

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - NIGHT

ERB comes back slowly from telling his story. The men are aroused, watch Flo and Ula French-kiss; Ulah pauses from her kiss, looks over her shoulder at ERB.

ULA

Did you have fun killing me off, mighty hunter? Why on earth didn't they take Ulah with them? She would have been the first one the Tarids suspected.

ASHTON

He wanted to one-up me, Ula; after all, I was obviously Ur Jan.

ERB

Don't you think her death made it more horrifying? I knew all my readers would like Ulah, thus killing her made the story all that more present and real. Besides, it was one woman too many. My readers aren't ready for that kind of stuff, yet.

FLORENCE

The Cat-men are really creepy, Ed; what were you thinking? And Carter may have had a good excuse for bedding Zanda, but don't you think it runs a little thin for Ozara and Ulah?

ERB

Even heroes have their weaknesses. It's funny, though, for Emma thought of herself as Jane. When I was married none of my characters ever cheated, at least in the censored versions.

(sighs)

If they did, it was made clear to me that Emma would find that evidence beyond a reasonable doubt that I had cheated on her. But now that I'm in between wives, my characters are free to give in to their basic human instincts. And trust me on this one, Flo: Ozara, like you, is irresistible when you are cold and are trying to stay warm.

ASHTON

I liked her blue nipples and pussy. Nice touch, Ed.

ULA

Hey, Ashton; why don't you take me like Carter took Ulah?

Ula gets on her hands and knees, almost in the laps of ERB and Flo. Ashton moves behind her, enters her, SMACKS! her on the buttocks, grabs her long dark Gypsy hair like a horse's mane.

ASHTON

Giddy-up, slave girl!

Florence pushes ERB on his back, his head lands between Ula's arms, beneath her swinging breasts. Flo mounts ERB, reaches down, inserts his penis.

FLORENCE

Pierce me with your sword,
John Carter, my Chieftan!

She rides ERB hard, he reaches up, rubs Flo's breasts,
squeezes them, bulges out the nipples.

ERB

I love the way Bull Montana
taught you to ride!

ULA

Look, Flo has blue nipples!

Ula sucks Flo's bulging left nipple, Flo GROANS in pleasure,
ERB lifts his head, Ula's breasts sway above, he sucks her
nipples. Ula runs her lips up Flo's neck, French-kisses
her.

ERB increases his pace, heads into the last stretch.

ASHTON

Race you to the finish line,
Ed?

ERB

You're on. What's the prize?

ASHTON

Ula.

Ashton SMACKS! Ula again on the buttocks, leaving a red
hand-print.

ASHTON

(continuing)

Move your ass, horsey!

Ula moves back and forth, GROANS, MOANS, looks into ERB's
eyes, they French-kiss, his loins hump up into Flo like an
Olympic competitor.

Ula licks at his ear, the SOUND OF JUNGLE DRUMS, BOOM! BOOM!
BOOM! RISE UP mysteriously out of the Malibu hills.

ULA
Win me, mighty fighter!

The race continues at breakneck speed, ERB wins, has his
ORGASM first, GRUNT! Ashton follows, GRUNT! seconds behind.

FLO
And the winner is...Ed by
an inch!

The DRUMS BEAT EVEN LOUDER, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

ERB rolls Florence over, pulls out, still erect, he grabs
Ula, throws her on her back, she spreads her legs in lust,
arches up her pelvis.

ULA
Fuck me, mighty hunter!

ERB mounts her, enters with a hard thrust, pounds her, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Flo climbs on Ula's face, faces ERB, French-kisses him, Ula
spreads her vaginal lips for Ashton to see, Ashton watches,
masturbates, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

ULA
Behold, the Blue Flower
of Domnia.

Ashton crawls behind Flo, Ula inserts his penis, licks Flo's
clitoris as Ashton copulates Flo, the drums beat louder,
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

ASHTON
(raises arms, shouts)
We are the masters of the
universe!

INT. ERB, INC., JUNE 1934 -- DAY

ERB and Rothmund stand, talk in the office. Rothmund holds
the "Swords of Mars" manuscript in his right hand.

ROTHMUND

Are you really going to submit this to Red Book, Ed? Any one of your fans who knows your love of mystery will sooner or later discover that the first letter of each chapter spells out, "To Florence with all of my love, Ed."

(pause)

My God, Florence Dearholt isn't even divorced yet!

ERB

And neither am I, Ralph. Besides, I don't give a damn, I love her.

ROTHMUND

How long is Emma going to put up with this? I mean, you, Emma, and the Dearholts were so close, having all of those dinners together. And aren't Florence and Joan best friends?

ERB

Yes, Joan and Florence had their kids at the same time. I know Emma's going to take it very hard, but I just can't help it. Besides, Emma's just as much a part of ERB, Inc., as I am.

(sighs)

She won't suffer that much, a whole lot less than she made me suffer, that's for sure.

ROTHMUND

And the slave girl, Ulah;
isn't that a little too close
to the name of Dearholt's new
mistress?

ERB

You mean the star of our
Tarzan movie? You should
know, Ralph; you saw every
inch of her.

ROTHMUND

It's what I get paid to do,
Ed.

INT. BROWN DERBY NIGHTCLUB, HOLLYWOOD, MARCH 1935 -- NIGHT

ERB sits next to Flo across the table from Ashton and Ula.
The men wear tuxedos, the women designer gowns, they drink
expensive Champagne.

A JAZZ SINGER CROONS WITH A BIG BAND on the stage. ERB
takes Florence's hand, squeezes it.

ERB

(to Ashton)

It's great to have you back
from Guatemala. How did
the filming go?

Ashton grins, gives Ula a kiss, she looks uncomfortable.

ASHTON

It went - er, well, it was
splendid, Ed. And better
yet for you, Flo and I have
just about finalized the
conditions of our divorce.

FLORENCE

We should be filing next
month. Oh, Ed, we won't
have to hide anymore. Won't
it be grand!

ULA

You'll be missed, Flo.

FLORENCE

It will be nice sharing a bed with only one other person for a change.

ASHTON

Ula and I wish you all the best. Why don't you join us at the house after dinner. We can go skinny-dipping again.

ERB grins deviously.

FLORENCE

I can sure see where Ed got his idea for Wilson Crumb, Ashton.

ASHTON

And where do you think he got his idea for Gaza de Lure?

FLORENCE

Don't be absurd. I don't have black hair.

Ashton and ERB exchange a knowing glance.

ASHTON

You can fool the best, Ed. Let's drink to the King of Pulp fiction and his future bride!

ULA

To the mighty hunter and his new mate!

They toast.

INT. APACHE HOTEL ROOM, LAS VEGAS, NOVEMBER 1934 -- NIGHT

ERB and son, HULLY, 25, drink Scotch, listen to JOAN AND JIM DO TARZAN AND JANE ON THE RADIO. They are in a somber mood.

ERB

Look, Hully, we're going to cut out American Radio Features Syndicate from being the middle man of this show. From now on, I'm putting you in charge of it.

HULLY

Thanks, Dad. Since we're talking about the business, I think Mom would be happy being editor in chief of ERB, Inc. As for your stay here in Vegas for six months, you don't really think you're fooling anyone, do you? You keep saying you're doing research on the Hoover Dam, but no one really believes it.

ERB

Have you heard anything about our Tarzan movie?

HULLY

Not a thing.

ERB

I'm really trusting Ashton and Ula to come through for me on this. It would be the beginning of a whole new thing for me, creative control from start to finish. I would no longer have to put up with all of this Hollywood horse-shit.

They stop talking as the unmistakable VOICE OF WALTER WINCHELL COMES ON THE RADIO.

WINCHELL (OFF SCREEN)

Word has it that a man by the name of Edgar Burroughs is staying at the Apache Hotel in Las Vegas for the usual reasons, after 34 years of marriage. His next bride will be Florence Dearholt of Queens Road, Hollywood.

HULLY

How ironic.

ERB

How does that son of a bitch find out about these things?
(pauses)
Oh, sorry, Hully; what's so ironic?

HULLY

Oh, just the fact that Mom hated your book, The Girl from Hollywood, and here you are, as if fulfilling a prophecy, marrying one. She always said that Hollywood was your new Texas Pete.

ERB

I was only in love with your Mother when I wrote that book, Hully. I barely knew Flo at the time; she was just a teenager.

HULLY

We know that, Dad. It's when she started drinking heavily. We all noticed.

ERB

Emma left me in her heart
after I wrote that book with
some damned-fool notion that
I was in love with Gaza de
Lure. She didn't even exist.
I made her up. She brought
this on herself.

INT. ERB INC., DECEMBER 1935 - DAY

A very angry ERB sits across the desk from Ashton Dearholt.
A wedding picture of ERB and Flo stands prominently on the
desk.

ERB

Goddammit, Ashton, didn't I
make it clear to you that
there was to be lots of
skin in our Tarzan movie?

ASHTON

Look, Ed, I can explain
everything!

ERB

The sound quality is bad
enough, but you kept Ula
fully clothed like a nun
during the whole movie.
What a fucking disaster!

Ashton looks sickly, near nervous collapse. He hangs his
head, CRIES.

ASHTON

I know I've ruined BTE, Ed,
but I couldn't help it. That
expedition was jinxed from
the moment our ship took
port in Guatemala during a
tropical storm, not to
mention the constant casting
problems. Worst of all I
fell in love for the first
time in my life - with Ula!

ASHTON

(continuing)

Herman Brix was all over her,
trying to fuck her every
chance he got. I just
couldn't bear sharing her -
not with you, not with
Brix, not with the whole
Goddamn viewing public.

ERB

Fucking pathetic.

Ashton breaks down completely. ERB can't stand to see his
friend cry, accepts the loss, pulls out a bottle of Scotch,
pours them each a drink.

ERB

(continuing)

Come on, Ashton, cheer up.
I'm happily married
because of you and you are
still a dear friend.
We all make mistakes, we can
weather this through.

Ashton pulls himself together, takes his drink, they CLINK
glasses.

ASHTON

I'll make it up to you,
Ed, I promise.

ERB

Maybe you will, maybe you
won't. Don't sweat it;
I'll write it off as
another petty act of
Jinx, my persecuting
poltergeist.

(sighs)

ERB

(continuing)

Ralph tells me that MGM has limited us to only a few renegade domestic theaters, but he is sure the film will do well - even without skin - in Europe.

ASHTON

I really appreciate this, Ed. Your friendship means the world to me.

ERB

I know what it's like to be a fool in love. Here's to you and Ula. All my best to you.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE AT LANIKAI, HAWAII, JUNE 1940 - NIGHT

Lanikai is on the windward side of the island of Oahu, overlooking Kailua Bay. ERB sits on the verandah of his beach bungalow, watches a set of heavies come in under the floodlight of a full moon, the sea breeze SOUGHS through the fronds of the coconut palms.

He IMAGINES a gigantic KING KAMEHAMEHA, the great conqueror of old, in feather cape and helmet, riding the peak of a great white crested wave -- a magical wave -- it takes the King all the way to the verandah, the wave disappears.

ERB does a double take, wipes his eyes, his vision clears. It is not King Kamehameha before him, it is a very naked John Carter of Mars. ERB leaps to his feet and extends his hand.

ERB

John Carter! I never expected to see you again.

John Carter shakes his hand with kindly affection.

JOHN CARTER

I never expected to return,
but I have mastered astral
traveling through the Kali-
Mundi and wanted to see you
again.

ERB

Why? Is it something of
cosmic importance?

Carter lets go of ERB's hand, looks up at the stars, smiles
at ERB.

JOHN CARTER

You see, you are the last
of my Earthly kin whom I know
personally. After you are
dead, and it won't be long
now, I shall have no Earthly
ties - no reason to return to
scenes of my former life.

ERB

There are my children. They
are your blood kin.

JOHN CARTER

Yes, but they might be afraid
of me. After all, I might be
considered something of a
ghost by Earth men.

ERB

Not by my children. They
know you quite as well as I.
After I am gone, see them
occasionally.

JOHN CARTER

Perhaps I shall.

ERB

Now, tell me of Mars, of
Dejah Thoris, of Helium....

INT. BEACH HOUSE AT LANIKAI, JULY 4, 1940 - DAY

ERB wakes up alone in his bed; he wears pajamas, throws a robe on, walks through house, sees no one, goes out on the verandah, sees Flo's children by Ashton, LEE ASHTON, 11, and CARYL LEE, 8, help THE NATIVES set up the pig pit for the Fourth of July Luau.

ERB lights up a morning pipe, stares out at the bay, hears the coffee pot PERCOLATING, goes inside, sees Ula, 23, pouring a cup from the pot, she is dressed in a sheer silk robe, barely fastened in the front, she looks up as ERB enters.

ULA

Good morning, Ed; like a cup?

ERB

Sure, Ula. It was nice seeing the kids with Ashton last night. They really like their father.

ULA

Who doesn't?

ERB

I can't believe the gift Caryl Lee has with animals. I thought I had the witching way, but she puts me to shame.

ULA

That's the main reason some people speculate that she is your real daughter, Ed. You sure treat her as if she were really yours.

ERB

I love her very much.

She hands him a cup, looks up, expects a kiss.

ERB
Good God, Ula, you smell
like ripe pussy!

ULA
You used to like it.

ERB gives her a peck on the lips, takes a chair around the
kitchen table.

ERB
Have you seen Flo?

ULA
Yes, she's very despondent
because Janet Gaynor can't
make the party today.
And to be frank, Ed, she's
been sexually frustrated
since moving out here.
She said you haven't
made love to her in weeks.

ERB
Not that it's any of your
business.
(looks up at ceiling)
She's beginning to sound like
Emma to me, Ula. She's
always complaining about
something, about how I
mistreat Lee and lavish
affection on Caryl Lee;
or it's about the house with
all its rats, bugs, and
scorpions - it's just one
fucking thing after another.
Her Hollywood friends say
we are mismatched, and she
half-way believes it. She's
constantly harping on me
about my drinking. Is it
any wonder my libido went on
vacation?

Ula sits across from him, her robe opens, exposes her breasts and bush, she sits as a man, legs spread.

ULA

What happened to the mighty
hunter?

ERB sips his coffee, takes time before he answers.

ERB

I'm working on a new John
Carter, but it's just not
coming together. Even though
the people on Mars don't age,
I'm writing the story as if
John Carter is a grandpa, not
a dashing leading man with
women clinging all over him.
I've written myself into a
corner with Llana of Gathol,
his granddaughter; she's an
identical twin to her
grandmother, Dejah Thors.
I just don't know what I'm
going to do. I've never had
this kind of writing crisis
before.

(pauses)

You know, since Ozara of
Thuria, I've never let
John Carter roam.

ULA

Flo would have been on to
you if you had.

ERB

Yes, that's the hell of it.
That's why I've avoided
John Carter in the Mars
stories. Everyone thinks
of him as me. I found
relief by creating Ulysses
Paxton, in whose skin I was
free to roam; but I want to
free in Carter's skin.

ERB

(continuing)

Here's what I would like to write. I've been trying to create a woman hero he can have adventures with, but with a much different, erotic twist: the woman hero is his granddaughter. I've finally gotten her alone with him after he's rescued her two times, a factor that should qualify him as a potential mate.

(smiles)

It may be unusual on Barsoom for a man to marry his granddaughter, but this is due solely to political bonds, not because it is regarded as immoral. It has actually happened several times in the past when a ruler was strong enough to exert his will over all others, and the granddaughter was exceptionally beautiful. It is not viewed as incest, which is recognized as such only within the immediate family unit.

(sighs)

In the end, I know my readers are not going to be able to accept the Barsoomian view on this one. They will just think of it as incest and write me off as a perverted, dirty old man.

ULA

I'd avoid making the grand-daughter the leading lady when John Carter is still the leading man. You better have another female interest to be safe.

ERB

But don't you see? The people of Mars do not age! John Carter looks just as young as his granddaughter, and she is equal in beauty to Dejah Thoris, the most beautiful woman on the planet.

ULA

I see this idea is your way of putting life back into your aging libido, Ed, but the fact is, your readers do age and are never going to understand.

(pauses)

I liked the idea of Ozara and Ulah being invisible; perhaps you can try that gimmick again.

ERB contemplates it, finishes his coffee and pipe.

ERB

I feel so embarrassed, Ula, with you being so vampy and me not responding. It's nothing personal.

Ula sets her cup down, stands, takes ERB's hand.

ULA

Come with me, Ed; I think I know what you need.

She leads him to the guest bedroom, opens the door, inside Ashton is making passionate love to Flo. Ashton looks over his shoulder, sees ERB and Ula, smiles.

ASHTON

You haven't been treating my slave girl very nice, Ed. She hasn't had a good fucking in ages.

ERB breathes hard, gets aroused, Flo MOANS, has an orgasm; Ula looks down at his growing erection.

ERB

Good God! I feel like my old friend, Fred Reynolds! He could only get it up while watching me make love to his wife.

ASHTON

That's what good friends are for, Ed.

Flo is at the height of passion, lost in the throes of lovemaking, her hips move with Ashton's, her hand strokes the side of his head.

FLORENCE

Oh, Ashton! Oh, Ashton!
Fuck me harder, Ashton!

Ula reaches inside ERB's pajamas, pulls out his penis, strokes it.

ULA

He is risen! Welcome back, mighty hunter.

She kneels, fellates ERB.

ASHTON

Whoa! there, Ed; looks like you've got a real live Roman Candle ready to go off.

ULA
 (looks up)
 I just love fireworks in
 the morning. Sound the
 trumpet! The mighty
 hunter comes!

ERB GROANS, ejaculates in Ula's mouth.

EXT. FOURTH OF JULY BEACH PARTY, LANIKAI - DUSK

ERB, Flo, Ashton, Lee, Caryl Lee, and Ula sit around a big fire during the laua put on by A GROUP OF LOCALS. They feast on the deep-cooked pork, drink beers, are wet and sticky from the heavy humidity, it is late.

ERB is dressed in Bermuda shorts, a Hawaiian print shirt, Ula wears a sexy swimsuit, the latest Esther Williams style, cut low in back and high on the thigh.

They watch FIVE HAWAIIAN GIRLS do the Hula to THE BEAT OF HAWAIIAN DRUMS, BOOM-TIKI-TIKI, BOOM-TIKI-TIKI, BOOM-TIKI-TIKI!

The NATIVE DRUMMERS change the tempo to A TAHITIAN BEAT, BOOM-BOOM-TIKI-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! BOOM-BOOM-TIKI-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! the girls move their hips in a frenzy of undulation, faster, faster, BOOM-BOOM-TIKI-BOOM-BOOM! BOOM-BOOM-TIKI-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!

ERB is mesmerized, watches their hips. Ula leans over, whispers into ERB's ear.

ULA
 It's 10:00 and they say it'll
 be another hour before the
 fireworks exhibition. Do
 you want to show me your
 office now?

They discreetly slip away, head for the garage that is ERB's office.

INT. LANIKAI GARAGE OFFICE - DUSK

ERB's office is Spartan, furnished only with necessary items, a desk, typewriter, couch, lamp, a naked bulb suspended on a cord overhead, a single window looking out at the beach. The breeze blows the bulb back and forth, makes MOVING SHADOWS.

Several beers are in a big ice bucket, ERB pulls two of them out, pops them open with a church key, takes a long swig from one, holds the other out to Ula. Ula is not watching, she reads the page in the typewriter:

ULA

"Invisible Men of Mars."
Good title. You took my
advice.

He hands her the beer.

Ula stares at a diagram of a Martian clock that ERB has taped to the wall above his typewriter. The dial has four concentric circles with three hands of different colors.

On the inside of the outer dial, 200 tals are marked, with the number 200 at the twelve o'clock position, the number 100 at six o'clock. In the next inner dial, 50 xats are marked, with the number 50 in the twelve o'clock, the number 25 in the six o'clock. In the next inner circle, 10 zodes are marked, with the number 10 in the twelve o'clock, the number 5 in the six o'clock.

ULA

(points)

I give up. What's this;
a horoscope?

ERB

It's a Martian clock. I'm
using it to create drama
in the story.

ULA

How does it work?.

ERB

(points)

A Martian day of 24 hours and a little over 37 minutes is divided into 10 zodes, which are marked in this circle near the center; In the next circle, xats are numbered from 1 to 50; there are 50 xats to a zode. The outer circle marks the tals, 200 to a xat. A tal is almost 9/10ths of second, or, if you have a slide rule, .88625 seconds, times 200, times 50, times 10, divided by 60, divided by 60, equal a little over 24 hours, 37 minutes.

(points)

The long green hand measures the tals; one revolution of 200 tals moves the xat's blue hand forward one number; one revolution of the xat hand moves the zode's red hand forward one number. The Martian day begins around 6 AM, thus midnight on the clock would be 25 xats past the 8th zode, the 8th zode beginning at about 10:48 PM.

ULA

Why do you have 11:20 PM marked at the bottom? What happens then?

ERB

That's 11 xats past the 8th zode, a time extremely relevant to my story.

ERB takes Ula in his arms, French-kisses her, runs his hands over her body.

ULA

It's good to be here, Ed.
Tell me about your story.

They sit on the couch, a strong sexual tension between them.

ERB

I will tell you the version
I wish I could write and
you can tell me what you
think. John Carter is trying
to rescue his granddaughter,
Llana of Gathol - the
daughter of his daughter,
Tara of Helium, and her
husband, Gahan, Jed of
Gathol, the richest domain
on Barsoom. Llana is
identical in every way
to her grandmother,
Princess Dejah Thoris -
you can only tell them
apart by their relative
personalities.

(smiles)

Hin Abtol, Jeddak of the
land of Okar, the Northern
Polar domain of the horrid
Yellow Men of Mars, has
besieged Gahan of Gathol,
and captured his daughter,
Llana. Dejah Thoris and
Llana are the most beautiful
women on Mars: every man
desires to capture and fuck
them.

(sips from beer)

ERB

(continuing)

Once again, Carter dons the red pigment given to him by the Ptor brothers, disguises himself as a Red Martian, infiltrates Pankor, Hin Abtol's glass-domed hothouse city in Okar. He manages to catch the attention of Hin Abtol by challenging the strongest man in Pankor, Rab-zov, to a contest of strength.

(sips from beer)

He is summoned to the palace square, where he notes that his customized one man flier is on prominent display as a prize of war. The royals and nobles are in a festive mood. They have been drinking for hours, there are many bottles of liquor in the crowd, some wantonly play with each other's genitalia as they wait, especially Hin Abtol, who openly fondles Llana of Gathol by his side.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PANKOR PALACE SQUARE - DAY

HIN ABTOL is a huge man, like all Okarians, has lemon-yellow skin, oval cat-like eyes, wears a thick black beard on his face, cuddles LLANA OF GATHOL - the Paris Hilton of Mars - a dead ringer for her grandmother, Princess Dejah Thoris.

SEVERAL OF HIN ABTOL'S WIVES stand near them, the contrast of their red lips and nipples against their lemon-yellow skin is a wonder to behold; his wives are the most beautiful women in the audience; one of them is La-Lo, the Rebel Princess of Marentina, sister of Talu, the Rebel Prince and deposed Jeddak of Okar; she stands next to Llana.

Hin Abtol rubs Llana's large upturned left breast with his left hand, tweaks a ruby-red nipple between his finger, with his right hand he fingers her lush Red Flower; Llana holds a bottle of sompus liquor in her left hand, masturbates Hin Abtol's large yellow penis with her right, she is extremely intoxicated, La-lo rubs her right breast, French-kisses her, Llana pours some liquor into La-lo's mouth straight from the bottle.

They stand with a MYRIAD OF COURTIERS on a broad expanse of well-kept scarlet ocher lawn under a massive geodesic dome that protects the whole city from the harsh Arctic climate.

The crowd watches as Carter, in his Red Martian disguise, is escorted into the makeshift arena by A GUARD; a huge giant of a man, RAB-ZOV, wearing the harness and warrior metal of Hin Abtol's personal bodyguard, moves into the center from the other side.

Llana of Gathol wobbles on her feet, does not recognize her grandfather in his disguise, is turned on by the two combatants, slides up against Hin Abtol, eases her left leg up over his penis, it slides between her legs, sticks straight up, she masturbates it, she moves her leg up again, presses the tip of his penis against her vagina, eases down, Hin Abtol copulates her in front of the crowd, those around CHEER HIM ON, La-lo rubs her clitoris, Hin Abtol's testicles, sucks Llana's ruby-red nipples.

LA-LO

Give it to her, mighty
Jeddak of Jeddaks!
You are the greatest
swordsman on Barsoom,
and Llana of Gathol is
so beautiful, so very
beautiful. Claim her as
wife!

HIN ABTOL

I, Hin Abtol, Jeddak of
Pankor, Jeddaks of Jeddaks
of all Okar, hereby claim
Llana, Princess of Gathol,
as my wife!

The crowd CHEERS!

Carter feels his heart sink; he catches his breath, his composure, surveys the crowd, tries to make subtle eye contact with the Princess, is mesmerized by the contrast of Hin Abtol's yellow penis moving in and out of her red vagina.

He looks at the woman kissing Llana, recognizes La-lo, remembers Marentina, tries to forget, does not succeed, he gets an erection, the guard notices, speaks to him:

GUARD

You are here to wrestle Rab-sov, not copulate him. The Jeddak has heard tales of your great strength and he wishes to see a demonstration of it. Rab-zov, here, is supposed to be the strongest man in Pankor -

RAB-ZOV

I am the strongest man in Pankor, sir. I am the strongest man on Barsoom.

CARTER

He must be pretty strong. What is he going to do with me?

GUARD

You are going to wrestle to amuse the Jeddak and his court. Rab-zov will demonstrate how easily he can throw you to the ground and hold you there. Are you ready, Rab-zov?

Rab-zov nods his head, Carter turns to Llana, she is admiring his fighting form, his erect penis, he winks at her, her eyes widen, she recognizes him through the disguise, she MOANS in orgasm to distract Hin Abtol; Hin Abtol's eyes remain on Carter.

La-lo follows Llana's eyes, stares at Carter, recognizes him, her eyes open wide in amazement.

HIN ABTOL

(to Carter)

Who were you winking at?

CARTER

Something got in my eye.

The guard gives the signal for them to start, Rab-zov swaggers toward Carter, takes quick glances at the audience to see if they are looking at him, they are, they admire his great bulk, CHEER for him, there is a lot of money riding on the match.

RAB-ZOV

Come on, fellow! put up the best fight you can; I want to make it interesting for the Jeddak. Your erection is making a circus of this this whole thing.

CARTER

I shall hope to make it interesting for you, Rab-Zov; do you fear my sword?

RAB-ZOV

(LAUGHS)

You won't feel so much like joking when I'm through with you.

He moves in on Carter, Carter feints to his left, moves to his right, takes hold of Rab-Zov's arm, swings him head over heels in the direction of the flier. He catches Llana's eye, moves his head toward the flier, she nods in understanding.

HIN ABTOL

Why are you moving your head like that?

CARTER

I was clearing my thoughts;
many are hedging their bets
by using telepathy on me.

LA-LO

(whispers to Llana)

I recognize your grandfather,
Llana; I love him so, more
than I love my husband, Hin
Abtol.

LLANA

You must get close to him
so that he may give us
directions.

Before Rab-zov can recover, Carter runs at him, leaps in the air, comes down hard, body-slams him, WHAM! the crowd GASPS, they move with Carter in the direction of the flier, Hin Abtol is totally focused on the wrestlers.

With a mighty movement of his chest and hip muscles, Rab-Zov flexes his body upward, hurls Carter over his head, Carter rolls head over heels twenty more yards toward the flier, the crowd CHEERS!

Carter is slow to rise, Rab-zov moves with determination toward Carter, the crowd presses in, La-lo presses to the edge of the crowd, acts as if she stumbles, her head collides with Carter's, KNOCK!

LA-LO

Ouch!

(whispers)

It is I, La-lo, John Carter;
Llana of Gathol awaits your
instructions.

CARTER

(whispers)

La-lo, how I love to say
your name. Listen carefully!

CARTER

(continuing)

When I take this braggart out, tell Llana to run for the flier and start the engine; you must run interference for her. I give you my word as Warlord of Barsoom I will come back and claim you for wife!

La-lo nods, moves back into the crowd next to Llana, Carter moves forward to meet Rab-zov, diverts the attention of the crowd away from the flier.

Rab-zov, oozing confidence, leans forward, reaches for a hold.

CARTER

(continuing)

Come on, you windbag!

Rab-zov loses his temper, Carter seizes one of his wrists, he turns quickly, throws him over his shoulder, WHAM! away from the flier, the crowd GASPS!

Llana uses the moment to slide off Hin Abtol's penis.

Rab-zov, a little groggy, rises to his feet, Carter is close to him, grabs him by the harness.

CARTER

(continuing)

Now, Llana!

The crowd is in suspense, can't take their eyes off the two combatants, don't notice Llana, she runs for the flier, stumbles, falls flat on her face, holds on to her bottle, gets to her feet, staggers on, a guard notices, turns, La-lo trips him, kicks him in the face, POW!

Carter lifts Rab-zov over his head, commences to WHIRL him, once, twice, over and over, Hin Abtol looks for Llana, sees her at the flier.

HIN ABTOL
 (points in alarm)
 The girl! Get her! She's
 gone aboard that flier!

As the crowd follows Hin Abtol's finger, Carter hurls Rab-zov at Hin Abtol, Rab-zov CRASHES! into Hin Abtol and the crowd around him, knocks them down like bowling pins.

Carter runs for the flier, A DOZEN WARRIORS with drawn swords pursue him, La-lo falls down in front of two of them, they fall over her on their faces, BAM!

One of the guards closes in on Carter, is within sword distance, he lifts his sword over his head, Llana finds a dagger in the flier, picks it up, throws it straight into the warrior's heart, SQUISH!

CARTER
 Lift off!

Llana presses the repulsion button, the ship rises, Carter leaps onto the deck, takes over the controls, gives it full throttle, presses the repulsion button for maximum lift.

CARTER
 Nice kill, Llana; especially
 in such an intoxicated state.

LLANA
 (slurs)
 You taught me well, Grandfather, but I shall no longer call you Grandfather. This is the third time you have fought and rescued your Princess.

She grabs his penis, masturbates it.

LLANA
 (continuing)
 You have won me, my Chieftan! Claim me as your wife!

Carter concentrates on the controls, tries to ignore her hand.

CARTER

Don't be silly, Llana; you are my granddaughter!

LLANA

Not to mention that I'm already married to that that hideous yellow monster.

CARTER

Not to mention that there are no witnesses.

She bends over, licks the tip of his penis, he doesn't stop her.

LLANA

Your Jasoomian morality can be charming at times, Grandfather, but sometimes it is quite a bore.

She fellates him.

CARTER

We are talking about Barsoomian custom and morality as well as Jasoomian, Llana. If I were to claim you as wife on Barsoom, the marriage would be invalid as long as Hin Abtol lives. If I were to kill Hin Abtol, I would be forbidden to marry you, and, hence, the marriage would be invalid. Of course, on Jasoom, the whole thing would be moot since it would be incest.

LLANA

Whatever you say, Grandfather. So, where do you know La-lo from? She's also married to Hin Abtol but was willing to sacrifice her life for yours. You must have copulated her at one time in your illustrious career to engender such loyalty.

CARTER

She's the Rebel Princess of Marentina, sister of Talu, the Rebel Prince. I had a claim on her, but while her brother and I were fighting at the Battle of Kadabra, overthrowing the tyrant, Salensus Oll, Hin Abtol took the opportunity to capture the Princess. No one knew who was responsible at the time. Talu, who had replaced Salensus Oll as Jeddak of Okar, used every effort to discover who was behind La-lo's abduction. He helped create a great Okarian fleet to search the ends of Barsoom for her, but when Hin Abtol led the great mutiny against Marentina, the mystery was solved. Did you happen to discover the fate of Talu after Hin Abtol conquered Marentina from the air?

LLANA

Yes, Talu was slowly and brutally tortured to death in front of Hin Abtol and his nobles; his sister was forced to watch.

CARTER

(chokes back a tear)

He was a brave fighting man.
We will have to return after
rescuing your father and
rescue the Rebel Princess of
Marentina, if she still lives.

LLANA

You cannot claim her as long
as she is married to Hin
Abtol.

CARTER

It is my intention to solve
that problem, and yours as
well, once and for all.

LLANA

Was La-lo good to copulate?

CARTER

Very much so. You should
know; it appeared as if you
were on intimate terms
with her.

LLANA

She has a firm flickering
tongue and she is very
beautiful, once you get
beyond the strangeness of
her yellow skin. Where are
we going, Grandfather?

CARTER

To Gathol. Goddammit,
cut that out, Llana!

LLANA

I love it when you swear
in Jasoomian, my Chieftan;
but tell me, how are we
going to get outside of
this dome?

CARTER

Watch and see!

Carter circles to gain momentum, flies full speed at the dome at a forty-five degree angle, he grabs Llana, holds her tight inside the cockpit.

CARTER

Hold on!

They brace for impact.

CRASH! the dome breaks, broken glass falls everywhere, TINKLE, the flier SHUDDERS, flies out through the huge hole into the Arctic cold.

Carter levels off, flies full speed in the direction of Gathol, he sets the directional compass, it is thirty degrees below zero, they pull out furs and silks from the storage compartment, there are only enough for one person, they huddle together on the deck under the controls, try to keep warm, they hold each other tight, Carter still has an erection, Llana masturbates him.

CARTER

(teeth chatter)

This is wrong, Llana. We are not Therns.

LLANA

(teeth chatter)

We must keep warm at all costs, my Chieftan. I cannot help it that you have an erection, but now that you do, the physical exercise will help maintain our body heat.

CARTER

You have a reputation for promiscuity, Llana; you are almost daily in the scandal sheets of Gathol.

CARTER

(continuing)

I should know that this
is but a sporting ruse
you are playing on me so
that you can have your
evil way; but by the bones
of Issus, you are so
beautiful, I cannot help
myself.

LLANA

My Red Flower longs for
your sword, my Chieftan.

Llana moves on his penis, inserts it inside her vagina, he
doesn't resist.

LLANA

This is the only sure fire
way we are going to survive
this cold. Come on, you know
the Kali-Mundi; just take
your time and don't ejaculate.
If you can keep it up for two
hours, we will live. As long
as we live, there is hope.

She squeezes her vagina around his penis, they shiver,
copulate, Llana LAUGHS.

CARTER

What amuses you?

LLANA

I'm tighter than Dejah Thoris,
aren't I? I have yet to
fertilize an egg. Dejah
Thoris and I may look
identical but we are
different in many subtle ways.

CARTER

It is true, you are much
tighter. And wetter too.

LLANA

I get a lot wetter when I have an orgasm.

CARTER

Fate forfend! We are only doing this because it is absolutely necessary for our survival.

LLANA

It's a crime against nature to waste such a tight, wet vagina, my Chieftan. In the Jasoomian tongue, fuck me hard!

Carter stares into her eyes, sees a strong, impossible desire, he French-kisses her, moves slowly, knows he has a long two hour haul. She LAUGHS again.

LLANA

(continuing)

More than any other man on Barsoom, Hin Abtol feared you; your name was constantly on his lips, even when he fucked me with that horrid yellow cock. Oh, my Chieftan, he fucked me like a calot bitch, knowing that I was your granddaughter. How does it feel to fuck his wife, eh, my Chieftan!

Carter does not answer, copulates her harder.

LLANA

(continuing)

La-lo would sit on my face as he pounded me with that horrid yellow penis.

CARTER

Where did you learn all of the Jasoomian slang, Llana?

LLANA

From Grandmother. She says the words make an otherwise normal and clean act seem dirty. And, she is right.

Carter picks up his pace, is turned on by the story, Llana MOANS, has an orgasm.

CARTER

Stop that, Llana!

LLANA

Harder, my Chieftan! Give it to me harder!

CARTER

You told me that story on purpose knowing that it would arouse me. Are you mad? Do you really want to freeze to death, Llana?

LLANA

Unnhhh, unhh, unhh - you can say what you want, my Chieftan, but you haven't slowed down. Yeah, that's it, harder.

CARTER

This is so wrong.

LLANA

Come on, my Chieftan, fuck your Princess! You have won her by your mighty deeds. Unnhhh, oh, yeah!

She MOANS, has another orgasm.

CARTER

Stop that, my Princess.

LLANA

That's it; call me
your Princess!

She MOANS, her body spasms under Carter, he almost ejaculates, grits his teeth, thinks of reading Plato, holds it back, he slows down, moves into a steady pace.

CARTER

You are playing Zodanagan
roulette with our lives,
my Princess.

LLANA

I love you with all my
heart, my Chieftan.

She French-kisses him, he squeezes her breasts, her big ruby-red nipples bulge out, he sucks them one at a time, keeps up his steady pace.

CARTER

I love you so much, my
Princess;, it is exactly
like fucking my wife...
only different.

LLANA

(LAUGHS)

It is really funny that
Hin Abtol had you in his
power the whole time you
were in Pankor, and did not
know it.

(LAUGHS)

I only pray that some day
he may know the opportunity
he missed when he permitted
John Carter, Warlord of
Barsoom to escape him.
Avenge my honor, my Chieftan!
Kill that filthy calot for me.

CARTER

It is necessary that someone
else kill him.

LLANA

Your Green Monster is not
at your beck and call this
time, my Chieftan.

She MOANS, has an orgasm.

CARTER

Stop that, Llana!

Two hours pass, Llana maintains a constant multiorgasmic
state, pure Kali-Mundi, Carter can't last a second longer,
GRUNTS, ejaculates.

LLANA

(wags finger)

Grandfather! Naughty,
naughty! You weren't
supposed to ejaculate,
but I am so glad you did.

She holds him tight, wraps her legs around his.

LLANA

(continuing)

You have just proven by
your actions what Grandmother
has been teaching me from the
lessons of Phaidor, Princess
of the Holy Therns.

Carter holds Llana tight in his arms, kisses her neck, her
mouth.

CARTER

That cult and its teachings
have been outlawed.

LLANA

The mystical teachings beyond
the Tenth Cycle are different.
The Holy Therns neither give
nor take in marriage. Each
is holy unto himself.

LLANA

(continuing)

Grandmother told me
that it is your prudish
Jasoomian morality that
blinds you to many of
truths of the Holy Therns.

(pauses)

This prudish morality has
also caused you to believe
you were doing great good,
when actually you were
doing great evil.

Carter pulls out, feels guilty, he is embarrassed, won't
make eye contact with her, he pisses over the side of the
flier.

CARTER

I cannot overcome the belief
that it is a great sin and
that I have dishonored you.

LLANA

While we still lived, it was
the only hope we had for
survival. Who can judge
us?

CARTER

It's a great justification,
but I fucked you as my
Princess just the same.
It's a compelling fantasy.

She holds him in her arms.

CARTER

You are a wicked little minx.
Not a word of this to anyone!
Is that understood? Give me
your word of honor!

LLANA

On my word of honor, my
Chieftan!

CARTER

What witchcraft made you an identical twin to your grandmother?

LLANA

(smiles)

It was your proud Virginian seed, John Carter. I am very grateful for it.

She kisses him.

LLANA

(continuing)

Since Gathol is surrounded by the warriors of Hin Abtol, would it not be wiser if we first went to Helium? A fleet from Helium could accomplish something, whereas all the two of us will likely accomplish is getting captured again. Hin Abtol will never forget what you did in Pankor.

CARTER

Pankor got off easy; it took years for Kadabra to recover.

LLANA

(LAUGHS)

I shall never forget what you did to Rab-zov, "the strongest man in Pankor"; how you twirled him over your head with a fully erect penis; the crowd was stunned.

Carter slowly comes out of his melancholic reverie.

CARTER

Neither will Rab-zov.

LLANA

Nor Hin Abtol. And the hole you made in the glass dome covering the city, when you drove the flier right through it! I'll wager they all had chills before they got that patched up. No, Hin Abtol will never forget you.

It is warm outside, Carter turns the flier southeast in the direction of Helium, Llana gets a towel from the storage compartment, opens a water bottle, slowly washes the red pigment off Carter's body, massages his hard muscles, ends with his penis, it grows erect, she smiles, looks up, Carter pretends to navigate.

Llana digs inside the storage compartment, pulls out a bottle of sompus liquor.

LLANA

(continuing)

Here it is! I thought I remembered bringing it.

They share the bottle, feel good together.

It is a long trip, they need food and water, he spies a thick forest in a verdant valley near the equator, decides to land, spirals down, lands in a clearing.

EXT. THE FOREST OF LOST MEN - DAY

Carter leaves Llana in the flier, gets out, surveys the forest. It consists principally of skeel, sorapus, and sompus trees, the first two hardwood trees bearing large delicious nuts, the latter loaded with a citrus-like fruit with a thin red rind, from which sompus liquor is distilled. He gathers as much as he can hold.

Llana SCREAMS!

Carter drops the nuts and fruit, rushes back to the flier, it flies away, he runs after it, leaps thirty feet into the air, gets a grasp on the gunwale, sees no one at the controls, Llana is on the deck bound in her harness.

LLANA
Save me, my Chieftan!

Carter loses his grip, falls back to the surface, hears an insolent MALE VOICE behind him:

MALE VOICE
A noble endeavor, you can
certainly jump.

Carter wheels, his hand on the hilt of his sword, no one is there.

MALE VOICE
(continuing)
Well, we might as well be on
our way. You realize, I
presume, that you are our
prisoner. It is against the
law to enter the Forest of
Lost Men without the
permission of the Jeddak of
Invak.

CARTER
I realize nothing of the sort!
If you want to take me, come
and get me. Come out into
the open like men - if you
are men!

MALE VOICE
Resistance will be futile,
there are TWENTY of us and
only one of you.

CARTER
Who are you?

VOICE OF PNOXUS
Pardon me, I should have
introduced myself. I am
PNOXUS, son of Ptantus,
Jeddak of Invak. Whom do
I have the honor of
capturing?

CARTER

You haven't had the honor
of capturing me yet! I don't
know where you are hiding,
but if you will come out, all
twenty of you, I'll give you
a taste of steel you won't
forget. I have had enough of
this foolishness!

VOICE OF PNOXUS

And I've had enough! Take
him, men!

Invisible hands grasp Carter's ankles, jerk his feet from
beneath him, he is knocked flat on his face, his weapons are
removed, unseen hands tie his hands behind his back, fasten
a rope around his neck.

VOICE OF PNOXUS

Get up! If you come without
resistance it will be much
easier for you.

The rope around his neck lifts up as if my magic, jerks,
Carter is led away.

CARTER

What became of the girl who
was with me?

VOICE OF PNOXUS

I took a fancy to her and
had one of my men who can fly
a ship take her back to Invak
for me. Is the girl yours?

CARTER

Yes, the girl is mine.

VOICE OF PNOXUS

She's the most beautiful woman
I've ever seen. I will take
pleasure knowing that she
is yours when I copulate her
for the first time.

Carter makes a move in the direction of Pnoxus's voice, the rope JERKS tight against his throat, he can't breathe, he ceases to struggle, the noose loosens, he hears occasional voices in front and behind:

FIRST VOICE

Sense where you are going,
you blundering idiot!

SECOND VOICE

Stop stepping on my heels,
you fool!

THIRD VOICE

Who do you think you are
bumping into, son of calot?

Invisible arms bump against Carter, he is amused.

FOURTH VOICE

I will guide you.

A hand grabs Carter's right forearm, he marvels as his arm disappears where the hand grasps him.

CARTER

Does this voice have a name?

VOICE OF KANDUS

My name is KANDUS; and yours?

CARTER

You can call me Dotar Sojat.

VOICE OF KANDUS

Isn't that a Green Martian
name?

CARTER

I spent some time with the
Green Men and was honored
to receive the surnames of
the first two I killed.

VOICE OF KANDUS

Where are you from, Dotar
Sojat?

CARTER

From Virginia of the United
States of America, on the
planet we call Earth and you
call Jasoom, some forty-
three million haads away.

VOICE OF KANDUS

You can talk as tall as you
can jump.

They come to a large gate in a wall that is almost
invisible, it is covered in vines, concealed in the dense
forest.

VOICE FROM GATE

Who approaches the city of
Invak?

VOICE OF PNOXUS

It is I, Pnoxus, the Prince,
with twenty warriors and a
prisoner.

VOICE FROM GATE

Let one advance and give the
countersign.

(moments later)

Enter, Pnoxus, with your
twenty warriors and your
prisoner.

Carter is led inside the gate into a corridor lined with
overhead visibility lamps, as each person enters, he becomes
visible.

He sees Pnoxus in the lead, a big, handsome man with a large
penis.

INT. STREETS AND COURTYARDS OF INVAK - DAY

The man leading Carter suddenly appears out of thin air.

CARTER

Are you Kandus?

KANDUS

Certainly!

CARTER

What makes you invisible?

KANDUS

It is very simple, but it is the secret of the Invaks. I may tell you, however, that we are invisible as long as we are not illuminated by the lamps you see overhead. We can see you, but we can't see each other any more than you can see us.

They pass into an open courtyard used for ventilating the city; except for the courtyards, the city is entirely roofed, hidden with intertwined vines. The interiors are artificially lighted by the special visibility lamps.

In the courtyard, spreading trees offer shade and cover. Kandus, Pnoxus, the twenty warriors, become invisible again as they enter the courtyard.

Carter is led down several corridors which are the streets of Invak, through several courtyards, his companions becoming visible and invisible as they progress through the city.

They come to a courtyard where there are many trees with iron rings and chains with padlocks at the ends. Carter is taken to one of the trees, shackled around the ankle, CLICK! the lock snaps shut.

VOICE OF KANDUS

(whispers)

I will try to help you,
for I have rather taken a
liking to you. You've got
to admire a man that can
leap thirty feet into the
air and says he comes from
another world forty-three
million haads away.

Carter senses people walking past him, SNIFFS at a rich
perfume scent, it excites him, he gets an erection.

FEMALE VOICE

The poor man, and he is so
tall and handsome with that
black hair, gray eyes, and
big -

MALE VOICE

(growls)

Don't be a fool, ROJAS, he
is an enemy, and anyway,
he's not very good-looking.

VOICE OF ROJAS

I think he's very good-
looking: his white skin,
black hair, gray eyes,
big penis - make him very
handsome. How do you know
he is an enemy?

CARTER

I was not an enemy when I
landed my flier in the
Forest of Lost Men, but the
treatment I have received
since is fast making one of
me.

VOICE OF ROJAS

There, you see, he is not an
enemy. What is your name,
poor man?

CARTER

My name is Dotar Sojat, but
I am not a poor man.

MALE VOICE

That may be what you think.
Come on, Rojas, before you
make an even bigger fool of
yourself.

CARTER

If you give me a sword and
come out of your cowardly
invisibility, I'll make a
fool out of you, calot!

An invisible foot KICKS Carter in the testicles.

MALE VOICE

Keep your place, slave!

Carter winces, ignores the pain, lunges forward, feels for
the man's face, finds it, hands him a right upper-cut, POW!
the man hits the dirt, THUD! the invisible man is down for
the count.

Carter now feels the pain from the kick, he tenses, squeezes
his legs together, MOANS, he loses his erection. An
invisible hand cups Carter's testicles, massages them in a
circular motion, his testicles appear and disappear with the
motion.

VOICE OF ROJAS

Did MOTUS kick you here?

CARTER

(painfully)

Yessss.

VOICE OF ROJAS

(massages)

Does that feel better?

CARTER

Much better; you have the
healing touch.

VOICE OF ROJAS

You looked like you were
hitting Motus - I hope you
did. Where are you Motus?

No answer, then LURID PROFANITY as someone stumbles over his
body.

VOICE

Who are you, lying around
here in the courtyard?

CARTER

That must be Motus. You
better have him carried
in.

VOICE

He can lie there until he
rots, for all I care.

Rojas removes her hand, Carter's testicles become visible
again. A few seconds later, a slim beautiful full-breasted
woman becomes visible in a nearby corridor under the
visibility lamps.

The woman turns slowly and looks at Carter, she blows him a
kiss, walks away.

A voice speaks behind him.

VOICE

That was a beauty you handed
Motus. I'll bet he's out for
a week, the dirty Invak calot!

Carter turns, the voice belongs to a visible RED MARTIAN
prisoner, tied to a tree behind his.

CARTER

Well, where did you come
from? Are you one of the
invisibles?

PTOR FAK

I am not. I have been here
the whole while, sleeping.
I heard you tell the girl
your name was Dotar Sojat.
That's a strange name for
a red man. My name is PTOR
FAK; I am from Zodanga.

CARTER

Ptor Fak! By the dead bones
of Issus!

Carter is stunned: he knows Ptor Fak from the Ptor brothers
of Zodanga. Ptor Fak recognizes him at the same time.

PTOR FAK

By the mother of the nearer
moon! Those eyes, that
skin!

CARTER

Shhh! I don't know the
nature of these people yet,
and so I thought it wiser
to be Dotar Sojat.

INVISIBLE PERSON

If you are not Dotar Sojat,
then who are you?

CARTER

I'm the Sultan of Swat.

INVISIBLE PERSON

What is a Sultan? I have not
heard of Swat.

CARTER

A Sultan is a Jeddak of
Jeddaks. Well, now that
it's out, you better tell
your Jeddak that he's got
a Sultan chained up in his
backyard.

Ptor Fak LAUGHS, the invisible person walks away, appears in a corridor on the opposite side, disappears down the corridor.

PTOR FAK

This is the first laugh I
have had since they got me.

CARTER

How long have you been
here?

PTOR FAK

Several months. I was
trying out a new motor
that we have developed
in Zodanga; I was trying
to establish a record for
the circumnavigation of
Barsoom at the Equator.
And of course this place
happens to be on the
Equator and right under
me when my motor quit.

CARTER

Did you see the size of the
sompus trees in the Forest of
Lost Men? What glorious
fruit!

PTOR FAK

I sure did. I was gathering
it up to take back to our
plantation in Zodanga.
That's when they caught me.

CARTER

What will they do with us?
Will we have any opportunity
for escape?

PTOR FAK

Well, as long as they keep you chained to a tree, you can't escape; and that's what they've done to me ever since I got here.

(points)

Look!

They hear a DRAGGING NOISE, TWO MEN men appear in a corridor dragging Motus away.

PTOR FAK

That must be Motus. What an ugly brute.

CARTER

The woman with her must have been a good sport. She was furious that Motus kicked me. Rojas - that's a very pretty name.

PTOR FAK

It is the name of a noble woman. The names of noblemen end in "us," those of noblewomen end with "as." Motus has been courting Rojas ever since she rejected Pnoxus as a mate. She's the most beautiful woman in Invak.

CARTER

Then Motus is a nobleman.

PTOR FAK

Yes, it will be bad for you.

CARTER

Tell me, how do they make themselves invisible.

PTOR FAK

They have developed a large pill that makes them invisible for almost a whole day. They take one every morning when they arise because it takes exactly one hour to kick in.

An invisible hand unclasps the padlock, CLICK!

VOICE

Come with me, slave, the Jeddak will see you now.

Carter is escorted to one of the streets, a SQUAD OF WARRIORS become visible, he is led through two courtyards, Carter gets used to them going from visible to invisible.

He is led inside a large room.

INT. OFFICE OF PTANTUS, JEDDAK OF INVAK - DAY

At the far end of the room MANY PEOPLE stand beside and in front of a large desk, A LARGE SCOWLING FIERCE-LOOKING MAN, PTANTUS, sits behind the desk.

Carter is led up to the desk, he faces the Jeddak.

Ptanus's harness is very elaborate, the leather beautifully carved, studded with precious stones, the hilt of his sword is pure gold. He wears a carved-leather diadem, in Martian hieroglyphics, the word Jeddak is emblazoned with precious stones.

Carter looks away, stares at the architecture, annoys Ptantus.

PTANTUS

Slave! Pay attention to me.

CARTER

You don't have to yell at me.

PTANTUS

Enough of your insolence.
I understand that you are a
troublesome person, that you
gave Pnoxus, my son, the
Prince, a great deal of
trouble after your capture;
not to mention the fact that
you struck and badly
injured one of my nobles.

CARTER

The man may have a title,
but he is no noble. He
kicked me in the testicles
when he was invisible and
I was bound to a tree.

ROJAS

That is right, my lord.

Carter turns, sees Rojas standing in the crowd, stares at her proud upturned breasts and ripe nipples, they heave with strong emotion, she is stunningly beautiful, everyone stares at her as she speaks, everyone one desires her, many sport erections.

PTANTUS

(to Rojas)

You saw this thing done?

ROJAS

Yes, Motus insulted me, and
this man, Dotar Sojat,
berated him for it. Then
Motus, like a coward,
kicked him in the testicles.

PTANTUS

Is this true, Motus?

Motus appears out of the crowd, his face bruised and swathed in bandages.

MOTUS

(growls)

I gave this slave what he deserves. He is an insolent fellow.

PTANTUS

I quite agree with you and he shall die when the time comes. But I did not summon him here to conduct a trial; I sent for him because an officer said he could leap thirty feet into the air. If he can do that, it may be worth keeping him alive for my amusement.

Carter smiles.

PTANTUS

(continuing)

Why do you smile? Jump, and be quick about it.

Carter gives them a show, leaps almost to the ceiling over the crowd, lands near the front door, LOUD EXCLAMATIONS OF SURPRISE from the crowd, he leaps back to the desk, bows, the CROWD APPLAUDS.

PTANTUS

(continuing)

What else can you do?

CARTER

I can make a fool out of Motus with a sword, if he will meet me under the visibility lamps so that I can see him.

PTANTUS

I will arrange for that when
I am through with you, for
Motus will certainly kill
you. There is no better
swordsman in all Barsoom
than the noble Motus.

CARTER

I shall be delighted to let
him try it. I can promise
you, that I shall still be
able to jump after I have
killed Motus.

PTANTUS

Take him back and lock him up.
I have seen and heard enough
of him today.

They return Carter to his tree.

EXT. INVAK COURTYARD - DUSK

Carter sits with his back against the tree trunk, nods his
head in sleep, HEARS A PERSON APPROACH, wakes up, becomes
alert, it is Kandus.

VOICE OF KANDUS

You will soon die, Dotar
Sojat, but if there's
anything I can do for you
let me know.

CARTER

You can bring me some wire
to play with. I'm a bit of
a hobbyist, I make figures
from it. You can also
relieve my mind by telling
me where the girl is that
I came with.

VOICE OF KANDUS

She is quartered with the female slaves. Ptantus and Pnoxus do not get along and are fighting over her. I hear, though, that Pnoxus lost interest in her after Ptantus copulated her. I'll get you some wire; I'll be back in just a moment.

Kandus leaves, the sun goes down abruptly, the two moons appear over the horizon, Kandus returns, hands Carter the wire, leaves.

PTOR FAK

You are fortunate to have made a friend. I've been here for several months and haven't made one.

CARTER

My jumping has served me in good stead and in many ways.

Both men doze, suddenly, Carter feels a soft hand on his arm, he watches as that part of his arm disappears.

VOICE OF ROJAS

It is I, Rojas.

CARTER

I am glad you came, I want to thank you for your testimony this afternoon.

VOICE OF ROJAS

I'm afraid it didn't do much good. Ptantus does not like me. His pride's been hurt ever since I rejected Pnoxus for a mate. Oh, Dotar Sojat, I wish you were an Invak so you could stay here with me forever.

VOICE OF ROJAH

(continuing)

Would you like to stay here
with me, Dotar Sojat?

She moves up against Carter, he feels her body heat, her breasts against his chest, her hands stroke his face, run down his sides, he gets an erection, she reaches down, masturbates him, all but the tip of penis disappears, the tip moves in a circular motion

CARTER

You were the most beautiful
woman in the room today,
Rojas.

Ptor Fak watches in fascination, masturbates.

Carter takes the invisible woman in his arms, his arms disappear behind her neck, he guesses where her lips are, French-kisses her, he slides his hands down, cups her buttocks, lifts her off her feet, impales her vagina on his penis, pushes her back against the tree, his penis disappears and reappears with each thrust, she hangs on, her arms wrapped around his neck, rendering it too invisible.

VOICE OF ROJAS

Give it to me, Dotar Sojat!

He holds her with one hand, with the other, squeezes a breast, bulges the nipple, guesses where it is, licks it, sucks it all the way inside his mouth, she MOANS, Carter copulates her harder, goes into a final frenzy, his buttocks tighten, he GRUNTS, ejaculates.

Ptor Fak GRUNTS, ejaculates.

Carter pulls out, his penis becomes visible, he lowers the invisible woman to the ground, they both catch their breaths.

VOICE OF ROJAS

You have not answered me,
Dotar Sojat.

CARTER

No matter how much I should like to stay here with you always, Rojas, that would be impossible. I shall be here only subject to the whims and desires of your Jeddak and then death will separate us forever.

Rojas clings to him.

VOICE OF ROJAS

Oh, no, Dotar Sojat, you must not die - for I love you! Oh, if only we could be like this forever.

CARTER

We can be if we escape.

VOICE OF ROJAS

Escape, ah, escape! If I could but go with you.

CARTER

Why not?

VOICE OF ROJAS

Yes, why not? But how?

CARTER

(suggestively)

I could become invisible?

VOICE OF ROJAS

It would mean treason. It would mean a horrible death if I were apprehended.

CARTER

I could not ask that of you.

VOICE OF ROJAS

I am most unhappy here. Of course, if we were successful, they wouldn't be able to find us. Together we could make our way to your country.

CARTER

Do you know where my flier is located?

VOICE OF ROJAS

Yes, it was landed on the roof of the city.

CARTER

If we all become invisible we can use it to escape.

VOICE OF ROJAS

(suspiciously)

What do you mean by all?

CARTER

Why, I want to take Ptor Fak with me, and Llana of Gathol, the girl I came with.

VOICE OF ROJAS

Not that girl!

CARTER

But, Rojas, I must save her. Rojas!

There is no answer, she is gone. Her figure appears in the corridor under the visibility lamps, she looks over her shoulder, lightning flashes in her eyes, she is furious, she walks away.

Despondent, Carter takes the wire, picks at his lock, CLICK! he unlocks it.

PTOR FAK

I can't believe Kandus fell
for the line about you being
a hobbyist.

CARTER

Locks are my hobby. Besides,
it was more to give him an
excuse in case any one finds
out he gave me the wire.

He works on Ptor Fak's padlock, CLICK! unlocks it.

CARTER

Okay, lock them back in
place. At least we know
now that we can get loose
any time we wish.

ON SCREEN: TO BE CONTINUED....

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PART FIVE