

THE QUESTOR TAPES

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QUESTOR

FADE IN:

1 INT. GENEVA LAB - DAY - CLOSE ON ANDROID 1

A body on an instrumented assembly pallet. Not quite a human body - it is man-shaped, man-sized, but hairless, sleek as kid leather. The chest has no nipples, shows no signs of breathing. The bald, sleek head looks even more inhuman... although ears and a nose have been formed, the mouth is merely a slit, totally without lips. The closed eyes are without either lashes or eyebrows. A suggestion of potential menace is the strength of the heavy metal straps which bind the humanoid form to the slab.

Jerry Robinson steps into shot at opposite side of the android form, picks up a set of highly delicate instruments from the work table there. He's about 27, a man of pleasant nature and remarkable talent as a micro-electronics engineer. As he lifts the instruments and bends over the android form with them:

2 ANGLE PAST ROBINSON 2

revealing a flap of the android's skin laid open on this side of the abdomen, inside which we can see an incredible complex of miniaturized servo units, electronic relays and other components, all interconnected by a maze of astonishingly fine circuits. Connected to contact points within this maze are control and read-out wires which lead out of the flap and to equipment beyond in the lab.

3 CLOSER ON "SKIN" FLAP 3

revealing the sophisticated mechanism in greater detail - plus a bluish pulsating power glow from some unit lower inside the android's body. The instruments in the young engineer's hands used with extraordinary skill and precision as he begins to remove the control wires at their connection points.

4 WIDER ANGLE ON LAB 4

revealing it to be almost as sophisticated in its own way as the android on the assembly pallet. The equipment is complex and highly sophisticated. Close on the assembly pallet is a row of the latest computers set up with a dozen large reels of data tape.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

At the various control and monitoring stations are a group of distinguished scientists - Dr. Bradley, American; Dr. Michaels, British; Dr. Audret, French; Dr. Gorlov, Russian. Dr. Chen, Chinese, at a Cosmetology Section.

ROBINSON

Thermo-units on?

BRADLEY

(checking gauge)

On. Epidermal reading is steady at 98.6.

ROBINSON

Disconnecting your thermo control. Start lubricant pumps.

MICHAELS

(hits button)

Lubricant flow on.

During which, the lab door opens and a man of middle years, iron grey hair, and ramrod bearing, enters and stops to survey the activity going on. Although his entry was casual, his presence is immediately felt throughout the whole lab.

5 ANGLE ON DARRO

5

Geoffrey B. Darro has a personality like tempered steel, the kind of man who can be neither intimidated nor flustered. He is Head of this five nation project, which we will come to know as Project Questor. Though he speaks with something of a curt British accent, we will never know of his birth, or his nationality, if indeed he has any. This is a man who, for payment received, has overthrown the governments of some nations, and saved others from being overthrown. Many nations have hired him, and each was glad it had. He has never violated his word or his contract. What he says he will do, he does... invariably. He is a total cynic, having rarely seen the human race at its best - and often at its worse.

Darro makes a quick survey of the room, then camera angles to take him toward a Cosmetology Section where the Chinese scientist, Doctor Chen, is using a rear screen projector to study color slides which show instructions on how to mold features, pigment the "skin," implant hair, etc. during which:

BRADLEY

Pulse and heart simulation steady.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

ROBINSON'S VOICE
Begin respiration simulator.

MICHAELS' VOICE
Respiration servos on.

6 ANGLE ON ROBINSON AND ANDROID

6

As Robinson watches the android's chest, we see it begin to heave regularly, like a man breathing. Then, satisfied, he begins to disconnect another wire inside the android. Seven or eight have now been disconnected, leaving only two left to go.

7 ANGLE ON DARRO AND DR. CHEN

7

Darro stands behind Chen, watching the cosmetology information and directions being shown on the rear projection screen.

DARRO
Decided on the features you'll give it, Doctor?

CHEN
Naturally, I would prefer Asian, Mister Darro.
(smiles)
But when we set in its eye units, they turned a rather occidental blue.

Chen turns to the projector, switches to a large color schematic of the mechanism which, set in the android's head, serves as its "eyes." The rounded front surface is perfectly human in appearance. But behind that, it lengthens into a long ellipsoid complex of microelectronics. He then indicates the rounded front area resembling human eye structure.

CHEN (cont'd)
The part of it we will see looks remarkably human. I believe they will also probably move like human eyes.

Chen switches projector to a closer, more detailed view of the android's "eye" mechanism, shrugs.

CHEN (cont'd)
But how Vaslovik assembled the eye mechanism, exactly how it operates is still guesswork.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

CHEN (cont'd)
 (indicates the fine
 detail)

After nineteen months, we still
 cannot identify half of the micro-
 components he used there.

ROBINSON'S VOICE
 Fully disconnected. It's on its own.

Dario turns to cross toward the assembly pallet.

8 ANGLE AT PALLET

8

as Darro moves to where Doctors Gorlov and Audret stand
 ready behind the pallet at the long row of computers on
 which a dozen tapes sit ready. Jerry is watching the android
 which lies with eyes still closed but with its chest
 continuing to heave regularly. Then, satisfied the android
 device is continuing to function on its own, Robinson picks
 up an unusual heat-molding tool... we see a flash of electric
 arc as the tip heats to a red glow... then Robinson puts the
 flap of "skin" into place and presses the molding tip
 against it. The "skin" sizzles and wisps of steam rise.

9 DARRO WITH GORLOV AND AUDRET

9

watching with interest as Jerry continues working the
 sizzling molding tool across the "skin" flap area.

10 CLOSE ANGLE ON ROBINSON AND THE ANDROID

10

The young engineer removes the tool... and the android's
 abdomen has been sealed closed without any sign of scar or
 blemish.

11 FULL SHOT AT PALLET

11

As Robinson puts the molding tool aside Gorlov and Audret
 begin to attach an electronic contact helmet device on the
 android's skull. Data input wires run from the computers to
 it. Robinson has watched this, visibly upset.

DARRO
 The moment of truth.

(CONTINUED)

ROBINSON

For the last time, Mister Darro, I plead with you to use the tape which Vaslovik specifically left us for this...

DARRO

(interrupting)

And I've made it clear, Robinson. As Project Administrator I will not interfere with scientific decisions. These gentlemen assure me their tapes will activate it.

GORLOV

(nods)

Our pre-assembly tests confirm it perfectly. Any computer data fed it will form similar patterns in its brain case plasma.

AUDRET

Since orderly patterns appear best...
(indicates computer tapes)

... we have selected University tapes of systematized knowledge. With sufficient patterns, simple thought processes should become possible.

During which Gorlov and Audret have adjusted the final contact point on the androids input helmet. We can feel the tension building as the other scientists gather around.

GORLOV

The android is ready for programming.

Darro has been eyeing Robinson curiously. Now he turns to Gorlov and Audret.

DARRO

One moment, please.

(to Robinson)

The level of your concern troubles me a bit, Robinson. Is it possible that when you worked for Vaslovik, you learned something we don't know about?

ROBINSON

As I've explained a dozen times, I didn't even know what he was training me for.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROBINSON (cont'd)

He never so much as mentioned an android. What I'm trying to point out is the simple fact that...

(indicates android)

... he created that. All we've done is assemble the parts and materials he provided. And his notes clearly state we should use his tape to activate it.

DARRO

But isn't it a fact that the Vaslovik tape is damaged... fully half of it erased?

GORLOV

There is not even a continuous half left. The erasures occurred all through it.

AUDRET

If it should activate the android, we could have a demented machine to deal with. The programming left on it is... how do you say? "Bits and pieces." Fragmented.

ROBINSON

By the attempts of your cryptographers to decode it despite his specific...

DARRO

(interrupting)

Vaslovik should have realized that scientists would have a natural interest in what instruction he left for the android.

(to the scientists)

Enough debate. Please proceed.

Gorlov and Audret move to the computer controls. Robinson remains very concerned and Darro's sharp eyes take this in as Gorlov and Audret press controls and the computers light up, relay points begin to blink.

as Gorlov presses another control and the computer tapes begin to spin.

(CONTINUED)

7.

12 CONTINUED: 12

First one, then another, another... We see the information output increasing as more and more relay lights flash, the computers beginning to hum with activity. Finally, four of the dozen tapes are spinning.

13 EMPHASIZING DARRO 13

Robinson is the most intently concerned of all present and Darro is eyeing him curiously again as the tapes continue to spin.

14 FULL SHOT 14

All present watching the unmoving figure on the assembly slab. In b.g. the computers hum with power, tapes continue to spin, relays flashing.

15 ANGLE ON BRADLEY 15

Checking on EEG scale. Suddenly the needle on the paper tremors... starts to move, tracing out a pattern.

BRADLEY
Cerebral activation. Brain wave production.

16 ANGLE ON GROUP AT ANDROID 16

Excitement mounting as they see a finger twitch on the android... and again. For a moment nothing more. Robinson starts to look dismayed... then we see a slight convulsive twitch on a leg, under its covering... again... then again.

17 ANGLE ON COMPUTER BANKS 17

They come to a stop, having run through the first batch of programming.

18 FULL SHOT 18

The movement has stopped, the android lies still again.

BRADLEY
Brain waves.have stopped.

The disappointment is obvious on all faces. Audret moves to the next row of computers bearing eight more tapes.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

He turns these computers on. Darro is studying Robinson quizzically as:

AUDRET

Supplementary tapes ready.

ROBINSON

You've already fed it the equivalent of a half dozen university educations. If all that hasn't activated it...

GORLOV

We do not know how many patterns are necessary in its brain plasma.

ROBINSON

Or how many might block out Vaslovik's tape when you do use it. And you will have to use it, believe me!

DARRO

We've had our debate, Mister Robinson.

(to scientists)

Continue, gentlemen.

GORLOV

Engage supplementary banks.

Audret hits controls which begin the additional tapes spinning.

19 EMPHASIZING COMPUTERS AND TAPES

19

This time the run doesn't stop with four tapes... a fifth begins spinning... six, seven, finally eight. Increased activity in computer lights, louder humming as information feeds out at a furious rate.

20 EMPHASIZING ANDROID ON PALLET

20

The scientists watching more and more concerned. No movement in the android at all this time!

BRADLEY

Cerebral activation zero. No brain waves this time.

21 ANGLE ON COMPUTER TAPES 21

They come to an end, stop.

22 FULL SHOT 22

Darro is again quizzically eyeing Robinson as the dismayed Gorlov and Audret turn to him.

AUDRET

We have no option. The Vaslovik tape,
please.

As Audret turns off the large computers, Robinson crosses to a small, unusual looking computer which holds one small reel of tape. He activates it. It commences to spin.

23 ANOTHER ANGLE 23

For a moment, nothing happens on the table. Then the body of the android goes into convulsion, held in place only by the heavy metal straps crossing the body and the limbs. A giant straining mightily, convulsively... again... again... but only the torso and limbs... no facial expression whatever. Then the tape ends... and the body falls limp again, motionless. In the lab, the brief excitement caused by the convulsions now gives way to silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

24 INT. GENEVA LAB DAY - WIDE ANGLE 24

It's somewhat later. The scientists are grouped at the back of the lab, going through a vast assortment of notes, files, and schematic diagrams. They've been at it for some hours now and fatigue has been added to their disappointment. Robinson sits with them too, withdrawn, not participating. Darro sits to one side, watching and listening as:

CHEN

Is it possible that something was
assembled incorrectly?

BRADLEY

Very unlikely, Chen. Every unit
Vaslovik provided was tested and
retested at every stage of assembly.

25 ANGLE ON THE ANDROID - SCIENTISTS IN FAR B.G.

25

For a moment, nothing. And then we see the eyes open... just a slit... the head turns... just a fraction. The android is conscious... listening, watching.

GORLOV

Perhaps some basic error made by Vaslovik?

MICHAELS

Even that seems unlikely. Every part, every stage worked exactly as he predicted.

DARRO

I think we're all quite naturally disappointed. May I suggest a fresh start tomorrow?

Unhappily, the scientists show their agreement. As the first one stands, starts to turn, the android's head snaps straight, the eyes snap shut. Robinson starts moving around the lab, shutting off various devices. Darro pauses at the door.

DARRO (cont'd)

Coming, Mister Robinson?

Robinson shuts off a last piece of equipment, nods and exits too. Darro watching him curiously as he leaves.

26 CLOSE ON THE ANDROID'S FACE

26

Motionless. Not a flicker. Then we pan to the EEG dial and we see brain waves being inscribed, very active!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

27 EXT. UNIVERSITY OF GENEVA - SUNSET

27

Establishing our locale in the famed Nuclear Research Center of the distinguished and picturesque University of Geneva (Collège de Genève) founded in 1559 by Calvin. In b.g. the sun is setting beyond snow-laden peaks which ring Lake Geneva and the valleys.

28 CLOSER ON PROJECT QUESTOR LAB

28

Graceful architecture in keeping with the lovely site, but, like most of the nuclear research labs, also a security installation. The main doors are handsomely ornate metal, but also thick, well-bolted. A sign, reading in French and English: RESTRICTED AREA. NO ENTRANCE.

29 INT. LAB - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

29

Pans the empty lab, then camera moves in on the android, still lying bound to the pallet by the thick metal straps. The lab is dimly illuminated by a couple of overhead night lights. As we watch, the android's eyes come open again... lashless, cold, expressionless. we see intelligence there... but is it also malevolence? It twists its hairless, inhuman head around, stares, listens, checking that it is alone. Then it looks down at the strong metal straps which bind its arms, legs. It evaluates for a moment, and then, we see the muscles of the arms tense, tighten, press... and the straps break with the sound of outraged metal! The android then tenses, sits up hard... and the strap around its ankles breaks, too. Whatever it is, its strength is immense... frightening.

The creature slowly moves its arms, then its legs, awkward at first but experimenting, learning... fast. It notices the movement of its chest. Manipulates fingers into fists. It feels with its fingers against its own body, and the slab, learning that the fingers are not only tools but sensory devices.

It now carefully, experimentally, swings its legs over the side of the pallet. He stands, sways... but he quickly makes the correct physical adjustments. Now he begins to walk. Awkwardness here, too, at first. One leg, transfer of weight, then another leg forward. A learning process, each time more sure. The thing not only lives... it learns with incredible speed.

The face remains totally without expression as its strange, lashless, browless eyes now sweep around the lab... not randomly, purposefully. It's not only learning... it's also planning.

30 INT. DARRO'S OFFICE - NIGHT - INSERT ON DOSSIER

30

It's a folder marked "ROBINSON, JEROME BAKER." A hand flicks past a page bearing I.D. photos, to other pages giving background information.

31 ANGLE ON DARRO 31

sitting at his desk, carefully inspecting Robinson's background.

32 INT. LAB - NIGHT - MED. SHOT ON ANDROID 32

Seating itself in front of the mirror in the cosmetology section of the lab, where we see the array of jars, creams, and special heat tools. Then, still completely expressionless, he begins examining his smooth, hairless face and body in the mirror there.

33 INT. DARRO'S OFFICE - NIGHT - FULL SHOT 33

The five scientists present, in the midst of a conference, eyeing Darro with some surprise as:

DARRO

Then you agree, Even granted the wrong programming, the device should work.

MICHAELS

(nods)

Absolutely.

Darro gets a general round of nods and agreeing ad libs.

GORLOV

Obviously, you are considering if the android has been sabotaged in some manner. But why?

DARRO

That's only one of a number of questions troubling me, Doctor Vaslovik... disappeared and presumed dead. Or is he? Did he drop out of sight voluntarily? Was the project left to this five nation combine to protect it? Or for some other reason?

CHEN

(smiles)

All of which suggests the wisdom of our governments in placing the project in your hands.

(CONTINUED)

DARRO

Or perhaps a career in counter-intelligence makes a man too suspicious.

(considers it, then)

As scientists, just how do you assess the parts of the android you do understand?

BRADLEY

It's a remarkable outpouring of new discoveries and inventions, certainly.

DARRO

Too many for one scientist?

MICHAELS

Vaslovik's genius is well known. Nobel prizes in both nuclear fusion and biotics for example.

AUDRET

But if you ask, would a group of scientists be more believable...

(thinks, nods)

... I think, yes.

CHEN

(nods)

In my department alone, the skin covering is, a totally new plastic material. Vaslovik's cosmetology materials and instructions represent new concepts in chemistry, the eye mechanisms are obviously a new form of computerized optics... to name only three.

MICHAELS

Do we take it you somehow suspect Robinson of something in all this?

DARRO

At the moment, I don't know.

(nods)

But be assured, I will know by the time I'm done questioning him.

Seated at Dr. Chen's rear-projection device. taking in cosmetology instruction schematics as fast as it can flip the switch, one quick glance at each.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

If it is reading, absorbing, at this speed, it combines incredible intelligence with total photographic memory!

Then, having run all the schematics, it picks up a "plasti-skin" heat tool much like the one Robinson used earlier to seal the flap in its abdomen. It examines the tool, finds the switch and turns it on. As the end of it arcs and turns red the android turns and directs the cosmetology pallet mirror toward itself.

35 INT. ROBINSON'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

35

Jerry Robinson is standing, very upset by something that's just been said. Darro is seated, leaning back easily, watching him with interest.

DARRO

And if I should order you to begin disassembling the android tomorrow morning?

ROBINSON

I won't do it. Get someone else.

DARRO

And why would you refuse to disassemble it tomorrow, Mister Robinson?

ROBINSON

Why? You don't spend this much time and energy putting something together and... and just junk it, throw it all away.

DARRO

The participating nations will still get a rich return on their investment, won't they? Its so-called "stomach" for example... a nuclear furnace that all believed impossible. But it works and I represent five nations who are very anxious to take it apart and find out how it works. And other parts of it too... its turbine pumps the size of match heads, electrical circuitry through gas vapor...

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

ROBINSON

(interrupting)

But a functioning android Darro, could change the shape of this whole world! The space program, undersea exploration... variations of androids could change industry, agriculture, eliminate drudgery, hunger...

DARRO

Are you suggesting it can be made to work? What's our problem, Robinson? What are your guesses?

36 INT. LAB - NIGHT - COSMETOLOGY AREA

36

Holding the molding iron, the android applies reddish pigment from a jar; carefully lifts the iron to his lipless mouth... it sizzles hot, smoking as he presses it against the plasti-skin "flesh."

37 CLOSE ON ANDROID'S FACE

37

The molding device held firmly over his mouth slit, steam or smoke rising from the intense heat - but there is absolutely no change in its expression. Then he removes it... and he has human lips, perfectly natural in appearance.

38 INT. ROBINSON'S QUARTERS

38

Darro listening but his attention focused more on Robinson's attitude than his words.

ROBINSON

Also, they could have burned out its brain plasma. Form patterns, they kept saying. The more, the better! Do you know those tapes contained whole courses in mathematics, physics, law, literature, medicine, language, logic.

39 INT. LAB - NIGHT - COSMETOLOGY AREA

39

Questor is holding in one hand, a power spray attached by tube to the cosmetology bench, spraying natural skin coloration over his body In his other hand. he holds the molding tool with a broad attachment on it now, heat-sealing the pigment into the plasti-skin.

40 INT ROBINSON'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

40

Robinson seated, he's looking bewildered - upset - Darro is standing at window which he has opened to examine the thick ornate grill which provides security at all windows of the building.

ROBINSON

How many ways do I have to swear it?
I had no idea, Doctor Vaslovik was
training me to assemble this thing..

DARRO

Why you?

ROBINSON

I've answered that too He saw some
precision electronic work I'd done.

DARRO

... and trained you to see the android
would be put together right.

ROBINSON

I suppose so.

DARRO

Thus it should be fully capable of
functioning now... unless someone, for
some reason, is preventing it. Right
also?

41 ANGLE ON ANDROID AT COSMETOLOGY AREA

41

It now has nipples on his chest, body hair, eyebrows,
eyelashes... and is in the midst of using a device which can
only be described as a mechanical hair implanter which is
rapidly stitching hair into his hitherto bald scalp. His
expression shows no pain... nothing.

42 INT. ROBINSON'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

42

Robinson still seated; Darro has closed the window and is
standing with his back to it, facing Jerry.

ROBINSON

Do you really think I'm planning to
go to the lab tonight, push some
button, and say "Follow me!?"

(CONTINUED)

DARRO

It's my job to consider that possibility.

ROBINSON

Okay, let's also consider why. To play chess with? To hold for ransom? Follow me where?

DARRO

Perhaps to a man who's been presumed dead although a body has never been found...

ROBINSON

(genuinely surprised)

Vaslovik!?

DARRO

He may have found a five nation combine an attractive idea. Ample funds and the world's top scientists doing the job his own organization couldn't complete.

ROBINSON

His organization?

43 QUESTOR AT MIRROR

43

The android... Questor we'll call him from now on... is fully dressed now, is carefully inspecting his features in the mirror. He looks like a completely normal... and in fact, rather handsome... male in his thirties. Expressionless, he checks eyelid action, neck movement, then he turns.

44 ANGLE ON DOOR

44

It has a conventional doorknob. Questor enters shot, eyes the knob. Then he takes it and tugs slightly. The door doesn't open. He tugs harder... the doorknob breaks off in his hand. He bends, studies the hole left in the door, understands. He examines the door, finds a half-inch clearance between it and the door jamb. He bends, inserts his fingers under the door close to the swinging side of it, and pulls almost effortlessly... and the door easily breaks open.

45 INT. SIDE DOOR TO LAB - NIGHT

45

Very heavy, a thick metal fire and security door with heavy bolts locking at the top, middle and bottom. Questor takes a second to study this... then inserts his fingers under the top bolt, easily bends the thick bolt out and free. He begins repeating the process on the other bolts.

46 INT. ROBINSON'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

46

Robinson is very irritated now.

DARRO

And that's why the wrong tapes upset you? You get attached to mechanical things? You like machinery.

ROBINSON

(nods)

But that's not half as strange as what I'm seeing inside your mind. Is there anything or anyone you don't mistrust?

Darro's cold small smile is interrupted by a knock on the door.

DARRO

I'll get it.

Darro crosses over, opens the door to reveal a security guard there.

DARRO (cont'd)

Mr. Robinson is not to have visitors or leave his quarters except at my orders.

SECURITY GUARD

Yes sir.

ROBINSON

(coming to his feet)

What the hell are you doing, Darro?

Darro closes the door, turns back to Jerry.

DARRO

My reputation and my fees, Mister Robinson, come from the simple fact I have never failed an assignment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

DARRO (cont'd)

I never fail because I am totally convinced that any given human is capable of any conceivable act for the right price.

47 EXT. UNIVERSITY OF GENEVA - PROJECT QUESTOR LAB - NIGHT

47

Questor closes the side door behind him, then stops, This is the first time he has been in the open air... his face still shows no expression as he slowly looks around, around, taking it all in. The robot's eyes and actions seem to indicate intelligence... but the total lack of facial expression, plus its incredible strength, suggest frightening possibilities. Camera moves in on his ear and suddenly we hear what he is hearing... the normal sounds of night, incredibly magnified... crickets, distant sounds of traffic, human activity... whirr of birds' wings, constant sighing and blowing of breezes through trees... and suddenly the sound of two pairs of approaching footsteps.

48 ANGLE ON QUESTOR

48

He moves, a bit unsurely as his speed increases, but rapidly learns, adjusts... takes cover in some brush and stares back at the lab.

49 ANGLE ON A PAIR OF SWISS GUARDS

49

They come walking quietly around the building. They notice nothing wrong as they circle around past the side entrance. A few moments, and they are gone

50 ANGLE ON QUESTOR

50

Emotionless, he waits, and then turns and strikes out across the University of Geneva grounds, avoiding the walkways. He stops, investigates the grass he walks on... a night blooming flower. He moves on... and into close shot when he stops and looks up at the sky.

51 HIS POINT OF VIEW - THE STARRY SKY

51

One of Switzerland's marvelously clear nights when thousands of stars are visible.

52 CLOSE ON QUESTOR 52

looking up at the sky for a long moment. Then we see his first trace of facial expression... his brows just a trifle knitted... as though something puzzling him has just occurred to him, but he doesn't know what it is. Then he moves on.

53 ANGLE ON QUESTOR 53

striding off across the campus, heading in his original direction, the science building. Suddenly there is a growl and he stops, stares.

54 HIS POINT OF VIEW - A LARGE, SUSPICIOUS DOG 54

a large mastiff... stiff-legged, growling, standing in Questor's path, sensing something strange about this human form. Then it sniffs, backs up a step.

55 ANGLE ON QUESTOR AND DOG 55

Questor trying to catalogue this new shape in his path. Then his voice, speaking for the first time, awkwardly.

QUESTOR
Good... evening.

The dog sniffs again... then whines and suddenly whirls and dashes away. Questor watches it go, puzzling over its strange behavior. Then he sets out on his journey again.

56 EXT. GENEVA UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - NIGHT 56

Here and there a few lights are burning.

57 INT. DARKENED HALLWAY - ANGLE ON DOOR 57

It reads: VASLOVIK ARCHIVES. Camera pulls back as Questor moves up silently to the door, takes the doorknob, is about to pull and then remembers. He twists. The door is locked. He twists harder... a metallic shattering sound as the locking mechanism inside is broken. He pushes the door open easily, enters. Behind him, he has left the door open just a crack.

58 INT. VASLOVIK ARCHIVES ROOM

58

The room is lined with files, many of them locked, shelves of bound papers. Questor, without turning on the lights... he needs very little light... moves to the shelves of bound volumes and starts through them. Again he almost flips through the pages, reading as fast as they can be turned. Then to the files... some of them bound with metal straps, locked. He inserts his fingers under the straps... they break. Files open, he examines the contents even faster... he seems driven, as if he must find something.

59 INT. HALLWAY - ANGLE UP HALLWAY

59

to an office door, through the translucent glass of which we see a form moving about as if preparing to leave. Then the office light switches off... Allison Sample comes out into the hall, leaving for home. She walks toward camera down the hallway... hears something ahead at the Vaslovik Archives, sees that the door is slightly ajar. She hesitates... then, a bit nervous but definitely brave, she opens the door, steps inside, reaches for the light switch.

60 INT. VASLOVIK ARCHIVES - FULL SHOT - QUESTOR AND ALLISON

60

as the lights snap on. Questor looks up at them curiously, hears a sound, turns to his first face-to-face confrontation with another human being. Allison's eyes show surprise at finding a man there, also a little fear. Questor, not yet having learned the uses of expression, merely examines her. Then:

QUESTOR

Good... evening.

His first words to a human being - the voice still flat, completely without inflection. She eyes him curiously.

ALLISON

What are you doing here?

QUESTOR

(cocks an ear)

Tonal inflection. Yes, interesting.

ALLISON

I asked what are you doing here? Who are you?

Having observed for vocal inflection, Questor now uses some, too.

(CONTINUED)

QUESTOR

To the first question, I am scanning various minutiae in search of required data input.

As Allison's expression reacts to his formal phrasing, Questor misses none of it, realizing that facial features are apparently altered as mood and incident require, he puts his observations to use - his vocal inflections improve, too, as he continues.

QUESTOR (cont'd)

As to the second question, I am part of Project Questor.

ALLISON

I've never seen you around that building.

QUESTOR

Around?

(thinks)

As a colloquial phrase, meaning "in the vicinity?"

Allison eyes him a bit nervously but curious despite this.

ALLISON

Who are you?

QUESTOR

If this is to be an information exchange, then the next interrogative is logically mine. Who are you?

ALLISON

I'm Allison Sample.

QUESTOR

Allison Sample is... Professor Vaslovik's media intermediary.

ALLISON

(nods)

Uh... yes, his secretary.

(smiles)

That helps. A complete outsider wouldn't know that.

Questor notes the smile, Seeing that it seems to indicate, in this case, relief. He, too, smiles. It is not one hundred percent successful, but it does at least resemble a smile.

(CONTINUED)

QUESTOR

Outsider... to mean a stranger, a possible threat.

(tries another smile)

If necessary to relieve your fear, I can supply other information. Jerry Robinson is the assembly engineer on Project Questor. He was employed by Vaslovik four years ago to...

ALLISON

(interrupts)

Do you know Jerry well?

QUESTOR

(thinks, then)

He has been closer to me than any human on earth.

ALLISON

(nods)

I like him too.

(smiles again)

Where are you from? It's a most unusual accent.

QUESTOR

It is my speech pattern, Miss Sample. I must make it more colloquial.

(beat)

How much do you know of the Questor Project, Madame?

ALLISON

Only that it involves an advanced computer of some sort. But I really must find out what you're doing here.

QUESTOR

(considers it, then)

Project Questor has reached a stage which absolutely requires that Professor Vaslovik be located. If you can be of any help...

ALLISON

(shakes head)

I only know he seemed to be ill... then he disappeared, leaving behind this five-nation arrangement.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON (cont'd)
(shakes head again)
I've been so worried... he was the
finest, kindest man I've ever known.

QUESTOR
Other than the data I scanned in the
files, you know nothing more about
his past or his associates?

ALLISON
Just the letters there, who he
visited, or wrote to, called on the
telephone; And so on.

QUESTOR
Was he known to enjoy aquatic
vehicles? I have a... fragment of
memory associating him with such a
thing.

ALLISON
If by aquatic vehicles you mean
boats... no.
(eyeing him)
You are the strangest man.

QUESTOR
I think it truthful to say I have
spent most of my life in the
laboratory, thus I am no doubt
socially awkward.

ALLISON
(smiles)
It... does show a little, to be
perfectly honest.

QUESTOR
This concerns me since I am about to
leave on a journey which may require
them.

Questor turns, then stops as he realizes he has forgotten
something. He turns back, takes her hand and bows stiffly.

QUESTOR (cont'd)
Farewell, Madame. Parting is such
sweet sorrow.

Her surprise at this is obvious. Then she smiles.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (4)

60

ALLISON

I do hope you're going with someone on this trip?

QUESTOR

Yes. I see it is quits necessary. Thank you.

He turns to leave. She calls after him:

ALLISON

Oh, you do have a name, don't you?

61 ANGLE ON QUESTOR

61

He stops, turns, hesitates, searches his mind for a moment.

QUESTOR

Yes, Miss Sample. My name is... Questor.

He turns and exits.

62 ANGLE ON ALLISON

62

as the impact of what he has just said sinks in.

63 INT. ROBINSON'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

63

He is sleeping soundly.

64 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ROBINSON'S QUARTERS

64

Darro's armed Security Guard is still there, awake.

65 EXT. SCIENCE LIVING QUARTERS - ROBINSON'S WINDOW

65

Protected by the graceful but heavy iron grill. Questor moves down the side of the building, in the darkness, pauses at the window. He listens. He can hear the deep, measured breathing. He tests the window grill... then carefully, silently, reaches up and bends it out of the way, easily pulling one side loose from its heavy concrete fastening. Then Questor carefully inserts the tips of his finger under the glass window... presses it up. There is a tiny sound as the catch gives... and Questor swings himself up and into the room.

66 INT. ROBINSON'S QUARTERS_ NIGHT 66

66

Robinson sleeping as Questor moves from the open window to the bedside, eyes the sleeping Robinson curiously for moment, then he reaches down and puts the fingers of one hand over Robinson's mouth, Robinson's eyes fly open in panic; he thrashes about... but finds he cannot move.

QUESTOR

Mr, Robinson, I mean you no harm. I must speak with you.

Robinson's eyes stare up at what appears to him a man in his early thirties, a total stranger. He feels that strength in the hand across his lips. With little other choice, he nods. Questor removes his hand.

ROBINSON

Who are you?

QUESTOR

I am Questor.

Robinson doesn't understand for a moment... then he notices the window, reacts hard at the sight of the bent, thick, protective grill there, Appalled, he turns to the android who stands regarding him calmly, Robinson panics... leaps to his feet, shouting:

ROBINSON

Help!!

67 ANOTHER ANGLE

67

Robinson has backed against a wall, horrified, as far away from the android as he can get.

ROBINSON

Help! Guard!

The Guard enters, machine gun in hand, sees Questor and starts to turn his gun toward him. But Questor has already recognized him as a threat, and his hand grabs the gun barrel, squeezing with his enormous strength, distorting it. With his other hand, Questor touches a spot just behind the man's ear. The Guard drops like a stone, unconscious. Questor closes the door, turns to the stunned Robinson who, with horror-filled eyes, is looking up from the unconscious Guard to the android which has displayed such fearsome speed and strength.

(CONTINUED)

QUESTOR

The University tapes included excellent programming in human anatomy, Mr. Robinson.

(indicates Guard)

I selected a nerve which will keep him unconscious for approximately one hour.

Robinson is utterly terrified. His voice shakes, his hand, too, as he points at the door.

ROBINSON

I order you to leave. Do you understand? You are to return to the laboratory.

QUESTOR

I am grateful for your advice, but it is necessary I go instead to a metropolitan complex known as Rome where...

ROBINSON

I am ordering you to go to the lab! You must obey me... I made you, I put you together...

QUESTOR

And I am most grateful. But I must leave immediately for Rome and it is equally essential you accompany me.

(waits, steps to
Robinson, puts hand
on his shoulder)

I regret I can offer you no choice.

Jerry stares to the bent grill, the twisted gun barrel, too terrified to answer.

68 INT. ROBINSON'S QUARTERS - NIGHT FULL SHOT

68

Darro, the twisted machine gun in his hands, is examining the bent window grill. The Guard, rubbing the side of his neck, stands there looking sheepish. Bradley, Michaels, Chen, Audret, and Gorlov are present too.

GUARD

(Swiss accent)

I 'ave nevair seen movement so fast, Monsieur, He had my weapon, he reach to me... I remember nothing more.

(CONTINUED)

Darro indicates the window, the gun, to the others.

DARRO

The android is missing, gentlemen.
Add to that... the strength necessary
to bend that grillwork... to twist a
gun barrel like this...

MICHAELS

The Vaslovik tape instructed the
android to come here?

GORLOV

There is another possibility. The
Vaslovik tape has resulted in a
demented android as Doctor Audret and
I feared.

DARRO

(eyeing window bars
and gun again)

However, we must consider that
possibility of course.

(to Security Guard)

I want my personal staff assembled in
my office in five minutes.

69 INT. UNIVERSITY ELECTRIC TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

69

Jerry at the ticket window, wanting to refuse to say
something to the ticket agent but Questor is close to his
side. He digs, passes over currency. Then he displays the
single bill left in his wallet.

ROBINSON

That's all I'll have left.

Questor nods; the ticket agent passes over two tickets and
they move on into the station.

ROBINSON (cont'd)

Do you understand? We can't get to
Rome! The air fare there will be
fifty times this amount.

Questor and Robinson find a quiet corner,

ROBINSON

Questor... I order you to go back to the lab with me. We're not going to Rome.

QUESTOR

Incorrect. I must begin my search there.

ROBINSON

Do you understand what an order is?! To disobey me is wrong, a malfunction which you must correct!

QUESTOR

According to my creator's office files, he made his most frequent visits to a person there. Mister Robinson, why do I have such meager information from my creator Vaslovik?

ROBINSON

(looks up sharply)
What do you know of Vaslovik?

QUESTOR

Much less than it seems I should. I know I must find him, but...
(thinks, shakes head)
... the instructions are fragmented. Why?

ROBINSON

Look, if I'm honest with you, will you be as honest with me?

QUESTOR

Deception is quite difficult for me, Mr. Robinson. I will exchange any information you wish.

A whistle sounds, and people around them start moving toward the electric train gates.

ROBINSON

Good! Now we're getting somewhere.

QUESTOR

I believe the vehicle is ready for departure.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

ROBINSON

Hold on... can you be controlled,
Questor?

QUESTOR

Of course. Quite easily.

ROBINSON

How? How can I make you obey my
instructions?

The electric train whistles again.

QUESTOR

Come, Mr. Robinson. Our exchange can
continue on the vehicle, can it not?

Robinson hesitates. Questor puts his hand on Robinson's
shoulder... Robinson decides to accompany him.

71 EXT. ELECTRIC TRAIN - NIGHT

71

moving through the Swiss countryside.

72 INT. COMPARTMENT OF TRAIN - NIGHT

72

Questor, Robinson, a British tourist, who is reading a
newspaper.

73 TWO SHOT - QUESTOR AND ROBINSON 73

73

They are speaking quietly.

ROBINSON

Well?

QUESTOR

My question was prior to yours, Mr.
Robinson.

ROBINSON

Damn it, I will not bargain with a...

Robinson bites off his words as the British tourist takes a
quick look up over his newspaper, curious. Robinson lowers
his voice.

(CONTINUED)

ROBINSON (cont'd)

All right... part of Vaslovik's taped programming for you was accidentally erased.

QUESTOR

And with it Vaslovik's location. Regrettable, since the undamaged portion compels me to find him. Perhaps when we meet this person in Rome. Had he ever mentioned to you an acquaintance there identified only as "C?"

ROBINSON

No. And now it's your turn to answer my question. How can you be controlled?

QUESTOR

Quite simply, Mr. Robinson. I will accede to any logical request.

Jerry begins to suspect he's been had. He opens his mouth to say something angry and loud, then remembers again they are not alone in the compartment. Quietly:

ROBINSON

Listen, the absolutely most logical thing for you to do is go back to the laboratory.

QUESTOR

Incorrect. It is more logical to follow my creator's instructions.

ROBINSON

Damn it, I'm alive, you're not! I'll tell you what's logical!

QUESTOR

Cogito, ergo sum.

ROBINSON

What?

QUESTOR

A Latin aphorism by the philosopher Descartes which suggests I am alive also. "I think, therefore I am."

74 ANGLE ON THE BRITISH TOURIST

74

Not really certain he's hearing all this accurately. He keeps listening, the paper before him, as he inclines a bit closer toward the other two, listening.

ROBINSON'S VOICE
(raised slightly)
I assembled you. Will you for God's sake listen! You... are... a... machine!

The tourist decides he must at least have another better look at his compartment companions. He eases the paper down slightly.

75 FULL SHOT

75

as the tourist finds Questor looking directly at him. Questor nods.

QUESTOR
Good evening, sir.

ROBINSON
(quickly)
Hope we're not bothering you. These compartments... uh, they're really too small...

BRITISH TOURIST
Ah... yes.
(eyes compartment,
nods)
Rather smallish.

QUESTOR
(eyeing compartment)
Precisely three point five zero two by two point, four four three meters.

BRITISH TOURIST
Indeed? Thank you.

Goes back to his newspaper.

76 CLOSER - ROBINSON AND QUESTOR

76

Robinson eyes the compartment, turns to Questor. Almost a whisper:

(CONTINUED)

ROBINSON

Were you joking?

QUESTOR

(puzzled)

Dimensions are a form of humor?

ROBINSON

You can really measure that closely
with your eyes?

QUESTOR

(nods)

To slightly beyond one ten thousandth
of a meter.

(indicates his
fingers)

With my digital sensors, however, I can be much more
precise, as well as measure weight, temperature and volume.
No doubt my creator will explain the purpose of this when I
find him.

77 INT. DARRO'S OFFICE - MOVING PAST STAFF AT TELEPHONE - NIGHT

77

Hastily arranged phone stations where secretaries and
administrative assistants are using telephones, calling
lists of numbers. As camera passes:

FIRST SECRETARY

... first name, Jerry. Five-eight, one
fifty one pounds, dark brown hair...

FIRST ASSISTANT

... no description yet on his traveling
companion other than a blue eyed
male, six-one, about one ninety
pounds...

SECOND ASSISTANT

... photos of Robinson himself are on
wire service now. The other man is to
be considered potentially dangerous...

78 AT DARRO'S DESK

78

Where second secretary takes notes while Doctor Chen
exhibits the hair implanting machine and several used
cosmetic preparations.

(CONTINUED)

CHEN

... traces of several types of medium brown hair in the implanter here...

DARRO

Be specific, Chen! Brows, lashes, pubic hair... ?

CHEN

(nods)

Apparently the entire body. As well as using the preparations designed to simulate moles, sun wrinkles, typical epidermic imperfections. He... it also used a medium fair skin tone...

DARRO

(interrupts)

Are you saying it'll look human in every way?

(gets a nod; to secretary)

We can keep to our "escaped lunatic" story.

(as she begins to exit)

Wait... assure the British and American governments they'll have no labor vote problems. There'll be no mention of the word "robot."

79 EXT. GENEVA ELECTRIC TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

79

as the train pulls in.

80 INT. STATION - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

80

Getting late, not too many travelers. Questor and Robinson appear, coming up from the train. Questor is fascinated by all he sees. Then he sees something interesting ahead, indicates.

QUESTOR

Curious. Why would that man be examining a printed facsimile of your face?

81 POINT OF VIEW - SWISS GENDARME 81

A couple hundred yards away, the Gendarme with a man in civilian clothes who has just handed him sheet of paper. Although we cannot make out its contents at this distance, the Gendarme is reading it at such an angle that the face of the paper is turned in this direction.

82 BACK TO SHOT 82

Robinson peering toward the Gendarme, then Questor takes his arm, takes him a few steps to a shadowed alcove where they are less visible. During which:

ROBINSON
The Swiss Gendarme? He's a couple
hundred yards away?

Camera in close on Questor as he turns, peers in that direction again.

83 QUESTOR'S POINT OF VIEW 83

His telescopic vision... a zoom shot on the sheet of paper. It's a Swiss Police "Want Sheet" carrying Robinson's picture... and under it, Robinson's name, then French language copy identifying him as a technician employed on a highly classified project at the University of Geneva, is suspected of having stolen an extremely valuable scientific device. Several governments are offering large rewards for information leading to the arrest of Robinson and an unidentified companion traveling with him.

84 CLOSE TWO SHOT 84

Questor reading it, as:

QUESTOR
You installed my vision components quite well, Mr. Robinson. Under your likeness there is printing which states that you have stolen a valuable computing device and that you are traveling with a highly dangerous companion. I assume this also refers to me.
(turns to Jerry)
At the proper time, of course, I will explain that you did not steal me.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

ROBINSON

The courts would love that. A machine
testifying for the defense.

85 WIDE ANGLE ON GENDARME AND CIVILIAN

85

as they carefully scrutinize all the passengers departing
through the station gates.

86 CLOSE SHOT - ANGLE ON LOCKED GATE

86

as Questor's hands take the chain, snaps it like dry wood.
Then camera back to reveal Robinson's reaction as he's
reminded again of the android's strength. They're at a
darker part of the station, currently not in use. Questor
swings the gate open, they exit out onto the street.

87 EXT. GENEVA STATION SIDE STREET - NIGHT

87

as they move down the street. Robinson sees another gendarme
patrolling here, moving in their direction. Questor hasn't
seen him yet and Jerry tries to distract his attention by
indicating in another direction.

ROBINSON

Interesting old building over there.
Must be quite interesting for you to
get out into the world and...

88 ANOTHER ANGLE

88

emphasizing the gendarme, whistle in hand, quickly checking
his description sheet as he moves rapidly toward them.

GENDARME

(in French)

Arretez-vous! (Halt!)

Questor halts: Robinson hurriedly moves toward the gendarme.

ROBINSON

Great! I'll go along peacefully, but
be careful of...

The gendarme mistakes his intentions, grabs his arm and
swings him around, subduing him as he raises his whistle to
his mouth:

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

ROBINSON (cont'd)
 Wait, damn it! It's not me you want,
 it's...

All of which allows Questor to step in from behind and touch the gendarme under the ear. The gendarme has had time for one surprised short blast from his whistle before his legs collapse and he falls. Questor drags Robinson offset at top speed.

89 ANGLE DOWN STREET

89

another gendarme appearing around the corner, sees the downed officer, sees the two men running and blows a loud repeated blast on his whistle, running after them.

90 EXT. ANOTHER GENEVA STREET - NIGHT

90

Questor hurrying the terrified Robinson down the street. Whistles blowing from behind them. Up the street, from one direction, comes another gendarme, blowing his whistle and tugging at his night stick. Robinson plants his feet firmly.

ROBINSON
 No, damn it! First Darro, now you...

Questor simply picks him up, then runs, carrying him.

91 INTERCUT CHASE SEQUENCE

91

Several gendarmes appear from various directions, in pursuit. They chase, blow their whistles, run. But, even carrying Robinson, Questor is a bit faster than his pursuers. He's blocked in one direction, heads down the tree-lined boulevard leading toward the lake front.

92 EXT. GENEVA LAKE FRONT - NIGHT

92

Questor, well ahead of his pursuers now, ducks into shadows, puts Robinson on his feet. Then the android turns to face him.

93 CLOSER TWO SHOT

93

Robinson's expression reflects his very legitimate nervousness over the way the android is looking at him. But he shows courage and we begin to like him still more because of it.

(CONTINUED)

ROBINSON

Look, I'm tired of being pushed around!

QUESTOR

When I took you from your bed, you feared me.

ROBINSON

I still do! But I'll be damned if I'll run my life on the basis of what I'm afraid of!

QUESTOR

I continue to perceive new qualities in you which I...

(puzzled, then)

Is it possible I have an emotion capacity, Mister Robinson? The word on my lips was "admire."

We hear the bell of an approaching police vehicle.

94 ANOTHER ANGLE

94

The vehicle approaching, but turns down another street before reaching them.

95 QUESTOR AND JERRY

95

as the police bell grows fainter.

ROBINSON

Look... a machine that can do all this is pretty staggering itself.

QUESTOR

I think you should be informed of the following... I am programmed with a set of life principles and morality identical to that held by my creator.

ROBINSON

And what happens if I do get away from you?

QUESTOR

I must continue as best I am able, Mr. Robinson. But if you come freely with me, you may study me as you wish.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

Robinson hesitates, then we hear another police vehicle bell approaching.

QUESTOR (cont'd)

Also, I will agree to accede to all advice and requests you may have which do not violate my programmed requirement to find my creator.

This police car does not turn: the police bell is almost upon them. Then quickly:

ROBINSON

We'll try it awhile!

The two of them are forced to break into a run again. We hear police whistles blow as they are spotted.

96 EXT. LAKE FRONT GAMBLING CLUB - NIGHT

96

One of the Lake Geneva gambling clubs so popular with tourists. This particular one carries signs boasting of American "Le Craps" and English-speaking croupiers on all tables. Questor and Robinson appear in b.g. then wait until the doorman of the club turns his back while putting a tipsy customer into a cab. Then the two hurry unseen into the establishment.

97 INT. GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

97

A stage at one end, upon which a number of young ladies are either almost entirely divested of garb or are in the process of becoming so. Gamblers are at the crap tables, roulette, black jack tables, and chemin de fer, etc. Other types are at tables up near the stage, engrossed in the dancers. As Questor takes it all in, a bit puzzled, Jerry moves up to him.

ROBINSON

(quietly)

Remember, we've got a temporary arrangement. Stay close to me.

QUESTOR

Agreed.

(indicates)

Curious. These humans proffer specie and receive nothing in return.

ROBINSON

It's gambling, a form of recreation.

(CONTINUED)

QUESTOR

Gambling... yes, the enjoyment of random chance.

(indicating stage onlookers)

This puzzles me too. The human males intent upon the epidermal portions of the females.

ROBINSON

Look, this is going to be very hard to explain to a machine...

QUESTOR

It is the biological continuity between male and female?

ROBINSON

(nods)

Right. A field that I'm pretty experienced in.

QUESTOR

(watching the men and dancers)

Interesting. Then we will observe humans mating here?

ROBINSON

No, not here. I mean these here aren't involved with each other... well, they're kind of "involved" but... (too entangled)
I'll explain when we have more time.

Questor gives him a puzzled look. Then, as they walk around the casino, Questor quickly eyeing each gambling game in turn. A pause at the roulette table, wheel of fortune, and in each case his eyes quickly taking in the procedures there.

ROBINSON

If there's any of this you'd like explained...

QUESTOR

I am still analyzing your last explanation, Mister Robinson.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

QUESTOR (cont'd)
(indicates games)
This appears to be much simpler.
Elementary mathematics.

He passes a black jack game, then pauses to take in a crap table. Again, his eyes take in a couple of rolls, the losses and payments. Then, he turns to Robinson.

QUESTOR (cont'd)
How much specie is required for air
vehicle to Rome?

ROBINSON
A lot more than I've got.

He pulls out his wallet, searches in it, partly pulls out the Swiss franc banknote.

ROBINSON (cont'd)
See? Eighty Swiss francs... about
twenty American dollars. And listen,
Questor... it's money. It's called
"specie" only in economic textbooks.

Questor deftly takes the wallet from his hand, extracts the currency there.

QUESTOR
That will be sufficient...
(stops , corrects
himself)
That'll be plenty.
(smiles)
More colloquial?

ROBINSON
(nods)
Better...
(indicates)
... but my money there...

QUESTOR
How much... money do we require?
(as Jerry hesitates)
I have calculated the variables seen
there...
(exhibits his
fingers)
... and will simply measure shape,
weight, direction, and energy
required to expose the cube faces we
require.

(CONTINUED)

ROBINSON

Are you saying you can throw any number you want?

QUESTOR

Can I expose any combination of cube faces?

(nods)

Unless it is immoral to use my sensor apparatus in this fashion.

ROBINSON

Uh... no. They do call these "games of skill."

He passes over the money.

99 ANGLE ON CRAP TABLE

99

One of those large, heavy Las Vegas type tables, with six or eight players. Questor walks over to it, watches the play for a moment. A player craps out. Questor is standing at an end of the table. As the Croupier picks up the dice to hand them to the next roller, he accidentally drops them and they roll under the table.

100 ANGLE ON QUESTOR

100

As the Croupier bends to pick up the dice, Questor, with one hand, takes the edge of the table and lifts. The whole side rises. The Croupier... and all the players... stare at Questor. Then, silently, wide-eyed at Questor, the Croupier recovers the dice.

QUESTOR

May I participate?

CROUPIER

(American)

Sure... but you gotta put the table down.

Questor lowers the side of the table so gently that not a chip is disturbed. The stunned Croupier pushes the dice toward Questor, who picks them up.

101 CLOSE ON QUESTOR

101

He rolls the dice around in his hand... measuring and weighing them.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: 101

He calculates the length and breadth of the table, the friction effect of the green baize, and the exact force he should use in his throw. He puts his Swiss franc note out. The Croupier hands him one chip... rather scornfully, though not so overtly as to annoy anyone who can lift a crap table with one hand. Questor positions the dice in his hands, calculates the number of times they should roll, the angle and distance... then rolls.

102 ANGLE ON DICE 102

Coming up seven.

103 FULL SHOT 103

The Croupier grins widely.

CROUPIER

He's not only strong, he's lucky.

He pushes a winning chip toward Questor.

QUESTOR

I will wager that one on...
(examines odds;
indicates)
... each cube with two dots.

CROUPIER

(placing bet)
Four the hard way.

Questor takes the dice, again positioning them carefully in his hand, rolls again.

104 ANGLE ON DICE 104

Four, the hard way.

CROUPIER'S VOICE

Four... the hard way.

105 EMPHASIZING ON JERRY 105

standing by Questor's side, almost as amazed as the Croupier who starts to pay off the hard four.

QUESTOR

Permit it to accumulate, please.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

CROUPIER
Accumulate?

ROBINSON
He means let it ride.

Questor nods, positions the dice... throws.

106 ANGLE ON DICE

106

rolling to a stop at a hard four again.

107 ANOTHER ANGLE AT TABLE

107

Croupier a little slow to pick up the dice. He also gives them a quick inspection as:

CROUPIER
(less enthused)
Another hard four.

ROBINSON
(whispers to
Questor)
I think you should throw something else.

QUESTOR
(to Croupier)
May I wager it all within the rectangle labeled "craps - eight to one?"

CROUPIER
The craps rectangle?

QUESTOR
(nods)
This is my first gambling. But I find it quite enjoyable.

CROUPIER
(eyes Questor;
places bet)
Okay, any craps.

Questor positions the dice; rolls.

108 ANGLE ON DICE 108

They roll... snake eyes.

CROUPIER'S VOICE

(weak)

Snake eyes.

109 FULL SHOT - THE CASINO 109

QUESTOR

Apparently I have made an error.

(indicates)

I will expose the same faces for the
fifteen to one odds.

As a suspicious Croupier changes the bet to snake eyes,
virtually everyone is now moving over to and around
Questor's table.

110 ANGLE ON DICE 110

As they roll again... snake eyes! Cheers from the onlookers.

111 ANGLE ON QUESTOR AND JERRY 111

and a very large pile of chips. Robinson nervously tugs at
Questor's arm... Questor is emotionless about all this as he
was at the beginning.

ROBINSON

That's enough... come on...

QUESTOR

(quietly)

The specie amount...

(corrects himself)

The money we've got isn't enough yet.

(to Croupier)

Wager it on hard... snake eyes again,
please.

Everyone else at the table quickly gets off the line. He
rolls again.

112 ANGLE ON DICE 112

Snake eyes.

113 ANGLE ON PIT BOSS 113

A hard-eyed bird, he has moved up to one end of the table. Now, as camera pulls back, he gives an almost imperceptible nod to the Croupier, who gets it.

114 ANGLE ON CROUPIER 114

As he gathers the dice in, he cleverly substitutes a shaved pair from a secret compartment in the table in front of his belly. He shoves the shaved dice on to Questor, who picks them up.

115 ANGLE ON QUESTOR 115

He holds the dice. As he puts his fingers on them his face tells that he knows immediately what has happened.

116 ANGLE ON QUESTOR'S HAND 116

The one holding the dice. We see his fingers press against the dice slightly, exerting force.

117 FULL SHOT 117

The Pit Boss and the Croupier are looking rather smug as Questor indicates the board.

QUESTOR
And your term for twelve?

CROUPIER
Box cars.

Questor nods; the bet is placed, Questor throws.

118 ANGLE ON DICE 118

The roll to become... box cars!

119 ANGLE ON PIT BOSS AND CROUPIER 119

Stunned. It is impossible! The Croupier has no choice. He shoves a very large stack of chips over to the already large stack in front of Questor. Questor glances at the chips, nods politely to the Croupier.

(CONTINUED)

QUESTOR

That will be sufficient. Thank you very much.

120 INT. VASLOVIK ARCHIVES - CLOSE ON METAL STRAPS - DAY

120

The ones Questor broke in order to get at the files. Camera pulls back to reveal they are in Darro's hands and that he is holding them up to the view of Allison Sample. In background are a couple of Darro's staff, waiting.

DARRO

You are not one of those witnesses who comes rushing willingly forward, Miss Sample.

ALLISON

There has been no crime committed here, Mister Darro.

(indicates straps)

May I ask how you learned of this?

DARRO

I instructed my staff to put themselves in the place of... someone seeking Doctor Vaslovik.

(indicates straps again)

I believe the person who did this, also kidnapped your friend Jerry Robinson...

ALLISON

(surprised)

Jerry kidnapped...?

DARRO

We urgently need a description. Robinson may be in grave danger.

Allison hesitates, studying Darro curiously. Then:

ALLISON

There has been no one here who I believe would do such a thing.

DARRO

(cool smile)

He must have been remarkably charming. Or was it a... basic simplicity which appealed to you.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

If I've made an evaluation, Mister Darro, I think I can trust it.

DARRO

You also judged Doctor Vaslovik one of the kindest and warmest men you've known. Aren't those your words?

ALLISON

They are.

DARRO

And if I prove he lied about almost everything he ever told you?

ALLISON

I wouldn't believe you.

DARRO

You will, Miss Sample. I'm going to tell you what Project Questor really means.

121 EXT. BOAC JETLINER - DAY

121

Establishing.

122 INT. JET - DAY - ANGLE ON ROBINSON AND QUESTOR

122

Robinson sits there, still stunned at their winnings. Questor, with a stack of newspapers in his lap is puzzling over something and now turns:

QUESTOR

The erased tape, Mr. Robinson. I have fleeting images which seem to relate my creator with a vehicle, an aquatic vehicle. Do you relate any such thing with him?

ROBINSON

A boat?

(shakes his head;
then turns)

Eighty thousand Swiss francs! About sixteen thousand dollars!

QUESTOR

We may perhaps need more. The only file reference to this "C" in Rome was through a certain Count Medelli.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

QUESTOR (cont'd)
And my creator's references to him
were not complimentary.

Jerry has laid his head back on the seat.

123 CLOSE ON QUESTOR (INTERCUT QUESTOR AND PUBLICATIONS)

123

While talking, he will also begin reading finance reports... stock market reports... reports from the New York Stock Exchange... the Rome Stock Exchange... exchanges in Milan and Geneva and Paris and London... each in their own language. Flip, flip. flip... page after page... and at the same time we somehow know that he is keenly aware of the ebb and flow of human activity around him... that he is missing nothing.

ROBINSON
I'm going to have to get sleep soon,
Questor.

STEWARDESS
How are you today, sir?

QUESTOR
Functioning perfectly, thank you.

Robinson opens his eyes as:

STEWARDESS
Would you like some gum?

Robinson shakes his head but Questor picks up a piece, looks up at her questioningly.

STEWARDESS (cont'd)
It's for your ears. We'll be landing
at Rome in a few moments.

Questor quickly takes a second piece of gum. The Stewardess smiles again, moves to the next seats. Camera moves in for a close two shot as Questor moves as if to press the two pieces of gum into his ears. Robinson quickly shakes his head, taking the gum, begins chewing it himself.

QUESTOR
The young lady plainly said "ears."

ROBINSON
You've got to be more careful. I've
warned you that many things don't
mean what they sound like.

(CONTINUED)

QUESTOR

I am having difficulty learning to be that illogical Mister Robinson.

ROBINSON

That's what I'm here to provide, I guess. Human illogic.

(smiles, then eyes
Questor)

You know... I'm very proud of you.

QUESTOR

Indeed?

ROBINSON

I mean... I always thought you'd function... but... I mean, you function!

(shakes head sadly)

Now if you could only measure or roll a pair of passports into existence.

QUESTOR

I have a plan, Mister Robinson. My programming tapes included extensive studies of international practices. My creator's tape also contained the same. I wonder why?

Robinson looks at Questor a long moment, feeling sympathetic as he sees Questor's melancholy expression as he puzzles over the reason for his existence. The two have been drawing closer together steadily without Jerry realizing it. But now this intimate moment makes him realize he's not only beginning to feel pride in Questor's abilities... but an affection, too.

ROBINSON

Look, why don't we forget the "Mister Robinson?" Jerry's simpler.

QUESTOR

Jerry.

(looks up)

The name is permissible?

(gets a nod)

I feel a most curious... regard... for you. Is it that perhaps you of all sentient creatures on this earth, come the closest to understanding me... or do I simply analyze that you can be useful to me, and that therefore I should keep you by my side.

(CONTINUED)

ROBINSON

I hope it's the first.

(looks away;
thinking)

Funny. I'm actually sitting here
hoping you like me.

(turns Back)

Questor, your purpose is important to
me too. I'd feel much better about
all this if I knew why Vaslovik
designed you.

QUESTOR

This information was undoubtedly on
the erased portion of the tape.

They sit quietly, Questor still troubled by something. Then,
to himself:

QUESTOR (cont'd)

Cogito ergo sum... I think, therefore I
am.

(turns)

Jerry, can it be that simple? Can a
cybernetic machine be "alive?"

ROBINSON

I don't know, Questor. I'm sorry, I
don't know that answer.

QUESTOR

(considers this
information, then)

How does it feel to be alive, Jerry?
To know your purpose?

ROBINSON

(hesitates, then
shakes head)

That's the funny part of all this,
Questor. We don't either. We humans
spend most our lives asking the same
question too.

as the jet plane lands.

125 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

125

Robinson and Questor, under guard by an Agente di Polizia (Italian policeman) and an immigration official, are being moved through the crowded terminal. They move up to an office marked (in Italian) IMMIGRATION AUTHORITY_(Ufficio di Immigrazione). The official posts the agente di polizia outside the door and indicates for Jerry and Questor to go in. He follows, closing the door behind him.

126 INT. IMMIGRATION OFFICE - DAY

126

Against the far wall, another door, locked and bolted, leads outside. Behind a fearsome and very official-looking desk there is the immigration Director in charge. He looks up and glares at Questor and Robinson.

DIRECTOR
(Italian accent and
sarcasm)

So... we have two world travelers who
have never heard of passports.

At a look from Questor, Robinson moves to other side of the desk.

ROBINSON
Actually, I have them up my sleeve
here. If you'll just watch carefully
now...

He waves his arms a bit, getting the full attention of the immigration official... Questor quietly puts a finger of each hand on the nerve center in the neck of the man who then drops like a stone. The astonished Director rises, reaching for a desk button. But Questor moves faster, leans forward and touches his nerve center as well. The Director quietly falls across the desk.

QUESTOR
As I promised, they are unhurt.

Questor is walking to the door through which they entered. He opens it.

127 INT. TERMINAL ANGLE ON DOOR

127

As it opens. The agente di polizia standing there turns around to look at Questor. Questor nods politely.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

QUESTOR

Excuse me, sir.

He grasps the outside doorknob and breaks it off, steps back inside and closes the door. The astonished agente di polizia yells, tries to open the door... no doorknob... and begins to hammer on it, yelling in frantic Italian.

128 INT. IMMIGRATION OFFICE

128

Robinson is too dumbfounded to do anything but watch as Questor moves quickly to the locked and bolted door leading to the outside, breaks the locks and bolts and swings the door open and they exit.

129 INT. SECURITY CONFERENCE CHAMBER - DAY

129

A major meeting, and clearly an important one from the choice of the rather imposing chamber and the people present. Darro is presiding, firmly in charge. Present are not only the scientists but intelligence and other representatives from the five powers. A couple of high ranking military figures are present too. Secretaries and Administrative Assistants furnish reports as needed.

DARRO

Next, our American Associate, Doctor Bradley, has his government's report on Robinson.

130 ANOTHER ANGLE - EMPHASIZING BRADLEY

130

as he stands, refers to a report.

BRADLEY

We have profiles and records going back to his school years. Copies are available but I think you'll agree with our analysis that although reasonably intelligent and quite skilled as an engineer, he has a rather introverted personality and could not possibly be at the bottom of this.

Gorlov stands.

GORLOV

Which brings my government's question to the floor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GORLOV (cont'd)

You have asked for exceptional powers and cooperation merely to track down an erratic machine?

DARRO

No, Doctor. First, it's increasingly clear it is not erratic. It's an incredibly efficient thing with capabilities we still may not fully understand. Too, if one can be built, many of them can.

This produces a stir in the room. A French representative, Melier, stands, asks over the furor:

MELIER

Do you suggest some person or persons plan an army of such devices, Monsieur? You know the complexity of building them. The time, the cost...

DARRO

Let me suggest to the Department Minister that such machines might be quite capable of reproducing themselves. There are other possibilities too. Such a machine can, change its appearance at will, perhaps even to resemble any of you here or even a national leader...

(waits for another
stir to quiet)

We also know already that whoever created it has the secret of miniaturized fusion devices superior to that of any nation represented...

Another stir... and this time a Chinese representative, Leong, rises to his feet.

LEONG

Forgive me, but we do not know that fact for certain. It is always possible that it is one of the participating powers present which has taken the device.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

DARRO

To quiet those fears, Mister Leong, let me confess that since the day I took on this project, every report, message, or conversation of your people in their rooms, on telephones, even in taxis they've called, have been fully monitored by my staff...

Several of the scientists present begin to ad lib surprised protests. Darro, coldly amused, raises his voice, continuing:

DARRO (cont'd)

I believe your governments, gentlemen, will take that only as further proof of my fitness. I assure you that none of the powers here are implicated in the android's escape.

132 CLOSER ON DARRO

132

A stir of protests continuing.

DARRO

Gentlemen, I thought it important you hear from someone who actually knew Doctor Vaslovik. Miss Allison Sample, his former secretary. Two things, finally, convinced her to assist us... a concern for Mister Robinson... and certain inquiries which have been made into her employer's past.

133 ANGLE EMPHASIZING ALLISON

133

still a bit uncertain but aware of the distinguished nature of the men present.

ALLISON

I... suppose everyone knows of Doctor Vaslovik's work, his academic honors...

DARRO

(interrupting)

But when his background records were checked, Miss Sample, thoroughly checked... exactly what was discovered?

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

(hesitant)

Almost... everything that's been looked into so far, even things he told me were true... either couldn't be verified or... or appear to be total lies.

Darro waits for the reaction to this statement to quiet, then:

DARRO

Copies of that investigation report will be distributed. Also, Miss Sample's statements as to Vaslovik's increasing eccentricity during the last months before he disappeared.

(to Allison)

Did he seem to be concerned over the things happening in this world, Miss Sample?

ALLISON

(hesitates)

Yes. Very worried.

DARRO

Could he have dreamed of replacing the human race with something more efficient?

A telephone light has come on near the podium; a staff assistant takes the call. Meanwhile, more reaction to this question.

ALLISON

Mr. Darro, I... I can't guess at what dreams might have been in the mind of Doctor Vaslovik...

DARRO

Or whoever he is.

The Assistant beckons Darro to the phone. Allison has nodded.

ALLISON

Or whoever he is. I can tell these gentlemen that the night your android broke out; a man came to our archives. He seemed strange at first, but then became almost charming.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON (cont'd)

I found later he'd broken into all the files. He said his name was... Questor.

(waits for reaction
to quiet)

I realize now it was learning to deal with people while it was talking to me. It was able to fool me even then. I'm not saying myself that it's dangerous, but if it is, it's very dangerous. It learns very, very fast.

Meanwhile Darro has taken the call, listened intently at the phone. Allison is waiting for quiet again as Darro hangs up, comes back to the podium.

DARRO

Gentlemen...

(has to try again)

Gentlemen, please. I've just received word that the android and Robinson were detained by Airport Immigration in Rome. No passports. And they escaped within minutes with almost ridiculous ease.

On the furor this creates, we:

CUT TO:

Robinson sits, exhausted, half asleep in-a chair. Questor stands, facing Medelli, an aging, foppish prig.

QUESTOR

Count Medelli, it is urgent that I contact the person known to Professor Emil Vaslovik as "C."

MEDELLI

(indicating Jerry)

I am too busy a man, Signore, to allow your friend to sleep in my salon, or you to waste my time on an impossible request.

QUESTOR

There will be no waste, sir. I offer compensation for your time.

(CONTINUED)

MEDELLI

I'm afraid my time is more valuable than you can afford, Signore.

QUESTOR

How much of your time is necessary to take us to "C," Count Medelli?

MEDELLI

(smiles)

Only a few moments, but those few moments would cost...

(savoring it)

... ten... million... lire...

QUESTOR

We accept.

ROBINSON

(coming to his feet)

Million?!

(to Questor)

Are you talking millions of lire?

QUESTOR

(to Medelli)

You will have the money by morning.

As they begin leaving the room.

ROBINSON

Do you know how much ten million lire represents?

QUESTOR

Precisely... 17,211 American dollars, 5,733 British pounds, 85,089 French francs...

Questor still giving monetary exchange amounts as they exit.

Jerry is in the process of flopping down on the bed as Questor watches.

ROBINSON

I've got to sleep, Questor, I'm asking you to wait for me.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

QUESTOR
(shakes head)
It is a risk my programming makes
necessary, Jerry.

ROBINSON
(half asleep
already)
Then don't talk to anyone you don't
have to. Promise?

QUESTOR
Agreed. I will do only what I must
do.

136 CLOSE SHOT - QUESTOR

136

as he turns and moves for the door.

QUESTOR
My problem is a quite human one.
Time.
(starts for the
door; stops)
Perhaps I should tell you that in
twelve days, unless I have found
Vaslovik...

He turns back.

137 WIDER ANGLE

137

Jerry is already asleep. Questor eyes him a moment, then
exits, gently closing the door behind him.

138 INT. ROME STOCK EXCHANGE (OR OTHER) - DAY

138

Bedlam... stocks listed, bids shouted, the usual turmoil.

139 ANGLE ON QUESTOR

139

He stands unobtrusively in the midst of it, pad and pen in
hand, and is taking incredibly rapid notes, his eyes
sweeping the entire floor, each section.

140 MONTAGE SEQUENCE 140

The stock exchange. The boards, the computer read-outs. The commodities exchanges, the gold and silver and metal boards... the endlessly changing listings.

141 ANGLE ON QUESTOR 141

He is absorbing it, making calculations inside his bionic plasma computer brain with incredible rapidity, the system reveals itself to him. He begins making notes, reaching decisions.

142 INT. ITALIAN STOCKBROKER'S OFFICE - DAY 142

Questor is sitting at a desk with a Broker. He hands the man his list and a stack of banknotes.

QUESTOR

One thousand eight hundred and fifty British pounds. You will, if you please, follow the directions outlined here... buying and selling the exact amounts at the exact times indicated.

BROKER

(indicating the money)

Why not simply donate it to the deserving poor, Signore?

143 EXT. STREETS OF ROME - LATE DAY 143

Questor wandering rather aimlessly, watching, studying the traffic, the merchants, the pretty woman, the predatory men... the masses of humanity... rude, jostling, sweaty... fascinating.

144 ANGLE ON ITALIAN PROSTITUTE 144

The girl has a little too much makeup but is still an attractive female. With a business eye open for customers, she sees Questor approaching, slowly, idly, observing everything. She likes his looks, moves to intercept him. Camera moving with her into two shot.

PROSTITUTE

Come bieno, Signore.

(CONTINUED)

QUESTOR

I'm afraid my Italian is rudimentary,
Madam. But perhaps another with more
leisure...

He's trying to move on but she prevents it.

PROSTITUTE

Hey, you Inglese! I like Inglese.

QUESTOR

A most commendable attitude, Madam.
It is a great pity there is not more
international amity of that
spontaneity.

She stares at him, uncertain, but obviously gets from him
the same charismatic vibes that all women do.

QUESTOR (cont'd)

If you'll forgive me now, Madam, I
must keep a promise I made to an
associate.

He starts down the street but finds she's walking at his
side.

PROSTITUTE

You want me to make you happy,
Inglese?

Questor stops, ponders this.

QUESTOR

Your preoccupation with happiness
does you great credit, Madam.

PROSTITUTE

(puzzled; laughs)
Hey, you funny, Inglese.
(eyes him)
Okay, I like a man who jokes. You
give me ten thousand lire? I make you
very happy.

QUESTOR

You wish to gratify my charitable
impulses?

PROSTITUTE

You want me to do what?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: (2)

PROSTITUTE (cont'd)
 (puzzled; then)
 Okay, eight thousand and I give a
 bargain.

She beckons him to lean closer... and she whispers in his ears... making a few suggestions which, to a human being, would undoubtedly be at least interesting. Questor's eyes show puzzlement as he listens. She pulls back, triumphant.

PROSTITUTE (cont'd)
 Eh?

QUESTOR
 Interesting, but...

PROSTITUTE
 (interrupting)
 Okay, I'm not finish!

She leans forward again and whispers more. Questor is fascinated.

PROSTITUTE (cont'd)
 What you think of that, Inglese?

QUESTOR
 Thank you, Madam. An entire area overlooked by my programming.

He starts to walk on; she follows.

PROSTITUTE
 All right! 6,000 lire!
 (as Questor
 continues on)
 What'sa matta? You no man? You got
 problems?

QUESTOR
 (stops)
 I am a perfectly functional specimen,
 Madam.
 (bows)
 Thank you for both your concern and a
 most interesting area of information.
 Good day

He walks on. She stares after him, totally bewildered. She turns to the mirrored front of the building, looks herself up and down. Is her slip showing? Is her makeup on straight? What?

145 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

145

Robinson is pacing the floor, worried. The door opens. Questor enters.

ROBINSON
Where have you been?

QUESTOR
Engaging in most interesting experiences. Shall we now meet with Count Medelli?

ROBINSON
And well just pick up ten million lira on the way.

QUESTOR
(nods)
My plan exactly.

146 INT. BROKER'S OFFICE DAY

146

Medelli is sitting there, waiting. The office is busy, excited, much hubbub. Then Questor and Robinson enter... and the place becomes absolutely silent. Robinson looks alarmed.

ROBINSON
They've recognized us... the police...

QUESTOR
I think not.
(off)
Ah, Count Medelli, good morning.

He leads Medelli toward the desk of the broker he had done business with. Every eye in the place is on Questor. The broker hurries to his feet, very respectfully.

BROKER
Welcome, Signore!

The man reaches under his desk, brings up a largish black satchel which he opens to show that it is filled with bills.

BROKER (cont'd)
Three hundred million lire, Signore...

QUESTOR
Plus seven hundred fifty-two thousand and thirty-eight, I believe.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

Medelli's cigarette holder almost drops from his mouth.

BROKER

Yes, Signore. Precisely.

Questor takes the bag, removes a large wad of money; flips through it as though he is shuffling cards. He removes several bills, hands the rest to Medelli.

QUESTOR

Ten million lire. Do you wish to count it?

MEDELLI

(stunned)

No, Signore. I will take your word.

Questor hands the rest back to the broker.

QUESTOR

You will please invest the remainder according to these instructions.

As they turn to leave, Robinson pulls Questor aside at the door.

147 TWO SHOT

147

speaking quietly.

ROBINSON

A stock killing like this will be all over the city. Darro will pick up your trail here.

QUESTOR

Impossible. All transactions have been by coded number.

ROBINSON

Questor, you're being logical again. The world doesn't operate that logically!

148 EXT. LARGE LIMOUSINE - DAY

148

Passing through the outskirts of Rome.

149 INT. LIMOUSINE

149

Questor and Medelli are in the back seat, with Robinson riding on jumper.

ROBINSON

Also, stocks aren't at all like dice.

QUESTOR

It is an exchange based on the mathematics of money and events.

ROBINSON

The stock market's not just that logical! You're getting overconfident.

Medelli gives Jerry a contemptuous look. Then to Questor.

MEDELLI

He obviously knows nothing. You and the Countess will find much in common.

ROBINSON

The Countess?

MEDELLI

The person you referred to as "C."
The Contessa Ignacia Valenti Comara Calassi.

Robinson looks alarmed, whirls to the expressionless Questor.

ROBINSON

Calassi!? She's world... world
infamous.

MEDELLI

A remarkable woman!

ROBINSON

(to Questor)

Take my word! There's no way Vaslovik could have even known her!

150 EXT. CALASSI VILLA - DAY 150

As the limousine pulls in through the gateway. The villa is vast... classic... and above all, expensive, Count Medelli leaves them at the entry, then drives away in his limousine. They walk up the stairs toward the ornate entry.

151 INT. MAIN RECEPTION HALL OF VILLA - DAY 151

Exquisite... like a museum. Questor and Robinson stand near the foot of the stairs, waiting.

152 ANGLE ON CALASSI - AT THE TOP OF STAIRS 152

Gorgeous, expensive, completely and beautifully female, immaculately groomed, gowned and jeweled. She is about to make an entrance... pauses at the head of the stairs and looks downstairs at her two visitors.

153 HER POINT OF VIEW - QUESTOR - ZOOM IN 153

on Questor as we know him, nothing more.

154 ANGLE ON CONTESSA 154

Puzzled, a slight frown crossing her features. What is it about the man she sees there. Both something familiar and something strange. She gathers her composure, starts down the great stairs.

155 FULL SHOT 155

as the Contessa comes down the stairs, her eyes totally on Questor. Robinson stands there like a schoolboy. Never has he seen such a woman.

QUESTOR

Madame Calassi... I am Questor.

Even his voice seems to affect her. She struggles to regain her aloof composure.

QUESTOR (cont'd)

This is my... friend, Jerry Robinson.

Questor emphasized the word friend. Robinson stares at him quickly for a moment, but then resumes his amazed examination of the Contessa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTESSA

Alfredo said that you wished to discuss a matter of some importance.

QUESTOR

Madame. I must find Emile Vaslovik. Will you help me?

CONTESSA

Vaslovik? I do not believe I know such a man.

Questor hands the Contessa a small slip of paper.

QUESTOR

Madame, you will recognize the name of the brokerage firm. Several hours ago a small block of stock was purchased in your name. The identifying code number you have in your hand. If you will speak to a certain Signore Fanchelli...

She stares at the number, looks back at Questor. She crosses to the telephone, picks it up, looks back at Questor.

CONTESSA

The office will be closed.

QUESTOR

Signore Fanchelli is waiting for your call.

She dials the number. Waits.

CONTESSA

Signore Fanchelli... this is account number 9077694. I believe a 600,000 lira purchase was made for me a few hours ago. Would you mind...

She stops... listens at the phone, expressionlessly. Then:

CONTESSA (cont'd)

Thank you.

She hangs up, turns to Questor.

CONTESSA (cont'd)

Your kind 600,000 lira are now worth 230,000. And less every hour.

(polite smile)

You have made an expensive joke?

(CONTINUED)

ROBINSON
 (to Questor)
 I told you.

QUESTOR
 (surprised; then to
 Contessa)
 I had believed it would appreciate to
 several million by this visit, Madam.

CONTESSA
 (shrugs)
 A gallant effort. Is there anything
 else I can do for you?

QUESTOR
 Yes, Madam. Will you tell me about
 Doctor Vaslovik out of kindness then?
 Finding him is necessary to my
 existence.

CONTESSA
 (hesitates, then)
 Out of kindness...
 (smiles)
 ... and what little remains in my
 account, I will give you a drink
 while a taxi is being summoned.

156 EXT. TERRACE OF VILLA FULL SHOT - DAY

156

Questor, Jerry and the Contessa are seated while a Butler
 waits impassively behind a portable bar, and a Manservant
 serves drinks to all of them. Camera moves in for a tight
 three shot. The Contessa is subdued and thoughtful.

CONTESSA
 I am fascinated why a man named... is
 it Vaslovik?... can mean your life, Mr.
 Questor...

Jerry is gaping at her. She looks at him, a trifle amused.

CONTESSA (cont'd)
 Is something wrong, Mr. Robinson?

ROBINSON
 Oh, no... no.

QUESTOR
 Madam, Dr. Vaslovik is as near to a...
 father as I have ever had.

(CONTINUED)

This statement pulls Jerry's eyes off the Contessa... he tries to give Questor a warning look.

CONTESSA
Go on, Mr. Questor.

QUESTOR
Unless I find him within eleven days,
I will cease to exist.

Jerry is so startled that the Contessa notices.

CONTESSA
A fact that surprises even your
friend, Mr. Robinson.

QUESTOR
The fact I have not told this to my
friend does not make it less true.

The Contessa searches Questor's face for any glimmer that suggests a lie. It's clear she finds none and, in fact, sees more and more there that attracts her.

CONTESSA
It's late for such a long journey
hack to Rome.
(to Bartender)
Cancel the taxi, Mario, our guests
will stay.
(to Questor)
If it is a lie you tell, it is at
least a charming one.

She lifts her glass to Questor and smiles.

Really a two-bedroom suite, with living quarters between them. Questor is staring out the window while Jerry, in front of a mirror, is carefully combing his hair... a bit hopefully, too.

ROBINSON
In eleven days how? Your fusion
process is good for a half century,
maybe more.

(CONTINUED)

QUESTOR

Perhaps you are right, Jerry. You were saying the Contessa is a courtesan. As described in some works of deMaupassant.

ROBINSON

Only more so, if you follow me.

QUESTOR

And there is a second way to secure information from such females?

ROBINSON

The subtle interplay between man and woman is a very delicate emotional inter-relationship. I mean that with a little skill, a little experience, such a woman can be convinced there is more to life than money.

QUESTOR

(puzzled, then)

Are we discussing a logical or a human subject?

ROBINSON

There's nothing logical about sex. To get information from a woman like the Contessa, it's necessary to establish a relationship. It's a field I happen to have a lot of experience in.

QUESTOR

You are an authority?

ROBINSON

(modestly)

I've done pretty well.

QUESTOR

We should, of course, pursue the most logical and effective course. I will be most grateful if you would establish such a relationship.

ROBINSON

(nods)

If it helps you.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

Robinson begins to leave and Questor calls after him.

QUESTOR
Thank you, my friend.

This brings Robinson to a halt. He turns quizzically.

QUESTOR (cont'd)
Is it wrong to call you that?

Jerry hesitates, then shakes his head.

ROBINSON
No.

159 INT. FORMAL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

159

Questor, Robinson, the Contessa... Questor and Robinson flanking the Contessa. Plenty of servants in evidence. Robinson is really putting it on. There are chicken bones on his plate, chicken bones on the Contessa's plate... none on Questor's, though no one has noticed it yet. He has, of course, eaten them... matter is matter.

ROBINSON
Contessa, the Chicken Cacciatore was delicious.

CONTESSA
I'm glad you enjoyed it, Mr. Robinson.
(to Questor)
And you, Mr. Ques...

Her voice fades away as she stares at his totally cleaned plate.

160 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING QUESTOR

160

as waiters come to remove the plates.

QUESTOR
Savory, Madame.

The waiter picking up Questor's plate stares at it, looks around at the table top, down on the floor... just where the hell are the bones?

CONTESSA
Shall we have dessert and coffee on the terrace?

(CONTINUED)

Questor and Robinson exchange quick glances.

QUESTOR

If you will excuse me, I have matters which require attention. I am sure you will enjoy speaking with Mr. Robinson, who is a talented and experienced man.

161 EXT. TERRACE OF VILLA - NIGHT - THE CONTESSA AND ROBINSON

161

They stand overlooking the distant lights of the city, coffee cups in hand. The Contessa is gently amused by Robinson. Robinson takes a deep breath, puts his coffee cup and saucer down on the balustrade and turns to her, doing his very best to be Clark Gable.

ROBINSON

Contessa... to be sitting with a superbly beautiful woman like you here in the balmy air, the fragrance of flowers, this incredible view...

He indicates, with a sweep of his hand, the view... and in so doing he knocks his coffee cup and saucer off the balustrade on the marble below. The shattering is adequate. He stares down in dismay.

ROBINSON (cont'd)

Gosh, I'm sorry. I hope it's open stock.

CONTESSA

Don't concern yourself, please. I was tiring of it anyway.

She holds her own cup and saucer out over the balustrade and lets it drop. It breaks, of course. She smiles at Jerry.

ROBINSON

(stubborn)

Contessa... once or twice in a man's life he meets a woman who... who... you and I...

CONTESSA

(softly)

You and I...?

(CONTINUED)

ROBINSON
(gulps it out)
... should have a sort of... sort of
establish a relationship.

Her eyes seem to Jerry to be melting into his. Then fear sweeps over him as he realizes what a situation he has gotten himself into. He can no more handle this woman than a puppy can handle a tigress. He blurts out:

ROBINSON (cont'd)
Listen... you don't happen to have any
wiring around the house that needs
fixing, do you?

He is examining with great interest some of the floral growth. We hear nothing but Questor's ears do... he turns around. The Contessa is standing there silently, watching him.

QUESTOR
A remarkable variety of decorative
flora, Madame.

CONTESSA
Please call me Ignacia. And also,
please explain why you left Mister
Robinson with me?

QUESTOR
To secure information, Ignacia. He
assured me the way to learn about
Vaslovik was for him to make love to
you. I trust you told him what you
know?

She is stunned.

CONTESSA
Signore Questor... are you trying to be
funny?

QUESTOR
Humor is a quality which continues to
elude me.

She stares at him, moves closer to him, absolutely intrigued.

(CONTINUED)

CONTESSA

Your friend is a pleasant young man who has dreamt more of love than practiced it, I'm afraid.

QUESTOR

He has a great need to be useful and wanted. I'm sorry his data on love was incorrect.

That charisma which had affected her when she first saw him.. it sweeps back over her.

CONTESSA

You speak of your friend's needs. What of your own?

QUESTOR

To find Vaslovik.

CONTESSA

(moves closer, breathes it)
And suppose I say I know Vaslovik? Do you want know more?

QUESTOR

Yes, Ignacia. I believed that fact was established.

CONTESSA

You are an annoying man.
(leans closer)
I'm saying your friend's "data" on love is correct. But the right man must use it.

Uniformed Italian police guard the doorway, other Italian officials stand inside coldly eyeing the very nervous stockbroker who is wilting under Darro's questioning.

BROKER

But, Signore, it is impossible to disclose...

(pleading look
toward officials)

... it is illegal to disclose private stock purchases...

(CONTINUED)

During which Count Medelli is brought into the room, looking equally frightened but trying to bluff it out with the officials he's being led past.

MEDELLI

I will most certainly have your posts and your titles taken away...

(toward Darro)

... and you are in grave trouble too, Signore! My name is Medelli, Count Medelli...!

DARRO

And it can remain Medelli if you cooperate with me, Signore Vito Bellesca.

Medelli goes white, throws an anxious look back toward the police. Darro has turned to stockbroker quietly:

DARRO (cont'd)

And your 1967 dealings in Algerian currency will remain our secret too, Signore. I want every fact you know about the man who invested with you yesterday.

(to Medelli)

And a full description of your dealings with him too. Immediately, gentlemen!

Questor, Robinson, and the Contessa.

CONTESSA

Your passports will be here within the hour.

ROBINSON

Passport forgeries?

QUESTOR

We must travel quickly to many countries. The Contessa has provided a long list of people Vaslovik has known, Jerry.

CONTESSA

(to Robinson)

I'm afraid you're not enjoying your breakfast.

(CONTINUED)

ROBINSON

I'm thinking about an agreement I had with someone.

Robinson throws a curious look towards Questor. But Questor is looking at the Contessa with another question, misses it.

QUESTOR

One thing more, Contessa. To your knowledge, was Professor Vaslovik involved in any way with an aquatic vehicle... some type of ocean-going craft, perhaps?

CONTESSA

(considers it,
then;)

Not that I recall. Do you think he may be on a boat somewhere?

QUESTOR

I'm not certain. I have a... fragment of memory which associates him with a water craft. Perhaps if I could identify that object, it would trigger other fragments of memory.

CONTESSA

(thinks; shakes
head)

I never recall Emile showing any interest in the water. I'm sorry to say this, Signore Questor, but I don't believe he is alive. He was failing so fast, he was so weak when I last saw him.

QUESTOR

You have been most helpful, Ignacia.

CONTESSA

How can a friend be otherwise?

A line of cars racing into the countryside. At the lead is a foreign department limousine. Following are a couple of military vans and several vans filled with Italian police.

166 EXT. SKY SHOT - HELICOPTERS - DAY 166

An Italian Army helicopter hovering over the countryside.

167 INT. DARRO'S LIMOUSINE - DAY - EMPHASIZING DARRO 167

with staff assistants, one of the Italian officials, plus Medelli on the jump seat. Darro is using a radio microphone.

DARRO
(into microphone)
Come in Air One. Have you received my instructions regarding gunfire?

HELICOPTER VOICE
(filtered)
Si, Signore Darro. We do nothing without your further instruction.

Darro puts up the mike, turns to Medelli.

DARRO
How far?

MEDELLI
Approximately twenty-three kilometers ahead, Signore. You note I am cooperating completely?

Darro gives him a cold nod.

168 EXT. CALASSI VILLA - DAY - CONTESSA AT ENTRANCE 168

waving, a bit sadly.

169 POINT OF VIEW 169

Her long shot angle of a sleek, powerful Ferrari pulling away.

170 BACK TO SHOT 170

As she starts to turn and go back into the villa, she catches sight of something in the sky in the distance.

171 POINT OF VIEW 171

The distant helicopter turning to move on an interception course in the direction the Ferrari has headed.

172 BACK TO SHOT 172

as she considers this for a moment, decides it is just coincidence. She turns and exits back into the villa.

173 INT. FERRARI - DAY - QUESTOR AND ROBINSON 173

Robinson's expression clearly showing that he's upset, puzzled over what to do about Questor.

QUESTOR

A most unusual woman. I learned last night that Vaslovik found her on the streets many years ago and recognized qualities he admired.

ROBINSON

Her qualities? That's a new side to Vaslovik.

QUESTOR

With his help she learned to move among the political and financial leaders of humanity, She became his clearing house for gossip, scandal, political intrigues, military preparations... which is very puzzling, Jerry. Why would Vaslovik require such information?

Robinson sits lost in his own thoughts a moment, then:

ROBINSON

Questor, listen... it's been that sort of thing that's been on my mind. I mean, even the Contessa admits that toward the end he was acting a little strange.

(hesitates, decides to say it)

Look... the fact is, we don't know why he built you. You could have... well, purposes that aren't entirely good. Not for humanity, I mean. And I'm human, Questor.

(CONTINUED)

- 173 CONTINUED: 173
- It's Questor's turn to puzzle a moment, then:
- QUESTOR
It is hard to think of one's...
- He hears something, lowers the car window and looks out and up.
- 174 POINT OF VIEW - THE HELICOPTER 174
- paralleling their course.
- 175 BACK TO SHOT 175
- Questor turns back, just a flicker of concern on his face.
- QUESTOR
... to think of one's creator as possibly demented, Jerry. Suppose I suggested the same of yours?
- ROBINSON
I don't know. The way this world goes sometimes, Questor...
- He becomes aware of the helicopter too. Questor begins to accelerate the Ferrari.
- 176 EXT. AERIAL SHOT HIGHWAY - DAY 176
- The speeding car far below, turning off onto a second highway traveling very fast.
- 177 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 177
- Military pilot and observer eyeing the speeding car far below. Pilot picks up his radio microphone.
- 178 INT. DARRO'S LIMOUSINE - DAY 178
- As we hear from the radio amplifier:
- PILOT'S VOICE
(filtered)
... heading Northwest toward Villa d'Este Airfield. Air Three reports a private Lodestar jet waiting at the ramp there, Signore.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

178

MEDELLI

The Contessa owns such an aircraft!

ITALIAN OFFICIAL

There is a military installation...

DARRO

(passing over
microphone)

Have them keep them from the jet
until we get there!

179 EXT. ITALIAN AIRPORT - DAY

179

as the sleek Ferrari pulls in fast, skids to a stop, Questor and Robinson emerge, hurry toward the gate leading to the loading ramp.

180 WIDE ANGLE AT LOADING RAMP

180

where a private jet stands waiting, its pilot and copilot at the entry ramp checking over their flight forms. In distant b.g. Questor and Robinson appear, hurrying in that direction.

181 QUESTOR AND ROBINSON

181

hurrying toward the jet when, suddenly, armed Italian soldiers converge on them from all sides, automatic weapons in hand. They pull to a stop; an Italian army officer moves in, ad libbing Italian orders for them to stand their ground. Robinson sees too late what Questor has in mind:

ROBINSON

Questor, no...!

But Questor is already in movement, his enormous strength and speed bowling the army officer head over heels as Questor's shoulder brushes past him.

182 ANOTHER ANGLE

182

A row of Italian soldiers erupts tumbling to both sides like ninepins as Questor charges through the midst of their ranks, escaping too fast for them to even raise their weapons. Two final Italian soldiers are racing to intercept Questor, both armed with sub-machine guns.

183 ANGLE ON ROBINSON 183

Horrified, seeing soldiers scrambling to their feet about him, grabbing up their weapons.

ROBINSON
 Questor, no! Give up!
 (to soldiers)
 Don't shoot, please...!

184 QUESTOR AND THE TWO SOLDIERS 184

as the first runs into Questor's path, raising his sub-machine gun.

ITALIAN SOLDIER
 Alto! Al...!

185 CLOSER ANGLE 185

Questor snatching the sub-machine gun so fast the soldier does not have time to depress the trigger. In the same movement, Questor twists it into a broken piece of junk, throwing it aside.

186 SECOND SOLDIER 186

horrified and frightened at what he's seeing, raises his own sub-machine gun, fires a burst directly into the approaching Questor who staggers slightly, grabs that weapon too, tossing it aside.

187 WIDE ANGLE 187

Questor is turning, running again but with an erratic, weaving gait. Robinson throws himself onto a soldier near him who is aiming his weapon at Questor.

ROBINSON
Hold your fire! He won't...

But another soldier now fires a second machine gun burst. Questor staggers. Robinson grabs up a fallen weapon, turns it toward the soldiers. g H Ah

ROBINSON (cont'd)
STOP! I'm warning you...!

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED: 187

Clunk! He's felled to the ground with a gun butt at the same instant a machine gun pistol burst hits Questor too.

Darro's limousine pulls into scene on the ramp, Darro and the Italian official coming out of the car before it has skidded to a full stop. The official ad libs quick Italian orders and the gunfire stops. Darro hurries toward Questor.

188 EMPHASIZING QUESTOR 188

Hurt bad, his movements becoming increasingly erratic, mechanical as he tries to run but manages only to turn in small circle as his strength fades rapidly and he sinks to the ground, legs still kicking in a running movement.

189 CLOSE ON DARRO 189

looking down at Questor.

190 QUESTOR 190

All movements mechanical now as he fades quickly into unconsciousness and lies still.

191 WIDER ANGLE 191

Darro turning to the official and his staff.

DARRO
We're taking over the Contessa's jet.
Load him on board, quickly!
(indicates
unconscious
Robinson)
Both of them.

192 INT. GENEVA LAB - DAY - WIDE ANGLE 192

The body of Questor on the pallet where we first saw him, motionless, showing the signs of the bullets which ripped into him. His head has been shaved of the implanted hair and electrodes from his skull are attached to monitoring machines. The flap in his side is open again; wires run from there again too. The sheet over his waist falls to the table past his knees... his lower limbs have been detached!

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

192

The scientists of the five nations are around the pallet and at monitoring stations, looking glum, as Darro enters with Robinson who bears a white bandage patch on his scalp where he was felled with the gun butt.

193 CLOSER

193

as Robinson moves to the pallet, eyes Questor's still form and the bloodless rips in the "plasti-skin."

AUDRET

(shakes head to
Robinson)

No brain case injuries, fortunately.
But several main servo systems are
gone and we fear perhaps even deeper
severance of...

ROBINSON

(interrupting;
angrily)

And his lower limbs?

DARRO

Naturally we want it immobile in the
event you can repair it.

ROBINSON

Him, not "it" you stinking bastard!

DARRO

Oh, I understand you tried to
telephone me. Anything important?

Before Robinson can answer, Bradley calls from his station.

BRADLEY

We've gotten no brain waves at all,
Robinson.

GORLOV

(nods)

Clinically dead, if that is the
appropriate term.

DARRO

Well, Robinson? Will you assist in
this or not?

CHEN

We badly need your expertise, Mister
Robinson.

(CONTINUED)

ROBINSON

(to Darro)

Under my terms? You can guard the lab but I won't need all this help.

DARRO

(considers it, nods)

Agreed. Believe me or not, Robinson, I want it... him, if you wish, back to life very much.

ROBINSON

I remember. You've never failed an assignment.

DARRO

No, actually I'm fascinated by your descriptions.

(eyeing Questor's form)

I'd really like to talk to a truly logical creature once in my life. Wonder what he'd say to me.

194 INT. GENEVA LAB ANGLE ON "PLASTI-SKIN" WOUND - NIGHT

194

As the cosmetology tool in Dr. Chen's hand head-seals a rip in the "plasti-skin," steam rising as he presses the hot surface there. Then, pulling the tool away, the surface is smooth again.

195 WIDER ANGLE

195

The lab is empty except for Chen and Robinson, who is working on the other side of Questor's inert form at the skin flap. Chen finishes a final repair, steps back and looks the body over. Except for some cosmetology coloration needed at the repair points, the android form is whole again.

CHEN

I can re-apply necessary coloration later...

ROBINSON

(nods)

If I can get it going again.

CHEN

"It," Mister Robinson?

(CONTINUED)

ROBINSON
 (looks up; then
 nods)
 Ego sum cogito, Doctor Chen. What we
 think, how we think...

CHEN
 (nods)
 I understand.
 (turns, leaving)
 Please call when I can assist
 further.

Chen exits the lab. Robinson turns back to Questor's still form. He eyes it, fatigued, then:

ROBINSON
 I've got the servo's all back in
 operation, Questor, but I'm stuck.
 The bullets tore open some components
 I've never...

Trails his words, reacting hard as one of Questor's arms moves convulsively... then tap, tap, tap on the pellet top as if in a signal. Robinson hurries to Questor's head, speaks closely to the ear there.

ROBINSON (cont'd)
 Questor... Questor, it's Jerry. Tap
 twice if you understand.

He waits, almost give up. Then the arm moves... tap, tap.

ROBINSON (cont'd)
 Thank God!
 (to the ear again)
 Questor, listen carefully, there are
 components damaged I've never seen
 the inside of before. Can you answer
 some yes or no questions about them?

Again... tap, tap.

Darro, unshaven from a night at his desk, is signing his name to a letter, giving it to a Staff Assistant.

DARRO
 That'll be all, Phillips.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: 196

The Assistant exits, closing the office door behind him. Camera pans Darro as he rises, moves to an office cabinet where he opens a door to reveal a video monitor which he switches on.

197 INSERT - VIDEO MONITOR 197

Showing a flickering blue angle on lab, empty except for Robinson still bent over Questor's form.

ROBINSON'S VOICE
(from monitor)
Next, the left abdominal stringer
servo. Shall I by-pass it now?

Darro's hand switches a control and the monitor flips to a closer shot in which we see Questor's arm move, tapping out an answer to a question from Robinson.

198 ANGLE ON DARRO 198

watching, Then he switches off the monitor, stands lost in thought.

199 INT. GENEVA LAB - CLOSE ON QUESTOR'S FACE - DAY 199

as the eyes flicker, then open.

QUESTOR
Jer... Jerry... you must not... fear to...
probe deeper. I... feel no pain...

200 TWO SHOT 200

Robinson is showing a growth of beard too as he looks up at Questor.

QUESTOR
I am... not a human... patient.

ROBINSON
Humanity? You're the only one
involved in this entire thing who has
shown any human decency. Including
myself!

QUESTOR
Do not blame yourself. I understand...

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

200

ROBINSON

That I was jealous over a woman
preferring a machine over...

Robinson trails his words as his hands find something. We cannot see what he is doing in Questor's abdominal area but it's clear he's upset over what he's located.

ROBINSON (cont'd)

Questor... a sealed covering of the
furnace has been pierced.

QUESTOR

Let me... investigate it.

201 CLOSE ANGLE - ABDOMINAL FLAP

201

in which we see one of Questor's hands... moving slowly and weakly... appear to dip inside his own abdominal cavity, feeling there.

QUESTOR'S VOICE

Look closely where I hold my finger...

202 CLOSE ON ROBINSON

202

Robinson inspects the area, then looks up to Questor, alarmed.

QUESTOR

Do not touch the device, Jerry.

203 INT. DARRO'S OFFICE - INSERT OF VIDEO MONITOR - DAY

203

on which we see at another angle a continuation of the same scene. From the monitor:

ROBINSON'S VOICE

It was hidden inside the casing. What is it?

QUESTOR'S VOICE

A timing device which in nine days
will convert my fusion fuel stomach
into a nuclear bomb.

204 ANGLE ON DARRO

204

watching.

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED:

204

ROBINSON'S VOICE

Why, Questor? Together, can't we
remove it?

QUESTOR'S VOICE

Only Vaslovik can remove it without
detonation.

Darro reaches out and presses a button on the video, speaks
into a grid there.

DARRO

Robinson, this is Darro!

205 INT. GENEVA LAB - ROBINSON AND QUESTOR

205

Robinson turned, surprised as he hears:

DARRO'S VOICE

(filtered)

Tell your mechanical friend to play
dead until I get there. I want no one
else to see it's working again.

206 INT. LABORATORY - AT NOON - DAY

206

Darro appearing there with Security Guard. He stops at the
entry, turns to the Guard.

DARRO

Except for Robinson, no one is to
enter this lab from this moment on
without my written approval. Clear?

SECURITY GUARD

Yes, Monsieur.

Darro moves on into the lab, the Guard closes the heavy door
behind him.

207 ANGLE AT PALLET - EMPHASIZING DARRO

207

as he walks into scene, stands over Questor who lays still,
with eyes closed. Robinson watches as Darro eyes the
android, then:

DARRO

Hello. My name is Darro.

Questor opens his eyes; the two exchange looks.

(CONTINUED)

QUESTOR

Mister Robinson has learned you gave orders I was not to be injured. For that attempt, at least, I thank you.

Darro eyes the android curiously.

DARRO

But I'm still the one who curtailed your freedom. What do you think of that?

ROBINSON

What would you think of it?

DARRO

Let the android answer, please.

QUESTOR

Each of us has his own life instructions, Mister Darro. You must, of course, be true to yours.

DARRO

Mine is self interest. Totally.

QUESTOR

Self interest would be better served if you kept its existence more secret. Thus, your statement may not be entirely true.

DARRO

(no change of tone)

I do not need instructions from a machine.

QUESTOR

Or is it, Mister Darro, you do not want them?

DARRO

(faint glimmer of a smile)

Or is there a third choice?

QUESTOR

(nods)

The most likely one. This exchange is being conducted to examine my thought processes.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED: (2)

207

Darro eyes Questor for a moment longer, then turns to Robinson.

DARRO

Come with me. I want to talk to you.

Robinson makes one last unseen adjustment on Questor, then nods. He and Darro exit the lab.

208 INT. DARRO'S OFFICE - INSERT ON SMALL TRANSMITTER - DAY

208

being handed from Darro to Robinson's hands.

209 TWO SHOT

209

Robinson examining the small radio device.

ROBINSON

A radio transmitter?

DARRO

To be placed inside the android's body. I will be the only one tuned in onto its frequency.

ROBINSON

Not even the nations that hired you?

DARRO

I doubt they'd approve what I have in mind. But my contract is to give them a functioning android, not a nuclear explosion.

Robinson considers it; then looks up at Darro.

ROBINSON

In other words, we both need Vaslovik.

DARRO

(nods: indicates transmitter)

I want this in the android's body without it knowing it's there.

ROBINSON

You're asking me to betray him a second time.

(CONTINUED)

DARRO

(shakes head)

This is the only way I'll feel free to let you two escape. You'll be giving him life.

ROBINSON

And Vaslovik, if we find him...?

DARRO

I make no promises. That's a man I'm very, very curious about.

(indicates transmitter)

Implant it, replace the legs, my guards will see you get out of here tonight.

210 EXT. NASSAU, BAHAMAS - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

210

The Contessa's private Jet dipping down toward the Island.

211 INT. PRIVATE JET COCKPIT - DAY

211

Questor in the co-pilot's seat using the radio-telephone. Pilot is behind the wheel; Robinson is standing between them.

CONTESSA'S VOICE

(from radio)

And, oh yes... thank you for the changes in my portfolio. The stock has appreciated considerably.

QUESTOR

(into microphone)

The gratitude must go to our friend Jerry, Ignacia. His...

(with a smile to Jerry)

... illogical suggestions have made the difference. Thank you again, I'll call in a few days.

Questor replaces the microphone, turns to Robinson, indicates the pilot and controls.

QUESTOR (cont'd)

I will remain and observe the process of flight termination, also.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED:

211

ROBINSON
Just once is enough?

QUESTOR
(nods; smiles)
The mechanics are quite elementary
compared to some you and I know of.

Robinson smiles back, turns to move back into the cabin.

212 EXT. BAHAMAS DRIVE - DAY

212

Camera starts on an identifying sign, then tilts to show a large black limousine driving past the palms along the coral shore.

213 EXT. NASSAU MANSION - DAY

213

An old walled estate, expensive, rebuilt to mint condition. Palm trees, lovely island flora ringing a clear pool. The large limousine pulls into the estate... a liveried doorman runs out and opens the car's door to allow Questor and Robinson to step out. Robinson stares.

ROBINSON
Arranged by the Contessa?

QUESTOR
(nods)
A most efficient woman.

They move up marble steps - the Doorman hurries past them to open the massive entry door.

214 INT. MANSION DAY

214

The interior of the mansion is a complete surprise: Questor's American headquarters, the nerve center of his search for the missing Vaslovik, its rooms are filled with busy people... leased wires, telexes, ticking and pounding away, computers spinning, messengers dashing back and forth.

QUESTOR
(to Robinson)
With limited time now, it is more
efficient to let others trace each
Vaslovik possibility.

A Manager, Forbes, a vastly efficient coordinator, hurries up to them.

(CONTINUED)

FORBES

I am Forbes, Mr. Questor.

QUESTOR

Good. This is Jerry Robinson.
Results?

FORBES

Negative on Vaslovik. Your holdings
are... doing well, to say the least.

Questor, very much in charge, nods and moves into an office which has been prepared for him. Robinson, boggled by the size and efficiency of this operation, follows Questor to where an efficient-looking woman, Mrs. Chavez, is waiting with a report.

FORBES (cont'd)

Mrs. Eleanor Chavez, sir. Formerly
Chief of Research for the United
Nations.

QUESTOR

Yes. Report, please.

CHAVEZ

Vaslovik, Emile, date and place of
birth unknown. Doctorate of physics,
the Sorbonne, 1923... parenthetically,
middle-aged-at the time. Academic
posts... Full Professor Nuremberg,
1926-1929. Sorbonne, 1929-1937.
University of Ankara, Columbia... the
dates are...

QUESTOR

The dates are known. I prefer
information prior to his
matriculation.

CHAVEZ

Unobtainable, sir.

QUESTOR

I can't accept that. Continue trying,
please.

(to Forbes)

The cataloging?

FORBES

(indicates doorway)

On your office receiver, sir. The
compilation is world-wide.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED: (2) 214

Questor and Robinson move toward the office.

215 INT. QUESTOR'S OFFICE - DAY - ANGLE ON TV RECEIVER 215

as it flashes photos and drawings of boats and ships... Grand Banks fishermen, passenger liners, dhows, prahus, triremes, galleons, large yachts... flashing faster and faster until the pictures are almost a blur.

216 ANGLE ON ROBINSON WITH QUESTOR 216

watching until the TV screen goes blank. Questor turns to Forbes.

QUESTOR

Not included. There are more; catalog them please.

Forbes nods, exits.

ROBINSON

Perhaps you should go broader, Questor, Human illogic, you know? Try poems, legends, motion picture boats, maybe toys...

QUESTOR

(interrupting)

No, Jerry, I am certain this vehicle existed. .

(thinking)

A large aquatic vehicle, quite large, floating on an expanse of water.

ROBINSON

(nods)

Okay, it's your memory fragment.

A knock at the door; a secretary appears, notepad in hand. It's Allison Sample!

ALLISON

Ready for duty, Mister Questor.

ROBINSON

Allison!

(to Questor;
indicating)

Allison Sample, Vaslovik's former secretary.

(CONTINUED)

QUESTOR

Yes, Jerry, it seemed most efficient to use her knowledge of Vaslovik.

ROBINSON

But how do you two know each other?

(then an idea;
indicating Allison
again to Questor)

Does she also know... you know?

QUESTOR

(shakes his head)

No.

ALLISON

(to Questor)

But I do, Mister Darro told me. And since I thought Jerry was in danger, I gave him your description. I'm sorry.

QUESTOR

Quite understandable. Shall we go to work on Vaslovik's personal records?

ALLISON

I brought the rest of the confidential ones. The others arrive by air this evening.

ROBINSON

Questor... it's not safe to have the whole world knowing what you are!

ALLISON

I am not the whole world, Jerry Robinson. And the secret is certainly as safe here as with you.

217 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

217

It's huge, splendid, but the long table is set only for two and one of those places is not being used. Jerry Robinson sits there at dinner looking rather alone, even though a scholarly financier type, Shoenberg, is at his side going over a thick pile of ledgers.

ROBINSON

Was Miss Sample still in Mr. Questor's office?

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED:

217

SHOENBERG

Yes sir, they were when I left.
 (hands over sheet of
 paper)

The short of all this, sir, is that
 neither you nor Monsieur Questor will
 ever have anything to worry about.

Robinson inspects the list on the paper... his eyes open wide.
 Questor_enters and crosses over to glance at the paper over
 Robinson's shoulder.

ROBINSON

From... eighty Swiss francs?
 (to Questor)
 And what does he mean we have nothing
 to worry about?

218 EXT. FRONT OF MANSION - NIGHT

218

Camera slowly pans down the lovely island vista to another
 house... and focuses on a window there.

QUESTOR'S VOICE

It was your eighty Swiss francs,
 Jerry. Half of this, of course,
 is.yours.

219 INT. DARRO'S BUGGING ROOM - NIGHT

219

The room is filled with highly sophisticated listening
 devices. Several tape recorders are in use... and Darro is
 sitting there, earphones on, staring out the window.

ROBINSON'S VOICE

But... but... that's millions of dollars?

220 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 224

220

Robinson handing the paper back to Shoenberg who exits. He
 throws a look toward the empty place setting.

ROBINSON

Allison coming?

(CONTINUED)

QUESTOR
 (shakes head)
 She had food brought to my office.
 (notices Jerry's
 expression)
 My friend...

ROBINSON
 No, I understand.
 (finds a smile)
 Whatever you've got, Questor, I hope
 Vaslovik can give some of it to me.

221 INT. DARRO'S BUGGING-ROOM - DAY

221

Jerry Robinson is there, angrily confronting Darro.

ROBINSON
 He needs help! You've got an
 organization, haven't you?!

DARRO
 I realize the days are passing
 rapidly...

ROBINSON
 (interrupting;
 indicating
 equipment)
 And if you've been using your ears
 you know by now he's alive. For my
 money, he's more human than you are!

DARRO
 Robinson, I want Vaslovik as badly as
 he does! But the answer is here!
 (indicates skull)
 In his computer.

ROBINSON
 (angrily)
 Damn you, Darro! Can't you even say
"brain?!"

222 INT. QUESTOR'S MANSION - DAY - ANGLE ON ROBINSON

222

He is seated deep in a massive chair, a bottle and some
 glasses sitting next to him on a table... but his head is deep
 in his hands... the picture of despair, misery. Footsteps
 approach.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON'S VOICE

Jerry?

Jerry looks up. His face is drawn, haggard. Camera pulls back to reveal Allison, looking concerned.

ALLISON

It won't help to drink.

ROBINSON

It won't hurt. Two more days, Allison!

She sits beside him, fatigued herself, looks out over the landscape.

ALLISON

So lovely out there. I wonder if he's thought that.

ROBINSON

If you don't know he has, then you're not as smart as I thought you were.

ALLISON

(looks at him, then)

And you're much warmer a man than I thought you were, Jerry. I used to watch you in Vaslovik's lab, always so interested in machinery rather than people...

ROBINSON

If I've changed, he did it. Two more days! What else can be done?!

ALLISON

He's done his beet, He's picked an area in the mid-Sahara for the detonation. He rejected the Marianas Trench, because the damage to ocean life would be...

Robinson comes to his feet, angry.

ROBINSON

Is that all that's worrying him? Finding a place where he can safely blow up?

223 INT. QUESTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

223

Robinson standing over Questor:

ROBINSON

The Golden Hind? The Queen Mary? The Nautilus? The Constitution? The Nine or the Pinta or the Santa Maria... Questor, think in the name of God...

QUESTOR

Yes, God... still another puzzle I would like to have answered.

224 INT. DARRO'S BUGGING ROOM

224

Darro is using the telephone.

DARRO

(into phone)

Have all arrangements been made to clear the area in the Sahara he selected?

(listens, then)

That's correct. He was absolutely right about wind currents there, the restricted fallout. The place is perfect.

(listens, nods)

Yes, he's an unusual... person. Mister Robinson was quite right.

225 INT. QUESTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

225

He is alone, speaking into a tape recorder microphone.

QUESTOR

This is to be delivered to Mister Robinson tomorrow once I have left the island.

(thinks, then)

My friend... and I thank you for knowing the meaning of the word... you must consider this merely a device which has performed a programmed function. I have failed my only concept of creator... Vaslovik. Jerry, you once addressed me in the name of God... a concept I am unable to grasp. Yet it strikes me that what I've failed is somehow, some part of that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED:

225

QUESTOR (cont'd)

(beat)

Man regards himself with pride... and with self hatred at the same time. There is indeed much to criticize but... I believe there is much more to admire. Had I more time, I... might have even learned from that the meaning of love.

He turns off the tape recorder, sits lost in thought.

226 INT. MANSION HALLWAY - DAY

226

as Robinson comes in, slumped, weary, despairing. Forbes is crossing the hall, waits for him.

ROBINSON

Good morning, Forbes. He's in the office.

FORBES

Mr. Questor went out, sir. I believe he said the park.

227 ANGLE ON SEA BIRDS

227

dozens of them, picking up bits of corn, crumbs of bread. Camera pulls back to show Questor standing in a lovely ocean shore park. We hear children laughing and playing around him... and he is giving the birds the last of some feed from a small paper sack. Robinson appears, hurries straight to Questor.

ROBINSON

Questor...

QUESTOR

A curious world, Jerry. Squalor... ugliness... greed... struggle... and yet so much beauty here, so many persons to hope man survives.

ROBINSON

The boat... we'll work on it to the last minute...

QUESTOR

Perhaps there was none. Some distortion caused in the tape.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED:

227

QUESTOR (cont'd)
 (looks around at
 Robinson)

If you mate and have children
 someday, I hope it will be with the
 woman Allison. I felt an emotion for
 the Contessa, too... not the same, of
 course, but a... desire for closeness.

Questor trails his words, freezes, seeing something.

228 ANGLE ON CHILDREN PLAYING ON AN ARK

228

an ark... Noah's Ark... a dozen feet long, ten feet high... stairs
 up, with concrete animals forever marching into the hold,
 children climbing them, laughing...

229 CLOSE ON QUESTOR

229

We can almost see missing pieces fall into place. Camera
 pulls back as he turns to Robinson.

QUESTOR
 Again, you were right, my friend. A
 boat from a legend.
 (to his feet)
 Vaslovik is halfway around the world..
 we must hurry!

230 EXT. QUESTOR'S CAR - DAY

230

as Questor's car screeches through Nassau streets at great
 speed. Questor is at the wheel.

Sequence of shots: Questor driving, Robinson sitting next to
 him, on the car radio-telephone, speaking into it.

ROBINSON
 Splice this call through to our
 middle-east office, Forbes. Hurry!

231 INT. DARRO'S CAR

231

A driver driving. Darro on radio-phone, his beeping device on
 the lap, its direction finder slowly pointing. He is using
 his radio-phone, too:

DARRO
 Heading for Nassau International
 Airport!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

- 231 CONTINUED: 231
- DARRO (cont'd)
Under no circumstances try to stop
him. Have a radar-equipped jet ready
for me.
- 232 INT. QUESTOR'S CAR 232
- roaring at high speed out on the airfield. Robinson is going
over a small map, speaking into the telephone.
- ROBINSON
- ... at an abandoned emergency war-time strip at approximately
latitude 44° 20 seconds, longitude 40° 15 seconds. Mr.
Questor wants a fully-gassed four-wheel drive vehicle
standing by there...
- 233 EXT. NASSAU AIRPORT DAY 233
- The private jet taking off.
- 234 INT. U.S. AIR FORCE TRACKING STATION 234
- much activity... an airman at a radar station, watching,
surrounded by several military men.
- AIRMAN
Bearing east 92 degrees.
- OFFICER
Alert the following stations...
Tenerife, Lisbon, Rome, Athens,
Ankara...
- 235 INT. PRIVATE JET COCKPIT - DAY 235
- Questor, at the wheel, sets the automatic pilot, takes his
hands off the controls. Robinson watches nervously. Questor
notices, smiles, as he turns to inspect maps.
- QUESTOR
What is there better to understand a
machine than another machine, Jerry?
- ROBINSON
Fine, but I'm human and we're equally
efficient at worrying.
(indicates map)
Are you certain? Noah's Ark?

(CONTINUED)

QUESTOR

It seems it was not the ark I was after; it was the mountain... Mount Ararat where legend says it came to rest.

ROBINSON

And Vaslovik is on that mountain?

QUESTOR

He's there... somewhere. And if I don't find him in time...

(faces Jerry;
enunciates a bit too
clearly)

... that mountain will become a molehill.

ROBINSON

What?

QUESTOR

My first attempt at humor.

ROBINSON

(eyes him, then)

I don't think automation is going to worry the Comedians Guild.

236 INTERCUT SEQUENCES

236

French, British, American, Russian radar posts... all checking.

FRENCH TECHNICIAN

(in French)

Steady... bearing 44° 27 seconds.

237 BRITISH

237

BRITISH COLONEL

Alert flight 47 from Malta. Pace them.

238 RUSSIAN

238

RUSSIAN OFFICER

(in Russian)

Squadron on station?

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED: 238

RUSSIAN TECHNICIAN
(in Russian)
Yes, sir. Closing.

239 EXT. AIR - QUESTOR'S JET - ESTABLISHING 239

240 EXT. AIR - FLIGHT OF FRENCH MYSTERE JETS - ESTABLISHING 240

241 INT. PRIVATE JET COCKPIT - DAY - INCLUDING RADARSCOPE 241

Questor operating the scope, checking blips coming in from three or four directions. Emotionless, he turns to Robinson.

QUESTOR
We are being followed by aircraft directly behind us, and smaller clusters of aircraft to the right. Darro, I presume.

ROBINSON
(startled, then
nods)
I presume.

QUESTOR
Yes. A capable, ingenious man.
(at Jerry}
And so are you, my friend.

Jerry wishes he had said anything in the world but that.

242 EXT. ANGLE ON DESERTED AIR STRIP 242

A fully packed and equipped military jeep, without driver, is waiting for them as in b.g. we see the private jet land.

243 ANGLE IN JEEP 243

as Questor takes the controls, starts driving rapidly toward a distant mountain range. As they do so, a jet roars overhead... Darro's... and they look up and see other jets circling... French, British, Russian... Questor ignores them, drives faster. Robinson eyes the jets worriedly.

244 ANGLE ON COLUMN OF JEEPS AND PERSONNEL CARRIERS 244

bouncing rapidly forward, crammed with soldiers of several nations, heading toward the mountain range, too.

245 EXT. DARRO'S JET - DAY 245

as Darro's jet rolls to a stop and he hurriedly disembarks. He's met by several jeep-loads of officers. An American Colonel, Hendricks, comes up, heads with Darro at a dead run for the nearest jeep.

DARRO

Which way are they headed?

HENDRICKS

Roughly toward Mount Ararat, sir.

Darro glances strangely at him, then shoves the driver out of the way and takes over himself, dropping the jeep into gear and taking off with a roar, Hendricks scrambling in beside him.

246 EXT. QUESTOR'S JEEP 246

far off the roads, bouncing skillfully over the roughest terrain, starting to climb. Robinson checks his watch.

ROBINSON

Half an hour left...

Questor, intent upon his driving, stares straight ahead.

QUESTOR

Twenty-nine minutes, thirty-one seconds.

Robinson checks his watch, nods. Questor's right, of course. Questor suddenly brakes the jeep to a stop.

QUESTOR (cont'd)

Get out now, my friend. There's rock shelter here in case I fail.

ROBINSON

I'm not leaving.

Questor hesitates, eyes him... there's no doubt Robinson means what he says. Questor then starts the jeep forward, quickly accelerating.

247 EXT. IN MOUNTAIN\$ - DAY

247

Questor's jeep finally reaches a place where it can go no further. A falling down shepherd's hut stands here, empty. Questor seems to recognize the area. Robinson checks his watch.

ROBINSON
Fourteen minutes.

QUESTOR
You gave me life. I have no wish to give you death.

ROBINSON
Then stop talking...

Robinson has already abandoned the jeep, starts to run... up-hill. Questor follows.

248 ANGLE ON QUESTOR'S JEEP

248

as Darro pulls up in his jeep, stops. Darro whirls on Hendricks.

DARRO
Don't ask me any questions. In exactly...

(looks at watch)
... ten minutes and twelve seconds a hydrogen bomb is probably going to go off up there. Keep all troops at least six miles from this point. But stand by. I may need you.

HENDRICKS
You're going up there?

DARRO
I wouldn't miss it for the world, Colonel.

He jumps out of the jeep, takes a pair of binoculars from the jeep and starts to run up the rock.

249 EXT. NATURAL AMPHITHEATER IN ROCKS

249

as Questor and Robinson burst into the natural bowl. A huge rock monolith... a sort of crude column... rests on a flatter boulder, standing like a pillar... immeasurably ancient.

(CONTINUED)

- 249 CONTINUED: 249
- Questor stops, stands, closes his eyes. Robinson stares at him.
- QUESTOR
- Yes. Yes.
- Questor immediately moves to the great monolith and puts his arms around it... and begins to twist it... it takes all his great strength.
- 250 EXT. LONG SHOT - DARRO 250
- He crouches out of sight, binoculars to his eyes.
- 251 THROUGH BINOCULARS 251
- We see Questor slowly turn the rock... click... click...
- 252 ANGLE ON QUESTOR AND JERRY 252
- Slowly the rock clicks... clicks... like a giant combination lock. Then it locks into place... and Questor turns toward the mountain side. Jerry does the same.
- 253 ANGLE ON MOUNTAINSIDE 253
- An area of the mountainside, a dozen feet in diameter, begins to shimmer, quiver... fade... and finally disappear... revealing a shimmering glassine tunnel which seems from almost another time and space dimension... leading deep into the heart of the mountain.
- 254 ANGLE ON QUESTOR AND ROBINSON 254
- ROBINSON
- Less than a minute.
- They dash into the tunnel... and shortly after they clear the mountainside opening, it shimmers and becomes solid again.
- 255 ANGLE ON DARRO 255
- He puts his glasses down. Although he has seen it, his face reveals nothing as he dashes forward.

256 INT. SHIMMERING GLASSINE TUNNEL 256

Questor and Robinson running... Questor putting on a burst of speed and leaving Robinson far behind.

257 ANGLE ON ROBINSON 257

running for all he is worth... Questor vanished ahead. Robinson stares at his watch, despairs.

258 ANGLE ON MOUNTAIN NATURAL AMPHITHEATER 258

Darro runs up to the monolith, tries to move it with all his strength. Impossible. He looks around, finds a large dead tree limb among other debris. He grabs it, returns to the monolith and uses the limb as a lever. The huge monolith begins to click... turning slowly.

259 ANGLE ON ROBINSON 259

Dashing, he glances at his watch.

ROBINSON
Questor... it's too late!

But even as he says it, he bursts out into the chamber - and freezes.

260 INT. CHAMBER - FULL SHOT 260

This is another world. Huge, shimmering, transparent, extra-dimensional devices, some of which hardly seem to be here at all... as though they are partly in this world and partly in another. The entire hall-like chamber, vaulted with some chimera-like glimmer, shot through with shifting red and blue and violet light patterns which seem suspended, half-real, in mid-air. The whole chamber is diffused with glowing light from unseen sources. One wall is blank, but it is so indistinct, so hard to place in space and time, that we are not sure that it is a wall at all. It is directly across the chamber from the entrance Robinson enters. And Questor... Questor stands in the strongest pattern of mid-air light points, lifting his hands, controlling their number, their hues, as if operating extra-dimensional devices from another world. His eyes are closed, and a play of the constantly changing light patterns play up and down over his body.

(CONTINUED)

260 CONTINUED:

260

All of this and more... the incredible non-linear, non-matter equipment of a laboratory of a hundred thousand years from now, the technical playthings of a race which may well have outgrown technology.

Robinson is still frozen... stunned, staring.

261 EXT. MONOLITH - ANGLE ON DARRO

261

Prying at the monolith with his lever, he stops, looks at his watch, braces himself for the explosion. Now! But it does not come. He stares again at his watch, then returns to clicking the monolith, position by position.

262 INT. CHAMBER - ON QUESTOR

262

unmoving in the play of light. We hear a humming, a disturbing sound, and we know it is all being directed at Questor.

263 EXT, MONOLITH - DARRO

263

As the monolith clicks into his final position, Darro turns to see the effect as the mountainside shimmers open, reveals the tunnel. He runs inside.

264 INT. CHAMBER

264

Jerry watches, stunned. Now the glowing and the strange humming stop and the light patterns around Questor fade completely away... leaving a new Questor... totally assured, totally aware of his purpose, of what he is, and why, He stares at Robinson for a moment... and out of those eyes which previously were without expression, there floods a new look of compassion and wisdom. Booming, hollowly, into the chamber comes a great voice:

VASLOVIK'S VOICE

Questor?

QUESTOR

I am here, Vaslovik.

The far wall, the only wall without equipment in front of it, now shimmers the way we saw the hillside shimmer... it fades and vanishes. Robinson sees, and recoils from the shock of seeing:

265 INT. INNER CHAMBER - FULL SHOT

265

First, closest to the CAMERA, but to one side, is a large empty slab. Next to it is another one... and beyond that, others... others... fading back into a shadowy infinity. The first slab is empty. On the second lies a man wearing a business suit. This is VASLOVIK. He lies without moving, his open eyes staring at the ceiling. And each of the slabs behind him, stretching backward into the distance, holds the body of another man... though the costumes are different. Behind Vaslovik there lies a man in a frock coat and a beard, from the mid-19th Century. Beyond him, a rather regally clad figure, unidentifiable. None of the figures will be identifiable by face... this one clad in 16th Century clothes. Other bodies in other costumes, going back to the most primitive gaudy finery of early priests and kings... and who knows who these men may be?... or may have been? Charlemagne may lie here... Galileo... Alexander the Great... Socrates... Plato... Plutarch? We do not know. But our minds are free to see... and wonder. Ranks on ranks of them, moving backward into space, and, somehow we know, into time.

Questor moves forward, Robinson following, frightened but unable to stop after coming this far. They move to the slab atop which lies Vaslovik... his eyes open... his lips moving... faintly... but Vaslovik's voice is amplified.

VASLOVIK

You have received the Truth?

QUESTOR

I have received it. Since the dawn of this world... since our Masters left the first of us here... we have served this species Man.

266 INT. TUNNEL ENTRANCE TO CHAMBER - DARRO

266

He stands there in the shadows... watching, listening... as expressionless as Questor ever was.

267 ANGLE ON VASLOVIK, QUESTOR AND ROBINSON

267

VASLOVIK

Each of us, at the end of his time, has assembled his own replacement. But man's quantum advance in physics found me unprepared... the new radiations affected the plasma in my braincase. Your design corrects this fault. You will function your full span.

(CONTINUED)

267 CONTINUED:

267

QUESTOR
I thank you, Brother.

VASLOVIK
Hear the Laws, my Brother.

268 FAVORING VASLOVIK

268

VASLOVIK
We protect, but we do not interfere.
Man must make his own way. We guide
and serve him. But he must never
know.

QUESTOR
I hear and-obey, Brother.

Vaslovik is now growing weaker... while Questor seems to grow
in strength.

269 FULL THREE SHOT

269

VASLOVIK
Approach me... Jerry Robinson.

ROBINSON
(steps closer)
Yes... Professor.

VASLOVIK
In two hundred millennia you are the
only human creature who has joined us
here in the Truth.

ROBINSON
I... think I understand the
responsibility, sir.

VASLOVIK
Questor... will answer... your questions...
(to Questor)
For three years... I have lain here...
only my mind functioning... and... I am
weary. Let me pass now, Brother.

Questor steps close to Vaslovik, carefully inserts his hand
under the skull of his predecessor.

QUESTOR
Pass on, Brother.

(CONTINUED)

His fingers move. The eyes of Vaslovik close. Robinson stares for a long moment... awed, moved, frightened. Then, without looking toward the tunnel entrance, Questor speaks.

QUESTOR (cont'd)

Please come in, Mr. Darro.

As Darro comes in... Darro the cynic, who is anything but a cynic now. He has heard, and he has been shaken.

DARRO

Well... I've spent half my life wondering how we got this far without killing each other off. Now I know. I'm still not sure I like it.

QUESTOR

You heard, but you did not understand. At certain pivotal moments... some so seemingly trivial as to escape notice... we assist men in altering the course of events. We assist... Mister Darro... Perhaps only one word in the right ear... A child protected so he will grow into a man who will be needed... but man always makes his own destiny.

DARRO

(indicates)

There is only one empty slab left, Questor.

QUESTOR

There is no need for more. My span is two hundred years. If the race of man outlives me, he will have seen the end of his childhood.

DARRO

Except he'll never make it, Questor. They're waiting for you out there. They'll take you apart rather than let you go free.

(nods)

I know I would have. I can't see why these "Masters" of yours even bothered with us.

QUESTOR

It has never been what man is... but what he has the potential of becoming.

(CONTINUED)

ROBINSON

Maybe he's too rotten to make it,
Questor. When I tell you what I
planted on you...

QUESTOR

I know.

Questor reaches into a pocket and brings out the small transmitter Robinson had implanted on his body.

QUESTOR (cont'd)

I know, Jerry. I stopped its
transmission several hours ago.

DARRO

Give it to me.

QUESTOR

(gives Darro a long
look, then;)

Are you certain, Mr. Darro?

DARRO

(extends hand)

The first time I've ever been this
certain of anything in this world.

QUESTOR

You doubted the worthiness of your
race. Have you not just proven it?

Darro smiles... and it is a grim smile, and we see that the hard-bitten cynic is back.

DARRO

Maybe I just don't like being taken
care of.

He turns and lopes for the tunnel entrance, and is gone. Jerry doesn't understand a single pert of this. He stares at Questor. Questor returns the gaze with steady levelness.

QUESTOR

We will wait ten minutes... and then it
will be safe to leave.

270 EXT. DARRO, HENDRICKS AND TROOPS

270

Darro, seemingly exhausted, looking badly battered, with blood oozing from a cut on his forehead, his clothing torn... and all of these things he has done to himself in the last few minutes. He appears shaken, frightened.

DARRO

The android's broken out! Vaslovik was insane! He left a stockpile of small nuclear bombs up there for the android. He has enough to destroy every capital in Europe!

HENDRICKS

Good God! Just one will touch off a war!

DARRO

That may be what it plans. Inform all stations that in Geneva, we hid a transmitter device on the android's body, 565 megacycles. I doubt if you can pick it up in these hills... but the minute you hear it, send the air units in.

(hurries to the jeep)

I'll inform the ground troops.

Darro starts the jeep, drives away.

271 INT. CHAMBER QUESTOR AND ROBINSON

271

Questor nods to Jerry... they begin to leave the chamber.

272 EXT. QUESTOR'S JET - DAY

272

Parked on the airstrip. Darro drives up, gets out of the jeep with his rifle, and enters.

273 INT. QUESTOR'S JET - PILOT'S COMPARTMENT

273

Darro gets in, throws switches, the jet: engines whine into life, Then he takes the little transmitter out of his pocket, throws a tiny switch.

274 EXT. ARMY TRIANGULATION STATION 274

The operator springs into action as Colonel Hendricks waits.

OPERATOR
There it is, sir.

HENDRICKS
Notify air units.

275 ANGLE ON QUESTOR AND ROBINSON - DAY 275

They are walking toward the sea through quiet, open countryside. Questor is silent, thoughtful.

276 ANGLE ON QUESTOR'S JET 276

as it takes off.

277 EXT. ARMY TRIANGULATION STATION 277

The Operator, listening, watching, turns to Hendricks.

OPERATOR
Signals airborne, sir. One of our squadrons and a French flight are pacing it.

HENDRICKS
Tell them to shoot it down.

278 EXT. FLIGHTS OF PLANES IN SKY 278

Two separate flights... French and American... they wheel, start falling into attack pattern.

279 ANGLE ON QUESTOR AND ROBINSON 279

Questor stands atop a bluff, Robinson by his side, looking up into the sky.

ROBINSON
I cant see anything.

QUESTOR
I wish I could not.

280 ANGLE ON QUESTOR'S JET 280
climbing, climbing.

281 ANGLE ON AMERICAN FIGHTERS 281
One at a time, closely following each other, they release their missiles.

282 EXT. SKY 282
High, high... a giant ball of flame erupts from the blue... and debris and smoke and fragments...

283 ANGLE ON QUESTOR AND ROBINSON 283
ROBINSON
(shaken)
I don't understand, Questor. If he hated humanity so much...

QUESTOR
He hated what he believed mankind is, Jerry. Not what it can become.

284 EXT. PEASANT VILLAGE AREA - DAY 284
Nice little Turkish farms, haystacks, cultivated fields, and an occasional peasant throwing mildly curious glances at Questor and Robinson as they move along the unpaved road.

QUESTOR
They know now that an android is possible, Jerry. And some may not believe I'm destroyed. I need you. Vitally.

ROBINSON
With your mental and physical capabilities?

QUESTOR
But I'm vulnerable too, you saw that. I need help in other things too. The illogical behavior pattern of the human species. Social customs.

(smiles)
And trivial things, like humor.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

284 CONTINUED:

284

QUESTOR (cont'd)
 (then serious)
 Vaslovik passed on too soon. Help me,
 Jerry, Please!

285 ANOTHER ANGLE

285

as they turn a corner around a farmhouse and come face to face with a small girl... perhaps three or four... and she stares... frightened... horrified... by these two strangers, so unlike anything she has ever seen before. Questor is at a loss. He is closest to her.

QUESTOR
 Jerry... a child... I have never...

ROBINSON
 Smile at her. Laugh. Like this!

Robinson smiles. The girl smiles. Robinson laughs. The girl laughs and runs toward him, and Robinson swings her high, up into his arms, laughing. The child continues laughing with delight as Robinson passes her on to Questor who puts her down on his shoulder, sitting her there, as they move off, the girl squealing with delight. Questor looks toward Robinson.

QUESTOR
 You see... I do need you... I would have made her cry.
 (beat)
 She is a feather. Her weight smiles on my shoulder. See how light humanity can be?

ROBINSON
 (watches awhile,
 then nods)
 All right, Questor, I'll help where I can. At least you may need oiling now and then...

He grins at Questor. Camera holds as the three of them walk down the road, on into the peasant village, as we -

FADE OUT.

THE END