

Wind blows gently. The calm before the storm.

Ken (vo)  
Sometimes it's easier to just say it.

Ken  
You're not dead.

Mandy  
I told you to leave it, Kennedy.

Ken  
You told me a lot of things.

Mandy  
I've got more.

Ken  
I'm sure.

Mandy  
You won't like it.

Ken  
No one's ever heard anything they liked hearing with a gun  
trained on 'em.

Mandy  
You didn't listen to money, to reason, to threats. You brought  
this on yourself.

Ken  
You brought it on myself. And two of my friends are better off in  
a bug house because of it.

Mandy  
There's more at stake than the sanity of two people.

Ken  
I'm sure I'll find out whether I agree or not.

Mandy  
Get in the car.

Ken (vo)  
Normally I don't mind a woman calling the shots. Usually though  
the shots aren't this literal.

Car door closes. It drives off.

Ken

You gonna tell me on the way or do I have to wait for you to raise the curtains?

Mandy

You wouldn't believe it unless you saw it, Ken.

Ken

That's a tired line. You can do better.

Mandy

I tried to do better. You're too damn stubborn.

Ken

I'll add it to the list of adjectives I've been called. You want to have your drama play out, fine, just be-

Mandy

Where we're headed, what I'm going to show you, will change your life. And not for the better. Stop jockeying for the upperhand. We're on the same side. I'm trying to save your life.

Ken (vo)

I wonder how many people pointing a gun have had that thought before. Smart money's on all of em. But I clearly don't know anything about smart. We drive the rest of the way in silence. I don't take my eyes off the gun, she can't take her eyes off anything that isn't me.

Car door opens. They get out. The sound of water shooting out a hose.

Ken

That how DeWhitt gets rid of the water? He just hoses it into some crater three hours outside of town?

Mandy

Go have a look. See for yourself where the water goes.

Ken

I don't assume just because there's witnesses here I'm safe, Mandy. If these guys know where the water gets buried, they won't care where I do.

Mandy

The crater, Ken.

Ken

Fine, your way. But I prefer to get shot looking my killer in the eye. I don't want to go out like the poor girl lying in the morgue with the bullet in the back.

Footsteps in the dust

Mandy  
That girl was dead already. We didn't kill her.

Ken  
I guess that makes it alright then.

The sound of rushing water gets louder. The footsteps stop.

Ken (vo)  
A team of maybe six people in full rubber gear, head to toe, are spraying water down into the crater with big hoses. If she's gonna kill me without telling me why, here the where and now's the when. I'm out in the dust, looking at the sun, Old Earth easily visible beyond the ridge of the crater. The ground is-  
(She stops. Her breathing becomes ragged and heavy. Soon it's the only thing we hear)

Ken (weakly)  
What is that?

DeWhitt  
That's the source, Ms Roundhouse.

Ken (quietly)  
Is that what we see when we dream?

DeWhitt  
More or less.

Ken  
Dr Fang knew.

DeWhitt  
She suspected. She would have known, eventually.

Ken  
And Atende? This is the last thing he saw with a rational mind?

DeWhitt  
I'm afraid so.

Ken  
The water, the dream, this is what it is? This is what all of this is about?

Mandy  
I felt the same way, Kennedy, but there's more to it than you know.

Ken  
Aint that always the way.

(quick scuffle. She yelps.)

DeWhitt  
Roundhouse!

Ken  
Don't move! Judging by how easy it was to get away from her,  
Mandy isn't much use with a gun. I am. Keys, DeWhitt.

(beat)

Ken  
Now!

(car keys jingle. He throws them. She catches.)

Ken  
Come on, Mandy, we're getting outta here.

Mandy  
Outta here? "We"?

Ken  
Yeah, there's a few pl-

Mandy  
It was fun at first, Ken. But I'm staying right here, with my  
husband.

Ken  
So it's like that now, huh?

Mandy  
It's always been like that, big eyes.

(sandy footsteps. The car door opens)

Mandy  
Where do you think you can go? It's the moon.

Ken  
After what I saw in that crater, I don't know what it is.

Mandy  
Sorry I dragged you into this, Ken.

Ken  
Yeah.

Car door closes. It peels out.

Ken (vo)

Mandy got to the truth, but she's married to the one of the gatekeepers so she fakes her death to avoid a lobotomy. I get a pass cause Mandy's got a soft spot for me and I'm too high profile. My lucks running out and I can't turn to a friend for help or maybe someone shows up and turns off the lights for them or worse. Only one man on the moon can help me now.

(transition noises. Police station noises)

Ken  
Felder!

Felder  
Not now, Roundhouse, my shifts just ended, I'm going home.

Ken  
I just saw Mandy Licks, alive.

(beat)

Felder  
Uh-huh. Then who's on ice down at the morgue?

Ken  
Someone unlucky enough to only hold value on ice down at the morgue. Screw your head on and take me to your office so we can talk.

(footsteps. A door closes.)

Felder  
So talk.

Ken  
Councilman DeWhitt faked the death of his wife to protect the secret of the water supply.

Felder  
Oh brother. Not this again and again and again. Kennedy there is nothing going on with the water supply except that you won't leave it alone.

Ken  
Stop hating me for 2 seconds and listen! She just took me out at gunpoint to meet up with her husband. It's the source. Dr Fang and Atende, my street guy, they both got the truth and he did something to 'em. He got to 'em! I don't know what he did but they're minds are a complete blank now.

Felder  
Roundhouse-

Ken  
The crater, Felder! 3 hour's drive from the water reserve, just  
drive toward Mare Crisium and you'll run right into it!

Felder  
Kennedy-

Ken  
He's dumping the water in the crater! There's something in there!  
It's making us dream, it's in all our heads, Felder! It's an eye!  
It's a giant goddam eye!

Felder  
Kennedy Roundhouse.

Ken  
Felder?

Felder  
Kennedy Roundhouse.

Ken  
Felder! Josh!

Felder  
Kennedy Roundhouse. Kennedy Roundhouse.

Ken  
What the hell...what the hell is going on?

(Ken runs out, slamming the door.)

Ken  
Kay, something's wrong with Felder!

Kay  
What? What happened?

Ken  
No idea. Call an ambulance. I'm gonna go pay a visit to a man who  
may know what's going on.

Kay  
Who?

Ken (vo)  
Former Councilman Kingsley.

(Car driving. Transition noises. Knock on the door.)

Kat (through speaker)  
How may I help you?

Ken  
Jesus, Kat, doesn't he ever let you go home?

Kat (through speaker)  
Ms Roundhouse, Mr Kingsley is really not available to speak right now. I would be happy to make an appointment for you tomorrow.

Ken  
Sorry doll, not sure if I have that long. How about you wake him up for me and tell him if he won't let me in I'm gonna kick his door down.

Kat (through speaker)  
Kennedy, if you kick the door down I'm gonna have to call the cops.

Ken  
Cops are busy right now. I like my odds.

Ken (vo)  
For once.

Kingsley (muffled through speaker)  
I already am up, Kat. Let him in. bring us some coffee in my study.

Kat (through speaker)  
Mr Kingsley will see you now.  
(buzz. Door opens. Kenned walks in.)

Kat  
Right this way, miss.

Ken  
Hmph.

(Footsteps. Another door opens.)

Kat  
Ms Kennedy Roundhouse.

Ken  
You're announcing me? It's 4 in the morning and he's the one-never mind. Why don't you bring me a cup of that coffee I smell.

Kingsley  
Thank you Kat. (she leaves)  
I thought Kennedy Roundhouse didn't drink coffee.

Ken  
It's my last stop and I feel like being tense might break the  
tension.

Kingsley  
What can I do for you?

Ken  
'What can I do for you'? That's a change of pace. I want to talk  
to you about the water-

The door opens. Kat walks in.

Kat  
Your coffee gentlemen.

Ken  
Thanks

Kingsley  
Thank you, dear.

Kat  
Will you be needing your pens Mr Councilman?

Kingsley  
Not tonight.

Kat  
Very good.

(She leaves)

Ken  
You know about the water supply.

Kingsley  
Wouldn't have been a very effective councilman if I hadn't.

Ken  
The only effective thing you ever did for the council was get  
fired to protect the secret.

Kingsley  
You don't have to puff your chest out at me, Ms Roundhouse, we're  
on the same side.

Ken  
Spare me that. I don't know who's side you're on, but my side  
doesn't keep dreams and giant eyeball-



(door opens. Kat walks in)

Kat  
Here are your pencils Mr Councilman.

Ken  
He said he doesn't need his pens!

Kat  
That's why I brought the pencils instead.

Kingsley  
Ah, thank you Kat. But I won't be needing anything tonight. We're just using the study as a parlour.

Kat  
Yes sir, Mr Councilman.

(she leaves)

Ken  
Okay, fun's fun, but I need to know why there's a giant eye in a crater out towards Mare Crisium, why Dewhitt is hosing it down with our emergency water, and why Mandy Licks faked her death when she found out.

Kingsley  
There isn't a giant eye in a crater in the direction of Mare Crisium.

Ken  
Don't bother playing-

Kingsley  
There's a giant eye in every direction. In every crater on the moon.

(pause)

Ken  
Say that again.

Kingsley  
I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I won't be reduced to endlessly saying your name. I have protection, as a councilmember. Your friends have no such protection.

Ken  
But I do?

Kinglsey

Stop playing the fool to get me to spoon feed you information I am clearly willing to give freely. All the fuss you've made, the attention you've drawn, look how many have paid the price already, and you know nothing. If you went insane or worse, more would come looking for reasons. It is more simple if you agree to remain silent.

Ken

So what's this big secret that I'm only allowed to know after a bunch of tap dancing bullshit?

Kingsley

You still have DeWhitts car?

Ken (VO)

He knew I would come here. He called Kingsley hours ago. Just when I think I'm finally ahead of the game they let me know I'm not even playing.

Ken

Yeah.

Kingsley

Then go back to the crater. He is still there. He will explain your choice to you.

Ken

So there is a catch, after all.

Kingsley

Every choice we make means leaving something behind. Good-bye, Ms Roundhouse.

Ken

Thanks for the coffee.

(transition noises. Car door opens and closes. The car starts.)

Ken (vo)

Last stop. No more friends, no more enemies. Backscattering didn't work, running didn't work. Countdown's started. I sit in the car for a while and pretend to have a headache so I can avoid thinking. I look up when I feel eyes on me. There aren't many people out on the street at this hour, but every single one of them is watching me. My hands get tight in my gloves. They've always been watching. Not just in our dreams. Every moment the eyes, the eyes that fill every crater on the moon are watching us all. I pull the long black car off the curb and drive as fast as I can back to the crater. I wish I hadn't made such a dramatic exit last time I left town. This exit feels like it's earned the drama a little more.

(transition noises. Car driving. It stops. The door opens.  
Footsteps in the dust.)

DeWhitt

I hope you didn't talk to anyone other than Kingsley about what  
you saw out here.

Ken  
Felder

DeWhitt

Shame. He was a good man.

Ken

If you say so. Where's Mandy?

DeWhitt

Safe. You won't see her again, whichever way this goes.

Ken  
Shame.

DeWhitt

Do you want to ask a series of clipped questions, or are you  
ready to listen to your choices?

Ken

My choice come with an explanation or just a threat and different  
threat?

DeWhitt

The eyes have been watching us since the very beginning. Whatever  
humanity was when it was at last arrived in full on Old Earth,  
the eyes were watching us. They called to us immediately. It was  
they that drove us to passionately to the moon. It was they that  
cut us off from Old Earth once we were here. And only they know  
what happened on Old Earth after that.

Ken

I suppose they tell you all that?

DeWhitt

After a fashion, they showed me. We don't hold congress, we are  
too primitive to understand, and they too complex. We have  
infrequent, vague, communication that comes in the form of  
instincts, feelings, images,-

Ken  
Dreams.

DeWhitt

The Dreams.

Ken  
That's them trying to talk to us?

DeWhitt  
We don't think so. We know what it's like to talk to them, the  
dreams are the drops that spill from the carafe onto you as they  
pour into our cups.

Ken  
Poetic. Who's 'we'?

DeWhitt  
Everyone on the moon who stands between them and you.

Ken  
So you're our salvation? Our protectors? That's the story your  
selling?

DeWhitt  
I'm not the warden Roundhouse. I'm a prisoner just like you.

Ken  
Me and some of the other prisoners don't drive cars quite as nice  
as yours, inmate.

DeWhitt  
If you want to dismantle the ruling class that has always existed  
to oversee the majority, you're more than welcome to try. It's  
very good for business. Keeps the little people busy.

Ken  
Careful, councilman, you're starting to sound less and less  
heroic.

DeWhitt  
I have no interest in impressing you. I work to keep the eyes wet  
and my town alive. That is all I am interested in.

Ken  
That's the big secret? We all produce extra water so you can dump  
it in the eye of the man on the moon?

DeWhitt  
Imagine them, existing here for as long as we have, millennia,  
unable to move, unable to scream, all while a fine layer of moon  
dust covers their many thousands of eyes.

Ken  
I'm started to feel a little teary myself. So they get us here,  
and people like you just fall in line? Make sure the status stays  
quo?

DeWhitt

You've seen their power first hand. The moment anyone even threatens to make their secret public, they slip to madness. It is safer for the status quo you look down your nose at, a status quo that keeps people alive, than it is to revolt.

Ken

So that's the last chapter of the human race? Making sure there's not a dry eye in the house?

DeWhitt

The human race goes on as it ever has. We make art, we love, we kill, we waste away. The only difference now is we have a purpose. An answer to that question which drove us: "Why are we here"?

Ken

If this purpose is so great, then why keep it a secret.

DeWhitt

You know the answer now yourself, Ms Roundhouse. Tell me how comforted you are by your purpose. Tell me how richer your soul knowing why we live and die. Tell me you think Old Earth's children would wake up tomorrow with lighter hearts knowing what we live with.

Ken

My choice.

DeWhitt

The car is yours. Drive it away from the city. Drive far enough that no one will even remember your name, if you can't keep a secret. Or drive it back to the city, drink that green sludge the council pretends to know nothing about and try not to think about what watches you when you are alone.

Ken

What if I make this public? Isn't that my choice too? I could tell everyone in town what's out here and let them decide what to do.

DeWhitt

They will burn a mind away from a healthy brain if they suspect that brain has an inkling of knowing them without understanding. What do you imagine would happen if you tried to pluck even one of the many thousands of eyes one the moon?

Ken

Won't know till we try.

DeWhitt

Destroy yourself however you see fit. In any event, I doubt I'll ever see you again. You are not the private eye that concerns me any longer. Good-bye, Ms Roundhouse.

(footsteps recede)

Ken (vo)

The men and their hoses are gone. DeWhitt is gone. It's just me and the eye. I can feel it watching me. Hot and wet. It's not looking at me though, it's looking out at the black sky, not seeing the sky. Seeing inside every building and every person inside those buildings in the city behind me. I look at Old Earth. Is there anybody still there? Was our ambition just a cheap trick to get an eye a drink? If I drive back to town to tell Wally all of this, will he have time to print it before they flush his mind away? Will I even get into town before they roll the dice and flush mine? I feel it again. The fear, that pure fear again. I keep mine fixed on Old Earth, I don't want to look down and see that great eye looking at me. They can see us all, always. If we managed to break free, then what? Life goes on as it always has on the moon? Only now most of us are dead or crazy? Is pride a fair trade for ambition? I pretend to have a headache again.

(the wind blows)

Ken(vo)

There never was a real choice here. There's only one thing I can do, the only thing I've ever done. And when I look down into the crater I see that great eye staring back into me. It sees my choice, and I see it's fear.

END.

