

GENESIS II

Created and Written by:
Gene Roddenberry

Copyright © 1972

REVISED FINAL DRAFT
January 16, 1973
Norway Productions

Property of:
Warner Bros. Television
4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, CA 91505

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. XENON PRESSURE CHAMBER - ANGLE ON INSIDE OF ENTRY HATCH 1

It's dark and totally silent inside the pressure chamber, except for the lit panel of a piece of instrumentation IN SHOT and a faint ELECTRONIC SOUND coming from it. Through the thick glass window in the door we can see outside into a portion of the Ganymede Laboratory, through which DYLAN HUNT is crossing toward us and the pressure chamber door. He wears the bottom half of a lab dust suit; his abdomen and head are bare except for various telemetry lines affixed to him by surgical tape. They are positioned to pick up heartbeat, blood pressure, ear drum pressure, respiration, temperature, a thin oxygen tube to a nostril, etc.

Accompanying Dylan toward the chamber door is his assistant BRIAN and a CARDIOLOGIST, both wearing dust suits bearing the NASA emblem. As the three reach the door and start to open it, Dylan's face the only one left visible at the window.

DYLAN (V.O.)

My name is Dylan Hunt. My story...

Pressure chamber door opens, interior LIGHTS come Dylan steps inside and moves to the medical pallet where he lies on his back. Brian and Cardiologist Chief follow to attach the telemetry hook-up to the lines on Dylan's abdomen and head. During which:

DYLAN (V.O.) (cont'd)

... begins the day on which I died. My last look at my world was to be from inside the Xenon Pressure Chamber at NASA'S underground Carlsbad laboratory. Our goal...

2 ANGLE PAST DYLAN ONTO OBSERVATION PORT 2

In foreground, Brian and Cardiologist are hooking up the telemetry lines to Dylan. In background, a larger thick glass window through which we can see an Observation Port Control Station and another view of the NASA laboratory beyond. Technicians, also in dust suits, are at computers and read-out stations there.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN (V.O.)
 ... was the development of a form of
 suspended animation which would allow
 our astronauts to make longer voyages
 into our solar system... the moons of
 Jupiter and Saturn... perhaps beyond.

As the Cardiologist completes the final hook-up, Brian steps to the Observation Port, turns on an intercom speaker system through which we then begin to hear SOUNDS from the laboratory outside. He turns on a speaker switch:

BRIAN
 (toward wall mike)
 Telemetry on. Give us a check.

Cardiologist turns to Dylan.

CARDIOLOGIST
 Ready to go?

Dylan nods: Cardiologist exits the chamber. Brian turns to Dylan, smiles.

BRIAN
 Last chance, Dylan. I can have a girl
 waiting to revive you.

DYLAN
 I doubt NASA's ready for that method,
 yet.

Then he and Brian exchange a handshake.

3 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON DOOR

3

As Brian exits the chamber he closes the door behind him. We see the dog bolts begin to turn as he secures the door from the outside.

4 CLOSE SHOT - DYLAN

4

settling back on the pallet as we continue to HEAR lab voices filtering in through the chamber's SPEAKER.

LABORATORY VOICE (O.S.)
 Xenon mixture ready.

BRIAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Begin pressurizing.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 3. 4

We HEAR the hiss of high pressure gas beginning to enter chamber. Dylan up and to the side toward:

5 INSERT - XENON ENTRY ORIFICE 5

at the rounded ceiling where the high pressure gas creates a slight mist at the point where it blasts into the pressure chamber. CAMERA PANS DOWN to a digital read-out meter below it, next to the observation port. It is labeled "CHAMBER PRESSURE P.S.I." and we see the reading passing 20.8 and climbing toward the 30s.

6 ANGLING PAST DYLAN ONTO OBSERVATION PORT 6

In foreground, Dylan breathing deeply. In background, Brian has joined the Cardiologist in observing Dylan through the glass. Dylan turns his head and looks in that direction as:

BRIAN
(through speaker)
Any discomfort anywhere?

DYLAN
No problems.

He turns his head to look back up at the chamber pressure reading.

7 INSERT - CHAMBER PRESSURE 7

The digital read-out climbing into the 30s.

8 BACK TO SHOT - DYLAN 8

settled back again, breathing deeply. Only the SOUND of Xenon hissing into the chamber now. CAMERA MOVES INTO CLOSE SHOT of Dylan, then:

DYLAN (V.O.)
It had been my decision that our
method was ready to test on a human...
so it seemed that...

Dylan's eyelids flutter a bit. Then, they grow rapidly heavier during which:

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

DYLAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
 ... any risk should be mine, too. I had
 guided the basic research since being
 appointed chief of the project on
 February 14, 1979...

Dylan's eyes fall shut and we FADE THRU BLACK TO:

9 INT. SUBSHUTTLE TUBE - ANGLE DOWN TUBE

9

Pitch black except for overhead amber signal lights at
 quarter-mile intervals which dimly illuminate the perfectly
 cylindrical subshuttle tube. Then, a faint WHINING SOUND of
 power and a pinpoint of white light appears in the distance,
 moving toward us.

DYLAN (V.O.)
 ... when I arrived here from
 Washington, D.C. on the newly
 completed transcontinental subshuttle
 tube.

The pinpoint of light rapidly growing, the SOUND becoming
 the WHINING ROAR of electro-magnetic propulsion complete
 with doppler effect. It's a sleek subshuttle car, riding on
 a cushion of air, hurtling toward us at incredible speed.
 WHOOSH! Its gleaming surface fills the tube, blurring past
 at hundreds of kilometers per hour.

10 REVERSE ANGLE DOWN TUBE

10

The symmetrical subshuttle car racing away into a pin point
 of light, as fast as it arrived.

DYLAN (V.O.)
 Perhaps my confidence in our
 experiment dated from then. Within
 five years of developing nuclear
 subterine boring... the subshuttle now
 bridged its first continent. It
 seemed to me that mankind's technical
 ingenuity was now capable of
 anything.

11 INT. SUBSHUTTLE CAB - PAST DYLAN THROUGH FRONT WINDOW

11

The ROARING WHINE muted here inside.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

Dylan stands next to the young subshuttle OPERATOR, scanning with interest the automated controls, the electronic read-outs. Ahead of them, the tube's overhead amber signal lights flash past at high speed.

12 REVERSE ANGLE ON DYLAN 12

as he leans toward the instrument panel to read:

13 INSERT - VELOCITY INDICATOR 13

reading between eleven and twelve hundred kilometers per hour.

14 BACK TO SHOT 14

Operator gets an electronic signal from the control board, presses a button and turns to Dylan:

OPERATOR
We're about there.

Dylan nods his thanks, turns to go back into the car.

DYLAN
Thanks. Enjoyed watching.

15 PANNING DYLAN 15

through the passenger section, past the station indicator over the door which reads: "CARLSBAD: -0- HOURS, 6 MINUTES, 5 SECONDS." It ticks down to zero seconds when:

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
(filtered)
Carlsbad, six minutes... Carlsbad.

A mixed group of military and civilian types are seated in the passenger section, attended by a comely FEMALE in Army WAC Sergeant's uniform. The sleek interior of the car is not unlike a portion of an advanced jet airliner. Further back is a cargo section. Dylan picks up the brief case he left lying on his seat, sits next to a sharp looking young Air Force BRIGADIER GENERAL.

DYLAN
Pretty impressive.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL

At least the war scare did some good. They've finally recognized that surface and air transport's gotten too vulnerable.

DYLAN

(grins)
with the Chinese alliance working so well, you folks may be out of a job soon.

GENERAL

(nods)
Can't say I mind. Looks like humanity's finally growing up.

16 CARLSBAD SUBSHUTTLE STATION - WIDE ANGLE

16

ESTABLISHING the station located in a cavern grotto, a vaulted stalactite ceiling above. workmen are still finishing cement and glass station walls next to where the subshuttle tube, fused through solid rock into a gleaming, perfectly cylindrical shape, emerges next to the passenger and cargo landing area. Overhead, a large sign bearing the national seal in gold and large lettering identifying this as "CONTINENTAL DEFENSE COMMAND." Some part of that sign reads: "CARLSBAD CAVERNS". The subshuttle station operator sits at a control panel in b.g.

DYLAN (V.O.)

1979 was a year of optimism. Even the almost invulnerable continental defense complex in Carlsbad Caverns had relaxed its security enough...

The gleaming, symmetrical subshuttle car arrives, WHINING rapidly to a stop, sits with power HUMMING as the doors snap open and Dylan emerges with the other passengers. At another subshuttle car door, military servicemen quickly begin unloading cargo.

DYLAN (V.O.) (cont'd)

... to permit us to build our NASA laboratory there where constant temperatures made ideal for our experiments. Optimism...

He is met by a NASA female employee in an electric cart which transports him out through the nearest corridor exit.

17 INT. VARIOUS 1979 CARLSBAD CORRIDORS - MONTAGE PANS OF CART AND WITH CART 17

Our aim - to suggest the considerable size and diversity of literally miles of underground corridors and facilities. Some of the corridors are fully-lined passageways - others pass through spectacular stalactite and stalagmite formations which remind us of the nature of our locale. The cart takes us past communications centers, storage areas, command posts and labs. On foot and in other carts bearing other organizational symbols are uniformed and civilian personnel busy at various tasks.

DYLAN (V.O.)

... was felt in our laboratory, too. By mid-year we had successfully revived test animals after more than a month in the pressure chamber. Our problem with reviving deep brain-stem instincts led to our discovery of the close inter-relationship of the will to survive and to reproduce. After the inevitable jokes over the possibility of mixed astronaut teams, massive injections of the brain stimulant Zelectimine was found to be...

18 HEAD LEVEL ANGLE - THE CART 18

Dylan's head being carried directly TOWARD CAMERA as:

DYLAN (V.O.)

... the answer. By every measurement we knew of, the experiment...

As Dylan's HEAD FILLS CAMERA LENS:

QUICK DISSOLVE
TO:

19 INT. PRESSURE CHAMBER - CLOSE SHOT - DYLAN 19

Head on the pallet, unconscious, scarcely any respiration visible.

DYLAN (V.O.)

... should have worked perfectly. What we did not know was that a flaw existed in the thousands of tons of rock strata over our heads...

20 ANGLE PAST DYLAN ONTO OBSERVATION PORT

20

where Brian and Cardiologist are still watching their instruments and the unconscious Dylan. Chamber pressure now reads "98.8."

DYLAN (V.O.)

... and that the slightest ground tremor would be enough to dislodge it.

A slight CAMERA JIGGLE causes Brian and Cardiologist to react... then look upward in alarm as rock debris begins falling down into lab.

LABORATORY VOICE

(through speaker)

Earthquake!

Technicians in b.g. come to their feet, looking upward in alarm too, AD LIBBING alarm. Then we see an instrument panel out there SHORT OUT IN A SHOWER OF SPARKS as a HARDER CAMERA JIGGLE sends the Technicians in sight racing for the laboratory exit. Somewhere a Xenon line bursts and a blast of gas vapor hits Brian and begins swirling through the confused lab. Brian, at the window, holds his ground a moment:

BRIAN'S VOICE

(through speaker)

Hold it! We've got to get Dylan...

SPEAKER SOUND CUTS OFF as at the Observation window panel SMOKE AND SPARKS ERUPT and a THIRD CAMERA JIGGLE sends even larger rocks hurtling down, driving Brian toward the laboratory exit, too.

CAMERA PANS TO CHAMBER DOOR WINDOW where we see lab personnel barely making it to the exit when through the swirling vapor we see a huge slab of thousands of tons of rock crash down enveloping the entry and halfway into the lab... followed by a second fall which now completely envelops the area outside the door window.

21 ANGLE ACROSS DYLAN TO OBSERVATION PORT

21

The background in the midst of a gigantic rockfall there, too, obscuring the entire observation port and STRIKING THE PRESSURE CHAMBER, TOO, WITH A MIGHTY METALLIC SOUND, ripping it from its concrete mooring and turning it askew.

(CONTINUED)

The overhead chamber lights are wrenched to the side in the same jarring twist of the chamber COMING TO REST NEAR THE OBSERVATION PORT... THEIR WHITE LIGHT QUICKLY DULLING TO RED as power is slowly lost... we have a short last look at Dylan's unconscious features as illumination continues to fade and the SHOT GOES BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

22 INT. XENON CHAMBER - MED. SHOT - DYLAN 22

A LIGHT FLICKERS about, illuminating the chamber to the side of Dylan. He is lying in exactly the same position as we last saw him - but looking strangely inhuman. His entire body, clothing, hair and face, are a smoothly textured grey "death" color. (He is evenly covered with a thin layer of fine dust which has fallen from the deteriorated interior paint layer of the chamber.) We hear SOUNDS of excavation tools and rocks scraping against the outside of the steel pressure chamber.

23 ANGLE PAST DYLAN ONTO OBSERVATION PORT 23

to include HARPER-SMYTHE, aiming a nuclear battery hand lamp into the chamber. She (or "he" as far as we can tell now) is of the unisex persuasion and garb, early twenties. Then her lamp beam falls on Dylan - she centers it on his face, reacting at what she sees. She turns in the direction of the pressure chamber, calls out (SILENT from outside) what she has seen.

24 ANGLE ON CHAMBER HATCH 24

Through the thick glass window we can see rocks being moved; then the final rock blocking out vision there, is grabbed and pulled out of scene. LYRA-A appears at the window. we can see her long blonde hair and golden mutant complexion.

ISAAC KIMBRIDGE now comes into view at the window, too. He's mid-fifties, with a scholarly face which radiates compassion, intelligence... and a capacity for humor. As with Lyra-a he wears a PAX FIELD OUTFIT - but his status as a Primi (Leader) is indicated by the pendant symbol (PAX PRIMI EMBLEM) hanging from his neck.

They converse (SILENT from outside) at what they are seeing. Lyra-a examining the door at the same time. She finds the unlocking bolts, bends to test them... and we see the dog bolts inside the door begin to turn.

25 ANGLE PAST DYLAN ONTO OBSERVATION PORT 25

Harper-Smythe, clearing loose debris from the instrument panel there, accidentally trips an emergency battery power switch. We hear a CLICK-HUMMM SOUND and a FAINT RED LIGHT SPOT appears in the chamber lamp which lies next to the window... the ILLUMINATION will SLOWLY GROW TO ABOUT ONE-THIRD NORMAL LIGHT INTENSITY.

26 BACK TO SHOT 26

At the same time, the battery power brings the chamber-lab intercom system slowly back to life and we begin to hear FILTERED VOICES from the speaker system:

HARPER-SMYTHE'S VOICE
... primus... primus, a light inside.

27 ANGLE ON PRESSURE READOUT 27

The digital system slowly coming to life, flickering, numbers shifting, then settling onto a chamber pressure digital reading of "88.6."

28 ANGLE ON DOOR PORT 28

Kimbridge's face reacting to the interior illumination he has seen come on.

KIMBRIDGE'S VOICE
(through speaker)
... Lyra-a! A light has come on!

Lyra-a's face rises into view again at the door port, her expression duplicating Kimbridge's surprise at the illumination which steadily grows stronger inside. Kimbridge's face leaves window as he moves quickly toward Harper-Smythe at the Observation Port.

29 PAST DYLAN ONTO OBSERVATION PORT 29

where Harper-Smythe is brushing further debris and dust from the observation control panel. Kimbridge appears at the glass with her as:

HARPER-SMYTHE
when I touched here, this small green
light appeared...

(CONTINUED)

KIMBRIDGE
 (examining; reading)
 "Emergency nuc/batt pow?"

LYRA-A'S VOICE
 They had developed nuclear battery
 power by the year this rock slide
 occurred, Primus.

Kimbridge has begun studying the old records he carries. Harper-Smythe's attention has stayed riveted on Dylan. Lyra-a appears at the Observation Port, leans over Kimbridge's shoulder to examine the old records as he turns to another page:

LYRA-A
 The bolts are freed. Inside pressure
 must be holding the door closed.

KIMBRIDGE
 The body was mummified by some gas in
 there, it appears.
 (reads)
 N-A-S-A...
 (mispronounces it)
 "Naysa Ganymede Project... Xenon
 Pressure Chamber..."
 (to Harper-Smythe)
 Do you see "Emergency Decompress"
 there?

HARPER-SMYTHE
 (examines board)
 Yes... "Emer... decomp..."
 (puts her finger on
 button)
 Here, it's on this...

An EXPLOSIVE HISSING SOUND, the hair and clothing of the three at the Observation Port, flutter as the releasing gas pressure sends dust and debris flying. Then as the HISSING DIES AWAY, Harper-Smythe reacts and points to what she sees happening across the chamber.

swinging slowly open. The three of them hurry out of sight around the tank in that direction, come into view at the entry hatch.

The two women respectfully allow Kimbridge to step inside first, then follow to bend with him over Dylan.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Lyra-a brushes the side of the inner wall, sending up small cloud of fine powder.

LYRA-A

He's covered with the residue of old paint. It's fallen everywhere.

Kimbridge has tentatively blown on Dylan's face, sending another small cloud of grey dust flying. Harper-Smythe brushes at the cheek gently, revealing pale but normal skin color beneath.

HARPER-SMYTHE

Primus, the flesh is soft!

Kimbridge, still examining the body, now stiffens in surprise - did he see a nostril move ever so slightly? He again puts a finger gently, tentatively to the face, presses his fingers harder against the cheek.

KIMBRIDGE

He's breathing! He's beginning to breathe!

(whirling to Harper-Smythe)

He's alive! Bring help... something to carry him on.

31 CLOSER ANGLE

31

Lyra-a bending closer, examining Dylan's face disbelievingly. We see the slightest movement of the mouth; both Lyra-a and Kimbridge quickly blow and brush the dust from his lips and eyes. Another slight movement from Dylan, then an eyelid flutters... again... the eyes slowly open. Kimbridge bends to bring his face into Dylan's view.

32 DYLAN'S P.O.V. - KIMBRIDGE

32

Totally OUT OF FOCUS at first, then only partly FOCUSING, with Kimbridge mostly a blur.

KIMBRIDGE

He sees me!

33 BACK TO SHOT

33

Dylan's lips move... a brief SOUND... another brief SOUND... then croaking it:

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

DYLAN

How... man... man... many... days...?

Both Kimbridge and Lyra-a comprehending at the same time.

KIMBRIDGE

He believes were from his century!

DYLAN

How... many...?

CAMERA MOVES DOWN INTO CLOSE SHOT of Dylan, who has so far been able to move nothing but his eyes and his lips. Then with great effort, he slowly, weakly, turns his head to look around.

34 DYLAN'S P.O.V. - ONLOOKERS AND LAB

34

with somewhat improving FOCUS as he sees the condition of the tank... then the rock fall in view through the observation window. Then to Lyra-a, to Kimbridge now identifiable as a stranger, then CAMERA PANS BACK to Lyra-a a second time.

35 BACK TO SHOT

35

DYLAN

Who... who... where?

KIMBRIDGE

(hesitates, then
seeking the right
words)

A rockfall buried this whole section
of the caverns. They gave up trying
to reach you... long ago.

Dylan weakly turns his head to eye the laboratory again.
Then back to them, puzzled.

DYLAN

How... long...?

Kimbridge and Lyra-a exchange a look. Then:

LYRA-A

It is the year 2133.

Dylan attempts to digest this, finally has to ask:

DYLAN

Year? Say... year.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

KIMBRIDGE
Twenty-one hundred thirty-three.

Dylan slowly comprehends.

LYRA-A
What was your year?

DYLAN
Nine... nineteen... seventy-nine.

Time for their reactions, then to:

36 INT. PAX CORRIDORS - DYLAN'S P.O.V. - TRAVELING SHOT

36

At first, he's seeing only bits of ceiling, corridor walls, vague and disoriented as would be seen by a man lying on his back in desperately weakened condition. A row of oil paintings goes by, old masterpieces in their thick ornate frames.

Also, glimpses of unfamiliar faces in strange garb, gathered to watch in awe as this man of the past is rolled past them.

37 MONTAGE ANGLES - DYLAN

37

lying on an old hospital gurney, being hurriedly rolled by Lyra-a and Harper-Smythe under Kimbridge's direction through one corridor, then turning into another. we've seen these before, but they are no longer the newly built corridors of the Continental Defense Command installation of 1979. They're older now, but less sterile with the military decor gone. Color tones are warmer, the dressing of the corridors and adjoining rooms vastly changed. We pass a former communications room which now houses a collection of old tapestries and statues. Further, whole corridor walls have been given over completely to a vast library collection of old books. we also pass a cavern grotto entry beyond which gracefully lovely stalactite formations are beautifully lit.

38 ANGLE THROUGH ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ONTO CORRIDOR

38

where a half dozen smiling, happy CHILDREN of six or seven years are being led in a CHILD'S SONG by a TEACHER. Young voices, a happy verse, a simple melody... combining into a "Sound of Music" feeling... all of them so intent on what they're doing that they do not notice Dylan being hurriedly wheeled past in the corridor outside.

39 CLOSE ANGLE ON DYLAN

39

The CHILDREN SINGING, then fading into the distance. He's terribly weak, only half certain of what he is seeing and hearing.

40 ANOTHER ANGLE - DYLAN'S P.O.V.

40

Still fragmentary, disoriented views moving IN and OUT OF FOCUS - a former storage room where PAX personnel bend over 20th century sewing machines, making garments. But even the people at work have the same light-hearted happiness. In these views, we recognize this is a community, knit together by common purpose. Past a room containing old radio sets, some disassembled, where other workers watch the Man from the Past taken by.

Then IN and OUT OF FOCUS as if Dylan is weakening again as we pass a broader corridor, given over to hydroponic gardens, some new form of lamps shining down onto rows of lush, richly-colored flowers.

41 INT. PAX ELEVATOR

41

as the doors open and they wheel Dylan in and the elevator starts upward. Dylan is fighting terrible weakness, knowing he must somehow will himself to survive. But the new sights and the vague realization of the incredible thing which has happened is almost too much for him. His eyes flutter: he almost passes out... catches Kimbridge's worried eyes, moves his lips again.

DYLAN

Zelectimine... intravenous...

At Kimbridge's puzzled look, Lyra-a mimics an injection.

LYRA-A

"Intravenous"... to inject.

KIMBRIDGE

An alien substance into his body?

DYLAN

Need... drug... Any... brain... excitant... drug...

LYRA-A

Medical compounds are against their belief here. They have none.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

DYLAN
 (to Lyra-a)
 Help... me...
 (eyelids flutter;
 fights for
 consciousness)
 Must... want to... live. Must... make me...
 want... to...

Dylan's eyelids flutter again... he sinks into unconsciousness, as SHOT GOES OUT OF FOCUS.

42 INT. DYLAN'S QUARTERS ANGLE ON DYLAN - OUT OF FOCUS

42

SHOT COMES INTO FOCUS, revealing Dylan lying unconscious on a bed, nude, except for a blanket pulled to his waist. A hand ENTERS SCENE, gently presses his lips apart and, drop by drop, lets a small amount of a dark liquid drip into his mouth. CAMERA HOLDS on Dylan a moment, then his eyelids flutter and then open.

43 DYLAN'S P.O.V. - LYRA-A

43

OUT OF FOCUS at first, then becoming more clear. She is standing over him, the unflattering PAX field garb gone... replaced with a thin, finely-textured toga-like wrap held at the shoulder with a clasp. Despite her size, she has a perfectly-formed and strikingly sensual female body and face.

44 TWO SHOT

44

Dylan, still weak, but now able to eye her with some amazement. His voice is just a bit stronger.

DYLAN
 How... long...?

LYRA-A
 Eight days.
 (smiles)
 You ask the same question each day.
 Don't you remember?

Dylan obviously doesn't remember. Lyra-a crosses to a charcoal fire, wets a cloth at a simmering pot, re-crosses back to him as:

LYRA-A (cont'd)
 Do you remember being found?

(CONTINUED)

Dylan manages a weak nod. Lyra-a sits on the edge of his bed and begins wiping his body with a hot cloth.

DYLAN

This is the year twenty-one...

Lyra-a nods. Then she smiles again, amused-

LYRA-A

Twenty-one thirty-three.

(smiles, amused)

Do you remember how I've cared for you?

Dylan weakly shakes his head, then stares up at the ceiling, shaken by what has happened to himself.

DYLAN

Good Lord... a hundred... a hundred and... fifty-four years.

LYRA-A

You almost died. You called for strange medical compounds and in the records of your old laboratory I found what your words meant. And to save your life you were put in my care.

DYLAN

What is... this place...?

LYRA-A

They call themselves PAX... peace... to fool others. Actually they're descendants of the soldiers who made war from here. You were found because they've run short of the weapons stored here and were searching for more that the old rockfall might have hidden.

DYLAN

You... you're not... PAX?

LYRA-A

(hesitates; lowers voice)

You must promise not to give me away. I was sent here to pretend to join them so I can warn others who PAX might attack.

(CONTINUED)

During this, Lyra-a finishes washing him, goes to bring back more of the dark liquid, holds the container for him to drink.

LYRA-A (cont'd)
This has effects much like the
compounds in your records. It's from
a mutated plant my people use.

DYLAN
Mutated?
(realizes the
implications)
The bomb? Then we did... have war...

She presses the container to his lips, he drinks.

LYRA-A
(soothingly)
Long ago. It's only history now.

DYLAN
What happened... what changes...?

LYRA-A
There are some new forms of life. But
you'll find them nothing to fear.
(smiles)
Unless you fear me?

Dylan eyes Lyra-a puzzledly. Then she reaches for an ornate clasp which hooks her Tyranian outer garment together at the shoulder. She releases it, it falls to the floor.

Left in a scanty breast and hip wrappings. An incredible physique - strong, long-muscled... yet strikingly sensual... Proudly:

LYRA-A
(continuing)
See, I am a mutant.

Even in his weakened condition, Dylan's eyes are drawn to her golden form... then his look stops at her belly, amazed. Lyra-a has two perfectly formed navels, one centered above the other! She sees his look, his surprise.

(CONTINUED)

LYRA-A (cont'd)
We have two hearts, greater strength...
superior to humans in almost every
way.

It takes Dylan a moment to absorb all this.

DYLAN
You don't... say!

Lyra-a gives Dylan a long look, then she withdraws the pin holding her golden hair in place; it cascades down around her shoulders.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

46 INT. PAX COUNCIL ROOM - PANNING PAST WORLD MAP TO PAX
COUNCIL

46

Just long enough on the map to see that there are no national boundaries as we remember them. Also, we'll see colored lines which mark subshuttle tubes connecting the continents and criss-crossing major land areas. Some of it appears out-of-service, while a few others show blinking LIGHTS as if to indicate subshuttle cars in service there. During which:

YULOFF'S VOICE (O.S.)

As Security Primus, it is my duty to voice my concern, Isaac. The Man from the Past has been with us fifteen days now.

PAN SHOT CENTERS on PAX council... it's late at night, lights are dimmed, except at the council table, in what was once the Continental Defense Command War Room and now serves the Pax Council. The man who has been speaking to Kimbridge is IVAN YULOFF, also wearing the robe and emblem of a PAX primus. He is a dark, short, powerful-looking man, whose features and expression seem to fit his job as PAX Security Chief. Also seated there are five other PAX primi of various races, wearing the same garb and emblem. They include three women. The ones we'll hear from are a middle-aged female Oriental, LU CHAN, who is primus in charge of the cavern facilities, and a striking looking dark haired woman, early thirties, DOMINIC who coordinates PAX field teams for the council.

KIMBRIDGE

I've seen him daily, Ivan. And each time I've seen him, he's grown stronger.

YULOFF

But everything he learns of us and our world is from the lips of a Tyranian.

KIMBRIDGE

(corrects him)

From a fellow member of PAX, Ivan. Just as others have done, she left her people, took our oath freely...

(CONTINUED)

YULOFF

Isaac, an oath means nothing to a mutant!

KIMBRIDGE

Lyra-a is only half mutant; her mother was as human as yours or mine. You've seen her smile, sometimes even laugh.

DOMINIC

My Agents in her home city saw no evidence of humanity in her when she lived there, Primus.

KIMBRIDGE

We owe her our gratitude. The Man from the Past is alive. More than simply a Man from the Past, a scientist! His brain contains knowledge it would take the world centuries to discover again...

YULOFF

All the more reason they must be separated the moment he no longer needs her care, Isaac.

LU CHAN

(to Kimbridge)

I must regretfully support Primus Yuloff in this. Although Lyra-a seems to have accepted our beliefs, we must remember that her people practice deceit as a virtue and believe only in...

Interrupted by Harper-Smythe ENTERING hurried, excitedly. Then, realizing she is in the council room of the PAX primi, she slows down, tries to repress her excitement.

HARPER-SMYTHE

Forgive me, Primi. The Man of the Past has come out! He's walking among us.

A famous oil painting from the past. CAMERA PULLS BACK, ANGLING TO REVEAL Dylan examining it, Lyra-a at his side. The rest of the room is filled in hung and stored paintings.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

DYLAN

Good Lord! Van Goghs, Rembrandts,
Picassos...

LYRA-A

(nods, quietly)

They've looted the whole world. No
one is safe from them.

DYLAN

They show a lot of taste in what they
steal.

They EXIT toward a corridor.

48 AT RADIO WORKSHOP

48

As Dylan and Lyra-a pause outside and he watches the work
underway there.

LYRA-A

Communications equipment from the old
military storage rooms. Deeper in the
caverns they have armory workshops,
gunsmiths...

(pauses as someone
passes within
hearing; then;)

I'm ordered to show you only pleasant
things. I'll find a way later to show
you those things.

49 INT. CORRIDOR

49

Dylan and Lyra-a pass various PAX types who have gathered
along the corridor, curious about the Man from the Past.
Dylan eyes them, too, noting that despite their curiosity
about him they maintain the solemn manner we've noticed.
Then, as they turn onto a less-frequented corridor and stop
at elevator doors where Lyra-a punches the elevator
controls.

DYLAN

Lyra-a, when they were rolling me
here, I'm sure I remember hearing
singing, children singing...

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

LYRA-A
 (shakes head)
 Perhaps a dream you were having. No
 one here sings without being ordered
 to.

Dylan, tiring, has leaned against the corridor wall. A powerful pneumatic SOUND from inside the shaft... then the doors snap open. She helps him inside.

50 INT. ELEVATOR CAB

50

Large, room for seating as if it traverses considerable vertical distances. Once inside, the doors snap shut, the elevator WHIRRS, they accelerate upward. Fast, faster... Dylan looks toward a transparent port where elevator shaft lights flash past rapidly, showing remarkable speed upward.

DYLAN
 Their rower source?

LYRA-A
 Your old nuclear generators still operate. But fortunately for the world, PAX doesn't understand the principle.

The elevator cab decelerates rapidly, stops, doors snap open. Fresh air fills the cab. Lyra-a helps Dylan to his feet, indicates outside, smiling.

LYRA-A (cont'd)
 (continuing)
 Sunlight! A whole new medicine for you!

51 EXT. SENTINEL POST - DAY

51

Lyra-a leading Dylan out through a well-camouflaged path overgrown with thickets. They emerge high atop a New Mexico mountain. Higher above us a pair of PAX SENTINELS with old, mounted 20th Century military scopes, constantly scanning the vista below them. Dylan stops, taking in the view. For fifty, a hundred miles in all directions - the surface of Earth he left over a century ago!

52 DYLAN'S P.O.V.

52

A gorgeous vista, totally devoid of man or his marks. The sky is much bluer than it was in his day.

53 DYLAN AND LYRA-A

53

breathing in the fresh air - already appearing a little stronger as he looks out over the landscape.

DYLAN

Thank God! And more beautiful than ever!

Stops as he sees the PAX Sentinels above them, gives Lyra-a a questioning look.

LYRA-A

Every way in or out of here is watched constantly.

54 ANOTHER CLOSER SHOT

54

with the exhilaration of being outside, seeing the surface of Earth again, Dylan's mind is racing. Until now, totally dependent upon Lyra-a, he's beginning to become himself again as he peers out over the countryside.

DYLAN

Where are we? If we're above the caverns here, then...

(studying landscape,
reacts)

It's all gone! The highway, White City...

(points)

Over there, the lodge where my wife came to visit me..

LYRA-A

You left a wife?

DYLAN

(shakes his head;
remembering)

I let my work become too important. She divorced me.

(looks off again,
then)

What else is gone, Lyra-a. How much did the bombs destroy?

LYRA-A

Less than it was believed would happen. For many years of fighting, each side feared the death bombs of the other too much.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LYRA-A (cont'd)

When they were finally used, the scientists revolted.

DYLAN

Thank God! We did show some guts then.

LYRA-A

But the ancestors of PAX then took power...many scientists were killed as traitors. The teachers and technicians tried to save them and a great frenzy of killing began. But without... scientists and teachers, your machines began to rust, men began to fight for water and food. Your great technology had been too... too...

DYLAN

(nods)

Too complex, fragile... without oil, the wheels stop turning; without wheels the factories stop, food transport stops...

Interrupted as, behind them, the elevator doors open and Yuloff steps out with Kimbridge, followed by two Security Guards. Kimbridge, clearly upset, hurries ahead of the others.

KIMBRIDGE

I was hoping to welcome you to our century in a different fashion, Dylan Hunt. I am Primus Kimbridge, who found you...

(aware Yuloff has moved in; indicates)

And this is Primus Yuloff...

DYLAN

(nods)

... PAX Security Chief. Lyra-a said I'd be meeting you.

YULOFF

All PAX is grateful for the care she has given you. But unfortunately now, she has other duties equally pressing.

(CONTINUED)

LYRA-A
(in response to
Dylan's look)
I must respect Primus Yuloff's
authority

Lyra-a EXITS to the elevator, accompanied by one of the
Security Guards

KIMBRIDGE
We have so many questions to ask you.

Yuloff has waited for the elevator doors to close on Lyra-a
and Guard, turns to Dylan:

YULOFF
The first question must be what Lyra-
a has told you of PAX.

DYLAN
Why? Are there things I should not
know?

YULOFF
We are naturally concerned with the
knowledge you carry, you are not
unlike a death bomb yourself. The
power of your knowledge could have
great value... but it could also
destroy us all.

KIMBRIDGE
We hope you will use it in our cause
once you understand us fully.

DYLAN
You'll find I'm a fairly quick study.

The door opens, Dylan appears at it escorted by a PAX
Security Guard who takes up a station outside. Then as Dylan
enters, the door behind him is closed and we HEAR it locked.
He turns to find Harper-Smythe laying back the covers of his
bed.

HARPER-SMYTHE
I have been assigned Lyra-a's duties.

Dylan sits on his bed, eyes her, amused. He shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

No way.

(indicates)

What the devil are you, anyway? He...
she... or what?

HARPER-SMYTHE

Of what importance is that? Would the
shape of my liver or pancreas
interest you?

DYLAN

Perhaps. I hate surprises.

Dylan starts to undress for bed. Harper-Smythe turns quickly
away.

HARPER-SMYTHE

I know why you asked that question.
All people in your century were ruled
by lust.

DYLAN

I thought you were taking over my
nurse's duties. She always tucked me
in.

HARPER-SMYTHE

She's even worse than your century
with lust, mutant's go mad.

DYLAN

I hope I keep getting stronger.

HARPER-SMYTHE

You are a scientist and yet you do
not understand that lust destroyed
your world?

DYLAN

That's an interesting theory.

It's clear it is also Harper-Smythe's favorite subject

HARPER-SMYTHE

It is a fact! Most of your world's
problems were caused by aggression
between male and female. Your own St.
Freud warned you about this weakness...

DYLAN

Saint Sigmund Freud...?

(CONTINUED)

HARPER-SMYTHE

(nods; without
interruption)

... A weakness which kept even your
leaders from clear thought and
wisdom. Thus, in the end, it was
animal lust which caused your
civilization to fall.

DYLAN

(eyes her; then)

Just how many of you people feel this
way?

HARPER-SMYTHE

A great part of PAX is of the unisex
persuasion. Outside, of course, the
primitives and the barbarians
continue in the same old errors.

DYLAN

Oh? Thank Heaven, I'm safe here.

56 INT. DYLAN'S QUARTERS - ANGLE OM DYLAN

56

asleep in his bed. Then a slight SCUFFLING SOUND, a STIFLED
MOAN... Dylan stirs, opens his eyes. He becomes aware of some
activity across the darkened room, reacts, fumbles for the
wall switch... ROOM LIGHTS come up.

57 ANGLE TO INCLUDE LYRA-A AND HARPER-SMYTHE

57

Lyra-a bending over Harper-Smythe whose arms and legs have
been bound, a gag being tied in place over her mouth. Dylan
also sees the unconscious form of the Security Guard lying
inside the door.

DYLAN

Are they all right?

LYRA-A

Neither is injured.

(stands)

Yuloff now suspects why I'm here. I
must leave.

DYLAN

Can you get both of us out of here?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

Lyra-a picks up a bundle of clothing, hands it to him. He shakes it open, quickly begins dressing. Lyra-a also takes the Paxer from the unconscious Guard.

LYRA-A

If you'll risk it with me. I hoped you'd want to.

DYLAN

To where?

LYRA-A

Anywhere you want, Dylan. To the freest and most beautiful place on Earth, if you wish. My city... Tyrania.

58 ANGLE ON HARPER-SMYTHE

58

reacting to the word Tyrania; trying desperately to shake her gag loose, say something, but it's only a muffled SOUND. Her eyes try to catch Dylan's, warn him about something.

59 BACK TO DYLAN AND LYRA-A

59

But Dylan is hurrying into the full field outfit Lyra-a has supplied, nodding his agreement to Lyra-a, who turns, cracks the door open to check the partially darkened night corridor outside. Dylan checks that Harper-Smythe is uninjured - then, they quickly exit.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

60 INT. CARLSBAD SUBSHUTTLE STATION

60

A century older than we saw it before in the PROLOGUE. The equipment is more complex now - as if the system improved and expanded in the years since we last saw it. Over the station control panel, a larger wall map shows subshuttle tubes criss-crossing the continent and connecting most of the world. DIM "night" LIGHTING here, too... a SUBSHUTTLE GUARD crouches over a charcoal heater, warming himself.

61 ANGLE ON DYLAN AND LYRA-A

61

entering silently along a connecting corridor. She peers around the station entry. Then she motions Dylan to stop, then raises the Paxer, carefully aiming it at the Guard. Dylan presses Lyra-a's Paxer arm down. Gives her a questioning look.

LYRA-A

(whispers)

It fires only a dart, which causes unconsciousness.

Dylan releases her arm; she aims again, presses the trigger... we HEAR the HISS of the Paxer.

62 WIDE ANGLE - INCLUDING GUARD

62

as he stiffens, slumps to the floor, unconscious. Dylan takes the Paxer from Lyra-a, examining it curiously as they move INTO SCENE. Dylan moves out in front of the expanded, more sophisticated subshuttle station controls, eying the large world map above the panel. CAMERA MOVES IN CENTERING ON THIS AREA. Lyra-a steps on the other side of the control panel, begins punching out the signals necessary to bring a subshuttle car here.

LYRA-A

This is PAX's greatest weapon. From here, their teams can go anywhere, attacking, murdering...

Dylan eyes the map, amazed.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

DYLAN

So we did continue building it! Into a system that connected the whole world.

The HISS of a Paxer - Dylan stiffens, slumping into unconsciousness.

63 ANOTHER ANGLE

63

A previously unseen SECOND SUBSHUTTLE GUARD has moved in behind Dylan, but has not seen Lyra-a behind the control panel. As he moves in, her incredible reflexes propel her into movement. He tries to turn his weapon upon her but she's already thrown herself low, directly at his legs, up-ending him. The weapon CLATTERS to the floor and the Guard is unconscious almost before it stops rolling.

64 INT. SUBSHUTTLE - ANGLE ON DYLAN

64

Still unconscious, lying on the floor as the subshuttle rocks gently to the MUTED ROARING WHINE of high speed passage through the tube. He comes back to consciousness slowly at first, then remembers what happened and fights off the dazed feeling, struggles to his feet.

He finds the interior of the subshuttle car is much as we saw it 153 years ago, but older, empty of humans and cargo. He also discovers the Security Guard's Paxer belt and weapon on the floor beside him. He picks up the weapon, then hears the faint ELECTRONIC SOUND of someone operating the controls, moves forward in the car, cautiously.

65 SUBSHUTTLE CONTROL AREA

65

The subshuttle tube lights pass as before, the same high speed. Dylan enters, finds Lyra-a at the controls. He indicates the Paxer he carries.

DYLAN

This doesn't make them seem terribly bloodthirsty. What does it fire?

She extends a tiny projectile dart.

66 INSERT - THE PROJECTILE

66

Slim, tufted at one end, a fraction of an inch in length.

67 BACK TO SHOT

67

DYLAN

A hypo dart?

LYRA-A

Only because they want you alive.

Another electronic BEEP from the control panel; Lyra-a turns to it and punches a button. She stands, leads the way back into the passenger section.

68 ANGLE ON PASSENGER SECTION

68

Lyra-a leading the way into the passenger area as DECELERATION SOUNDS begin as the subshuttle rapidly reduces its speed.

LYRA-A

This old maintenance station is the closest the tube comes to Tyrania. From here, we travel above ground.

The subshuttle comes to a full stop, the door snaps open, and we see a small, dimly lit subshuttle maintenance station through the opening in the tube outside. Dylan and Lyra-a hurry out into it.

DYLAN

Can't PAX trace this car to here?

LYRA-A

No. I'm sending it on to a siding tube.

She pauses at a small panel to hit a switch. The subshuttle doors close. It begins moving down the tube again as they exit into a corridor leading from the maintenance station.

69 INT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT '

69

A place which, before being bombed to rubble over a century ago, serviced subshuttle repairs, ventilation, etc. Windows are gone, parts of some walls, too; the area outside is overgrown with vegetation and includes a rude corral in which we can see some magnificent large horses. The ruins are inhabited by SAVAGE WHITES, clad in animal skins. Their living accoutrements are meager, the predominance of leather, plus the game animal parts hanging to dry over an open fire, indicate they are a nomadic hunting people.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

The men are armed with wicked looking, roughly-forged axes and slim, long-bladed lances. CAMERA THEN ANGLES TO INCLUDE a heavy, rusted old metal door leading into a tube exit corridor in the rubble. It moves, CREAKS, then is suddenly thrown BANGING open. A SAVAGE WOMAN SCREAMS, grabs for a child; a SAVAGE YOUTH shouts a warning CALL as Dylan appears. Before he fully steps into view, a lance is thrown; the slim blade missing Dylan by inches. Lyra-a appears behind him; she shouts angrily:

LYRA-A

Tyran!

At the sight of the mutant woman, a dramatic change. Weapons drop to the floor, male and female alike drop to one knee, crossing their arms over their chest. A YOUNG CHILD or TWO are slow to emulate their elders and apologetically are hurriedly forced to the same position of respect taken by the adults.

70 ANOTHER ANGLE

70

as Lyra-a ignores the kneeling savages, crosses to the open fire and hands a portion of smoked game to Dylan, who is eying the white savages curiously. Then a savage woman brings her Tyranian riding garb which she dons while:

LYRA-A

Eat. we have a long ride.
(indicates savages)
They breed our horses for us.

DYLAN

Who are they?

LYRA-A

Their ancestors lived in the city
which was destroyed here. You called
the region "Arizona."

During which the CHIEFTAIN has hurried outside - followed by SHOUTED ORDERS, men RUNNING, horses STOMPING, WHINNYING. Dylan gnawing on the smoked.meat, watches Lyra-a and the savages curiously. She indicates their kneeling position to him.

LYRA-A (cont'd)

It's called the position of respect.
(smiles)
Which also makes it much harder for
them to put a lance in our backs.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

LYRA-A (cont'd)
 (crossing toward
 exit)
 You've much to learn about Earth now,
 Dylan Hunt.

Dylan starts to follow Lyra-a out, then stops as a small child CRIES, the MOTHER SAVAGE claps a hand over the child's mouth.

DYLAN
 No, it's all right.

He has taken a step toward the Mother, stops as he realizes she is trembling like a leaf, hand still over the child's mouth. The abject fear, pitiful, troubles Dylan as he turns and follows Lyra-a.

71 EXT. PLAINS - DAWN - LONG SHOT - LYRA-A AND DYLAN

71

The sun rising. They're mounted, riding across the rolling landscape. Lyra-a rides expertly, gracefully on a huge animal, which is covered from withers to rump in a scarlet blanket. Silver tinkling bells are attached to its head and ankles, a magnificent sight. Dylan is on a smaller horse fitted with one of the savages fur-skin riding blankets. Although showing some fatigue now, he's again amazed by the regenerated Earth about him - the sparkling blue sky, the land rich with grass, no sign or traces of man. A deer bounds into view in f.g., races off.

72 EXT. LAKE - DAY

72

Watering their horses, Dylan looks down at the stream, seeing fish in the water.

73 DYLAN'S P.O.V. - FISH

73

visible in the shallow stream water.

DYLAN
 It's like Earth has been given a
 second chance. Blue skies, clear
 water, fish, game...
 (turns to Lyra-a)
 What else?

LYRA-A
 Much more. My century has many
 surprises for you.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

Dylan's eye catches sight of something off above them to the side. He turns, looks.

74 DYLAN'S P.O.V. - FLIGHT OF BIRDS

74

Thick, winging through the blue sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

75 EXT. ROLLING HILLS - DAY - MED. LONG PAN SHOT

75

Dylan half asleep in his saddle. Lyra-a still riding fresh, alert. Dylan's horse stumbles; he comes awake. Then, as CAMERA PANS them further along, a pair of African lions are seen lying in SHOT F.G. Dylan reins up, eying the large cats nervously.

DYLAN

From bombed out zoos?

LYRA-A

(nods)

Many live on the plains here now.

(indicates)

With their brothers.

Then he's even more surprised when the slim figure of a WHITE WATUTSI stands up out of the grass next to the cats - stands watching them, a handmade crossbow in hand, a quiver of short arrows at his waist.

DYLAN

Earth has gotten... interesting to say the least.

LYRA-A

You've seen little yet.

(eyes them, then

beckons)

We're safe. They're not hunting now.

They ride off, Dylan giving the strange threesome another glance over his shoulder.

76 ANOTHER ANGLE

76

Dylan and Lyra-a ride TOWARD CAMERA INTO MED. SHOT where Dylan reins in again, catching sight of a building on a mountain to the side of them.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

LYRA-A
Tyrania's nuclear generation plant.

77 DYLAN'S P.O.V. - THE NUCLEAR STATION

77

A slightly closer perspective.

78 BACK TO SHOT

78

DYLAN
And your city?

LYRA-A
Well over a day's ride yet.
(indicates plant)
We're not as fortunate as PAX. It's
beginning to fail. Perhaps the
distance to our city makes it weaker.
Do you understand such things?

DYLAN
(nods)
More likely the nuclear core elements
need rearranging. Or the reflector
assemblies may need adjusting.

As Dylan eyes the distant building again, Lyra-a gives him a searching look. Then they rein the horses ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

79 EXT. RUGGED COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - DYLAN AND LYRA-A

79

still riding. Lyra-a upright, alert, not in the least fatigued. Dylan's fatigue is obvious. Lyra-a reins the animal to a stop, points ahead.

Tyrania! In the distance set on a rugged hilltop, MATTE SHOT of gleaming, white, graceful buildings of advanced architecture. Incredibly beautiful.

80 ANGLE EMPHASIZING DYLAN

80

Stunned. It appears like everything he had ever dreamed the future might be like! The air fresh, skies blue, the land unpolluted, and a graceful city ahead in a garden setting.

DYLAN
Incredible. Lovely!

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

LYRA-A

Tyrania!

81 EXT. TYRANIA CENTRAL MALL - DAY - ESTABLISHING PAN SHOT

81

Malls and pathways only; no streets or vehicles. Dozens of different types of MELODIC WIND CHIMES match the feeling of the white marble walkways, the fountains, flower beds and the magnificently handsome, golden-skinned, light haired Tyranians, in their colorful garb. Old or young, male or female, they're exceptionally tall, well-formed. Most of them carry short, ornate baton-like "Stims" in their right hand, raising it in occasional solemn greeting to other Tyranians. Here and there, almost unnoticeable in the splendor, are a few ordinary HUMANS of various races, most on the underfed side and much smaller than the towering Tyranians. Also, here and there, helpers still carrying tattoos or strange hair styles of their homeland. All are very plainly clothed in sort of servant attire. Noticeably smaller, they stay off the central mall and pathways, maintaining a low profile as they scurry about their tasks.

82 LYRA-A AND DYLAN

82

crossing the mall. We notice that Lyra-a has changed perceptibly - a totally emotionless expression, a proud bearing. From closer we see the Tyranians they pass all have the same proud, stoic manner, as if completely untroubled by emotions of any kind. Occasionally one of them will gracefully raise his or her Stim solemnly to Lyra-a in greeting.

DYLAN

You've been away... what, over a year?
Yet, they're not surprised to see
you.

He gets no answer, glances curiously at one of the smaller servant types who passes.

LYRA-A

They are called our "helpers."

83 EXT. ANOTHER MALL AREA

83

where a group of five differently clothed people are being led across the mall by a Tyranian Male. Three are slim black males in ornately embroidered caftans, rich sandals, and African hair styles.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

One is a stocky, exceptionally heavily muscled female in "Spartan" tunic, leading a puny, frightened looking, half-naked male by a line attached to a collar on his neck.

Dylan and Lyra-a enter f.g. and he gives this group a curious look, too.

LYRA-A

Supplicants who hope to be accepted as helpers here. The two are Carolinian scholars...

(sees he's surprised
by the collared man;
smiles)

You'd do well to avoid the women's country, Dylan. Males are tolerated there only as pets.

They move on.

84 INT. LYRA-A'S COMPOUND QUARTERS - DAY

84

Dylan and Lyra-a enter; ASTRID, a rather puny looking young human female helper hurries in, carrying an ornately carved box and quickly kneels on one knee before Lyra-a and silently proffers it. Lyra-a opens the lid, exposing her own Stim which she takes out. Indicates it to Dylan.

LYRA-A

The "Stim," a custom which my people believe confers dignity.

Lyra-a motions the girl to her feet, indicates Dylan.

LYRA-A (cont'd)

This is my guest, Dylan Hunt. He is to be treated as a Tyranian.

Astrid's mouth almost falls open in surprise; she quickly recovers and takes the position of respect on one knee before Dylan. Lyra-a turns to him:

LYRA-A (cont'd)

Astrid will take you to your quarters. I must arrange that my people prepare a proper welcome for you.

Other servant types enter, indicating this is a highly luxurious household complex, well staffed. At a whispered word from Astrid, all the servants kneel in positions of respect. We can see this is beginning to trouble him a bit.

Much more utilitarian than the council room at PAX, almost Roman in style. This carries through to the cool, proud bearing of the Tyranians here. Lyra-a stands at a "witness" podium in front of a crescent council bench, which seats three male Council members. Each holds his Stim, butt down in front of himself as if in a prescribed ceremonial position. One is SLAN-N, a Tyranian scientist of middle years; the presiding member, larger than the rest, is WEHR-R, the other is LAHYN-N with something of the waspish manner of Rome's Cato.

LYRA-A

It was quite simple to win the trust of most of them and I could soon go where I wished. but when the Man from the Past was discovered, I realized this to be of even greater importance than my study of their subshuttles...

WEHR-R

This human could also be a clever trick. A spy planted here.

LYRA-A

No. I saw him found. He is a scientist of old Earth with a knowledge of machines that fly, of old weapons...

(with emphasis)

... and of nuclear fusion.

This creates a perceptible reaction despite the stoic calm of the Council members. Lyra-a waits for this, then continues:

LYRA-A (cont'd)

I will require more time to win his full loyalty. As a mere human, he is, of course, ruled by his emotions and superstitions...

LAHYN-N

Then he must be trained as with all humans.

Room LIGHTING DIMS for a moment, FLICKERS. Slan-n has looked up at it.

SLAN-N

Why dull his mind needlessly? A nuclear reactor is a delicate thing.

(CONTINUED)

LYRA-A

I am certain he'll help us freely if he feels at ease among us. I ask that all in Tyrania must be commanded to help me convince him of our friendship.

WEHR-R

(considers it)

Agreed. But we must soon see evidence he is willing to serve us. If not, he is to be placed in training school.

86 INT. LYRA-A'S COMPOUND QUARTERS - NIGHT

86

The interior of the compound is even more luxurious than the outside - almost barbaric in its splendor, we HEAR Dylan's and Lyra-a's laughter, water splashing from a pool and fountain area at the other end of the room as Astrid enters, takes a position of respect.

ASTRID

Shall we serve food now, Mistress?

DYLAN'S VOICE

Yes! I'm starving.

LYRA-A'S VOICE

Have it brought in, Astrid.

87 ANGLE AT POOL - DYLAN AND LYRA-A

87

Dylan is getting into the Tyranian male garb. Lyra-a into a robe which clings provocatively to her damp body.

88 ANGLE AT TABLE

88

As Helpers enter with trays piled high with a variety of fruits and prepared dishes enough to feed a dozen people. Dylan and Lyra-a ENTER from pool area - the room overhead LIGHTING FLICKERS as we've seen it happen before... this time it stays DIM a bit longer. Lyra-a indicates it.

LYRA-A

You see? It grows weaker almost with each day.

(smiles)

Repairing it will win you all Tyrania's friendship.

(CONTINUED)

They've seated themselves at the food. As they're served, their every want and need is eagerly anticipated by the Helpers. Astrid is particularly anxious over Dylan's needs, and he finds it almost impossible to do anything for himself... she reads his expression, his glances, almost before he forms the thought. Clearly, he has wondered about this before and as it draws his curiosity again, Lyra-a notices.

LYRA-A (cont'd)

What continues to trouble you, Dylan?
That they serve us so well?

Dylan feels strange discussing this within the hearing of the Helpers. He shakes his head.

DYLAN

It's their damned eagerness to please.

LYRA-A

They love us. Just as an animal pet returns love given it.

DYLAN

They're humans, Lyra-a.
(turning)
Astrid. Are you happy here?

ASTRID

(quick position of respect)

Happy, Master? I was ill and starving until I came here. In Tyrania I have food, a roof, I have whole clothing. I am never cold.

Lyra-a gestures, Astrid comes quickly to her feet, serving Dylan again. Lyra-a turns back to him.

LYRA-A

They're fortunate humans, Dylan. They recognize it.

But we can see Dylan is far from satisfied.

Dylan in Tyranian garb now, pacing, lost in worried thought. Then he crosses to where a flagon and cup sits on a low table. He starts to pour out some liquid, hesitates, smells the flagon.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

He's still uncertain, but decides not to drink, crosses to his fur-covered bed, lies on his back. CAMERA MOVES INTO MED. SHOT of Dylan as he lies there, looking at the ceiling, concerned. What is there about this place? It's lovely, tranquil, orderly... and still he senses something is very wrong. He comes to a decision, gets up, CAMERA PANNING him back to the draped doorway.

90 CLOSE SHOT - DYLAN

90

parting the drapes quietly, looking into Lyra's quarters.

91 P.O.V. SHOT INTO LYRA-A'S QUARTERS

91

revealing Lyra-a there, asleep.

92 PANNING DYLAN

92

as he crosses his quarters again to underneath the high open window, gets a toehold between two heavy wall slabs, pulls himself up and over the sill.

93 EXT. LYRA-A'S COMPOUND - NIGHT - COURTYARD

93

as Dylan drops INTO SCENE, moves into the shadows, exiting the compound.

94 EXT. TYRANIAN CENTRAL HALL - NIGHT - WIDE ANGLE

94

Not a Tyranian in sight. But Helpers everywhere, and we're even more aware that, unlike the golden-haired similarity of all Tyranians, the Helpers are of mixed sizes, colors and types. We see them working furiously on their knees, washing the marble walks, sweeping, gardening, polishing. It's easy to see why the place shines so in the daylight, why the pathways are so carefully bordered, why the gardens are so beautifully kept.

A MALE HELPER scurries past; Dylan tries to wave him down.

DYLAN

You? May I...?

The Helper avoids Dylan's eyes, continues on, obviously frightened, pretending not to hear Dylan, who is growing even more troubled.

95 ANGLE ON DYLAN

95

watching, then starting to move on. He's suddenly grabbed from behind, a hand clapped over his mouth and he's pulled into concealment. Dylan tries to break the grip, but falls. Then he finds himself eye-to-eye with a Helper - but one of the largest men Dylan has ever seen. He's ISIAH, a former chieftain of the "White Comanche" savages of the great plains, blue tattoo marks on his face, still with the scalplock of his tribe.

ISIAH

I am Isiah, PAX. Will you keep silent?

Isiah continues hand over Dylan's mouth until he gets a nod. Isiah indicates down a pathway leading away from the central mall.

96 ANOTHER CONCEALED AREA

96

as two other figures step out of the darkness to intercept Dylan and Isiah. Both are in Helper's garb. DOCTOR KELLUM is mid-forties, black, with a contentious temperament. PIEDMONT is mid-twenties, a rather small character type, with a look of high intelligence - and with technical knowledge, mannerisms, and speech closer to a 20th Century man than Dylan will meet anywhere. But the expressions on his and Kellum's faces are far from friendly.

KELLUM

Doctor Kellum. PAX.

As Dylan opens his mouth:

PIEDMONT

(interrupts)

I am Singh, of PAX. And you are the fabled Man from the Past that swallowed every lie his first mutant tried on him?

KELLUM

We've heard you're visiting their nuclear generator tomorrow. Why?

DYLAN

(nods)

Is there some objection to their city having a reliable power supply, too?

(CONTINUED)

PIEDMONT

You're going there to repair it? You know the science of the past?

The urgency, the concern of the PAX team is obvious. Dylan nods.

DYLAN

Yes, that's how PAX happened to find me. I...

KELLUM

If we hadn't an oath never to take human life, we'd ask Isiah to kill you this moment. That's how dangerous it is having your knowledge in Tyranian hands.

ISIAH

You have not seen this is an evil place?

DYLAN

It's a few doubts that brought me out looking around tonight, friend. But I'm not exactly in love with your anthill either.

PIEDMONT

Then it's true what she told their council. She used your illness to keep you secluded; you saw practically nothing of PAX.

KELLUM

PAX was founded by people alive in your time! Some you might have known! Scientists, educators, philosophers, people who revolted against the Great Conflict. They took over the caverns to preserve books and art and decent ideals for when the world began to rebuild again.

DYLAN

Then why the secret teams of agents everywhere? Do you want me to believe you're here infiltrating good books and culture?

ISIAH

(turning)

We show you why this team is here.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

96

Isiah takes Dylan's arm in a grip that leaves no choice but to go with them. They move through the foliage toward the side of a Tyranian building.

97 INT. HOLDING PEN (UNDERGROUND HELPER CHAMBER) NIGHT

97

CAMERA IS ANGLING UP toward a narrow, high window or horizontal ventilation slit. We HEAR people shuffling about, faint moans, a shouted order. Then a human shrieking in fear. Dylan's face appears at the slit, accompanied by the others - his expression amazed, shocked, as he sees:

98 P.O.V. DOWN INTO HOLDING PEN

98

Humans being held under guard and still others being rudely hurried into the area by Tyranians who still wear their riding outfits and capes. The prisoners are wretched, tattered, desperately fatigued. Males, females, children of widely mixed colors and racial types... grimy, some MOANING, injured.

Some are fur-clad North Country white savages - a pair of Swamp Women with children, all barely clad in reeds. There are two more of the heavily muscular females, with wretched looking human male "pets" on neck collars - a few Mexican Types in Aztec dress - even some others in oddly mixed, old 20th Century garments.

99 BACK TO SHOT

99

Isiah indicating the holding pen to Dylan:

ISIAH
Slave city beneath city.

KELLUM
Those are new helpers. Recently captured.

PIEDMONT
This is what one PAX Team is doing. Two of us have died planning a rebellion. If necessary all of us will if we can save them and several thousand like them.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

(shaken; watching
slave pen)

I had questions about this place. But
I didn't expect this answer.

KELLUM

There's a phrase from your century.
"In the name of humanity" ...don't help
the mutants. When the rebellion
begins, we'll try to help you escape
then.

Interrupted by a SHRIEK from below. Dylan stiffens, looks
over the embankment again. CAMERA MOVES INTO CLOSE SHOT of
Dylan, catching his expression of what he sees as we HEAR
hoofbeats, another succession of shrieks of pain and fear.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

100 INT. TYRANIAN COUNCIL CHAMBER - ANGLE ON COUNCIL - DAY 100

The Council is seated as WE SAW them before.

SLAN-N

Yes or no, Human! Will you repair our nuclear...?

101 ANGLE INCLUDING DYLAN 101

Facing the Council, from the "witness podium." He's bare to the waist, stripped of his Tyranian outer garments. Lyra-a stands at his shoulder, concerned.

DYLAN

(interrupting)

Now listen! I came into your century ill... and that's been used against me very cleverly. But I'm not sick now and I'm getting tired of being pushed around!

LYRA-A

(hurriedly)

You don't understand what this means! Tell them you join us gladly.

DYLAN

And I've had the last advice I want from you, Florence Nightingale.

Slan-n BANGS his Stim butt down. Lahyn-n and Wehr-r do the same.

WEHR-R

Training is decreed.

Wehr-r motions to Lyra-a. She exits. Slan-n gets up, Stim in hand; Wehr-r nods and Slan-n crosses to Dylan. The others lean forward, coolly, with almost a clinical interest in what is about to happen.

102 CLOSER SHOT DYLAN AND SLAN-N 102

Slan-n flicks his Stim with a wrist motion... and an intricate metal snaps into view out of the carved wooden sheath.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

Then he touches one of what appears to be adjustment rings on the metal part - the ring turns with an almost melodic SPRING-CLICKING SOUND; we HEAR a faint SHRILL SOUND from the Stim. Dylan tenses, unsure of what to expect.

SLAN-N

Human, we welcome you to the ranks of the Helpers.

(indicates with Stim)

You will take the position of respect and express gratitude at...

DYLAN

(interrupting)

It'll be a cold day in hell before I kneel at your feet!

Slan-n suddenly raises his Stim toward Dylan who instinctively starts to ward it off. The instant the tip of the Stim touches Dylan's palm (emitting a LOUDER SOUND), Dylan spins away - his knees buckle, he goes down to his knees in pain.

103 CLOSE ON DYLAN

103

Perspiration forming. He's been shocked and surprised by the wave of pain, but as the pain begins to subside, it's replaced by anger.

104 WIDER ANGLE INCLUDING SLAN-N

104

The Council watching in B.G. The Tyranians show no anger, no pleasure... merely interest.

SLAN-N

This was the lightest pain setting. There are eight higher.

Slan-n turns the adjustment ring again, a slightly HIGHER SOUND from the Stim as he steps toward Dylan with it.

SLAN-N (cont'd)

You will take the position of...

Dylan suddenly throws his body at Slan-n's legs, knocking him from his feet... Dylan's forward impetus carrying him to the edge of the council dais.

105 ANOTHER ANGLE

105

Lahyn-n and Wehr-r coming to their feet, flicking their Stims into open position and already adjusting the controls. Dylan lets his forward motion carry him into a leap toward Lahyn-n who is nearest, trying to grab his Stim from his hand. But Wehr-r steps in with the grace of a matador... touches the Stim to Dylan's back. Again, the uncanny SHRILL SOUND. Dylan falls again from a wave of pain much like he's been wrapped in the nettles of a giant jelly fish. Wehr-r and Lahyn-n take their seats again - their attitude that of having been through this sort of thing before as they leave it to Slan-n who has gotten to his feet, moves toward Dylan again, Stim ready.

106 DYLAN

106

Covered with perspiration now, shuddering in a pain which is beginning to hamper his movements. Slan-n steps INTO SCENE with him, sets the Stim control still higher.

SLAN-N

The position of respect, human.

Dylan tries to move aggressively toward him but his knees refuse to support him - Slan-n touches him again with the Stim and this time a GROAN is wrenched from Dylan who goes down again on his face. This time he's unable to do anything but lay there face down, shuddering.

107 WIDER ANGLE

107

Slan-n looks up at Wehr-r.

SLAN-N

Unusual. I've had to use the seventh setting.

WEHR-R

Then the next moment should affect him even more.

Slan-n turns the Stim pain control off, twists another ring on the metal part, producing a different, almost MELODIC SOUND. Dylan is unable to prevent it as Slan-n steps in and holds the Stim tip against the back of Dylan's neck.

108 EMPHASIZING DYLAN

108

Dylan rolling over onto his back - even more surprise on his face. Slan-n touches him a second time... the effect is relief... more than relief from pain, but actual pleasure. It's as shocking in its way as the previous pain... despite himself, Dylan finds he is looking up at Slan-n in confused gratitude. Slan-n withdraws the Stim, speaks gently.

SLAN-N

You see? The Stim is also capable of pleasure.

WEHR-R

An irresistible combination, human.

Slan-n sets the Stim back to the highest pain setting.

SLAN-N

Or do you prefer the final level of pain?

Dylan gets slowly to one knee, crosses his arms across his chest.

109 INT. MAIN UNDERGROUND HELPER CHAMBER

109

Pitch-torch lit, damp, grimy, bustling with the activity of serving the Garden City above. The immediate area has meat hung, being prepared and carved. In various other ANGLES in these corridors WE will SEE such things as piles of fruit and produce being cleaned and readied, fabrics being dyed, stacks of animal hides stored, an Ironsmith at work over his anvil.

These Helpers we see down here are not as attractive as those selected for work above, they wear stained and threadbare versions of the Helper garment, some are sick or healing from wounds, but these here also toil as rapidly and anxiously.

Dylan, his expression and gait showing he's been through considerable since we last saw him, is escorted into SCENE by a burly OVERSEER Helper, who roughly pulls

Dylan to a halt, calls:

OVERSEER

Juliano!

(louder)

Juliano! A new student!

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

Dylan tries to make an escape break but one of the nearby Helpers open-hands Dylan across the face, stopping him. It's Isiah!

ISIAH

No talk! You student!

Overseer has looked in vain for the man he was calling. He turns to Isiah.

OVERSEER

Take him to the School Five.

Isiah grabs Dylan roughly, propels him out of SHOT.

110 IRONSMITH AND FABRIC DYING AREA

110

As they pass another group of Helpers, Isiah yanks at Dylan's arm making the surprised Dylan appear to be struggling... and one of the helpers hurries over to grab Dylan's other arm, pretending to help escort him. It's Piedmont. Dylan tries to keep surprised recognition off his face.

111 INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

111

As Isiah comes into SHOT to check the corridor out, he sees some Helpers in sight carrying baskets of produce. He ducks back out of sight.

112 CLOSE SHOT - THE THREE

112

waiting out of sight for the Helpers to pass in b.g. They talk very quietly.

DYLAN

That Stim thing? What on Earth is it?

SINGH

(nods)

It uses sonics. Wave lengths that stimulate the brain's pain and pleasure center.

ISIAH

It comes from your time.

DYLAN

(shocked)

Good Lord! We developed that?

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

SINGH

(shakes)

In the final days of the war. To control troops and civilian populations.

They EXIT down the next corridor.

113 WIDE ANGLE NEXT CORRIDOR

113

The three moving down the corridor.

SINGH

Our hiding place is in the storage area. The others are waiting there.

Isiah points out one of the thick wooden doors they are passing.

ISIAH

Training schools.

SINGH

(to Dylan)

Pray you'll never be inside one.

Then, FOOTSTEPS, many of them, coming from an intersecting corridor ahead. They pull to a stop - WE HEAR BOOMING LAUGHTER, then a Tyranian VOICE.

ISIAH

Teachers!

(indicating back)

Back to training school. Fast!

SINGH

(to Dylan)

Trust us! Whatever we ask!

They hurry Dylan back the way they came, stop at a door, open it and exit into the room just in time as TYRANIAN TEACHER and SECOND TEACHER come into view around the corner, heading this way.

114 INT. TRAINING SCHOOL

114

ESTABLISHING a long rectangular room of the same rough-hewn stone blocks. At one end, old straw mattresses on which Three or Four Students lie dazed, exhausted. At the other end, a pair of raised wooden pallets with rawhide straps to secure arms and legs.

(CONTINUED)

Overhead, the only artificial light we've seen down here floods a bright beam over the two pallets.

At the sight of someone entering, one of the "Students" has CRIED OUT in fear; all of them scramble toward a position of respect until they see it is another "Student" being brought in. They go back to their mattresses, clearly relieved that those entering are not Tyranians.

ISIAH
Quick! On pallet!

He and Piedmont quickly get Dylan to lie on the training pallet," begin tying the rawhide bonds to his ankles and wrists. we can now HEAR the FOOTSTEPS approaching outside - they barely get the ankles secured before we HEAR the DOOR LATCH being opened.

PIEDMONT
Struggle with us...

Dylan pretends to be struggling vainly while Isiah and Piedmont tie the rawhide lashes, as the door opens to reveal the Tyranians. Isiah SLAPS Dylan hard, pins down a wrist, and Piedmont begins lashing it down with the rawhide.

TYRANIAN TEACHER
The human from the Past?

PIEDMONT
Yes, Master.

SECOND TEACHER
I'll exchange you my three female students for him, Harn-n.

TYRANIAN TEACHER
(shakes head)
He interests me.

Seeing Dylan's last wrist is now being secured, the others move on down the corridor while Tyranian Teacher closes the door and crosses into the room.

The "Students" have come to frightened positions of respect from the first sign of the Tyranians. The Teacher beckons to one of them, JANOS, who grovels forward on his knees, shaking in fear, anxious words tumbling out:

(CONTINUED)

JANOS

Master, I love you; I love Tyrania; I thank you for taking me in as a Helper...!

TYRANIAN TEACHER

Janos, Janos, you've said that yesterday.

(indicates empty
pallet)

Up, Janos. Show the new student how cooperative we become here.

Janos hurries, almost frantically, to lie on the other pallet as:

JANOS

Master, tell me how else to please you. Help me, please!

TYRANIAN TEACHER

It is a Helper's duty to find ways. You must constantly be thinking of ways.

Dylan's last wrist is lashed - Teacher nods to Isiah and Piedmont, who turn to leave. Then he flicks his Stim open. Isiah, in b.g., has let Piedmont precede him out the door, but now as the Teacher sees them leaving and turns to Dylan, Isiah SHUTS the door, but stays inside. He begins to cautiously move toward the Teacher's back, as:

TYRANIAN TEACHER (cont'd)

You will find this interesting, human. No physical injury... you can't die...

(makes HUMMING Stim
pain setting)

... but you will wish to.

JANOS

Master!

He's turned to see Isiah almost upon the Teacher, who whirls too late to avoid Isiah's huge fist chopping hard at him. The Tyranian is staggered, but he's strong, too - manages to touch Isiah with the Stim. Isiah contorts in pain, but pivots, too, kicking the Tyranian's legs out from under him.

116 ANOTHER ANGLE 116

Dylan's lashed to the table, unable to help... but Piedmont enters now, fast, kicking the Stim from the downed Tyranian's hand, while Isiah pounds him back to the floor with blows that finally leave him unconscious. Meanwhile, Piedmont scoops up the Stim, whirls to Dylan's pallet, producing a hidden knife, and begins to slash the rawhide which holds him there.

117 INT. STORAGE BOOM 117

Isiah and Piedmont leading Dylan in. Isiah heaves some stored material out of the way, revealing a cleverly hidden Inner Room beyond.

118 INT. HIDDEN INNER ROOM - ANGLE ON HARPER-SMYTHE 118

She's here, wearing helper's garb like the others - and the costume leaves no doubt now but that she's female! CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS TO REVEAL we're in a secluded part of the underground labyrinth - a small room behind a larger storage room. The entry to this smaller room has been cleverly camouflaged. At the moment, it's converted into a temporary dispensary. Ill and injured Helpers of mixed races, sex and ages lie on the scarlet horse blankets. Doctor Kellum, assisted by Harper-Smythe, is kneeling at an emaciated Helper bandaging an arm. His backpack PAX medical case lies open nearby. Harper-Smythe's and other PAX backpack outfits and gear sit in the corner of the room. FOOTSTEPS approach... Harper-Smythe grabs up a Paxer, she signals the room into silence. It's Isiah and Piedmont entering with Dylan. They all eye Harper-Smythe with surprise.

SINGH

What in the devil are you doing here?

DYLAN

So, it's Miss Harper-Smythe. That one mystery cleared up.

HARPER-SMYTHE

(to Singh)

I... felt it my duty to volunteer since...

(indicating Dylan)

... he was in my care the night he left PAX...

(CONTINUED)

But the embarrassment on her face suggests there is also some other interest in Dylan which might have brought her here too. Meanwhile, Kellum has spotted the Stim in Singh's hand and he interrupts:

KELLUM

Singh, if that's a working Stim..

Singh quickly nods, adjusting it to a pleasure setting and handing it to Kellum.

SINGH

Pleasure setting. It should give them some relief.

Kellum begins quickly administering relief to patients. He looks up:

KELLUM

Collins was sent also.

HARPER-SMYTHE

But he was killed in a Blythian ambush this morning.

ISIAH

Bad. Collins, good man, good team leader.

HARPER-SMYTHE

We were sent to tell you to forget the revolt, to use all your efforts to...

(indicates Dylan
again)

... find him, to get him safely away from here.

In the silence which follows, Dylan can see how hard this hits them. Isiah can hardly believe the order.

ISIAH

Forget human slaves?

SINGH

They can't order that. Two of us have died getting this close to a revolt.

DYLAN

(snaps)

How close?

(CONTINUED)

SINGH

It's ready the minute we locate where
the mutants store their Stims.

DYLAN

Then I'm going nowhere, Gentlemen.
(small smile)
I wouldn't miss seeing the Helpers
becoming the Teachers.

KELLUM

(looks up)
Isiah! Dylan Hunt will come with us.

Isiah looks up at Dylan who gives him a look, then turns
back to Kellum.

DYLAN

Then your big man may be in for a
Twentieth Century surprise. As much
as I like him.

HARPER-SMYTHE

(to Dylan)
Please! The revolt is impossible now.
Lyra-a saw me crossing their mall
this morning. I'm sure she recognized
me.

Where all work has come to a halt. The Helpers are in
frightened position of respect. Lyra-a and several Tyranians
move through the chamber, roughly lifting their heads up,
inspecting their faces.

LYRA-A

Only a glimpse, but I'm certain it
was a female I knew at PAX. Which
means she's either with a PAX team or
joining one here.

OVERSEER

(to Helpers)
Any helper who finds them will be
rewarded with a mate and a week of
Stim set for pleasure.

(to Lyra-a)
You'll have them before dark,
Mistress.

120 INT. HIDDEN STORAGE ROOM ANGLE ON SMALL RADIOS

120

Two of the PAX field receiver-transmitter units - small, sophisticated (circa 1978), nuclear battery powered. The outer cases have been removed, hands are working on the inner parts. Singh takes tools from his field knapsack. CAMERA WILL PULL BACK DURING THE FOLLOWING TO REVEAL Dylan and Singh making some changes in the radio circuitry.

SINGH

PAX has good communications equipment from your century. Cavern storage was ideal for electronics.

DYLAN

(nods)

Less than six months ago, I was using this same circuit.

(at Singh's look,
smiles)

A century and a half ago your time.

121 WIDER ANGLE

121

As Singh begins to make the changes in the electronic circuits. In b.g. Kellum and Harper-Smythe are finishing doing what they can for the patients as Isiah ENTERS.

ISIAH

Sundown in three hours.

KELLUM

(to Dylan and Singh)

Time to leave.

DYLAN

(ignores it;
indicates set to
Singh)

Next, adjust this circuit to be in resonance with the Stim's oscillator frequency.

KELLUM

(stands)

Isiah!

Isiah stands, bending low in the confined area, moves to Dylan. Dylan looks up at him as Singh continues working on the communications adjustments.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

Do you want the revolt, Isiah? If we can have a few more minutes with this equipment...

KELLUM

(interrupting)

We need the rest of daylight to check their sentry posts, locate horses...

DYLAN

(ignoring it; to Isiah)

Singh tells me you were a White Comanche warrior, Isiah. A leader of your tribe.

ISIAH

But I am of PAX now. I am sworn obey.

DYLAN

Did you swear to forget what you know about warfare? The Tyranians will be watching every exit, they know your team is here. You know how badly the Tyranians want me...

KELLUM

(interrupting; to Isiah)

We must leave. Now.

DYLAN

(still to Isiah; half smile)

I've never met anyone I've wanted to fight less than you. But I will. That's how strongly I feel about this.

The White Comanche hesitates, troubled.

HARPER-SMYTHE

Doctor Kellum is the senior member of this team left alive, Dylan...

DYLAN

(to Kellum)

I'm sure you're a fine doctor. And I know you don't care much for my century. I can't much blame you considering what happened.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN (cont'd)

But it did teach me things that can
get us out of here.

Singh looks up from the equipment he's been working on.

SINGH

Ready. The antenna's directional now.

Singh brings the Stim and holds it a few feet away. Dylan turns on the radio receiver, pulls out the antenna and aims it away from the Stim, then slowly turns the receiver toward it. As it points directly at the Stim, a carrier wave begins BEEPING. The SOUND STOPS as he aims away, then BEEPING again as he aims it at the Stim a second time. All the team members have come to their feet. Dylan turns to them.

DYLAN

The other receiver can be adjusted
the same way.

(to Kellum)

With enough Stims stored together,
we'll get a signal from thirty or
forty meters away.

KELLUM

Are you certain of all this?

DYLAN

This certain, Doctor...

(turns to Isiah)

You're not to let me be captured by
the mutants. Not alive.

KELLUM

Indeed? And mine?

DYLAN

The mutants want me here as badly as
you want me out. They'll be watching
every exit. We need a rebellion to
get out of here.

HARPER-SMYTHE

He's right, Doctor.

ISIAH

(smiles to Dylan)

You make good team leader one day.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (3)

121

KELLUM
 (indicates receiver)
 Are you certain that will work?
 (gets Dylan's nod)
 Tell us what we must do.

DISSOLVE TO:

122 EXT. TYRANIAN CENTRAL MALL - DAWN

122

Early morning, Helpers bustling to finish their work before their Masters appear on the streets. Gardeners are quickly tidying the plant beds, carrying off their tools. The scrubbers and polishers are doing the same. A few Helpers hurriedly pass carrying loads of food or supplies. Dylan ENTERS SCENE in Helper's garb, the basket of produce he carries hides his receiver as he hurries along like the rest. He checks out one building. Another Helper Overseer motions impatiently toward him, he picks up his pace, but when out of the Overseer's sight, cuts toward another building to check it with his receiver.

123 CLOSER SHOT - DYLAN

123

anxiously turns the receiver, checking its controls. Suddenly, a faint BEEPING. Dylan points it toward the building, the SOUND STOPS. Puzzled he starts to turn it back in the original direction, then freezes, realizing it's a Stim someone is carrying. He drops to one knee, taking as much of a position of respect as is possible with his arms filled. A Tyranian PASSES THROUGH SCENE, Stim in hand, gives him little notice except for an impatient look at his load. As the Tyranian passes on, Dylan hurries in the other direction.

124 EXT. TYRANIAN WALKWAY - DAY - PIEDMONT AND ISIAH

124

Traveling with a group of Helpers, Piedmont uses Isiah to shield his receiver from general view, cautiously aims it toward buildings they pass. No results.

125 EXT. TYRANIAN MALL - DAY - ANGLE ON RECEIVER

125

BEEPING strongly, steadily.

126 ANGLE ON DYLAN 126

holding the receiver directly toward one of the main buildings. Two Tyranians ENTER SCENE moving toward him. Dylan drops to one knee again, tries to keep his face concealed by his basket of produce.

127 ANOTHER ANGLE 127

Dylan realizes the two Tyranians are stopping, standing there eying him. Cautiously, he looks up... one of them is Lyra-a! MALE TYRANIAN eyes Dylan curiously, then reaches down to expose the radio receiver in Dylan's hand.

MALE TYRANIAN

What's that you have there, Helper?

Lyra-a takes the receiver from Dylan, nods approvingly.

LYRA-A

He brings me an ancient device I wish to study.

She exchanges Stim salutes with the Male Tyranian, motions for Dylan to rise and follow her. CAMERA PANS THEM AWAY, then CENTERS on Piedmont and Isiah in b.g., ZOOMS IN on their concerned expressions.

128 INT. LYRA-A'S COMPOUND - DAY 128

as she leads Dylan into what was formerly his quarters, closes the door and turns to him.

LYRA-A

Did men of your century acknowledge debts, Dylan? I've saved your life twice now.

DYLAN

You also lied to me about PAX. What do you want from me this time?

LYRA-A

Perhaps my human half doesn't want you broken in training.

DYLAN

What does the Tyranian half want?

(CONTINUED)

LYRA-A
I need the status here that you've
cost me, Dylan. Repair our nuclear
generator.

DYLAN
(hesitates)
Unwatched?

LYRA-A
(nods)
And I'll help you escape afterwards.

While talking, Dylan has devised a plan. During her last words, he has raised the receiver, aimed it at the Stim she holds... it BEEPS.

DYLAN
Lyra-a, this device says you lie.

LYRA-A
Do you think I'm a fool, Dylan? It's
one of the old radios used by PAX.

DYLAN
But it has other uses your century
hasn't learned.
(lifts receiver
again)
I'll prove it. Tell me your name.

LYRA-A
Lyra-a, of course.

Dylan turns the receiver part-way toward her, but carefully avoids aiming it at her Stim.

DYLAN
No signal; you spoke the truth. Do
you love Tyrania?

LYRA-A
Yes.

He moves it similarly.

DYLAN
Do you love me, Lyra-a?

LYRA-A
Don't be a fool. Tyranians have no
feelings.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

But humans do.

Dylan lets the receiver turn fully toward the Stim.. It BEEPS. She reacts confused.

LYRA-A

(continuing)

It mistakes a... a small interest. But I am incapable of feeling "love" as you understand it to...

Dylan has moved the receiver to make it BEEP several times. Then he looks up surprised to see tears forming in Lyra-a's eyes. She's miserable, embarrassed, uncertain, turns away to hide the tears.

DYLAN

But you do want to help me.

LYRA-A

No. Oh, Dylan, I don't know. But I can't love you... I'd be human then, too, I'd be weak and foolish like them...

During which he sets the receiver down on a low table next to a metal candle holder. He looks at the cloth covering which decorates the table, then picks it up as:

LYRA-A (cont'd)

That's why I'm superior, Dylan. I know that self-interest is the natural order of life. My own welfare must come...

CLUNK! The metal candle holder catches Lyra-a full in the head; CAMERA PULLS BACK FAST TO REVEAL Lyra-a falling unconscious and Dylan standing over her with the cloth-wrapped candle holder in hand. He tosses it aside, drops quickly to one knee, checks her pulse. Satisfied, he gently puts her hand down.

BEEPING STEADILY LOUDER as someone walks with it.

130 WIDE ANGLE 130

Dylan, holding receiver. Piedmont and Isiah carrying the baskets as they all move along a wall that leads to the council chamber entry. Satisfied they've got the right place, Dylan turns off the receiver. Then they quietly move to the draped entry, carefully peer inside.

131 P.O.V. INTO CHAMBER 131

Slan-n and Wehr-r standing at the other end of the room in conversation.

132 ANGLE AT DOOR 132

Piedmont bringing up a Paxer, aims, FIRES twice and they rush in.

133 WIDE ANGLE 133

Lahn-n down and Slan-n slumping to the floor unconscious as Dylan turns the receiver back on... BEEPING, it leads him to one of the tall wall column slabs.

134 CLOSER AT SLAB 134

as Dylan quickly examines it.

DYLAN

There's probably a pressure plate somewhere, something that opens it.

He finds a handhold and indicates it to Isiah.

DYLAN (cont'd)

No time. I hope you're as strong as you look, Isiah.

Isiah inserts his fingers... the long muscles of his back and arm ripple as he applies more and more force. For a moment it seems as if it's too strong. Then the slab gives a little - enough for Dylan and Piedmont to get a hold there, too. The three of them throw all their weight into it... suddenly it gives, some of the rock splintering as it swings open.

135 ANGLE FROM STORAGE INTERIOR 135

Boxes of Stims. The three men begin quickly taking them out.

136 INT. HELPER MAIN CHAMBER 136

Where a MALE TYRANIAN is passing along rows of Helpers in position of respect, roughly and quickly, yanking faces up by the hair for inspection. Other Helpers are being hurried from corridors into this main chamber for inspection, too. One of them is Piedmont, hurrying to where he'll be inspected next. But as the Tyranian reaches for him, he thrusts out a hidden Stim... the Tyranian SHRIEKS in surprise and pain. It's the signal! The other Tyranians are attacked by Isiah and Dylan who hurries into view with a produce basket heaped with Stims, moves to pass them out to the shocked and frightened Helpers. Most of them refuse the Stim.

DYLAN

Take these! You can be the Masters
now.

But they stand dumbly, uncertainly, too conditioned by "training" to comprehend. Piedmont is now hurrying in with another basket of Stims, while Dylan tries to break through to the Helpers.

DYLAN (cont'd)

(continuing)

Try to understand! You outnumber the
mutants ten to one! You can be free,
return to your...

It's not working... then his argument is won for him by Tyranians themselves. THREE OTHER MUTANTS appear from a corridor, race down on the Helpers... SCREAMS of pain as they wade in thrusting here, there... a frightened Helper dodges, thrusts with his own Stim and one of the attacking Tyranians CRIES OUT, goes down writhing. Another Helper attacks... another... others surge for the baskets, grabbing up Stims of their own.

Meanwhile, Dylan is propelling a group of more aggressive Helpers to Stims being handed out by Piedmont and Isiah.

137 INT. TRAINING SCHOOL 137

Kellum throwing the door open, Harper-Smythe following carrying extra Stims. "Students" cower as:

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

KELLUM

Outside! On your feet, get out of here!

HARPER-SMYTHE

Hurry. You can escape!

The Students continue to cower, confused, frightened. Kellum turns a Stim to pain setting, advances on them.

JANOS

No, Master. Please. I love you...

KELLUM

Do you want pain or do you want out of here?

He threatens Janos who retreats for the door; the others finally begin following. But they back away from any effort by Harper-Smythe to give them Stims.

138 EXT. TYRANIAN CENTRAL MALL - DAY - LONG WIDE ANGLE 138

Helpers beginning to pour out onto the mall, Stims in hand, grow in aggressiveness as a few Tyranians begin to go down.

139 CLOSER GROUP SHOT 139

A Tyranian finds himself outnumbered, tries to flee... other Helpers cut off his escape, the mutant goes down under a mass of Helpers jabbing at him with their Stims.

140 EXT. TYRANIAN MALL - DAY 140

Helpers dragging a Tyranian from horseback, swarming over him with Stims in hand. Dylan grabs the horse's reins, mounts and rides toward the parkland area.

141 EXT. PARKLAND EDGE OF CITY - DAY 141

Dylan rides in and reins up to be Joined by Isiah now on horseback, too. Beyond them we see dozens of Helpers now fleeing the city on foot, a few on horseback, fleeing the city. Isiah indicates another direction; Dylan looks.

142 P.O.V. - LONG SHOT 142

Another area, still more Helpers fleeing.

143 ANOTHER ANGLE - DYLAN AND ISIAH

143

Looking satisfied as, beyond them, still other Helpers
escaping.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

144 EXT. TYRANIAN MALL - NIGHT

144

The area where Dylan was surprised by Isiah several nights previous. Now we see a number of Helpers there who have turned from a downed Tyranian and have set their Stims to pleasure. LAUGH and MURMUR happily as they begin to touch the instruments to their bodies. Kellum races in with Piedmont, knocking the Stims from their hands. A GIGGLING HELPER tries to crawl to the instrument knocked out of his hand... then CRIES in pain as Piedmont uses his Stim quickly on him.

KELLUM

Do you want that again? Do you want them to win?

But it has little effect on the other Helpers, increasingly distracted by the pleasure settings on their Stims.

PIEDMONT

We've saved all that can be helped, Doctor.

145 EXT. TYRANIAN CENTRAL MALL - NIGHT

145

Tyranians regrouped and beginning to scatter the remaining Helpers. Many individual Helpers have abandoned their aggressiveness and can be seen using the pleasure setting of their Stims on themselves.

146 EXT. TYRANIAN OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

146

Dylan riding a Tyranian horse, leading two others by the reins to where Kellum, Piedmont, Harper-Smythe have donned their PAX garb, and are adjusting their backpacks.

Isiah rides in, leading still another horse. Taking Stims with them, Dylan and the others spur their mounts through the parkland edge of the city.

DISSOLVE TO:

147 EXT. WILD HORSE HERD - DAY (STOCK)

147

Spooked by something, breaking into a stampede.

148 EXT. MATCHING COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 148

Over FADING SOUND OF STAMPEDE. Dylan and the others watching from concealment.

DYLAN
They've seen something...

ISIAH
(suddenly
indicating)
Tyranians!

149 ANOTHER ANGLE - MATCHING COUNTRYSIDE 149

A large group, mounted, at full gallop in the distance.

150 ANGLE AT KNOLL 150

Dylan and his group lying in concealment, watching. Their mounts are tethered on the back side of the knoll, out of sight of the distant Tyranians.

PIEDMONT
They're between us and the old Tucson station, Dylan.

KELLUM
That leaves only the maintenance station where Lyra-a brought you in.

ISIAH
(looks up;
concerned)
Bad. Tyranians know that one.

All the others are concerned, too.

151 EXT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT 151

Dylan, Piedmont and Isiah enter SCENE quietly on foot to survey the ruins. Then Isiah sniffs the air, peers through the darkness. A pebble RATTLES behind them; they whirl. It's Harper-Smythe and Kellum.

KELLUM
We've circled. Looks clear.

Dylan motions them to hold their positions, heads out into the darkness.

152 INT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT 152

Dylan ENTERING SCENE carefully, surveys it. The fires are low, the few Savages in sight are women and children, sleeping. Then he turns, motions the others to join him.

153 ANGLE ON OTHERS 153

hurrying in quietly to join him. Isiah sniffs the air again, reacts, stands to point off into the darkness... interrupted by SHOUTS. Tyranians and white savages race out of hiding toward them. From the other direction, the YELLS of others cutting them off from that direction. They've no escape except into the tunnel.

154 INT. SUBSHUTTLE TUNNEL - BLACK 154

The PAX group running, stumbling in the darkness, SOUND of pursuers entering tunnel behind them.

155 ANOTHER PORTION OF TUNNEL 155

Piedmont indicates ahead where we can see faint illumination.

156 AT LIT AREA OF TUNNEL 156

They race into SCENE where pitch-torches in the wall illuminate a heavy metal doorway which blocks their way. Isiah is first to it, throws his weight against the lever... the door is locked!

The first pursuers round the bend with a YELL as they see the PAX group. But at the same instant, a SOUND of the door being UNBOLTED... it swings open. They race through, barely in time to SLAM it in the face of their pursuers and bolt it.

157 INT. SUBSHUTTLE MAINTENANCE STATION 157

as Dylan turns, finds himself facing Lyra-a. At the station platform behind her, a subshuttle sits HUMMING with power (but with its doors closed). Piedmont is hurrying to the small maintenance station control console to open the subshuttle doors. Isiah and Kellum are circling behind Lyra-a, while Harper-Smythe covers her with the Paxer.

LYRA-A
I can save you a third time...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

LYRA-A (cont'd)
 (indicates others)
 ... if we can talk privately.

Behind them, heavy POUNDING is causing the door to shake. Piedmont has punched at the station control console without effect, throwing an alarmed look at the subshuttle doors which refuse to open.

PIEDMONT
 Dylan! The door control circuit is missing!

Dylan whirls back to Lyra-a to see a small acknowledging smile on her face. He quickly turns back to the others.

DYLAN
 Wait at the subshuttle. Hurry!
 (to Isiah)
 See if you can force the doors.

Isiah hurries off to comply but the others hesitate, suspicious of Lyra-a. The POUNDING at the door is heavier.

DYLAN (cont'd)
 (continuing)
 I've got to hear what she has to say!
 Hurry!

They move toward the subshuttle as:

HARPER-SMYTHE
 Don't trust her, Dylan. Don't believe her.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON LYRA-A AND DYLAN. She waits until the others are out of earshot, then indicates toward the subshuttle.

LYRA-A
 You know what will be done to them if they're caught.

The POUNDING at the door is heavier; the pursuers are using rocks on it now; it's beginning to give a bit. In b.g., Isiah is unable to get even a fingerhold on the smoothly-fitted doors, his enormous strength useless. Harper-Smythe throws a look back toward Dylan and Lyra-a as Dylan throws a quick look at the heavy POUNDING at the sagging door.

DYLAN
 Your price?

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: (2)

157

LYRA-A
 The power station.
 (indicates tunnel
 door)
 Or this time, my people will destroy
 me, too.

DYLAN
 (hesitates; nods)
 Keep your finger on the door control.

Lyra-a reaches into her robe and pulls out the missing door circuit, quickly inserts it into the console, presses a control.

158 ANGLE TO INCLUDE SUBSHUTTLE

158

As the doors snap open. The PAX starts boarding except Isiah who waits outside for Dylan. Dylan gives Lyra-a a look, then hurries for the subshuttle. Lyra-a remains where she is. Isiah is waiting as Dylan hurriedly CROSSES INTO SCENE with him and the others waiting inside the car. Dylan turns.

DYLAN
 Good-bye, Lyra-a. Thank you for...

Isiah, completely fooled, turns to step into the car... Dylan pivots, throws all his weight against the giant White Comanche's back, propelling him into the car and the team members there.

159 ANGLE PAST CONSOLE

159

as Lyra-a touches the door control, snapping the subshuttle door closed before Isiah or the others can regain their balance... and the subshuttle begins to pull out, leaving Dylan outside watching them go.

HARPER-SMYTHE
 (screaming faintly
 from car)
 Dylan, no! Please, don't believe her...

160 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PAX COUNCIL ROOM

160

LONG SHOT of Kimbridge, Yuloff and Dominic (a report in hand) hurrying down the corridor TOWARD CAMERA the PAX Council Room. Their expressions reveal great concern.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

Rumors of a grave crisis have obviously reached the PAX types we see in the corridor and they stand aside, and watch concerned as the Primi go by. As they PASS CAMERA:

161 ANGLE ON PAX COUNCIL ROOM

161

Where the other Primi are waiting. Kimbridge, Yuloff and Dominic enter, find their seats. Then:

KIMBRIDGE

Primi... six days ago we learned that the Man from the Past had agreed to repair the Tyranian nuclear generator.

LU CHAN

But he agreed to this in order to save the lives of our team which rescued him.

YULOFF

And we could applaud this, Lu Chan, except for a fear that the mutants may be using their generator station to study the secret of nuclear weapons and that by observing him repairing and adjusting the station, they could learn still more.

(looks up)

Because of this, Dominic was asked to immediately dispatch a second team to the area.

DOMINIC

Primi... I've just received a message from that team. They report it's worse than feared. The mutants have discovered a stockpile of old death bombs and have taken one to their generator station for study.

LU CHAN

But when he sees what they're doing, certainly he'll refuse to help them.

KIMBRIDGE

(nods)

That was our hope, Primi.

(turns)

Dominic?

(CONTINUED)

DOMINIC

They've also reported that the Man from the Past has repaired their generator. Two nights ago, full power was restored to the Tyranian City.

YULOFF

Primi... that single death bomb is only one of many. They have discovered an ancient missile site...

(his upset shows
too, now)

... which... which full generator power will allow them to use against us.

A round of shocked silence. Then:

KIMBRIDGE

They are bombs which were designed to penetrate and destroy the soldiers who once fought from here.

YULOFF

They must learn to use them, of course. We have a few weeks perhaps... no more.

During which, one of Yuloff's security men has entered, crossed to whisper something in Yuloff's ear. He starts to say something to the council, reconsiders, as:

KIMBRIDGE

We must begin, of course, to distribute what we've accumulated. The books first, I believe...

YULOFF

(stands; interrupts)

Forgive me. I have a matter to investigate.

"Night" lighting, the subshuttle station deserted except for a pair of Sentries and the STATION OPERATOR at the control console. Yuloff ENTERS on one of the old electric carts, pulls up to the console, gets out.

YULOFF

Coming from where?

(CONTINUED)

STATION OPERATOR
The Tucsonian Station. But very
erratically...

We begin to HEAR the MUTED WHINE of a subshuttle car
approaching in the distance. Operator checks his console.

STATION OPERATOR (cont'd)
It'll never stop at this speed...!

YULOFF
Emergency stop!

The Operator hits another control... we HEAR the SCREAMING OF
METAL as hydraulic emergency units retard the rapidly
approaching car.

as it ENTERS SCENE, smoking, sparks flying up from beneath
as it lurches to a stop. The door opens... Dylan Hunt emerges.
He's unshaven, his clothing is tattered, he looks
desperately fatigued. CAMERA MOVES with Yuloff into TWO SHOT
as Dylan throws a look back at the subshuttle car.

YULOFF
I wondered if it could be you.

DYLAN
(a look back at
subshuttle)
Thanks for whatever you did to stop
that.
(turns back to
Yuloff)
Primus, of course you know now why I
went back...

YULOFF
(interrupts)
Yes, we've had a full report.
(leads him toward
cart)
The fact you are safe pleases us.

Dylan gives Yuloff a puzzled look as if he had expected the
Primus to say something more. But Yuloff leads Dylan toward
the electric cart and sits, indicating to Dylan to join him
in the cart.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

YULOFF (cont'd)
 Primus Kimbridge and the council are
 most anxious to meet with you.
 (sits; indicates
 Dylan to join him in
 car)
 But on the way, let me show you a PAX
 you haven't yet seen.

They drive off.

164 INT. STALACTITE PASSAGE

164

A lovelier bit of the underground world than we've seen
 before... graceful formations, rich colors, beautifully lit.
 Yuloff drives Dylan INTO SCENE, reaches out to trip a switch
 illuminating the passage further ahead...

The new lighting surprises a young PAX couple who were
 embracing ahead in the darkness.

YULOFF
 Our young are breaking away from the
 old unisex beliefs.
 (smiles)
 Would it surprise you that PAX's
 stern Security Primus agrees?

Yuloff turns the cart, driving Dylan past a grotto filled
 with statuary which he indicates.

165 INT. MUSIC GROTTTO - PANNING DYLAN AND YULOFF

165

Again, lovelier areas than we've seen before in the
 underground labyrinth. They're passing a YOUNG WOMAN who is
 bowing a cello... pausing with each musical note as it nicks
 up ECHOS from the cavern walls. Yuloff stops the cart.

YULOFF
 It was our dream to preserve the best
 from the past... let the worst be
 forgotten.

Dylan listens as CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS to include four other
 young MUSICIANS around the grotto, beginning to JOIN IN
 MUSIC, a string quintet in a strikingly beautiful blend of
 MUSIC an ECHO.

YULOFF

There's so much more. Our new form of gymnastic ballet, artists who paint with light, new poetry...

DYLAN

(nods)

... the libraries, the paintings, the ideals you people represent.

(small smile)

I'm very happy I had a chance to save it.

YULOFF

Save it?

DYLAN

(nods)

By using the nuclear warhead I found there. when I realized they were studying it...

Dylan trails his words, seeing Yuloff is puzzled. Then, suddenly concerned:

DYLAN (cont'd)

You said you had a full report! Didn't your sentinels see the flash earlier this evening?

(sees Yuloff is still puzzled)

Primus! I tricked Lyra-a, set the warhead on delayed fuse. It should have lit up the whole sky!

YULOFF

The sentinels reported nothing.

Dylan reacts, stunned. Then:

DYLAN

That's impossible.

(indicating caverns)

I thought you were showing me all this...

(CONTINUED)

YULOFF

... to show you what we have to lose. The Mutants needed their generator repaired not for their city but for an old missile complex they've discovered.

DYLAN

(interrupts)

Primus... can we check with your sentinels, please?

Yuloff nods, drives toward a corridor elevator.

167 EXT. SENTRY POST - AT PROMONTORY - NIGHT

167

Sentinels on duty above. Dylan stands looking out over the night sky, puzzled. Standing in b.g. is Yuloff talking to a Sentinel who shakes his head. Yuloff CROSSES back to Dylan, shakes his head.

DYLAN

Then I'm going back!

YULOFF

(shakes head)

You've escaped from them twice. If they capture you this time...

DYLAN

(interrupting)

I've got to save what you have here. It's my only tie with what I've left behind... with my world. Your paintings, the art, the ideals you people represent...

The elevator doors open behind them, Kimbridge ENTERS SCENE from it, followed by Harper-Smythe.

HARPER-SMYTHE

He's alive!

Then she's as quickly embarrassed, realizing she's almost shouted it. Kimbridge smiles at this, then nods to Dylan.

KIMBRIDGE

We're all pleased you're safe. But frightened, too...

(CONTINUED)

YULOFF

He tried to set off the warhead at their generator but something went wrong.

DYLAN

(to Kimbridge)

I've got to go back! Your only chance now is if I can blow up that missile silo. I'll need a team..

Interrupted by the mountain, the whole panoramic vista goes WHITE WITH LIGHT!

168 P.O.V. - DISTANT HORIZON

168

As the FLASH OF LIGHT FADES, a ball of fire becomes visible several hundreds of miles distant. A familiar mushroom-shaped cloud beginning to form before darkness of night fills the view again.

169 BACK TO SHOT

169

On reactions of surprise... except for Dylan, who stands with the look of a man carrying a burden. Harper-Smythe understands.

HARPER-SMYTHE

Lyra-a?

DYLAN

She said she was returning to the city. If she was being honest with me.

Dylan looks out toward the distant horizon again for a moment.

DYLAN (cont'd)

I hope she's safe.

KIMBRIDGE

You took lives?

DYLAN

(surprised, then
nods)

A couple of their technicians certainly... more if they were there hooking power to the silos...

(CONTINUED)

He looks around, finds all the faces solemn, disapproving.

DYLAN (cont'd)
Look, there were thousands of lives
here at stake.

KIMBRIDGE
(interrupting)
If one life is traded for a thousand,
then couldn't we justify a hundred
lives to save more? Perhaps ten
thousand lives to save still more.

YULOFF
That same reasoning destroyed your
world, Dylan Hunt.

DYLAN
I've... damn it, I've just saved
everything you've fought almost a
century and a half for.

KIMBRIDGE
If you join us, Dylan Hunt, you must
swear to give your own life, or any
of our lives, rather than ever take
another.

DYLAN
(hesitates; then)
I'm not sure I have that kind of
guts, Doctor.

KIMBRIDGE
All of us must...this time.

They're interrupted by the elevator door opening...
children's LAUGHTER. He turns to see some very bright-eyed
and happy PAX children coming out of the elevator. A TEACHER
follows, stops embarrassed.

TEACHER
Forgive me, Primi. We heard there were
so many stars visible tonight...

KIMBRIDGE
(smiles)
Of course. And they should be
enjoyed!

(CONTINUED)

Dylan eyes the children, looks back toward Kimbridge, starts to say something... interrupted by a low RUMBLE starting in the distance, then rapidly becoming a SHRIEKING ROAR as they're hit by the SHOCK WAVE of the blast we saw earlier. A child CRIES OUT, another runs to the teacher, Harper-Smythe embraces two more soothingly. Then the SOUND is gone. Dylan stands eying the children, then turns to Kimbridge, nods.

DYLAN

All right, only the best of the past.
I hope I'm up to it.

HARPER-SMYTHE

(to the two
children)

It's all right now. It was only the
wind.

DYLAN

(to Harper-Smythe)

How are you as a guide, Harper-
Smythe? I'd like to see more of PAX
now.

Harper-Smythe looks to Yuloff who nods. She smiles at Dylan, nods. They move off toward the elevator to board it as:

HARPER-SMYTHE

Do you like children, Dylan Hunt?

DYLAN

Why? Is this a proposal, Harper-
Smythe?

HARPER-SMYTHE

(outraged)

Of course not!

DYLAN

Pity. I'll bet you've got a great
pancreas!

The elevator doors close on them.

FADE OUT.

THE END