

O ZONE 3 - BEYOND THE O

1 SPACE : ARCHRONIA

1

Encircled by huge space vortexes, trapped in a world of black-holes and other space phenomena, Archronia abides, a vast bubble of light and life the size of a galaxy.

The misty silhouettes of the Chronides are dispatched in a large circle towards Archronia's brim. All Five Guardians hold their chronoliths and work to drive chaos and destruction back. In the center of their circle, a pyramid-shaped, light streaked black-hole revolves slowly.

Hosts of creatures from the Time Empire have sought shelter here. Psychobions and Mentorgs whose bodies are loosely bound in their molecular structures float amidst the other advanced species' spacecraft.

Among them, the Kerenese fleet sails idly along the Time force shield generated by the chronoliths.

The missing Kerenese flagship (see OZ II) materializes through the pyramidal black-hole. It appears at first sharply outlined and somewhat out of proportion with the rest, then resumes the general misty look of the other spacecraft and falls in with its sister ships.

2 INT. KERENESE FLAGSHIP

2

Flight deck. Karliss moves to the comlink. Busy crew b.g.

KARLISS

Flagship reporting to Kerenese Fleet.  
Nice to see all you bastards alive.

VOICE OVER COMLINK

Same here and welcome home. Ah... no  
use asking if you made it?

KARLISS

(dryly)

Wise guy.

Flips the comlink off angrily. All hush on deck. Feel bad. In the chronoshield modules, the transparent figures of the Kerenese wane and vanish. Karliss hits his console with an insect curse.

KARLISS

We have no other choice now. We must...  
(Falters and proceeds)  
We must contact the Chronides.

PSATH

The Chronides? Did you say the  
Chronides? But you know your mind won't  
take it.

KERENESE #3

No biological unit can approach them  
without getting nuked by their mental  
energy.

Karliss stands and leaves deck. Turns to them before  
walking out.

KARLISS

I know. But remember we are  
Protomentorgs.

3 INT. FLAGSHIP - SPECIAL COMMUNICATION UNIT

3

There is nothing in the hexagonal room but a large oblong  
table made of some kind of quartz.

Karliss produces a metal casket from a cavity in the wall  
and sets it carefully on the table. He crouches near it and  
removes his space equipment: Save for the limbs, his body  
is soft and almost transparent, revealing his pulsating  
blood and organs.

The Kerenese takes a deep breath and concentrates.

Beams of light blaze out of the casket when he reaches in  
and produces a luminous pyramid.

He winces in pain, his limbs shake while he withstands the  
terrific power that radiates from the pyramid.

He pulls himself together and sets the pyramid on the  
table.

The room vanishes into a colorful vortex spinning around  
this bright center point. Floating shapes drift around like  
curls of smoke, lights flash in the distance, the room is  
filled with the majestic drone of galaxies.

Sounds emerge, form into deep, distorted voices speaking  
very slowly.

VOICES

Who... are... you... seeking ?

KARLISS

(respectful)

I seek the Chronides, Sons of Eternity  
and Masters of the Time Empire of  
Archronia.

VOICES

Eternity... fosters... itself... and...  
we... are... the... womb... of... Time.

KARLISS

May it elapse, for me to communicate my  
quest.

Something like a deep breath sounds, the visual effects  
stabilize and one voice now speaks almost normally, save  
for its deep echoes.

VOICE

We are listening to you.

KARLISS

Chaos has reached the Zero Zone and the  
timelines of the past are dwindling. I  
know it's against the laws of  
Archronia, but we beg you to do  
something about it.

VOICE

The Times are locked within O Zone and  
mental powers are preparing to engage.  
We cannot interfere. They alone can  
join the minds and the numbers to  
overcome he who rules only by force.  
Our eternity depends on their futures.  
It's up to them to restore their, as  
well as our, pasts.

4 EXT. HAZE ISLAND - NIGHT

4

Spirit of the Earth stands in front of the Time Arch.  
A funeral procession strings down the megalith alley: eight  
Vikings carry Gunnar's death litter, they are surrounded by  
the remains of the rebel army.  
The cortege crosses the ash-tree plaza and reaches the bank  
of the inlet. They set the litter on the makeshift  
reproduction of a drakkar boat, set it adrift and on fire.  
Ragnar raises his battle axe.

RAGNAR

You died fighting, Gunnar and shall soon sit at Odin's banquet. We will win this war for you.

The Vikings put forth their war cry, wield their weapons and drum on their shields. The rebels hesitate then join in the mortuary row, while the flaming drakkar floats downstream.

Spirit of the Earth is in the ash-tree plaza. Raises his arms. Gunnar's face materializes for a split second in the smoke above his sailing pyre. They all look at it then turn silently towards Spirit of the Earth. He addresses the new Viking chief.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

We must unite, Ragnar, but not only by the power of our weapons. They are trifling compared to what we must combat. What we are faced with is neither a man nor a god. This is a battle we will have to fight all together.

Ragnar turns to the burning drakkar. Beyond the inlet stand the awkward contours of a power plant. The Power Ring revolves in the distance, ever larger and brighter.

RAGNAR

(waving his axe)

There is one thing I know for sure. Our enemy stands right there and we will kill him!

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

We must destroy the Power Ring before we can even think of facing him.

(Sighs wearily)

It is my task to bring the minds together. They are already on their way.

(Looks up at the Vikings)

You will go out with your men and bring back all the rebels you can find. The numbers will ensure final victory, Ragnar, the numbers...

They cheer. Torches dot the night all around the plaza and string out in the darkness. The Vikings are on the move.

Spirit of the Earth removes the Soul Catcher from his pectoral and considers it. The chronolith inside it seems incandescent like the Ring. He takes it in his hands and it resumes its usual purple glow.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

(mumbling)

For I won't be able to protect the  
Thunderstone much longer...

5 EXT. EAST RIVER. NIGHT 5

Drakkar slowly drifts downstream.

6 EXT. MANHATTAN. NIGHT 6

Leuk'Lith stands facing the East River, standing on the brim of a broken sewer main. Gazes at the floating pyre as it sails by.

Close on the fire.

Flash-back on another fire. Leuk'Lith sees the blazing Bowl and the people agonizing around him while he works his way out of the wrecked structure.

He clasps his head and his mouth opens for a silent cry.

LEUK' LITH

>>> Who am I? What can I do?

Silence.

Then the water ripples at his feet without his noticing at first. Swishes sound with a light breeze. Something moves under the surface but cannot be seen yet.

Leuk'Lith snaps out of his ESP spell.

Strange creatures, indistinct and vaguely phosphorescent rise out of the river. Leuk'Lith focuses all his senses on them but without quite making them out.

They swim in circles and their wake rises in a liquid column that reaches upward and shapes into roughly human contours.

Next, the transparent shape brings its face close to Leuk'Lith's.

WATER SHAPE

You are a paradoxical timeling like we  
are.

LEUK' LITH

What ?!

WATER SHAPE

You hail from O Zone's future, or rather, from one of its potential futures, since it is now locked in a timeless ultra-dimension.

LEUK' LITH

But who are you ?

He gazes at the creatures who are expressing their thoughts through the liquid shape.

WATER SHAPE

We are the Atlantides. We come from a warped dimension of the past that wiped us out before we could carry out our destiny.

The water creatures come into clear sight. Their tall, hydrodynamic figures, quite larger than ours, coin them as kin to cetaceans or delphinidae, but they are humanoids. They communicate with one another through swift, harmonious stridulating.

Leuk'Lith is obviously brimming over with questions he can't put in words.

WATER SHAPE

You are the only surviving entity of the futures. A Psychobion of the species that has or will colonize the other dimensions. As such, you are kin to the entity that rules over O Zone.

LEUK' LITH

Then why fight him ?

WATER SHAPE

Because he aims to eradicate all the pasts and all the futures to rule the universes.

LEUK' LITH

If he can do that, he can eradicate me with just one thought...

WATER SHAPE

He can't detect you since you belong to a timeline that has escaped O Zone's time-lock. You are evidence that his plans can fail but...

*(The creatures turn to the ever glowing Ring)*  
...you haven't much time left.

LEUK' LITH  
What can I do then ?

WATER SHAPE  
Two humans stand at a crucial point of the Entity's past. Find these men. Quick.

The water figure dissolves and the Atlantides sink slowly back into their native element. They swim out of the polluted flood towards the open sea. A couple of killer whales dart out of the water and snap angrily before following their masters.

LEUK' LITH  
(calling out)  
But how about you ?

One of the Atlantides turns round and stridulates an answer that Leuk'Lith seems to understand.

ATLANTIDE (SUBTITLED)  
Another mental entity is calling all the pasts to fight off the O Unit's creatures and achievements in O Zone. We are joining him.

7 EXT. BROOKLYN. NIGHT

7

- EAST RIVER.  
Riding a makeshift raft, Eaks and Lomax paddle across the Battery inlet and the East River, towards Brooklyn. It's a hard job to avoid the huge wrecks and driftwood that litter the bay. Beyond, the collapsed Brooklyn bridge stretches a forlorn pier in the dark sky.

EAKS  
(While working the raft through angrily)  
Okay, you're feeling things, you're feeling things, I know, bordel de shit! So do I, man. And where does it get us, if I may ask? Nowhere, damn it, nowhere!

- RIVER BANK, BROOKLYN.

They land, jump off the raft and start walking along the bank. Lomax doesn't seem to be actually listening to Eaks. He is lost in his thoughts.

LOMAX

What's going on here in O Zone is beyond visible facts. There are other forces at work....

EAKS

Sure, a fucking cyborg remote controlled by a fucking mad scientist!

LOMAX

No, I didn't mean the Aerocontarch. We both saw him get barbecued in the Bowl. He's dead and maybe the scientist is too, maybe the Brains were just a dream, but,

(He glances at the glaring Ring.)  
something is still at work up there.  
Something...

He pauses.

FLASHBACK

*The Ring fades into a view of the blue halo in the Sanctuary and the Aerocontarch's forbidding features. The cyborg's face fades in turn into a close on Mandork's face (see O Zone I) during the fight in the Old Man's cabin. Off screen, the Old Man's voice.*

OLD MAN

*Now you must meet your fate, John.*

Lomax rubs his wrist. The black tattooed design seems to sparkle.

ANOTHER FLASH

*He sees Mandork and the Old Man face to face. Bull hides and pictograms b.g.*

OLD MAN

*You are no longer Darkaos, you are nothing but a Zero Unit. Never shall you master the chronolith again and never shall you rule over the future.*

Return to : Lomax stops short. Eaks almost bumps into him and grumbles an oath.



LOMAX

The future... O Zone ... Oh my God!

Eaks stares at him as if he were mad.

LOMAX

Mandork ... Darkaos... The Zero Unit...  
Does this mean he succeeded?

His hand moves from his wrist to the empty Soul Catcher  
around his neck.

LOMAX

But where does this come in? Where do  
we come in?

Pause.

The flaming drakkar comes into sight, from behind the  
broken Brooklyn bridge, and glides majestically along. It  
is almost completely burned out now. They watch it.  
Eaks snaps out of it and nods at the boat.

EAKS

Tell you what. We and our buddies 'll  
all come in and take care of him  
whatever he is!

Lomax comes to and slaps five with him.

LOMAX

Right on! The past is a killer...

EAKS

...And the future, a grave digger!

The remains of the drakkar reach the open sea and catch the  
first sun rays.

8 INT. SANCTUARY

8

Blue halo.

A large, dark figure stands against the light, facing the  
transparent casks that house the Brains: The Aero Unit,  
safe and sound. Floating images all around.

BRAIN \*1 (ELECTRONIC VOICE OVER)

So there you are, Cyborg. What are you  
up to anyway ? Why didn't you return us

to human bodies like you were supposed to ? We can take care of this world better than you can.

AERO UNIT

Number One suffices in controlling it... under my orders.

BRAIN \*5 (ELECTRONIC HISS)

You're nothing but a conceited bunch of circuits !

AERO UNIT

If you are speaking of the cyborg that calls itself the Aerocontarch, I agree entirely with you.

Still standing against the bright bluish haze surrounding the blocks, the dark silhouette expands and distorts. Electric bolts zap all around it.

AERO UNIT (CONT.)

Only, I am not the Aerocontarch and time has come to cease the game.

BRAIN \*6

But the Power Ring...

AERO UNIT

...is not what you thought it was. No. It is a weapon that will master all existing universes in all time dimensions.

BRAIN \*1

And what do we have to do with it ?

AERO UNIT

You have universal knowledge of this dimension and I have started treating you to part of the rest. By the time I'm through, we can destroy all that does, has or will exist and rewrite the story of Times, that I be sole master of them !

BRAIN \*2

You're utterly mad ! You will destroy yourself in the process !

AERO UNIT

Not when the Power Ring and the Chronolith come together. Once purged of its actual parasites, O Zone will become the womb of new worlds !

9 INT. ORGANIZATION GHQ

9

Survivors of the beheaded Organization huddle in two distinct groups in the briefing room. Standing ahead, another Black Leader and his Black Guard. Near them, Stark, hideously defaced by a scar running from his eyebrow to his cheekbone through his dead eye. There are a few MG with him. To one side and apart, Silver and her Instructors stand clearly as the Opposition. The new Organization isn't unanimous. They are all restless although silent. Aero Unit flies majestically in, lands on his rostrum and glares at them. He addresses Black Leader and his Guard : the others are non existent.

AERO UNIT

I want you to prepare to terminate all living units in O Zone.

Silver steps forward, determinedly.

SILVER

But most of the groundhogs aren't involved with the rebels. They are peaceful, harmless!

Without moving a hair, the Aero U shifts his gaze to hers.

AERO UNIT

The Instructors have no say in the matter when the matter is war.

STARK

Those varmints are looking for it and we're going to let them have it! Sir!

SILVER

(ignoring him, she addresses the Aero)

But our Organization's chief goal has always been the resettlement of this country, not destruction!

AERO UNIT  
(flaring)

There is no Organization anymore! I rule over this world and your assignment is henceforth to serve under those who fight for me!

He indicates Black Leader.

Silver grits her teeth. Her gaze meets Stark's. They glare at one another. Stark discreetly makes a throat slitting gesture.

10 EXT. BROOKLYN, NIGHT

10

- EAST RIVER BANKS.

Eaks and Lomax stride along the river. Ahead of them, a landscape of collapsed fly-crossings, the broken piers and structures of which still support sections of shattered roadways. Here and there, the lights of campfires. The two men walk cautiously. Eaks is ill at ease.

EAKS

Well? How do you feel about it? Friend or foe?

LOMAX

(rubs his wrist)

I wouldn't say.

EAKS

(resuming pace)

Well, *que sera, sera!*

Lomax wavers, glances around and follows him.

Something stalks them in the dark: a hideous silhouette against the campfires, then another, then a crowd.

- RUINED FLY-CROSSING.

The pair reaches somewhat of a makeshift encampment around the broken flyovers

Eaks and Lomax creep into the brightly lit circle of a campfire. The place seems empty. They instinctively stand back to back, scanning the dark.

Mutants step out of the night, form a silent circle and close in on them.

LOMAX

(out of the corner of his mouth)

Jiggers!

They stoop, quickly pick a firebrand, pounce on the astounded pack, waving their torches, plow their way through and run for their lives. An unearthly chorus of shrieks breaks out behind them : the chase is on. The two men are finally cornered under a broken fly-over. They fling their firebrands at the howling multitude and start scaling the shacks. They scramble up the remains of rusted superstructures, climb along metal girders. Below, the fire casts intermittent glows on a mural featuring Rajah the Moor's stylized figure and the Citadel.

EAKS

(pointing it out)

Correction. They are foes, not friends.

LOMAX

(climbing next to him)

You don't say!

- FLYOVER DECK.

More mutants come for them from the upper levels. They wind up at the top of the fly-crossing and on the very edge of the collapsed deck.

Facing them, the mutants move for the kill. No way out. Fired from above their quarry, a broadside of power rays mows the mutants down. The survivors scatter. There is a well known guffaw. Stark floats down into sight. A squad of MG harries the fleeing geeks.

STARK

Attaboys! Butcher them all!

He turns to the two astonished men. Stares at Lomax, snarls and motions his men to keep out of what's coming.

STARK

(to Lomax and indicating his  
scarred face)

You, of all people! Well I'm mighty glad you survived. Now you both can pay for this!

The rascal fires his plaser at the two men's feet. They back up. Stark shoots once more:

The deck starts ripping apart, slants.

Lomax loses his balance and slides along the sagging surface.

Eaks dives for the other side of the roadway, rolls over and clings to a girder underneath it.

Stark releases one last blast, a whole section of the deck topples and goes down, bringing Lomax under with it. Eaks tries desperately to catch Lomax's stretched hand, misses it.

Lomax goes flying into the darkness below.

Eaks looks up hatefully at Stark.

The one-eyed brute trains his weapon on the metal girder, focuses the energy ray until the metal turns red-hot. Eaks tries to hold fast, clenches his teeth, then finally lets go with a curse.

His fall seems to last forever.

STARK

All right boys, break up. Let's find another playground!

- UNDER THE ROADWAY.

Silver flies out of a lower level, sends out an antigrav disc. The electric filaments wrap around Eaks and break his fall.

A couple of Instructors fall in behind her as she leads Eaks away.

He wriggles, angrily trying to free himself.

EAKS

Let me go! My buddy's lying somewhere under there! We gotta rescue him!

SILVER

Keep quiet or they'll spot us. Your friend couldn't have survived a free drop like that.

They fly off during this exchange.

11 EXT. ROOSEVELT ISLAND, NIGHT

11

Another wasteland littered with rusted frameworks and rotten shells of all kind, it serves the Organization as a scrap-yard.

Silver and the Instructors fly in and free Eaks of his electric bonds. Grumbling and grouting, he rubs his arms and legs.

Something moves. A makeshift periscope pops out of a grounded hull and levels on the men.

Eaks tries a big grin at Silver.

EAKS

So you finally did join in with the good guys?

SILVER

(impassive)

No. You saved my life in the Bowl, I owed you one. Now we're even.

EAKS

(beaming smile)

I, ah, take it you've been shadowing me all the time?

SILVER

(sharply)

Wrong guess. I was shadowing that stinking bastard, Stark..

Pirate yells and curses sound throughout the wasteland.

BLACK B. (VOICE OVER)

Ready to board! No quarter!

They pop out of the ground like devils and the next thing Silver and her men know, they're surrounded.

A Mexican string flies out of nowhere and wraps around the feet of an Instructor as they try to take off. A dozen men drag him down.

The other Instructor aims his plaser at them.

SILVER

Don't shoot!

Eaks interposes, holding his arms out at the night.

EAKS

Black? Hey, Black! You mother fucking, lice ridden rascal! Is that you?

A loud guffaw answers him.

BLACK B. (VOICE OVER : TO HIS MEN)

Hold it! Sounds like ole captain Dragon Buster out there!

The buccaneer steps out of the dark. They exchange bear hugs.

Black B. gives Silver and her men a sidelong glance.

BLACK B.  
(To Eaks)

You running around with them Manhattan  
Bats ?

EAKS  
Naw. Just looking for action.

BLACK B.  
Action, huh? Well we're gonna let you  
have it!

He turns and whistles.  
Each car shell, each piece of scrap moves and gives way to  
an army of hang-dog looking brutes. There's dozens of them.  
Eaks watches them regroup behind the freebooter,  
unbelieving. The Instructors tense.

BLACK B.  
Join us. We killed mister Aerobat and  
we're fixing to take what's left of the  
Organization over.  
(indicates the Instructors)  
An' get rid of those to start with.

The rebels cheer.  
Silver doesn't move a hair, just stares at them with her  
usual self-confidence.

SILVER  
You didn't kill the Aerocontarch. He's  
alive and well. You haven't got a  
chance against him.

Astonished silence meets her words. Black B. chins up.

BLACK B.  
We don't give a damn about chance. We  
never lived by it and we were born only  
to wind up kissing the yard-arm. So  
nothing, nobody can stop us!

Cheers again. Eaks turns to Silver.

EAKS  
Bullshit! There's been enough dead  
people, do something! You can't let  
them kick the bucket for nothing, damn  
it! Help us.

Silver wavers. They're all looking at her. She softens up.



SILVER

We're not fighting the same battle. I still believe in the Organization's mission, even if I have no intention of harming you.

BLACK B.

You Instructors have always been fair and square, that's why we'll kill you last.

(addresses his men who still hold  
the Instructor)

Let them go!

The Instructors fly off. Silver turns to the men, there's a concerned look on her face.

SILVER

Believe me, get the hell away from here. As far as you can. Once the ABAD Units are through with this place, there'll be nothing left of it.

12 EXT. BROOKLYN, FLY-CROSSING. NIGHT 12

Lomax lies on the ground. The camp is deserted, the fires, out.

He opens his eyes. A blurred image of Leuk'Lith's face materializes above him, then shreds into a trail of white mist that shoots out and materializes again above the river, pointing at Roosevelt Island.

13 EXT. ROOSEVELT ISLAND. NIGHT 13

Black B's shadow army is striking camp. He and Eaks stride along the scrap-yard, choosing pieces of metal to make weapons of.

BLACK B.

We've got to join the rebels of the North.

Eaks doesn't hear: he's buried in his thoughts.

FLASHBACK: he sees his hand reaching out for Lomax who is falling to his doom.

Black B. sets his furry paw on his shoulder with the solicitude of a she-bear.

BLACK B.

So he's dead, isn't he?

Eaks clenches his teeth, snaps out of it.

EAKS

You were right. We're gonna butcher every single one of them!

Men around them look up one at a figure standing maybe a hundred yards from there.

Eaks and Black B. look in turn.

The man walks towards them. He rubs his wrist in a familiar gesture. It's Lomax

Eaks dashes for him.

EAKS

Why the sneaking, squirming, goddam son of a bitch!

14 EXT. ABOARD A MAKESHIFT SAIL BARGE. NIGHT

14

She looks like the devil but she sails handsomely upstream with Black B. at the helm.

Back-ground, the Harlem river widens into the inlet. Beyond, the misty veils of Haze Island.

The barge sails around a bend, the power plant comes into sight and conceals the Island.

Eaks and Lomax are sitting next to Black B.

EAKS

But no one can actually *fly*! Not without the Sygmarec. It's impossible!

LOMAX

That's what I thought myself, until...

- FLASHBACK:

Lomax's endless drop. The campfires shooting up at him. Sheer terror in his eyes. His arms and legs flail wildly. Slow motion. He flips over and finds himself in the MG usual flying position. Power beams stream out of his body, break his fall. He concentrates, sweat drips down his face. A few feet off the ground, he loses control and falls sharply. His head hits a girder and he loses consciousness.

- RETURN TO:

LOMAX

That Sygmarec stuff is phony.

He stands, flies up and lands on the deck house.

LOMAX

See? My brains can pick up the Sigma impulse *without* the Sygmarec.

EAKS

(flapping his arms like wings)  
Well you're damn lucky because my brains pick up zilch!

LOMAX

What I succeeded in doing under the pressure of circumstances, we should be able to do again. And if we make it, we can match the Organization forces.

EAKS

(jeering)  
Sure, Fuzz, we and our little fists are gonna bust the Invincible Armada!

BLACK B.

Why don't you call your flying lady to the rescue? She holds god damn interesting toys in her little fists!

Lomax starts. It dawns on him.

LOMAX

Hey, he's right!  
(waves them on)  
Keep on moving, we'll be back!

EAKS

Just whaddya mean "We'll be back"? And how can we be back, if I may ask? I ain't no bird!

Lomax grabs his belt, snatches him up and flies off

LOMAX

Now you are!

15 EXT. ABOVE BATTERY ISLAND. NIGHT

15

Lomax flies above Battery Island, conveying Eaks, scared stiff.

EAKS

Shit, man, it doesn't work, I don't feel anything.

LOMAX

Stop saying it doesn't work, keep trying, for Chrissake!

And he lets go.

Giving out a string of curses, Eaks drops like a stone, Lomax flying alongside.

EAKS

Quit it, you durn burn mother fucking son of a bitch! You know you're gonna catch me anyway.

(pause, then a trifle dubious)

Aren't you?

LOMAX

Wanna bet?

The ground jets up for them. They spin down between the remains of ruined tower buildings.

A jagged girder juts out one of the edifices.

Eaks is falling straight for it. His eyes widen. At the very last moment, he manages to flip over and avoid it. He tries to steady his flight but drifts helplessly towards the facing building and its broken façade.

Lomax hasn't realized in time. He's too far above to help him.

Eaks' POV. The opposite building is growing awfully close. He braces for it... curbs his crash course, grazes the wall and finds himself flying gracefully along the sky-scraper. Lomax catches up with him. He gives him a boastful look.

EAKS

Good brakes, huh?

LOMAX

(Doesn't want to show how scared he was)

See? I told you it would work!

Eaks gives him the V, loses his balance and goes spinning off with a terrific curse.

16 EXT. BATTERY FORT . NIGHT

16

They fly over Battery Fort. The rest of the Island is dark. The remains of the Bowl loom in the distance. The Fort itself looks like a stronghold: all its defenses have been reinforced.

A dozen Instructors fly silently out of nowhere and collar them.

SILVER (VOICE OVER)

Don't harm them.

Spotlights converge on them.

EAKS

No use hitting the skylights,  
sweetheart, we're friends!

Silver flies up and stares at them.

SILVER

Eaks! Lomax! You're alive? you *fly*?

She shoves her plaser in Eaks' chin.

SILVER

You! You stinking freak! Stark sent  
you, didn't he?

EAKS

You're out of your mind, lady. You saw  
him shoot my buddy.

She jolts the plaser. He winces and pipes down.

SILVER

A frame, nothing but a frame! How come  
he's alive then?

LOMAX

It's quite a story...

17 INT. BATTERY ARSENAL

17

Eaks and Lomax stand surrounded by Instructors. Silver paces up and down, glancing at them every now and then, tense.

SILVER

I don't believe one word of all this.  
It can't be. You've got to have a  
Sygmarec.

Watanka activates a detector on his wristband.

WATANKA

They said the truth. They have no  
Sygmarec.

SILVER

It's impossible.

LOMAX

(flaring)

Christ Almighty, Silver! Is ICARUS  
impossible, and the Time Gates, the  
Brains, Number One..

She grabs his arm.

SILVER

Number One?!

LOMAX

Know him?

She pulls herself together, resumes her natural  
haughtiness.

SILVER

It is none of your business.

EAKS

(looses his cool)

God damn it! Open your eyes! Your  
precious Organization is a bunch of  
crap, a doggone illusion. You mean  
nothing more than a disposable trooper  
to them: they've been using you and now  
they're throwing you away!

Pause. Eaks stares at her eagerly, she stares back at them.  
Lomax holds his hand out to her. She doesn't move.  
Eaks sighs and floats up a few feet.  
Lomax looks at him, lowers his hand and does the same.

LOMAX

Make up your mind, Silver. We haven't  
much time. We can win only if you help

us destroy the Organization and the Power Ring.

One of the Instructors lowers his weapon, then another, then all.

Silver bites her lips and gives up. She flies up and holds her hand out.

SILVER

I'm with you.

Eaks flips over, letting out his rebel yell.

EAKS

Great! Terrific! Fabulous! We are going to muster the biggest airborne rebel army this country has ever seen! And the battle of the Bull Run will go down in history as a mere dogfight next to the roasting we're gonna give 'em Manhattan Bats!

SILVER

Keep your pants on, Mister Eaks. The other rebels don't fly, do they?

Eaks pipes down.

SILVER

And they can't fly, no matter what. The ability to pick up the Sigma impulse hasn't been developed by human brains before the twenty second century and almost all the members of the Organization hail from that period, save a few advanced specimens like you.

(Pause)

And it is a most venturesome task to try and bring together such a motley array as the Time Outcasts.

LOMAX

We know that but we are not alone. There are other... forces at work here.

Silver sighs, pauses and makes up her mind.

SILVER

All right then. We'll take care of the ABAD units. I have a bone or two to pick with them. Just hope to God you

can "muster", as you say, a little more than a handful of helpless waifs.

18 EXT. HAZE ISLAND: THE TIME ARCH. NIGHT 18

Spirit of the Earth smiles. He turns to the north and looks beyond the Time Arch. He beats a slow monotonous rhythm on his drum and hums a chant.

19 EXT. FOREST NORTH OF THE BRONX. NIGHT 19

Beyond the Harlem River, the ruins subside into mounds and hills overgrown with lavish vegetation. Nature has claimed sole ownership over the land.

Other drums pick up the Shaman's message and convey it to a roughly built Indian camp.

Indians come out of their huts and listen. Squalls rock the dense foliage around them.

An Indian chief quickly motions his people to prepare their war equipment.

Several warriors let out a shrill cry and a flight of gorgeous eagles glide down to rest on their shoulders.

One of the warriors puts forth a differently pitched call and in answer to it, a large *Quetzalcoatlus* comes flapping clumsily for him and, nudging him affectionately with its large beak, throws him off balance. Laughter rocks the departing warriors

20 EXT. WEST NEW-YORK- HOBOKEN. NIGHT 20

West of Manhattan, beyond the enlarged Hudson, marshland has swamped whatever could hint to civilization. Crashed buildings mournfully stretch out of the mud-banks. The moon shines behind a curtain of wretched trees. A herd of mammoths silhouettes against it.

The Vikings steer what could be a timber raft downstream. It brushes past the grazing pachyderms.

One of them lifts its trunk out of the sludge and pokes at the raft.

Hjalmar whacks the searching snout with his sword and the peaceful behemoth pulls back with a surprised jump. Its backwash rocks the timbers and Regin roars an angry rebuke at his companion.

Further down, a campfire glows on a stretch of sand near a clump of gnarled trees.

The Vikings steer into the dense vegetation, as close as they can to watch the scene.



A pack of cavemen go about various cavemen occupations near the fire. Most are asleep.

REGIN (SUBT'D, WAVING DISGUSTINGLY)  
Nothing but a bunch of monkeys. Let's  
move south.

They are about to push the raft back in the flow when a voice booms over the stretch.

PREACHER (OFF SCREEN)  
...And we shall join the Army of the Lord  
to fight the Evil who rules over Sodom  
and Gomorrah !

The Vikings peek through a tuft of giant reeds.  
Their POV: the preacher is trying to lecture his  
prehistoric- and sleepy- flock. Sporting a black beard,  
ragged black suit and hat, he hugs his Bible with one hand  
and points out the Ring's distant halo with the other.  
The cavemen seem used to him and don't pay him the least  
attention.

With a victorious howl, one hauls an unspeakable specimen  
of fish out of the sludge and starts discarding it.  
Preacher sniffs in reproving disgust and resumes.

PREACHER  
For He who stands yonder is a  
reincarnation of Beelzebub. And we must  
fight him to the crack of doom if that  
is what the Lord has sent us here for !

He strikes up the opening phrase of the John Brown anthem.  
A couple of cavemen look up at him, rather pleased with his  
martial baritone. Another tries to chime in with hearty  
croaks but the fisherman doesn't appreciate. He lumbers  
towards the preacher and shoves a slimy piece of fish in  
his mouth. Preacher gulps it down thankfully and sets his  
hand on the Cro-Magnon's furry shoulder.

PREACHER  
Thank you, brother. Now I will teach  
you that to overcome the Enemy, we must  
use our brains, not only our strength.  
You are the living image of God and His  
spirit will guide you. You must learn  
to think. THINK.

Caveman, whom we will dub Fisherman Cro, gazes blankly at  
him.

Preacher indicates his head.

Fisherman Cro grins, lifts his bludgeon and whacks him one. Behind their reeds, the Vikings burst out laughing.

ERIK (SUBT'D)

Hey, those ape-men could prove useful after all. Especially the one with the black hat !

21 EXT. HARLEM RIVER. NORTH BRONX. NIGHT

21

Ragnar, Erik and their party ride across the Harlem River towards the Bronx.

Leaping and flapping their short wings, the Unenlagiae hop from one wreck to the other.

They next move across a land of Apocalypse. Not a tree, not a clump of grass pokes out of the charred ruins. Nothing but blasted buildings and tremendous heaps of metal and concrete, battered and burnt.

RAGNAR

(Subt'd, looking around with a shudder)

The wrath of Odin has been at work here...

Voices sound ahead. They stop short, dismount and edge around a collapsed building. Stand gaping at what they see. A flashy T Bird of the 1960s sits in the middle of a caved-in street. It houses four quiffed and leather clad youngsters by the names of Jim, Dylan, Greg and Rusty.

DYLAN

(Excited)

Wow, what a trip ! Never saw such fireworks before ! Hey, Greg, what junk do you stuff your reefers with?

Greg sits listlessly behind the steering wheel.

GREG

Them wasn't reefers, meathead ! Just plain fags..

JIM

(Glancing around. He's completely stoned)

Hey, take a load at this place. Really hip ! How come you never druv us here before ?

Three of them take a few steps out of the convertible while Greg looks around pop-eyed.

GREG

Beats me...

He remains in his seat, gripping the wheel and eyes shut tight.

His friends edge back towards the car, looking around.

Dylan lets out a panicked shriek.

Ragnar steps out from behind a wall, with a wolfish grin he intends to be friendly.

DYLAN

(Yelling)

Damn it, Greg, what happened? What's this place? Who's that bugbear?!

They line in front of Ragnar with their fists clenched.

Dylan and Rusty produce their jack-knives, trying to act tough.

Ragnar swings his heavy axe and sets it over his shoulder.

He walks up, dwarfing all four of them, bends over and shoves his fuzzy face against Greg's.

RAGNAR

Boo !

Greg faints.

The others pounce on the Norseman. Dylan and Rusty snap their blades against his tough leather breastplate, Jim barks his knuckles in trying to slug him.

He shrugs them off, sends them flying into their car and walks back to his companions.

RAGNAR (SUBT.)

Nothing but a litter of playful pooches. Let's go.

Still out on the roof, Jim takes the wheel and drives up next to them. Leans out of the car while the others try to pull him back. Greg comes to, sees Ragnar and faints again.

JIM

Hey, man! Hey wait! Can we join in the fun?

Ragnar sighs, leans over, snatches him out of the car and sends him over a nearby wall.

RAGNAR (SUBT.)

We are looking for warriors, not babies!

22 EXT. SOUTH BRONX. NIGHT

22

Riding their Unenlagiae, the Vikings come into the district occupied by the rebel party mentioned in OZ II. There isn't a soul to be seen.

They stop and look around warily, their weapons ready.

A light hum sounds behind them, then a clank. A split second later, the T Bird comes into sight, jolting along the battered path.

Ragnar raises his battle axe with a roar.

Rebels pop out of the ruins and the ground and surround them in the shake of a lamb's tail, leveling their knocked up fire arms at them.

The Vikings give out their war cry and charge.

A voice stops them short.

TED (OFF SCREEN)

Hold it! Everybody!

He and Jay step out of a nearby shelter and cross over to the Vikings.

Ted raises his hand to slap the Norseman's brow-high shoulder.

TED

Hi ya, Thor! Do you recognize me?

Ragnar frowns at him, wields his axe.

They all duck.

Ragnar keeps whirling his axe. Lightning zaps out of the sky and strikes it. The twin blades radiate a bolt that bursts a nearby shack.

Ragnar grins and slaps Ted's shoulder, almost sending him to the ground.

RAGNAR

(pointing his finger at the sky)

He Thor. Me Ragnar.

And he indulges in a Norse speech, with martial gestures.

JAY

What's he talking about?

The T Bird buckets around the block and stops. Jim steps out.

JIM

He wants you to join a rebel army that is gathering in the north. A place called Haze Island.

Jay gives him a shrewd glance.

JAY

You little stinker understand the ancient Norse language?

JIM

(broad grin)

Nope. It's the stuff in Greg's reefers!

23 EXT. HAZE ISLAND - NIGHT

23

Spirit of the Earth stands under the Time Arch swathed in snow flurries.

Leuk'Lith sits overhead in the edifice's broken superstructures.

Moving columns converge towards the Arch.

Quetzy and eagles circle overhead and settle on the building. Quetzy gives the eagles a snap.

Vikings march up the megalith alley.

Somewhere in the distance, the Atlantides can be glimpsed in the inlet's shallow waters.

Near the megaliths, Eaks and Lomax contemplate the scene.

There is much grunting, sidelong glancing and shoving around as each group demarcates its place around or between the megaliths.

- The cavemen enjoy unquestioned pre-eminence thanks to their prehistoric pets. Fisherman Cro astride the female leader sits proudly above the whole motley bunch.

- Preacher frets around to bring his flock to attention. The cavemen ignore him.

- The Indians stand still as statues, arms folded, their gazes fixed on Spirit of the Earth.

- The legions of waifs have a little more trouble in quieting down. Some of them climb the megaliths to catch sight of the Arch above the flocking heads. Black B. whacks a boisterous trooper. Another chief shifts and glances threateningly at him.

- Ted, Jay and their gang lean on their weapons and look at the Arch.

- The teenagers hoist wriggling girls on their shoulders and nudge one another with delight.

- The Vikings reach the Arch and remain standing, silent, their hands set on their axes. Spirit of the Earth watches them all with gleaming eyes. The wind carries the crowd's disparate voices and he smiles. He raises his hands. The flames leap in front of him. Gushes of wind whip around the Arch, ruffling the feathers of the sitting eagles. The hubbub subsides and they all turn to the Indian.

#### SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

Time has come for us to fight he who is now threatening our world and its history. Because of the madness of the men you reared, all that you have built up, all that you have been fighting for, all your values and achievements have been brought down and destroyed, clearing the way for he who comes from beyond Time. He has been banned from his own world and now he endeavors to rule over all times, should he drive all that has, does or will exist back in the voids of oblivion.

But we hold the countless forces of the past and the future, of the mind and the numbers, to thwart him. Now it is up to you to annihilate the works and the changelings he intends to spawn into our world. You are the power of bygone ages, each and every one of you carries the multitudes that begot him, with the strength of his ancestral culture. Behold those who will fight by your side!

*His voice sounds first in ancient Indian (subtitled), then in different languages as cam tracks along the various groups. Starting from "You are the power..." sq., he speaks in English. Close on Eaks and Lomax, then on the Indian who looks at the camera.*

He straightens, appears taller and younger as he transforms into an Indian warrior.

Gusts of wind whip the fire at his feet and it rises in an incandescent wall.

Transparent silhouettes delineate within the flames and the smoke, then soar over the bemused crowd, scarcely sketched, but enough to be identified with the emblematic figures of each group's history or mythology. They fly out as swift and ethereal as dreams before vanishing in the haze.

T.O cheer and wield their weapons whenever they recognize one of their national heroes.

The cavemen gaze silently for awhile. Then Fisherman Cro chimes in : the figure of an homo erectus hovers for a split instant behind the visions, sire of the heroic lineage. The ape-men beat their chests with savage howls. The crowd hushes. More ghosts stream out of the flames, awkward shapes of alien aspect and proportions. Wondering murmurs rise here and there. Stridulating sounds in the distance.

- EXT. EAST RIVER

The Atlantides have gathered along the beaches of the island, out of sight. They let out excited modulations when they see these visions of their forgotten past.

- EXT. THE ARCH

The four youngsters gawk at the whole thing.

RUSTY

Wow! A 3D drive-in! Wait till we tell home!

They clap their hands and whistle madly. Greg stomps his feet.

GREG

(hollering)

We want Elvis! We want Elvis!

- EXT. THE ARCH MEGALITH ALLEY

Wind, fire and visions subside.

Spirit of the Earth resumes his former aspect.

Leuk'Lith hops down the Arch with the litheness of a cat, and stands between the megaliths.

LEUK'LITH

Now that the memories of your past ages have tempered your souls and strengthened your courage, may the future teach you to fight together, for the enemy is of multiple might. May the numbers become one!

He raises his arms again and strikes up a monotonous incantation.

Liquid columns soar out of the megaliths and into the sky as high as the Arch itself. Next, they form into a huge vault of water above the crowd.

The vault collapses in heavy rainfall.

The men instinctively hold their faces to it.

Preacher lets out a most outrageously heathen string of oaths.

The drenched cavemen burst out laughing and Fisherman Cro points at him.

FISHERMAN CRO

Look! Big-furry-mouth looks like a wet monkey!

PREACHER

Why, you fuzzy microcephalic brute! How dare you..

(stops short and stares at the  
caveman)

Did you actually say something?

Around them, T.O find themselves understanding one another. They slap hands, exchange bear hugs amidst a chorus of calls, exclamations. Preacher mumbles psalms about Babel. Black B. hustles the Quetzy's Indian master. The Indian gives him a blue streak of pirate curses. His mouth drops. A huge, red headed man turns to the four youngsters who are now shooting a line at their gals. Brings down a heavy paw on Rusty's shoulder.

RED MAN

By the way, lad. Who is Elvis?

Beyond them, the rising sun challenges the night's shadows.

Leuk'Lith hops on a megalith.

Spirit of the Earth raises his arms. The crowd quiets down.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

May the forces of the pasts and the  
futures henceforth be with you.

The rebels split and they make ready to move.

The megalith alley clears up, leaving Eaks and Lomax facing Spirit of the Earth.

- EXT. THE ARCH. SUNRISE

Lomax looks at Spirit of the Earth's Soul Catcher, then at his own. The Old Man's features fade in and replace his own.

Lomax holds his hand up: it is wrinkled and gnarled, an Indian bracelet circles his wrist.

It fades out and he sees his own arm. The black tattoo glows.



Between the Arch and the megaliths, Spirit of the Earth, Eaks and Lomax stand around the fire, built within a circle of shamanic stones.

Leuk'Lith sits atop the nearest megalith.

Spirit of the Earth takes the Thunderstone from its sheath and holds his hand out. It gleams and expands into a bright, immaterial shape floating between the men.

He looks at Lomax.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

This is the actual claim to our fight. You have already fought in the past to protect it but we are now coming to the final confrontation. Upon it depends not only the fate of mankind but that also of the worlds to come.

The outlines of the Archronian universes are briefly glimpsed within the chronolith.

LOMAX

You mean there has been a reason to all this *all* the time?

Spirit of the Earth gives him a deep, thoughtful gaze.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

Have you already forgotten the past, Little Snow Fox?

Through the chronolith, the Old Man stares at him, then a younger boy, then himself. Then fluttering images of the Arch, of moving Indian tribes. They all wear the same bracelet.

LOMAX

Me? Am I...

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

It isn't that simple. The answer is yes and then again it is no. The past and the future have sired your own existence. Your present is generated by the universal forces. You have been chosen since all times.

He indicates the black tattoo, then touches the empty Soul Catcher. It gleams.

EAKS

(to Lomax)

I just knew you've been keeping something back *all* the time!

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

(addressing Eaks)

You, you are here because your fate has developed under the spur of your own deeds and they were spawned by the power of your will.

Eaks blushes, turns away and indicates Leuk'Lith.

EAKS

Oh all right. And how about my pal, mister Invisible Man?

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

He hasn't yet come to existence. Offspring of the futures he is and will sire the futures. His fate is to face the Master of Chaos when the time comes. If you fail he will never be born and he cannot fight before you win.

The chronolith vibrates, electric sparks flicker around it. Spirit of the Earth turns to the Ring. The two men and the youth do the same.

It vibrates over Manhattan . The Power Plant interposes between it and the men

The torches of the rebel army string down the megalith alley and into the ash tree plaza. Muffled cries, the various noises of a gathering army and, every now and then, the trumpeting of a mammoth sound b.g.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH (CONTINUED)

Before they win...

24 EXT. ASH PLAZA. DAWN

24

Vikings regroup their men. Next to them, a Portuguese raider by the name of Vasco hollers at his boisterous companions to bring them to attention. Black B. wallops his reluctant crew. Ted and Jay try for a little twentieth century military discipline to form their recruits into a bataillon.

The various chiefs next join Eaks and Lomax in the center of the Plaza.

With Jay and Ted, they argue over a knocked up survey map spread on the ground.

Ragnar listens to them, altogether haughty and reluctant. Black B. sits on a rock, cleaning his teeth with his knife. Preacher and Cro-Magnon stand apart and listen .

TED

So let's go over this again. You, Preacher, go west with your.. ahem.. flock. You, Ragnar, lead your troop east. You've got to take the Citadel over with its ammunition supplies. And maybe remind RTM a thing or two!

Ragnar gives a fearful grin and hits his breastplate with his fist.

Black B. stands and hurls his knife to the ground: it buries in the map.

BLACK B.

No way. You landlubbers don't know how to board a ship like that. It's a job for us.

Ragnar stands and wields his battle axe.

Eaks gives them a pleased look and nudges Lomax.

RAGNAR

Would you care to go over that again?

Jay raises his hand.

JAY

Stop bitching! Everybody here has his part to play. Mister Black, we will be needing you when we attack Manhattan.

Black B. simmers down. Gives Eaks a side glance and winks.

Eaks gives him the O under his elbow.

TED

To sum it up, while the Organization concentrates its forces on Haze, we will try to close in on Manhattan and cut them from their base. Our problem is the southern access.

Leuk'Lith, who had kept behind, steps in calmly.

LEUK'LITH

That access will be taken care of in time. There will be unexpected reinforcements to help us.

Ted studies him closely, nods and turns to Eaks and Lomax.

TED

As to you, your job is to strike the Organization from the inside with the help of the Instructors you told us about. You know better than I what to do, so good luck!

25 INT. RING CONTROL ROOM

25

Aero Unit concentrates on Haze Island. Images of what he perceives rise in the distance.

His POV: thoroughly organized, the rebel parties are leaving the ash tree plaza. They all speak the same language.

His eyes put forth a fearful glow.

AERO/UNIT

No wonder they're whipping up so much trouble: they can understand one another now. Only a mental unit could achieve that, not the Indian.

Drumbeat.

He sees Spirit of the Earth's face. An indistinct white shape looms over him.

AERO UNIT

So there it is... No, it's impossible... It couldn't be moving in this dimension.

Sudden glare. The Aero Unit is staggered, shakes his head angrily and threatens the distance.

AERO UNIT

So you are a Psychobion and you know I can't strike you now. But there are other targets!

He resumes his "energy" aspect. Stares at Haze Island again.

- EXT. MANHATTAN.

The island stands protected by the mist.  
The Unit's mind materializes in a ball of fire, soars over  
Manhattan and the banks of the Harlem inlet.

- EXT. BEACH.

It hits the beach. Flames leap up and delineate the O  
Unit's monstrous shape.  
Another flaming silhouette crosses the haze and meets it.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

Is that all you can do to impress me?

O UNIT

No and you know it. Give me the  
chronolith and I will spare O Zone's  
time matrix as well as your people when  
I regenerate this space-time dimension.  
Don't give it to me and I shall destroy  
each living occurrence of your past  
ages that has been trapped here. And  
sooner or later, the Ring will build up  
enough psycho-energy to absorb the  
chronolith...

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

You may have the power, but we have all  
the living spirits of the past and the  
future.

O UNIT

I can destroy those as easily as you  
can bring them in. Think of it...

- INT. CONTROL ROOM.

The Aero/Unit retrieves his flying mind and becomes himself  
again. With fierce expression, he turns to a fluid, moving  
surface in the wall and wades in.

26 INT. LAB.

26

There is something changed about the set. Alien atmosphere.  
Its walls are made of a transparent living organic  
material, they converge overhead in a pyramidal ceiling.  
Number One and his clones busy themselves with the  
instruments.

Aero Unit oozes out of the wall.

Number One addresses him sheepishly. There is nothing left of his once haughty attitude.

NUMBER ONE

The Sygmodems will soon be operational, Master. The Ring has almost reached full power.

He indicates what used to be the operating console. It is rigged with an array of metal bars which radiate a laser screen. It scrolls alien figures and graphs. Aero Unit undergoes energetic changes, something heaves inside of him. He breathes heavily.

AERO UNIT (DEEP VOICE WITH PHASING EFFECT)  
Darkaos is rising in me again. He shall soon be the only one to control the Power Ring. The future belongs to me!

Videocom sputters and he snaps out of his spell.

VOICE OVER COM

The ABAD units are on standby. What are the orders, sir?

AERO UNIT

Send the ABAD Units out now.  
(to himself)  
Then we shall see what becomes of the numbers!

27 INT. ORGANIZATION GHQ

27

Black Leader, alone and impassive watches an array of monitors displaying views of the wastelands :  
- Monitor 4 displays shots of flooded Brooklyn and the sea. It is still, there isn't a living creature in sight. B.g, an armless, beheaded Liberty stretches out of the water.  
- Monitor 3 shows the western marshlands. A herd of mastodons progresses south along the narrow sandbanks, obviously looking for a way to cross over to Manhattan. They are driven on by a host of cavemen and Preacher cavorts ahead of them.

BLACK LEADER (THROUGH HIS COMLINK)

ABAD Three and Four, you will take care of the western and southern sectors. Just routine cleaning out. There's nothing special in sight.

He glances at the other monitors.  
- Monitor 2 features the Vikings' rebel party moving down the East River towards the Citadel.

BLACK LEADER (THROUGH HIS COMLINK)  
ABAD Two. Rebel troops heading for the Citadel. Wipe them out and blast the Citadel.

He studies the first monitor closely.  
Haze Island; the bulk of the rebel army is building up. Strong winds whip around them, ridden by a flight of eagles and a huge Quetzalcoatlus.

BLACK LEADER  
This is where we will have to strike. ABAD One, call the shuttles and the jet strike-teams and standby. We are going to lay that northern district thoroughly waste.

He stands heavily and steps out of the room.

28 INT. DOCKING BAY

28

Squads of Black Guards bustle about five huge destroyers. Small fighters and flights of jet bikes make ready to take off with the heavy aircraft. Black Guards board the ships Black Leader seems to be waiting. A black and hyacinth colored shuttle stands on an isolated platform. Moments later, the Aero Unit flies in and boards. Black Leader heads for ABAD One and vanishes in the access hatch. Deafening roar of engines fills the place.

29 INT. MG HEADQUARTERS

29

MG officers are in an uproar. Stark stands silently, with his arms folded and stern look on his scar face.

MG OFFICER  
He has unleashed that doggone Black Guard of his without even informing us! What are we supposed to do? Play the cheerleaders?

Stark turns to him.

STARK

No. But we can have our share of the action without having to ask. I supplied my friend Rajah the Moor with enough ammunition to play with the rebels when they come his way. And I intend to join the Citadel and help him snatch a bone or two under the Black Guard's nose!

MG officer shrugs.

Stark sticks his thumbs in his belt.

STARK

But first, I am going to have a little personal... drill.

30 INT. BATTERY FORT

30

Instructors pick up the action messages through their transceivers.

Silver listens closely while other Instructors load their shuttles with weapons b.g.

SILVER

They're sending the ABAD Units out sooner than they planned. Drop everything. We've got to move now!

STARK (OFF SCREEN)

You're moving nowhere, lady!

Stark and his men step out of the shade.

Watanka aims his plaser. Stark pulls Silver in front of him and shoves his ray gun in her neck.

STARK

And no fancy tricks. Remember you have trained, and well trained us. We know the ropes.

SILVER

(addressing her men)

Do as you're told. You too Watanka.

A couple of Indian Instructors who had been hiding behind the shuttles inch towards a back door, open it and creep out.

Stark sees them and motions to a couple of his MG.



STARK

After them!

31 EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. DAY

31

A whole section of the building's façade slowly slides open.

Four destroyers sail out of the building. Behind them, their jet streams trail in fiery tails.

Each one of the four battle-craft is bracketed by a flight of fighters and Black Guard storm troopers on their jet-bikes. Pterosaurs circle above them, ready to scavenge the battlefields.

Above, an ominous red glow surrounds the Ring. Dark, lightning ridden clouds swathe the sky, bringing night down on Manhattan.

A flight of MG heads for another building near the ESB.

MG #1

I'm fed up with the odd jobs, while the Black Guard is having all the fun. Look at them. They behave like they're the cat's whiskers! I really hate to have to cross that area 33 now.

MG #2

Sure, but at least we keep our asses away from that helluva power Ring.

(he looks up at it)

They say he'll be full charged by the fifth gradient.

MG #1

Really? Then what?

MG #2

Then...

The squad flies off.

Two MG fall out and head for one of the ESB's aerial entrances.

One of them lifts the visor of his helmet. It's Lomax. He watches the departing units, worried.

LOMAX

Silver didn't make it in time. Wonder what happened?

EAKS

We can't wait for her. That MG mentioned something about the fifth gradient. That means we've got about...

(glances at his watch)

30 minutes left if we want to try something.

Lomax sighs and nods.  
They enter the building.

32 INT. BATTERY FORT

32

Two MG escorting an Instructor with his arms behind his back, fly in.  
Stark wheels round angrily.

STARK

How come you got only one of them?

MG #1 is about to spin his yarn when MG #2 shouts

MG #2

Watch out, sir, he's the other Instructor!

Tries to wriggle free.  
MG / Instructor #1's foot lashes out and breaks his neck.  
Instructor #2 produces the two plaseras he was holding behind his back and flings one to the woman.  
Silver breaks free.  
At the same time, Watanka pounces on Stark, rams his boots in his opponent's bulky chest.  
Instructors and MG dogfight briefly and the latter are overwhelmed.  
Watanka wrestles Stark. Kicks the plaser out of his hand.  
He throws his own weapon away, pulls a respectable blade from his belt, chops the straps fastening Stark's helmet and brings the blade against his throat.  
Silver snatches the plaser up and levels it at Stark.  
They both look at her.

STARK

(pleading)

Please, miss Silver, don't let him!  
I'll do anything you want

Her nose twitches in disgust. She nods at Watanka.  
He dispatches the man with a single thrust of his knife.

The Instructors cheer.  
The surviving MG hastily surrender.  
Silver sighs and motions them to resume action.

SILVER

Then let's jump to it. We haven't much  
time left.

33 INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. CORRIDOR

33

Eaks and Lomax move along a corridor, narrow and steep like  
a pit. They reach an air vent.

LOMAX

We've got to go up about thirty floors  
if we want to find the duct leading to  
the lab. Remember the way?

- INT. AIR DUCT.

They creep along the duct. It leads into a maze of them  
branching out in all directions.  
They come up against a wall. Their flashlights reflect its  
copper lining.

LOMAX

Well, Mister Air vent, what do you say?

EAKS

(sullen)

I say the doggone air duct is not a  
doggone air duct but something that  
can't possibly be there. As far as I'm  
concerned, we're swimming somewhere  
*outside* the building!

LOMAX

Why don't you just say you can't find  
your way in these ducts like you used  
to, old timer?

EAKS

Why don't you try to remember if this  
doesn't sound a familiar bell to you?

Pause, then.

LOMAX

Holly mackerel! An ultra dimension like  
Mandork Manor! We've gotta go back.!

Eaks turns his flashlight on the duct. Behind them, another wall.

EAKS

I've got bad news, fuzzypuss. There is no way back.

Eaks touches the wall . It shimmers with concentric ripples as if fluid.

There is a tenuous draft and his hand vanishes in the partition. He pulls it out hastily.

Lomax glances inquiringly at him.

EAKS

It's not a vortex and it's not a wall either. But it should lead somewhere. Think I'll have a look. Stay here just in case...

He steps in the moving wall.

A strong draft whips around and sucks him in.

Lomax tries to haul him back to no avail. They are both taken in.

They next appear blurred as if they were sinking in a liquid element.

34 INT. ULTRA-DIMENSIONAL CRYPT

34

They land hard on a purple stone floor, in a crypt, the purple walls of which display triangular bas-reliefs consisting in thousand of small pyramids.

Lomax walks up to one of the patterns and studies it closely, running his fingers over it.

EAKS

Now where in hell did we land this time? It sure hasn't much to do with what we saw the first time.

LOMAX

It isn't really a part of it. This is an ultra-dimensional space like the one in Eagle-Nest Bluff. Normal outside, huge inside. And we haven't Nadia's instruments to go by.

The changing light reveals rows of crystal pillars rising out of the ground and into the shadows overhead.

The two men walk past them. Several hold cryogened human bodies, the faces of which are frozen in tortured expressions.

Something swishes above.

Eaks quickly shoves Lomax back and dodges.

A crystal cylinder slams down exactly where they stood moments before and bores into the stone floor.

EAKS

Hey, what the...

More swishes and more columns come darting down for them. There are so many of them that the two men are finally driven against the wall.

Eaks quickly draws his plaser and zaps a bolt at the nearest shaft. It merely caroms off.

Eaks grabs the ray-gun's barrel and hurls it at the transparent cylinder.

Against all odds it shatters, showering thousands of splinters around.

With a savage yell, they both batter the other pillars. They burst like glass.

The air vibrates and something like the howl of a wounded beast sounds all around the men.

The remaining crystal shafts pull out of the ground and vanish overhead.

Panting , the two men walk up to a triangular pattern in the bas-relief on their left.

Eaks slips his nimble fingers behind and presses.

It swings open, revealing a triangular alcove.

Several head-sets are hanging within.

Lomax takes one out and studies it.

LOMAX

Does this mean we're in some kind of a CGI trap?

(dons the headset and flips the visor over his face).

Holy jalopy!

Eaks fits another headset over his head and whistles.

EAKS

Damn it! It cancels the effects of the illusion.

Their POV through the visor: a large room, although smaller than the crypt, the walls of which are lined with a white metallic and phosphorescent substance.

The pillars are gone but the bodies are still there in transparent cells floating in mid air.

Opposite to them, another wall with the same fluid consistency as the first one.  
Eaks smiles.

EAKS

This way out!

LOMAX

(grunting)

God knows what we're heading for this time!

35 INT. LAB

35

Eaks and Lomax pop out of the wall into the lab. Nobody in sight. They walk cautiously. Eaks heads for the Power Ring's operating console. Screen displays the Ring's charge process. Graphs show there is only a few seconds left before the charging is completed.

EAKS

Damn it! We're just in time!

Number One steps out of nowhere between Eaks and the console. Lomax sends his blade at him. The man collapses. Eaks wheels round. More Number Ones swarm them.

LOMAX

Fucking hell! Clones!

Lomax fights them off while Eaks tries to reach the console. The clone bodies crumble to dust as soon as they touch the ground. Eaks jumps for the console and types away.

EAKS

Bordel de shit! It doesn't work!

Another Number One walks in. The real one.

NUMBER ONE

(evil snarl)

Of course it doesn't. It's nothing but a mere monitor now.

Eaks and Lomax swing round.  
The real Number One is behind them with more clones.  
Lomax trains his plaser on him.  
A cylinder slides down to protect him.  
Lomax hits it with the butt of his weapon but nothing happens.  
Eaks roars a desperate curse: the Ring monitor displays a full charge symbol  
Number One gives an evil chuckle.

NUMBER ONE

Check mate, gentlemen. The Power Ring is now ready to fulfil its task. All we have to do is connect the Sygmodems that will override our obsolete electronic equipment and ensure mental control over it. Then no terrestrial living creature can come across our next achievements.

(snickers)

Too bad you won't live long enough to witness them.

He trips an alarm.  
A domed force field slams over Eaks and Lomax. They desperately try to fight their way out.  
Number One breaks into a wicked guffaw that reminds that of the O Unit's.  
A vortex spins into life behind them and sucks them out of the room.

36 EXT. ESB. DAY

36

Eaks and Lomax shoot out of the top of the building and drop several feet before they manage to break their fall.  
A string of MG is waiting for them near the foot of the sky-scraper.

EAKS

Oops! The Organization cheer leaders!

LEUK' LITH (VOICE OVER)

<<< Then you join the opposite team's cheer leaders!

Two other Eaks and Lomax appear before the bewildered guards. They split and dozens of Eaks and Lomax surround the two actual men. They fire at the MG squad and scatter. The real Eaks and Lomax take a shot or two at the MG and vanish among the nearby ruins.

MG barrage the deceiving images, but the plaser bolts sweep clear through and strike their facing fellows. Eaks' voice sounds somewhere beyond the ruins.

EAKS

Have a good time, suckers! We're expected somewhere else!

37 PARK. INT. RUINS

37

Eaks and Lomax fly into a ruined structure. Leuk'Lith steps out of the shade.

LEUK' LITH

Quick! Follow me!

LOMAX

Junior! What the hell are you doing here?

LEUK' LITH

The Alien has put up unexpected defenses. There's nothing we can do but kick out of here fast!

A bank of clouds spreads over Manhattan, alive with lightning bolts and distant rumbles. The Ring glares like fire. The huge logo and its spire glow brighter with an electric hum. The metal structure splits and opens, revealing a complicated and definitely alien machinery. Other apparatuses rise slowly out of the platform supporting the logo and connect with the first device. The platform itself unfolds into separate panels, parabolic reflectors spin and click in position. Long-range weapons slide out, leveling at all four cardinal points. A web of force rays swathes the top of the building in blue-green hues, then come together to build a fire pillar reaching straight into the Power Ring. The three men turn and vanish in a cleft in the ground.

38 INT. TUNNELS AND SEWERS

38

They trudge along partly destroyed tunnels and sewer mains. Leuk'Lith stops, listens and motions them to put their torches out.

VOICE OFF SCREEN

There! Groundhogs! straight ahead!



A couple of MG fly in.  
The three men flatten against the wall.  
Plaser bursts swish by.  
They take off, zipping from one wall to the other to escape  
the force rays, curb sharply into a side gallery.

- INT. SEWER MAIN

Black, murky waters flow between the cement ledges.  
A gushing sound can be heard in the distance.  
Rusty barrels straggle along one of the ledges.  
Something moves in the sludgy flow.

LEUK' LITH

(indicating the oily ripples)  
Crawling with prehistoric crocodilians  
waiting for chow time!

EAKS

Aw c'mon! That's New-York's oldest  
joke!

MG are moving close to them.

MG (OVER)

All right you groundhogs! Come out of  
there!

Lomax releases a plaser bolt down the side gallery.

LOMAX

Just you bastards come and get us!

Leuk'Lith steps near the barrels and motions them to join  
him.

LEUK' LITH

Quick! We'll fly down the sewer in  
those barrels so the crocs don't get  
us!

They squeeze inside the rusted containers and shut them out  
with scrap metal plates.

MG (VOICE OVER)

If you don't come out of there, we'll  
blow you to pieces!

The three men use their mental impulses to fly the barrels  
off the ledge and down the flow.

Eaks pops out to hurl an obscene remark at their pursuers but Leuk'Lith jumps the gun.

LEUK' LITH

Get stuffed, you mother-fucking  
buggers!

EAKS

Hey! That's my line!

The guards fly into the sewer main. Lomax fires.

LOMAX

There's nothing like letting the guns  
do the talking anyway!

- ALONG THE MAIN. CAVE

Underwater, something follows the barrels' flying shadows. Crocodiles take up the chase.

A maw slashes out of the water and clamps over Leuk'Lith's barrel.

Leuk'Lith's POV: teeth tear away at the rusted tin.

Barrel is pulled down. Leuk'Lith concentrates and overrides the predator's impulse.

The barrel flies up again, dragging the croc with it.

Its siblings leap out of the water for the other barrels.

Gush sounds closer. The barrels fly straight over a murky waterfall and into a large cavern where the collapsed sewer discharges its flow several feet below.

LEUK' LITH

Drop the barrels! We're high enough to  
fly safely to the other side!

They soar out of their containers and into an opposite tunnel.

- INT. SEWER MAIN.

MG fly along the main's ceiling after their prey.

The flow boils up under them. Scaly jaws lash out at them and bring them both under.

- INT. TUNNEL.

Eaks, Lomax and Leuk'Lith land safely in the tunnel and look back.

Four or five crocodiles go splashing down the waterfall into the cavern.

EAKS

(To Leuk'Lith, shuddering)  
What next, Crocodile Dundee? Anacondas?

LEUK'LITH

An Alien and his ABAD units. The fight is about to start and we're going to join the rebels. The extermination units are pounding Manhattan, we'll stick to the tunnels and cross over to Queens. Should be safer there.

39 EXT. RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT. DAY

39

The residential district is crowded with members of the Organization who string along the alleys, walking or flying towards the Empire State building. The ABAD units' distant pounding sounds. Dark clouds reflect the red glare of destruction. Instructor shuttles land near the sky-scraper. Silver, Watanka and their men step out and study the surroundings.

WATANKA

(disheartened)

Too late. Too late. The extermination units are already at work.

Silver clenches her teeth and studies a small monitor on her wristband.

SILVER

(resolutely)

The Aerocontarch is with them. And if they're out, we can still take the building over and cut them from their base. The mission must be carried out no matter what.

They fly up and enter the ESB.

40 INT. ESB

40

Silver and her team progress up the ESB, floor after floor. They get rid of a few stray MG and seal the access shafts before moving further up.

They reach a passageway leading to the Brainsmen's chamber. Silver waves her men to keep wary.

SILVER

We must first take over the Sygmatron control system. A power failure will affect the units and give us a little extra time.

One after the other, they steal into the control-room which overlooks the Brainsmen chamber. Keyboarders and technicians are at work. A couple of MG supervise the place.

Watanka dispatches the guards before they can move a hair. Panic overcomes the technicians. They jump up and huddle at the far end of the room.

Silver turns to the frightened personnel.

SILVER

Keep quiet and no one will get harmed. We're taking this place over.

TECH \*1

But the Brains-men will die if we don't take care of them !

SILVER

Don't worry. We're here precisely to reactivate them and see to it that no one harms them again.

Whisper. The technicians walk up to the Instructors.

TECH \*2

But the Aerocontarch ? The Organization?

SILVER

If we all get down to it, the Aerocontarch will soon be nothing but a bad dream..

(She sits in front of the Brainsmen control-panel.)

We should be able to restore their normal mental activity. Have you any idea of the procedure ?

TECH \*1

No, but I'll give it a try.

Tech \*1 hits a series of switches.  
In the chamber, red lights blink over each bunk, EEG  
monitors scroll changing graphs.

SILVER

It works !

Right below the control-room's glass panes, a woman opens  
her eyes and gazes up at her.

SILVER

(Waving at the technicians)

Get down there and help them, quick!

They all rush for the access hatches.  
Tech \*1 remains with Silver. They watch the monitors.

SILVER

Is the Sygmatron going to defuse?

TECH \*1

(sighs)

It isn't that simple. The system is  
shunt-connected with a protected device  
linked to the Ring's control room. Our  
computers haven't access to it anymore.

SILVER

Can it detect any malfunction at your  
level ?

Tech \*1 types away on his keyboard then sits back with a  
relieved sigh. Smiles.

TECH \*1

Now it won't... not for the next couple  
of gradients.

Silver jumps up and motions her men forth.

SILVER

You heard him, gentlemen. We've a job  
to finish and little time to do so.

Silver and her men inch silently into the docking level.  
Black Guards stand watch all around.  
Others are repairing a large destroyer aircraft.

WATANKA

Look! One of the units is still grounded!

SILVER

We haven't a chance to take it over but maybe we can try to bust it.

The Instructors steal silently behind the guards and along the walls.

Letting out their shrill war cry, the Instructors storm the docking bay.

It takes the guards a few seconds to realize they are being attacked.

The Instructors slaughter half of their crew.

A loud rumble rattles the docking level. The battle-craft's turbines shrill and jet-streams hit the ground all around it.

SILVER

(Shouting)

The destroyer ! Stop it before it takes off!

Instructors fly up to the cockpit.

An extra squad of Black Guards rushes through the side-entrances, blasting away at them. Several Instructors are sent rolling to the ground.

The others fly up to the destroyer and crouch behind its upper structures.

Black Guards train their plasers on them but Officer waves them off.

OFFICER

Don't shoot at the destroyer, you damn fools !

Instructors try to work the cockpit open while it lifts off the ground.

SILVER

Blast the gyros !

She aims her plaser at the directional foils and fires full blast.

The destroyer pitches. Its spinning tail rasps against the walls as it starts sliding off the take-off platform.

Watanka pries one of the exit hatches open.

He and his men stand back while the guards inside fire through the opening.

Watanka pulls a small cylinder out of his belt and tosses it in.

The Instructors quickly fling themselves off the destroyer. Muffled explosion and blinding glare. The battle-craft pitches and topples out of the building, tearing part of the take-off platform with it. Chain explosions blast along its hull. It supernovas in mid air, rattling the entire edifice.

The Instructors cheer.

SILVER

And now, to take control of that doggone control room! The lives of the rebels depend on us.

43 EXT. NEAR QUEENS TUNNEL. DAY

43

Vitrified cityscape. The ABAD units have been at work here and carry destruction on b.g.

Sky is pitch dark. Heavy rain.

Black Guard jet bikes line above the leveled ruins and shoot fugitives that come out of their underground hideouts.

Behind them crawls an ugly vehicle, oblong black body supported by twin rows of metal appendages like a centipede.

Chief jet biker's comlink beeps.

VOICE OVER COM

The underground is crawling with groundhogs. We'll never get rid of them. It's up to you now.

CHIEF JET BIKER

Roger. We're on the spot. Get your asses out of those tunnels, we're taking care of them.

Jet bikers dismount.

The huge machine stops. Its steel appendages extend into drills and bore in the ground. Pipes slip in the hollow bars.

JET BIKER

(waving his men)

Get out of the way!

44 UNDERGROUND

44

T.O are running along the tunnel when the drills poke overhead.  
Pipes belch lethal acid fumes that roll along the passage, dissolving everything on their way.  
Some waifs are cornered, others find a way up and climb out of the tunnel.

45 EXT. SURFACE. DAY

45

Waifs surge from cracks and holes by the dozens.  
Black guards slaughter them.

46 INT. QUEENS TUNNEL

46

Eaks and Leuk'Lith progress warily, Lomax keeps behind, listening.

EAKS

I'm fed up playing the gopher. When are we going up again?

LEUK' LITH

I said it's safer here.

Billows of fumes roll down the far end of the tunnel. The men don't see them yet.

LOMAX

I agree with you, Malk, I don't like it either down here.

LEUK' LITH

Sure, but the Black Guard is waiting up there to finish the surviving waifs off.

Lomax sniffs, stops and turns.

LOMAX

Keep moving. I'm going to see what's going on.

He goes back.

His POV. Wreaths of smoke are dissolving the pipes and casings. They reach a junction of larger pipes and cables. The whole thing blows. Fireball surges from the explosion and shoots towards Lomax.



He takes off in a shake.

LOMAX

(yelling)

Hightail it! Quick!

47 EXT. LONG ISLAND. DAY

47

Black clouds smother the sky. Lightning zap overhead. The Power Ring and the Spire at the top of the ESB merge in electric fire in the distance, power beams radiate out of the reflectors.

Ragnar, his men and their troops equipped with Ted's makeshift weapons are moving along the East river. Scarce raindrops beat a low tempo on the parched land. Hjalmar pulls up next to his fellow Viking and nods at the Ring.

HJALMAR

I wonder if Odin's wrath might not strike on the wrong side. Thor himself wouldn't challenge that magic Ring.

RAGNAR

(harshly)

You think too much, Hjalmar. Let Vethrir take care of the magic. All we have to do is take care of the men.

The Citadel glows against the dusky sky less than a mile ahead of them.

There isn't a soul around.

HJALMAR

I still don't like it. This place is too quiet. The Black Guard may be coming at us any time.

Ragnar grunts. They start skirting a ruined block of buildings.

Hjalmar scales the concrete mounds and studies the Citadel.

RAGNAR

Well?

HJALMAR

A dozen sentries patrolling the walls. Nobody else in sight. It all looks normal.

RAGNAR

Wonder what Rajah the Moor is up to.

HJALMAR

I see some strange buildings ahead, maybe two or three hundred cubits from the Citadel. We could hide there and watch.

48 EXT. REFINERY. DAY

48

They come in sight of a mass of torn steel structures that once was a 22d century refinery. Huge tanks, jagged and cracked as they may be, still loom over the has-been plant. Vikings trudge into murky oil pools and channels at their feet. Ragnar sniffs.

RAGNAR

By Thor, what a strange stink! Even the farts of a thousand devils would smell sweet compared to this.

HJALMAR

(laughing)

You forget what you can backfire when you get down to it!

Ragnar and his men enter the plant and move along the tanks.

Savage howls break out, Rajah's mercenaries swarm them.

The rebels wheel round and regroup to face them.

The Vikings and their mounts wade into the shouting attackers, chopping a bloody path in the bunch.

Hjalmar wields his axe and mows a crop of enemies.

Ragnar fends the deadly rays off with his battle ax, but several of his men are shot down and disintegrated.

The rebels are outnumbered and wind up corralled at one end of the refinery, between two tanks. Oil gushes through recently hewn out cracks.

A blood-curdling cackle sounds overhead.

They look up.

Rajah the Moor is standing on the brim of one of the broken tanks and jeers at them.

RAJAH THE MOOR

So you fell for it! You thought you could catch the hare sitting, didn't you? But it's you who'll get roasted!

Ragnar flares and hurls his axe at him.

RAGNAR

This'll strip the fat off you, you  
drip!

Rajah laughs and meets the whirling weapon with his armored belly. It bounces off harmlessly and flies back to its master's hand.

With the surprising agility of a sumo-wrestler, Rajah leaps, flips over and lands on a collapsed pipeline.

His mutants retreat beyond the tanks.

He releases a plaser bolt into the streaming oil and unleashes hellfire at his opponents.

Surrounded by walls of fire, the rebels run about in utter confusion.

Ragnar's bird bucks like a mad horse but he hangs on. The panicked Unenlagia plows its way across a wall of flames into open air, followed by its congeners.

RAGNAR

(Yelling)

Follow me !

Rajah the Moor and his mutants are waiting for them on the other side.

Flame throwers and knocked up firearms wipe out several survivors.

Hjalmar's bird is killed under him.

Ragnar faces about and hauls him up on his own. They go for their enemies.

Rajah's guffaw rings out again.

RAJAH THE MOOR

Hah! burn! Every single one of you!

The ground seems to explode under the mutants' feet.

They jump back.

Eaks, Lomax and Leuk'Lith rocket amidst the flying debris and scramble for cover.

A flaming geyser surges behind them and barbecues the mutants.

Eaks and Lomax are instantly up and fire at Rajah the Moor.

EAKS

Why don't you join the barbecue and  
roast yourself, you oversized baboon ?!

An agonized cry answers him.

Ragnar's battle axe has buried in a mutant's face. The man collapses.

The Vikings' war cry rings out.

A split second later, Ragnar's Unenlagia buckets along, followed by the singed and blackened rebels. Ragnar stoops, picks his axe and wades in the bemused mutants. Eaks and Lomax let out their rebel yell and both parties charge Rajah the Moor and his men. Rajah the Moor keeps behind them and out of reach. Ragnar tries to go for him. Five or six mercenaries pounce on him like hounds bringing a stag to bay. He goes under. The attackers are hurled off from beneath, Ragnar surges with a mighty roar. Eaks nods at the storming Norsemen.

EAKS

Say what you want, but us 20<sup>th</sup> century males are nothing but runts compared to those guys ! They do a better job with their axes and their fists than we do with all our sophisticated weapons !

Leuk'Lith stands on a nearby building and watches. He glances at the flaming tanks.

LEUK'LITH

Everybody clear the way !

With a loud creaking sound, one of the structures rips apart and comes crashing down. The fighting men scatter just in time. A terrific explosion rattles the remains of the plant. The mutants scuttle off and into the Citadel.

49 EXT. CITADEL. DAY

49

The stronghold's heavy doors start swinging shut. Eaks and Lomax fly for it, firing away. Pirate oaths ring out above the din. Ropes fly out of the crashed plane's hull, above them. Black B. and his crew swing out, storm the ramparts and knock the sentinels over. More rebels stream out of the aircraft, they take foot in the stronghold precinct. Mutants sweep around like harried cattle, then fight back fiercely. Ragnar and his men burst through the doors and close in on them. Rajah the Moor slips into a hidden opening in the wall. Eaks and Lomax spot him and go after him.

They skid down a shaft and land in a machine-room lined with huge high-tech robots.

They creep cautiously along each side of the room between the still giants.

Creak and whir. One of the machines grinds to life and starts moving towards them, waving a pair of very nasty-looking pliers. Rajah the Moor sits in the thing's transparent cockpit, his arms tucked in a pair of metallic control sheaths.

Lomax fires at it. The plaser bolt caroms harmlessly off the hull.

Letting out his evil cackle, the fat man directs his engine at the man.

Lomax backs out to avoid the pliers that snap only a couple of inches from him and squeezes behind another machine

Rajah backs his robot out then rams it against the machine. There is a huge clash and it is pushed against another engine.

Lomax is trapped between the hulls.

EAKS

For Chrissake, Maverick, get out of there, he's trying to smash you !

LOMAX

I would if I could, blockhead ! My leg's caught !

Eaks soars up behind Rajah's machine, lands on the cockpit and tries to bash it open.

The metal arms curls back and knock him off.

Angle on Lomax: he works frantically to free his leg.

A fragment of the machine rolls down a large slide leading to a pit. The spinning debris trips a detector, a pair of big turbines engage and instantly grind it up.

Rajah thrusts his machine on with a wicked grin.

Eaks glances at the turbines. His face brightens.

EAKS

Hold on, Fuzzypuss !

He snatches up the end of a coiled cable, flies up and circles around the robot to bind it tightly, then pushes the rest of the heavy coil down the slide.

The turbines roar into action again and the cable tightens. Rajah the Moor is about to crush Lomax. His machine grinds to a stop and starts sliding back. His eyes widen when he realizes what's happening.

The pliers helplessly try to lock on a safe hold but they are ripped off.

Rajah the Moor works to open the cockpit : Eaks leaps on it and, with an apologizing grin, blocks it off with a steel bar.

With an agonizing grind, the machine tilts in the pit.

Rajah's mouth opens for a scream unheard in the roar of the turbines. He hammers frantically at the transparent cockpit with his steel knuckles.

His machine is very slowly swallowed up by the grinders.

He finally bashes the cockpit open, his arm reaches out. Too late.

The robot's upper section twists and splits as it slides under the crushing rollers.

A hair rising shriek sounds through the creaking of metal. Rajah's hand gropes uselessly, then it jolts and streams of blood smear the machine. It vanishes into the grinders.

Eaks and Lomax are standing side by side, breathing heavily from the fight.

EAKS

I guess that's what you'd call settling  
one's hash after greasing the slide for  
him !

LOMAX

(Turning away)

Quit grinding it in, will you ?

51 EXT. CITADEL. DAY

51

The precinct is strewn with dead mutants bodies.

Black B. and his crew pop in and out of the Citadel's arsenal, carrying plaseras and various supplies.

The Vikings help to the loading on knocked up carriages and start leading the convoy out of the stronghold.

Black B. brushes past Ragnar. They glare at one another. Ragnar lifts his huge paw and brings it down on the buccaneer's shoulder. Pause. They bear hug with loud guffaws.

Eaks and Lomax come out just in time to see them congratulate one another.

EAKS

Hiya, old salt! See you didn't loose  
the loot!

BLACK B.

Captain Dragon! What's been keeping  
you?

EAKS

Nothing but a big fat geek we got rid of.

LEUK'LITH (OFF SCREEN)

Get on the move, quick! Destroyer is coming for us!

Lomax flies to the crashed plane on top of which Leuk'Lith is standing.

Their POV. ABAD Two glides towards the Citadel, blasting a path of fire in the already vitrified landscape. Scores of stray waifs pop out of the ruins and start running about, decimated by the shooting jet bikers.

Lomax and Leuk'Lith fly down and join the rebels who are pouring out of the Citadel.

They head north, along the East River.

52 EXT. EAST RIVER. DAY

52

ABAD Two reaches the Citadel. Fighters and jet-bikes swing out and move up river.

LOMAX

Under cover, quick!

Rebels dive for the scarce brush along the riverside, slide down the crags into the water. The Vikings spur their mounts between toppled buildings.

Destroyer blasts the Citadel to nothingness. Smoke and fire fill the air.

The flying unit thunders overhead without seeing them, circles and goes back.

Eaks, Lomax and Leuk'Lith are hiding in deep hollows under the crags and gaze at the death-dealing machines.

EAKS

They're going to hot dog us in no time. Anybody got a brilliant idea?

LOMAX

Yes. Get a hold of that destroyer...

Eaks' mouth drops.

Lomax turns to Leuk'Lith.

LOMAX

And I'm sure Junior, here, has got a few extra tricks up his sleeve..

53 EXT. MANHATTAN. - ABOARD THE FLAG SHUTTLE DAY

53

In the wake of ABAD One and the O Force's main body, the Aero/Unit stares at Haze Island, only a couple of miles away. All his monitors are off. He concentrates exclusively on his goal: the Time Arch, vaguely outlined in the mist.

AERO/UNIT (THOUGH HIS COMLINK)

Number One ?

NUMBER ONE (VOICE OVER)

Yes, sir ?

AERO/UNIT

Are the Spire units operational ?

NUMBER ONE

Yes, sir.

AERO/UNIT

All right. Activate the ultra-dimensional shields.

A bright glow radiates out of the Ring and down the Spire. The laser weapons put forth pulsating waves that expand around Manhattan into an immense force shield. Loud rumbles sound over the ground. The earth quakes.

54 EXT. HAZE ISLAND. DAY

54

The earthquake rakes Haze Island. The megaliths waver and some of them topple, the trees are rocked, the Time Arch sheds a shower of fragments. Spirit of the Earth stands and utters a powerful incantation. His face is strained with the effort to fend off the O Unit's mental thrust. The flames at his feet are flattened by gusts of wind. The chronolith expands, grows transparent and glitters with orange hues. The rebels watch the approaching forces of the Organization. Greg, Dylan, Russ and Jim, whose rocker outfits have undergone some local fashion changes, stand near Vasco.



VASCO

Well, kids, looks like this is it!

Jay, Ted and their group stare at the Black fleet with worried eyes.

TED

Boy! That's quite a stinker we're facing this time!

He shouts at his men and they all quickly join the Indians who are setting out for Harlem.

Vibrations rock the ground between Haze Island and the Harlem inlet.

- THE TIME ARCH.

The air sizzles as the Ring's power beams meet the psychenergetic forces set up by Spirit of the Earth. Squalls lash around the Arch.

Spirit of the Earth in his warrior attire picks the transparent chronolith and inserts it in his studded pectoral. Next raises his arms and utters a powerful war cry that goes echoing throughout the Island.

- PLAZA AND BEACH

Gusts of wind draw the hazy veils away and Manhattan comes into sight, heralded by the hideous outlines of the Power Plant.

Above the inlet, the eagles circle with sharp calls as if beckoning the rebels. Next to them, the giant Quetzalcoatlus lets out a deafening croak and dashes for the winged scavengers that fly ahead of the Black units.

Spirit of the Earth joins the rebels troops, riding a ghostly white horse. Its mane, tail and legs are of fire. He leads his men across the shallow waters.

Liquid ramparts build up behind them and the haze stretches out to shield the Island.

55 EXT. HARLEM. DAY

55

The Aero/Unit's shuttle hovers above Harlem, riding the force beams radiated by the Spire.

In the cockpit. The Aero/Unit's eyes glow as fiercely as ever.

AERO/UNIT

So you finally left your den to face me, Shaman. You and this time dimension are reaching an end !

56 INT. ABAD ONE COCKPIT. DAY

56

Black Leader watches the rebel troops as they start crossing the Harlem inlet.

Ahead and below, the Power Plant's outlines stand out of the mist, a set of huge towers topped with copper spheres and aerials.

He grunts and glances at the sky on his right and on his left.

His POV: the other ABAD units dot the clouds in the distance, blurred by the force shield.

He flips his comlink on.

BLACK LEADER

ABAD two, three and four, report.

57 EXT. HOBOKEN. DAY

57

The mastodons are trudging along their way when ABAD Three comes roaring at them.

The cavemen glance wonderingly at the airship and Preacher waves his bible at it.

PREACHER

Vade retro, Satanas! For Babylon shall  
be brought down and the Beast hurled  
back in the abysses of Hell!

A powerful blast bores in the swamp behind them. The Cro-Magnon scatter in the reed patches, their mastodons trumpet wildly and wave their quadruple tusks at the attacker.

The destroyer flips heavily and comes back for them.

The airship fires again and a whole section of the marshy banks topples in the Hudson, stranding the men and the beasts.

A felled mastodon collapses with a cry of agony.

A flight of pterosaurs swishes out of the clouds and bears down on the dead beast. Several of them start chasing the cave-men.

Fisherman Cro wields his bludgeon and yells his head off at the circling enemy.

His pet female lashes out at a diving pterosaur and brings it down, its wings flapping madly. With one mighty thrust of her fore-feet, she crushes it.

- INT. ABAD THREE COCKPIT

The crew watches the fight with much interest and joking.

PILOT

ABAD One, this is ABAD three, over area 21. Nothing special. We're just having a little fun.

COPILOT

Look ! I can't believe it !

He points at Fisherman Cro who has hooked on one of the pterosaurs. It flies up wildly and hits the destroyer hovering some 60 or 80 feet off the ground. The surprised pilot jerks his controls and the ship tilts. Just outside the glass pane, Fisherman Cro clings to the superstructures. He brings his bludgeon down on the cockpit with all his might.

FISHERMAN CRO

(Yelling)

I'm going to tear out your eyes, your hearts and your balls and roast them for supper !

COPILOT

(To pilot)

Whaddya waiting for ? Boost'im off!

PILOT

(Jerking his controls)

I can't ! There's something wrong !

- EXT. DESTROYER

The huge pterosaur is tangled up somewhere between the rear stabilizers and the propellers. Its wings batter the hull while its body writhes between the foils.

Below, The Cro-Magnon howl like a pack of wolves. Preacher reels off his favorite verses of the Apocalypse. The cavemen lasso the harrying pterosaurs with their hand-made ropes. One of the birds takes off with its captor, others go hurtling against the destroyer in their attempt to free themselves.

The trailing ropes tangle in its structures and two of the Cro-Magnon succeed in crawling towards Fisherman Cro. A third slides helplessly off the hull and splashes in the swamp.

- INT. COCKPIT

Black Guards are getting a little jumpy as the airship revolves helplessly and the three cavemen hammer at the cockpit's glass pane.

GUARD

(To the pilot)

Don't just sit there gawking. Do something !

PILOT

(Harsh)

Those doggone birds have jammed the directional foils. Why don't you get your ass out on the hull and get rid of them ? If we call the strike-teams up to help us, they'll laugh their heads off !

58 EXT. SOUTH NEW-YORK. DAY

58

ABAD Four glides past Battery Island and stops above the still sea. It revolves slowly, its laser canons trained on the empty waters.

- INT. DESTROYER COCKPIT

PILOT

ABAD One, this is ABAD Four. There's nothing here. Not even a bird to take a fun shot at.

looks down. The sea is as smooth and transparent as glass. Wrecks straggle along the sea floor. The dark bodies of a school of grampuses scuttle below the aircraft.

COPILOT

Maybe we should try to blast those black and white things.

The battle-craft spins and the broken statue of Liberty comes in sight.

PILOT

(Pointing it out)

I've got a better idea. Fill this target !

With a grin, Copilot thrusts his hands in a pair of sheaths in front of him.  
The twin canons belch out converging bolts and the statue explodes.

PILOT

Bull's eye !

They laugh.

- EXT. SEA

The wake generated by the falling statue spreads out and builds up in a huge tidal wave. Below the destroyer, the shamus swim in frantic circles.

The Atlantides can be seen underwater, looking up at the battle-craft.

Another power beam whooshes out of the nozzles and hits the wave.

A tremendous gush of steam and foam rises from the water. The wave builds into a reaching liquid twister several hundred feet above the surface.

- INT. COCKPIT

The occupants of the destroyer suddenly stop laughing. Their POV: the giant whirly is coming for them.

PILOT

Hey ! What the...

The cockpit is bashed in and tons of water flood the battle-craft.

- EXT. SEA.

The wave folds around ABAD Four and collapses, bringing it down with it like a simple cork.

59 EXT. LONG ISLAND, EAST RIVER. DAY

59

ABAD Two is moving close to where the rebels have holed in.

EAKS

(Calmly)

If Junior's got a trick up his sleeve,  
he'd better pull it out now!

Leuk'Lith glances at the destroyer and gulps.

LEUK' LITH

I'm afraid this... thing requires a little more than psychoptical gimmicks.

LOMAX

(Patting his plaser)

Just bring it down. We'll do the rest.

Leuk'Lith sighs and concentrates.

LEUK' LITH

The destroyer is computer-controlled. Maybe I can try...

- INT. ABAD TWO COCKPIT

Lights blink erratically on the control panels. Monitors blur and go out.

PILOT

Shit ! Now what ?

COPILOT

ABAD One? This is ABAD Two. We have a computer failure. Nothing much, I hope.

(He works on the keyboard to no avail. To Pilot )

Flip 'er over to manual and try to land on that ruined flyover just under us.

PILOT (THROUGH HIS COMLINK)

ABAD Two to Black Guard units. Landing to check our computers. Just go ahead and have fun, we'll be catching up. Over.

FIGHTER PILOT (VOICE OVER)

Do you want us to cover you, ABAD Two ?

PILOT

Go ahead, I said. Those groundhogs couldn't even scratch the paint off our hull !

- EXT. LONG ISLAND/ FLYOVER

The fighters bank off and the destroyer comes down unsteadily on a half-broken flyover.

EAKS

(Unbelieving)

It worked ! Kid, you're acey-ducey!

They all crawl out of their hiding place and steal between the ruined buildings towards the overpass. Lomax glances up at the warped deck.

LOMAX

Just a trifle too high.

He waves the men back, takes his plaser, chooses one of the cracked piles and fires full blast. Eaks does the same. Loud cracks sound above them.

EAKS

Timber !

They all jump back. The piles collapse, dragging the destroyer down with the deck. Black B. lets out his usual string of oaths and leads the rebels up the still smoking heap of steel and concrete.

- INT. DESTROYER.

Pilot and copilot lay unconscious in the cockpit, their heads against the control panel. Black Guards recover quickly from the fall and get ready to hold out against their foes. One of them tries uselessly to activate the dead comlinks. They open the exit hatches for a run-out, training their plaseras on the rebels waiting for them outside.

- EXT. DESTROYER

These are optical illusions set up by Leuk'Lith. The actual men have swarmed the top of the destroyer, waiting for the guards to come out. A party of them leaps out of the hatches, firing away at the deceiving silhouettes. The Vikings dive in the pack with mighty yells, followed by their men. Clusters of entwined figures go rolling down the deck and bounce off the ruins. Eaks and Lomax harvest a crop of guards with their plaseras. Black B. and his fellow freebooters sneak in the destroyer and kill the remaining guards.

- INT. DESTROYER.

All the rebels happily board the destroyer, and load it with their spoil. The Vikings give the aircraft's futuristic features distrustful glances. Eaks, Lomax and Leuk'Lith study the cockpit's sophisticated control panels.

The computers beep and hum again.

LEUK' LITH

These central processing units are so darn primitive. They don't acknowledge what I'm trying to feed them...

EAKS

Shit ! These fucking machines are so damn futuristic I can't figure them out!

LOMAX

(Smiling)

Try something like "access ignition".

Leuk'Lith concentrates and split second later, the propellers roar into life.

The battle-craft jolts, straightens and tears itself free from the tangled remains of the overpass.

LOMAX

(Laughing at his friends' bemused expression)

See what I mean ?

Eaks spots the gunner-sheaths and tucks his hands in.

EAKS

Ahaa ! This I've already played with before !

LOMAX

Feel like playing again ?

EAKS

Sure. Where's the clay-pigeon ?

LOMAX

Right ahead of you, man.

Their POV outside the cockpit: two fighters and jet bikes come rushing for them.

Eaks braces. The twin guns blast at the shuttles. They burst into balls of fire.

LOMAX

(Looking back at the rebels)

Now we can join forces with our northern troops !



60 EXT. HOBOKEN - DESTROYER. DAY

60

Four or five trapped pterosaurs badger ABAD Three's hull. About as many cavemen cling to every possible hold and try to bash the cockpit open .

The battle-craft swings around erratically, fires wasted bolts that bore in the swamps below.

The exit hatches open and Black Guards string out cautiously.

The tethered pteros attack before they can use their plasars. A couple of guards are knocked out, the others wipe out the predators with a couple of gusts.

The pterosaur caught in the foils writhes and flaps so frantically that it finally frees itself and rockets out of range.

The guards lower their plasars. One of them flies back to the hatch and nods at the pilot.

GUARD

All clear. Boost'er up and blow those apes off!

They all quickly return to the cockpit.

Pilot jerks his controls and the aircraft soars up.

The Cro-Magnon are blown away like straw and go free-falling in the swamps.

ABAD Three swings to resume its course.. and finds itself faced with charging pterosaurs. Although dwarfed by the huge machine, they swoop down on it with deafening shrieks.

COPILOT (VOICE OVER)

Hey ! They're attacking ! I thought those doggone birds were trained !

PILOT (VOICE OVER)

Blast them before they get tangled in the superstructures again !

Without slackening pace, ABAD Three opens fire.

One of the pterosaurs bounces off the hull and jams straight into the main propeller's inlet.

The destroyer's main propeller explodes, its rear end rips off and it goes spinning towards Manhattan, tears through the force shield and goes up in a tremendous eruption that blasts the river banks along with a whole block of ruined buildings.

The whole mess topples in the river. A terrific wake washes over Manhattan .

Cavemen gape at the scene.

Behind them, the female mastodon probes the sludge with her trunk and tusks, letting out mournful whines. She splashes, thrusts her head up and out comes Fisherman Cro, swearing, coughing and spitting as he grapples the tusks.

Preacher is besides himself with excitement and points out the river.

The ruptured battle-craft and buildings have piled up in a narrow part of the Hudson already half throttled with debris, temporarily taping its course and building up an unsteady dyke. Preacher motions men and beasts across.

PREACHER

And the Lord parted the waters of the Red Sea for the Chosen People to cross over to the Promised Land, and you apes 'd better get your furry asses on the other side before the whole bloody damned thing is washed away, Glory to God! Now we have buggered Goliath, we shall bring the walls of Jericho down !

61 EXT. HARLEM POWER PLANT. DAY

61

Spirit of the Earth glances at the dusky clouds alive with thunderbolts.

The rebels have reached the opposite side of the inlet, where the tide has left a large stretch of sand maybe 3/4 of a mile wide.

The Power Plant's huge structure comes into full sight. What had been an oversized 22nd century breeder power station, redesigned for the Organization's purposes, spans the Harlem inlet. It rises out of the sandbanks and the water in a roughly crescent-shaped headland overlooking the bay. At each end of it, three towers soar above the main structure, supporting three huge metal spheres, the tops of which display bristly crowns of spires and aerials. A higher tower stands in the middle of the edifice. An intricate network of cables and steel girders spreads out of each tower and converges towards a twin set of five pylons each standing on both sides of the main tower. The whole thing rests on large concrete piles.

Bathed in the greenish glow of the Spire's force rays, ABAD One positions itself exactly above the station's main tower, drawing to it a beam of particles radiated by the aerials. Next, it unleashes a flurry of power bolts at the Island and the Arch.

Spirit of the Earth holds his hands out and the misty banks form a transparent shield that absorbs the lethal charge.

While the destroyer fires again and sows destruction around the promontory, the jet-borne Black Guards hurtle between the pylons and bear down on the rebels in the bay. Leaving the Indian to fend off ABAD One's mortal rays, Ted waves the troop forward.

TED

Quick ! Split and run for that plant  
ahead of us!

The wave of charging rebels divides in three or four groups, each tailed by a horde of jet-bikes that blast away at them.

The running men zigzag across the bay to avoid the guards' fire. Rebels go down by the dozens, but their survivors manage to duck their enemies' fire with a stop-and-go tactic.

The jet-bikes are compelled to sweep ever closer to the ground for more efficiency.

Vasco crouches, waits for one of them and springs up just as the bike whooshes overhead. His sword buries in the guard's leg. The man loses his balance and howling, goes crashing to the ground.

Nearby, the four youngsters wield their blades and chains and dodge the force rays as they would a fighting bull.

Russ beckons a jet-biker with obscene gestures.

The guard swoops down on him.

He whirls his chain, sends it flying at the bike. It tangles around the control-handles.

With a curse, the guard tries to curb his crash-course, tugs desperately at the chain. His jet-bike tilts and goes plowing a large furrow in the sand.

The four youngsters dash for their dazzled victim. Dylan lands him a kick in the face while the three others straighten the grounded bike.

Russ touches the handles and the thing jolts into life again.

RUSS

Great ! It works like a real bike !

After a couple of clumsy hops and thuds, he finally masters his reluctant machine.

Jim hops behind and they both go rocketing in the air.

They cross a puzzled Black Guard's path.

Russ sticks his finger out at him

Jim lands his chain hard across his hands.

The guard gives out a yell, lets go of his levers and loses control of his engine. It hurtles into the power station like a meteorite.

The rebels cheer.

A flight of guards dives for them amidst a flurry of force rays.

Vasco's men have almost reached the plant's protruding lower structures.

He stops to round them up when the jet-bikers swarm him. He faces them, crosses his heart and wields his sword.

Not far from him, Jay crouches and levels a knocked up plaser at the flying units.

A streaking object scatters the charging guards : howling their heads off, Russ and Jim ram into the jet-bikes.

Jay quickly lowers his ray gun.

Jim's boot lashes out and knocks a Black Guard off course.

Russ slams the bike against the nearest machine and sends it caroming the others, that fire at one another in trying to blast the youngsters.

Jay finishes them off.

Russ and Jim yahoo madly and forget to check their trajectory. Their bike heads for a collision course with the station's walls. They fling themselves off it barely in time.

Vasco and his rebels grope for safety between the piles, under the broad cement ledges. Ted, Jay and their party huddle near them.

A couple of hundred yards from them, the Indians fight their flying opponents gallantly. With their bows, spear-propellers and makeshift catapults, they succeed in grounding several Black Guards before these fly out of range to shoot back at them.

The circling eagles dive to harry the jet-bikers.

Quetzy joins the fun, dispatches her smaller scavenging congeners and, letting out ear-piercing shrieks, swoops down on the guards, her beak wide open for the kill.

The fighters move in to cover the storm-troopers.

Most of the rebels have reached the station and buried between its supporting posts, leaving heavy casualties behind them.

The jet-bikers regroup around the fighters that start blowing death over the remaining men.

Quetzy bears down on one of the machines that threatens her wounded master and hammers at it until it is knocked off course and sent spinning to the ground. Unhindered by the laser beams that singe her wings, she sweeps down, whisks the Indian up and away to safety.

Fighters and bikes close in on the plant, gliding along the foundation where the rebels have holed in and firing random bolts between the piles.

A war cry sounds at the far end of the bay. Spirit of the Earth rides his ghost horse in the waters and a hailstorm rides with him, lashing out at the ABAD unit.

The jet-borne guards quickly seek shelter among the power-station's superstructures, doing their best to fend the hailstones off.

The fighters bank, skirt the towers and retreat beyond the edifice.

62 INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

62

Silver, her team and the now armed prisoners have swarmed the general headquarters and keep all the MG officers in their sights.

None of them attempts to resist.

Silver is ending some discussion with the Manhattan Guard commander in chief.

He turns to his subordinates and motions them into peaceful surrender.

SILVER

(Dryly)

I'm taking command. The Empire State Building is under our control.

MG C IN C

(Ironically)

It's all yours if you wish, my dear.  
None of our business any longer.

She gives him a puzzled glance.  
He shrugs.

MG C IN C

You know very well that there is no more Organization. You can take this building over if it pleases you, when the Aerocontarch and his Black Guard return from their playground, they'll just blast it to smithereens and that will be the end of all of us.

(he sighs)

And of this Brave New World we've been trying to piece together after.. whatever happened to ours.

She sets her hand on his shoulder.

SILVER  
(firmly)

We'll piece it up all right, I give you my word for it. As soon as we get rid of the fucking Alien that's trying to control it.

Commander in chief shrugs helplessly. She moves over to the control panels and activates the view-screens. All of them display sights of destruction and chaos. She turns to the comlink.

SILVER  
ESB general headquarters to all ABAD Units : please report at once. All ABAD Units please report at once.

The transceiver crackles helplessly. She repeats her message and still gets no answer.

C IN C  
It's no use. They're all M.I.A.

SILVER  
(Incredulous)  
What ? Did the alien...

C IN C  
No, Ma'am. The rebels got them, as incredible as it may sound.

His words are met by a chorus of happy cries on the Instructors' side.  
Silver remains impassive.

SILVER  
Manhattan Guard ?

C IN C  
There may be a few stray survivors left, sniping around Manhattan to keep alive, but we can't communicate with them anymore.

Silver motions her crew to keep silent, ponders the situation, then :

SILVER  
Never mind. What we must do now is take control of the Ring.

C IN C

We haven't access to the control level anymore.

He activates a remote-control device. A whole section of the ceiling slides open, revealing a strange surface much like liquid metal. They all stand wondering at it.

SILVER

Ultra dimension... Is there any interface we may have access to ?

C IN C

No. The Aerocontarch has completely isolated the control room.

She sits wearily. Watanka sets his hand on her shoulder.

WATANKA

We did our best, miss, but we must face it. Who or whatever has taken the Organization over is too powerful for us.

SILVER

(desperate)

It can't be, it can't be. We must find a way to destroy that Ring before it spells doom for us.

63 EXT. HARLEM POWER PLANT. DAY

63

Within the confines of the power plant: pylons, huge capacitors and so on, above which loom the towers and their spheres.

The sky is dark and lightning ridden, the whole station is bracketed by the spirals of the vortexes.

The rebels work their way into the plant.

Further away, the Black Guards have grounded their fighters and jet-bikes. They face the waifs in compact, flying hosts.

Vasco the Portuguese, the four youngsters, Jay and Ted and their men fight on ground level, moving quickly from one sheltering structure to another.

Blood oozing from a dozen wounds and cuts, Vasco looks up grimly at the zapping lightning and crosses his heart.

VASCO

If only the Lord's thunderbolts could strike those flying black devils instead of shaving our heads!

Dylan smiles.

DYLAN

Maybe we could help the Lord's bolts shave the right heads !

He indicates the Indian warriors. They scale the superstructures and, moving maybe one hundred feet off the ground, they leap from one to the other or run along narrow girders.

Poised on the aerial web, they badger the flying guards by all possible means. A half a dozen guards are killed by their spears and arrows. Others, knocked off course, crash into the power lines and get barbecued to death.

Dylan climbs one of the pylons and studies the futuristic edifices around him. Choosing what looks at best like a condenser, he sends his chain sailing at its bulky studs. Electric arcs shoot up and decimate a party of Black Guards who are harrying Vasco's men.

The guards nevertheless close in on the rebels and drive them at the far end of the power plant where the fighters are waiting for them.

64 EXT. OUTSIDE THE POWER PLANT - INLET. DAY

64

Riding his horse across the inlet, Spirit of the Earth gazes at the still destroyer above the plant's main tower and, beyond it, at the Ring's force beams and vortexes.

Another sight catches his eye. Behind the shield, ABAD Two moves slowly towards the power plant.

An anxious expression comes over his face, then he relaxes and smiles

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

>>> So you succeeded !

LEUK' LITH (VOICE OVER)

>>> They have lost four destroyers but I can't sense the O Unit. Beware of him. He'll be showing up any time...

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

>>> I shall see to that.



He spurs his horse and bright flames surround him.  
The chronolith glares on his breast plate like a fiery  
gem.

He sets his hand over it, looks up and calls out.

SOE

Despite your creatures' sophisticated  
warfare, we remain unabated, Trickster.  
If you want the chronolith, you will  
have to fight for it yourself ! I  
challenge you here and now !

The Aero/Unit's flag-shuttle appears between the spheres  
and glides over the bay towards Spirit of the Earth.

65 INT. ABAD TWO, COCKPIT. DAY

65

Eaks, Lomax and Leuk'Lith witness the scene on their  
monitors.

Ragnar stands behind them. Indicates the screens.

RAGNAR

What's keeping us? Let's go for the  
kill !

EAKS

We must first tackle two minor  
problems, my Norse friend. The ultra-  
dimensional shield ahead of us and that  
big 26 girl behind it, just waiting to  
blast us if the shield doesn't.

Beyond the shield, ABAD One revolves to meet its sister  
ship.

Voice sounds in the comlink.

BLACK LEADER (VOICE OVER)

What's going on, ABAD Two ?... ABAD Two ?

Eaks puts his hand over the transmitter, changes his voice  
and makes sputtering noises.

EAKS

...bad...One...mputers...fail...deact...shield...

BLACK LEADER (VOICE OVER)

We can't deactivate the shield. Try  
entry code 06510 for an access window.

EAKS

Ro-gerrr !

Leuk'Lith quickly communicates the code to the computers. Lomax takes manual control over the destroyer. Eaks rubs his hands and thrusts them in the gunner's sheaths. A narrow gap opens in the spinning warp barely large enough to let the aircraft in. There is a loud hum then a high pitched shrill, the hull vibrates as if falling apart, and it is all over.

LOMAX

Whew ! That's another of those damn twisters we cleared !

ABAD One faces them, bracketed by a flight of shuttles, its guns trained on them.

EAKS

Oops ! The reception committee !

LOMAX

Why don't you welcome *them*, Malk !

EAKS

Here goes !

His eyes narrow and the guns blast, hitting the facing battle-craft's cockpit. It fires in turn a stray burst that whooshes over them and bores into the warps. Lomax turns to the rebels behind him.

LOMAX

Hold on !

He curbs the destroyer's course sharply. It dives under the other airship.

LOMAX

(Shouting)

In the balls, Malk ! Give 'em all you've got !

Eaks releases a broadside just as they zoom under ABAD One's belly. The aircraft explodes just as they clear it, engulfing the shuttles in a tremendous ball of fire.

The fighting rebels look up and cheer. Dylan atop his pylon yells his head off. Vasco the Portuguese machine guns a volley of cross-signs over his chest and thrusts his sword in a dismal Black Guard.

VASCO

Ai Santa Maria mãe de Deus ! Carêdo!  
Filho de una grande puta !

The destroyer lands near the power plant and instantly dumps out its extra rebel troops. They dash for the station with dreadful howls. Eaks, Lomax and Leuk'Lith stay behind. Leuk'Lith's features knot in concern.

LEUK' LITH

The Zero Unit has met the Shaman beyond the power plant. I must go..

LOMAX

Spirit of the Earth is big enough to take care of himself. We've got a job to finish right here.

He indicates the Black Guards who have regrouped to face the new comers.

Leuk'Lith turns to Ragnar and his Vikings who are hauling their balking Unenlagiae out of the aircraft.

LEUK' LITH

The four of you have powers that all these men haven't. Get to the other side of the plant and see if you can help Spirit of the Earth.

Ragnar acknowledges and moments later the four Vikings ride out of sight.

Eaks, Lomax and Leuk'Lith fly out of ABAD Two to cover the rushing rebels. Eaks and Lomax shoot at their foes but they are widely outnumbered.

Scores of Black Guards have retrieved their jet-bikes and keep the battle-craft with the remaining rebels under heavy fire.

Another jet-borne unit moves ruthlessly in a blasting line and drives the first party of rebels back against the towers.

Leuk'Lith catches sight of Dylan who is fixing to bust another capacitor, then glances up at the overhanging power

lines and at the lighting that sizzle around the spheres and their aerials.

He concentrates on the tower.

Electric sparks build up in a dense network that spreads from the power lines to the pylons, then overcharges the main battery of condensers.

Dylan yahoos his enthusiasm before sliding down his perch just in time.

The capacitors belch blue flames that engulf the whole Black Unit.

Vasco brings his fingers to his forehead for his usual cross-sign, gives it up and wields his sword.

VASCO

(Bellowing)

Ai Nossa Senhora ! Foda-se ! Anda !

All the rebels storm the decimated guards for a final assault.

Eaks and Lomax join in the fray.

Leuk'Lith stands near the destroyer, watching the situation.

Several jet-bikers fly towards the limits of the plant. Its two far-end towers rest on large concrete foundations built like a dyke on the banks of the Harlem and Hudson rivers. The Black Guards head for large flood gates or sluices, and fire their plasars.

The gates burst open and water gushes out.

The guards keep blasting and the concrete walls give way under rushing cascades that flood the open space in front of the power plant, whirl around and push a huge wave against the plant itself.

All the guards fly up, leaving the rebels to face the threatening wake.

Eaks and Lomax dash for the destroyer which Leuk'Lith has already boosted into life.

They pull off the ground.

Rebels scatter throughout the plant to avoid the storming flood.

Pylons totter and snapped power lines lash around them.

67 INT. DESTROYER. DAY

67

Lomax rats frantically about the cockpit.

LOMAX

This thing's designed to blast buildings by whole blocks. Leuk'Lith, can you manage that with the

computers ? If we blow a big enough a hole in the ground, it will break up that wave.

Leuk'Lith knuckles down to it.

Lomax pulls ABAD Two off the ground and positions it above the now flooded space.

A loud boom rakes the airship, a ball of fire hits the flood right below them, stirring up clouds of steam and soil.

A large whirlpool spins in the ground and sucks the gushing tide. The waves subside behind the fleeing rebels, barely soaking their legs, and fall back in the still smoking gap.

The men look at one another and sigh in relief.

LOMAX

We dood it!

Eaks indicates the flashing lights and force rays that glare under the clouds beyond the power station, where the Aero/Unit and the Shaman are confronting each other.

EAKS

Sure, but we won a battle, not the war..

68 EXT. POWER PLANT, BEACH. DAY

68

The force beams converge above the bay and build up a dark vortex in the sky.

The plant's spheres feed masses of particles into the black mouth.

Squalls rip clusters of matter off surrounding land as would a twister.

The flag-shuttle pops through the vortex and dissolves. A body made of light and fire oozes out and lands in front of the Shaman.

Spirit of the Earth himself expands into a towering white vision. The glaring red chronolith stands in place of the heart.

The Zero Unit's voice vibrates across the air.

O UNIT

You summoned me, Shaman. In doing so, you called death upon yourself.

SOE

Death means nothing when the mind abides. If you destroy my body, you will still have to face your past and

your future. Then nothing of you shall  
abide !

Their powers lock in Titan combat. Each one changes shape and size to try and overwhelm the other. Each one matches the other.

A powerful war cry sounds at the other end of the bay. Ragnar, Regin, Erik and Hjalmar, charge across the bay's shallow waters, waving their weapons.

The O Unit turns and flings a mighty bolt at them.

Ragnar holds his battle axe up. It meets the bolt and fends it off, storing part of its energy.

The four Vikings raise their weapons and a stream of fire flows from the axe to them. They encircle the Zero Unit in a ring of flames.

Spirit of the Earth calls in the power of the storms and strikes the alien entity.

It escapes and vanishes in a gust of electric arcs.

The Vikings hail.

Spirit of the Earth resumes his normal aspect. His features are grim. He looks at the chronolith: it is incandescent and almost immaterial. He tries to grasp it but his fingers meet nothing but scorching air.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

The Trickster is right here above us.  
Now you must leave me alone.

RAGNAR

But you can't fight it alone !

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

No. But I must protect the chronolith  
until the Trickster is met with the men  
who can defeat him. It's a matter of  
instants. Go now !

The Vikings reluctantly ride back towards the power plant.

69 EXT. POWER PLANT - DAY

69

The vortexes close in on the plant.

Eaks, Lomax, Leuk'Lith and all the rebels have regrouped and look worriedly around.

The spheres glow ever brighter, electric bolts zap around their spires, the landscape around them spins and blurs.

ABAD Two glares and disintegrates silently.

Leuk'Lith looks grimly about.

LEUK' LITH

The vortexes have got us trapped here... until the Zero Unit blows all of these people into non-existence if we can't keep him from doing so. We need what your superstitious race would call a miracle.

70 INT. ESB, ORGANIZATION HEADQUARTER

70

Silver paces up and down nervously, hitting the consoles with her fists. Watanka stands impassive. MG C in C fiddles idly with the keyboard.

SILVER

We've got to find a way. At all cost! There's just got to be another access to that control room.

MG C in C looks up casually.

MG C IN C

Oh sure, there is another one. The Sanctuary is linked to the control room.

Silver whirls round.

SILVER

The Sanctuary? You said the Sanctuary?

MG C IN C

Yes, the Sanctuary. Nobody's supposed to know about it, but I overheard the Aerocontarch mention it and something about Brains.

Silver stands thunderstruck.

SILVER

The Brains... oh my God!

(Pauses, then)

Watanka, you and the others stay here and keep this place under control. I think I've got a solution to our problem.

She flies out.

71 EXT. POWER PLANT. DAY

71

The Shaman/Warrior gazes at the vortexes and braces. The Zero Unit materializes slowly in front of him. His aspect is once more different, it combines the loosely bound atoms of his previous bodies of Ork, Mandork and the cyber components of the Aerocontarch, the whole thing jumbled and deformed. He utters eerie sounds made of metallic screeches and infra bass throbs. He turns to the power plant and his eyes glare. The edifice is rattled by a sudden burst of all the forces he has built up around it. Spirit of the Earth flings himself against the O Unit. There is a terrific clash of forces. Spirit of the Earth is disintegrated. The chronolith is snatched from him like a still beating heart and goes spinning up in the vortex overhead. A hideous metallic laughter rings out.

- EXT. POWER PLANT

Eaks, Lomax, Leuk'Lith and the rebels have climbed the towers and pylons to watch the duel. The Vikings gallop in. They all look with grim attention. Squalls, hailstones and sparks rake the bay. Spirit of the Earth appears, a tall ghostly white figure with flaming eyes. High in the sky, eagles fly in silent circles.

EAKS

(Tremulously)

Well, looks like ole Crazy Horse did  
the alien bastard in...

Spirit of the Earth crosses the sandy stretch and enters the power plant *through* the walls. They all back up save Eaks who walks out to greet him. Lomax fends him off.

LOMAX

(Under his breath)

Wait... there's something wrong.

He indicates Leuk'Lith. The youngster steps forth and motions the rebels away. There is a slight change in his features which makes him look more "mutant" than ever. Spirit of the Earth is coming straight for the three men.

LEUK' LITH

You'll have to meet the three of us  
before you can go any further, Zero



Unit. Even now that you have the  
chronolith.

EAKS

(To Lomax)

What's the matter with Junior ? Did he  
blow a fuse ?

LOMAX

No. I'm afraid it's Spirit of the Earth  
that got defused..

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

(Low infra bass voice, to  
Leuk'Lith)

I came to meet you of the non-existent  
futures..

(Turning to Eaks and Lomax)

And you of the past, whoever you are..

His features change as he walks and he turns into a perfect  
double of Leuk'Lith.

The real Leuk'Lith stands motionless.

EAKS

(Sudden shout)

Junior ! Scat ! Get out of his way!

The Leuk'Lith/Unit's blood-curdling guffaw rings out as he  
walks *into* the mutant and the two of them become one with  
the Alien's unmistakable eyes.

Lomax winces and looks at his wrist. The black tattoo  
gleams. He motions the rebels back.

LOMAX

Scram ! all of you ! We've got to  
tackle this freak alone.

Wind, hail, rain and fire lash around them.

The vortexes emit a nerve-raking shrill and the plant's  
structures start tumbling over.

Eaks and Lomax grab their plaseras and, without much  
conviction, aim at the Leuk'Lith/Unit.

EAKS

(Clenching his teeth)

Damn it ! I can't shoot ! It's not  
Leuk'Lith and then again it's him !

LEUK'LITH/UNIT

You're right. You won't destroy me with that weapon but you may kill him. Ha-haaahh !

LOMAX

(Defiantly)

I have a feeling you can't destroy us or you would have already done so, here in O Zone, or maybe in our own world. You need somebody or something to do it for you, because despite the chronolith, neither now or before were you moving in the same dimension as we are !

He holds his fist up and the tattoo on his wrist sparkles. The Leuk'Lith/Unit screeches vengefully and swells into a frightful, giant icon of Death.

DEATH/UNIT

True. But I can summon your own dimension's death-dealing creatures to destroy you !

Eaks bursts out laughing.

EAKS

Ho, ho ! Why don't you try the Weird Sisters while you're at it, or maybe the Laernean Hydra, unless you favor Predator, Terminator, Refrigerator and...

LOMAX

(Yelling)

Malk ! Stop ! Don't think ! He can kill you with your own fantasies of death !

The Death/Unit swishes its scythe and slams it down on Eaks who dodges instinctively.

It cuts through the electric structures of the plant in a volley of sparks.

Eaks rolls over, blood streaming from his leg, and attempts to limp away.

DEATH/UNIT

Ahaaa ! Let me probe your memory to see what could definitely get rid of you !

The Death/Unit twists its body in the most hideous shapes, wrecking havoc all around.

LOMAX

Chrissake, Malko ! Blank your mind out!

A power bolt blows him back and he lands hard against a heap of tangled metal debris.

Eaks leaps to protect him.

The Monster/Unit lashes out at him and knocks him over.

He tries to pull himself up.

Another tremendous blow sends him spinning against a broken generator. A steel girder collapses over his body and he goes limp.

Monster/Unit changes again in the triple, shapeless form he had faced Spirit of the Earth with and reaches out to crush his victim.

TRIPLE/UNIT

Thank you, mister Eaks. You were very imaginative !

Lomax dashes between it and his unconscious friend.

LOMAX

Leuk'Lith ! If you can hear me, fight him off !

With another of his bugaboo-special shrieks, the Triple/Unit swaps back to his Leuk'Lith impersonation.

LEUK'LITH/UNIT

Wrong guess, mister Lomax ! He is not part of me because he is non human. Behold !

His body splits and the real Leuk'Lith stands out, rigid and empty-eyed like a zombie.

The Leuk'Lith/Unit guffaws.

LEUK'LITH/UNIT

But I shall comply with your suggestion. Let us see how he would dispatch you. He's easier to control than you primitive biorganisms.

He concentrates and Leuk'Lith's eyes open.

The mutant turns and stares at Lomax.

Lomax winces and yells, pressing his head with both hands.

He falls to his knees.

Leuk'Lith winces as he tries to escape the Leuk'Lith/Unit's mental influence.

LOMAX

You fell for it, Mandork. Now that you freed Leuk'Lith, let's see your ugly face ! We buggered you once, remember ? And we'll do it again !

When the name Mandork sounds, the Leuk'Lith/Unit's body blurs and he becomes his triple self again. Mandork's features stand out against the shapeless mass of particles.

The Alien releases its mental grip on Leuk'Lith. The youngster collapses and remains sitting, dazzled, on the ground.

Lomax quickly waves his plaser.

LOMAX

Attaboy, Mandork ! The human in you can't use the chronolith, can he ? So let's have a man-to-geek fight.

He fires full blast, briefly scattering the Mandork/Unit's molecules.

It pulls itself together again and sketches one of its monstrous impersonations.

Lomax flies from one structure to the other, keeping his plaser pointed at his foe.

LOMAX

No you won't ! I'm just a cop without the slightest imagination ! I'm dealing with Mandork and no one else !

He lets him have it again. The Mandork/Unit's body blows in a fog of electrons.

Leuk'Lith snaps back to semi-consciousness and motions Lomax weakly.

LEUK' LITH

He... he... is multiple. You... you can't fight all of him. Part of him doesn't belong to this dimension. Now he's going to... he's going to...

He faints again.

Out of Mandork/ Unit's dispersed atoms rises Ork's hideous figure. He reaches for the chronolith imbedded in his chest, tears it out and holds it up with a triumphant shrill.

Above him, the Spire's power beams spin and draw all the vortexes into one huge, threatening, black tornado of anti-matter.

72 INT. SANCTUARY. DAY

72

The Sanctuary dead and cold as a crypt, save for the blue halo around the Brains' containers.  
Silver walks up to the transparent receptacles and contemplates the Brains that are floating within. There is much emotion in her eyes.

SILVER

(Muttering)

So it's real. They're here.

(Moves around them)

Professor Kosinsky, Hawthorne, Di Nardo, Epstein, Mac Allister, N'guyen, Kovalev... One of them is missing.

A weak, synthetic voice sounds.

SYNTHETIC VOICE

Who... is calling our names ?

She starts.

SILVER

Are you... alive ?

VOICE

Our minds are, if not our bodies.  
Please identify.

She hesitates, takes a deep breath to retrieve her composure.

SILVER

002. I lost my name when I arrived here in O Zone. I want you to give me access to the ultra dimensional level.

VOICE

(Impersonal)

Data restricted.

She looks at the containers.

SILVER

How come there is only six of you ?  
Didn't you all survive ICARUS Two's final experiment ?

VOICE

Data restricted.

She produces her P-handle, aims carefully at one of the containers and shoots.

The cylinder and its contents explode, spraying the others with brain substance and physiological fluids.

SILVER

Your conversation is a little too... restricted. Now there's only five of you left, may I have access to that information ?

A computer scrolls something at the speed of light. She studies it.

SILVER

You don't say ! So Kovalev controls the Ring for his new alien dictator ! And you are nothing else but sophisticated capacitors. So, if I destroy you, the Ring's power units might fail, right ?

VOICE

Data restricted. Who are you ?

SILVER

My name is Antonia Silver Romanov.

There is a slight pause. Then evanescent images start floating around, the faces of five men and women.

VOICE

The Brains-trust isn't responsible for what happened to you. It was Kovalev's decision.

Seeing the faces puts Silver through renewed emotion. Her hands shake.

SILVER

Is there anyway I can reach Kovalev ?  
Is there any hope that we all go back home in our own time ?

VOICE

Query One : restricted information.  
Query Two : the answer is... no.

Letting out a wild cry, she blasts away at the receptacles and lays the Sanctuary utterly waste. The force beam

glowing above the cylinders glares, sparkles, then dwindles.

SILVER

Now we have a chance !

She turns a last glance at the place. Spots a camera overhead.

73 INT. ESB LAB.

73

Kovalev/Number One and his clones are working in the lab. Electric phenomena affect the pyramidal room. Instruments foul.

The clones freeze in position.

Kovalev jumps to the laser screen and hits several keys.

An electromagnetic shield rises around the lab.

Monitors display a sequence of failures. He types "ACCES SANCTUARY" in and the screen goes blank for a second or two before spelling out the final message :

SANCTUARY DELETED

He starts.

KOVALEV

What ? But that's impossible !

He moves to another set of special instruments. 3D CGI of the Ring and its complicated power units are viewed on octagonal screens while columns of figures and symbols are scrolled on various monitors. More failures appear.

KOVALEV

Heaven's sake ! It had to happen now, doggone it! One hour too soon...

He activates another screen and gasps : a recorded videocast shows the Sanctuary in a bloody mess. Then Silver moves in on screen and stares at him. She removes her helmet.

SILVER

Professor Kovalev, this is Antonia Romanov speaking. If you get this message, you'll know all your forces have been defeated. This building is now under our control. Wherever you are, I will find you and see that what happened to your former ICARUS Two associates...

(Turns and waves at the heap of  
broken containers)  
... happens to you.

She holds her plaser up and he unwillingly cringes back.  
A bolt hits the camera and the screen goes blank.

74 EXT. ESB. DAY

74

The gleaming Spire and its set of weapons sizzle. The force beam linking them to the Ring bursts in a volley of ions. All the force rays go out one after the other. But the Ring remains, glaring with unabated energy if stranded.

75 EXT. POWER PLANT. DAY

75

The black vortex above the power station implodes, an earthquake rocks the land. Several of the plant's spheres come crashing down. Towers collapse among a tangled network of power lines. Thunderbolts meet the loose force rays in a tremendous firework display. The Ork/Unit looks up. His face distorts in an alien grimace and he screeches. Lomax gapes at him. Leuk'Lith, still panting, urges him.

LEUK' LITH

System... momentarily... failed. The  
chronolith... quick. You touched it...  
before... it will... acknowledge you.

Lomax flings his weapon away and, with a savage yell, pounces on the chronolith that the creature holds in its hand.

There is a flash. The chronolith wrenches free, both Lomax and the Ork/Unit are hurled away from it.

Lomax goes tumbling under a broken metal structure.

The Ork/Unit summons his mental forces to retrieve the chronolith.

Leuk'Lith makes a desperate attempt to move but he is still paralyzed. He glances up at one of the remaining towers and concentrates.

A salvo of lighting bolts whips around the copper sphere and meets the Ork/Unit's psychenergetic impulses in a huge explosion.

The stricken tower collapses, its sphere goes spinning to the ground and smashes the Alien.



Lomax peeks out of his chance shelter that resisted the impact. Glances at Leuk'Lith who lies exhausted by his ultimate effort.

The chronolith is nowhere in sight.

Lomax next makes his way towards Eaks.

The man lies motionless under the steel girder.

LOMAX

Malk ! Hey, Malk ! You're not gonna kick the bucket now, are you ! Not before the fun's over.

Eaks' face is ashen.

Lomax drops his head with a sob.

Behind him, the bashed sphere rattles. It rises and tips to the side. Metal-like insect legs poke out of it, part of its copper casing takes the shape of an oversized tarantula. It slowly separates from the sphere and creeps towards the man.

Lomax backs away, trips, falls, tries to fly away and finally scrambles on all fours.

The thing in front of him grows several heads and limbs, a hideous mass of disorganized elements from its previous states: a collection of ugly-looking, metal-faced alien customers, along with Ork's, Mandork's and the Aerocontarch's features.

LEUK' LITH

Damn you, John ! You must have let something come through your mind and he picked it up !

LOMAX

(Shouting)

Fuck! I always loathed the sight of spiders! Fuck!

The man and the Thing have reached the foot of the still standing main tower, with a set of larger capacitors.

Lomax picks a steel bar and swings it at the wriggling bunch of heads and legs.

The bar wedges itself in a soft body without injuring it.

The tarantula/Unit clutches it with its hooked forelimbs.

Lomax tugs at the bar but the metal turns red hot and he lets go with a curse.

The creature keeps moving towards him until he is cornered between the capacitors.

LEUK' LITH

Hell ! Get him off your mind or he'll get you !

Lomax's face is streaming. His eyes are wild.

LOMAX

I can't, damn it, I can't !

Eaks' eyes open. He looks around, sees his plaser only a few inches from his fingers. Stretches them slowly to try and reach it but he is too weak.

The Spider/Unit's legs clank as it scales the condensers to reach Lomax.

Eaks' fingers inch closer to the plaser. He breathes heavily. Blood streams down his face and out of the corner of his mouth.

The Spider/Unit stands above Lomax. Several of its legs grow into sharp blades and slash down at him.

Lomax tries to crawl back but his torn clothes catch in the steel scraps strewn on the ground.

Eaks' plaser moves slowly and fires a bolt at the Spider/Unit.

With an angry screech it wheels round and threatens its new challenger.

Lomax tears free and dashes for his own plaser.

The Spider/Unit spins a thread of fire at Eaks who tries to shoot again and goes unconscious.

Lomax blasts the capacitors which the creature is straddling.

The Spider/Unit lets out another roar that rises to a continuous shriek as its body is raked by the electric power.

Smoke and sparks swathe the condensers, they disrupt and go ablaze.

The Spider/Unit wriggles among the flames, its metal assimilated body melts away. It tries to resume one of its former shapes : an Alien figure stands out of its molten remains and expands but it is inconsistent, almost immaterial.

Above the power station, all the force beams and vortexes have vanished.

The Alien/Unit searches the ground for something.

The chronolith, an inert piece of metal, lies among the sphere's fragments.

Lomax spots it too, dives for it and holds it up triumphantly. With a mad shriek, the O Unit vanishes within the flames.

Lomax drops wearily on the ground. A moan draws his attention. He dashes for Eaks, kneels beside him and brushes his hand over his bloody forehead.

Eaks' eyes open.

EAKS

(Very weak)

Did we... oontz him out this time ?

LOMAX

(touched)

Screwed up to the balls, man...

He takes the chronolith, sets it in Eaks' palm and folds his fingers over it.

LOMAX

Dig what I found in the lucky bag !

Eaks tries to smile. He's growing weaker every second. Squeezes the chronolith.

EAKS

Great... this will... help me... go... west.

He passes out.

Lomax grasps his shoulders and shakes him frantically.

LOMAX

No, Malk! No! Hold on, damn it!

Leuk'Lith comes limping behind them. Looks at the blazing plant.

LEUK' LITH

No time to waste, John. Let's pull him from under that girder and kick out of here!

He concentrates. The metal shaft moves and lifts slowly.

LEUK' LITH

Now pull him out, quick !

Lomax braces and hauls his friend away. The girder slams down again.

The power station is now one tremendous blaze.

A big eagle circles overhead and flies off with a shrill call.

Huddled on the verge of Haze Island, the rebels watch the blazing power plant, the remainders of which topple and crash one after the other. It goes up in a final supernova.

They are all silent. Jay points at the inlet.

JAY

Look !

Leuk'Lith and Lomax hedgehop the sandy stretch, carrying their friend.

The rebels meet them and escort them to the ash plaza. Half a mile behind, the explosion triggers a huge wake that washes over the bay, water against fire, amidst clouds of steam and smoke.

- ASH PLAZA

Lomax and Leuk'Lith lay a motionless Eaks on the ground. Rebels surround them silently. Vasco crosses his heart, Black B. toys grimly with his knife. Lomax kneels and feels for the man's heart. Clad in his white shamanic outfit, his long white hair trailing behind him, Spirit of the Earth strides down the megalith alley. The rebels turn and gawk at him. He glances at Eaks.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

Don't worry. He still has a long way to go and a task to fulfill.

Lomax jumps up. The eagles call overhead, sweep down and roost on the part destroyed Arch.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

Don't worry. Spirit of the Earth is here with you. Not the Trickster.

He stoops, pulls out a medicine bundle, mumbles and slips something between Eaks' teeth. Eaks groans, spits, utters a curse or two and opens his eyes. Lomax and rebels cheer while Spirit of the Earth tends to his wounds. Eaks turns an unsteady gaze on Lomax and Leuk'Lith.

EAKS

Is this west or did I miss something?

LOMAX

I guess ole Beelzebub didn't want a daredevil like you around!

Eaks laughs, winces and turns to Spirit of the Earth.

EAKS

Say, Sitting Bull, what happened to you?

The Indian smiles.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

May the spirit of one of my bravest offspring hunt forever in the blissful plains. Now as to your question, I relied on Mother Nature to help me when Inktomi tried to destroy me.

He glances at the eagles. One of them is missing.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

My brother eagles lent me their wings to escape the death-dealer.

EAKS

You mean it's you that was croakin' up there all the time while we were wrestling mister Spook ?

SOE

That you and yours friends had to face him was written. All I did was drain some of his power away before you did.

He looks up concernedly at the rumbling sky. Far above Manhattan, the Ring revolves and seems to grow brighter every minute.

LEUK' LITH

(In a telepathic trance)

Your friend Instructors control the Empire State Building but the Power Ring is still operational. The chronolith is in danger.

Lomax starts. The black tattoo on his wrist glows weakly. He searches his pockets.

LOMAX

Shit ! The chronolith ! Where is it? Malk ? I gave it to you.

EAKS

Who ? Me ? I ain't got it.

LOMAX

Chrissake, Malko ! No time for joking !

Eaks lets out a sharp cry and lets go of the chronolith he was concealing in his hand. It is red hot and glows like a small star, then expands. Spirit of the Earth picks it up.

SOE

The Evil is still at work.

LEUK' LITH

If we don't want the Power Ring to absorb the chronolith, then it must absorb the Power Ring. We must go. It's now or never. Your friend Silver and her team are waiting for us.

Spirit of the Earth walks down to the water front and raises his arms for a ritual incantation.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

May the forces of Nature take this world over while we set out once more.

Clouds, wind and rain gather upon his command. The earth rumbles. Ahead of them, the power plant has sunken below the rushing waters.

In the distance, buildings that had not been destroyed rock and collapse.

The trees whip around the rebels. Where their broken branches strike the ground, a forest rises anew.

The Time Arch shakes and tilts. It seems to be hovering in mid air for a split second before caving in completely.

Spirit of the Earth turns away with a sigh.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

Now we can go.

77 EXT. POWER PLANT. DAY

77

Where water has washed over the ruined plant, bubbles pop here and there and gather.

Underwater. The Spider / Unit's half molten heads lay amid the broken pylons and structures. Electric arcs rise from their mouths and eyes and converge towards the surface.

78 EXT. WEST MANHATTAN. DAY

78

The cave men, their beasts and Preacher have crossed the Hudson and trudge along the West Manhattan banks. The Organization's palisades rise above a no man's land. The pachyderms glance nervously at the dark sky overhead. Cro-Magnon are restless. Flights of birds soar out of the trees, circle and go down again, disturbed in their routine. Stray MG, tattered and filthy have regrouped on the stockade and around the watch towers. They stare at the approaching cave men.

MG\*1

Now what's this?

MG\*2

(Weary)

Don't know. Don't know what's going on.  
Don't know nothing.

MG\*3

What shall we do ?

MG\*2

Heck ! We don't even know if there's  
anybody left to tell us what to do.

MG #3 fires at one of the beasts and it collapses. Preacher jumps under cover. The cave men wave their bludgeons with threatening howls. All the other pachyderms flail their tusks and trumpet wildly. Fisherman Cro, who is riding his pet female, crouches behind her protruding skull and urges her towards the watch tower. She starts buffeting it with her tusks, backing out every now and then to ram her bulky head into it. The other mastodons line down the palisade and give mighty thrusts. The cavemen's howls chime in with the animal's cries and kick up an indescribable din. The watch tower tumbles. The panicked MG attempt to fly out, get mixed up, bump into the posts and railings and finally go down with it all. Whole sections of the triple stockade are toppled by the beasts. They trample the ruined posts and concrete to break through. With Preacher reeling off his usual stuff, the prehistoric troop invades the Park.

79 EXT. PARK AND RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT. DAY

79

Animals of all possible species that had been living there scatter, fly, run, hop or crawl in all directions. The cavemen and their pets rampage through the Residential District and lay it completely waste. Fisherman Cro leads the assault. His pachyderm chooses to batter the supporting piles of a glass and metal edifice. She finally succeeds in warping the steel posts and backs quickly out of the way. Loud cracks rake the structure, followed by the thundering clatter of tons of glass. Charging animals plough through the residences. The other mastodons badger the buildings and ram the retaining walls down. Another party of MG comes for them. Just as tattered as the others but far better organized and determined to resist the invaders. They quickly set up a line of rolling fire. Several Cro-Magnon and their pets are killed or wounded. A team of Instructors flies out of the ESB to their rescue. They pounce on the MG and, after a short fight, terminate them. The cavemen stop and watch them distrustfully. One of the Instructors walks up to them with a smile, holding his hand out in a peaceful gesture. Fisherman Cro slides down his mount and considers the hand with a puzzled look. He hesitates, lifts his own fuzzy paw and touches the man's fingers gently. Somewhere in the devastated residences, a broken anthem sounds.

PREACHER (OFF SCREEN)

Glawry, Glawry, hhalllelooyah, an' the  
Saynts come mawrchin' inn !

All the mastodons wave their trunks and chime in, soon followed by the howling cavemen.

80 EXT. UPPER NEW-YORK BAY. DAY

80

A couple of Black Guards stand on the watch tower and exchange nervous remarks.

BG\*1

I tell you I don't like what's going  
on. We can't get in touch with the  
headquarters, nor with the ABAD Units.  
Everything's so damn still..



BG\*2

Aw cut it, will you? And try to keep your cool. You know those groundhogs can't get anywhere, don't you ?

(He slaps his companion's back)

And if there's too many of them, we'll wipe them out in no time !

BG\*1 gulps and smiles. He can't help looking down at the empty no man's land again.

Zoom in on a manhole in the middle of the pavement.

81 INT. SEWERS

81

Down the manhole and into a sewer main. A school of rats which had been going about their business suddenly freeze and glance nervously around as if they sensed something.

The smooth surface of a puddle ripples. A distant rumble sounds deep in the ground.

The rats scatter in a panic.

Wavelets furrow the puddle's surface, then the water rises is an actual tide. Rumble sounds louder. Coming from the opposite end of the sewer, a large wave tears along, carrying metal and concrete debris like loose straw.

82 EXT. WATCH TOWER

82

A squealing noise draws the guards' attention. They start and look down at the no man's land. Rats by the thousands storm the empty space, stampede the no man's land and pile up the stockade, bodies upon bodies, in their attempt to scale it.

The guards fly up and release a salvo of power bolts at them, to no avail. They keep coming like locust.

More guards join their fellows.

Ground cracks and rips open. Manhole covers pop like corks, patches of tar and concrete are blown up. Tremendous geysers gush out of the sewers and flood the district.

83 EXT. UPPER NEW YORK BAY. DAY

83

The Atlantides stand facing Manhattan in the middle of the bay. They utter a deafening chorus of stridulations, picked up by their pet killer whales.

Before them, the sea builds up in an immense tidal wave that washes over Battery Island and rushes into the South Manhattan inlet.

84 EXT. MANHATTAN. STOCKADE. DAY

84

Black Guards gape: towering waves that tear through the south Manhattan district.

They crash into the palisades and the teeming rodents : a sludge of bodies spatters the BG. They soar up, panic stricken, and make for their nearby shuttle. It takes off. Stockade gives way under the rushing flood.

The main body of the tidal wave rises under the shuttle, its foaming crest comes thundering down and hurls a wrecked tanker into the remaining edifices.

Everything is leveled out and the flood reaches into Central Park.

The Atlantides ride the destructive surf they have unleashed.

Somewhere to their left, the Liberty's missing arm comes spinning out of the water and slams into the flying shuttle.

85 INT. ESB - GENERAL HEADQUARTERS

85

Instructors restlessly pace about the room, MG officers sit listlessly.

Silver and Watanka keep a close watch on the various monitors.

Watanka frowns and indicates one of the screens.

On screen: members of the Organization fly about the residential district, in apparent panic. B.g, Cro-Magnon and their mastodons rampage through the district.

Other monitors blink, lights go off and on.

Deep vibrations rake the building.

Instructors stand listening. There is a great deal of bustling on the edifice's various floors, personnel's voices can be heard calling out at one another.

Silver turns to her men.

SILVER

The rebels won! We all won!

Watanka hits several keys on a keyboard. Faltering monitor shows blurred views of the tsunami whipped up by the Atlantides. He takes in a deep breath.

WATANKA

We won but I feel strange forces heading for us. We mustn't stay here, they can destroy us.

Silver stands and gestures at the Instructors.

SILVER

Quick, proceed to evacuate this building.

They exit, driving the MG officers with them. Silver steps over to another monitor and searches its channels. A clear shot of the rebels focus in. They have reached the Park and march in, maimed and disheveled but victorious.

86 EXT. CENTRAL PARK. DAY

86

Behind the Vikings, Vasco the Portuguese, Jay and Ted lead their weary troops.

Jim, Greg, Dylan and Russ dance around them like a bunch of excited pooches, exchanging shoves and slaps.

Eaks, Lomax, Leuk'Lith and the Shaman follow along with the Indians.

Above them, the eagles glide lazily from one tree top to the other.

The tame Quetzalcoatlus circles even higher, much interested in the scores of animals that stream in and out of the Park. She finally makes up her mind and joins a flight of her congeners that takes off for a distant hunt. Spirit of the Earth smiles.

They meet their awaiting allies with much emotion. The three men and the Shaman have a short talk with the Instructors and they all look up at the ESB.

87 INT. ESB HEADQUARTERS

87

Silver and Watanka watch them on their monitors with relieved smiles.

WATANKA

It's time for us to leave this place.

SILVER

Not now. We still have a problem or two to solve.

She gazes intently at the screens.

Lomax holds one of the Instructor's wrist transceiver in his hand.

LOMAX (VOICE OVER)

Silver ? Are you all right ? How's things up there?

SILVER

The fucking Power Ring is still operational.

LOMAX (OVER)

Did you take the lab over ?

SILVER

Not yet. Number One has activated an ultra-dimensional shield.

(Pause, then)

And the Alien ?

LOMAX (VOICE OVER)

I hate to say this, Silver, but he might be coming back for us. We gave him Jessie but we don't know if it's for good. You'd better vamoose.

SILVER

No way, honey !

Eaks' voice sounds somewhere amidst a twittering retinue of ladies.

EAKS (VOICE OVER)

Tell the lady it's an order, not a suggestion.

SILVER

(Angrily)

Tell Lover Boy nobody's giving me orders.

LOMAX (OVER)

Will you both clam up, damn it !

(Resumes a gentle tone)

Please, Silver. You've done your part. Now do as I say, or you will get killed for nothing.

SILVER

Roger.

She motions Watanka out of the room. She looks back at the room and at the former Aerocontarch's command platform with all its gadgets. Idea strikes her.

SILVER

Go ahead, I'll be with you in a moment.

88 INT. LABORATORY

88

Number One views the rebels on a monitor and flicks it off with a shrug. He glances around. All his siblings stand in their transparent cylinders. He steps over to the oblong laser screen. It displays a computerized image of an odd looking field of particles which is slowly building up. The particles shape into something thoroughly hideous... and alive. He grins.

NUMBER ONE

So there you are, my evil alien friend : a ball of pure mental energy and light. I am the first human being to actually see a Psychobion !

He turns away and activates a console.

On screen :

COMPUTER BYPASS OPERATIONAL

He hits several keys and all the sophisticated machines go out one after the other, bar the mainframe.

The scientist works on it for another minute or so.

On screen :

SWITCH TO SYGMODEMS ?

Number One's hand reaches out to enter the final command and pauses. He sits back and considers the instruments, then hits another key.

On screen :

BYPASS PROCEDURE COMMENCED

The man wheels his chair round and looks at the video monitors again.

The rebels swarm the foot of the Empire State Building. Instructors escorting the Organization's officers and civilian personnel fly out of the skyscraper. They are met with much excitement by their allies.

NUMBER ONE

(Chuckling)

Rejoice now, my boys. The worst is still to come.

A voice sounds behind him.

SILVER

And that goes for you too, Kovalev.

He spins round and faces Silver's plaser.

89 EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

89

All the rebel parties meet around the Empire State Building.

Cavemen stand apart near their grazing mastodons.

The North Indians greet their Instructor brothers of another age.

Vikings, Vasco, Jay, Ted and the others meet the prisoners in an indescribable hullabaloo.

Black B. and his crew meet buccaneer brothers with a pirate dance.

The Organization officers and personnel are herded off to another place while the rebels unleash whistles, insults and curses at them.

Writhing with excitement, the preacher scrambles up a tree and poises to harangue the crowd.

PREACHER

Now that Babylon has fallen, we shall  
build a new Jerusalem in its stead...

Fisherman Cro glares at him with a threatening growl. He nudges his pachyderm who is feeding on a nearby tree.

She lets out a shrill cry, trudges over to the preacher's perch and shakes the branch he is standing on. He crashes amid general laughter.

Eaks on his makeshift stretcher, Lomax and Leuk'Lith are standing apart with the Shaman and the Instructors.

EAKS

You mean she's up there alone ? Aw,  
women !

He waves in disgust.

The others watch the glowing ESB and, above it, the Ring that has grown tenfold in the black sky. Around them, daylight has dwindled to an ominous dusk.

In the Shaman's hand, the chronolith has changed again to an orange, glass-like transparency.

Leuk'Lith concentrates. His features are strained.

LEUK' LITH

Now we must reverse the process and use  
the chronolith to destroy the Ring. It  
is very dangerous, not to say  
desperate.

LOMAX

Then I'll go. Silver will help me.

LEUK' LITH

I'll go with you. Don't forget we're dealing with a psychenergy system that can develop terrific forces.

With much grunting and groaning Eaks cranes to an unsteady stand and takes a few steps to firm up his muscles.

EAKS

Quit yacking and count me in. We've got an alien customer to finish off and what's much, much more important...

(Pauses and grins at his puzzled friends)  
...a terrestrial lady to rescue !

LEUK' LITH

(Indicates the sparkling edifice)  
Fine. But the whole building is now protected by an ultra dimensional shield.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

That will be taken care of...

He tucks the chronolith in Lomax's Soul Catcher. Then he turns south. Distant modulations can be heard and waves start oozing around the building. The rebels back up but the water simply streams in like a slow tide. The stridulating sound closer. Out of the southern district flooded by the tidal wave, come the Atlantides, riding their hover-boards. A murmur of astonishment greets them. The Ichtyanthropes are surrounded by strange optical illusions as if the air was vibrating around them. A light fog blurs their outlines and make them seem unreal. Eaks' mouth drops.

EAKS

Holy pute borgne ! Now what Marineland did those fishy guys break out of ?

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

(Smiling)  
This country's history didn't begin with Christopher Columbus, you know...  
(Nods at the growling cavemen)

Nor even with them... Before the dawn of mankind, there have been many days and many twilight.

The Atlantides encircle the Empire State Building and their chant rises to an ear-piercing ultrasonic pitch. The water swells in bulging masses that swathe the foot of the tower. Leuk'Lith motions his friends and wades in. Eaks sighs and, limping, turns to Lomax.

EAKS

Maverick ?

LOMAX

Mmmh ?

EAKS

You gotta promise me something.

LOMAX

Uhuh ?

EAKS

When this fuckin' movie's over, me'n you will spend a full week boozin' and whorin' in Soho. Okay ?

LOMAX

Make it a month, old timer !

And they both step in the liquid walls behind Leuk'Lith.

90 EXT. HARLEM INLET. DAY

90

Where the power plant had stood, the water still gushes and steams. Above it looms a dark vortex of clouds alive with thunderbolts that dart down and lash the surface. Something takes shape under the surface and soars out of the water. The ionized air glows brighter and brighter, a plasmatic halo floats above the inlet, ridden with sparks. It gives birth to zillions of shiny specks that cluster to form a monstrous silhouette, counterpart to what Kovalev had seen on his monitor, and streaked with reddish filaments. The thing hovers for a while then shoots across the inlet towards the Ring.



91 EXT. ESB - ULTRA DIMENSIONAL INTERFACE

91

Eaks, Lomax and Leuk'Lith move in a liquid world. Vertical whirlpools revolve slowly around them, then, as the three men progress, freeze gradually into solid vaults of ice. Snow squalls blow out of a transparent structure that reminds of the fallen Arch.

The men step cautiously under it and find themselves facing a forlorn field of ice and snow, glowing under a star specked sky.

EAKS

(Grunting : distorted voice)

Here goes again! After Waterworld, now we're playing Panic in the Arctic !

LEUK' LITH

Just follow me and don't think.

He chooses his path as if he knew exactly where to set his feet.

Eaks and Lomax trudge behind.

Leuk'Lith sinks in the snow with each step.

They stop.

Engaged in the field almost up to his waist, Leuk'Lith turns and beckons them..

Their feet feel something under the surface that could be steps. They go under, keep moving downwards... and come against the laboratory's pyramidal walls.

92 INT. LABORATORY

92

Silver stands with her plaser leveled at Kovalev. Her teeth are clenched and she is trying to overcome her emotions. The scientist's face is impassive. He stands slowly.

KOVALEV

Well, well, well, miss Romanov. How nice to meet you again ! But how did you make it here, if I may ask?

SILVER

(Waves her plaser)

Don't move !

(Holds up a small electronic device)

Your former cyborg had tucked this away in his headquarters. See ? Even a machine thought of double crossing you!

KOVALEV

(Glancing at her plaser)

Come now. You know you shouldn't use that weapon of yours in here.

SILVER

I already lost all I cared for because of you, Kovalev. So I don't give a damn what happens now as long as I lived up to this instant. If I go, you'll go with me and this whole bloody outfit along.

She aims.

Kovalev has inched towards a lab bench and his fingers lock around a small pencil-shaped device. He points it at her.

KOVALEV

Maybe it's better that you go alone, my dear.

The wall behind Silver bursts open.

Eaks, Lomax and Leuk'Lith hurtle out of it and go rolling head over heels in the lab.

Eaks reacts quickly, springs just as Kovalev releases a deadly bolt at the woman, tackles her and brings her down.

The ray zaps past them, hits the walls and goes caroming in the room, bursting the instruments and setting them on fire, then hits Kovalev.

He is knocked over, face and torso scorched.

Silver and the three men crawl under cover.

The shafts holding the siblings shatter, they go for their wounded original with excited screeches.

He looks at them, bewildered.

KOVALEV

(Screaming)

What are you doing ? I didn't destroy the lab ! It's them. Get a hold of *them!*

The clones keep moving towards him.

The lab is now ablaze.

Kovalev frantically tries to creep into the transfer circle delineated on the ground. His bloody hands fumble for the transfer control box in his pocket. He takes it out and his shaking fingers let go of it.

The approaching clones kick it out of his reach. They close in on him and stoop, with their hands stretched.

Kovalev utters a couple of panicked screams, his legs can be seen kicking around then go limp.

Still hugging Silver, Eaks tries to turn her away from it but she resists and watches eagerly, shoving his embracing arms away.

The siblings face about and turn to the four companions.

Silver dashes out, rams into them.

They are thrown off balance.

She dives and rolls over to grab the control box that still lays on the ground.

SILVER

(Calling out to the three men)

Quick ! Move into those circles on the floor. This gadget will transfer us to the Ring's control room.

They engage in a short wrestle with the clones while flaming debris shower all around them, then jump on the circular bases.

Silver presses a key on the box.

Shafts of light rise around them and they vanish.

93 INT. RING CONTROL ROOM

93

They rematerialize in a tubular control room.

Bathed in an odd, changing light.

All the computers are out, save for the mainframe which silently displays the bypass procedure sequences. Flashes and vibrations alter the room and its equipment when Silver and her three companions appear.

They walk up to the Sygmodems and catch sight of a pyramidal seating in the main panel. The chronolith appears in mid air, floats into it, transparent and glowing more like a vision than an actual object.

Lomax touches his Soul Catcher: it is empty. He gazes at it then at the chronolith, befuddled.

Eaks rats around the mainframe, looking helplessly at the scrolling logarithms.

EAKS

Now what the hell's going on here ?

Leuk'Lith concentrates on the screen and on the Sygmodems' peripherals. Strives to control them and gives up.

LEUK' LITH

The Sygmatron's electronic controls are being transferred to these psychenergetic devices. If we don't interfere with the procedure, the whole thing will be operating on a stand-

alone mode within less than one of your minutes.

LOMAX

Then what ?

LEUK' LITH

Then no force on earth will stop it. It will carry on what it's been programmed for, no matter what. And now that the chronolith has connected itself..

LOMAX

All right, all right. Can you override it with your mental capacities ?

LEUK' LITH

No. I've just searched the files. If I try to interfere, it will just plain blow all of us into a handful of quarks.

During this exchange, Eaks has already started working on the mainframe.

EAKS

Okay then. We've got less than a minute to override the procedure while the computer can still do it. Let's see if we can find the access codes.

He tries several manipulations to no avail. The only thing he gets is the procedure decimal countdown superimposed on screen.

They all tense.

Sweat dribbles down Eaks' forehead. He wipes it off angrily.

EAKS

Goddam shity mother fucking son of a bitch who programmed this doggone system !

Silver leans over his shoulder and points out several symbols.

SILVER

I get it... It's Kovalev who programmed it, not the Alien. I recognize some of the codes he used. Try this.

Eaks operates after her indications but the scrolling and countdown remain undisturbed, despite the authorized access.

EAKS  
(Urging)

Okay, now what ?

She shakes her head helplessly.  
Near them, Leuk'Lith seems engaged in a mental struggle with the Sygmodems. He mutters.

LEUK' LITH  
No way. Try something else. Anything.

94 EXT. ESB. DAY

94

The Atlantides stand watch around the skyscraper.  
The Shaman studies the sky as if he had heard or sensed something.  
Scattered here and there around the building and in the Park, the rebels wait anxiously.  
A strange noise sounds, coming from the north. At first dim, then louder, a compound of electronic shrills and whines backed by an infra bass drone.  
The Atlantides get it first and their stridulations rise to fend it off.  
It subsides, then sounds again, relayed by the Ring and raking the air around them.  
The rebels jump up in a panic, ready to face the unknown danger coming for them.  
The Shaman stands and his voice booms over their heads.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH  
Don't be afraid. Cover your faces !

Tuning in with the Atlantides' chant, he puts forth one of his incantations.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH  
May the numbers rise from the Earth and  
meet the Zero Unit !

The ground rattles, tears open and hosts of locusts come out of it by the millions.  
The rebels hastily wrap in their rags and dodge the swarming insects.  
These fly harmlessly around their heads for a few seconds, soar up into the trees, gather in one immense cloud and

take to the sky. The deafening noise of their elytra drowns every other sound.  
The relieved rebels quiet down.

95 INT. RING CONTROL ROOM

95

Leuk'Lith glances at the special view screens, he has also sensed what is going on outside. Suddenly points out something coming from the north.

LEUK' LITH

There ! Look !

A monstrous shape made of light, fire and loose particles comes flying for them.  
They all cringe back instinctively.  
The chronolith emits a continuous, almost ultrasonic beep that drills their heads.  
They almost collapse in pain, bar Leuk'Lith.  
Lomax's tattoo sparkles again.

LEUK' LITH

(Thoughtfully)

Behold ! The Zero Unit as himself. Not quite a Psychobion again but a compound of atomic energy, neutrinos and mental impulses.

LOMAX

(Disgusted)

Yep. An *A bomb* with brains !

SILVER

(Nervous)

I guess our goose is cooked this time...

EAKS

No ma'am ! Not if we can deactivate that fucking Ring. And I swear to Hell that the only cooked goose will be the one in our plates next Xmas, stuffed with...

LOMAX

Your balls if you don't knuckle the hell down to it.

(Indicates the countdown)

It's a matter of seconds now.

On screen. An odd-looking mass interposes between them and the approaching entity in irregular strands that vaguely remind of an open hand.

The chronolith's beep dwindles to a more tolerable pitch.

LEUK' LITH

Something seems to be interfering with the O Unit. Maybe I've got a chance... Keep on working.

Lomax tries to hold him back but he stands and seems to evaporate into the ceiling.

96 EXT. ESB - SPIRE. DAY

96

Leuk'Lith materializes out of the Spire.

His partly dissociated body radiates electromagnetic waves that ionize the air around him. It glows in bright colors. He and the O Unit rocket towards one another like comets on a collision course.

Terrific noises fill the air, although muffled by the locusts. Their swarming flight interposes between the two mental entities, zillions of dark flecks crisscross their glaring bodies.

Above them, the Ring is ablaze and emits a loud hum.

The Zero Unit whirls out of the cloud of insects and up into it.

Then Leuk'Lith himself dissolves in a stream of particles and reaches the Ring.

97 EXT. THE RING

97

The two psychic units face one another within the Ring.

The set around them should suggest a space-time whirlpool, streaking images of other worlds and other times against which they stand out in bright contours.

Their bodies are made of light : Leuk'Lith's silhouette remains vaguely humanoid, the Zero Unit's is a changing kaleidoscope of monstrous shapes.

They lock in deadly combat. The Zero Unit wraps itself around Leuk'Lith to smother his energy. Their clash releases a volley of sparks.

Leuk'Lith oozes out of the Unit's grip, brings himself together and counterattacks. Lightning zap between them and go spinning into the Ring.

The O Unit dives into the time whirl.

Leuk'Lith gazes at the revolving images. He spots the space-time sector his foe has vanished in and dives in turn.

98 EXT. SPACE-TIME SECTOR 1

98

They meet in a solarized volcanic landscape. The O Unit has resumed a shiny alien figure, much like the Chronides. Leuk'Lith barges in a second later and they both go reeling to the ground.

The volcanoes erupt, belch streams of lava and fire that engulf the fighters.

The O Unit surges from the incandescent flow, hideously distorted. Its appendages lash out at Leuk'Lith and hurls him away.

Leuk'Lith hits the space-time interface they had come through and is sucked in.

99 EXT. RING

99

Back in the Ring, he looks around for his adversary and braces.

It pops out of the whirlpool, a terrific, shapeless mass and locks him in a stranglehold.

Leuk'Lith writhes, his dissociated atoms come together again to form the human part of him, but he is about to be overwhelmed. Thrusts his hands into the O Unit and draws part of his energy from it.

Electric sparks fly around them.

Leuk'Lith retrieves his powers and changes himself in the outlooks of a Psychobion. He emits silvery white radiation whereas his foe glows in red-orange hues.

They go for one another again.

100 EXT. SPACE-TIME SECTOR 2

100

They break into another space time dimension. The same solarized or color negative shot shows an anonymous earthly city crowded with people. It is viewed in slow motion.

The fighting aliens strike at one another, tearing in and out of the space-time sector and triggering much destruction.

101 INT. ESB - RING CONTROL ROOM

101

The tubular room is also affected by space-time disruptions. The view-screens are blurred, the control panels sparkle and the whole place rattles.

The chronolith becomes almost invisible, a simple pyramidal halo.



The mainframe's monitor goes on and off while the countdown reaches the last decimals. Eaks types frantically. Silver and Lomax watch him. They all keep an eye on the whimsical screen that displays the ultimate time units.

LOMAX

(Faltering)

Oh Christ ! Reminds me of Cape Canaveral...

EAKS

Sure... five ; four ; three ; two ; one... zero.

102 EXT. CENTRAL PARK. DAY

102

The rebels silently watch the ESB and the Ring. The building's copper walls glow and become transparent. It seems to be floating above the ground and dematerializing. The locusts swathe the Spire and the top of the skyscraper. CU : Shaman's eyes. Eaks, Lomax and Silver are mirrored in his pupils as if he were actually seeing them.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

(Whispering)

The numbers shall destroy the figure..

103 INT. RING CONTROL ROOM

103

EAKS

Only I wish we could stop just before reaching the zero...

Lomax starts.

LOMAX

Sure...

(Concentrates and seems to hear something)

The numbers shall destroy the figure. The zero... The Ring, the logo, O Zone, the O Unit, of course... the zero should be destroyed...

EAKS

(Surprised)

What's that about ?

LOMAX

The zero, Malk ! Delete the zero !

Eaks glances at him and his face suddenly brightens.  
So does Silver's.

SILVER

Damn it ! He's right ! It's crazy but  
it's right !

Eaks types away. The screen displays :

**15...14...13...**

He keeps working. The changing figures slow down but keep  
going :

**12...11...10...**

SILVER

It works !

Eaks types away at the speed of light.

**9...8...7...**

He's almost through.

EAKS

I got it ! I got it !

He makes a mistake, escapes, enters his data again.

**6...5...**

104 EXT. SPACE TIME SECTOR 2

104

The O Unit and Leuk'Lith lock in mortal embrace above the  
solarized city.

Below them, everything moves faster, streaks in accelerated  
motion.

Very distorted and low, the words "delete the zero" sound  
around them.

The O Unit emits a terrific force field.

The two astral bodies come closer until they merge in a  
lightning storm.

105 EXT. RING - OUTER SPACE

105

The Ring materializes around them. Then it rockets out and  
crosses the voids of space and time at the speed of light.

The O Unit's purple shape can be seen pulsating inside  
Leuk'Lith's white plasma body.

106 INT. CONTROL ROOM

106

The incandescent chronolith now floats in a network of force beams.

The room itself is raked by tremendous forces.

Lomax and Silver grasp the panels to keep their balance.

Eaks enters his final command.

The computer displays

**4...3...**

Slows down

**2...1...**

Eaks hits the keyboard with a savage cry and it happens.

On screen:

**ZERO DELETED**

There is a flicker, then a sequence :

**2...1...2...1...2...1...2...1...**

The screen blurs and so does the room.

The chronolith expands in a silent and harmless explosion.

A series of images superimpose in a mad kaleidoscope as if Time was resuming its normal course.

Eaks, Lomax and Silver are hurled to the ground, hugging one another, their eyes shut tight. Noises of all sorts fill the air.

107 EXT. ESB - RING. DAY

107

The Ring implodes, then expands in a ball of fire.

A bright pyramidal shape rises out of the building, busts the Spire and the logo, shatters the remains of the Ring in a shower of photons.

All this happens silently, the noise reaches us only a second or so later.

The building's copper casing splits into large fragments that go spinning up in the sky.

The rebels in the Park are hurled to the ground or blown off by sudden squalls, although none is injured.

Spirit of the Earth withstands the winds and utters a high pitched cry.

Strobe light effects sweep past them.

108 EXT. OUTER SPACE

108

Leuk'Lith and the O Unit float together in outer space.

Archronia can be seen in the background as they sail towards it.

A streaking object materializes in the bottom of the screen, something like a pyramidal comet. It reaches and shatters the halo they are travelling in and engulfs them.

The two entities are wrenched apart : the pyramidal shape clamps on the O Unit.  
Leuk'Lith is sent into a sequence of space-time vortexes.

109 EXT. ARCHRONIA

109

Warps rock the Archronian universe, but the watching Chronides hold fast.  
Their chronoliths radiate force beams that converge into the central black hole.  
The missing pyramid comes slowly spinning in place.  
The O Unit is locked inside. Its looks are now that of Darkaos, sibling to the Chronides who surround it. Only, it shrieks its wrath and hammers at the walls of its invisible prison, a dark red image of Evil.  
The beams concentrate around it and it starts melting away. Its dwindling screeches can be heard moments after it has been thoroughly disintegrated.  
The chronolith resumes its bright transparenence.  
Archronia glows again as all the vortexes, warps and black holes vanish.  
All the celestial bodies resume their former configurations.  
The great bubble shaped shield around them flickers and is deactivated.  
The Chronides becomes their invisible, intangible selves again. All that is left to be seen is five vaguely pyramidal constellations.  
Slowly, all the creatures, all the space ships start setting out for their own worlds.

110 INT. KERENESE SPACE SHIP

110

Crowding the viewports to watch the scene, the insectoid Aliens seem to snap out of a dream. They move stiffly, stretch and shrill an insect sigh of relief.  
Psath shakes his appendages, brushes his antennae and cautiously feels the shining red scythes on his head.  
Karliss nudges him.

KARLISS (KERENESE SUBTITLED)

It's all right, Psath, you're still in one stupid piece!

He steps over to the flight deck and watches the rest of the fleet that glides safely around them, heading for outer space.

KARLISS

Flag ship to Kerenese fleet : let's hit home!

Crew jumps to it.

PSATH

Commander! Look!!

Karliss wheels his chair around.

In the chronoshields, the bodies of their companions re-materialize slowly and they start looking around, wondering what happened to them.

Members of the crew hurry to free them from the transparent capsules. They greet one another warmly.

KARLISS

Welcome back to the twenty first Space Time Quadrant! How does it feel!

KERENESE

Hungry, damn it! I just can't wait to get my rear segments in the snake bar!

One of his crew mates 'hands' him a box full of small, wriggling reptiles which he hogs down thankfully.

Karliss laughs and turns to his console, activates a time scanning monitor. It displays a view of O Zone and the rebel troops at the foot of the ESB.

Psath leans over.

PSATH

To think those puny little earthling biorganisms buggered a Psychobion ! No wonder they reared such prolific and advanced generations as us all. Too bad they're so ugly !

111 EXT. CENTRAL PARK. DAY

111

Part of these events are mirrored in Eaks', Lomax's and Silver's eyes.

Then a bright sun shines in their faces and they hold their hands up to fend it off.

A shadow interposes. They are looking up at Spirit of the Earth who smiles at them.

The three of them are lying on the grass in Central Park. The sun glares straight overhead in a clear, big blue sky. Leaves rustle under a gentle breeze.

The rebels straggle around. All of them speak their own language again, but they communicate with gestures and onomatopoeic words.

Fisherman Cro puts up a very realistic show : grunts, snorts, whistles and roars account for his part in ABAD Three's suppression.

Vasco the Portuguese listens with much interest but shrugs his disbelief. Fisherman Cro nods eagerly, puts up a convincing imitation of the pterosaurs, and mimics the crashing destroyer. The Portuguese and his men whistle admiringly.

Further on, the four T Bird youngsters hold the Vikings enthralled by their personal account of the power plant battle. Jim exhibits a charred fragment of a jet bike like a personal trophy and the Norsemen pass it on with wondering murmurs. Ragnar laughs and gives the youngsters a hearty slap in the back that sends them almost head over heels.

Another group surrounds Black B., Ted and Jay. The former wields his blade to show how the pirate approach enabled them to overtake the Citadel.

Lomax sets his hands on the ground to push himself up, feels something crunchy under him and jumps up. The three of them are lying on a thick layer of locusts. Several insects hop off and take to the sky.

Eaks and Silver hastily pull away.

EAKS

What...

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

Happened ? Our little brothers broke your fall when the ultra dimension disrupted and sent you spinning in the air. You're safe now.

(Glances around him)

We're all safe now.

EAKS

(Picking up a locust)

Yick ! I'd hate to think of something so ugly as my brother !

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

Maybe he thinks the same !

A rumble sounds near them, coming from the ESB. They all hush and look up at it. It is now an awkward and battered edifice, with the outlooks the actual building would have in several hundred years untended. The ground rattles and it starts breaking up, caves in slowly, story upon story.

The rebels back up to safe distance and watch the Atlantides who ride the wave around it and stir the waters to submerge its remains. Its last fragments go splashing into the wake. The waters wash away and there is nothing left but pools glittering in the sun. The Atlantides are gone.

Lomax rubs his wrist, looks down at it. The black tattooed marks on it are gone.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

John Lomax, are you ready to be born again?

Lomax gives him a puzzled glance.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

Birth is no more an arising than death is a cessation. The past does not necessarily precede the future. Life is a great cycle and some beings have been to work before being born.

LOMAX

Junior...

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

Your Psychobion Guardian has neutralized the Trickster long enough for it to be destroyed by its peers. Now he rests in the womb of future.

EAKS

(Grasping the Shaman's arm)  
You're trying to tell us he's dead?

SOE

No. He is not born yet. He will be in many, many million years.

Their throats knot. Their eyes are bright with emotion. Lomax turns away, his teeth clenched.

EAKS

(Distressed)

Aw crap !

Silver sets a soothing hand on his arm. They both look at Lomax and pat his shoulder. He brushes his hand over his face. The Shaman smiles.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

I see you still haven't learned that if life is a cycle, our spirits are immanent. They can communicate beyond the simple incidentals of matter. Behold: this is your offspring.

He holds his hand out. Holographic images materialize in front of them.

Aliens, Mentorgs and Kerenese are leaving Archronia's orbit and heading for their home space-times.

Archronia shines like an oasis in the now calm universe. The Chronides immaterial shapes float around.

Angle on the Circle of the Guardians. All five chronoliths gleam together.

A white and purple shape stands where Darkaos used to be. His blurred features come into focus. Leuk'Lith looks at them : there is much serenity and wisdom about him.

EAKS

(Joyfully)

Junior ! Hell, where've you been ? We thought you got bumped off !

He moves to take his hand and grips thin air.

Lomax nudges him and shakes his head with a smile. Silver puts her hand in his.

The Psychobion sets his deep gaze on them.

LEUK' LITH

I have returned to my own world. We still have a long life to live and many dimensions to explore. But you shall abide and rebuild your world for us to be born...

(Turns and shows the other Guardians)

Look. We are your children. Don't let anything happen to us...

His last words echo several times, his eyes shift to meet ours.

Music picks up. Fade out. Screen blanks out. Print on screen:

THE PAST LIVES OFF YOU. THE FUTURE  
BEFOULS YOU. PRESENT ONLY IS THE TRUE  
GIFT OF LIFE.



FINAL SCENE

Drumbeat sounding ever louder. Angle on Spirit of the Earth's drum.

Eaks and Silver embraced and Lomax stand in the foreground. Back ground: Rainbow spans the sky. A transparent image of Spirit of the Earth's face hovers under it. His mouth opens and emits a large, sparkling vortex. The Indian's features vanish.

All the Time Outcasts line down to the vortex, all those we know wave a farewell.