gonna
attack anybody,
they would attack her.
Evidence tag 0712.
Know what this is?
Wasn't used for drilling.
I'll tell you
what it was used for.
These are the bombs
that caused the explosion.
This is Indian tech.
Indian?
Yes, sir.
That greenish-white sheen
is a magnesium-phosphorus
coating.
The Indians coat
their explosives with it
so they can
blast through titanium.
You know an awful lot
about Indian technology
that nobody else
even thought existed.
I thought
you thought
I was working for the russians.
Now I'm an Indian spy?
Mm.

At this rate,
I'll be back to being american
any minute now.
My most trusted man
and your most trusted man
both just cried
"Indian."
The difference between
me and my brother
and you and your spy
is that he's lying to you.
I trust a highly-decorated
war hero on my payroll
over some helium-hacking
felon any day,
which is moot at this point,
since they're saying
the same thing.
Yes.
About the Indians.
But he's lying
about working for you.
You have an Indian problem
and a turncoat problem.
My best agent
did not blow us up for anybody.
I've known him for 15 years.
We were in the war together.
Which is why
you're trying so hard
to believe him.
General, my job is
to separate the chaff of deceit
from the wheat of truth,
and that man
is a bushel of unshucked grain.
He didn't give you one reason
to doubt him.
Did you know he's taken a lover?
It's a committed relationship
and said lover
isn't living in America.
How in hades could you know that
from talking about

that Indian buckshot
that crippled my mines?
He has a tell,
and I saw it when I mentioned
love as a motive.
Even if he does have
a little bacon on the side,
that doesn't make him
"Eggs-Benedict Arnold."
He values that rasher
more than you,
and I can prove it,
but you've got to let me
do my job.
Son of a...
You know he could do that?
Nobody can do that.
Emergency override.
Authorization... winehart.
Show me your hands.
Show me your hands!
Don't shoot.
Holy sh...
Could give us a sec, corporal?
Nice ride.
Yeah, my ninja skills
don't translate
to the infirmary's
artificial gravity.
Whoa...
You mean you're baby prime?
Yes, I'm her.
Hey. Listen.
I read your file.
You said you saw a flower.
You saw it, too?
I had it in my hand.
Yeah, until you floated along
and knocked it out.
Then you know I'm not crazy.
For a convicted felon,
I want cold, hard evidence
in my hand. Again.
How do I know you're not gonna

take my cold, hard evidence
and leave me hanging
by my felonious toes?
Listen, you and I,
we saw life in the lifeless,
and that is a gift
that we have a duty to protect.
So we're bonded,
whether we like it or not.
That's a little churchy.
There was
some kind of glowing gunk
on my smart-fiber,
pee-filtering spacesuit.
It's like a pollen
or sap or something.
Okay, where's the suit now?
Well, they gotta process
evidence somewhere.
Wait, no!
Help! Somebody!
Hello!
What the hell
just happened to that guy?
If he goes out with a pop,
you can bet
he'll come back with a bang.
That's...
Messed up.
It's just D.N.A.
Yeah, doesn't make it
any better.
Who are you?
I'm the one everybody thinks
is trying to kill you,
which is why keeping you alive
is my number-one priority.
Why are the Indians
trying to assassinate you?
No idea.
You're not a very good liar.
I saw a flower growing
on the surface of the moon.
Did she see it, too?

No.
She just came here to thank me
for saving her
in the debris ring.
Wrong place, wrong time.
Bad liar.
But he's got the right idea.
You should probably
keep your lips zipped
if you don't want to end up
in the same boat as him.
Wait.
Take me with you.
I'm going to India.
The Indians want to kill you.
Which means they know
about the flower,
which means they know
what this is all about.
Indians...
Are you nuts?
You don't even know
who this guy works for.
I've been blown off
the surface of the moon,
stabbed, blown up again,
almost strangled,
and had my ears popped
by a disappearing assassin
that can breathe in a vacuum.
I like my odds with a guy
whose good reputation depends
on keeping me alive.
I can be helpful.
I have to find that flower.
You said it.
We have a duty.
And how do you plan
on getting out of here?
Trash chutes?
Look, if you hack the doors
they'll be on you like stink.
Ironically, stink will
also be on you like stink.

It's my access card
to everywhere
on tranquility station.
For the Moon.
Not just for the Moon.
Your main suspect
and my main suspect
are heading right into the belly
of the beast. Together.
Oh. They are not
working together.
I mean, they are now,
but they weren't earlier.
I mean "earlier" earlier,
not like, "3 hours ago" earlier.
Though they weren't then either,
right, 'cause clearly, they...
How are you standing
in artificial gravity?
- Doctor, sit.
- No, no, no. I'm fine.
You know what?
I accidentally
took two caffeine pills
and forgot that I had, like,
a pot of coffee this morning.
Yama, did you happen to see
when the security cameras
were disabled?
Maybe the Indian Assassin
did it before he attacked?
Or whoever that other guy was...
He seemed wily.
Wily enough to get out
through the trash chutes
without setting off any alarms.
That is pretty wily.
Why were you in the infirmary,
anyway?
Trees don't grow
on the Moon, Thurgood,
so whatever you're barking up
is wrong.
No more coffee.

Java jitters don't give people
superhuman strength.
There's only two eggs
in our basket...
My spy and your brother,
and right now,
they're heading straight into
an Indian omelette.
Trash chutes were opened
with a universal access code.
Your spy have one of those?
Remember that speech you gave me
about being "compromised"?
So I trust my daughter
and you trust your brother.
Now we just have to
trust each other.
So what's our plan
for getting in?
You're the guy smart enough
to disable the ion
wrist restraints,
you tell me.
Are y...
Are you kidding me?
You really don't have a plan?
How did you get out
of those cuffs?
Silicone absorbs the electricity
generated from the ions...
Ah. No electricity,
no lock.
Clever.
Maybe we can just use
the trash chutes again?
The Indians burn their trash.
We're walking right through
their front door.
I'm just sayin'...
When you got a loaf of dark rye,
people tend to notice
the slice of white bread
in the middle.
Why don't ya take the wheel,

"wonder bread"?

Oh!

Holy crap!

Relax.

I collected his D.N.A.
after he attacked you.
Put these back on.
You're bait.
Try to act beat down.
What, you mean like this?
Oh...
Yeah.
That's better.
This is Eve St. John-Smythe
for Indra Ravimurtha.
Please respond while
this is still a diplomatic call.
This is Eve St. John-Smythe
for Indra Ravimurtha.
Please respond while
this is still a diplomatic call.
Well, you hit me for nothing.
Where is everybody?
Is that statue breathing?
That thing's breathing on me.
What are you looking for?
Oh. Okay.
Let me just go look for...
Something.
Oh, look.
I found absolutely
nothing over here.
After you.
Oh, no. I don't
do first anymore.
Nice.
This looks
exactly like the interior
of that shaft of death
I climbed into
by the sinkhole.
Could be connected.
Indians might be
siphoning U.S. helium.

Is that even possible?
It's been known to happen.
Check this out!
Flowers.
Indians may have learned
how to grow crops in moon mud.
Or maybe they're trying
to create oxygen.
This is some heavy science.
Game-changing,
moon-shattering,
big money,
I'd-kill-me-too science.
It's gonna take
a little bit more
than some crumbling dirt
to shake the pillars
of creation.
Like, maybe an actual Indian
to tell us what's
really going on here.
Yeah...
Where is everybody?
Russians.
Trofim?
6 of us, 6,000 Indians.
What would custer say?
Time to take a stand.
Blink that trigger-happy
glint from your eyes.
The Indian base
has been abandoned.
The Indians don't appear
to be anywhere on the Moon.
None of them?
Could another base
be hiding them?
No one has requisitioned
the extra oxygen it would take.
There are no bodies.
No signs of trauma.
Thousands of people
don't disappear
into thin air...

There is no air.
You didn't come here
to tell us that.
I beg your pardon,
but I most certainly did.
Then the question
is why you came here,
seeing as we would've found
all this out ourselves.
There's a team of russians
already inside the Indian base.
Since when did you
start guard-dogging
the russians?
Since I found out
you were racing
to the Indian base,
guns cocked.
The Moon can only handle
one international incident
at a time.
So you're lying.
I'm stalling.
My experience on the Moon
has been that there's
one-sixth the Earth's gravity
and roughly the same quotient
of truth,
and stalling is just
one more way to avoid it.
In fact,
the only person I've spoken to
who's been honest
to the point of absurdity
is my brother,
and if you're satisfied
the russians have had
time to abscond,
I'd like to go find him.
What is the deal with you two?
What's going on?
Okay, well, why is he yelling?
Whoa-whoa-whoa. Whoa.
Whoa...

Whoa.
W-w-w-wait, wait!
Lunar Japan welcomes you.
I thought everything
japanese up here
was fully-automated.
It is.
Mikiko's supposed to
be in hibernation.
I wake up when something breaks.
I am like "the maytag man."
Oh, uh,
w-what's broken now?
Just the rules.
I didn't come
to the Moon to sleep.
I have unlimited tools
to build lots of toys.
Besides the t-Rex,
I'm also building
working replicas
of stegosaur and triceratops,
so people on Earth
with telescopes
can look back in time
to when dinosaurs
ruled the Moon.
I found that glowing pollen
from your spacesuit...
But it's gone... ish.
I absorbed it.
Accidentally.
It made her go bananas.
But...
You seem pretty cool
with the fact
that your liver might be choking
on lunar hemlock right now.
We scanned her bodily humors.
She is full of nothing
but the blood and guts
of Yama winehart.
Yeah, I mean, I feel fine.
I respect your need

for a vision quest or whatever,
but look at the Indians.
Oh... wait.
No, you can't, actually,
because they're all gone,
very possibly because
of that same sap
that you absorbed.
I'm just saying...
Maybe it's time to get your dad
to dig for flowers
so that you
don't end up like them.
Look, finding this flower
is a discovery for science.
Not business.
Not the military.
It's a discovery for us to make.
We don't need help
to dig for flowers.
T-Rex digs.
Filipov!
I want these consoles fired up
and cooking me
a hearty dish of
"what the hell happened here?"
Now.
Somebody else had the same idea.
Russians.
I'm going to search
the ambassador's office.
Corporal, private.
Escort
miss St. John-Smythe.
No. I'll go with her.
Keep a weather-eye out
for wayward Indians.
What are you hiding?
You'll have to be more specific.
What did you find back there?
Oxygen logs.
But I haven't seen real
paper since I was a girl.
Only two kinds of people

use paper...
Romantics,
and spies afraid
of being hacked.
There's certainly nothing
romantic about oxygen logs.
According to this,
they haven't used oxygen
in three months.
Must be a hoax.
Tastes like oxygen.
Maybe they figured out
a way to make it synthetically.
Maybe they did...
And maybe it poisoned them.
Maybe we're being poisoned
right now.
Maybe you are.
Eyes...
Ambassador Ravimurtha?
Eyes...
Sir...
What happened here?
Darkness.
Where are the others?
They are here.
Eyes in the darkness.
I see them...
And they see you.
Okay.
Where did his eyes go?
Where did he go?
Filipov?
Filipov?
What... is that?
A giant human cephalopod.
What in the high hell
were these people doing here?
Where is my brother?
A dinosaur stepped on him.
It's been a very strange day.
Somebody get Japan on the horn!
Handcuff them
and get 'em out of...

Sir, he doesn't have hands.
They're over here.
Put your weapons down.
Stick a cork in every blowhole
this base has
and stop them
before they get out.
Yes, sir.
Please stand by
as we connect your call.
Thurgood.
This is the emergency line.
Sir, you need to implement
section 361 immediately.
Tell me
exactly how
one isolated explosion
can mushroom into
a quarantine of the Moon?
Please.
An entire colony of people
is missing.
There are reports of...
Impossible biological entities.
I personally witnessed
a man disappear into thin air
beneath the gaze of 10,000
de-socketed human eyeballs,
and everyone here is breathing
oxygen of an unknown origin.
Now, Mr. secretary,
whatever is causing all this
is some kind of something
that should be contained.
The Earth cannot
survive without the Moon,
so you damn well better
deliver me some answers soon
and keep this quarantine quiet!
Yes, sir.
We keep thinking
the flower's new.
Maybe it's super-old,
but it's just always

fed off helium
trapped deep down in the Moon.
Yes.
We mined its food,
so it grows out
further and further,
until it poops
through the surface.
"Popped."
Pooped? Popped.
We are on the verge
of explaining
how a flower can
grow in a vacuum.
If my brother were here,
I would politely
tell him to "suck it."
Yuck.
Ahem.
Brothers make terrible fathers.
Mm. Pretty sure
you were a delight.
By the way, your relationship
sounds super-healthy.
I said "politely."
And this coming from
the girl who calls
her dad "the general."
Okay, um, the difference is,
I love the general.
Well, I love Ian.
But he has got so much
riding on being right,
and he's so freaked out
he's gonna be wrong,
he has to mentally eviscerate
everybody around him
so that his brain
doesn't eat itself.
I just wish my brain was
big enough for the both of us.
Sounds like regret.
There! Check it out!
Back up, back up,

back up, back up, back up!
Open emergency frequencies.
Hailing general
Gale Lynn winehart.
Did you die?
You wish.
How far did we fall?
I can't see the hole above us.
I'm stuck.
Shimmy!
I am shimmying!
Okay, well, shimmy harder.
I'm giving you a hard shimmy.
Shut up and save your oxygen.
They won't find us
under all this rock.
I've got a signal topside.
Hey...
Hey. I know what
you're thinking,
but if you go
into one of those caves,
you'll be lost forever.
Don't even think about it.
Mikiko'll send help.
Yeah, but... listen.
It's my fault
that you're even in this mess.
It's your fault I'm even alive.
You've saved me three times now.
It's starting
to get embarrassing.
Three minutes
to oxygen depletion.
Three minutes?
Yeah, I snuck out
of the american base,
like, four hours ago now.
Initiating plasma link.
Oxygen transfer in progress.
What are you doing?
You're gonna need
all your oxygen.
I'm just trying to

give you a fighting chance.
I have to find
a clean signal to the surface.
Don't worry, okay?
Mikiko will have extra o-2.
- Yama, don't...
- Don't die!
Whoa...
What exactly were your brother
and your daughter
hoping to dig up?
I think a little grim silence
might do us all some good.
Evading is an even greater enemy
of the truth
than stalling, agent Thurgood.
It's our allegiance
to secrets and lies
that landed us in this hassle.
Your holding everyone's
oxygen for ransom
is what caused
this "hassle."
Without my oxygen,
you'd be mining helium
with a hammer and sickle
for your comrades in baza kedr.
I single-handedly prevented
a russian monopoly on the Moon,
then I sacrificed
sound business practice
by letting everybody get
a free slice of the moon-pie.
That idealism failed.
Now...
You get to work for me,
transparently,
to deliver the future
our forebearers promised...
Or I bowl you over.
Oxygen depleted.
Oxygen levels replenished.
Ian...
We were looking for the flower.

I know.

I believe you.

Where is Yama?

She's not with you?

She was looking for a way out.

Oxygen depleted.

Oxygenated environment detected.