

Footprints on the Moon

Written by
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INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

ANGLE: MILTON'S FACE

MILTON GRADY (late 60s, eternally wrinkled clothes and bestubbled jowls) is at a podium in a spotlight. There is a large American flag behind him.

MILTON

... SO I was on an LRV scout, the lander module was out of sight and all I could see was the dusty expanse before me and the blue Earth above my head. I was 250,000 miles from Earth, from mankind, from this crappy little existence.

Pulling out we see that Milton is speaking at a school assembly. He is staring into the middle distance, talking as much to himself as to anyone else.

MILTON (cont'd)

In one direction the very real void of nothingness. In the other, the knee-high shit swamp that I have found myself wading through every day since my return.

Next to him on stage is a large sign showing the cover of his book, *Footprints on the Moon* by Milton Grady. A photo of a much younger Milton in a NASA space suit holding a large globe.

Several students look at each other, clearly wondering what the hell he's talking about.

MILTON (cont'd)

When you look up and see Earth. You're hit with the realisation that every person who ever lived, whoever died, did so on that little blue ball. It's terrifying. To realise that nothing we do matters. It's all pointless.

He looks out at the audience as if noticing them for the first time.

MILTON (cont'd)

Any questions?

One student puts her hand in the air but thinks better of it, lowering her hand again.

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MILTON (cont'd)

Right on.

Milton walks off the stage. One of the teachers offers a paltry clap or two.

INT. PRINCIPALS OFFICE

Milton is sitting opposite PRINCIPAL BEATTY (50s, study in tweed). Milton is studying a cheque that Beatty is holding out to him.

MILTON

I was told three thousand.

BEATTY

No, the deal has always been two thousand for half an hour.

Milton puts a cigarette in his mouth.

MILTON

It took me half an hour to drive here. That should be included. If we settled on two thousand for half an hour I'm doing you a favour by only asking for one thousand for the drive over.

He strikes a match and goes to light his cigarette.

BEATTY

You can't smoke in here Mr. Grady.

Milton rolls his eyes but he extinguishes the match. He doesn't remove the cigarette from his lips though.

BEATTY (cont'd)

Travel time was not in the agreement and to be perfectly honest, considering your "inspirational speech" out there you're lucky to get anything at all. Now are you going to take your money and leave or am I going to have to get our security personnel involved?

Milton eyeballs Beatty for a second before snatching the cheque from his hand. He gets up and goes to the door.

MILTON

I did those kids a favour.

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He slams the door behind him. Beatty looks genuinely saddened.

EXT. SCHOOL CAR PARK

Milton finally lights his cigarette and takes a long drag. The car park is mostly empty of cars.

Milton looks up into the sky and sees the moon, out during the day. He looks at the moon with longing.

TEEN BOY (O.S.)
Hey spaceman! Meteor shower!

A car drives past Milton, a TEEN BOY standing through the sunroof. The boy throws a can of beer at Milton as the car passes. He ducks, the can barely missing.

MILTON
Fucking little shit!

Milton picks up a large rock from the ground and hurls it at the car. It smashes the back window.

The car squeals to a halt. It starts back up towards Milton.

MILTON (cont'd)
Oh fuck!

He runs away.

EXT. MILTON'S TRAILER - EVENING

Milton lives in a big Silver Bullet trailer on a square of AstroTurf on an otherwise empty block in suburbia.

He pulls up in an old Cadillac, which much like Milton himself, has fallen into disrepair.

Milton gets out of the car and goes up the steps into his trailer.

INT. MILTON'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Milton's trailer is cramped. Apart from the framed photo of the Apollo 22 crew the main decoration consists of empty beer cans and packed ash trays.

Milton emerges from the steaming shower room wrapped in a terrycloth robe.

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He opens the small refrigerator and takes out a bottle of beer. He takes the top off and drains half of it in one go.

He glances out the small window. In the night sky, instead of the moon, is the Earth.

EXT. MILTON'S TRAILER

Milton steps down from the door of the trailer onto the ground.

His foot meets, not AstroTurf, but a fine grey dust. It leaves a perfect footprint.

His trailer is no longer in suburbia but on the moon. Gentle grey hills line the horizon and the Earth looms big and blue above him.

He sits in the old lawn chair that is by the door and he sips his beer.