

O ZONE 1 - GATEWAY TO O ZONE

1 EXT. SPACE - ARCHRONIA

1

1/1 - Dark void.

Space. An unknown universe, a different space-time continuum. Planets and galaxies revolving b.g. Something is alive in between. Creatures made of loose molecules, the size of worlds. Shapeless and changing, they drift amid the stars. (CGIs should suggest mental entities completely different from our own concept of life).

NARRATOR (V.O)

In a future so remote that no earthly creature can fathom, living units have reached the ultimate state of evolution, where life and death meet in a state of eternity. They have become sheer minds and, because they span all dimensions, they call themselves the Chronides, the sons of Time.

1/2 - In a brighter area in the center of the screen, five Chronides are bound in a circle, maybe a Council, surrounded by huge streams of energy that flow from one to the other and into the universes. They hold five pyramidal shaped objects of different hues that glare like suns.

NARRATOR (V.O)

They rule over Archronia, the realm of infinity. Its advanced civilizations can travel all dimensions unrestrained, as long as the Five Guardians maintain universal harmony. They are the Masters of the chronoliths, the Keys of Time that must never be separated. But evil lays in the very Circle, bidding its time.

1/3 - The fifth chronolith gleams in the chest of a swarthy entity, a Chronide indeed, but as different as a dark angel in Heaven: Darkaos, the Master of Chaos. His non material shape expands and breaks the circle of the Guardians. He radiates purple, spark-ridden clouds of energy, turns into a frightful creature the size of a galaxy and engages the other Chronides in battle. They rise against him, trying to protect the fifth chronolith that Darkaos has detached from the circle. Star-wide combat roars across space. Darkaos is overcome and flies off into the surrounding galaxies.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Darkaos, the only Chronide to remember the ancient greed for power, has broken the Circle of Guardians to appropriate the primordial chronolith and build an empire in his own image. A dreadful fight brought him against his peers and he was defeated. But the fifth chronolith is now definitely lost and all universes henceforth endangered.

1/4 - The chronolith spins through Archronia, triggering huge space distortions in its wake. The Chronides attempt to control it with the other chronoliths but it escapes them and goes reeling to infinity.

2 EXT. STARFIELD

2

Darkaos, now a fearful space creature dubbed the O Unit, rockets past Archronia and into outer space. Vortexes materialize its migration. A giant spaceship glides into sight, banks and sets course by the comet.

3 INT. KERENESE FLAGSHIP

3

A crew of alien creatures bustles on the main deck and rushes to action stations. Their general outlook reminds of insects. They communicate through sharp (subtitled) shrills. Their ship, inside and outside, is built according to hexagonal patterns. A Kerenese by the name of Psath points a segment at a view-screen featuring the comet's dash.

PSATH (SUBTITLED)

There! Darkaos! They turned him in a wandering O Unit! Archronia is open now!

Kerenese commander Karliss motions him to simmer down. He gravely studies the screen.

KARLISS (SUBTITLED)

It is the first time that such a rupture occurs in Archronia. No one knows what the consequences can be. A loose chronolith can unleash terrific forces.

His crew is ready for action. He crawls over to the command deck and takes place behind a hexagonal console.

KARLISS (CONT. SUBTITLED)

It is against the Chronide laws to interfere out of their universe. Which means...

PSATH (SUBTITLED)

Oh no!

KARLISS (SUBTITLED)

Which means we, being as Protomentorgs the closest species to theirs, are the only qualified to hunt the O Unit down.

Excited Kerenese surround him.

PSATH (SUBTITLED)

Fuck your chitin! Why don't we just plain keep out of this and move to another dimension?

KARLISS

The O Unit will try to recover the chronolith by all means. And if he does, it will mean doom for all our worlds.

4 EXT. VEGA IV

4

The O Unit orbits around Vega IV, a planet reminding of a baroque Las Vegas. A motley crowd of aliens streams along avenues lined with game arcades, casinos, you name it. The comet-like creature soars by. Explosions rake the planet, buildings collapse, panic strikes the teeming multitudes. In a space port, flights of Galactic Interceptors take off and jet out to intercept the comet.

INTERCEPTOR 1 (V.O)

There he is! Damn it, the Kerenese were right! He's a huge stinker!

LEADER INTERCEPTOR (V.O)

Deploy! Try to drive him out of Vega's orbit in outer space!

A wing of space destroyers strings out in front of the comet and fires a nuclear broadside at it. To no avail. The unhurt Unit banks towards the planet, leaving a devastated stretch of land behind it. The destroyers storm it and drive it back into space.

LEADER INTERCEPTOR (V.O)

Set course for the 4th Space Quadrant.
The Kerenese report that they have set
a space snare for it.

5 EXT. FOURTH SPACE QUADRANT

5

The 'comet' lashes back at the fleet with lethal force rays. Several destroyers are blown to smithereens. Cries are heard over the comlinks. The remaining spacecraft regroup in defense. A huge, gaseous pyramid materializes in space, slowly revolving. The comet changes course and flies straight for it.

LEADER INTERCEPTOR (V.O)

He's rising to the bait! Get ready to
move out of the way, quick!

A heavy space cargo glides between the comet and the pyramid.

INTERCEPTOR 2 (V.O)

Hey! Who's that! Shove off, you
shithead, shove off!

The carrier banks heavily. Too late. The comet rams straight into it. Tremendous flash. The space cargo is next seen resuming its course, unharmed. The 'comet' is nowhere in sight.

6 INT. SPACE CARGO

6

A crew of alien smugglers, manned by a captain Ork, go about their occupations in a shabby environment. A flash blinds them. They duck with surprised shrieks. Force rays surround Ork. His fiery eyes glare at them. They cringe.

ALIEN

Hey, Ork, what's got into you? Do you
feel all right? Ork! Answer!

Ork pounces on them, butchers the whole slew and takes the spaceship over with an evil cackle. Out of a porthole, he

sees the departing Interceptor fleet. Ork changes course. The giant Kerenese flag ship comes into sight behind him. Ork lets out a furious cry. The spacecraft flies smoothly over him, its titanic hull opens to swallow the cargo.

7 INT. KERENESE FLAGSHIP - HOLD 7

Utter silence. The space carrier stands dwarfed within an immense, smooth walled bubble.

8 INT. FLAGSHIP - FLIGHT DECK AND GANGWAYS 8

Intense activity. All Kerenese bolt to action stations. Psath and Karliss scuttle towards a control room.

KERENESE 1

We dood it, he's in! Clear all levels!
Get the hell away from that Psychobion
bastard!

PSATH

Activate all isolation shields, on the
double! We're holding a potential
supernova by the tail!

KARLISS

Keep your chitin on, Psath. He made a
mistake in materializing in that
Alien's body. He's vulnerable now,
maybe we can manage him. If we're
careful.

PSATH

Suppose we do. Then what?

9 INT. FLAGSHIP - HOLD 9

Silence. Ork steps out. The alien's body is ridden with energy sparks, it undergoes frightful changes as the O Unit desperately tries to free itself from its molecular jail. Metal partitions slide down and shut him off.

10 INT. FLAGSHIP - CONTROL ROOM 10

The turmoil subsides. All Kerenese stand quiet, anxiously watching the monitors and Karliss. He hesitates, then hits a series of keys on a console.

KARLISS

He's trapped in that body all right. There's only one thing we can do. Send him beyond our Universe in a linear time dimension he can't break loose from. That should turn him into a mortal unit.

His monitor shows the hold. Its panels exude viscous filaments of a substance called proteanite. Ork lets out a wild howl that echoes throughout the whole ship. The filaments wrap around him like a cocoon. Moments later, the proteanite has solidified in a transparent capsule. The Alien inside is frozen in an infuriated attitude. A hatch opens in the wall. The capsule is launched out of the ship.

11 EXT. SPACE 11

The capsule goes spinning to infinity. B.g., the solar system.

12 EXT. THE EARTH - BERING STRAIT 40,000 B.C - NIGHT 12

Pan down a horde of proto-humans plowing its way through a blizzard. A volcano erupts b.g. Ork's capsule lands on it. Streaming lava carries it toward a valley. The Alien pulls himself out and crosses the smoldering stream to the land. He looks like a devil straight out of the furnaces of hell. Several humans stand nearby, exchanging growls and gawking at him: in this world, Ork is some ten feet high. He totters toward what seems to be the pack's chief and collapses. The human inches closer and stoops over the body. Ork springs up and wraps around him. His victim kicks wildly for a couple of seconds, then Ork's body drops, a withered, empty shell. The human seems bigger now, with a familiar glow in his eyes. He picks a scrap of proteanite. It seems almost alive in his hand. He looks up at the sky with a blood-curdling shriek.

MAN / O UNIT

I will find the chronolith again and then beware! Nothing will keep the renewed forces of Chaos from ruling all Universes!

The other proto-humans fall to their knees in worship.

13 EXT. STARFIELD

13

The chronolith spins endlessly through successive space time continua. Vortexes rise in its path. The worlds it crosses are wrenched out of their time dimensions and sail to their doom.

14 EXT. DESERT - DAY

14

John Lomax wanders along salt flats. High and dark hexagonal structures, with Indian bas-reliefs, stand awkwardly b.g.

Close on Lomax: his face is tense as his eyes scan the odd scenery. Something is looming.

Zoom out. We can see he wears an ancient Lakota bracelet, with the same pattern as the bas-reliefs.

Lomax's POV on the set. The sun glares and the structures' shadows on the ground diverge instead of moving with the sun.

Lomax walks towards the nearest structure, stops near an opening and enters. He crosses a dark corridor and finds himself on the other side.

There is a huge wall behind him. The same salt flats stretch ahead and the structures now stand in a half circle, their shadows converging towards him as the sun wanes quickly. Dry sagebrushes roll across the scene. When the shadows reach them, they catch on fire.

Close on Lomax. He is tense, as well as puzzled. His fingers reach for a commando knife in his boot and he braces for whatever might be coming for him. When the shadows meet at the center of the half circle, a huge dark figure rises from the ground. Lomax is about to fight it back when a white flash blanks the scene out.

15 INT. NEW YORK - LOCAL FBI AGENCY - DAY

15

Angle on Lomax. He is strapped on a seat in a small room, with a light trained on his face. A hypodermic syringe and an empty truth serum flask lie on a nearby metal table. Two feds are questioning Lomax, but we cannot hear them. He shakes his head, teeth clenched.

VOICE (OVER, FILTERED)

John Lomax, nickname: Maverick.
Difficult childhood. Parents murdered.
Circumstances and murderer unknown. He
is sent to a military academy. Several
runaway attempts. Psychos report him as
obsessed by the death of his parents;

he wants to find and kill their murderer. He finally disappears without trace.

The feds make threatening gestures. Lomax doesn't move a hair.

VOICE (OVER, CONT.)

Several years later, he enlists in the Marine's 7th commando unit. He is considered a good recruit. Unattached, his only goal is to learn all possible combat techniques. He succeeds in all his missions. Until a special operation in Indonesia; his commando is reported missing. He is the only survivor and resigns.

Zoom out across a two-way mirror through which we witnessed the scene. Two other feds come in shot. The voice is Hunter's, a rookie agent who is reading a file. His chief, one of the old brigade, listens while watching Lomax through the two way mirror. The questioners give up and leave the room. Lomax turns his head and stares straight at the mirror.

HUNTER (CONT.)

He enrolls in the NY police strike squads. The latest reports show that he is efficient, despite his personal methods and frequent clashes with his superiors.

Hunter closes the file and puts it on the desk. He heads for the door.

CHIEF

(thoughtful)

When a society has trained a war dog, that society can't keep the dog from turning against it in times of peace.

(pause)

But it isn't the dog's fault.

Hunter stares blankly at him. Chief studies Lomax.

CHIEF (CONT.)

This one won't bite, but you'll get nothing out of him. No one knows what really happened. Not even him.

16 EXT. MANHATTAN - BACKSTREET - DAY

16

John Lomax stakes out a building in an unmarked police car, parked on a slightly raised concrete level. He is totally concentrated and every now and then, he rubs his bracelet. Radio sputters into life.

VOICE (OVER)

Calling all cars. Attention, here comes
the Big Boss!

Lomax flips his radio off with a muffled oath.

17 EXT. SOUTH MANHATTAN - AVENUE - DAY

17

The police has the block cordoned off. Special units take position on a roof. On a nearby tower building, a large poster advertises an exhibition of Indian arts and craft: several objects display the same patterns as Lomax's bracelet.

Paul Dodge marches out of a police car and towards the building, escorted by a retinue of subordinates. Cops whip to attention. Dodge is engaged in some hot discussion with his sidewinders, but his words are for the NBC team operating nearby.

DODGE

Mandork! Mandork! I'm fed up with that
bastard. Gunrunner, terrorist, he's
been in our hair for over twenty years
now! Neither the FBI, the CIA nor the
Intelligence Service can nick him!

He stops, looks up at the building, then at the police forces. His escort comes to an obsequious halt.

DODGE (CONT.)

And what next?

(waves angrily at the building)

Some helpless nitwit is convinced that
Mister Cannonball is in there himself,
swiping a bunch of Indian curios! And
ready to step straight in the police
wagon. Christ!

SIDEWINDER 1

But, sir, Mandork's passion for ah..
antiques is well known and...

Dodge glares at him and he chickens out. Sidewinder 2 comes to the rescue.

SIDEWINDER 2

There's valuable jewels up there, sir. And he does use burglary to back most of his more important operations.

DODGE

(flaring)

His henchmen do it for him, meathead!

SIDEWINDER 2

Lomax has been on his tail for years. He's probably got good reasons to...

Dodge faces about, almost bumping into the man.

DODGE

Lomax? Ha! Lomax! Another black sheep we've got there! a has-been Marine who lost his mind somewhere in the jungle! Where is he?

18 EXT. BACK STREET - DAY 18

Lomax's car is around the next block, out of sight. He suddenly snaps to, starts his car and waits.

19 EXT. AVENUE - DAY 19

Dodge and his slew walk back toward their cars. He makes sure the TV camera is on him then indicates the men positioned around the building and on the roofs.

DODGE

We don't want to squander the taxpayer's money, do we? Dismiss these men. Nothing's going to happen here.

Gunshot, yells, rush. A party of cowled and heavily armed men rockets out of the building, firing like hell. Cops and onlookers are shot down, the crowd scatters. Across the street, a couple of Landcruisers pop out of a garage and bust the barriers to meet the gangsters. Dodge hops in a police car and takes off, leaving his men to handle the problem. Police forces regroup, crack shots move in to cut the gangsters from their rescue cars; they falter but their

chief, a tall and bulky man, urges them ahead. They're not so hot. He jerks his head. One of them shoots at random, triggering general gunfire. Leaving his men to get slaughtered, Bulky Man grabs hold of a woman and uses her as a human shield while he rushes for one of the Landcruisers. The driver has been killed. He flings the woman away; she gets shot down. He jumps in one of the Toyotas, removes his cowl with a loud cackle.

POLICE OFFICER

It's Mandork! Don't let him take off!

The Landcruiser plows its way through crowd and traffic. Police hold their fire. Mandork heads straight around the block where Lomax is waiting for him. The unmarked car busts the railings and darts off the raised level just as the Landcruiser roars by, bounces off its hood and swerves across the street. They engage in a 'Bullitt' chase through Manhattan.

20 EXT. MANHATTAN - CAR CHASE - DAY

20

The regular stuff : Mandork killing more people on his way towards Brooklyn Bridge, Lomax hot on his heels, squad cars storming two blocks behind, helicopter overhead.

VOICE 1 (OVER RADIO)

There he is! He's heading for Brooklyn!
Lomax is on his tail!

VOICE 2 (OVER)

Maverick? Shoot him down before he
kills half of this town's population!

The Landcruiser burns down a back-street littered with junk, Lomax's car roaring behind. The chopper pulls up. They come up to a dead end. The Landcruiser brakes hard, spins round and stops. So does Lomax. They stare at one another behind their windshields. Lomax draws his gun. Dead silence. Mandork's eyes flare. He beckons, his lips silently articulate the word "shoot!". Lomax seems bemused. Police cars can be heard whining right behind.

VOICE 1 (OVER RADIO)

Lomax? Damn it! What's keeping you?

Lomax snaps to. Before he gets a chance to fire, the Landcruiser bolts ahead. Trash cans roll, a load of rotten boards tumble over Lomax's car. The Toyota darts off the boards and over the squad cars, lands hard in the flying

junk and buckets out of sight down the avenue. Lomax's car backs out of the dead end, shoving the squad cars to the side, and resumes the chase.

21 EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY 21

Cars scatter as the Toyota burns across the bridge with its pursuers. Chopper tries to block it off. The Landcruiser swerves and rams into a bus. They both break through the railings and fly off the bridge. Lomax's car screeches, skids over the broken parapet and remains half dangling above the river. Lomax has rolled out of the car. His POV. Slow motion. As the Landcruiser and bus topple to their doom, a purple, luminescent whirlpool materializes and engulfs them. A bright, pyramidal shape appears. Lomax rubs his eyes. When he looks again, there's nothing left. On the opposite bank, he sees Mandork. How did he get there? The pyramidal shape hovers between them and vanishes, leaving their gazes locked. Mandork's eyes burn. Lomax utters a savage cry.

22 INT. NYPD - OFFICE - EVENING 22

The usual drill. Police officers take various witnesses' statements on the event.

TAXI DRIVER

I tell you, I actually saw these fireworks above the river

WORKMAN

Bullshit! They just got plain dumped in the river. I saw them go under.

TAXI DRIVER

I tell you what. Alien got them. There was nothing left, not a body, not a wreck.

WORKMAN

(pointing at someone behind the glass panes)

Why don't you ask him? He saw it all better'n we did.

The exhausted inspectors sigh and look up. Behind the glass panes, Lomax can be seen crossing the office. They nudge one another and turn away. An officer waves at him.

POLICE OFFICER

Hey Maverick! You'd better get rare,
the Boss is like a bear with a sore
head!

LOMAX

(ignoring the advice)

Where are the witnesses?

POLICE OFFICER

Over there, but Dodge doesn't...

Lomax marches off. At the other end of the room, witnesses are waiting, apart from one another, ill at ease as he walks by slowly. The door to Dodge's office is open. Inside, a man in his insignificant middle class fifties. He stares straight at Lomax with an evil glow behind his glasses.

23 INT. NYPD - DODGE'S OFFICE

23

Lomax stops short and enters the office. Slides his bracelet up his wrist with a familiar gesture.

MAN

(with a hollow voice)

We both saw the same things on that
bridge.

A statement, not a question. Lomax tenses. Man smirks and we know that smirk.

MAN (CONT.)

And you don't believe what you saw.

LOMAX

(snapping back)

Oh yeah, and what did we both see?

MAN

What cannot be seen with the eyes, but
with the mind. Something you saw
before... a long time ago.

Lomax grabs the man by his shirt, but Dodge barrels in.

DODGE

(shouting his head off)

Lomax! What in hell are you doing in my office with my witness?

Lomax lets go of the man and faces him.

LOMAX

Take your witness in. He knows a lot more than he should.

DODGE

Of course he does! You just suggested to him what he should say!

LOMAX

There's something wrong about the whole fucking deal!

DODGE

You're what's wrong! You know what you shouldn't! You knew Mandork's plans from the start and you covered him, causing a dozen casualties!

Lomax remains silent. He didn't yet give these facts a second thought. The man studies both him and Dodge with a slight grin.

DODGE (CONT.)

So let's hear what all these people have to say about you.

He yanks the door open and booms to one of the inspectors.

DODGE

Bring the other witnesses in!

The witnesses are huddled in the room. It all happens in a shake. The middle class man takes his glasses off and looks at Dodge. His eyes are eerie. Dodge locks the door, walks to his desk, takes a gun and shoots a witness down. The others scream and try to get under cover. He fires again. Police officers shout behind the door and try to break in. Lomax jumps on Dodge, they roll over. Police officers bust the door and find Lomax standing with Dodge's gun in his hand. The man lies wounded at his feet, a terrified look on his face.

DODGE

(with his last breath)

I didn't ...want to... I didn't...

And dies. An officer sneaks behind Lomax and knocks him out. He is dragged out of the room. Unnoticed in the confusion, the middle class man stands with an evil smile. A bloody wound on his forehead heals and vanishes. He glances at Lomax.

MAN

Welcome in the shadow of Chaos...

He steps clear through the wall and disappears.

24 INT. LOCAL FBI AGENCY - DAY

24

Chief fed watches Hunter returning, exhausted and beat. Lomax can still be seen on the monitor screen, motionless and empty eyed. He toys absentmindedly with his bracelet.

HUNTER

(spiteful)

I'll break him in sooner or later and have him spill the works.

CHIEF

Suppose he's not guilty?

HUNTER

Are you out of your mind?

CHIEF

I know the fellow. If he'd done it, he'd be out in the woods and no Manhattan copper could even come close to him.

HUNTER

Well?

CHIEF

(he pats an old dog-eared file)
Mandork. Mind manipulator and a whole lot of fishy deals of the same breed. Special services have been on his case for twenty years.

Hunter shrugs. Chief smiles and stands up.

CHIEF

Okay, take him back to the calaboose.
And pray God he doesn't take to the
hills.

25 EXT. STREET - DAY

25

Lomax sits in the rear seat of an FBI car, with Hunter and another federal agent called Johnson. The car stops at a red light. Coming out of nowhere, a farandole of youngsters in carnival masks surround it. One of them has a Greek tragedian mask with wings on the side. He looks inside the car and imitates the flight of a bird with his hands. His companions string along one side of the car, and start lifting it.

JOHNSON

(drawing his gun)

Hey! What the fuck's going on?

HUNTER

I knew it!

(to the driver)

Step on the gas! Quick!

The wheels spin helplessly as the youths overturn the car. The two feds struggle to unlock the doors. When they finally make it, the youngsters have scattered out of sight. Johnson shoves the onlookers away while Hunter pulls Lomax out of the car, a gun trained on his knees.

HUNTER

(whispering in his ear)

If you do so much as fart, I'll bust
your knee!

He shoots nervous glances around. The driver tries to call for reinforcements and angrily hits his radio: it's out of order. Johnson produces his portable; same thing. Lomax doesn't make a move; he obviously doesn't know what's going on. But instead of looking at the crowd, he scans the windows of a luxury hotel across the street. And smiles.

26 INT. LUXURY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

26

Malcolm Archibald Eaks IV is comfortably settled near a bay-window and watches the scene, a glass of champagne in hand. Should James Bond turn a gentleman robber, it would

be him: a man in his sparkling forties, athletic, elegant and altogether roguish.

EAKS

(muttering to himself)

Attaboy, Maverick, fetch! No.. not there.. up here...higher... you know Eaks is always living high! Whatsamatter? You usually spot me quicker'n that!

He manipulates a sophisticated remote control. The scene in the street appears on the screen of a laptop computer.

27 EXT. STREET - DAY

27

A cab pushes through the mob. Johnson stops it, waves his plate and drags the driver out.

JOHNSON

FBI. We need your car!

TAXI DRIVER

(grumpy)

Hey man! I'm working!

JOHNSON

(pushing him away)

So am I. You'll be compensated for this.

TAXI DRIVER

I wouldn't be so sure, Mac!

The feds board the cab with Lomax.

TAXI DRIVER

(to himself, with a smirk)

I wouldn't be so sure!

28 INT. TAXI - DAY

28

They are hardly inside when the cab shoots off across the crowd, knocking them over one another.

HUNTER

Hey! Take it easy!

FBI DRIVER
(with helpless gestures)
But I haven't done anything yet!

He tries to brake, to no avail. There is no available control.

FBI DRIVER
Shit! We're trapped!

They try to open the doors. They're locked.

29 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 29

Eaks is remote controlling the cab and watches the scene on his monitor with a broad smile. He hits a key.

EAKS
Nighty night, kids! See you one of these days, Maverick.

30 EXT. STREETS - DAY 30

Sleep gas fills the car. Its passengers doze off. The taxi swings into a back street just as police sirens are heard whining in the distance. It pulls along a laundry truck with a logo similar to the winged mask we saw before. Its rear doors open, a loading ramp comes down. The taxi goes in the truck and the ramp comes up again.

31 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 31

The laptop's monitor goes blank. Eaks shoves the computer in an expensive Vuitton bag, produces a golden Parker pen and scribbles a few words on a pad, reading out loud.

EAKS
"Dear Maverick, it was a most refreshing experience to snatch you out of the FBI's clutches. Maybe just a little too easy".
(He contemplates his letter, smiles and adds)
"P.S. It would have been just as amusing to leave you rotting in jug, but my life wouldn't have been the same without you on my tail".

He slips the letter in an envelope, write Lomax's name on it and exits.

32 INT. HOTEL - RECEPTION HALL - DAY 32

Eaks heads for the desk. The employee greets him with his special VIP smile. Eaks hands the envelope over to him.

EAKS

Herbert, will you please give this to my.. ah.. employer when he comes to cough up.. I mean, pay the bill. You know,

(imitates the flight of a bird)
Daedalus' son.

HERBERT

You can rely on me, sir.

Eaks slips him a hundred dollar bill.

EAKS

I know, Herbert, I know.

33 EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY 33

The laundry truck squeezes under the porch of a building and into a courtyard. Two men roll a heavy laundry bag out of it. The truck drives off.

34 INT. BUILDING HALL - DAY 34

The hall is absolutely empty. The two men roll the bag into a lift and walk out. The lift doors close.

35 INT. BUILDING - LIFT 35

The lift dives in a sickening drop. Lomax pulls himself out of the bag and gazes around. The cabin is huge, with a wealthy, high tech look about it: a stylized winged silhouette with the letters I.C.A.R.U.S. is engraved on the aluminum walls. Still drowsy, Lomax reaches for a knife he usually conceals in one of his boots.

VOICE (O.S)

Good thinking, but it isn't there.

Lomax wheels round. In front of him, a man toys with a commando knife.

LOMAX

Colonel Baxter! Of all people!

BAXTER

It's been quite a while, hasn't it, Maverick?

LOMAX

Not long enough to forget the last ballup mission you got me and my commando screwed up in!

BAXTER

Simmer down. I intend to play it straight with you.

Lomax studies the cabin closely, runs his hand over the logo. His fingers search for a concealed control pad.

LOMAX

Come out with it, Baxter. You're up shit creek without a paddle and you need me again.

BAXTER

Maybe so.

Lomax proceeds with his inspection but he watches Baxter out of the corner of his eye, waiting to go for him.

LOMAX

Fuck off.

The cabin stops. Lomax looks at the door, but the cabin jolts and moves sideways.

BAXTER

You're barking up the wrong tree, John. It's Mandork who screwed you twice. Don't you want to get even with him?

Lomax moves close to Baxter who ignores his approach. He points out his expensive suit and a discreet NORAD badge.

LOMAX

NORAD, huh? And how many guys like me did you hoodwink to get there?

The cabin grinds to a stop. Lomax goes for Baxter but a glass partition slides down between them. He hits it helplessly. Baxter smirks and puts the knife in its pocket.

BAXTER

Enough fooling around now. Either you work for us, either I send you outside again. Your playmates are waiting for you.

The cabin splits. Half of it moves upward with Baxter. A door opens behind Lomax.

36 INT. ICARUS RESEARCH FACILITY - OFFICE

36

Lomax steps into a large high tech office. It holds sophisticated equipment as well as many pieces of Indian art. The ICARUS logo is engraved on a wall. A woman moves in shot. About 35, both attractive and authoritative. Lomax stands staring at her.

NADIA ROMANOV

Don't listen to him. You're here because we need men like you. Welcome to the club.

There is much emotion in her voice, which she tries to conceal, but her eyes betray her. Same goes for Lomax, in a more manly way. He moves for her. She steps behind the desk. This means business. He stops. She holds her hands up.

NADIA

No, John, not one word. The past is the past. I know why you left.

LOMAX

(bitter)

And how can you know?

NADIA

After you left Mexico, I moved Heaven and earth to find you. That's how I met Baxter. To get rid of me, he first told me you had been reported missing in Indonesia.

LOMAX

(ironical)

Oh really?

She sits behind the desk. It holds both scientific equipment and personal objects. She tries to retrieve an impersonal composure. Lomax moves closer and stares at an Aztec statuette on the desk: it represents a winged figure.

NADIA

(clearing her voice)

Really. But later on, when the NORAD put him in charge of this secret research facility, he asked me to supervise it and...

Lomax picks the statuette up. She can't take her eyes off it. He turns it slowly; it means much to both of them.

LOMAX

And you finally learned the truth. Maybe too close to the sun.

He moves around the desk, holds the statuette up and drops it. Nadia starts. He catches it before it crashes and sets it on the desk. A tear shines in Nadia's eyes. Anger soon dries it away. She steadies her voice.

NADIA

He had to tell me the truth. Mandork is closely connected to our research program.

Trying to ignore Lomax, she busies herself with a keyboard and opens a file on her computer.

NADIA (CONT.)

Baxter says you're the only one who can help us. We had to get in touch with you before it was too late.

He is very close to her now and studies the monitor. She stands angrily, walks around the desk to a large view screen on the opposite wall.

LOMAX

(coldly)

Too late for what?

Nadia stiffens and hits a key on a control pad. The view screen slides into the wall, revealing a large window.

NADIA

For this!

37 INT. ICARUS RESEARCH FACILITY - ASTROPHYSICS DPT.

37

Widen through the window to an immense, two to three story high underground laboratory. A large bronze statue of Icarus topped with a huge logo overlooks the place. On the opposite wall, a panoramic view screen features a breath taking view of the universe. The glass partition slides to one side and Lomax steps on a narrow platform. She follows.

LOMAX

(reading the logo)

I.C.A.R.U.S ?

NADIA

Daedalus' legacy: Investigation,
Communication and Advanced Research on
Unknown Space.

They cling to the railing as a section of the platform moves downward. They reach ground level. Assistants rush for Nadia. She sighs and dons her glasses; Nadia just became professor Romanov again. They move down the lab.

LOMAX

And what is your problem?

They reach the panoramic view-screen. She sits at a console and types away. A blurred vision of the universe appears on screen, as if a double exposure revealed other worlds and stars than those we know. She indicates it to Lomax.

NADIA

This!

LOMAX

(looks at it like a hen that just
dug a cybernetic worm out)
Oh, I see!

NADIA

A device developed by our team, the
Timescan, shows the first scientific
evidence of other space-time
dimensions, And this...

She hits another series of keys. The monitors displays CGIs of time warps in various locations, surrounded by purple aura. They remind of what Lomax saw on Brooklyn Bridge.

NADIA (CONT.)

...is our problem. Time interfaces, all around the world, leading to those dimensions.

(Pauses and looks at him)

Dimensions inhabited by entities such as Mandork.

He starts and gives her the 'you're off your rocker' look.

LOMAX

Are you trying to tell me Mandork is an alien?

NADIA

I'm afraid he's more than that. We still don't know what these purple lines mean.

Lomax shrugs. He's not quite convinced.

NADIA (CONT.)

What the Timescan detected is a non material entity our science can't actually identify. But whatever Mandork is, we believe he's trying to control the interfaces.

A young man plows his way through. He is obviously very familiar with Nadia. He shoves the assistants to one side, sits next to her and inserts a CD in the computer.

ROCKEFELLER JUNIOR

Here's at least one piece of evidence you can identify.

Nadia smiles indulgently and turns to Lomax who sizes the new comer with a frown.

NADIA

Meet Alexander Thornwall Junior, our local golden boy. We dubbed him Rockefeller Junior and he hates it!

Lomax grunts, R.J shrugs helplessly and they concentrate on the monitors. They display satellite views of various locations around the world, each with the purple distortion. Several enlargements appear: one of them shows an edifice somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. Force lines of a deeper purple hue radiate out of it.

RJ

(beaming)

The Timescan found Bugaboo's hideout!
We finally hold his actual dimensional
signal. Now we can trace him wherever
he goes. The purple lines coin whatever
doesn't belong to our world.

NADIA

So there he is, at last. But this
doesn't look like the other interfaces.
I wonder why?

Angle on Lomax, concentrated. He thinks for a while, then.

LOMAX

Mandork is not trying to control the
interfaces, he can't. He's trying to
build one!

NADIA

(She jumps to her feet)

Boje moi! You're right

(to RJ)

Meeting in the conference room in 5
minutes. Tell the others and jump to
it!

(to Lomax)

This is where we need you, John. I know
what this means to you, but you can't
let us down.

They both head for another section of the huge lab.

38 INT. ICARUS - ETHNOLOGICAL DPT.

38

Views of archaeological sites are pinned on the walls.
Ancient scrolls, tablets and various objects of American
Indian and Meso-American craft are strewn on the tables.

LOMAX

I'm through fighting for other people.
I don't give a damn what Mandork is, I
want to settle his score myself. Like I
should have done ten years ago.

(He looks at her)

Things would have been different then.

NADIA

They can still change. It is our fight now. You, me and all the people who work here.

LOMAX

Too many people. I want you to keep out of this. Remember.

NADIA

No I won't. Because you need us anyway. We have the information you will need.

She shows him a sophisticated scanning device: inside, laser beams crisscross an Indian soul catcher made of ivory and turquoise. Scientists study the results on a nearby computer. She takes it out and hands it to Lomax.

NADIA

See this? It is what Mandork was looking for: a shaman soul catcher. We were lucky enough to find it before he did.

LOMAX

(he shrinks back in disgust)

You mean what happened three days ago, all those people killed because of that ... thing?

NADIA

Not this one unfortunately, but one like it. Mandork's been collecting these objects for years, as if he was trying to put the pieces of a puzzle together. We are convinced it will lead him to something much more important to him.

BAXTER (O.S.)

More important than you, Maverick.

Lomax wheels round, but Nadia sets a soothing hand on his arm. Baxter stands in a corridor leading to the lab's conference room. With a smirk, he sees them in.

Nadia's staff and a couple of military stand to attention as they enter. Behind them, monitors display several views, normal and infrared, of Mandork's hideout in the Nevada

Mountains. Nadia nods, they all sit save for her. She smiles at RJ who proudly indicates the monitors.

RJ

Mandork's last hideout in Eagle Nest Bluff, Nevada, which we have dubbed Mandork Manor. We can now assume that he is related to the dimensional interfaces the Timescan has detected throughout the world.

(he pauses before resuming)

We believe he is in search of an element that landed in our dimension aeons ago. An ancient civilization might have found it and concealed it in a worship object. Like this.

Nadia passes the soul catcher around.

NADIA

We are convinced that with this unknown element, he would become virtually invulnerable. No power on earth could prevent him from building as many interfaces as he needs to achieve what he came here for. This means danger for our world. We have now to decide what action we should take.

She sits. Baxter stands. Now he's the important guy.

BAXTER

As far as the NORAD is concerned, there is only one solid evidence. The fact that, for the past few months, all civilian or military aircraft that fly over this area

(indicates the monitor)

have been crashing for no apparent reason. Their instruments just failed. We have of course investigated the matter, to no avail. And ICARUS hasn't yet come up with something that could claim for an official intervention on our part.

Pause. He looks at Lomax.

LOMAX

(with a smirk)

If I get it straight, neither ICARUS nor you won't stick your necks out. You're looking for somebody crazy enough to go out there and see what it's all about.

Rumbling of discontent in the assembly.

BAXTER

You can put it that way.

LOMAX

Last time I heard that, I got screwed good and proper. Remember?

BAXTER

Remember I made you escape the FBI at my own risk.

He produces Eaks' letter from his pocket and hands it to Lomax. He reads it and shakes his head with a slight smile

LOMAX

Risk my ass. With old Eaks, you should say at your own expense!

BAXTER

(with a sigh)

Okay. Name your price. You'll get anything you want.

Pause. Lomax toys with the envelope. They all look at him.

LOMAX

Anything I want?

BAXTER

Yes.

LOMAX

(holding his hand out)

First, my knife.

(Baxter hands it to him. He tucks it in his boot.)

Next, your kisser!

He lands him one hard in the face. Baxter goes down. The officers jump to their feet, but Lomax's eyes keep them at distance.

LOMAX

I'll take care of the rest

He walks off.

40 INT. NEWARK AIRPORT - DAY 40

Lomax heads for a domestic airline departure lounge. Feds are shadowing him. He strolls casually towards the gates without paying them any special attention.

41 EXT. LAS VEGAS - DAY 41

Lomax walks quickly down a street, headed for some definite place. But after a couple of blocks he slows down and looks back uneasily, aware of a discomfoting presence. He fingers his bracelet. Something looms. He stops in front of a newspaper stand. His attention is drawn by a local headline.

MYSTERIOUS PLANE CRASH NEAR EAGLE NEST BLUFF.

He buys the paper and, half reading it, half wary of what may be following him, walks toward an Air Tour agency b.g. He doesn't see a Little Girl skipping along the sidewalk. She bumps into him and gives him a strange grin. He looks down.

FLASH-BACK. Lomax remembers himself as a young boy in a playground. The same Little Girl, with something of "Alice in Wonderland" about her clothes, bumps into him, running after her ball, and apologizes with the same, adult smile.

He shakes his head and proceeds on his way. She looks at him with a pernicious gleam in her eyes, crosses the street and vanishes behind the newspaper stand. Mandork next steps out from behind it, watching Lomax as he enters the Air Tour agency. The villain grins and throws a newspaper in a waste basket. A light breeze blows its pages: close on an insert advertising a conference on Indian Art by David Two Moon, with a picture of an arch totem and the following caption:

TEE WAKA HEENA AND THE LEGEND OF THE THUNDERSTONE

42 EXT. HELICOPTER ABOVE EAGLE NEST BLUFF - DAY 42

Sunset on the Rocky Mountains. A helicopter darts across the screen. It flies over a steep cliff and an isolated plateau in the mountain range, topped by a most unexpected,

gothic fortress, the ramparts of which seem part of the cliff itself: Mandork Manor.

43 INT. COCKPIT - DAY

43

The same seen from the cockpit. Lomax levels what looks like a camera at the landscape. In fact, a portable Timescan peripheral.

PILOT

There's been a whole lot of unexplained accidents around here. And I wouldn't be caught dead flying any closer.

Lomax lowers his camera and frowns.

LOMAX

Look, Mac, I didn't pay the price I did just to go sight seeing around these mountains.

PILOT

Look, you city slicker, I know what I'm talking about! This place is cursed for sure.

(He banks the chopper away)

I bet you never even heard of Mandork's special bodyguards, did you? Kill everything that comes too close to the estate.

Lomax shrugs. Pilot grunts, jerks his controls and the chopper dives sharply toward the estate again. Black creatures crisscross the park. They look hardly human.

PILOT

See for yourself, wise guy!

Lomax scans the castle and the cliff through his lens and clicks away. Turbulences rake the helicopter, it pitches.

PILOT

Okay, say what you want, I'm getting the hell outta here!

LOMAX

(harshly)

Whatsamatter? Going chicken?

Lomax sneaks behind him, seizes his helmet's chin strap and tugs, half choking him. He grabs the joystick with the other hand and sends the chopper in a sharp dive. Next, he kicks a sort of surface sonar out of the aircraft, where it dangles from a cable. Data scrolls on the cam's monitor. The chopper starts bucking and reeling. Lomax, unconcerned, releases the pilot and concentrates on the data.

LOMAX

Aha! There we are!

(turns to pilot who is pitted
against the aircraft's wild
bucking)

Okay, Mac, let's strike home!

Pilot shoots him a blood-thirsty glance.

44 EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS - DAY 44

Helicopter pulls out of the turbulence and flies off against the sunset. Pilot's four cornered oath can be heard off screen.

45 INT. (NEVADA) MOTEL - RECEPTION DESK - NIGHT 45

Lomax crosses the lounge without seeing the Little Girl playing on the floor near the reception desk.

46 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 46

Lomax sits on the bed, typing away on his laptop. Its monitor shows he is transferring data to ICARUS mainframes. Faint rustle outside. Lomax looks up, holding his breath, then creeps to his feet, turns the light off and draws his gun. He quickly shoves the laptop under the bed before moving cautiously towards the window.

The door flies open behind him. Hunter and Johnson ram into him and pin him to the floor with his arms in his back. Hunter wrenches his gun away and delivers him a vicious kick in the side.

HUNTER

Son of a bitch!

Lomax doubles up in pain. Hunter deals him another blow.

HUNTER

You won't oontz me out again, you
bastard! I'm after your hide!

Lomax tries to crane to his knees. He strikes again.
Johnson interposes.

JOHNSON

Hey, pipe down! We're not here to kill
the guy.

Hunter shoves him to the side and keeps belting Lomax.

HUNTER

(shouting)

I want to hear him call uncle!

Lomax rolls with the blows and bolts into action. A couple
of karate kicks rid him from the two feds. He retrieves his
gun and crashes out of the window. A gun shot sounds behind
him as he burns across the parking lot toward the
foothills. The feds jump out of the window and follow him.

47 EXT. DESERTED LUMBERYARD - NIGHT

47

He reaches a deserted lumberyard. The dull moonlight casts
ghostly shadows over the set.

Lomax slips between rotten shacks and hides in a warehouse.
The feds are on his heels, Hunter holding a flashlight.
They split to search the plant. Lomax creeps back in the
warehouse as they prowl only a few yards from him. His foot
hits something and a whole pile of planks comes thundering
down. The agents wheel round and come together, their guns
aimed at the warehouse. Lomax carefully pushes the sliding
door until it is half closed. Hunter's flashlight searches
it briefly and the fed moves closer with Johnson covering
him. Lomax watches them through the narrow opening, a piece
of wood in hand.

Something moves behind them. Two creepy-looking figures
emerge from a tank half full of slime. Their twisted bodies
move like snakes, their eyes glow: Morguls. They let out a
blood curdling shriek. Before the two agents can even turn
to face them, crooked blades swish at them and they are
felled like a pair of helpless oxen. Without even looking
at their victims, the Morguls leap for the warehouse and
their fiery eyes seem to meet Lomax's right in the
darkness.

He braces for them but a shrill call sounds behind the
shacks and they stop short. They howl in disappointment and

a split second later they have vanished. Lomax fires a useless shot at the empty night.

48 EXT. NEVADA - FOOTHILLS AND DESERT - DAY 48

Quick shots of Lomax on the run, plowing his way through the foothills in the cold dawn, then crossing the desert under the scorching sun, hiding from everything. Every now and then, a patrol car can be seen along the straight, endless road in the distance.

49 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY 49

Lomax is in a telephone booth, near an old and rickety shack that tries to be a gas station. He looks weary and beat. A shaggy backpacker with a radio-cassette player on his shoulder strolls by. A few words, interspersed with interferences can be overheard :

"Two federal officers murdered...a statewide manhunt ... New-York killer cop on the run."

LOMAX

(on the phone)

I'm in for a G-heat, Stan. You've got to pick me up.

BAXTER (V.O)

No. I can't cover you this time. You're on your own now.

LOMAX

I don't give a damn what happens to me, but I can't get nowhere close to Mandork with the coppers barking on my tail.

50 INT. NELLIS RANGE AIR BASE - OFFICE - DAY 50

Baxter is on the phone and looks out of a window. There is unusual activity on the airbase. An AWACS takes off in the distance and helicopter gunships are towed out of their hangars. He turns away from the window.

In the room, computers display processed images of Mandork Manor. It is clearly indicated by a wire figure but there is something else under it, delineated in bright colors.

BAXTER

Listen to me. The Timescan has processed your information. There is a tremendous power source in the cliff itself. Type three alien technology, which means unknown but basically destructible. We now have something to sling our teeth on. The army can take the mission over.

LOMAX (V.O)

What does Nadia say about it?

Baxter turns to the window again. At the far end of the air base, a huge track vehicle consisting of three large, spherical modules fitted with independent undercarriages is rolled out of a hangar and hauled out to a landing platform. The ground staff starts rigging it to a twin propeller helicopter.

BAXTER

The last triangulation established by the Timescan revealed timeline distortions east of Eagle Nest Bluff, near Bull Rock Gorge. Nadia and her team are going out there with the Labmobile for more information.

LOMAX (V.O))

I've got to speak to her.

Nadia pops out of a building and runs across the air field, toward the carrier, waving and obviously yelling her head off.

BAXTER

No. I said your mission is cancelled. Our commando unit Minos will be operational in a few hours now. They'll get rid of Mandork.

LOMAX (V.O)

(angrily)

You'd better think twice before you send a bunch of poor guys to the slaughter like you did before! Now let me talk to Nadia.

Pause. Baxter hesitates, means to say something then changes his mind.

BAXTER

Forget her, Maverick. And most of all,
let her forget you.

51 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

51

Lomax slams the phone down. Looks blankly around him, then catches sight of a dozen patrol cars closing in on the station. He draws his gun, bolts out of the booth and charges them, shooting, yelling his head off and rolling to avoid their fire.

Back ground, an old van driven by an Indian buckets across the desert toward the road-stop, stirring thick dust clouds in its wake.

Lomax is cornered; patrol cars screech to a halt all around him. Feds and cops hop out and start a barraging fire. The van moves in, gusts of wind ride with it, blowing dust and sand over the parking lot. Cops cough and curse. When the dust settles, Lomax has vanished. Cops run about uselessly. The van can be seen b.g heading for the foothills.

52 EXT. NEVADA - DESERT ROAD - EVENING

52

Sunset. Indian and Lomax drive along an old, disused highway without a word. There is something of the ancient Indians about the old man's clothes and he wears a ritual necklace or breast-plate made of engraved bones and turquoise.

OLD INDIAN

(without looking at Lomax)

You're not asking many questions, are you?

LOMAX

Life left me no time for questions.

OLD INDIAN

They say a man reaps what he sows, but you haven't yet sown for the right harvest.

Lomax doesn't answer. He picks up a book by David Two Moon on the dash board. On the jacket, a picture of the Arch Totem. Close on it's main pattern, the Old Indian's breast plate and Lomax's bracelet. They all include a pyramidal design surrounded by stylized force rays. Lomax drops the book and looks away, then at the Old Indian.

LOMAX

(on the defensive)

Don't figure on me asking what is the right harvest.

OLD INDIAN

You don't have to. David two Moon will answer that question

LOMAX

No time to look for him, whoever he is. The Old Indian slows down. The neon lights of another road stop glitter in the distance.

OLD INDIAN

He will find you.

53 INT. RACHEL - "LITTLE ALE INN" - NIGHT

53

MEN'S ROOM: Lomax finishes washing, shaving and dressing into clean shirt and jeans. Looks at himself in the mirror. Feels better and ready for what might come and walks out.

BAR: He crosses the bar. Alien souvenirs and doodads crowd the shelves. The place is crawling with UFO enthusiasts exchanging memories of more or less close encounters of many kinds.

TOURIST

I'm telling you I saw this flying saucer just above Eagle Nest Bluff and next thing I knew, my paraglider went crazy and I nearly crashed.

LOCAL MAN

Yep, there's a whole slew of 'em alsh.. ahljuns up there, an' they howl every night like a pack o' coyotes. You gotta make sure you don't let the missus stray too far or else they'll...

BAR TENDER

Have another beer, Tommy Lee, or you'll be running dry before you get through with your tale.

Lomax strolls out.

Lomax gazes at the full moon.
His POV; the moon shimmers and seems to split into a double orb. He rubs his eyes, sniffs. Wreaths of smoke from a campfire near the foothills created the illusion. He heads for it. A young Indian man crouches near it, thoughtfully gazing in the flames.

DAVID TWO MOON

I was expecting you.
Lomax crouches besides him.

LOMAX

(sharply)
I know. What's it all about?

David Two Moon unfolds a very old painted bull hide and spreads it in the fire light. It is covered with pictograms. In the middle, a painting of the arch-totem and the pyramid. He runs his finger over the pictograms. While he speaks, they change to actual scenes illustrating the different phases of the narration.

DAVID TWO MOON (O.S)

It is written that when the First Tribe crossed the ice fields to look for a settlement, it had to challenge the fierce Tee Waka Heena in combat to win new territories.

A dark figure comes to life on the hide, a stylized representation of Darkaos as we saw him in the opening scenes. He is shown blowing hurricanes, triggering earth quakes and floods.

DAVID TWO MOON (O.S CONT.)

Thanks to the shrewdness of their Shaman, Spirit of the Earth, who had found the Thunderstone, our ancestors defeated him. So they erected a great Arch-totem materializing Tee Waka Heena's open mouth and henceforth offered him all their war prisoners in sacrifice. Whoever crossed the Arch totem vanished and was never seen again, for its second name is the Gate of the Dead. But, being immortal, they disregarded Spirit of the Earth's wise words. Evil came down on the land, and with it, the sons of darkness.

The Indian brushes his hand over the flames and a purple, pyramidal object appears. Lomax is spell bound.

DAVID TWO MOON (O.S CONT.)

And they arose Tee Waka Heena's wrath again. Spirit of the Earth then predicted that he would return to take the Thunderstone, spelling doom for all that lives by Nature's established order and introducing the reign of Chaos.

DTM indicates three figures in the middle of the pictograms. One of them wears the same bracelet as Lomax.

DAVID TWO MOON (CONT.)

Unless the three Spirits can be found and reunited. One of them whom we know lies in the past: Spirit of the Earth. One of them, still unknown, lies in the future and will come last: Spirit of Light.

As he speaks, the figures seem to rise from the flames. He grabs Lomax's wrist and sets it on the pictograms. The design on his bracelet actually fits in and completes an intricate pattern around the three figures.

DAVID TWO MOON (CONT.)

The third whom you know lies in the present and will have to fight for us: Spirit of War.

Lomax pulls his arm back.

LOMAX

Legends. Nothing but legends. I'm through fighting for other people.

DTM

Now your harvest is sown and you must reap it. Your fate is at hand, whether you agree or not.

DTM points at the Arch Totem on the painting. Part of the pattern roughly delineates a map.

DTM (CONT.)

Here is the First Tribe's settlement, there Eagle Nest Bluff and there Bull

Rock Gorge where there used to be a white man mining town by the name of Cedar Creek

(he looks at Lomax)

To defeat Tee Waka Heena, you must find the Thunderstone before him. The last part of the prophecy says that the Thunder will rise from the Eagle's nest and Tee Waka Heena's mouth will open to destroy us all.

He removes a soul catcher from his neck and gives it to Lomax. The man looks at it, hesitates and hands it back.

LOMAX

Fate is an old enemy of mine. I can tackle it alone.

Strong winds sweep down the foothills, clouds swathe the moon. DTM scatters the dying fire's embers and stands.

DTM

Then the shadow of Chaos is already upon you.

55 EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS - BULL ROCK - NIGHT

55

A large rock, vaguely the shape of a buffalo's head, shines under the full moon. David Two-Moon heaves his body over a scarp and takes foot on a narrow flat. Faint rustles sound in the silence. The Indian is wary but remains impassive. He builds a fire, sets several objects on flat stones around the fire and indulges in a ritual punctuated with muttered incantations.

Morguls silently creep up the scarp. They surround the man but keep at some distance of the flames. One of them gives out a fearful shriek. David Two Moon answers it with a deafening war cry.

The Morguls jolt in surprise. Without looking at them, David Two Moon holds his clenched fists out and the fire leaps, fanned by sudden gusts of wind. The smoke curls and spirals up in the sky and the moon splits in two distinct orbs. The smoke wreathes shape into the features of a very old Shaman whose eyes are the twin moons.

The Morguls fall back in panic.

DAVID TWO MOON

(deep echoing voice)

My name is David Two-Moon and here is where I mark out my tribe's ancestral territory.

He kicks the fire. Flames leap up and shape into the silhouettes of Indian warriors who instantly face the creatures.

DAVID TWO MOON (CONT.)

Tell your master to keep away.
He can't overcome the three Spirits' power. This is our land and the Thunderstone is ours.

Gusts of wind whip the flames and smoke around them. Creatures and visions vanish, David Two-Moon crouches by the fire and starts beating his tom-tom. The sunrise.

56 EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

56

The distant Bull Rock stands in the sun beyond the peaks. The drum beating can be heard faintly in the distance. The Labmobile is stopped in a mountain pass. Nearby, Nadia and Lomax sit on the ground, close to one another. Further off, a couple of soldiers stand watch.

NADIA

Life is strange sometimes. You left me because of him and because of him you're back.

LOMAX

And it will keep going on if I don't kill him.

NADIA

You know you can't kill him. He's in you. His mind is. And his thoughts are yours: revenge and death.

LOMAX

No he's not.

NADIA

Then listen to me. We've got to forget all this,

(she indicates the Labmobile)

and leave this place together. Now. As far as we can.

LOMAX

(doubtful)

Would you do that?

NADIA

(earnestly)

Yes I would. And you?

Lomax's gaze strays along the mountains. He listens to the drumbeat that seems closer now.

LOMAX

I don't know.

The drumbeat fills the silence.

LOMAX (CONT.)

I feel I'd be unfaithful to someone... or something.

NADIA

You're thinking of what DTM told you, aren't you?

The Labmobile's door flies open behind them and R.J. shoots out, over excited.

R. J.

Come in, quick! Something's happening!

They're on their feet in no time. The drumbeat has stopped.

57 INT. LABMOBILE - DAY

57

Monitors scroll data concerning the force field nucleus inside the cliff, and signal strong disruptions. R.J. sits at a console and types away.

Nadia walks in, Lomax following, stares at the computers, and crosses herself in the orthodox way.

NADIA

Boje moi!

She shoves R.J. aside, takes his place and clicks away. The monitor scrolls more data at high speed, its parameters moving on exponential scale. The screen goes blank and displays:

POWER POTENTIAL EXCEEDS TYPE THREE.

Nadia enters a type four system reconfiguration. The computer reads.

TYPE FOUR RECONFIGURATION UNAVAILABLE.

Rockefeller Junior whistles.

R.J

It's got to be something out of this world if a bank of Crays can't compute it!

Lomax contemplates the monitors.

LOMAX

(whispering to himself)

The thunder will rise from the Eagle's nest and Tee Waka Heena's mouth will open to destroy all of us.

He grows restless, his features tense. He turns to Nadia.

LOMAX

I'm going up there.

NADIA

You haven't got a chance, alone.

LOMAX

(ironically)

I won't be alone. Eaks will be up there too.

She picks a couple of small devices from a tablet and shows them to him.

NADIA

This is a CDS, a chrono dimensional stabilizer. It's linked to the Timescan. You might need it if you bump into an interface or an ultra dimension. And this is a miniature radio.

He takes the instruments and walks out. She moves to a porthole and watches a Jeep dwindling in the distance.

58 EXT. LABMOBILE SITE - DAY

58

Angle on the Jeep and the mountains. The roar of a helicopter sounds and a few seconds later, the landing aircraft comes into full shot. Baxter pops out and runs for the Labmobile.

59 INT. LABMOBILE - DAY

59

Nadia curses and wheels round, glaring at R.J. who is trying to squeeze his lank body out of sight.

NADIA

You! Is it you who..?

He gives a shy nod. Enters Baxter. He glances at Nadia.

BAXTER

Everything all right, Nadia?

She doesn't answer. R.J. interposes quickly and draws Baxter's attention to the monitors.

R.J.

We've had some changes here, look. Our force field nucleus is intensifying. Something is going to happen in the next 12 hours.

Baxter watches the screens, then quickly steps over to the communication unit.

BAXTER

I'm launching Operation Minos immediately.

NADIA

(flaring)

Damn it! You're nothing but a bunch of fools, all of you! Don't send your commando on Eagle Nest Bluff before we identify exactly what's up there!

Baxter looks up, surprised, and frowns.

BAXTER

Always the same old story, huh? Forget the past, Nadia. The airbase is on the alert and our men ready for action. We're going to blast that fucking haunt to smithereens.

He turns away. Nadia opens the Labmobile's door and calls one of the sentries.

NADIA

Do you think you can catch up with the man who left a few minutes ago?

SENTRY

Negative, Ma'am. He's too far in the mountains now.

She closes the door then marches towards R.J. He cringes from her.

NADIA

(under her breath)

All right, Junior, you done it. Lomax is headed for Eagle Nest Bluff and Baxter's commando is going to blow his last chance. Try to get in touch with him. On the double!

She shoves him in the next module and turns to Baxter. Her expression doesn't deceive him.

BAXTER

(suspiciously)

What's up, Nadia?

NADIA

I... ah... I'm worried about that operation Minos of yours. Please listen to me and call it off.

BAXTER

Maverick was here, right?

NADIA

No... yes... I mean...

R.J opens the door in the next room and discreetly shakes his head.

NADIA

(making up her mind)

He was here. And he's headed for the bluff now. He wants to kill Mandork and find something he calls the Thunderstone.

Baxter slams his fist down on the console.

BAXTER

The fucking idiot! Damn it! I told him to keep out of this! He hasn't got a chance this time! Not one!

NADIA

He does if you keep your doggone troopers out of his way. Eaks will be with him.

Baxter waves a definite 'no', but her eyes say 'yes'.

BAXTER

Oh, all right

(looks at his watch)

At one hundred sharp we'll launch out attack. That leaves him and his gussied-up catburglar six hours to get their asses up there and back.

60 EXT. NEVADA - FOOTHILLS - EVENING

60

Lomax is driving along the foothills. He comes around a crag and stops. His POV: a glamour camp is pitted in the valley. A busy crew unloads a packed hang-glider and two parachutes from a pair of flashy Range Rovers. Nearby, a hot air balloon inflates and starts hovering off the ground. An expensive private helicopter stands nearby. Sitting enthroned under a marquee, Eaks, dressed in expensive English sportswear, studies a set of maps and photographs, a crystal champagne glass in hand. A nearby garden table holds all the ingredients for a party buffet. Lomax walks up to the marquee. Eaks looks at his watch.

EAKS

"J'ai failli attendre", Fuzzypuss !
Come here and have a load at this
snap : there's something I can't dope
out.

He hands Lomax a glass of champagne and an aerial shot of Mandork Manor, but Lomax's eyes are drawn by the show.

LOMAX

W... what the... ?

EAKS

...fuck is all that ? Well, You told me to take care of logistics didn't you ? And when you called me up, I was

precisely making ready for a... ahem, sight-seeing tour in Texas. A little holiday with ice...

LOMAX

Holiday WITH ice ?!!

EAKS

(Very pleased with his pun)

A jewel exhibition in Austin. I figured on bringing back a souvenir or two. Now : about this castle of yours?...

LOMAX

(Vengefully)

On the rocks, man! But this raid won't be no holiday.

EAKS

Ha, ha. It will if you don't try to skunk me out of the sparklers that place is supposed to hold.

LOMAX

We made a deal, Malk. You get us both up there, then each one digs for his own bone, OK ? Now : about this castle of mine ?

EAKS

(Sulkily)

Forget it !

During this exchange, they both don their outfits. Lomax is ready in a jiffy. Eaks changes into a commando battle-dress rigged with every possible gadget useful to a housebreaker. He puts on a show reminding altogether of Rambo and James Bond and turns proudly to Lomax.

EAKS

Know why ya never did get the bulge on me for all these years?

With a self-satisfied grin, he contemplates the equipment spread out in front of him, chooses a hand grenade like he would a neck-tie to match a suit, and starts fixing it to his belt. Lomax shoots him a karate kick.

LOMAX

Because I don't usually chase
catburglars on the wane when they're
overloaded!

Tangled up in his equipment, Eaks tumbles, but he's on his feet in a wink. The next second, he notices the grenade's pin caught in his finger. They both watch the grenade laying on the ground, a couple of feet from them. During their exchange, Eaks' staff scrambles under cover.

LOMAX

All right, you go.

EAKS

No way, it's your turn.

LOMAX

Whaddya mean, my turn? You blunder, you manage!

EAKS

Okay. We go!

He dives to the right under a Range Rover, Lomax rolls to the left behind a rock. The grenade explodes. Angle on the suddenly deserted valley.

LOMAX (O.S, BEHIND THE ROCK)

Ts, Ts. The older you get, the cheaper
your toys, man!

EAKS (O.S, UNDER THE CAR)

Forget it, will you?

61 EXT. ABOARD THE AIR BALLOON - EVENING

61

The air balloon glides over the mountain range. A sudden jolt shakes it and it drifts steadily downward. The balloonist, a lovely "Eaks girl", motions the men frantically to unload ballast while she activates the burners. The balloon stabilizes but the currents toss it about. Below them, Eagle Nest Bluff appears as a faintly shining center point surrounded by radiating light shafts.

LOMAX

We were better off playing with that
grenade than facing whatever's in that
fortress.

EAKS

Is it that bad ?

LOMAX

Worse than that. We're fixing to break into something like the heart of a power breeder.

EAKS

(Sententiously)

Definitely worse than bad...

They float down closer, Morgul howls sound throughout the mountains. They straddle the basket, ready to jump.

EAKS

Now we can't go back, you might just as well give it all to me. Are you sure there isn't anything unusual about this place besides the power breeder?

Lomax secures the packed hang-glider to his harness.

LOMAX

Of course there is. Mandork ain't no gangster.

EAKS

(In position to jump)

You don't say...

LOMAX

He's an Alien...

Startled, Eaks looses his grip and drops with a string of curses. Lomax bails out in turn and they both fall into the darkness while the balloon drifts away. Two parachutes flip open and Eaks' distant voice sounds in the night.

EAKS (O.S)

Nom de dieu de putain de bordel de shit!

Pan down on the lightning ridden fortress as the two men drop. A couple of hundred feet up, a bluish force shield spans the stronghold. It is funnel shaped with a very narrow opening at the top.

EAKS

Here's a little something you left out
in your plans, Mac!

LOMAX

Wanna go back up, wise guy?

They approach the funnel one above the other. Lomax squeezes through but Eaks swings helplessly. The tip of his rectangular sail hits the force shield, sizzles and rips apart. Eaks drops sharply, gets tangled in Lomax's chute. They sail down on a keep.

63 EXT. KEEP TERRACE - NIGHT

63

Both men stand safe and cursing, bundle their chutes, secure the hang-glider and glance around them. There's something unusual. Eaks stamps his feet on what should be stone: they sink a couple of inches in the terrace.

EAKS

Hey, Maverick, have a load at this.
This fortress ain't made of stone!

Lomax runs one of Nadia's instruments over the ground.

LOMAX

Perfect holographic illusion !

EAKS

Did I hear you say something about
aliens up in the balloon?

LOMAX

Affirmative: unidentified type III
technology. Wonder what this thing is
made of.

EAKS

(Uneasy)

Will you please can that stuff about
unidentified technology and aliens and
tell me what the shit we are supposed
to do now ?!!

He feels the keep's walls.

EAKS (CONTINUED)

This whole place is phony ! How are we supposed to break in ? And break into what?

LOMAX

(Proceeding undisturbed with his observations)

Why don't you try the old sesame trick?

EAKS

Sesame, my ass ! I'll try the old getaway trick if you don't mind.

LOMAX

I guess you're right. This ain't stuff for old timers...

Eaks grumbles, looks at his partner who is carefully scanning the terrace. With a sigh, he takes a complete climbing gear out of his bag and makes ready for the descent. Lomax takes a radio out of his breast pocket.

EAKS

C'mon, Fuzzypuss, leave Mama alone and let's have a closer look at this alien cottage. Maybe we'll find a way in after all.

Lomax hesitates, tucks the comlink back and they both rappel down the steep façade. Despite the holographic lure their feet find firm support under it. They slide down towards an actual window. Eaks carefully gives it a slight thrust and it swings open.

64 INT. LABMOBILE - NIGHT

64

Nadia and R.J concentrate on a 3D display of the fortress and the cliff. Two bright dots move along it and vanish. She starts and hits the screen angrily.

NADIA

Damn it! We lost them. Something happened!

(turns to a radio operator)

Call Baxter!

Meanwhile, the Timescan computes the information relayed by Lomax's instruments and scrolls the results in.

NADIA (CONT.)

Boje moi! they just blundered in an ultra dimension! Its force field can absorb our world if the nucleus isn't destroyed.

The radio operator is uselessly trying to get in touch with the airbase. She turns away, paces up and down, thinking furiously. RJ's eyes follow her. She stops short.

NADIA

That's it, doggone it! The Gate of the Dead, the Thunderstone!

R.J

Beg your pardon?

NADIA

(grabbing him by his shirt)

The Thunderstone, meathead! It's got to be a dimensional transfer device, the cosmic element. We've got to stop the whole thing!

(to the radio operator)

Drop it and try to contact Lomax. Tell them to get their asses out of that place!

She stalks the narrow module. After a while, the radio operator shakes his head again.

OPERATOR

Radio's dead.

Nadia is about to burst. R.J tries to soothe her.

R.J

You've got to face it. Lomax and his partner are our only chance... if they're still alive.

Eaks and Lomax swing through the window.. and spin across a labyrinth of windows reflected into infinity like mirrors. The windows disappear and they are sent sprawling on the paved floor of a gothic room. It holds a valuable collection of antiques and pieces of Indian craft. Eaks carefully chooses a couple of objects inlaid with gems and puts them in his bag.

EAKS

Hmm, not bad. No jackpot but not bad.

Lomax scans the room. All the objects are carelessly strewn about, priceless items piled up with cheap tourist curios. He picks a plastic trinket up.

LOMAX

This isn't the work of a connoisseur.

EAKS

(holding up a large sapphire)
You don't say!

LOMAX

These gadgets must have something else in common. Something a human wouldn't care for.... Damn it!

He has just set his hand on the wall and jerks it back. The wall pulses into life with a deep drone. Eaks steps over, feels the wall. It is changing into an oval membrane. He shudders.

EAKS

Yetch! It feels almost alive!

Lomax looks around. The windows have vanished. No doors.

LOMAX

No way out of this place...

Eaks produces a knife from his belt.

EAKS

There is. This way.

And he slashes the membrane. It splits easily, he tears it apart and steps through. Lomax follows him. The membrane reacts instantly and contracts around them like a muscle. Behind the two men, the whole room pulses and retracts as if to crush them. Lomax takes his own blade from his boot and they both work savagely to free themselves.

They barge into a huge vaulted room. It is made of a copper-like metal and its size considerably exceeds the outer proportions of the fortress. Several corridors branch

out of it. The two men cautiously creep forward. Lomax runs his hand on the wall and withdraws it with a disgusted shudder. It is covered with slime.

LOMAX

This stuff too feels like something organic.

Eaks rats around, trying to find the opening that led them in the chamber then gives it up. Idea strikes him.

EAKS

Did you say 'organic'?

He draws his pistol. Lomax puts his hand out.

LOMAX

Malk ! No !!

Eaks fires three or four shots. The bullets bury in the walls. There is a vague tremor about, and the metal surfaces become translucent while the light dims to a dark purple hue. Blade-shaped protrusions poke out of the walls. The two men hastily draw back. Other bulges grow out of the floor and down from the ceiling, like liquid metal stalactites and stalagmites.

Eaks and Lomax run for the corridors while the dripping substance locks into solid bars behind them. Eaks fires at one of them and it bursts into hundreds of fragments which instantly gather into new concretions.

LOMAX

(Shouting)

Drop that Pete of yours, sucker ! Can't you see you're making things worse ?

67 INT. MANDORK MANOR - INCUBATION CHAMBER

67

They wind up in an oblong room, over a hundred feet long. A phosphorescent ring revolving under the transparent floor radiates a bluish halo. The walls on each side are studded with oval capsules some 10 ft high. The two men stop. Eaks glances restlessly about.

EAKS

Now what kinda place did we blunder into this time?

Lomax produces the CDS from his belt and holds it out very cautiously. Eaks gawks at the sphere floating in mid air.

LOMAX

This gadget'll tell us where we are... I hope you're ready for what's coming...

EAKS

Go ahead and shoot, will you ?

LOMAX

Ultra dimension inside Mandork Manor. A simple mishandling of this little toy can make the whole place implode. Get?

Eaks' eyes bulge. He steadies his voice with a light cough.

EAKS

Okay. I'll put my question the other way around. I don't give a damn where we are. All I want to know is: How do we get out, huh ?

Lomax watches the CDS settled in mid air as if it were resting on a virtual surface. Pokes gently at it. It doesn't move. He puts it carefully back in his belt.

LOMAX

(without listening)

We're awful close to the nucleus.

Eaks strolls down the alley between the rows of capsules and reaches out for one.

LOMAX

Don't touch' em!

Eaks pulls his hand back. Lomax studies the capsules.

EAKS

If the next thing you're gonna say is those capsules are full of little alien eighth passengers, do me a favor. Don't say it !

LOMAX

I hope it's nothing worse...

EAKS

Then I'll tell you what. Let's find out right now!

He draws his gun and fires away until it clicks over. Deafening shrieks sound from the capsules. They turn transparent, humanoid figures come to life and stretch through the ovoids' thin walls. Morguls pour out of the capsules one after the other, and face the two men, shrieking and howling. Eaks goes for them enthusiastically.

EAKS

(shouting)

Look, Fuzzypuss! An automatic geek dispenser! Got a coin?

He dives in the pack. Dogfight. Lomax deals with his own bunch in a more professional way. Eaks springs out of the fray and sends the Morguls rolling towards the luminescent ring. As soon as they touch it, sticky filaments spurt out and paralyze them instantly. They are bundled up in cocoons that dissolve through the floor into the ring.

EAKS

You don't say ! He's even got disposal bags for the used ones !

The remaining creatures close in on them. The two men dash for the ring. Lomax reaches the bluish halo, rolls to the ground and his pursuers stumble over him. They land on the circle and the sticky filaments catch them. Lomax is on his feet in a shake, jumps over the entwining threads and lands safely on the other side. The CDS rolls out of his belt without his noticing. He looks back at Eaks.

LOMAX

Come on, Pops, what's keeping you?

Eaks vaults the ring. A filament tangles around his leg. He chops it off with his knife. It falls to the ground, turns gray and crumbles to dust. Without stopping, Eaks snatches the CDS up and the two men rocket for the other end of the room. The other capsules don't react. They reach another membrane. Eaks is about to hand the CDS over to Lomax when it beeps loudly. He starts.

EAKS

Whatsamatter with it? Coffee time?

LOMAX

No. News time. What we're looking for is just behind this wall.

The membrane parts with a swish. They gasp and Eaks thoughtlessly shoves the CDS in his pocket. Pause. The sobs of a little girl sound off screen.

68 INT. NELLIS AIRBASE - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

68

Military and civilians discuss over documents strewn on a table.

A TV link-up screen flickers nearby. Baxter and Harry, a Pentagon poobah, are arguing apart.

BAXTER

I tell you I had my reasons to help Lomax escape the feds. He's innocent.

HARRY

(reluctant)

Sure, but two federal agents were killed after that. Police and Federal Bureau are all over the place. You're asking for the impossible.

BAXTER

You've got to close the matter, period, Harry. This Mandork issue is out of your department's scope.

HARRY

(grumbling)

Oh, all right, I'll see what I can do about it. Where's your man?

The others look up and listen as their voices raise. Baxter puts his official act on.

BAXTER

Risking his life up there right now, to make sure all is clear for our men.

(glances around to make sure they are all listening)

Let's put it square, gentlemen. The question is not whether Mandork is an Alien or not. What we've got there is a potential nuclear weapon. It's a threat to this country's safety and Operation Minos is going to take care of it.

HARRY

You know how the White House feels about it.

BAXTER

Don't worry. Our commando will have Point Bravo under control before you even know it. Right Brad?

He turns to a commando officer who has just stepped in. The man's face is weathered like one who's seen more in his life than he should have.

BRAD

(dryly)

My men would like to know exactly what we're going to fight: a regular enemy or a political hoax...

An operator enters the room and whispers something to Baxter. He frowns, dismisses him and discreetly heads for a communication unit at the far end of the room. Politicians and officers go on discussing. Brad steals near Baxter and keeps a wary eye on him as he picks up the phone.

BAXTER

(visibly annoyed, tries to keep a low tone)

Nadia?... Not now... No.

NADIA (V.O, LOUD ENOUGH TO BE HEARD)

It's now or never, Stan. What Brad's going to fight...

BAXTER

(interrupting)

For Heaven's sake, Nadia, I said not NOW!

Behind Baxter, Brad overhears. He reaches out and presses a key. Nadia appears on the link-up. Everybody hushes and turns to the screen. Baxter shoots an angry glance at Brad. Without a word, the officer adjusts a camera.

NADIA

Brad? What they want you to fight is a genuine non human entity, the capacities of which you haven't the faintest idea of. With the information Maverick has just sent out, I know enough about it to *demand* that you call

the whole thing off. Keep out of its way.

There is an uproar in the room. Brad smirks at Baxter.

BAXTER

We.. ahem .. thank you for this information, Nadia. Over.

He angrily hits a switch and the screen goes out. Harry grabs his shoulder.

HARRY

Stan, your scientists piss me off! So I command you to launch that fucking Operation Minos, not in five or six hours but right now, damn it!

BRAD

(to Baxter)

That big fat dude's got a point there. If we don't do it now, we'll all wind up as cooked geese in five hours or even less.

69 INT. MANDORK MANOR - ULTRADIMENSIONAL EPICENTER

69

Eaks and Lomax step into a chamber of such vast proportions that it hints more to an alien world than a human edifice. It is inhabited only by fleeting visions of unknown universes. In the middle stands a power unit as bright as a sun, made of hundreds of diamonds.

Little Girl seen in Vegas sits crying near the unit. Eaks walks toward her but Lomax stops him. There is a strange expression on his face. He draws his pistol and shoots at the kid. Blood gushes - too much blood - and she collapses. Eaks lets out a cry and wrenches the gun from Lomax. Close on Little Girl. She stands with a wicked smile. Her blood collects and returns to her body.

LITTLE GIRL

(with a male voice)

You shabby organic freaks! It is I who lured you here, where the Psychobions can't help you.

She blows and the floating visions change. The Chronides we saw in the opening scenes flash by. Next, she turns on Lomax the eyes of Evil. He can't make a move. Eaks sees him, then levels his gun at Little Girl and fires away. Her

body distorts under the bullets and becomes Mandork. Not quite identical to himself but with an alien look about him. He blows again. Eaks is caught in a cloud of foul fumes and paralyzed. Lomax faces the Alien. Mandork changes into Little Girl again.

LITTLE GIRL

Do you want to play with me?

She opens her mouth and it widens to the size of an abyss. Something happens to Lomax who seems to lose his mind and come close to sheer panic.

70 INT. NIGHTMARE SET

70

Lomax stumbles in a labyrinth of staircases set in weird perspectives. Mandork greets him by changing into a Night Stalker, ghostly face and black cloak. The walls around them move and distort as hordes of living creatures push through.

Lomax runs and tears into another labyrinth made of large paintings in Jerome Bosch's spooky style. The painted creatures drop from the canvasses and go for him.

He flings himself in a wooden framework overhead. Spiders, the big hairy black stinker kind, drop on his shoulder. He looks up. The timber is crawling with them. He keeps climbing, catches on a rafter. Spiders are all over his hands and arms. He brushes them off and stands on a platform overlooking.. nothing. He hastily backs up against a wall. Creatures stretch out of it and nab him. Night Stalker materializes on the platform.

NIGHT STALKER

It was a lot of fun bringing you here.
What can be found lurking in your human
minds is so... entertaining.

Lomax struggles to free himself. In the process, he happens to touch his bracelet. It shines with bright purple hues and seems to comfort him. He takes a deep breath, his features recover their usual expression and he fights the creatures that are holding him back. They vanish. Night Stalker becomes Mandork again and lets a loud cackle out.

MANDORK

Yes, you have finally reached your goal
after a life long quest.

Close on Mandork's eyes. They reflect another set that expands to actual size.

71 INT. LIVING ROOM IN A MIDDLE CLASS APARTMENT

71

Lomax's POV. The set suggests fierce struggling. A woman lies on the ground. A man faces two attackers while trying to protect a youth. He pushes him under a sideboard, then quickly unfastens an Indian bracelet from his wrist and throws it to him. He is killed and both attackers move out of shot. A figure which had been standing in the shade by the door comes into light: Mandork. The youngster cringes back under the sideboard, terror struck. Mandork glances at him with a wicked smile and walks out.

The actual Lomax also cringes with the memory. Next, hatred overwhelms him, he draws his knife and with a terrific yell, goes for Mandork. After a quick struggle, Mandork is sent to the ground, Lomax holding his knife on his throat. Something keeps him from striking. The beat of an Indian drum sounds very low with David Two Moon's echoing words:

Your fate is at hand, whether you agree
or not.

Lomax breathes heavily. His fury subsides. Mandork hasn't made a move to defend himself.

MANDORK

Let your hatred lead you and strike.
You've been waiting all your life for
this moment.

Features knotted, Lomax gropes for certainty. B.g. the set flickers, with the wavering of his will.

MANDORK

Strike, and the power of Chaos will
become yours.

The apartment vanishes.

72 INT. ULTRA DIMENSIONAL EPICENTER

72

They stand in the epicenter again. The floating visions come into focus. They feature the universes of Archronia and the evanescent shapes of the Chronides. Lomax's bracelet shines like a purple star, its designs seem to come to life as did the pictograms on the sacred bull hide. They outline the shape of the Thunderstone that starts materializing between Mandork and Lomax.

Mandork changes. He becomes Ork again for a split instant, then the O Unit. The expression on his wicked face is inquiring. His voice echoes deeply.

O UNIT

Are you Spirit of War?

Lomax doesn't answer. He concentrates on the flickering Thunderstone and tries desperately to grasp it. It is out of reach. The O Unit changes partly into Darkaos, but can't complete its transformation. His eerie laughter rings out.

O UNIT

If you are Spirit of War, come to me
and we will both fight for the
chronolith, for neither one of us can
reach it alone now.

His eyes are twin suns. They shoot a bolt of pure energy at Lomax. His bracelet fends most of it off, but he is knocked cold. The set blurs and spins.

EAKS (O.S.)

Putain de putain de bordel de shit!

Part of the bolt caroms off the bubble of smoke that holds Eaks prisoner and he instantly comes to life with his pet swear. He sees Mandork threatening an unconscious Lomax and feels his pocket for a weapon. He comes out with the CDS, pokes at a few keys at random. The gadget rattles wildly.

EAKS

(looking at the CDS)

I don't know if you can blow this whole
place, but we're sure gonna give it a
try!

He makes a suicide dash for Lomax and whisks him up. Mandork is caught off base for a split second. Eaks flings the CDS at the power unit and runs toward the membrane exit. The unit chain blasts throughout the epicenter. Its broken matrix belches a gush of proteanite that feeds on the energy generated by the explosions and engulfs everything it meets. Mandork vanishes and the whole thing supernovas as Eaks dives into the membrane.

Nadia is dozing off while RJ tries to keep his eyes peeled for his computer's monitor. He is drinking coffee,

surrounded by several empty goblets and discarded hamburger wrappings.

Graphs on screen shoot to extreme values and drop. RJ starts, spills his coffee, hits the keyboard.

RJ

Wow! Nadia! Hey, Nadia!

The woman has already jumped to her feet and on the computer, giving a string of Russian curses out.

NADIA

Boje moi! It's busted! The nucleus is busted! They did it!

Several assistants step out of the other module and enthusiasm rocks the Labmobile. Radio operator scuds to his communication unit.

OPERATOR

ICARUS One, this is Ariadne. The Timescan has detected the destruction of Point Bravo's nucleus. We transfer the data.

74 INT. NELLIS RANGE - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

74

Baxter does his best to keep awake. A few remaining officers and civilians, among which Harry, are sprawled on chairs. A liaison officer barges in the room and shoves a paper under Baxter's nose. His face brightens. He hits the table and the others snap to.

BAXTER

(very official)

Your attention, please, gentlemen. I believe our problem is solved. Point Bravo's dimensional generator has been destroyed.

Applause. He smiles modestly and turns to the officer.

BAXTER

Send this message to Brad and the helicopters: Go ahead and give'im hell!

75 EXT. EAGLE NEST BLUFF - POINT BRAVO - NIGHT 75

Brad and his men lie in ambush around Mandork's estate. His comlink crackles.

LIAISON OFFICIER (V.O)

Go ahead and give'im hell!

Brad springs out of his hideout and barks his men into action.

76 INT. MANDORK MANOR - CAVE 76

The membrane vanishes with the ultra dimension. Eaks, dragging Lomax, stumbles through a crevasse in a regular stone cave inside the cliff. He props Lomax against a rock, takes a torch from his belt and lights the set up. There is a passage at the far end of the cave. He grins.

EAKS

Aha! This looks a lot better'n E.T's spook palace!

A gush of proteanite squirts out of the rocks and floods the cavern, bringing everything down on its way. With a string of his choicest oaths, Eaks snatches Lomax up, drops his torch and scuds for the passageway.

77 INT. MANDORK MANOR - ULTRA DIMENSION 77

The whole place is imploding. Quick shots of its destruction. While it returns to terrestrial dimension, the proteanite eats upward through the rocks.

78 INT. CLIFF - CAVES AND PASSAGES 78

Eaks scrambles as fast as he can up narrow crevasses, hauling Lomax. The proteanite gurgles behind them. Eaks stops to catch his breath and tries to slap Lomax to life.

EAKS

Hey, Snow White, wake up!
I ain't gonna kiss ya!

He lands him a loud whack. Lomax comes to, draws his gun.

EAKS

Hold it, it's me! John! Wh...

Lomax shoots just as an axe whizzes by and wedges itself in the rock, some half an inch from Eaks' cheek. A Morgul howls and collapses behind him.

LOMAX

(weakly)

You forgot the seven dwarfs!

He slumps again. Morguls materialize out of the walls and swarm them with hideous screeches. Eaks fires recklessly while the Morguls' knives fly at them and swish past their heads. Helping Lomax who is still dizzy, and trying to keep the Morguls under control, Eaks dashes upward. They are finally cornered in another cave. Their guns click over.

LOMAX

Got any slugs left ?

EAKS

Nope.

LOMAX

Ditto.

EAKS

Sincere condolences.

The Morguls close in on them, ready for the kill. They brace, blades drawn, but something keeps the creatures back. Eaks looks up. A very faint draught ruffles his hair. He touches the wall and his hand sinks through.

EAKS

Hey! We're back where we started. Keep them gremlins busy while I try to find the way out!

Lomax faces the creatures with his knife. Eaks lights a Zippo and feels the wall again. There are flickering traces of the gothic set they had first landed in. His face brightens.

EAKS

Lookee! The old sesame trick!

And he vanishes in the wall. Lomax turns a split second away from the Morguls, and one of them pounces on him. A foot shoots out of the wall and lands it a kick in the belly. It rolls to the ground.

EAKS (O.S)

C'mon, Fuzz, stop fooling around!

Eaks' hand pops out of the wall, grabs Lomax by the shoulder and drags him in.

79 EXT. FORTRESS WALL - NIGHT

79

They are both clutching the rope, outside the window they had broken through. The holographic setup flickers, revealing every now and then an odd structure underneath the mock surface. Eaks hauls himself up. Lomax climbs behind him, lashing out at the Morguls who try to scramble after them.

80 EXT. KEEP TERRACE - NIGHT

80

The two men reach the top of the tower. The holographic lure is still partially at work. Eaks chops the rope off, sending the Morguls flying helplessly down the wall.

EAKS

Worth breaking a hamstring, ain't it,
you miscarried freaks?

The distant roar of helicopters sounds beyond the range. Lomax starts.

LOMAX

Holy shit! They launched Operation
Minos!

81 EXT. MANDORK ESTATE - NIGHT

81

Brad's commando scales the high walls and drops silently in the estate. He waves the men ahead. They move quickly under the sheltering vegetation of the park and crouch. Nothing moves, the place looks clear. Brad scans the surroundings uneasily. His lieutenant creeps next to him.

LIEUTENANT

(under his breath)

Sure ain't nothing alien about this
place so far.

BRAD

I know and I don't like it.

82 EXT. KEEP TERRACE - NIGHT

82

Leaving Eaks to assemble the hang-glider, Lomax pulls his miniature radio out of his belt.

LOMAX

Minos One, this is Daedalus, do you read me? Nucleus destroyed, but it set something loose. Minos One, this is Daedalus.

Eaks makes ready for the flight and turns to his companion.

EAKS

Drop it, Maverick. Let's vamoose before they start pounding this place down.

Lomax ignores him and proceeds with his calls. Eaks waves impatiently.

EAKS

Look, if you want to get bumped off, it's your business. I'm kicking out. With or without you.

83 EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT

83

Brad's radio sputters indistinct words. He tries another frequency, hits several switches to no avail.

BRAD

Daedalus? This is Minos One. Please repeat.

(to his lieutenant)

Wonder what he's trying to tell us. It all looks clear.

He stands and motions his men to move toward the fortress. Shrieks break out and the next second they are swarmed by hordes of Morguls. The men falter, Brad bawls them into action and they fire away, wiping the enemy out by the dozens. Surging from the ground itself, the creatures keep coming at them. A purple glow lights the scene.

84 INT. CLIFF UNDERGROUND

84

Proteanite flows up, a sickening mass carrying debris and unidentifiable bodies. It eats its way through the rock.

85 EXT. NEAR FORTRESS - NIGHT 85

The ground glows as if a fire was burning underneath. The Morguls slacken their attack and start falling back. Brad holds his arm up.

BRAD

Cease fire! Looks like we finally dumped those freaks after all.

LIEUTENANT

Colonel! Listen!

The drone of helicopters sounds nearer. Their lights searching the night, a pair of gunships escorting a carrier rise above the mountain range and swoop down on the fortress. The ground men cheer. Nobody notices the dwindling hologram that reveals more and more of the underlying alien structure.

86 EXT. FORTRESS PRECINCTS - NIGHT 86

The gunships dive at the scattering Morguls and release barraging fire at them. The carrier hovers above the fortress and drops another commando unit who slides down several landing ropes and takes position within the precincts of the fortress. The place is empty. The commando chief sighs.

CHIEF

Well, looks like all we're going to do here is have a picnic with Brad! I wonder what him and that female scientist were so worried about!

SOLDIER

Maybe this, sir!

He points out the strange structure slowly emerging from the hologram.

87 EXT. KEEP TERRACE - NIGHT 87

The last gothic outlines vanish, leaving an eerie alien edifice standing on the bluff. Eaks and Lomax find

themselves stranded on a narrow flat surface. Eaks sets his glider against the wind, ready to take off. He can't make up his mind and looks back at Lomax who waves and shouts frantically at the commando units.

EAKS

I told you I'm leaving with or without you, Maverick, so jump in that harness and hang on.

LOMAX

Jump in the lake!

Lomax quickly riffles through his rucksack, pulls a distress rocket out and tries to set it off.

88 EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT

88

Brad and his men are progressing steadily towards the fortress when they see both the odd lights streaming out of the ground and the alien edifice rising from the holographic lure. A steady drone fills the night.

BRAD

Holy shit!
(he fumbles for his radio)
Minos two, this is Minos one, Move out!
Damn it! Move out!

The radio crackles helplessly. He swears and repeats his message.

89 EXT. FORTRESS PRECINCTS - NIGHT

89

Commando chief sees the alien edifice and at the same time, Lomax's red flare hurtling in the air. He looks down: the proteanite is oozing out of the walls toward them. The Soldier stares at it and nudges his chief.

SOLDIER

I don't know what's coming for us, but something sure is!

CHIEF

Well, we ain't gonna find out what!
He whirls round and waves frantically at his men.

CHIEF

Fall back! Fall back!

The proteanite reaches for them.

SOLDIER

Too late !

He fires his Bren at the substance. It splatters small chunks all around without slackening its progress. Meanwhile, several men have already landed. The others are still clinging on the cables. Running for them, the commando chief whirls his index finger to motion the helicopter carrier up and away.

90 INT. CARRIER - COCKPIT - NIGHT

90

COPILOT

(Looking down)

Do you see what I see ?

PILOT

Yep. We'd better pull them out in a hurry !

91 EXT. HELICOPTERS AND PRECINCTS - NIGHT

91

With its turbines shrilling full blast, the carrier soars upward, dragging its cables and the men with them. A couple of soldiers loose their grip and go sailing to the ground. Others don't reach the cables in time. Yelling and cursing, they struggle against the proteanite. Above, the two gunships move in to cover the carrier.

92 INT. GUNSHIP 1 COCKPIT - NIGHT

92

The same, Pilot's POV.

PILOT 1

Fuckin' Hell! Enemy at two o'clock...
Whatever the fuck he or it is!

PILOT GUNSHIP 2 (V.O)

Tell you what, Tom. Let's just crossfire the fucking sludge and the fucking building!

93 EXT. HELICOPTERS - NIGHT

93

The gunships sweep over the edifice and blast a volley of rockets at it. There is a tremendous explosion, blinding flashes surge from the proteanite. It boils up, shoots a mesh of sticky filaments out at the carrier and drags it down in a flurry of sparks.

94 EXT. GUNSHIPS - NIGHT

94

PILOT
(looking down)

Christ!

Copilot hits a switch on his radio.

COPILOT
Icarus? This is Minos two. SNAFU at Point Bravo. Send in all the fucking reinforcements you can!

Flying proteanite fragments slap the helicopters, coat their fuselage and eat through the armored plates. The substance finally slips inside, swallowing everything, from the instruments and weapons to the men. Their rotors grinding to a stop, the two helicopters spin out of control, collide and explode in mid air.

95 EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT

95

Brad's unit beats a retreat over a large lawn. The leading men sink into a chasm reaching all the way out to the fortress. Proteanite creeps out of the crevice's walls.

SOLDIER 1
Fuck! What's this goo ?!

SOLDIER 2
No goo, man, it's alive !

He yells as the substance folds over him and dissolves his body until there is nothing left but his weapon and his skeleton. They melt away a couple of seconds later.

BRAD
(hollering)
Quick ! Send your ropes down to haul them out of this rat trap !

They uncoil their ropes down the crevice and pull the trapped men up as fast as they can. A couple of men blast away at the sludge as it absorbs the survivors one after the other. The fragments chopped off by the bullets shower them and stick to their heads, arms and shoulders.

BRAD

(Frantically)

Cease fire, damn it, cease fire !

The soldiers scream and try to brush the slimy debris off as they bore into their bodies. A man makes it over the edge but he is coated with proteanite. He writhes and yells. Without thinking twice, Brad shoots him. The protean substance changes color.

BRAD

Look out! something's happening!

There is a deep rumble. The stuff boils and bulges out in a monstrous mass. The rumble rises to a nerve raking screech. Brad and his men stand petrified as a shape forms amid the blob, stretches out and delineates a vaguely human body. Moments later, Mandork stands out of the proteanite, bristling with electric sparks.

BRAD

Scatter! Run for your lives!

With a terrific roar, Mandork whips the substance in bolts that strike the men down.

BRAD

Under cover! head for the trees and the bushes!

The surviving men scramble underbrush but the flying bolts set the vegetation on fire. Brad stops short and whirls round. Lieutenant waves at him.

LIEUTENANT

Hurry up, sir, that thing is setting the whole place on fire!

BRAD

Move out and don't worry about me!

He runs back for Mandork, hollering. The Alien looks down at him with an evil snarl, gathers the proteanite and sends it up in a flurry of lightning. Brad keeps charging, and hurls several grenades. They bore through the proteanite

and explode. Brad flings himself to the ground. The bulge bursts in a chain reaction and flows back in the chasm. Brad glances behind him to make sure his men have escaped, and faces Mandork angrily.

BRAD

Come and get me you mother fucking,
lice ridden runt!

The roar of helicopter gunships fills the air. Mandork looks up and turns away from Brad with a ear-piercing shriek.

96 EXT. HELICOPTERS - NIGHT

96

A flight of helicopters bank over the mountain range, line up in attack position and hurtle at the fortress, firing rockets and machine-gunning all that moves.

97 EXT. ALIEN BUILDING TERRACE - NIGHT

97

Eaks still didn't make up his mind to take off. Seeing Lomax reloading his gun, he idly does the same. Stray bullets whip around them, he waves his fist at the choppers.

EAKS

Hey, you fucking bastards! Not here,
damn it!

(points at the boiling proteanite
pit)

There!

(to Lomax)

This time I'm really hightailing it!

Lomax prepares to rappel down the wall.

LOMAX

So long, Chicken!

EAKS

(upset)

Shit, man! Can't you understand nobody
can fight that Alien geek?

LOMAX

Spirit of War can.

Eaks shrugs, takes his run-up and jumps off the terrace. His hang glider jolts too close to the edifice and drops. He tries to head for a canyon beyond the cliff. The gunships whoosh past stirring up turbulences that drive him back.

Lomax stands on the ledge. His POV: the ground bursts open leaving way to a sickening bulge of proteanite. Lomax's bracelet seems to burn with purple fire and he gives a savage cry out. It is answered by a nerve-wracking screech. Mandork heaves out of the substance and looks up at him. With a snarl, he lashes at the proteanite and it releases a volley of force bolts at Lomax.

The gunships come into shot and sweep down on Mandork, firing like hell. Lomax waves them desperately away.

LOMAX

No! You fucking idiots! Move out!

A bolt hits him and throws him off balance. He falls off the ledge, diving straight for the protean mass beneath. The bucking hang glider swishes by and he drops on the sail. His fingers lock on the frame and the glider spins out of sight in the dark canyon.

98 EXT. NEAR THE ESTATE - NIGHT

98

Surviving soldiers climb the wall and take cover under the brush on a nearby slope. Moments later, Brad hops next to them. His men greet him warmly.

LIEUTENANT

Brad! I mean, sir! We didn't think you'd make it! Is the creature...

BRAD

(wearily)

I don't know and I don't care, we're hitting home.

He watches the helicopters in action and takes his radio.

BRAD

Minos One to helicopter gunships. Keep away from that doggone freak or it'll get you !

GUNSHIP PILOT (V.O)

Charlie Delta to Minos One. Glad to know you're alive, sir! Let us take

care of the situation, we're gonna wipe
this place out in no time!

99 EXT. HELICOPTER ATTACK - NIGHT

99

The gunships regroup and swoop over the alien edifice, keeping it under rolling fire. Mandork sinks back in the proteanite. The pilots cheer and prepare to pound the structure down.

A deep rumble rattles the cliff. Mandork soars out of the sludge, over twice his previous size. He shrieks again and keeps it going until it rises to a terrific shrill.

Pilots in their cockpits wrench their headsets off. The flight scatters. With an evil cackle, Mandork stirs his deadly substance into an electric storm that lashes at the gunships.

GUNSHIP PILOT (V.O)

It's got to be the devil himself, our
rockets don't even harm him!

The helicopters explode, collide, or rock in a collision course with the structure.

The last gunship soars up and dives directly at Mandork, firing its last missiles. Proteanite bolts strike it full blast. Its cockpit bursts open, its rotors wheel out of their broken axle and slash through the air. With a last stage explosion, it hurtles into Mandork and the sludge.

Dead silence. Mandork's body slowly dissolves, the proteanite flow remains slack, then solidifies, cracks up and crumbles to dust, leaving only the flaming brush and smoldering debris of the helicopters.

100 INT. LABMOBILE - NIGHT

100

Nadia paces back and forth while the radio operator tries to communicate with the airbase. A videocom sputters, Baxter focuses on screen, grim faced. Nadia jumps.

NADIA

Well??!

BAXTER (ON SCREEN)

(with a very official tone)

Mission accomplished. Our Point Bravo
target has been destroyed.

NADIA

(flaring)

That I already know, God damn it! What I'm interested in is the men. Maverick? Brad? The commando?

101 INT. AIR BASE - COMMUNICATION ROOM - NIGHT

101

Baxter sits at the communication console. Behind glass panes, in the next room, staff officers are seen facing members of the press. Baxter is uneasy.

BAXTER

Well, ah... the mission was dangerous and they knew it. I'm sure they carried it out gallantly.

NADIA (ON SCREEN)

(Sharply)

Are you trying to tell me they're all reported missing?

BAXTER

(with a sigh)

They died as heroes, Nadia.

NADIA (ON SCREEN)

Bull shit! Is that what you call mission accomplished? I thought you were a born leader, Baxter, but you amount to nothing more than a shitty politico bastard. And I suppose Mandork or whatever is up there is still alive!

She hits a switch and the screen goes blank.

102 INT. EAGLE NEST BLUFF - NIGHT

102

Scarce strands of proteanite drip down natural clefts in the cliff. Inside a larger pocket of the substance, Mandork -or what is left of him- floats, curled like a chrysalis. Fluids ooze from the proteanite to him and he slowly remodels. The proteanite runs dry.

103 INT. EAGLE NEST BLUFF - CAVE

103

Mandork materializes through the rock.

His appearance is human again, but when his left hand pulls out of the wall, it is imperfectly restored. A face shot reveals the fierce and impersonal expression of a predator. There is something awkward about his movements as he heads for a crevice opening on the outside.

104 EXT. EAGLE NEST BLUFF - NIGHT 104

Behind him, surviving Morguls pour down the steep rock face like migrating ants. Above them, what is left of the alien building dwindles and melts in the ground. The next second there is absolutely nothing left of Mandork Manor. The moon shines down on an untouched landscape.

105 INT. LABMOBILE - DAYBREAK 105

Nadia marches over to the Timescan console where Rockefeller Junior has sought refuge.

NADIA

Call Eagle Nest Bluff data up.

He types away. Graphs scroll up. They are all blank.

ROCKEFELLER JUNIOR

All null. As if nothing ever happened.

NADIA

(thoughtful)

And what happened wasn't what we expected. You know what, Junior? Because of Baxter and his associates, we fell for that dimensional epicenter stuff and forgot the main issue. Chyort vozmi!

Rockefeller Junior gawks at her. She impatiently shoves him aside and types away, programming the Timescan computer system to extend the processing to the eastern mountain range and Bull Rock Gorge. Graphs soar into life again.

NADIA

I just knew it!

The monitor displays a full size computerized vortex. She sits back with a pleased sigh. They both contemplate the new dimensional interface.

NADIA

The mouth of Tee Waka Heena. Does this sound a familiar bell to you?

He sits pondering over the screen.

ROCKEFELLER JUNIOR

The Thunder will rise from the Eagles' Nest...

NADIA

(triumphantly)

And the mouth of Tee Waka Heena shall open to destroy all that lives on Earth. Junior honey, the Thunderstone is linked to the second part of the prophecy, not the first!

She hits the ENTER key. The monitor displays a panoramic view of the eastern range with the Bull Rock.

NADIA

(muttering)

This is where Maverick will bugger the alien bastard if he is still alive like I hope he is.

106 EXT. CANYON - DAYBREAK

106

The sun rises behind the eastern range. In the dark canyon, the hang-glider buckets helplessly with the currents, Lomax lying flat on the sail and clinging to the frame with both hands.

LOMAX

(shouting under the wind)

Do you mind if I try to come down now?

EAKS

(yelling back)

Don't move a hair or this damn kite will go down like a sledge hammer!

The glider pitches, Lomax slides. Eaks curses and tries to balance the glider. The sail starts tearing off the frame. The hang glider banks out, heading straight for the ridge. Lomax topples head over heels, catches on the frame and winds up dangling in front of Eaks. They exchange inexpressible gazes.

LOMAX

Sorry. I moved!

107 EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

107

The hang glider barely clears the top of the ridge, grazing the brush. Lomax drops, clasps jutting branches, his boots scraping the rock for a foothold. His POV. With its torn sail flapping, the glider flies down and vanishes behind a clump of firs. There is a loud crash and a flight of disturbed birds takes off. Pause, then:

EAKS (V.O)

Nom de Dieu de pute borgne de bordel de
shit!

108 EXT. CEDAR VALLEY - DAY

108

The busted hang glider is tangled up in the branches of a pine tree. Below. Eaks stands, very dignified and brushes his dungaree. Lomax scuds towards him.

LOMAX

(yelling)

Malko! You all right?

EAKS

(sullen)

No I ain't all right. You made me bust
a three grand suit I bought in London!

Lomax's eyes widen, but he isn't looking at him. The remains of a ghost town lie ahead of them near a dried up creek bed, mostly overgrown with mountain brush. Bull Rock stands against the sky in the distance.

LOMAX

Forget your three grand rompers and
have a load at this!

He heads for the ruins. A piece of wood crunches under his feet. He picks it up and dusts it. A worn out inscription on it reads.

CEDAR CREEK

A faint drumbeat sounds b.g.

An Indian camp is pitted deep in the mountain range. A fire burns in the center, overlooked by a huge Arch Totem. Indian men, women and children busy themselves about. David Two Moon sits near the Arch Totem, beating his drum and watching fog patches that meander between the trees in the nearby woods. His features are tense. Mandork steps out of the fog, walks toward the camp and stops a few feet from the fire: something keeps him from coming any closer. He snarls.

MANDORK

You shouldn't have entrusted the secret of the chronolith to a terrestrial subcreature.

DTM

The three Spirits have been sagaciously chosen.

He kindles the fire: indistinct shapes leap up with the flames. Mandork's eyes glow and stifle them.

MANDORK

They still cannot match an immortal mental unit. Behold, I am here now.

DTM

(impassive)

This is a mortal dimension and your powers are coming to an end.

He concentrates on the fire and the flames delineate the figures of his warrior ancestors.

MANDORK

My power is immanent like the spirit. I came to take the chronolith back.

DTM

The Thunderstone doesn't belong to you and you can't take it from us.

They glare at one another.

MANDORK

The chronolith belongs to the Chronides and I am a Chronide.

DTM

Very well, prove it.

Mandork's body undergoes hideous distortions. It splits, monstrous forms extend out of it, screeching like a thousand devils. David Two-Moon watches the metamorphosis unflinching.

DAVID TWO-MOON

The legends mention the Sons of Time as an immaterial race of spirits. We called them Gods since the dawn of humanity. You, former Master of Chaos, are nothing now but a Trickster, a scare-crow. You belong neither to their world, neither to ours.

Mandork resumes his regular appearance and grins.

MANDORK

It is true. But I still have the power to destroy both.

He opens his deformed left hand. It grows twitching filaments that turn into blades and fly at the Indians.

MANDORK (CONT.)

You and your people to start with. I want to know where the chronolith is.

DTM loses his concentration for a split second, shoots an anxious glance at his companions, then, unwillingly, at the Arch Totem. Mandork looks at it and his eyes narrow. Close on the structure's pictograms: they clearly feature a radiant pyramid and the stylized Bull rock.

MANDORK

(evil cackle)

That's all I wanted to know.

110 EXT. CEDAR VALLEY - DAY

110

Lomax contemplates the piece of wood.

LOMAX

(thoughtfully)

Cedar Creek..... the lost valley...

He lays it on the ground and looks around. The slopes show evidence of an opencast mining site never brought into working. The ruined shacks have never been finished either.

LOMAX

Strange. Looks like the people just vanished before they finished building this place.

EAKS

Been here before?

LOMAX

No. Heard tell of it.

A snake slithers along Eaks' feet. He jumps back.

EAKS

Then keep the story to yourself. I'm bushed and I don't want to hear no more about creeps, aliens or whatsamacallits until we heel out of this Rogue Valley. C'mon.

He determinedly walks past the ruins without so much as a side glance. Lomax moves to follow him. Bull Rock comes into clear sight behind a peak.

Lomax stops short, looks at it, then down at his bracelet. He holds it up against the distant shape: the designs on the clasp perfectly match the contours of the rock.

Eaks turns to him and indicates the west.

EAKS

Hey, Fuzzypuss, no time for rock climbing. The way home is over there!

Lomax puts his bracelet on and starts eastward.

LOMAX

We'll go home when we're through with this job.

EAKS

N.O. no, I said no and I mean no ! We already had a parachute drop into a paradoodle dimension lined with goo, a fight with a bunch of cocooned runts, we were welcomed by an alien catawampus, fed a self reproducing sludge and given the French walk by varmint-ridden freaks and what's more, John Maverick Fuzzypuss Lomax...

(He stops, catching his breath)
...what's more, me Malcolm Archibald Eaks
IV, I burglarized a fucking Hurrah's
Nest without swiping anything but a
handful of antique doodads. I'm
positively disgraced!

(he slings his sack over his
shoulder and faces west)
So I Q.U.I.T. quit. Mandork is dead and
I'm heading for civilization again.
Good luck and au revoir.

LOMAX

Mandork's not dead.

The Morguls' screeches break out in the mountain. Eaks
shifts his sack, wheels round and joins Lomax.

EAKS

Coming to think of it...

111 EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS NEAR BULL ROCK - DAY

111

The Labmobile buckets along the pass, headed for Bull Rock
Gorge. On the facing slope, Brad and what is left of his
commando trudge down a narrow track. His lieutenant aims
his field glasses at the Labmobile.

LIEUTENANT

There they are!

Morguls stalk the opposite overhang, and roll heavy rocks
they obviously intend to send down at the Labmobile.

LIEUTENANT

Damn it! They're heading straight for
an ambush!

Brad yanks the field glasses from his lieutenant, looks,
curses and pulls his communicator out.

BRAD

Ariadne, this is Minos One, do you read
me?

112 INT. LABMOBILE - DAY

112

Nadia pounces on the radio and shoves the operator off.

NADIA

Boje moi! Brad! Where are you? What happened for Christ's Sake? What about the others? Where's Maverick?

BRAD (V.O)

(urging)

Can it, Nadia, you're surrounded by Mandork's creatures, they're ...

The impact of boulders rocks the Labmobile.

113 EXT. PASS - DAY

113

The commando rockets down slope toward the pass. Part of the Labmobile has been dislocated by the rocks. Morguls leap off the overhang and swarm it.

BRAD

(shouting through his comlink)

Ariadne, are you OK? Hold on, we're moving in.

114 INT. LABMOBILE - DAY

114

Firing away, the two soldiers hop out of the main module. They are met by a flight of cutlasses and collapse silently. Nadia crawls on the tilted floor to lock the exit hatch, takes a gun from a drawer and snaps its breech.

NADIA

(determined)

No fucking son of a gun is gonna take this joint over if I can help it !

Brad's voice sounds over the radio. No one listens. The assistants huddle at the far end of the Labmobile. A loud clang sounds, followed by a drumbeat of bangs and thuds. Rockefeller Junior steadies a toppled video screen and turns it on. It shows a dozen Morguls astride the main module, hammering away at it. Nadia rushes to the Labmobile's main viewport and just as quickly jumps back. A hideous snout frames in the large window. The Morgul pounds it with a rock while its congeners ram heavy boulders into the side portholes. They start cracking in.

R.J

(quavering voice)

Now they're trying to smash in !

Nadia moves to an instrument panel and activates the tracks. The Labmobile jerks and struggles to pull out of the rocks. The creatures dump raining stones over the cabin. The main viewport is shattered and a Morgul slips through. Nadia shoots it but the creatures keep sliding in one after the other. She keeps them under rolling fire until her gun clicks over. Another Morgul squeezes in and snarls at her. Outside, the bursts of Tommy guns rattle along the cabin. The creep goes limp and falls out.

115 EXT. LABMOBILE - DAY

115

Brad and his men storm the remaining geeks and wipe them out. Still wary, they move up to the Labmobile. Brad peeks into the bashed porthole and grins.

BRAD

Glad to see you, Nadia !

NADIA

Not half as glad as I am, Brad !
(she looks at the commando)
Is Maverick with you?

116 EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

116

Eaks and Lomax work their way along scarps and crags toward Bull Rock gorge. Not a noise around.

EAKS

Shit, I don't like it here. Too still.

Lomax looks up at the overcast sky. It is almost dark now. Morgul shrieks break out in the mountain, awfully close. He stops, listens and proceeds. Eaks follows reluctantly.

EAKS

Coming to think of it, I'd just as well
have it silent.

They edge along a cliff. Pebbles shower down and Eaks looks up just in time to see a Morgul diving for them. He shoves Lomax to the side. The creature lands between them, waving its cutlass at Eaks. Lomax whirls round, grabs his knife in his boot and hurls it at the creature. It collapses on Eaks who pulls out hastily.

EAKS

Boy! Does that thing stink!

He stands, turns the body over with his boot. Lomax pulls his blade out and wipes it on the dead creature.

LOMAX

The past is a killer....

He swings the blade around his finger and sends the knife neatly in its sheath. Eaks pushes the corpse off the cliff with his foot. They slap five.

EAKS

And the future, a grave digger!

117 INT. LABMOBILE - DAY

117

Nadia and R.J study their computers while Brad stands behind them, drinking a cup of coffee. Nadia starts and he almost spills it. A bright dot moves on screen, toward the Bull Rock Gorge.

NADIA

There it is. They're alive! I knew it!

(to R.J)

Quick! Transmit these coordinates to our driver!

Brad shakes his head and, with a sigh, straightens his uniform and checks his weapons.

BRAD

If it's Maverick all right, he's heading straight for trouble again.

They don't notice a faint purple trail materializing on the screen in the same area.

118 EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

118

Rain and thunder. Mandork trudges steadily along the rocky landscape. His arms and body stretch and deform to meet the uneven surface and he seems to be slithering up rather than climbing. He is in bad shape and his left hand is useless. Over a crag, he catches sight of the Bull Rock and snarls.

119 EXT. BULL ROCK GORGE - DAY

119

The sky is alive with lightning and thunder. Eaks and Lomax reach a narrow flat and find an eerie landscape of carved rocks overlooked by steep, towering slopes. The plateau edges into a cramped defile, blocked off by a landslide. The opposite slope displays a strange, monumental bas-relief obviously carved aeons ago. Bull Rock dominates the scenery. Morguls stand watch on the cliffs.

EAKS

Looks like those varmints never give up. They've got us cornered this time!

Shrieks sound behind them. They wheel round. More Morguls climb out of the ravine they just left. The two men stand back to back and fire away at the geeks.

EAKS

(enthusiastically)

La garde meurt mais ne se rend pas!

LOMAX

(reloading)

What was that again?

EAKS

Shut up and shoot!

Lightning bolts reveal a wooden structure at the far end of the pass, much like an Indian hut or cabin, under the bas-relief.

LOMAX

(shouting)

This way, Malk! Get ready for a home run!

Heavy rain pounds the defile. They dash for the cabin, fighting off the swarming Morguls. A muffled thunder clap echoes endlessly into a strange rumble. The cabin generates odd, purple beams and the surrounding din is suddenly muffled. Morguls about to reach their prey stop short. The two men sprint the last yards in utter silence.

120 INT. CABIN - DAY

120

They pop in. Eaks is instantly at work to barricade the narrow opening. Lomax gazes at the room. Luminescent wreaths float in a space much larger than the outside span

of the shed, vaguely lighting high stone walls. Without turning his eyes from it, Lomax nudges Eaks who gives him an impatient glimpse, then starts and gapes in turn. The light grows brighter, delineating a dark figure.

OLD MAN'S VOICE (O.S)

Don't worry. Those creatures can't come in here.

The man moves closer, he has long white hair and wears Indian clothes.

OLD MAN (CONTINUED)

At least, not for the moment. It is written.

Eaks snaps out of it and rasps his throat.

EAKS

Oh really? What's written? And who are you?

The man comes near them. He seems so old as to be ageless.

OLD MAN

I am he who is waiting for the Master of Chaos.

121 EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

121

Mandork seems to hear his words. He stands in view of the Bull Rock, and emits a powerful cry. His Morguls answer him, they're all over the mountain. Lightning zap around him and, coming closer to the Bull Rock, his body gains in size and strength again. He looks like a frightful devil.

122 INT. CABIN - DAY

122

Old Man is still facing Eaks and Lomax .

OLD MAN

And I've been expecting you for 150 years.

Eaks stares at him and blows his top.

EAKS

Shit, man, shit! Fucking doggone crap, what the..

Lomax raises his hand to silence him.

OLD MAN

A century and a half ago, in Cedar Creek, a youngster witnessed something he shouldn't have.

123 EXT. BULL ROCK GORGE - 150 YEARS BEFORE - NIGHT 123

The Bull Rock overlooks a snowy landscape. Torches string up the slope, people walk slowly in line, following a prisoner lead by their sheriff. Hiding among the rocks above them, a young boy watches the scene.

OLD MAN (V.O)

I wanted to find out why the people in Cedar Creek did not hang the outlaws like they did in the other mining towns.

The snow turns into a blizzard as the procession reaches the pass. Boy's POV: a huge Arch Totem stands in the gorge, under the carved bas-relief, lit by twin rows of torches stuck in the snow. Squalls rake the air around it. People line up on each side. The convict stands alone in front of the Arch with the sheriff a few feet behind.

SHERIFF

Any other town would have sentenced you to be hanged. We, the people of Cedar creek, sentence you to cross the Arch!

A distant drumbeat seems to sound from the Arch itself. The prisoner is panic-struck as if he had already heard tell of this sentence. A parson pushes his way through the crowd and turns to the onlookers.

PARSON

What right do you sinners think you have to send this man straight into the mouth of Hell? You are challenging the holy judgement of God and some day, you will have to face His wrath. He will curse you and your progeny down to the crack of doom!

No one listens. The sheriff fires, forcing the prisoner toward the Arch. The man trips and falls. A snow flurry whips the pass, the onlookers bend and turn away. Boy's

POV: sparks flicker along the Arch, lightning zap and the prisoner is gone. Vanished.

A rumble shakes the mountain. The young boy crouches in his crevice as a snow-slide thunders down slope and over the pass, tearing down a whole section of the cliff. Tons of snow and rocks engulf the people who run for their lives. Young Boy's P.O.V: The Arch Totem shakes, breaks up and sinks in the rolling snow. Dead silence claps down. The Bull Rock remains stranded on a stone pillar.

124 INT. CABIN - DAY

124

The Old Man stands silent for awhile, then sighs.

OLD MAN

These men's own madness spelled doom for them. The mouth of Tee Waka Heena had claimed many lives during hundreds of years. It closed ever since that night, but it is written that one day the Master of Chaos will see it open again.

LOMAX

What he's looking for is here.

125 INT. LABMOBILE - DAY

125

Nadia, Brad and the assistants are having lunch. Behind them, the interface's outlines on the monitor grow ever brighter, a pyramidal shape forms in the center and energy lines stream out toward the purple trail. The dot indicating Lomax's position disappears. Leaving the others, Nadia walks to the console, looks and gasps.

NADIA

Boje moi! R.J, over here! Is that Mandork's signal?

The two men are near her in a shake.

R.J

Yes. Then he's not dead after all.

Nadia angrily hits the console.

NADIA

Chyort vozmi! What can we do?

BRAD
(stern)
Nothing. It's too late.

126 INT. CABIN - DAY

126

The Old Man is concentrated. The two other men haven't moved, but Eaks keeps a close watch on the outside.

OLD MAN
He's coming....

Lomax steps over to one of the walls. It is hung with painted buffalo hides. Their pictograms are identical to those DTM had shown him previously.

OLD MAN (CONT.)
And you have reached the end of your quest.

He pulls the buffalo hides aside. A loud drone fills the room. What looks at first like the mouth of a tunnel leads to a vortex of purple lights revolving in the middle of an immeasurable void: one can't tell whether it is small or large, close or remote.

OLD MAN
The mouth of Tee Waka Heena or, to put it in your modern words, a dimensional interface, a time warp. It is coming to life again. The Master of Chaos isn't very far now.

He slowly draws the bull hides over the gap.

LOMAX
Just who are you?

The Old Man sighs.

OLD MAN
I was Spirit of War, the last Keeper of the Gate chosen by Spirit of the Earth.

127 EXT. BULL ROCK GORGE, SOME 145 YEARS AGO - NIGHT

127

The Young Boy, now 18 years old, stands at the foot of the bas-relief with the shaman Spirit of the Earth. He wears a bracelet similar to Lomax's and a soul catcher. They are

going through the last phase of an initiation ritual. The shaman turns to his young companion.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

Now the dark ages are closing in on us. Our Totem has been destroyed because evil men have dispossessed us of it. The time for Tee Waka Heena's return is close. Now you are Spirit of War and the Thunderstone is yours.

A pyramidal design gleams at the bottom of the bas-relief. It generates luminescent wreaths of smoke, a dust of stars and universes appears. The Young Boy gapes at it.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

You shall live many lives before Tee Waka Heena, the Master of Chaos, claims the Thunderstone again. But it is your successor who will have to reunite the three Spirits and fight him. If they fail, then the future shall bring destruction over the past.

The wreaths wrap around Spirit of the Earth and he dematerializes. The wreaths dissolve in turn, leaving a strange pyramidal object on the ground. The young boy kneels, picks it up and tucks it in his Soul Catcher. When he stands again, the fire is out and the sun rises behind the mountains.

128 INT. CABIN - DAY

128

The pyramidal designs on the hides pulsate. The Old Man sets his finger on them.

OLD MAN

The pictograms show symbols of eternity and also of void and chaos. This one here could read something like Oozo Whana, but it has no meaning in any of our Indian languages.

LOMAX

But the Thunderstone is here, isn't it?

The Old Man holds his hand out. His bracelet glows, part of the iridescent fumes converge and wind around it. Optical gimmicks blur the scene. Fumes condense in the Old Man's palm and turn into a pyramid of pure energy, then the

pyramid itself becomes inert, a simple purple metal object in the man's hand.

OLD MAN

The Thunderstone is here, everywhere,
nowhere and elsewhere...

He tucks it in the Soul Catcher, removes it from his neck and sets it in the middle of a flat stone upon which lay various shamanic talismans. Eaks turns to them.

EAKS

I hate to interfere, but... Here comes
the Hyde!

129 EXT. GORGE - DAY

129

Thunder and lightning rake the cliff. The bas-relief glows, a lightning flash strikes it and caroms back on a tall figure standing in the middle of the gorge: Mandork, surrounded by the remaining Morguls who screech like demons. They move for the cabin.

130 INT. CABIN - DAY

130

The three men watch the scene through a narrow opening. Eaks and Lomax draw their guns and load them. Hatred burns in Lomax's eyes. The Old Man sighs.

OLD MAN

Now their master is here, they can
enter.

LOMAX

But you said they couldn't.

OLD MAN

His mind is in you: revenge and death.
He draws his power from your thoughts.

Lomax hesitates, but Eaks nudges him.

EAKS

C'mon, look. There's only a few of
those freaks left. We'll bump them off
in no time!

Mandork's evil cackle reaches them. Their POV: He stretches his arms out and each Morgul splits in a pair. Their number

squares until the gorge is nearly crawling with them. Their shrieks chime in with the thunder.

LOMAX

That was poor math, Malk!

He levels his gun at them through a crack in the wooden wall when the staccato of submachine guns joins in the row.

EAKS

You don't say ! The cavalry !

131 EXT. RIDGE - DAY

131

The Labmobile creeps over the ridge above the cabin. Brad and his commando have taken position behind the boulders and keep the Morguls under barraging fire. The reduced squad has trouble keeping the creatures in check.

LIEUTENANT

Colonel, we're running short of ammunition and these bastards keep coming at us like locust.

BRAD

I know, damn it! We'll finish them off with our blades!

Coming from nowhere, arrows swish across the open space. Volley after volley, they kill the creatures by the dozens. The survivors look up with fierce growls. Indian war cries sound in the scarp overhead, David Two-Moon and his men storm them, armed with modern compound bows.

LIEUTENANT

Hey ! Who's that Geronimo ?

BRAD

(Shaking his head)

You don't say ! Indians rescuing the cavalry!

They all join in the fray.

132 INT. CABIN - DAY

132

Unconcerned with the fight, Mandork strolls calmly towards the cabin, surrounded by lightning bolts. The Old Man turns to Lomax again, insistently.

OLD MAN

Now you must forget who you are and meet your fate, Spirit of War.

Eaks wheels round, angrily.

EAKS

No way! Nobody's gonna meet no fate here! You, Wizard of Oz, keep outta this while me an' Fuzzypuss bugger him our way.

Lomax puts a soothing and friendly hand on his arm, and tucks his gun away. Mandork's heavy body frames in the opening, distorted and radiating bright beams.

MANDORK

(infra-bass voice)

I come to retrieve the key chronolith.

OLD MAN

You aren't Darkaos any longer, but a Zero Unit. You shall never master the chronolith again to rule over the future.

Mandork is hardly human anymore. Not quite the Zero Unit again but a hideous jumble of all his previous bodies. He indicates the pictograms angrily.

O UNIT

You brainless organic thing! There is no such thing as the future but a maze of potential futures and they already are at work. Behold!

(he indicates the painted hides)

Your ancestors knew it : Oozo Whana means: "The offspring devour their sire", the future feeds on the past, the quest for the infinite. Oozo Whana reads O Zone, Zero Zone, where Time has left your dimension's linear tracks and stalled. What you call the Gate of the Dead wouldn't be standing there if this hadn't already happened.

He turns to the stele. His body glows ever brighter and transforms into a sickening Alien. He extends a tentacle toward the Soul Catcher. The Vortex in the wall spins into life. The tentacle is about to absorb the chronolith in its

shamanic sheath when the Old Man puts forth a savage war cry. Lomax and Eaks pounce on the Alien. They drop clear through his body. He wheels round to face his attackers and Eaks goes rolling to the ground. Lomax jumps on the Soul Catcher.

The Old Man steps back in the dark, watching the scene. The Vortex swells into the room, blotting the set out.

OLD MAN

Send the Thunderstone through the Gate,
it's the only way to save it!

Something writhes and pulses inside the O Unit's body as if trying to free itself from it. Force fields are building up between him, the chronolith and the vortex. Lomax stands gaping at him.

OLD MAN

(urging)

Quick, do as I said before Darkaos
becomes itself again!

Lomax reacts too slowly. One of the sweeping tentacles throws him off balance and he drops the Soul Catcher. Eaks cranes to his feet and snatches it up. But the Alien wrenches the soul catcher from him and slams him against the wall. One of his appendages sharpens into a luminous awl and aims at the man's throat.

The Old Man keeps an odd chant going. His gaze and Lomax's lock for a split instant, energy flows from one to the other as the bull hides sway under a light draft. Lomax's body shines and seems to expand.

The O Unit wheels round, drops Eaks and blows foul vapors at them. The Old Man is sent flying across the room. Meanwhile, Lomax achieves his transformation into a luminous Warrior: the light emanating from his body turns the set into a large oval bubble, leaving only the vortex slowly spinning b.g.

133 INT. TIME BUBBLE

133

Faced with Spirit of War, the O Unit expands to the size of a burly, black titan. His features change, mirroring those of Lomax, as would an evil, dark double. Waving the soul catcher in his fist, he breaks out in fierce laughter.

ZERO UNIT

Now I am master of the infinite
universes and I shall terminate all you
earthlings !

LOMAX / SPIRIT OF WAR

Not as long as we stand in your way!

ZERO UNIT

Look at me! I am you and you cannot
destroy the evil side in you!

Lomax extends his arms with a fierce yell. Force rays bolt from his bracelet and zap the O Unit. They engage in a titan duel. Lomax dodges and flips acrobatically to avoid his heavier opponent's beams. The bulky attacker doesn't move as fast as him, but his force rays are more powerful. Lomax's quick motions drive the O Unit back toward the vortex, which he is obviously anxious to avoid. Archronian constellations materialize in the warp, the distorted murmur of the Chronides sound vaguely. Their voices seem to renew his strength. He hurls a flurry of force rays. Slow motion shot. The vortex bolts into activity as the Zero Unit topples. Lomax has jumped out of the interface's range, but seeing the O Unit trying to grapple out of it, he dives and thrusts the Alien back. The material part of its body is torn to shreds, it is slowly swallowed up by the whirling lights. He screeches like a thousand devils. Lomax rolls back, panting, and watches his evil double resume the O Unit's appearance with a hideous snarl.

O UNIT

May all that lives here perish!

He opens his mouth and, as he is finally swallowed up, belches all his remaining energy in a tremendous flash that rakes the time bubble. Lomax flings himself before it like a living shield. His luminous body sizzles when the blast hits him and is mostly absorbed. He collapses. Silence. Fade to black.

134 INT. CABIN - DAY

134

Fade in. The warp and the bubble have vanished, leaving the cabin dark, save for a faint beam that lights Lomax's body sprawled on the ground. Eaks and the Old Man kneel next to him.

EAKS

What happened, damn it ?

The Old Man lifts the man's limp arm. The bracelet has disappeared, leaving only a strange black tattoo.

OLD MAN

We'll never know. He died to save us all.

EAKS

(frantic)

Died? Died? It's impossible! Maverick ain't dead! C'mon, Fuzz, tell him you ain't dead!

He takes the lifeless body in his arms, shakes him, pats him and slaps him desperately.

OLD MAN

If the Thunderstone was still here, on this side of the Gate

EAKS

The Thunderstone? What about the fucking Thunderstone? Who gives a damn...

OLD MAN

(patiently)

Don't you wonder how I lived over a century and a half? It is a talisman of immortality that would enable me to bring him back.

EAKS

(taking it out of his pocket)

But it was here all the time!

The Old Man stares at it, unbelieving. By sleight of hand, Eaks makes it disappear and come out in the other hand.

EAKS (CONT.)

I swindled it from the soul catcher before Mister Spook got a hold of it!

The Old Man takes it and sets it on the stele, muttering a low chant. The buffalo hides sway again, the pictograms featuring the Arch Totem pulse and the actual structure stands out while the warp drones to life. Spirit of War's luminous figure appears, steps through and the whole thing vanishes. Eaks nervously brushes his hand over his face.

EAKS

Oh shit! Am I pissed off with all this alakazam stuff!

LOMAX

(waking, but still very weak)
Coming to think of it, me too!

Eaks is about to greet him warmly, but a moan sounds behind them. The Old Man is lying on the ground. They jump up and rush to him. Lomax slips the Thunderstone between his fingers. With a serene smile, he shakes his head and opens his hand. The glowing chronolith floats in mid air.

OLD MAN

My task is over now.
Yours is not, Spirit of War. Keep the
Thunderstone.

Lomax hesitates, holds his hand out. The transparent shape wraps around his palm and condenses again in its inert, metal state. Lomax picks another soul catcher from the stele, tucks the talisman in it and slings it around his neck. The earth quakes, throwing them off balance and a thunderstorm rages over the gorge. The Old Man cranes to his elbow.

OLD MAN

The sacred valley has been profaned
and the gods are unleashing their
wrath. You must go. Now.

They move to pick him up. He shakes his head. A drumbeat sounds through the storm. The Old Man's face brightens. His voice grows weak and his eyes search beyond the two men.

OLD MAN

He beckons... He beckons... I see
him... on the other... side...
(He clasps Lomax's arm. The
drumbeat sounds louder.)
The past and the future... will meet
you... in O Zone..

The Old Man's weathered body shrinks and shrivels to dust, instantly blown away by the wind. Above the cabin's disjointed rafters, the Indian bas-relief seems to concentrate the lighting bolts. Whole sections of the cliff collapse. Eaks and Lomax snap back to reality and rush out of the shack.

135 - EXT. BULL ROCK GORGE - DAY

135

The ground heaves and large cracks open almost under the men's feet. The entire gorge is caving in. Eaks and Lomax dash for the cliff. Around them, the Morguls have turned to petrified shapes which the wind finishes blowing to nothingness. A deep fault shoots along the ravine and reaches the ridge, as the two men scale it frantically. They reach the top and run. Behind them, the whole cliff comes thundering down.

136 EXT. RIDGE - DAY

136

Brad shouts and waves the Labmobile back. A damaged caterpillar track jams and the vehicle stalls. Brad's men cluster around it and try to push it away from the ridge's crumbling edge, to no avail. The head module tilts as the ground gives way under it. Eaks and Lomax pop over the cliff, see what's going on and join the toiling men. Brad nods with a smile, there's no time for congratulations. The Labmobile skids steadily downward.

LOMAX

(shouting his head off)

Get back! It's going down!

The Labmobile's occupants bolt out, then R.J holding a bunch of instruments which he drops to keep his balance, and they crash down the ridge. Then the driver. Next, the Lab's engines roar and the rear module caterpillars grind into action, uselessly plowing the ground to haul the rest of the vehicle up. The men look up and see Nadia behind the cracked view port.

BRAD

Nadia! For Christ's sake! What are you trying to do?

The Labmobile slides ever faster. They all scramble away, but Lomax has already jumped on the module and crashes through the view port.

IN THE COCKPIT:

Nadia clings desperately to the control sticks. He tries to pull her out, but she shoves him away.

NADIA

No! Our instruments! All our data!
We've got to save them!

LOMAX

(pitting against her)

It doesn't matter anymore!

She glances at him, surprised, and he yanks her away.

ON THE CLIFF:

The Labmobile goes crashing down slope. They fly out, roll on the ground and away from the edge. Lomax keeps her pinned down. She glares at him.

NADIA

Just what doesn't matter anymore?

Eaks interposes.

EAKS

(urging)

Will you lovers stop fooling around and get over here?

They move to safe distance and watch the Labmobile roll and burst with the tumbling rocks. They all stand dazed. Nadia leans wearily against Lomax.

Angle on David Two Moon and his men, above them. They haven't moved and silently witness the scene from an overhanging rock.

DTM

(stern)

Let the gods' retribution be carried out!

The bas-relief stands hovering above the landslide and collapses in turn. The Bull Rock is rattled off its base, hurtles down and crashes with the remains of the gorge. Shafts of light shine through the cloud banks. Dust rises in the sunrays. For a split second, Spirit of the Earth's face seems to float above the gorge. Clouds part and moments later the sun shines in a blue sky. The Indians silently take to the mountains.

A helicopter moves in shot, glinting in the sun. The men look up at it, relieved. Brad nudges Lomax and winks.

BRAD

See? I told them to come and pick us up, this time!

Eaks smiles, dusts his torn and stained dungaree, takes the small sack which had been dangling in his back throughout

the past action and contemplates it grimly. It isn't as full as he would have it.

EAKS

(poised like Hamlet)

To be or not to be a robber. That is the question.

(he tosses the bag down the collapsed cliff)

And the answer is: to be a robber!

The helicopter lands nearby. Eaks walks over to Nadia and Lomax, kisses her hand, pulls his ear and indicates the aircraft.

EAKS

You will of course excuse me if I'm not waiting for the cavalry!

They watch him as he walks away briskly, hands in his pockets and whistling a Rebel tune.

NADIA

What's the matter with him?

LOMAX

Oh, nothing. He's just gonna have a little holiday with ice!

Eaks overhears. Without turning, he raises his finger, turns a slope and is gone.

137 INT. AIRBASE - CORRIDOR - DAY

137

Baxter and Stafford, a NORAD commanding officer, stand at a window, watching the helicopter land. B.g. the newsroom's doors are open and we can glimpse much activity. The officer turns to Baxter, grim-faced.

STAFFORD

I believe you will now take a very long holiday, very far from here.

Baxter turns away from the window, just as stern. He removes the insignia pinned on his suit and sets it on the ledge. Stafford takes his elbow and shows him the newsroom.

STAFFORD

But before you do, go tell those press dogs which tree to bark up.

138 INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

138

Officers and civilians, among which Harry, face a horde of journalists who swarm the room and barrage them with questions. Harry sees Baxter out of the corner of his eye and holds his hands out for silence.

HARRY

Gentlemen, we have given you an account of the facts and there will be no further questions.

JOURNALIST 1

And what about the murders? No one mentions Lomax anymore. Why?

Rumble. Harry turns to Baxter, and with an ironical wave, hands over to him.

HARRY

(under his breath, brushing past him)

They're all yours. Give'em your usual phony stuff.

Baxter steps over to the stand, tense.

BAXTER

All I can say is that John Lomax has been cleared of all charges. The appropriate authorities are leading further investigations.

Baxter's declaration arouses much anger. An isolated reporter, obviously a press vet, stands for the next question.

JOURNALIST 2

You eluded the main issue so far. Everybody knows about ICARUS and their research on extraterrestrial phenomena. What exactly did they find on Eagle Nest Bluff?

Silence claps down on the room. Baxter gives Harry and the other officials a side glance. They smirk. He tries to elude the question but Journalist 2 insists as all his colleagues listen.

JOURNALIST 2 (CONT.)

Let's put it this way. Did you actually deal with aliens in Eagle Nest Bluff or are you trying to hoodwink us like you did with the Roswell issue ?

Baxter takes a deep breath and leans over the desk.

BAXTER

I can tell you this. There is and will be no Eagle Nest Bluff issue.

139 INT. ICARUS RESEARCH FACILITY - NEW-YORK

139

The great laboratory stands almost deserted under dimmed lights. Instruments are silent, a few technicians wander between the consoles. Nadia paces up and down. Rockefeller Junior watches her dolefully.

NADIA

Nothing, Boje Moi! Not a scrap of evidence. As if nothing happened! All this work and pain to no avail, Washington is cutting our state grants off and we're subject to a takeover bid to top it all!

She stops, sighs and turns to them.

NADIA

Gentlemen, we can kiss ICARUS goodbye.

Beeps sound behind her and she wheels round. All the Timescan peripherals blink and hum into life. The main view-screen flickers. They all watch, befuddled. It displays a view of space, then a vague, blurred shape. The assistants instinctively rush to their consoles and type madly away. The images slowly focuses until they can make out the outlines of the Kerenese space ship. Nadia jumps on the nearest console. R.J jumps off his seat before she shoves him away. In the shake of a lamb's tail, all the instruments are activated.

NADIA

Damn it! Where does this come from? All our instruments were out!

RJ

Not the Timescan. I was getting ready to disconnect it.

NADIA

Then jump to it and compute this data out! What do we have?

The main display goes blank, the computers foul.

RJ

Shit! We lost it!

They try uselessly to pick it up again.

NADIA

Drop it. Go through what we recorded again.

Computerized images of the titan space ship appear on screen and the computers scroll endless figures. Rockefeller Junior turns to Nadia.

RJ

All right, what do we do now?

NADIA

(looks him in the eye)

It's time for you to earn your nickname. Ask daddy if he wants to buy himself a private lab!

He breaks out laughing and they slap five.

R.J

So we're back in business, dear associate!

NADIA

And I know someone who might help us out with this new enigma!

140 EXT. BATTERY PARK - EVENING

140

Nadia and Lomax are taking a lovers' stroll along the seaside. They stop, he hugs her.

LOMAX

(joking)

Are you sure you want to live with a former killer?

NADIA

Are you sure you don't want to be a killer anymore?

LOMAX

Yes. That's why I won't get mixed up with ICARUS again.

The sun is setting. Lomax thoughtfully gazes at the Statue of Liberty.

LOMAX (CONT.)

I'm free now.

She touches the soul catcher he wears around his neck. He claps his hand roughly on hers, then squeezes her fingers in an apologizing gesture. She draws back, tense, with the 'I knew it' smirk. He tries to kiss her but she turns away.

NADIA

I believe you're not as free as you think you are.

LOMAX

I am. I killed Mandork. My task is over now.

She gives him an indefinable gaze and points at the soul catcher.

NADIA

And this? Do you think you're free enough to get rid of it?

He ponders her last words without answering. She moves away from him. He removes the Thunderstone from the soul catcher and holds it up. When he closes his hand to throw it in the sea, its immaterial shape rises from his fingers. It picks up the waning sun rays and the cityscape is suddenly blurred: a flash vision of a futuristic and deserted Manhattan briefly superimposes over the Battery district. Wind gusts blow and they carry dim echoes of a distorted voice.

OLD MAN (V.O)

The past and the future will meet you in O Zone.

Lomax starts. The vision vanishes instantly. He opens his hand. The inert Thunderstone is still there. He looks at

Nadia with haunted eyes. She obviously hasn't seen or heard anything. Close on her.

NADIA

(with her back to him)

You killed Mandork. Not the Master of Chaos.

She turns to him. Her eyes tell him he must stand up to his fate. She turns away, distressed, then looks at him again, not quite so sure of what she really wants. He clenches his teeth and walks slowly away, while she watches him.

141 EXT. MOUNTAIN AT HIGH ALTITUDES - DAY

141

Lomax walks along a snowy mountain pass. Overhead, a white headed eagle flies in large circles. Seen from the eagles POV, Lomax dwindles to a small dot in the white wilderness. A tom-tom sounds very faintly b.g. The sun rises behind a peak and blinds the camera. Zoom out to

142 EXT. BULL ROCK GORGE - DAY

142

The eagle circles above the landslide. Pan down. An Indian shaman sits on a rock, beating his tom-tom. Face shot. It is Spirit of the Earth, who mutters a low chant in which the word Oozo Whana can be vaguely heard. The eagle mirrors in the shaman's eyes.