

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - NIGHT

Flo punches ERB in the arm, POW!

FLORENCE

I thought Phaidor jumped to her death from a flier at the end of Warlord of Mars? You even told me that is what happened in your letter when I was young!

ERB rubs his arm.

ERB

You were only ten, Flo. I started to write you the true ending, but realized it would have been inappropriate. I wrote that ending for Emma's sake. In reality, Carter took Phaidor back to Helium.

FLORENCE

And where did Zenax come from?

ERB

Carter claimed her after he slew Thurid. Xodar became Jeddak of the First Born and made peace with Helium, remember? Zenax was one of the conditions of the Treaty with the First Born.

FLORENCE

Well, I can't say that I mind Phaidor that much; she is beautiful and her baldness is strangely erotic; but the idea of being with a black woman - well, I think you've gone too far, Ed.

ULA

I'd fuck her.

ASHTON

I second that.

ERB

Good, we are all in agreement, then. Okay, so Carter puts on the red pigment, goes to Zodanga, meets an assassin, Rapas the Ulsio, which means "the rat", who's employed by a rich inventor-gangster called Fal Silvas. He's hired Rapas because he works for lower wages than the Guild allows. Rapas introduces John Carter - who is calling himself Vandor the Panthan, a sword for hire - to Fal Silvas at his residence and industrial complex in an old section of Zodanga...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESIDENCE OF FAL SILVAS - NIGHT

A SLAVE leads Vandor into a softly lighted room furnished with Sybaritic luxury. RAPAS stands before FAL SILVAS, a large man, he reclines - almost crouches like a great cat about to spring - on a couch. As Carter enters, Rapas waves his hand at him.

RAPAS

This is Vandor, Fal Silvas.

Fal Silvas examines Vandor from head to toe.

FAL SILVAS

Rapas has told me about you.  
Where are you from?

VANDOR

Originally I hailed from  
Zodanga, but that was years  
ago, before the Green Men  
sacked the city.

FAL SILVAS

And where have you been since?  
Whom have you served?

VANDOR

It is sufficient to say that  
I have not been in Zodanga,  
and I cannot return to the  
country I have just fled.

FAL SILVAS

And you have had no  
intercourse with Zodanga  
since you left?

VANDOR

None whatsoever.

FAL SILVAS

Perhaps you are just the man  
I need. Rapas is sure of it,  
but I am never sure. No man  
can be trusted.

VANDOR

And I may consider myself  
employed?

FAL SILVAS

Are you a capable swordsman?

VANDOR

I am a Panthan, and as  
Panthan's live by the sword,  
the very fact that I am  
here answers your question.

FAL SILVAS

Not entirely. I must have  
a master swordsman. Rapas  
here is handy with the  
short sword. Let us see what  
you can do against him.

VANDOR

To the death?

RAPAS

(guffaws)

I did not bring you here to  
kill you!

FAL SILVAS

No, not to the death. Just  
a short passage. Let us see  
which one can scratch the  
other first.

Rapas flashes his short sword from its scabbard, SCHWING!.

RAPAS

I shall not hurt you badly,  
Vandor, for I am very fond  
of you.

Vandor nods in thanks, draws his own weapon, SCHWING! Rapas  
steps forward to engage Vandor, a confident smile on his  
lips. Vandor makes a quick move, CLANG, SWISH! Rapas is  
disarmed, his sword flies across the room. Rapas backs  
away, a sickly grin on his face.

RAPAS

It was an accident, I was  
not ready.

VANDOR

I am sorry. Go and recover  
your weapon.

Rapas retrieves his sword, comes at Vandor, lunges viciously  
at him, a killing move, Vandor parries, CLANG, steps in,  
disarms Rapas, CLANG, SWISH! his sword flies out of his  
hand, it CLANGS against the opposite wall.

Fal Silvas LAUGHS, Rapas is furious.

FAL SILVAS  
That is enough! I am  
satisfied. Sheathe your  
swords!

(to Carter)  
You are prepared to enter  
into my service at once?

VANDOR  
I am in your service now.

FAL SILVAS  
Rapas has to attend with  
other business, in the mean-  
time you will remain here as  
my bodyguard. The fact that  
you are unknown in Zodanga  
makes you very valuable to  
me.

Rapas leaves, his dignity offended. Fal Silvas looks Vandor  
squarely in the eyes.

FAL SILVAS  
Are you prepared to kill my  
enemies?

VANDOR  
You have many enemies?

FAL SILVAS  
There are many who would  
like to see me dead.  
I am an inventor, and there  
are those who would steal my  
inventions. There is one  
above all others, Gar Nal,  
also an inventor, and he has  
employed an agent of the  
Assassins Guild to kill  
me.

FAL SILVAS

(continuing)

This Guild is headed by  
Ur Jan, and he has  
personally threatened my life  
because I employed Rapas, who  
is not a member of the Guild.

Fal Silvas CLAPS his hands, A SLAVE appears.

FAL SILVAS

(continuing)

The slave will take you to  
your quarters. They are one  
floor below mine. If I call,  
you are to come to me  
immediately. Good night.

The slave leads Vandor down a ramp to the floor below, shows him his quarters.

SLAVE

Is there anything you require,  
master?

VANDOR

Nothing.

SLAVE

Tomorrow a slave will be  
assigned to serve you.

The slave leaves, closes the door, does not lock it.

INT. QUARTERS OF VANDOR - NIGHT

Vandor's quarters consist of four rooms: a living room, two small bedrooms, and a bathroom, there are no windows in his suite, only one door leading out into the central corridor.

There are vents in the floor and ceiling sending in draughts of air by mechanical means. The rooms are lighted by radium bulbs.

The bedrooms are bare, except for a raised platform in each, covered with furs and silks.

The living room is fitted with a table, a bench, several chairs, and a shelf containing books, mostly scientific works of medicine, surgery, chemistry, mechanics and electricity.

He begins to take off his harness, freezes, hears a LOUD THUMP from the room above, a few seconds later a WOMAN SCREAMS, followed by the SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS coming down the central corridor. He opens the door to explore.

A GIRL runs rapidly towards him with wide frightened eyes, her hair disheveled, she glances back and forth over her shoulder.

The girl sees Vandor, rushes past him through the door into his room.

GIRL

Close the door! Don't let  
him get me! Don't let him  
find me!

Vandor closes the door and turns to the girl.

VANDOR

What is the matter? From  
whom were you running?

GIRL

From him! Oh, he is  
horrible. Hide me; don't  
let him get me, please!

VANDOR

You mean Fal Silvas?

Sudden suspicion fills the girl's eyes.

GIRL

But why should I trust you?  
You are one of his creatures.  
You are all alike in this  
terrible place.

She snatches the dagger from Vandor's harness, attempts to plunge it in her heart, Vandor grabs her wrist just in time.

VANDOR

Calm yourself! You have  
nothing to fear from me.  
Tell me what has happened?

Vandor backs her to the bench, forces her to sit down. She calms down, stares into Vandor's eyes.

GIRL

Yes, perhaps I can trust  
you. You make me feel that  
way - your voice, your looks.

Vandor puts his hand on her shoulder, like one calming a frightened child.

VANDOR

Do not be afraid. Tell me  
something of yourself.  
What is your name?

ZANDA

Zanda. I am a slave, a  
prisoner.

VANDOR

What made you scream?

ZANDA

I did not scream. That was  
another. He tried to get  
me but I eluded him, so he  
took another. My turn will  
come. He will get me; he  
gets us all.

Horror covers her face. Vandor sits down next to her and puts his arm around her.

VANDOR

Quiet yourself. Tell me what all this means. I am a stranger here; I just entered the service of Fal Silvas tonight.

ZANDA

You know nothing then, of Fal Silvas?

VANDOR

Only that he is a wealthy inventor and fears for his life.

ZANDA

Yes, he is rich; and he is an inventor, but not so great an inventor as he is a murderer and a thief.

VANDOR

What are these wonderful inventions that he works upon?

ZANDA

The ship. That would be wonderful if it had not been born of blood and treachery.

VANDOR

What sort of ship?

ZANDA

A ship that can travel in interplanetary space. It can travel from planet to planet as easily as we travel from one city to another.

VANDOR

Interesting, but not so terrible.

ZANDA

There's the brain, the  
mechanical brain.  
A brain that will think  
clearly and logically,  
absolutely uninfluenced by  
any of the extraneous media  
that affect human judgment.

VANDOR

What's so horrible about that?

ZANDA

It's not the idea that is  
horrible, it's the method.  
In his effort to duplicate  
the human brain, he must  
examine it. For this reason  
he needs many slaves. A few  
he buys, but most he  
kidnaps.

Zanda clings to Vandor, trembles.

ZANDA

I have never seen the  
experiments, but I hear he  
straps his victims so they  
cannot move and then removes  
the skull until he has  
exposed the brain; and so  
by means of a ray that can  
penetrate the tissue, he  
watches the brain function.

VANDOR

But his victims cannot  
suffer long; they would lose  
consciousness and die  
quickly.

ZANDA

No, he has perfected drugs that he injects into their veins so that they remain alive and are conscious for a long time. For long hours he applies various stimuli and watches the reaction of the brain. Many slaves are brought in, and none return.

(trembles)

Tonight, he sent for two of us, but was only going to pick one. He always selects the best looking women for his specimens.

She stops, catches her breath, looks into Vandor's eyes.

ZANDA

(continuing)

He chose me. I was terrified. I tried to fight him off. He chased me around the room, and then he slipped and fell. Before he could regain his feet, I escaped.

She SIGHS, gets to her feet, starts for the door.

ZANDA

Thank you very much for letting me come in here, I will probably never see you again, but I should like to know who has befriended me.

VANDOR

My name is Vandor, but what makes you think I will never see you again? Where are you going now?

ZANDA

I am going back to my quarters to await the next summons. It may come as soon as tomorrow.

VANDOR

You are going to stay right here! We may find a way to get you out of this, yet.

SOUNDS OF COMMOTION in the central corridor.

ZANDA

Someone is coming! They are searching for me.

Vandor takes her into one of the bedrooms, leads her to the raised platform, grabs the furs and silks, throws them over her in a jumbled heap, arranges it so that it looks normal, returns to the living room, takes a random book off the shelf, sits in a chair, pretends to read.

A KNOCK on the door.

VANDOR

Come in!

Fal Silvas comes in, looks all around, Vandor has left the doors to all of the interior rooms open so as not to arouse suspicion. Vandor lowers his book, Fal Silvas glances at the cover.

FAL SILVAS

Rather heavy reading for a Panthan, isn't it?

Vandor looks at the cover and smiles.

VANDOR

I've read his Theoretical Mechanics. This is an earlier work, I believe, and not as authoritative. I was merely glancing through it.

FAL SILVAS

Are you not a little too well educated for a man of your calling?

VANDOR

One may never know too much.

FAL SILVAS

One may know too much here.  
(clears throat)  
I stopped in to see if everything is all right with you, if you were comfortable.

VANDOR

Very.

FAL SILVAS

You have not been disturbed? No one has been here?

VANDOR

The house is very quiet.

FAL SILVAS

Has anyone come to your quarters?

VANDOR

Why, was someone supposed to come?

FAL SILVAS

No one, of course. But I am interested in your knowledge of chemistry and mechanics.

(sighs)

I wish I could trust you. You are an intelligent man. In the matter of brains, I am alone here. I could use an assistant. I need such a man as you.

(shakes head)

FAL SILVAS

(continuing)

But what's the use? I can trust no one.

VANDOR

You employed me as your bodyguard, let it suffice for now. If I am to do my job efficiently, I must know who your enemies are.

FAL SILVAS

There are many, but above all, there is Gar Nal, my rival inventor. Above all others, he would profit by my death. I am perfecting a ship that will traverse through space, Gar Nal is doing the same. He has employed Ur Jan to kill me and steal my secrets.

VANDOR

I would like your permission to infiltrate the Assassins Guild and kill your enemies.

FAL SILVAS

Permission granted. But come to my laboratory first thing in the morning. You may be able to solve a problem in mechanics I've been experiencing.

Fal Silvas walks to the door, opens it, stops.

FAL SILVAS

Tomorrow I will send you a slave. What do you wish, a man or a woman.

VANDOR

A woman.

FAL SILVAS  
 (smiles suggestively)  
 And a pretty one, eh?

VANDOR  
 I should Like to select her  
 myself.

FAL SILVAS  
 As you wish.

He closes the door, Vandor waits, hears no more noise in the central corridor, hears A DOOR CLOSE in the room above, goes into the bedroom, flings the furs and silks aside, places a finger over his lips, speaks in a low voice.

VANDOR  
 You heard?

ZANDA  
 Yes.

VANDOR  
 Tomorrow I will select you  
 as my slave. Perhaps later  
 we will find a way to  
 liberate you.

ZANDA  
 You are kind.

For the first time Vandor realizes how beautiful Zanda is; she has medium perfectly round breasts with red-bud nipples, he gets an erection, she is also aroused, spreads her legs, exposes her wet vagina, pulls him to her.

VANDOR  
 You are so beautiful, Zanda.

ZANDA  
 You are my Savior, Vandor.  
 Love me as I love you.

They embrace, he mounts her, enters, they make soft passionate love.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - NIGHT

Flo punches ERB in the arm again, POW!

FLORENCE

Wait a minute, buster!  
I can understand Phaidor  
and Zenax, but how do you  
justify Carter fucking  
Zanda?

ERB

Believe me, Flo, he has no  
choice in the matter. If he  
tells Zanda his heart  
belongs to another woman  
and Fal Silvas finds out,  
he will be discovered.  
He is a spy in enemy  
territory, a Panthan.  
He as to act consistently  
with the role he is  
playing. He is not  
really cheating, he is  
only play acting, keep-  
ing up appearances.

ULA

Talk about keeping it up!

Ula stares at ERB's erection, ERB stares at her, she humps  
on Ashton's finger, she has an orgasm, makes a LOUD SENSUAL  
MOAN, takes a drink from her bottle, bends her head down,  
fellates Ashton.

ASHTON

I'll drink to that.

FLORENCE

I would never do such a  
disgusting act.

Ula looks up, stares at Flo.

ULA

You ate my pussy.

Flo ignores her, lights up a cigarette, Ula returns to fellating Ashton.

ASHTON

Now you know why your career essentially ended with The Johnstown Flood, and why I brought Ula with me from Guatemala. She's the best on two continents.

ERB watches lustfully, Flo takes the hint, takes his penis in her hand, masturbates him.

FLORENCE

Don't expect any more than this, Vandor.

ERB

Don't stop, Zanda, I'm just getting warmed up.

FLORENCE

Okay, so Carter has a good excuse for cheating on his wife. I'm sure that will all get edited out when it is published. But tell us more. I kind of like the uncensored version.

ASHTON

Yes, we all do, right, Ula?

Ula keeps on working, raises a hand, gives a thumbs up.

ERB

So do I, so do I. Okay, the next morning, Vandor selects Zanda for his slave, goes to Fal Silvas's laboratory.

ERB

(continuing)

Fal Silvas leads him up a large ramp to the forbidden upper level, takes him to a massive hangar containing his spaceship....

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACESHIP HANGAR - DAY

The interior of the hangar is an enormous loft, like a James Bond set. The ceiling is the roof of the building, several levels high.

Supported by scaffolding and occupying nearly the entire length of the hangar, stands the spaceship. It is composed of a strange shiny metal from nose to stern, the nose is ellipsoidal, the greatest diameter of the ship just behind the nose, gradually sloping to a point at the stern. On either side of the nose, two enormous round ports looking like the huge eyes of some gigantic monster.

FAL SILVAS

There she is, the work of a lifetime, and almost completed.

VANDOR

An entirely new kind of ship. In what respects is it superior to ships of other types.

FAL SILVAS

She can go anywhere you can imagine. In that craft, Vandor, I can travel to the moons of Thuria and Cluros. I can travel the far reaches of space to other planets.

(admires ship)

FAL SILVAS

(continuing)

It is built for speed, able to withstand the most terrible pressure, insulated against the extremes of hot or cold. A mechanical brain controls it. With a few finishing touches, I can send this ship out alone and it will go where I wish it to go and come back again.

Vandor raises his eyebrows, shows doubt.

FAL SILVAS

(continuing)

Doubtless, you think that impossible. You think Fal Silvas is mad; but look! Watch closely.

Fal Silvas centers his gaze on the nose of the craft, slowly, the ship rises from the scaffolding to a height of ten feet, hovers, the nose lifts, then the tail, the ship settles back down evenly on its scaffolding.

Vandor is astonished.

FAL SILVAS

(continuing)

You see, I didn't even have to speak to it. The mechanical brain responds to thought waves. I merely have to impart to it the impulse of the thought that I wish it to act upon.

FAL SILVAS

(continuing)

The mechanical brain then functions like my brain would. The brain directs the ship as any pilot would direct his hand to press buttons, move levers, open or close throttles. It is the greatest achievement of the human mind. Let me show you the interior.

Fal Silvas concentrates again on the nose of the ship, a side door opens, a rope ladder descends to the floor of the room, as if invisible ghosts are doing the work. Fal Silvas motions for Vandor to ascend the ladder, he follows.

INT. CABIN INSIDE SPACESHIP - DAY

Inside, a small comfortable luxuriously furnished cabin, Fal Silvas opens a panel door at the rear.

FAL SILVAS

(continuing)

The stern is devoted to storerooms where food may be carried for long voyages. Also aft are the motors, the oxygen and water-generating machines, and the temperature-regulating plant.

He lifts a trap door, reveals a bomb-rack with six long sleek bombs stacked side by side.

FAL SILVAS

(continuing)

These are low-yield, low radiation, radium bombs. I've got dozens more in development. They are a top-secret invention of mine.

FAL SILVAS

(continuing)

One bomb will destroy every-  
thing within a radius of  
a hundred and fifty ads.

He closes the trapdoor, the panel, points to the front of the ship.

FAL SILVAS

(continuing)

Forward is the control room.  
I believe it will interest  
you greatly.

Fal Silvas motions for Vandor to precede him through a small door in the forward bulkhead of the cabin.

INT. CONTROL ROOM OF SPACESHIP - DAY

The interior of the control room, occupying the entire nose of the ship, is a mass of intricate electrical and mechanical devices.

On either side of the nose, two enormous round ports, in which are securely set thick slabs of crystal.

FAL SILVAS

(continuing; pointing)

See that small round metal  
object fastened just above  
and between the two eyes.

Vandor stares at the object, about the size of a grapefruit, securely fastened exactly between the eyes, running from it a large cable composed of a vast number of very small insulated wires, many of them connecting with the various mechanical and electrical devices.

Fal Silvas raises his hand, strokes affectionately the metal sphere.

FAL SILVAS

(continuing)

This is the brain.

(points)

See those spots in the center of the crystals in each eye? They are ground differently from the balance of the crystals. These are lenses, focusing upon this aperture in the lower part of the brain.

(points to small hole)

Here, see it? By this means, the brain sees what the lenses see.

VANDOR

It is incredible!

FAL SILVAS

In one aspect, however, the brain lacks human power; it is unable to originate thoughts. Perhaps that is just as well, for if it could, think what a monster it would be?

(smiles deviously)

This ship's fully armed with high-power radium rifles with which the brain may discharge with far more deadly accuracy than may be achieved by man. The ship is also protected by radio waves which it emits, the waves bounce off any solid object within five haads and the return waves register the location of the object in the brain.

VANDOR

I saw no rifles!

FAL SILVAS

They are encased in the bulkheads, nothing is visible except for the small round holes in the hull of the ship.

(sighs)

The one weakness of the brain makes it such a good tool for man. Before it can function, it must be charged by human thought waves. I must project into the machine the originating thoughts that are the food of its functioning.

VANDOR

Did you charge it with the thought to rise ten feet, hover, raise its nose, raise its tail, and then return to its scaffolding?

FAL SILVAS

Precisely! To carry the idea into a more complex domain, I might impart the actuating thought that it is to travel to Thuria. That it is to seek a suitable landing place, and land on the ground. I can carry this idea even further by directing it to repel its enemies with rifle fire and maneuver to avoid disaster, returning immediately to Barsoom rather than to risk destruction. It is also equipped with cameras with which I could instruct it to take pictures while it was on the surface of Thuria.

VANDOR

And you think it will do all these things, Fal Silvas?

FAL SILVAS

(growls)

Of course it will. I only have to solve a problem dealing with minor gearing.

VANDOR

Perhaps I can help you there. I have learned several tricks of gearing in my long life in the air.

FAL SILVAS

Come with me. We will begin working on the changes at once.

They leave the ship, Fal Silvas focuses his mind on the nose, the ladder ascends, the door closes.

They leave the hangar, descend the long ramp back into the laboratory.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

FAL SILVAS

(continuing)

Wait here.

Fal Silvas goes into another room. The laboratory is filled with wondrous electrical and mechanical shops, with MECHANICS shackled to their benches.

VANDOR

(to himself)

Now is a good time. No one is looking except the slaves, and they hate Fal Silvas. I've got to know if another mind can control that ship.

Vandor goes back up the ramp to the hangar.

INT. SPACESHIP HANGAR - DAY

Vandor closes the door behind him, walks toward the nose of the craft, focuses his thoughts upon the brain within, his face grows tense in concentration, slowly, the ship rises ten feet, hovers, descends to the scaffolding.

Vandor folds his hands across his chest, he smiles at an idea.

A NOISE behind him, Vandor turns, sees Fal Silvas in the doorway.

FAL SILVAS

What are you doing here!

VANDOR

The invention fascinates me;  
it intrigues my imagination.  
I stepped in from the lab to  
have another look. You had  
not told me that I should not  
do so.

FAL SILVAS

I tell you now, no one is  
supposed to enter this room,  
unless by express command.

(pauses)

Wait! You were not, by any  
chance, trying to see if  
the brain would respond to  
your thoughts?

Not sure how much Fal Silvas saw, Vandor bluffs:

VANDOR

You did not see it move,  
did you?

The bluff works, a look of relief passes over Fal Silvas's face.

FAL SILVAS

It would be an interesting experiment, however, to see if it would respond to another's thought waves. Suppose you try it.

VANDOR

What shall I try to make it do?

FAL SILVAS

It will have to be an original thought of your own, otherwise we can't be sure.

Vandor stares at the nose, keeps his mind clear, nothing happens.

VANDOR

Nothing seems to happen.

FAL SILVAS

You are a man of reasonable intelligence. It is safe to assume that if it does not obey you, it will only obey me.

(gives evil look)

With this ship, I can be master of the world, perhaps even be master of the universe.

VANDOR

With that?

FAL SILVAS

If I could manufacture brains such as this in mass quantities, I could put them in small fliers, furnish them with weapons.

(eyes glaze)

I could send them in great hordes to conquer the world.

FAL SILVAS

(continuing)

I could send them to other planets. They would know neither pain nor fear. They would have no hopes, no aspirations, no ambitions that might wean them from my service. They would be the creatures of my will alone, and the things I sent them to do they would persist in until they were destroyed. You see how it would work?

VANDOR

Yes, you would be master of the universe.

He walks around, rubs his hands together.

FAL SILVAS

The first one I made with my own hands, but I can impel others to create themselves. They would become my mechanics, the workmen in my factories, and they would work day and night without rest, always turning out more and more of their kind. Think how rapidly they would multiply.

VANDOR

But it would take such vast wealth! Do you intend to raid the treasure houses of the great cities of Barsoom?

FAL SILVAS

By no means! I built this  
ship to travel to Thuria.  
Spectroscopic analysis  
tells us that Thuria  
contains mountains of  
platinum and gold, vast  
plains carpeted with  
precious stones.

Fal Silvas stops suddenly, realizes he talks too much.

FAL SILVAS

(continuing)

Go back to your duties.  
Tonight you can go about  
your mission of infiltration.

EXT. OVER THE CITY OF ZODANGA - NIGHT

Vandor steers his one man flier low above the rooftops of Zodanga. Martian fliers resemble earthly boats and ships, except they navigate the air. They operate by means of a button in the cockpit that controls the repulsion ray that overcomes Martian gravity, a lever that regulates the speed of the radium-motors that drive the propellers, a wheel to steer the rudder.

Vandor circles over the building housing the Assassins Guild. It is a tall building, ornately carved above the fifth floor, with balconies going up beyond that floor.

He makes a tricky landing on the roof which is not designed for harboring fliers. He searches for an ingress to the building, finds a door, but it is securely locked from the inside.

He walks to the edge of the building overlooking the main avenue, looks down, sees the balconies, one is directly below.

He finds handholds in the elaborate ornamentation, descends to the balcony, it is opposite an unlighted window.

He freezes, listens, HEARS SUBDUED VOICES.

He creeps forward, enters the door into an interior room.

INT. INSIDE THE ASSASSIN'S GUILD - NIGHT

He gropes through a dark room, finds the main door, lifts the latch, swings the door inward, it opens into a dimly lit corridor.

THE VOICES ARE MORE DISTINCT NOW, he moves to the direction of the voices.

The corridor ends in another at right angles, at the end of which an open door.

He creeps forward to the door, looks into a small anteroom, no one is inside. The room is furnished with a table, some benches, a large old-fashioned cupboard standing diagonally against a corner, one of its sides about a foot from the wall, to the left, a closed door leading to the room where the voices originate.

He creeps across the room, puts his ear to the door panel, listens, THE VOICES ARE INDISTINCT AND MUFFLED.

He turns to leave, hears RAPIDLY APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

He is trapped! He looks for an escape, realizes there is enough room behind the cupboard, slides behind it.

TWO MEN enter at exactly the same time, there is a moment of doubt about whether Vandor is seen, the men pass by the cupboard without a second glance, one opens the door.

Vandor sees clearly the man who opens the door but not the other one standing inches away with his back toward Vandor. He sees partially inside the room, it is a large room, in the center, a great table around which sit at least FIFTY MEN.

At the head of the table, UR JAN, leader of the Guild, a huge, well-proportioned man, he looks up as the door opens. Vandor sees through a one-inch crack between the cupboard and the wall. Ur Jan speaks to the man that Vandor can see.

UR JAN

Who do you have with you?  
Oh, I recognize him now.

ASSASSIN

He has an urgent message, or  
I would have not brought him  
to you.

UR JAN

Let him come in. We will see  
what he wants, and you will  
return to your post.

The assassin pushes the other inside the room.

ASSASSIN

Go on in and pray to your  
ancestors that your message  
interests Ur Jan, or you will  
not come of out of the room  
again on your own feet.

Vandor now sees the man as he enters, a man almost trembling  
in fear, it is Rapas the Rat.

UR JAN

What does Rapas the Ulsio  
want here?

RAPAS

I come as a friend. I bring  
word to Ur Jan that he has  
longed to hear.

UR JAN

The best word you could  
bring me would be that  
someone had slit your dirty  
throat.

RAPAS

(LAUGHS weakly)

The great Ur likes his  
little joke.

Ur Jan leaps to his feet, BANGS his fist down on the table.

UR JAN

What makes you think I  
joke, you miserable little  
slit-throat! Laugh while you  
can, for if you haven't some  
important word for me, if you  
have come here where it is  
forbidden for outsiders to  
come, if you have interrupted  
this meeting for no good  
reason, I'll put a new mouth  
in your throat! And I  
guarantee that you won't be  
able to laugh through it.

RAPAS

I know who does Fal Silvas's  
killing?

UR JAN

So do I, it is Rapas the  
Ulsio.

RAPAS

No, no, Ur Jan, you wrong  
me! I only took that  
position at non-Guild  
wages so that I could spy  
on him.

UR JAN

So, what have you learned?

RAPAS

I learned that his name is  
Vandor, a Panthan, a  
stranger to Zodanga. I  
risked my life to give  
this information to you  
because I want to join  
the Guild.

Ur Jan sits back down, folds his arms across his chest,  
stares at Rapas.

UR JAN

Well, we'll think it over.  
Perhaps we can use you, but  
first you will have to  
arrange for the disposal  
of this Vandor.

RAPAS

I can point him out to you  
this very night. I have  
an appointment with him  
later.

Ur Jan contemplates.

UR JAN

ULDAK, go with Rapas!  
Don't return while this  
Vandor still lives!

Uldak leaves with Rapas, Vandor engraves his features in his  
mind, they leave the larger chamber, pass by Vandor.

RAPAS

I will take you now and  
show you the location of  
the eating-place in which  
I am to meet him. Then you  
can return later and  
know the one I am with is  
Vandor.

They walk across the room through the room to the corridor,  
THEIR FOOTSTEPS ECHO.

Vandor uses the opportunity to memorize every face around  
the table, is unable to finish, Ur Jan notices the open  
door.

UR JAN

Someone shut that door!

The door shuts, Vandor squeezes out behind the cupboard,  
retraces his steps, reaches the balcony.

EXT. STREETS OF ZODANGA - NIGHT

Vandor clambers up to the roof, gets in his flier, flies to his personal hangar, parks his flier, returns to the street on foot, walks to the eating place, finds a place nearby where he can observe without being observed.

A few minutes pass, Rapas and Uldak come down the street, a block away, Rapas points out the eating place to Uldak, resumes to the eating place by himself, Uldak turns around, goes back down the street.

Vandor pursues Uldak, keeps to the opposite side of the street, follows a long time, they reach a deserted part of town.

Vandor moves up behind Uldak with stealth, halts a few feet behind him.

VANDOR

You are looking for me?

Uldak wheels around, his hand on the hilt of his sword.

ULDAK

Who are you?

VANDOR

Perhaps I made a mistake.  
You are Uldak, are you not?

ULDAK

What of it?

VANDOR

Nothing much, except that  
I understand you have been  
sent to kill me. My name  
is Vandor.

Vandor whips out his sword, SCHWING! Uldak immediately responds, SCHWING!

ULDAK

You must be a fool.  
 Anyone who is not a fool  
 would run away and hide if  
 he knew Uldak was looking  
 for him.

Vandor engages Uldak, CLANG, CLANG, feels him out, Uldak is a masterful swordsmen, tricky and unscrupulous, he tries every trick in his arsenal, CLANG, CLANG, can't best Vandor, with his left hand, goes for his radium pistol.

Vandor disarms Uldak, SWISH, CLANG! Uldak's sword flies across the street, Vandor SLICES Uldak's left wrist, almost severs it, Uldak falls back with a SCREAM OF RAGE.

ULDAK

(begs)

It's all been a mistake!  
 Have mercy, I am not  
 Uldak!

He runs for it. Vandor leaps, runs Uldak through the heart from behind, SQUISH! he falls dead on his face. Vandor turns him over, carves a large "X" across his bare breast, the mark John Carter's vigilante agents use whenever they kill an assassin.

Vandor looks down at his kill, smiles.

INT. VANDOR'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Vandor enters his quarters flushed with victory, Zanda waits up for him, she polishes a new harness Fal Silvas has given Vandor, she jumps up, runs to the door, kisses him.

He unsheathes his sword, SCHWING! holds it out to her, it is covered in Uldak's blood.

ZANDA

Is this the blood of Rapas?

VANDOR

No, another much better  
 swordsman.

He sits on a bench, watches her clean the blade, dry and polish it, admires her shapely hands and graceful fingers, is surprised when she does a martial arts sword routine before resheathing it.

VANDOR

Where did you learn how to  
handle a sword like that,  
Zanda? You were not born a  
slave, were you?

She SIGHS, sits next to Carter, snuggles up in his arms.

ZANDA

I was the only child in a  
family of the lesser nobility.  
My father was an officer in  
the Old Zodangan Navy; I was  
as an only son to him. He  
taught me the way of the long  
sword and the dagger.

(pauses; weeps)

He was killed when John  
Carter led the Green Hordes  
of the Thark upon the city.  
He was in attendance when  
Sab Than was to marry  
Princess Dejah Thoris of  
Helium. He was massacred  
with everyone else in the  
throne room that night.  
In grief, my mother took the  
last long journey on  
the bosom of the sacred Iss  
to the Valley Dor and the  
Lost Sea of Korus. That was  
before the Warlord exposed  
and banned the old ways.

(looks up)

ZANDA

(continuing)

John Carter! He was the author of all my sorrows, of all my misfortune. Had it not been for John Carter robbing me of my parents, I should not be here now, for I should have had their watchful eye and protection to shield me from all danger.

(chokes with tears)

I was out one night with an escort on one of the avenues, they are not as safe as they were in the days of Than Kosis and Sab Than. Phystal, Fal Silvas's slavemaster, killed my escort and kidnaped me and brought me here. I have been the personal slave of many men over the years.

VANDOR

You feel very bitterly toward John Carter, don't you?

ZANDA

I hate him.

VANDOR

You would be glad to see him dead, I suppose?

Zanda sits up, pounds a fist into her other hand, SMACK!

ZANDA

Yes! And I constantly pray that Ur Jan will succeed in killing him. Were I a man, I should enlist under the banner of Ur Jan. I should be an assassin and search out John Carter myself.

ZANDA

(continuing)

Ur Jan was Sab Than's personal bodyguard; he and a few others are all that remain of the Old Zodanga.

VANDOR

They say the Warlord is a formidable swordsman.

ZANDA

I should find a way to kill him, even if I had to descend to the dagger or poison.

VANDOR

I hope for John Carter's sake, that you do not recognize him when you meet him.

ZANDA

I shall know him all right. His white skin will betray him.

VANDOR

Well, let us hope that he escapes you. Is the bed ready?

ZANDA

Right this way, master.

She leads him to his bed of silks and furs, falls back on them, spreads her legs, fingers herself, he gets an erection, takes off his harness, faces her.

ZANDA

Come to me, Vandor. I've been waiting for so long.

Vandor kneels down, buries his head between Zanda's legs, he licks her clitoris and vagina, Zanda MOANS, has an orgasm, he looks up, his face wet with her sweet nectar.

VANDOR

You taste delicious, Zanda.  
A victory feast worthy of a  
Jeddak.

He moves up, sucks her thick red buds, kisses her neck,  
French-kisses her mouth, she reaches down, takes his penis,  
inserts him, they make passionate love, they finish with  
GRUNTS and MOANS.

ZANDA

I love you, Vandor. Waiting  
for you to come home is pure  
agony. I worry for you so  
much. Tell me that you love  
me, Vandor.

VANDOR

I love you, Zanda.

They fall asleep.

INT. FAL SILVAS' LABORATORY - DAY

Carter works with the mechanics, perfects the gearing  
mechanism for the spaceship. He points out to one of them  
the specifications on a mechanical diagram he has drawn up.

VANDOR

Do you see how it works?

MECHANIC

Yes, that is an intriguing  
innovation. I think it will  
work.

Fal Silvas comes into the lab, walks over to the mechanic's  
bench, looks at the diagram, TAPS it with his hand.

FAL SILVAS

How unusual, I would never  
have thought of this. You  
seem to have missed your  
true calling, Vandor. You  
are indeed a man of mystery.

VANDOR

Permission to infiltrate the Guild again tonight, sir. I almost got to Ur Jan last night. I killed his main assassin instead.

Fal Silvas is excited by the news.

FAL SILVAN

By all means. Once Ur Jan is out of the way, Gar Nal will be in my hands.

EXT. A FEW FEET ABOVE ROOFTOP LEVEL, ZODANGA - NIGHT

Vandor pilots his one-man flier over the rooftop of the Assassin's Guild, lands it carefully on the roof near the edge overlooking the street. He secures one end of a long rope to the gunwale, takes a light cord, ties one end to the starter, lowers the rope to the side of the balcony that leads into the upper meeting room. He can hear SUBDUED VOICES in the room below.

He removes all his weapons, anything that will make a noise, slowly, he descends the rope, holds onto a balcony rail post with one hand, holds the rope and cord with the other, listens to the conversation.

PAN from the balcony to the inside of the room.

INT. UR JAN'S MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

A large wooden table nearly takes up the entire room, EVERY SEAT IS OCCUPIED WITH AN ASSASSIN, they all look attentively to the head of the table where Ur Jan presides.

UR JAN

Even if we get him tonight, and he turns out to be John Carter, like I believe him to be, we can still collect ransom from the girl's father or grandfather.

ASSASSIN

And it should be a fat ransom!

UR JAN

All that a great ship will carry! And with it a promise of immunity for all the assassins of Zodanga and their promise that they will not persecute us further.

RAPAS

He will not get away again, Ur Jan, I promise you this.

UR JAN

Listen! You must not fail me tomorrow. I am sure that this man is John Carter. He left his mark on Uldak's chest. But I have changed my mind; I no longer want him to be killed. Two shiploads of treasure are better than one. He is worth more to us alive - at least until we take possession of the ransom. Then he will die!

RAPAS

I will take three men and wait for him outside of Fal Silvas' residence. When he comes out to keep our appointment tonight, we will be waiting for him.

ANOTHER ASSASSIN

(objects)

But even if you succeed in getting Dejah Thoris -

UR JAN

There is no even about it. It is already as good as accomplished. I have been preparing for this for a long time. I have done it very secretly so that there would be no leak; but now that we are ready to strike, it makes no difference. I can tell you that two of my men are guards in the palace of the Princess Dejah Thoris.

OBJECTING ASSASSIN

Well, granted that you can get her, where can you hide her? Where upon all Barsoom can you hide the Princess of Helium from the great Tardos Mors, even if you are successful in putting John Carter out of the way?

UR JAN

I shall not hide her on Barsoom. I shall hide her on Thuria!

OBJECTING ASSASSIN

Thuria! You will hide her on the nearer moon. That is good, Ur Jan. That would be a splendid hiding-place - if you could get her there.

UR JAN

I can get her there all right. I am not acquainted with Gar Nal for nothing. He has finished his spaceship and it will fly to Thuria. He will run it for us.

UR JAN

(continuing)

He needs a vast amount of treasure to complete other ships, and for a share of the ransom he has agreed to pilot the ship for us.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Vandor realizes there is no time to lose, he swings out on the rope, his harness gets caught on the post, he tries to disengage it, the ornament on the post becomes dislodged, hits the balcony with a METALLIC CLUNK.

UR JAN (OFFSCREEN)

What was that?

FOOTSTEPS, Ur Jan appears in the balcony, sees Vandor dangling on the rope.

UR JAN

A spy!

Ur Jan leaps, Vandor gets his harness loose just in time, frantically swings out of Ur Jan's reach, the rope swings like a pendulum, swings back towards the balcony, Vandor bends his knees, lashes out in a hard KICK as he slams into Ur Jan.

Ur Jan is knocked back, the balcony fills with assassins, one aims a radium pistol at Vandor, fires, ZZZZZT BANG, it misses. Vandor pulls the cord, starts the flier, it ascends with him still climbing, it barely clears the rooftop across the street, Vandor climbs onto the ship just in time before he smashes against the side of the building, the assassins keep firing, ZZZZT BANG! ZZZZZT BANG! they all miss.

A WARNING WAIL from a patrol boat. Vandor punches it, the patrol boat is high above him, it dives, fires its bow guns, ZZZZZT BANG!

It is almost directly over Vandor's flier, he rises suddenly to starboard, comes up right under the ship, the ship dives too fast to correct in time, Vandor speeds out of Zodanga, his flier obscured by the darkness.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRINCESS DEJAH THORIS'S PALACE  
BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

TWO NEW PALACE GUARDS replace the TWO GUARDS on duty outside the Princess' bedchamber. The new guards wait for the palace to settle down for the night.

Silently, they open the bedchamber door, enter, begin their deadly work.

INT. PRINCESS' BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

Princess Dejah Thoris sleeps soundly on her bed of furs and silks between Phaidor and Zenax. TWO SLAVE GIRLS sleep on the floor by the bed in furs and silks.

The men approach the slave girls, they kneel beside them, at the same time, place one hand on each girl's mouth, slit their throats with the other, they watch their horrified eyes go dim as they GURGLE, bleed out.

They each take one side of the bed, slowly uncover Phaidor and Zenax, lustfully look at their naked bodies, stare in wonder at Phaidor's white skin and bald head, at Zenax's supple silky blackness.

One assassin struggles with his strict orders, starts to touch the black woman's breasts, the other HISSES, the transgressor SIGHS, times his movement with the other, places one hand on Zenax's mouth as the other places a hand on Phaidor's mouth, they slit their throats, both women open their eyes in horror, their throats GURGLE, they bleed out all over the furs and silks, their eyes go dim, their blood pools in the center the bed, the Princess is soaked in it, the warm wetness awakens her.

She stirs, GASPS at the dead bodies of Phaidor and Zenax, one guard grabs one of her arms, WRESTS it behind her back, the other places his dagger against her neck, the blade draws blood, it trickles down her neck, he holds her sharply against him, her slightest move guaranteed to drive the blade in deeper.

GUARD

I have strict orders not to harm you, Princess, but if you put up a fight I will knock you unconscious and fuck you like a calot. Do you understand?

Dejah Thoris looks at the guard with frightened eyes, she nods her head. He binds her hands behind her back, stuffs a gag in her mouth, her body drips with the blood of her lovers.

GUARD

Don't make a sound! Now, move it!

They escort her from the room, they ascend a ramp to the roof, they leave a blood trail, the other guard goes outside out onto the hangar.

EXT. PALACE ROOF HANGAR - NIGHT

The HANGAR GUARD looks up from reading a book, the other guard approaches him, before the hangar guard can respond, the other guard runs him through with a long sword, SQUISH!

The other guard motions that the coast is clear, the guard and the Princess catch up, they select a two man flier, under Royal insigia, fly out of the Twin Cities of Helium.

EXT. A FEW HAADS OUTSIDE OF HELIUM - NIGHT

The two man flier flies over a canyon, spirals down, lands next to a spaceship that is a dead ringer for Fal Silvas's ship.

Ur Jan and GAR NAL take the Princess from the two guards. Gar Nal is a large man, with a high forehead, crafty evil-looking eyes.

UR JAN

You have done well; she appears to be unharmed, although you could have cleaned her up a bit.

UR JAN

(continuing)

You had better return to  
Zodanga after removing  
the boat's Royal insignia.  
There will be a large bounty  
on your heads in Helium.

Gar Nal and Ur Jan escort the Princess inside the ship, the  
two guards fly off in the direction of Zodanga.

INT. GAR NAL'S SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Gar Nal goes forward into the control room, there is no  
mechanical brain to guide the ship, it must be flown  
manually.

Ur Jan fondles the Princess on a couch. He is stunned by  
her beauty, has a large erection.

UR JAN

I'm afraid you know what is  
coming next, Princess, and  
I must say it will give me  
great pleasure. Not only  
will I have my revenge on  
John Carter, but you are  
certainly the most beautiful  
woman on Barsoom.

He cups her breasts, rubs her nipples with his thumbs, sucks  
them.

UR JAN

I've wanted to do that ever  
since I was Sab Than's  
personal bodyguard. I  
watched him copulate when  
you were lovers; but I most  
remember that night when he  
copulated you among the slave  
girls as they prepared you  
for the wedding ceremony.  
(eyes gleam)

UR JAN

(continuing)

I went mad with lust when  
I saw your great beauty,  
and I felt jealous  
rage when he ravaged you,  
your moans of pleasure  
haunted my dreams for years.  
If I had not been sent out  
on an idle mission the  
night of your wedding, I too  
would have perished next to  
Sab Than and his father, Than  
Kosis, Jeddak of Zodanga,  
when the Green Martians  
sacked our fair city.

DEJAH THORIS

At least Sab Than had real  
passion. He made me feel  
his love for me. You  
might as well rape a dead  
body, Ur Jan. I will  
certainly derive no pleasure  
from your vile flesh.

UR JAN

I have heard that before.  
Trust me, you will not be  
able to control yourself.

He pours a glass of Zodangan liquor, forces it down her  
throat, forces another, and another, she becomes  
intoxicated.

UR JAN

(continuing)

Do you recall how you used  
to love Zodangan liquor,  
Princess? I would stand  
guard while you and Sab Than  
would drink bottles of the  
sweet stuff. This is the  
best in Zodanga, bottled  
years before the Great Sack.

He takes a long swig straight from the bottle, forces more into the Princess's mouth. She no longer resists, enjoys the sweet intoxication.

DEJAH THORIS

You know my weakness, Ur Jan;  
it is true, I love Zodangan  
liquor. As I recall, when  
Sab Than and I would have  
drinking contests, you would  
be the referee. Yes, Ur Jan,  
I admired your fighting form  
then, but I can't say I  
admire what calot scum  
you've since become.

He pushes her on her back, her large breasts heave, her nipples harden in arousal, he places a hand between her legs, fingers her, she is wet from desire.

UR JAN

No so dead after all, eh,  
Princess?

He removes his fingers, wipes them on her mouth, takes off his harness, kneels between her legs, inserts his penis, rapes her mercilessly, he GRUNTS, ejaculates, remains on top of her.

DEJAH THORIS

You call that worm between  
your legs a sword? I could  
not feel a thing!

Ur Jan SMACKS her face with the back of his hand.

UR JAN)

Think before talking!

He moves back his hand to slap her again, looks at her face, at her incredible beauty, sees something else besides defiance, a strange erotic desire, his anger abates.

UR JAN

(continuing)

What have I done? I am sorry, Princess; it was wrong for me to have struck you. You are so beautiful; I forgot the love I once bore for you. Give me your word of honor as a Princess of Helium that you will not try to escape or harm me or yourself; do that and I shall unbind you.

He cups her breasts, squeezes them, she stares at him in defiance and contempt.

UR JAN

(continuing)

Give me your word, Princess, and I'll make sure Gar Nal stays away from you. He is planning on having you when I am through. He is fat and disgusting. What say you?

He sucks her nipples, she remains contemptuous.

UR JAN

(continuing)

Gar Nal! You can set the directional compass. The Princess is ready for you.

Dejah Thoris spits in his face, Ur Jan smiles, Gar Nal comes into the room, removes his harness, he is very big and ugly, has a big, ugly penis, Ur Jan pulls out, climbs off the Princess.

Gar Nal climbs of top of her, GRUNTS as he inserts his penis her, takes her like an animal, slaps her face repeatedly, SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

The Princess shows total disdain for Gar Nal, he bites her neck, bites her breasts, her nipples, slowly, she begins to CRY as he rapes her, looks at Ur Jan, appeals to him with her eyes.

Ur Jan can take it no longer, he leaps on Gar Nal, pulls him off, holds a dagger to his throat.

UR JAN

Don't ever touch the Princess  
again or I will kill you, Gar  
Nal! Do you understand?

GAR NAL

What has gotten into you, Ur  
Jan? Has the calot bitch  
bewitched you?

Ur Jan draws a thin line of blood at Gar Nal's neck to drive home his point.

UR JAN

Call it what you will, Gar  
Nal, but your fate will be  
the same still.

Gar Nal is frightened of Ur Jan, nods his head, takes his harness, goes back to the control room. Ur Jan gets a basin of water and a towel, cleans the blood off the Princess, takes her to the toilet, she relieves herself.

He brings her back to the couch, a look of pain on his face as he looks at the bruises on her cheeks, the bite bruises on her neck, breasts and nipples. The Princess feigns defiance, contrary to her demeanor, she spreads her legs wantonly before him.

He gets an erection, climbs on top of her, enters her, pounds her, she MOANS, has an orgasm, another, another, MOANS LOUDER, he takes his dagger, cuts her bonds, she wraps her arms around him.

DEJAH THORIS

Do you love me, Ur Jan?

UR JAN

Yes, my Princess.

DEJAH THORIS

Then copulate me with your  
mighty Zodangan penis, Ur Jan.  
I remember with fondness  
those days and nights when  
you stood watch while Sab  
Than had his way with me, the  
look of longing and desire on  
your face.

UR JAN

I love you, Dejah Thoris; I  
will serve you until my dying  
breath.

DEJAH THORIS

Show me, Ur Jan; copulate me  
till your dying breath. Are  
you not the assassin of  
Zodanga!

UR JAN

Yes, my Princess.

She wraps her legs around him, moves with him, MOANS, has an  
orgasm, summons the Force of Issus.

EXT. THE SKIES OF HELIUM - DAY

Carter has washed the red pigment from his skin, he is no  
longer Vandor. A patrol boat approaches, the guard  
recognizes Carter, escorts him sullenly to the Palace  
rooftop hangar. The hangar guard is equally sullen, Carter  
rushes down the ramp, runs into Jat Or.

CARTER

Jat Or! What the devil is  
the matter? First the  
commander of the patrol boat,  
then the hangar guard, and  
now you look as though you  
had just lost your last  
friend.

JAT OR

We have lost our best friend.  
They have taken the Princess!

CARTER

I feared I would be too late  
to warn her. When did they  
take her?

JAT OR

It happened last night, my  
Prince - just when we do  
not know. Two men were on  
guard before her door.  
They were new men, but they  
had successfully passed the  
same careful examination and  
investigation that all must  
who enter your service, sir.  
This morning, when the female  
slaves came to relieve the  
ones that were on duty with  
the Princess last night, they  
found her gone. Phaidor,  
Zenax and the two slave girls  
that were on duty lay dead  
in their sleeping furs and  
silks, killed in their sleep  
with their throats slit.  
Blood was everywhere. The  
two guards were also gone.  
We believe they are the ones  
who took the Princess.

Carter bows his head at the news of Phaidor and Zenax,  
chokes back a tear.

CARTER

They were agents of Ur Jan,  
the assassin of Zodanga.  
What measures have been  
taken?

JAT OR

Jeddak Tardos Mors, her grandfather, and Mors Kajak, her father, have dispatched a thousand ships in search of her.

CARTER

It is strange; I saw not a single ship on my entire flight from Zodanga. Wherever they are searching, they are wasting their time. Carry that word from me to Tardos Mors. Tell him to call back his ships. There is only one ship that can follow where they have taken Dejah Thoris. I must return to Zodanga at once.

JAT OR

Let me go with you. I have a good sword; and there may come a time when even the Warlord himself would be glad of another to back up his own.

CARTER

Very well, Jat Or. Change into a plain harness. You are no longer a Padwar in the Navy of Helium; you are a Panthan, without a country, at the service of any who will take you. You shall call me Vandor; I will be disguised as a Red Martian.

JAT OR

I understand, my Prince.

The both run up the ramp to the hangar roof.

EXT. THE SKIES OF ZODANGA - NIGHT

Carter has put back on the red pigment, is Vandor again, he flies over the walls of Zodanga to the public hangar where he keeps his flier parked. The attendant gives Vandor a strange look, he had left with a one-man flier, returns in a two-man flier.

Vandor gets out, gives directions to Jat Or.

CARTER

(continuing)

Take the flier outside the city, fly to the thirteenth parallel, go west for 100 haads, park there and wait. I will meet you there in Fal Silvas' spaceship.

Jat Or understands, nods, flies off the roof toward the thirteenth parallel. Vandor heads for Fal Silvas's residence.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - NIGHT

Ula brings Ashton to ejaculation, he GRUNTS, she swallows, raises her head, licks her lips.

ULA

Yummy! Keep going, mighty hunter; the story is really exciting.

Ashton looks up at the stars.

ASHTON

I wish we could have a spaceship like that, Ed. Just think of the adventures we could have. We could be the masters of the universe!

Flo looks at Ulah with disdain, continues to masturbate ERB.

FLO  
Every man feels like a  
master of the universe after  
he's had his dick sucked.

They LAUGH.

ERB  
Okay, where were we?

Ula hands him her bottle of wine, finds the screw, opens another.

ULA  
Wet your whistle, mighty  
hunter.

ERB takes a long gulp, quenches his throat, dry from talking, resumes the story:

ERB  
Vandor rushes back to Fal  
Silvas's to find that Zanda  
has been selected for brain  
experimentation, he rushes  
to her rescue...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LABORATORY OF FAL SILVAS - NIGHT

Vandor faces Fal Silvas, Zanda SCREAMS inside a surgical room behind him.

ZANDA  
Vandor! Vandor, save me!

Fal Silvas rushes for the door, tries to shut it, Vandor is too quick for him, leaps to the door, pushes Fal Silvas aside, enters to a ghastly sight.

INT. SURGICAL ROOM - NIGHT

On marble slabs, raised a few feet from the floor, THREE WOMEN and Zanda are securely strapped so that they cannot move a limb or raise their heads. Portions of the skulls of the other three women have been removed, exposing their brains, they are still conscious, their frightened terrified eyes focus on Vandor.

VANDOR

What hellish business are you up to, Fal Silvas?

FAL SILVAS

Get out! Get out! How dare you invade the holy precincts of science. Who are you, calot, worm, to question what Fal Silvas does, to interfere with the work of a brain the magnitude of which you cannot conceive? Get out! Get out! Or I will have you killed!

VANDOR

And who will kill me? Put these poor creatures out of their misery, and then I shall attend to you.

Fal Silvas TREMBLES, dashes from the room, SLAMS the door shut. Vandor frees Zanda from her bonds with his dagger, she slips off the slab, wraps her arms around Vandor.

ZANDA

Vandor, Vandor, now we must both die. They come! I hear them.

THE CLANKING OF METAL UPON METAL, HEAVY FOOTSTEPS approach outside, Vandor draws his sword.

ZANDA

(continuing)

Give me your dagger, Vandor.  
Someone has to dispose of  
these others. They pray for  
merciful death. Let me put  
them out of their misery.

Vandor gives her the dagger, she plunges it into the heart  
of each of the three victims, SQUISH, SQUISH, SQUISH!

Outside, Fal Silvas raises his voice:

FAL SILVAS

(OFF SCREEN)

Come out of there; give up!

ZANDA

There is a door on the other  
side of the room hidden  
behind a large screen. Fal  
Silvas will send his men  
to the other side. If you  
wait here, they will sneak  
in behind you.

VANDOR

Then I will not wait here.

He starts to open to the door to the laboratory, Zanda puts  
her arm on his, stays it.

ZANDA

Wait, you stand back here  
and I will stand to the  
side and open the door.  
That way they cannot take  
you by surprise.

Using the door as a shield, she swings the door inward, a  
sword flashes down, WHIZZES through the air. HAMAS, a  
servant, bears the sword, jumps back, behind him TWO ARMED  
SLAVES - PHYSTAL and WOLAK - and Fal Silvas.

They all cower back as Vandor steps to the doorway.

HAMAS

On, men! We are three and  
he is only one. Onward,  
kill the calot!

PHYSTAL

In with you, yourself, Hamas!

FAL SILVAS

Go in! Go in and get him,  
you cowards!

No one moves. Vandor rushes them.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Wolak pushes the others aside, rushes to meet Vandor with  
his long sword.

FAL SILVAS

(continuing)

Kill him, Wolak! Kill him  
and I shall free you! Your  
weight in gold if you kill  
him.

The others creep forward behind Wolak, he fiercely attacks  
Vandor.

Vandor retreats back into the doorway, meets Wolak's blade,  
CLANG, CLANG! they have a duel, Vandor pushes him back,  
thrusts at his face, Wolak thrusts his head to the side,  
brings his chin up, exposes his throat, Vandor makes a quick  
SLICE from left to right, opens Wolak's throat from ear to  
ear, blood GURGLES out.

Wolak falls to his knees, a look of horror on his face, he  
crumples down, dead.

The others retreat, Hamas and Phystal make futile passes  
with their swords, CLANG, CLANG, Fal Silvas hurls a vase at  
Vandor, he ducks, it CRASHES against the wall into a  
thousand fragments. He throws another, hits Vandor's sword  
hand, BAM! Phystal sees an opening, takes a lunge, nearly  
gets Vandor.

fal Silvas throws another vase, Zanda catches it, hurls it back, hits Fal Silvas squarely in the eyes, BAM! he falls to the floor like a log, THUD! The others cast their swords aside, get on their knees.

HAMAS

Spare us, Vandor. We were only acting on orders.

ZANDA

Kill them! They kidnapped me and made me a slave to this horrible creature. You cannot trust either of them.

Not waiting for Carter to respond, with sudden swiftness, Zanda stabs both Hamas and Phystal in their hearts with her dagger, SQUISH! SQUISH! Vandor stops her before she can reach Fal Silvas.

VANDOR

No, Zanda! He may prove useful to us later.

He binds him in his own harness, gags him, leaves him on the floor, unconscious.

VANDOR

Follow me, Zanda.

He leads her up the forbidden ramp to the hangar.

INT. SPACESHIP HANGAR - NIGHT

He takes her to the far end of the hangar, there are two massive doors, well hung, they slide the doors easily to the side. Zanda looks down at the streets of Zodanga.

ZANDA

We cannot escape this way; it is fifty ads to the street below.

VANDOR

Come! You will soon see how we make our escape.

They walk to the side of the ship, Vandor concentrates on the brain in the nose, after a few seconds the door opens and the rope ladder descends to the floor.

ZANDA

Who is in there?

VANDOR

No one. Now up with you;  
we have no time to loiter  
here.

Vandor follows Zanda inside the ship, directs the brain to raise the ladder and close the door. they sit on a cushioned couch in the cabin, Vandor concentrates, gives the motivating thought for the ship to rise off the scaffolding and exit through the great doors.

SIREN ALARMS go off all over Zodanga, two patrol fliers immediately attack the spaceship, fire radium guns at it as it rises from the hangar, ZZZZTBANG! ZZZZTBANG! the ship's radio wave emission device senses the incoming shots, takes evasive action, they miss; Vandor concentrates on the brain, the radium rifles extract from their holes in the hull, blast both of the fliers out of the sky, ZZZZTBANG! BOOM! ZZZZTBANG! BOOM!

Zanda throws her arms around Vandor's neck, kisses his face, reaches down, masturbates his penis.

ZANDA

Oh, Vandor, I am yours.  
You have saved me from that  
vile creature. I am free!  
Do with me what you will.

VANDOR

You are excited, Zanda. You  
owe me nothing. You are a  
free woman. You do not have  
to be my slave or the slave  
of any other.

ZANDA

I want to be your slave,  
Vandor. I love you.

VANDOR

You do not know what you are saying, Zanda. We are going on a long perilous journey, but first we must locate Jat Or.

ZANDA

That is what the mechanical brain is for. Give it direction and give this to me.

She climbs into his lap, inserts his penis, moves against him, he does not struggle.

VANDOR

It will be hard to give the brain motivating thoughts under these circumstances.

ZANDA

We will be of one mind, Vandor; you can give motivating thoughts to both of us.

VANDOR

First, you must lose your fear of the brain. Come, concentrate.

EXT. THE DYING SEA BOTTOMS OF BARSOOM - NIGHT

The spaceship flies out of Zodanga, over the dying sea bottoms, stops over a spot where Jat Or waves, sets down, the door opens, the ladder descends, Jat Or climbs on board, the ladder rolls up, the door closes.

The ship rises, flies at high speed for Thuria.

INT. SPACESHIP CABIN - NIGHT

Jat Or stares in disbelief at Zanda, she acts coldly around the new Panthan.

VANDOR

Jat Or, meet Zanda. She's as intelligent as she is beautiful. Her father was an officer in the Old Zodangan Navy. She just maneuvered this craft for a perfect landing.

Zanda stands with arms crossed over her breasts, smiles at the compliment.

JAT OR

What a sinister looking craft, Vandor. As you approached, I could swear it was looking at me through those huge bug eyes.

VANDOR

It was. A mechanical brain runs this ship.

JAT OR

In the name of my ancestors, I was wondering who closed that door behind me.

Vandor guides Jat Or to the door leading into the control room, points out the mechanical brain.

VANDOR

That metal sphere is the brain.

JAT OR

Does it think?

VANDOR

For all intents and purposes, it does, but it cannot originate thought.

JAT OR

It gives me a strange,  
helpless feeling, as though I  
was in the power of an  
omnipotent yet unreasoning  
creature.

Zanda begins to warm to Jat Or, she flirts with her eyes.

ZANDA

Fal Silvas was trying to get  
the brain to originate  
thought, but whether or not  
he got that far I do not know.  
He was also planning on  
imparting the power of human  
speech to this horrible  
invention.

VANDOR

Why do you call it horrible?

ZANDA

Because it is inhuman and  
unnatural. No enobling or  
lofty thoughts went into its  
fabrication; and none could  
emanate from it, had it the  
power of original thought.

VANDOR

But our purpose is lofty and  
honorable.

ZANDA

Nevertheless, I fear it; it  
reminds me of Fal Silvas.

JAT OR

I hope it is not meditating  
on your avowels.

Zanda clasps a hand over her mouth, her wide eyes reflect a  
new terror.

ZANDA

I had not thought of that!  
Perhaps this very minute  
it is plotting revenge.

JAT OR

Perhaps it is merely  
contemplating your great  
beauty.

VANDOR

(LAUGHS)

Any harm to come from the  
brain will be my  
responsibility for I will be  
directing it as long as it  
is my possession.

Vandor catches Jat Or ogling Zanda's breasts, smiles, Zanda follows his eyes, watches Jat Or's penis rise in erection.

ZANDA

So, Jat Or, is it then your  
opinion that the brain has a  
sense of beauty and  
proportion?

JAT OR

If it is mechanical, there is  
a necessity for beauty and  
proportion regardless of how  
good or evil the intention of  
the inventor.

ZANDA

Do you share its sense?

She admires his erect penis, her right hand moves between her legs, she fingers herself, he masturbates.

JAT OR

Indeed, I do.

VANDOR

It will take some time to get to Thuria. I am going to get some sleep. Zanda, I trust you will make Jat Or feel at home?

ZANDA

Your will is my command, Vandor, my master.

Carter snuggles on a couch, falls instantly asleep, Zanda kneels before Jat Or, fellates him.

INT. GAR NAL'S SPACESHIP - DAY

Gar Nal enters the atmosphere of Thuria, Barsoom looms unbelievably large in the background, Gar Nal immediately spies a huge castle next to a river and lush forest.

The castle complex is a large strange building of unearthly architecture, it has many towers of various heights and shapes, some standing alone, others in groups. The walls are constructed of precious stones so arranged, their gorgeous hues blend and harmonize into a mass of color that defy description.

Gar Nal spirals down into the courtyard.

On the couch, Ur Jan and Dejah Thoris finish their love-making, several empty bottles of Zodangan liquor litter the floor, Ur Jan GRUNTS, ejaculates a final time, collapses in exhaustion on top of the Princess.

UR JAN

By my ancestors, Princess, you have drained me. That was my dying breath.

Dejah Thoris YAWNS, stretches her arms in sexual fulfillment, she is very intoxicated, she caresses Ur Jan, kisses him on the neck, on the mouth.

DEJAH THORIS

An assassination worthy of a master assassin.

Gar Nal steps carefully into the cabin.

GAR NAL  
Prepare to disembark.

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - DAY

The spaceship's side door opens, a rope ladder lowers to the ground, Gar Nal, Ur Jan, and Dejah Thoris descend it.

Invisible hands almost immediately seize them, they struggle in vain, are led inside the castle.

INT. CASTLE ROOM OVERLOOKING THE COURTYARD - DAY

The invisible captors separate the Princess from the two men, she is taken to a high tower room with a window overlooking the courtyard. She slips from the hands of her captor, runs to the window, someone seizes her there, she feels a man's enormous hard penis against her buttocks, it makes a visible dent against her skin.

DEJAH THORIS  
Calot! Show your face if  
you dare rape the Princess  
of Helium!

Strong arms press her against the window, strong hands cup her breasts, they jiggle in his invisible hands, the imprint of an enormous penis presses between her buttocks, they spread apart from its girth, it moves down, enters her vagina, ZOOM on the diameter of her vagina as it swells to an enormous size, dilates as the penis pounds in and out, offers a telescopic view inside her womb.

DEJAH THORIS  
(continuing)  
So big, so big.....

She surrenders to the dark erotic passion, dreamily looks out at the forest on the other side of the river, she feels the serpent rise up her spine.

Not sure if she is dreaming, she sees a strange sight: another spaceship, exactly like Gar Nal's, spirals down out of the sky, lands silently next to Gar Nal's ship. Out of it descend John Carter, Jat Or, and a beautiful woman dressed in a warrior's harness, she shouts:

DEJAH THORIS

(continuing)

Escape my Chieftan! Escape  
from this horrible place  
while you may!

Strong arms force her away from the window, force her to her knees, she is being taken like a calot, in her mind, she imagines kissing the beautiful woman in the fighting harness, sucking her nipples, eating her out, she has an orgasm, another, HER DRUNKEN MOANS ECHO down the castle corridors again and again.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - NIGHT

Vandor wakes up, sits up on the couch as the spaceship enters the atmosphere of Thuria, Zanda kneels before him, washes the red pigment from his body, fellates his penis, he GRUNTS, ejaculates in her mouth. She kisses his penis, rubs it against her cheek, rubs her hands on his chest.

ZANDA

You are clean of the red  
pigment, master.

VANDOR

I have directed the ship to  
locate Gar Nal's ship; it  
shouldn't take long.

JAT OR

Would you look at the size  
of Barsoom on the Thurian  
horizon. Few on Barsoom  
have seen such a wonder.

They all look out the porthole, eyes wide in amazement, the fact that they have traveled to another world made plain by the sight.

VANDOR

Zanda, put on a fighting  
man's harness. Six hands are  
better than four.

The ship spirals down, hovers above a clearing in the thick forested hills, they see a castle, the rising sun touches its towers, sends back scintillating rays of many-hued colors.

An almost exact replica of their ship is harbored in the castle courtyard.

VANDOR

That must be Gar Nal's ship!  
Zanda, see if you can  
direct the brain to land  
right next to Gar Nal.

Zanda concentrates on the mechanical brain, the spaceship spirals down, lands in the castle courtyard next to the sister ship of Gar Nal.

ZANDA

I no longer fear the brain;  
I believe Jat Or is right;  
it likes me.

JAT OR

Who doesn't?

The door opens, the ladder drops, the three of them descend, weapons ready. Zanda wears the harness of a fighting man, knows how to handle a long-sword.

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - DAY

They search Gar Nal's ship. It is empty, as is the courtyard. They step out of the ship, Carter last.

ZANDA

Where is everyone? Why is  
it so deserted?

JAT OR

It appears deserted, but  
I can feel a presence all  
around me. It feels like  
there are many eyes on us.

From above out of a high window in the castle tower, the  
VOICE OF DEJAH THORIS:

DEJAH THORIS (OFFSCREEN)

Escape my chieftan! Escape  
from this horrible place  
while you may!

All three draw their swords simultaneously, SCHWING!

JAT OR

The Princess!

VANDOR

Yes, the Princess. Come!

Vandor runs towards the castle door, stops, stares at Zanda and Jat Or in front of him, they are moving around like crazy people, struggling against invisible forces which are dragging them towards the door, Zanda stabs something with her sword, SQUISH! her sword is knocked from her hand, CLANG!

ZANDA

Help me, Vandor!

Vandor attacks, his sword hits against invisible flesh, once, twice, SQUISH! SQUISH! but he doesn't see a thing.

He too is captured by invisible hands, struggles in vain, falls under a great weight, he is jerked to his feet, his wrists bound behind his back.

He is pushed, shoved, to the doorway with Zanda and Jat Or.

JAT OR

Do you see anyone?

VANDOR

I see you. But I feel hands  
upon me and the warmth of  
bodies around me.

JAT OR

I guess we are done for, my  
Prince.

VANDOR

Done for? We still live!

JAT OR

That is not what I mean.  
They have our ship, we have  
no means of ever returning  
to Barsoom.

Vandor looks over his shoulder, sees the ladder moving as  
invisible feet climb on board, he concentrates, imparts a  
command to the ship to rise and hover a hundred feet above.

The ship silently rises, reaches one hundred feet, hovers.

Vandor and the others are dragged inside the castle.

ON SCREEN: TO BE CONTINUED...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PART FOUR