

ERB

The Epic Parallel Universe Life
of Edgar Rice Burroughs
the
King of Pulp Fiction

as imagined by

Woodrow Edgar Nichols, Jr.

PART SIX:
THE GARDENS OF ISSUS

Woodrow Edgar Nichols, Jr.
2141 Tuolumne St., Ste. "O"
Fresno, CA 93721
E-mail: woodrownichols@aol.com

FADE IN:

EXT. INVAK COURTYARD - DAY

Carter awakes under his tree in the courtyard, an invisible hand shakes him.

VOICE OF KANDUS

I thought you would like to know that Ptantus has given the girl you came with, Llana of Gathol, to Motus.

CARTER

I think I know why; what a vindictive bitch! Can you do me a favor and tell Rojas that the girl is my granddaughter?

VOICE OF KANDUS

Gladly; I don't understand, but I will do as you ask.

CARTER

Also, is there any way that a duel can be arranged between me and Motus today?

VOICE OF KANDUS

He will kill you!

CARTER

That is not what I asked.

VOICE OF KANDUS

I don't know how it could be done.

CARTER

If Ptantus has any sporting blood, and likes to wager now and then, you bet him that if Motus will fight me while he is still visible, that he cannot kill me but that I can kill him whenever I choose.

VOICE OF KANDUS

But you can't do it. Motus is the best swordsman on Barsoom. You would be killed and I should lose my money.

CARTER

If I had anything of value, I would give it to you as security for the wager.

PTOR FAK

I have something of value.

Ptor Fak reaches into the leather pouch of his harness, extracts a gorgeous jeweled medallion.

PTOR FAK

(continuing)

This is worth a Jeddak's ransom. Take it as security and place its value on Dotar Sojak.

The medallion disappears into thin air, Kandus leaves.

CARTER

That is very decent of you, Ptor Fak.

PTOR FAK

One of my remote ancestors was a Jeddak. That medallion belonged to him, and has been in our family for thousands of years.

CARTER

You must be quite certain of
my swordsmanship.

PTOR FAK

I am.

Time creeps by, then a soft hand on Carter's arm.

VOICE OF ROJAS

Why did you not tell me that
the girl was your grand-
daughter. I have done a very
cruel deed with Llana, and
now I have condemned you to
death. Ptantus has commanded
Motus to fight you and kill
you.

CARTER

What good news, Rojas; you
see, I want to fight Motus.

VOICE OF ROJAS

He will kill you!

CARTER

Will you be there to see
the duel?

VOICE OF ROJAS

I do not wish to see you
killed.

CARTER

You have nothing to fear.
I shall not be killed, and
Motus will never have
Llana of Gathol, or any
other woman.

PTOR FAK

You can tell his friends to
start digging his grave. We
have the Princess! You are
familiar with the term?

VOICE OF ROJAS

Yes, I play Jetan. But are
you sure you have already won?

Carter French-kisses her.

CARTER

It's in the bag, my sweet.

She rubs the tip of his penis against her clitoris.

VOICE OF ROJAS

Copulate me, my love.

Carter cups her buttocks, lifts her off her feet, lowers her
onto his penis.

CARTER

Let me introduce you to
Jasoomian Gravity Impaler.

He copulates her, Ptor Fak is mesmerized by Carter's peek-a-
boo penis, the outline of Rojas's invisible body visible
against Carter's visible flesh, both of them are invisible
where her flesh touches his. Ptor Fak masturbates, offers
words of encouragement.

PTOR FAK

Dotar Sojak is the best
swordsmen on Barsoom.

VOICE OF ROJAS

With every parry and thrust
I am becoming more and more
convinced.

Out of a club down one of the corridor streets comes STRANGE
RHYTHMIC MARTIAN MUSIC WITH A SAVAGE BASS BEAT, THUMP-THUMP,
BOOGA-BOOGA-THUMP-THUMP, THUMP-THUMP, BOOGA-BOOGA-THUMP-
THUMP!

The lovers move in a frenzy, FLESH SMACKS AGAINST FLESH,
Rojas MOANS, has an orgasm, Carter GRUNTS, ejaculates.

Rojas MAKES SOFT EROTIC MOANS, catches her breath.

CARTER
(breathes hard)
When and where will the duel
be held?

VOICE OF ROJAS
This evening before the
whole court in the great
throne room of the palace.

They are silent for a moment, Carter's limp penis slides out
of her vagina. She strokes his cheek.

VOICE OF ROJAS
(continuing)
I love you, Dotar Sojak;
I must go now.

Carter's pocket pouch opens, closes, she leaves. Carter
does not open the pouch, invisible people may be spying.

PTOR FAK
What are you going to do
with her?

CARTER
I shall take her back to
Helium with me and let
Dejah Thoris convince her
that there are a great
many men more charming
than me; like you, for
example. She seems to
have taken a liking to
you.

PTOR FAK
You are a brave man.

CARTER
You say that because you
do not know Dejah Thoris.
It is not that I am a
brave man, it is that she
is a wise woman.

Rojas returns, caresses his cheek.

VOICE OF ROJAS

Live! Live for me! I shall
return at midnight and you
must be here!

Rojas leaves. Carter surreptitiously reaches into the pouch, feels several round pills the size of marbles. He takes one out, picks Ptor Fak's lock, CLICK, hands him the pill, whispers in his ear:

CARTER

Take this; in an hour you
will be invisible. Go to
the far end of the courtyard
and wait. When I return I
too shall be invisible and
when I whistle thus, answer
me.

Carter WHISTLES THE OPENING NOTES TO THE HELIUM NATIONAL ANTHEM.

PTOR FAK

I understand.

MALE VOICE

What do you understand?

CARTER

I was just telling Ptor Fak
how I was going to kill
Motus, and he said he
understood perfectly.

MALE VOICE

So, you think you're going
to kill Motus, do you?
Well, you are going to
very surprised for a few
minutes, and after that
you will be dead. Come
along with me. The duel
is about to take place.

The padlock moves, is unlocked, CLICK, Carter swallows an invisibility pill.

CARTER
I'll see you later, Ptor
Fak.

PTOR FAK
Good-by, and good luck!

An arm escorts Carter out of the courtyard.

MALE VOICE
So, you think you're pretty
good with the sword.

They enter the corridor leading to the palace, the VOICE becomes visible, it belongs to a WARRIOR.

CARTER
Yes, I am. Are you going to
watch the duel?

WARRIOR
I certainly am. I wouldn't
miss it for the world. But
I am not going to be sur-
prized. I know just what
will happen. He will play
with you for about five
minutes and then he'll run
you through; and that won't
please Ptantus for he likes a
long drawn out duel.

CARTER
Oh, he does, does he? Well,
he shall have it.

INT. INVAK PALACE THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

The palace is larger, more ornate than the office, at the end, a raised dais, two empty thrones, the floor before them is CROWDED WITH NOBLES AND THEIR WOMEN.

Along three sides of the room, several tiers of empty benches, temporary affairs, covered with gay cloths and cushions. On the side of one wall, a huge Martian clock.

Carter looks drab in his well-worn leather fighting harness compared to the harnesses of the nobles, which are studded with jewels.

Most of the nobles look at Carter, discuss his skin, his hair, his features.

He makes eye-contact with Rojas amongst the nobles, by far the most beautiful girl in the room, she talks with TWO NOBLE MARTIAN MEN AND A NOBLE WOMAN.

ROJAS
(to companions)
Let's talk with him.

NOBLE WOMAN
That would be interesting.

They walk over to Carter, Rojas looks him squarely in the eyes, exchanges a brief lover's glance.

ROJAS
What is your name?

CARTER
Dotar Sojat.

NOBLE MAN
The Sultan of Swat; whatever a Sultan may be, or wherever a Swat may be.

NOBLE WOMAN
Where is Swat?

CARTER
In India.

OTHER NOBLE MAN

I think the fellow is trying to make fools of us. He is just making up those names. There are no such places on Barsoom.

CARTER

I didn't say they were on Barsoom. They are forty-three million miles away from Barsoom.

OTHER NOBLE MAN

Come! I have had enough of this slave's insolence.

NOBLE WOMAN

I find him very interesting.

ROJAS

So do I.

NOBLE MAN

Well, enjoy it while you may for in a few more minutes he will be dead.

CARTER

Have you laid a wager on that?

NOBLE MAN

I couldn't find anyone to bet against Motus. Kandus was the only fool to do that and the Jeddak covered his entire wager.

CARTER

That is too bad. Someone is losing an opportunity to make money.

ROJAS

Do you think you will win?

CARTER

Of course I shall win. I always do. You look like an intelligent girl, if I may speak to you alone, I will tell you a little secret.

NOBLE WOMAN

Go ahead, Rojas; I think it would be fun to hear what he has to say.

Rojas takes him aside, whispers:

ROJAS

What is it?

CARTER

Can you get an invisibility pill to Llana of Gathol?

ROJAS

Yes, she's being prepared for her mating ceremony with Motus. Ptantus is going to give her to him as a prize for killing you after you are dead.

CARTER

Good; tell her to come out into the courtyard by the quarters of the slave girls. A little after midnight she will hear me whistle. She must answer with the same air, and then wait for me. Will you do that for me, Rojas?

ROJAS

For you, I would do anything, Dotar Sojat. What excuse am I to make for leaving my friends?

CARTER

Tell them you are going to
get some money to wager on
me.

ROJAS

That's a splendid idea.

Rojas goes to her friends, give her excuse, they nod, she
leaves.

Time passes, Rojas returns, gives Carter a quick fleeting
smile.

TRUMPETS BLARE, the crowd goes to the benches, stand by
their seats, Ptantus and HIS JEDDARA make their entrance,
sit on their thrones, the crowd sits.

Carter glances at the Great Clock on the wall, it is the 8th
zode.

Motus, accompanied by ANOTHER WARRIOR, and Carter's escort,
enter the room. A REFEREE steps into the center of the
room, motions for Carter, he joins them, the five of them
approach the throne, the first xat TICKS!

REFEREE

(addresses Ptantus)

I bring you the noble, Motus,
and Dotar Sojat, the Sultan
of Swat, who are to duel to
the death with long-swords.

PTANTUS

Let them fight!

(to Carter)

And see that you fight fair!

CARTER

And I suppose Motus does not
have to fight fair? But that
is immaterial to me. I shall
kill him however he fights.

REFEREE

Silence, slave!

The referee hands Carter a sword, motions for both of them to cross swords, Motus pretends to, suddenly lunges for Carter's heart, Carter easily parries the thrust, SWISH, CLANG, the second xat TICKS!

CARTER

That was unwise, Motus. For that I am going to make you suffer a little more.

REFEREE

Silence, slave!

CARTER

Silence yourself, calot, and get out of my way! I am not supposed to be fighting two men.

Carter pricks Motus on the right breast, PRICK! draws first blood. Motus is a good swordsman, approaches Carter warily.

CARTER

(continuing)

Your face is all black and swollen, Motus; it looks as if someone hit you, for that is what a son of a calot is likely to get when he kicks a blind man.

REFEREE

Silence!

Carter fights defensively, running out the clock, another half hour before his invisibility pill kicks in, the third xat TICKS!

Motus does most of the work, Carter side-steps his vicious lunges, lets them slip off his blade, CLANG! CLANG! Motus quickly leaps back each time, the fourth xat TICKS!

Motus gets nervous, sweats profusely, Carter repeatedly marks him, mixes his blood with his sweat, the fifth xat TICKS!

The CROWD IS VERY VOCAL, they all cheer for Motus.

CARTER

You are tiring, Motus;
hadn't you better finish
me off now before you
become totally exhausted?

MOTUS

I'll finish you off all
right, slave, if you'll
stand still and fight.

CARTER

It is not time yet to kill
you, Motus.

(glances at clock)

When the hand points to
11 xats past the 8th
zode, I shall kill you.

REFEREE

Silence!

PTANTUS

What is the slave saying?

CARTER

I said that I shall kill
Motus at exactly 8 zodes,
11 xats. Watch the clock,
Ptantus, for at that instant
you are going to lose your
wager, and Motus his life.

PTANTUS

Silence!

CARTER

(whispers)

Now, Motus, I am going to
show you how easily I can
kill you when the time
comes.

Carter disarms Motus, SWISH, CLANG! his sword CLANGS across the floor, Carter lowers his blade, the sixth xat TICKS!

The CROWD GASPS!

CARTER
(to referee)
Go and fetch Motus's sword
and return it to him!

Motus TREMBLES, his KNEES SHAKE, the referee retrieves his sword, LIGHT APPLAUSE from various places in the crowd, Ptantus scowls at Carter.

The referee hands Motus his sword, immediately he makes a furious attack, Carter disarms him again, SWISH, CLANG! Carter lowers his blade, the referee goes after the sword.

The referee hands Motus his sword, Motus is more wary, tries to work Carter with the referee behind him, they turn in circles, the referee is right behind him, ready to trip Carter if he moves backward, Carter senses him, watches Motus's eyes, sees the evil intent flash in them, as Motus lunges, he side-steps, Motus's sword plunges straight into the heart of the referee, SQUISH! the seventh xat TICKS!

PANDEMONIUM in the throne room, the crowd stands, GROANS, CHEERS.

Motus jerks his blade from the referee, his body slides off the steel, falls to the floor, THUD!

Carter goes after Motus in earnest, but not for the kill, marks him repeatedly.

CARTER
You will not make a good-
looking corpse, now, Motus.
Before I am through with you,
you will look a great deal
worse.

MOTUS
Calot!

Motus attacks, CUTS, THRUSTS violently, Carter parries every cut and thrust, WEAVES A NET OF STEEL around Motus, each time Motus misses, Carter draws blood, the eighth xat TICKS!

CARTER
 (looks at clock)
 You have 3 xats to live,
 Motus, you had better make
 the most of them.

Like a madman Motus rushes Carter, he easily side-steps him, as Motus turns, Carter SLICES off an ear, Motus staggers, his knees almost give, he looks like a plate of hamburger.

Carter waits for him to recover, then goes after him again, tries to carve his initials, there is no place he can, Motus's entire body is cut from head to toe.

The ninth xat TICKS!

The floor is slippery with blood, Motus rushes, he SLIPS and FALLS, he lays there, glares at Carter.

CARTER
 (looks at clock)
 You have a xat and a half
 to live yet, Motus.

Motus is crazed, out of his mind, he regains his feet, fights like a cornered rat, Carter easily out-maneuvers him.

CARTER
 (continuing)
 The floor is too slippery
 here, Motus, let's go over
 by the Jeddak's throne.
 I am sure he would like to
 see the finish.

Carter maneuvers Motus so that he is just in front of the throne, the tenth xat TICKS!

Motus GIBBERS, makes futile passes, Ptantus glares, the crowd tense in breathless expectancy, many look at the clock.

CARTER
 (continuing)
 One more tal, Motus.

Motus panics, SCREAMS, runs from the room.

The crowd stands, GROANS.

CROWD VOICES
 Coward! Calot scum! Don't
 let him escape!

Carter carries his sword hand far behind his shoulder, brings it forward with all his might, releases the blade point first, it flies across the room like a spent arrow, drives through Motus's body, SQUISH! below the left shoulder blade, the eleventh xat TICKS!

The clock reads exactly: 11 xats past the 8th zode.

Carter turns, bows to Ptantus.

Ptantus glares, stands with the Jeddara, they leave with their entourage, the trumpeters before, the courtiers behind, doing their best to avoid the blood and corpses. Carter's warrior escort approaches, touches his arm.

ESCORT
 Come; all you get out of
 this is to be chained to
 your tree again.

CARTER
 I got a great deal more
 than that out of it. I
 had the satisfaction of
 avenging a cowardly kick.

They cross the floor, the crowd CHEERS!

ESCORT
 That is an unusual demon-
 stration, but you deserve
 it.

ESCORT

(continuing)

No one on Barsoom ever saw
such swordplay as you
showed us tonight - and I
thought you were boasting.

EXT. THE CORRIDORS AND COURTYARDS OF INVAK - NIGHT

They walk down a corridor, approach a courtyard, Carter
breaks for it.

ESCORT

(continuing)

Halt!

The warrior chases him, Carter enters the courtyard,
pretends to dodge around the corner, becomes invisible as he
passes out from under the visibility lamps.

EXT. CARTER'S POINT OF VIEW - NIGHT

Carter sees his arms, legs as he runs in the corridor, they
suddenly disappear as he enters the courtyard.

CARTER

(to himself softly)

What a strange experience.

He runs across the courtyard, leaps onto the roof of the
city.

VOICE OF ESCORT

Dotar Sojat, where in the
name of Issus are you?

Carter takes off down the roof to the courtyard where Ptor
Fak is chained. It is close to 25 xats after the 8th zode,
midnight on Earth.

Carter finds the courtyard, WHISTLES THE ANTHEM, gets a
reply WHISTLE, they are both invisible, grope around until
they discover each other.

CARTER

(whispers)

After Rojas comes, we'll
cross the roofs to the slave
girl quarters and get
Llana of Gathol. In the
meantime, you climb this
tree which overhangs the
roof and wait for us up
there.

VOICE OF PTOR FAK

Whistle when you come up.

Carter waits motionless by his tree, hears many warriors
bumbling around, one bumps into him, lays his hands on
Carter.

VOICE OF WARRIOR

Who are you?

CARTER

I am the ghost of Motus.
I am searching for the man
who killed me, but he is
not here.

The hands retract, skulk away.

VOICE OF ANOTHER

Ghost of Motus nothing - I
recognize that voice - it is
the voice of the slave who
killed Motus. Seize him!

Carter jumps back, into the arms of another warrior, the
arms seize him, Carter feels for the man's sword, withdraws
it from its scabbard.

CARTER

You have made a mistake!

He plunges the blade into the heart of the man's voice,
SQUISH! a SINGLE PIERCING SCREAM.

Carter holds his sword point chest high, runs to Ptor Fak's tree, bumps into another shoulder, reaches the tree, WHISTLES, climbs into a low branch, a REPLY WHISTLE, but it's from Rojas in the courtyard! It is midnight, 25 tals past the 8th zode.

VOICE IN COURTYARD

Who whistled!

Ptor Fak answers Rojas, WHISTLES.

VOICE

They're on the roof! Quick!
Up that tree!

Carter climbs to the roof, bumps into someone.

CARTER

Zodanga?

VOICE OF PTOR FAK

Yes.

CARTER

Find the flier and stay near
it until I come.

The tree SHAKES VIOLENTLY from the weight of the warriors as they climb it.

VOICE ON ROOF

He has probably gone this
way - the city wall lies
nearest in this direction.
Spread out and comb the roof
up to the city wall.

ANOTHER VOICE

It's a waste of time. If
someone has given him the
secret of invisibility, we
can never find him.

YET ANOTHER VOICE

I do not think it was he,
 anyway; there is no way in
 which he could have become
 invisible - it was
 unquestionably the ghost of
 Motus that spoke.

The VOICES DWINDLE IN THE DISTANCE.

Carter jumps down into the courtyard, WHISTLES, Rojas
 REPLIES. Carter finds her, leads her to the tree, they
 climb to the roof.

CARTER

Where's my flier?

She leads him across the rooftops to the flier, in a
 courtyard below, the slave girl quarters. They stand on the
 edge of the roof looking down, arm in arm.

CARTER

(continuing)

You gave Llana of Gathol the
 invisibility pill?

VOICE OF ROJAS

Yes, and she should be
 invisible by this time.

She embraces him, they French-kiss.

VOICE OF ROJAS

(continuing)

You fought magnificently.
 Everybody knew you could
 have killed Motus whenever
 you wished; but only you
 and I guessed why you did
 not kill him sooner.
 Ptantus is furious; he has
 ordered that you be
 destroyed immediately.

CARTER

Rojas, don't you think you should reconsider your decision to come with me? All of your friends and relatives are here in Invak, and you might be lonesome and unhappy among my people.

VOICE OF ROJAS

Wherever you are, I will be happy. If you do not take me with you, I will kill myself.

Carter kisses her again.

CARTER

If only I could see you and love you at the same time.

A WHISTLE from the courtyard.

Carter WHISTLES back, leaps down, Llana walks straight to him, embraces him, reaches for his penis, masturbates him.

VOICE OF LLANA

(whispers)

This is all so strange. Everyone has always been visible to me; but now I am truly invisible.

CARTER

We have no time for this, Llana; all of Invak is searching for me.

(whispers)

Listen, Llana, you must not call me Chieftan in front of Rojas; call me Dotar Sojat.

CARTER

(continuing)

She is in love with me; the only reason she agreed to save you is because I told her that you are my granddaughter. You must play that role until we are out of harm's way. Do you understand?

VOICE OF LLANA

Yes, Grandfather Dotar Sojat.

CARTER

There are no overhanging trees, so I'm going to have to toss you onto the roof. Ready, set...

He picks her up, tosses her onto the roof.

VOICE OF LLANA

Ouch! You didn't say go.

Carter leaps to the roof, with a LOW WHISTLE brings them all together.

CARTER

Do you have a sword, Rojas?

VOICE OF ROJAS

Yes, I brought one.

CARTER

Do you know how to use it?

VOICE OF ROJAS

I have never used one.

CARTER

Then give it to Llana of
Gathol; she can use it if
necessary, and very
effectively.

Rojas carefully hands the sword to Llana, they approach the
flier, Carter WHISTLES, Ptor Fak REPLIES, he loads the girls
over the rail.

CARTER

Where are you, Ptor Fak?

VOICE OF PTOR FAK

On deck, and I don't think
there's anyone around.

Carter climbs aboard.

CARTER

Sorry for the tight fit; it's
only meant for one person.
We won't be able to reach
full speed or height.

Carter starts the motor, RRRRMMMM! the flier rises
gracefully into the air. Immediately from a courtyard
below, CRIES OF STRESS AND ALARM.

The flier disappears over the almost invisible forest city
of Invak, makes a stop over the Forest of Lost Men, hovers
at tree top level, Ptor Fak gathers precious sompus fruit
for his scientific agriculture experiments.

EXT. SKIES OVER BARSOOM - NIGHT

The flier appears empty, but the sorapus wood of the pilot's
bench slightly bends under the weight of four people.
Carter feels Rojas's hand on his penis.

VOICE OF ROJAS

Is this the ghost of Motus
I hold in my hand.

CARTER

Yesss!

LAUGHTER.

CARTER

(continuing)

Next stop, Helium! It will take us a day and a half to get there from here. We are overweighted and can't go more than half throttle, but make it we will. We owe Rojas a great debt of gratitude.

VOICE OF ROJAS

A debt which it will be very easy, and I hope pleasant, to repay.

VOICE OF LLANA

Grandfather, the name of Motus reminds me of a terrible truth. Please forgive me, but I was raped repeatedly, first by Pnoxus, then by Ptantus; once Ptantus had me, Pnoxus didn't want me any more and gave me to Motus. He took me like a calot in the slave girl quarters just before his duel with you. My scent was still on him when you ran him through at 11 xats past the 8th zode. I am sorry to destroy this celebration, but it is my duty to kill myself.

CARTER

Of course I forgive you, Llana! What wicked sport are you up to now? You have easily disregarded this dreaded custom before.

VOICE OF LLANA

It is a woman's prerogative
to change her mind.

CARTER

You and I both disagree with
many Barsoomian customs,
especially the duty to
commit suicide rather than
being dishonored. If you
are serious, I hope that
you change your mind
and choose life. And no
one was dishonored except
your husband, Hin Abtol;
and no cares about that.
Hope, love, and life are
one's duty too. The custom
does not rule. Do you know
of the agreement that your
Grandmother and I have?

VOICE OF LLANA

Yes; I thought her idea of
the left handed path was
disgraceful to Barsoomian
honor. My belief has since
been reinforced by the
violent rape of Motus.
The dishonor can sometimes
be too great for the fancy
rationalizations of the
Therns.

She CRIES.

CARTER

Well, Llana, have your way.
(sighs)

Ptor Fak?

VOICE OF PTOR FAK

Yes, my Prince.

CARTER

Would you do me the honor of comforting Llana of Gathol? She is much more valuable than the medallion you gave to save her life. Show her that she has not been dishonored; help her choose life over custom.

VOICE OF PTOR FAK

I agree with you about the custom. I will obey your will.

Carter steers the ship, Rojas snuggles next to him, after a few minutes, heavy breathing behind them on the deck, THE SOUND OF LOVEMAKING, soon, Llana MOANS. A few minutes later, Llana is back to normal, more upbeat.

VOICE OF LLANA

I have chosen life, Grandfather.

CARTER

Ptor Fak, you have restored the honor of Zodanga!

VOICE OF LLANA

Rojas, when will we become visible again?

VOICE OF ROJAS

A little more than 10 zodes from the time took the pill. I shall become visible first, and then probably either of the men, as I imagine that they took the pills about the same time. You will be the last to regain visibility.

Night passes into day, as morning breaks, a strange sight, Rojas gradually becomes visible in Carter's lap.

Ptor Fak's GASP is audible.

ROJAS

Like what you see, Ptor Fak?

From the way her body moves, it is obvious that an invisible penis moves inside her.

ROJAS

(continuing)

Do you see how my vagina moves with an invisible penis inside it. Isn't it truly remarkable, Ptor Fak?

VOICE OF PTOR FAK

By the River Iss, it is.

That night, Ptor Fak and Carter become visible; a half hour later Llana becomes visible.

PTOR FAK

(to Llana)

By my ancestors! I have never seen such beauty since my eyes beheld Dejah Thoris for the first time in the arms of Sab Than.

CARTER

I forgive you, Ptor Fak, for mentioning the name that shall not be mentioned ever again.

(jealously)

As you can plainly see for yourself, Llana of Gathol was well worth the price of your medallion.

PTOR FAK

And much more.

CARTER

(to Rojas)

In the morning you will see the Red and Yellow Towers of the Twin Cities of Helium. They are very beautiful. I hope that you will like it there, Rojas.

ROJAS

I am looking forward to being in Helium with Dotar Sojat.

LLANA

Dotar Sojat! Come on, Grandfather, when are you going to get tired of using that one? Rojas, let me introduce you to the man beside you. Meet my grandfather: John Carter, Prince of Helium, Jeddak of Jeddaks, Warlord of Barsoom, the greatest swordsman on two worlds.

ROJAS

What? You're not the Sultan of Swat?

They LAUGH.

EXT. PALACE ROOF, TWIN CITIES OF HELIUM - MORNING

Carter lands the flier on the palace roof with a patrol boat escort, the mile-high towers and spires of Greater and Lesser Helium loom against the landscape.

A new hangar in the Warlord's tower contains the spaceship Fal Silvas invented, now painted black, emblazoned with the Warlord's royal insignia, the name The Raven painted on the front sides of the hull.

Dejah Thoris and her entourage ascend the hangar roof ramp; Ozara is at her left hand, her blue hair and nipples catch the flash of the sun; Zanda, personal bodyguard of the Princess, dressed in the harness of the Royal Navy of Helium, is at her right hand.

Ur Jan, Carter's personal bodyguard, follows. They come to a halt just outside the hangar.

Carter exits the flier first, followed by Llana of Gathol, Rojas, and Ptor Fak. Dejah Thoris rushes forward, embraces Carter, French-kisses him passionately, takes his penis, masturbates him, looks suspiciously at Rojas.

DEJAH THORIS

Another prize of war, my
Chieftan?

CARTER

If it hadn't been for the
noblewoman, Rojas, none of
us would have been here.

DEJAH THORIS

So you're telling me that
Rojas was necessary for your
survival, and that it is just
a coincidence that she is
one of the most beautiful
women I have ever seen?

CARTER

Very necessary. I am
bringing her into our house
as a concubine.

DEJAH THORIS

Well, then, welcome, Rojas.

Dejah Thoris takes both of Rojas's hands in hers, kisses her on the forehead, Rojas takes Dejah Thoris in her arms, French-kisses her, runs her hands up and down her sides.

ROJAS

I love you Dejah Thoris; you
are the most beautiful woman
on Barsoom.

She does a double take with Dejah Thoris, looks at Llana.

ROJAS

(continuing)

By my ancestors! You could be
twins.

She looks at Ozara, then at Zanda, shakes her head in wonder
at their beauty.

ROJAS

(continuing)

What kind of paradise is this?

DEJAH THORIS

(to Carter)

I see you have also brought
our granddaughter, Llana of
Gathol, with you. Are you
growing wise in the left
handed path, Llana?

LLANA

Yes, Grandmother.

Rojas stands asides as Llana embraces Dejah Thoris, kisses
her; Llana rubs nipples with the Princess, four breasts of
perfection jiggle together.

LLANA

It's like looking into a
mirror, isn't it, Grand-
mother?

DEJAH THORIS

It is most uncanny.

Llana looks at Ur Jan.

LLANA
Grandmother, who is this
handsome hulk of a man?

DEJAH THORIS
Ur Jan, the Assassin of
Zodanga; keep your naughty
hands off him.

Ur Jan bows; Llana nods to Zanda.

LLANA
A woman warrior; I thought I
was the only one on Barsoom.

Llana walks to Zanda, puts her right hand on her left
shoulder.

LLANA
(continuing)
What is your name, beautiful
warrior?

ZANDA
My name is Zanda, my Princess,
personal bodyguard of Dejah
Thoris, Princess of Helium.

LLANA
(to Dejah Thoris)
May I kiss your bodyguard,
Grandmother?

DEJAH THORIS
No, you may not.

Llana pulls Zanda's face to hers, plants a big kiss on her
mouth, Zanda does not resist, their hands explore one
another, they continue to French-kiss.

DEJAH THORIS
Stop that, Llana!

Ozara takes Rojas's hand.

OZARA

Come, you've had a long journey. We will make you feel at home. I will show you the Blue Flower of Domnia.

ROJAS

Where do you come from? I've never seen a woman with white skin and blue hair and genitalia. The Therns are white, but they are bald.

DEJAH THORIS

Ozara is not a Thern; she comes from Thuria, the lesser moon.

(looks at Llana)

Llana, stop that! Obey me at once! Zanda! front and center!

Zanda breaks off from Llana's embrace, smiles at Llana, walks to Dejah Thoris's side. Llana steps back next to Ptor Fak, holds his penis.

LLANA

Did you ever see such a handsome Zodangan as Ptor Fak, Grandmother?

DEJAH THORIS

(to Ptor Fak)

I know you...where was it? Oh, yes, from the days of Sab Than. You're one of the Ptor brothers who control the secret of distilling Zodangan Gold!

PTOR FAK

At your service, Princess.

ROJAS

He has a splendid penis.

Dejah Thoris approaches Ptor Fak, she places her right hand on Ptor Fak's left shoulder, her left on his penis, she masturbates him.

DEJAH THORIS

Your service is accepted.

She looks at Carter, strokes the tip of Ptor Fak's penis against her clitoris.

DEJAH THORIS

(continuing)

Speaking of Therns, I once had the most beautiful one as a lover. Her name was Phaidor, daughter of Matai Shang, Father of all Therns, and she became mine after the Warlord exposed and banned the hideous and deadly religious cult.

(devious smile)

You could say that the Warlord's long, ten year absence from Barsoom, and then his miraculous reappearance in Valley Dor, were somehow preordained by by Issus who chose him to be our Savior, to free us from the bondage of the Therns and First Born.

(pauses)

But I say to you that he had little choice in that mission. Being the Blind Hammer of Fate may make one a World Savior, but it does not necessarily make you a genius. After all, since that glorious time, the Warlord has been touch and go with his on-going campaign to change Barsoomian customs.

(chokes; sheds tears)

DEJAH THORIS

(continuing)

The beautiful Phaidor and Zenax were assassinated in their sleep while they slept next to me as the direct and consequential result of the Warlord's ill-conceived, half-baked secret war on the Zodangan Guild of Assassins!

Dejah Thoris gives Carter the "I told you so" look, Ur Jan looks down in shame; the Princess continues to masturbate Ptor Fak with firm bold strokes; he GRUNTS, ejaculates on her clitoris; she lets go of his penis, turns so that Carter can see the semen on her belly.

DEJAH THORIS

(to Carter, sniffing back tears)

Come, Rojas, let me show you the lay of the land. I will call for you later, Warlord.

CARTER

Your will is my command, my Princess.

The four women walk toward the palace ramp, Dejah Thoris arm in arm with Zanda, Ozara arm in arm with Rojas, each with a hand on the other's buttocks, the men get erections.

UR JAN

That's a sight you don't see every day.

Ur Jan walks to Ptor Fak, shakes his hand.

UR JAN

(continuing)

Ptor Fak! Is it really you? I heard that you were testing a new motor and disappeared somewhere over the equator months ago.

PTOR FAK

I was captured by the Invaks;
the Warlord and Rojas rescued
me.

The old friends embrace.

PTOR FAK

(continuing)

You won't believe the sompus
fruit I gathered in Invak.
They are the largest, most
succulent fruit I've ever
seen on all Barsoom. I can't
wait to distill them.

UR JAN

You will be richly rewarded,
Ptor Fak. We will name it
after you.

PTOR FAK

I've already thought of a
name. We'll call it Ptor
Fak's Invak Label, distilled
from fresh-picked Sompas
fruit from the Forest of
Lost Men.

CARTER

It's very catchy, Ptor Fak.

(pauses)

As soon as we rest up, I
will order Jat Or to arrange
a war council and rescue
fleet for Gahan of Gathol.
You, Ur Jan, however, will
not be part of the rescue
fleet; I'm assigning you to
guard the Princess Dejah
Thoris with your life; you
shall not leave her side day
or night!

CARTER

(continuing)

I will not have a fucking repeat of the Phaidor and Zenax disaster! Is that understood?

UR JAN

Yes, my Prince.

CARTER

Ptor Fak has agreed to go to Gathol with us.

Ur Jan looks at Llana, at her proud ripe breasts, her succulent Red Flower, she looks exactly like Dejah Thoris, the love of his life, his large handsome penis twitches, Llana notices.

UR JAN

Is that the only reason he agreed?

LLANA

Ptor Fak has acquired a taste for the good things of life.

UR JAN

Your family has always been known for it's good taste, Ptor Fak.

PTOR FAK

And yours, Ur Jan.

Ur Jan and Ptor Fak LAUGH.

LLANA

Zodangan humor! Who can fathom it? Let's celebrate our liberation from bondage.

LLANA

(continuing)

Ptor Fak has been bragging about how great his Zodangan liquor is. He says it has magical properties. I can't wait to have a drink after that rot-gut my husband served in Pankor. Don't you feel the same way, Grandfather?

CARTER

Of course.

UR JAN

My family makes the best liquor in Zodanga; Gold Medallion Zodangan Liquor, the "Jeddak's Choice".

He looks slyly at Carter.

UR JAN

At least the Princess thinks so.

CARTER

Well, you are lucky that the Princess convinced me to rescind the prohibition against it.

(rolls eyes)

Who would have guessed that such a good idea would end up creating so much evil? Thanks to the Princess, we have a well-stocked supply in the palace.

LLANA

Praise Issus!

They walk toward the palace ramp, Carter in the lead, Llana places one arm around Ptor Fak, the other around Ur Jan.

LLANA

(continuing)

Tell me about yourself, Ur Jan. Did you really go from Sab Than's bodyguard to being the Chief assassin of Zodanga?

UR JAN

Yes, Princess.

CARTER

We can shower in my quarters. Ur Jan, order the slaves to bring us food and lots of Zodangan Gold.

UR JAN

Yes, my Prince.

Carter, Ptor Fak, and Llana clean up in the shower, a round room, a warm waterfall descends from a shaft in the ceiling above. Carter CLAPS for SLAVES, they towel them dry.

Ur Jan waits for them with food and Zodangan liquor in the main room, Carter lingers behind for a few seconds, finds his harness, searches the leather pouch, pulls out an invisibility pill, pops it.

They eat and drink from a small table between two couches: Ur Jan and Llana sit on one couch, Ptor Fak and Carter sit on the other; a multi-stemmed hookah full of crushed and dried Pimalia flower buds sits on a small table between them.

They drink, smoke, LAUGH about the duel with Motus, Carter examines the label on one of many bottles that litter the table, recognizes the gold medallion seal logo - "Jeddak's Choice" - the image of the medallion is similar to the medallion Ptor Fak used to ransom the Princess.

CARTER

This medallion on your label, Ptor Fak; it looks familiar.

PTOR FAK

It should. That very one
was used to ransom the
Princess.

Llana grabs a bottle, looks at the label.

LLANA

So the Ptor Brothers had a
famous Jeddak ancestor, eh?

There is a little bit of the sweet liquor left in the
bottle, she chugs it down.

LLANA

(continuing)

It sure is better than the
rot-gut my husband, Hin Abtol,
served his guests. You were
right about Zodangan Gold,
Ptor Fak: it does have
magical properties. Wouldn't
you agree, Ur Jan?

She lowers her hand, grabs hold of Ur Jan's massive penis,
masturbates him, looks at Carter to see if he is jealous.

LLANA

(continuing)

Let me demonstrate how
Pnoxus, Prince of Invak,
raped me. He used a
circular motion, like this.

Carter looks at the clock, has only a few more minutes
before the invisibility pill kicks in.

He CLAPS his hands for a slave, a SLAVE appears.

CARTER

Call for Zanda! Tell her to
come at once.

The slave leaves, Carter stares at his friends, Llana
masturbates Ur Jan's penis with a circular hand motion,
alternating the speed and tempo of her strokes.

LLANA

(continuing)

He called it the Invak
Maneuver. However, Ptantus,
his father, the Jeddak,
calling it by the same name,
had a whole different
technique to this so-called
Invak invention.

Llana changes the tempo, she is the consummate
exhibitionist, she takes the large tip of Ur Jan's penis
into her mouth, fellates it, Carter suddenly snaps out of
his erotic fantasy.

CARTER

Well, I don't wish to keep
the Princess waiting. I
had better go.

No one hears him.

CARTER

(chuckles)

I might as well be invisible.

He walks into the bathroom, stares in front of the mirror,
his image slowly disappears. He sneaks back into the main
room.

Llana sits in Ur Jan's lap, impaled on his penis; she faces
Ptor Fak.

LLANA

Do you love me, Ptor Fak?

PTOR FAK

With all of my heart,
Princess.

LLANA

Was I worth the ransom of
your Jeddak ancestor?

PTOR FAK

Yes, Princess.

LLANA

Come here.

Ptor Fak rises, stands in front of Llana; she takes hold of his penis, licks the tip, looks wickedly at Carter; the invisibility pill does not work on her.

LLANA

(continuing)

Fuck me like Motus did, Ur
Jan; like a calot in heat.

Ur Jan copulates Llana hard and fast while she fellates Ptor Fak; Carter gets an erection, sneaks from the room.

INT. PALACE TOWER CORRIDOR - DAY (NORMAL POINT OF VIEW)

The door to the corridor mysteriously opens, THE TWO GUARDS stare, run to the door, no one is there, they close the door, look suspiciously at each other.

SOFT SOUND OF FEET walking around the long circular corridor leading to the Princess' bedchamber, Zanda approaches from the other direction, walks into the arms of a invisible John Carter.

She freezes in fear.

VOICE OF CARTER

(whispers)

Fear not, it is I, John
Carter.

Zanda can feel his erection against her belly, the tip makes a distinctive circular imprint against her navel, leaves a liquid mark, she takes it in her hands, strokes it, guesses where his face is, kisses around with her lips until she finds his, French-kisses him.

ZANDA

Feels more like the mighty
Panthan, Vandor, to me.

VOICE OF CARTER

Not, now, Zanda! I am giving you a secret mission. Ptor Fak has designed a new motor in Zodanga that can go six hundred haads an hour. He was testing it out, trying to set a new speed record for the circumnavigation of Barsoom when it broke down over Invak. I need you to discover out how it works. Can you do that in a subtle manner?

ZANDA

How subtle?

VOICE OF CARTER

Take him to The Raven; show him the mechanical brain. It shouldn't be hard to get him there; he loves motors and machinery. I know he's currently infatuated with Llana of Gathol, but I'm sure you can take his mind off her. She's torturing him with love at the moment.

(rubs breasts)

Once he's inside your vagina, it should be easy to get him to whisper the secrets of the motor in your ear. You can be that subtle, can't you?

ZANDA

(smiles)

You want me to copulate him; I understand, my Prince. Your will is my command.

VOICE OF CARTER

I saw the way you looked
at his penis when the
Princess masturbated him;
don't act so nonchalant.
Also, I have ordered Ur Jan
to stay with Dejah Thoris at
all times, day and night, so
you are relieved as her
personal bodyguard. Tell him
to come to the Princess'
bedchamber at once.

ZANDA

She will copulate him, my
Prince. They are secretly
in love with each other.

VOICE OF CARTER

I know; I wouldn't have any
other man on the job.

Carter SMACKS her on the buttocks.

VOICE OF CARTER

Go! Time is of the essence.

ZANDA

Yes, my Prince.

She marches toward Carter's chambers, determined to fulfill
her wicked assignment.

INT. PRINCESS' BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

The Princess Dejah Thoris, the Jeddara Ozara, and the
noblewoman Rojas are very intoxicated, several bottles of
Zodangan liquor litter the floor; they are in bed, Rojas is
spread out on her back, Ozara sits on her face, Rojas
spreads the Blue Flower of Domnia apart with her fingers,
drinks from her blue fountain. Dejah Thoris is on her knees
between Rojas's legs, her buttocks high in the air, she
feasts on Rojas's vagina.

Suddenly, a VISIBLE IMPRESSION of invisible knees on the silks and furs, invisible arms grab the Princess from behind, cup her breasts, they disappear where they are being cupped; Ozara cannot believe her eyes, an invisible penis penetrates the Red Flower of Helium, Dejah Thoris GASPS!

DEJAH THORIS

Ul Vas! Can it be you?

Ozara freezes in shock.

VOICE OF CARTER

Yes, it is I, Ul Vas! I have come for the Red Flower of Helium. Don't you remember how I feel?

ROJAS

Sounds more like the Ghost of Motus to me.

Dejah Thoris LAUGHS as she realizes it is Carter.

DEJAH THORIS

To tell you the truth, my Chieftan, I do remember. After all, you don't feel like a thoat.

The women LAUGH, the joke angers Carter, he moves with more force, has a grudge to settle, pounds the Princess, she gets into his savage rhythm, the Princess MOANS, has many orgasms.

Carter GRUNTS again and again, the force of his ejaculations drive the Princess over the edge of ecstasy.

Carter pulls her up against his chest, cups her heavy breasts, pinches her nipples, licks her ear, he whispers:

VOICE OF CARTER

I am giving Ur Jan to you as a secret husband. Will you accept him?

DEJAH THORIS

Oh, my Chieftan! I will love
you forever. Yes, I accept
Ur Jan as my secret husband.

VOICE OF CARTER

Go to him now; he waits for
you in the main chamber.

He pulls out, SMACKS her on the buttocks, she walks stately
out of the room.

INT. DEJAH THORIS'S BEDCHAMBER - DAY (CARTER'S POINT OF
VIEW)

Carter stares at Ozara, at her proud blue nipples, at
Rojas's red tongue as it licks the Blue Flower, the red and
blue contrast arouse him.

He grabs Ozara, twists her off Rojas, pushes her down on the
edge of the bed, mounts her, rubs his penis up and down her
Blue Flower, against her erect blue clitoris, lowers the
tip, penetrates her vagina, gives her everything he's got,
she MOANS, he GRUNTS, ejaculates.

OZARA

That was wonderful, my
Prince. How I have longed
for your mighty penis. I
only wish I could see you.
What form of invisiblility
is this? It surely does
does not work by telepathy.

She strokes the side of his head, runs her fingers through
his thick black hair; Rojas joins them.

CARTER

The Invaks have developed a
pill that makes one
invisible for ten zodes.

ROJAS

I know the formula. We could
have an endless supply.

OZARA

You came back for me, my
Chieftan; you saved me
from certain death when
I had lost all hope.
I love you so; why do
you delay in claiming me
as your own?

CARTER

Your husband still lives.
But not for long; I have
a surprise for Ul Vas he
will never forget.

INT. MAIN CHAMBER - DAY (NORMAL POINT OF VIEW)

Dejah Thoris struts proudly out of the room, sees Ur Jan standing guard by door. She picks up a bottle of Zodangan Gold, shakes it, it is empty.

DEJAH THORIS

Ur Jan?

UR JAN

Yes, my Princess.

She looks at him, is startled that he has called her, "my Princess"; she smiles at him, acts haughty.

DEJAH THORIS

We are out of Zodangan Gold.
Tell the slaves to fetch
another case.

UR JAN

Yes, my Princess.

He CLAPS his hand for a slave, A SLAVE appears, he orders a case of liquor, the slave departs, Ur Jan stares at the Princess, she reclines on a divan, she spreads her legs like a man, her Red Flower unfolds.

DEJAH THORIS
Comfort me, Ur Jan; I have
humiliated my husband in
public. I know I was wicked
and I deserve to be punished.
Do you understand, Ur Jan?

She stares at his penis, it twitches.

UR JAN
Yes, my Princess.

DEJAH THORIS
(amused)
Did you get your fill of my
granddaughter?

UR JAN
Yes, my Princess; more than
my fill. John Carter ordered
me to your chambers; I am not
to leave your side night and
day. Llana of Gathol and
Ptor Fak went with Zanda to
see The Raven.

DEJAH THORIS
I hate that fucking spaceship;
it gives me the creeps. Come
here, Ur Jan; get on you
knees!

UR JAN
I've never heard you swear
in Jasoomian before, my
Princess.

DEJAH THORIS
Get used to it, Ur Jan.
Some words have universal
expression.

DEJAH THORIS

(continuing)

The Warlord believes that the word "fuck" and its endless variations are the best swear words of all because they are void of religious content. He calls them sex without ritual, sacrifice, or belief.

Ur Jan approaches the Princess, kneels before her, she moves her buttocks forward, presses her vagina into his face, Ur Jan feasts on the Red Flower of Helium, he brings her to orgasm with his masterful tongue, she MOANS, floods his mouth with sweet nectar.

He raises his head, SMACKS his lips.

UR JAN

Does the Princess need to be punished further?

DEJAH THORIS

I have been very bad, Ur Jan.

CLOSE on clock; a zode passes. The bedroom door mysteriously opens, SOFT BARE FEET ON THE MARBLE FLOOR; Ur Jan and the Princess sleep on a couch spooned together.

VOICE OF CARTER

(slurs)

Wake up, Ur Jan! Fetch Jat
Or and have him assemble
the war council at once!

Ur Jan awakes like a soldier, he is totally alert, looks around the room.

UR JAN

Where are you, my Prince?

VOICE OF CARTER

Just do it, Ur Jan! As soon as you are finished, you are ordered to return to the Princess. I am ordering you to be her secret husband.

UR JAN

Yes, my Prince.

VOICE OF CARTER

It looks like you've been doing a good job so far.

The Princess stirs, MOANS, hugs Ur Jan, reaches for his penis, Carter smiles, walks to the door.

VOICE OF CARTER

Fetch Jat Or! Do not tarry! That's an order!

UR JAN

Yes, my Prince.

EXT. PALACE ROOF HANGAR - DAY

The palace hangar guard looks in amazement as a one man flier silently rises from the roof with no one at the controls. Invisible, Carter speaks to him from the cockpit of the flier:

VOICE OF CARTER

Fear not, it is I, John Carter. Jat Or is preparing the rescue fleet; do as he commands! Make sure he employs Zanda and the spaceship. We will need its superior and accurate firepower.

GUARD

But, my Prince, where are you?

VOICE OF CARTER

I am right here on deck.
I took an invisibility pill;
soon, the technology will
be for all of Helium. I'm
on a secret mission. You
will tell no one about this
conversation.

GUARD

Aye, aye, my Prince.

EXT. THE SKIES ABOVE GATHOL - NIGHT

The sun sets, the moons appear like clockwork, Carter enters the skies above the city-state of Gathol, an ancient island in a dried-up ocean bed, it is a mountainous country, surrounded by a salt marsh, below the mountains are excellent grazing land, large herds of thoats and zitadars - mastadonian draught animals - are raised.

The Mountains of Gathol contain an unlimited source of diamonds, it the richest country on Barsoom - the Hollywood of Mars - full of beautiful vain people.

Carter finishes off a bottle of Zodangan liquor, only the bottle is visible, he tosses the bottle over the side, opens another.

The battle lines of Hin Abtol's army are sharply drawn around the capital city, the landscape is covered with hundreds of obsolete fliers, many large fighting ships.

Several patrol boats rise to meet Carter, he is flying no colors, he gives no response to the challenge of the patrol boats.

No one attempts to board the pilotless craft, he spirals down, the patrol boats with him, lands next to the last flier in the line.

A group of warriors surround the patrol boats, talk with the pilots, march to Carter's flier to investigate, as they approach, Carter speaks in a loud eerie voice:

VOICE OF CARTER

This ship is piloted by Death.
It is Death to approach too
close or try to board it.

The soldiers stand back in fear, do not approach, Carter hops overboard, heads for the commander of the fleet's ship, finds it, goes aboard, finds the commander's cabin, the door is open, the COMMANDER is in conference with SEVERAL HIGH RANKING OFFICERS, Carter listens in:

COMMANDER

As soon as Hin Abtol arrives
from Pankor, we are to take
up several thousand men
equipped with equililibri-
motors and drop them
directly into the city.

Equilibrimotors are small, fast, motor-cycle like fliers, used to land ground troops, allows them to operate like modern paratroopers.

COMMANDER

(continuing)

And then, with Gathol as a
base, we shall move on Helium
with fully a million men.

HIGH RANKING OFFICER

When will Hin Abtol arrive?

COMMANDER

Tonight, or tomorrow morning.
He is coming with a large
fleet.

Carter returns to his flier, manages to squeeze between the men on the ground to gain access, hops on deck, gets in the cockpit, turns on the engine, RRRRRMMM, presses the repulsion button, rises into the air.

EXCLAMATIONS OF AWE AND ASTONISHMENT from the troops.

TROOPER

It is Death! Death is at
the controls!

Carter circles above them.

CARTER

Yes, it is Death at the
controls. Death, who
has come to take all who
attack Gathol!

Carter rises to a safe altitude, heads toward Pankor, takes a swig from his second bottle of Zodangan Gold, BANGS his fist on the hard sorapus wood that lines the cockpit.

VOICE OF CARTER

(continuing; angry, to himself)

Ill-conceived, half-baked
war, eh! I'll show that
Barsoomian bitch what
Jasoomian cunning is all
about, Goddammit!

At a reasonable distance, Carter circles, waits to intercept Hin Abtol's fleet.

An hour passes, Carter finishes the bottle, begins a third, suddenly spots the fleet on the horizon, it is like a massive storm cloud, consists of thousands of ships, all obsolete compared to the fleet of Helium.

Carter spots Hin Abtol's flagship as the fleet passes beneath him, he spirals down to intercept.

He flies next to Hin Abtol's flagship, THE CREW is curious, many sailors crowd to the railings to see the strange sight of a ship maneuvering without a pilot.

Carter circles, spies Hin Abtol on the bridge, each time he circles, he draws the flier closer, Hin Abtol is curious, leans over the rail to have a better look, Carter moves the flier so it almost touches the rail.

HIN ABTOL

There is no one aboard this
ship. Some one has
discovered the means of
flying it by remote control.

Carter sets the wheel to hold the ship tightly against the
bridge, hops onto the bridge, grabs Hin Abtol by the throat,
drags him over the rail back into his flier, he noses the
flier down, dives beneath the flag ship at full speed.

Small craft pursue at a safe distance, he slackens his hold
upon Hin Abtol's neck.

HIN ABTOL

(continuing)

Who are you? What do you
intend to do with me?

Carter does not respond, this terrifies Hin Abtol even more,
Carter ascends high above Gathol, waits for the Helium
rescue fleet. At around noon it appears in the distance, a
thousand new ships, no match for Hin Abtol's obsolete fleet.

Carter's invisibility pill wears off, Hin Abtol can now see
who holds him by the throat.

HIN ABTOL

Who are you? What are you?

CARTER

I am the man whose flier you
stole at Horz, the City of
Mummies. I am the man who
took it from beneath your
nose in Pankor, and with it,
your wife, Llana of Gathol.
I am John Carter, Prince of
Helium. Have you ever heard
of me?

Hin Abtol's eyes widen in fear, he trembles.

CARTER

(continuing)

Surely you have heard of me,
Hin Abtol? Was not my name
constantly on your lips
when you forced my grand-
daughter into marriage and
raped her with your horrid
yellow penis? Was it not
in your mind when you
tortured the gallant Rebel
Prince of Marentina in front
of his sister?

Hin Abtol is speechless.

Carter approaches the flagship of the Helium fleet, The Raven suddenly appears overhead, Carter changes his course, rises, meets The Raven, both ships hover, Carter senses Llana of Gathol at the controls, Carter turns his flier to face The Raven, Carter stares into the large crystal eyes, in his mind sees Llana, telepathically merges with her.

CARTER

(telepathically)

Watch this, my Princess.

Hin Abtol is terrified of The Raven's large crystal eyes.

CARTER

(continuing; normal voice)

And, last but not least,
Hin Abtol, I am Death for
the foul acts you committed
upon my granddaughter; for
the foul murder of Talu,
Rebel Prince of Marentina,
Jeddak of Okar; and the
abduction, forced marriage
and rape of his sister, La-lo.

He grabs Hin Abtol's harness, lifts him above his head like he did with Rab-zov, WHIRLS him around several times like a big time wrestler.

CARTER
 (telepathically)
 Llana, when I throw him
 overboard, vaporize him with
 the radium rifles.

LLANA
 (telepathically)
 One Zodangan divorce coming
 up.

RRRMMMMM, the radium rifles pop out of their hull ports, all six aimed at Hin Abtol.

Carter pitches Hin Abtol over the rail.

CARTER
 Bon voyage!

Hin Abtol SCREAMS, when he is half-way down, Llana fires, ZZZZTBANG! Hin Abtol's torso is vaporized, his head, hands, and feet are all that remain, they fall to the plain of Gathol below, land in the middle of the battle camp, SPLAT!

Hin Abtol's fleet immediately attacks, the flagship opens fire, ZZZT! BANG! The Raven's radio wave emission device detects the incoming shot, takes evasive action, the shot misses; Llana opens fire, ZZZZTBANG! ZZZZTBANG!

Six ships of all sizes, from hundred man cruisers, to thousand man battleships, all take hits as The Raven's rifles site and shoot with perfect accuracy, BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! a mammoth old battleship explodes, BOOM! a thousand men rain down like fallen yellow angels from a hellish heaven.

Carter flies next to The Raven's side door, he is one with Llana's mind, one with the brain, he only has to think for the brain to obey, the side door opens, the ladder descends, he ties the bow rope to the ladder, jumps inside the cabin, sees Llana in the control room, she sits in the pilot's chair directing the fire, she holds a bottle of Zodanga Gold in one hand, fingers her vagina with the other, she is deep in the lust of battle and revenge.

Carter opens the panel to the rear storage area, lifts the trap door, exposes the radium bomb racks.

He removes one from the rack; there are five left. He heaves it across the cabin to his flier, puts it on the deck inside the cockpit, sets the directional compass, presses the lever for full speed ahead, cuts the bow rope with his dagger.

CARTER

Fuck you, you yellow bastards!
Death is at the controls!

LLANA

I love it when you swear in
Jasoomian, Grandfather.

The flier moves swiftly across the sky like a torpedo straight into Hin Abtol's flagship, it explodes on contact, KABLAM! the sky lights up like a small sun, the blast wave scatters both fleets, The Raven makes proper adjustments, what remaining men on Hin Abtol's flagship that are not incinerated in the radium cloud fall to their fiery deaths like a shower of meteors.

CARTER

Quoth the raven, Nevermore!

Llana loves it, orders the bomb bay doors open, takes advantage of the scattered fleet, flies over the battle camp, drops radium bombs every half mile until they are all gone, KABLAM! KABLAM! KABLAM! blinding light, blast waves, large fiery clouds rise like mushrooms into the sky.

The entire enemy fleet strikes its colors, Llana keeps blasting away with the rifles, she has concentrated all six rifles to focus on a single target, she blows a hundred man cruiser out of the sky, ZZZZZTBANG! BOOM!

CARTER

Cut that out, Llana; they
have surrendered!

LLANA

Fuck your Jasoomian
morality, Grandfather!

The six rifles fire again, ZZZZTBANG! six patrol boats are immediately disintegrated, BOOM! BOOM!

Carter grabs Llana from behind, jerks her out of the pilot's chair, shakes her back and forth, she holds on to the bottle of Zodangan Gold, spills it all over them; he orders the brain to cease fire.

CARTER

This is my ship, Goddammit!
I avenged your honor, my
Princess; was that not
good enough?

LLANA

They are the enemies of
Gathol; they must all be
destroyed!

CARTER

Don't you see that you are
under the influence of the
mechanical brain?

LLANA

You would see it that way;
but you are the only one
on Barsoom who does.

CARTER

You have much to learn about
diplomacy; but I am a good
teacher.

He orders The Raven to pull up alongside the flagship of the Helium fleet, A THOUSAND SAILORS CHEER.

CARTER

Are you under control, my
Princess.

LLANA

Yes, my Chieftan.

CARTER

Good, I will now claim you
as my wife.

Carter stands in the open doorway, faces the crew of the flagship, pulls Llana in front of him, lifts her, impales her on his penis, copulates her, addresses KAN KANTOS, the Commander of the Fleet, Jat Or is at his side.

CARTER

I have conquered Hin Abtol
of Pankor and rescued
Jed Gahan of Gathol! I
hereby claim the Princess
Lllana of Gathol as my wife.

Every man on deck gets an erection, Carter keeps copulating Llana, she MOANS, Carter GRUNTS, ejaculates.

CARTER

Tell Gahan of Gathol and
Tara of Helium to arrange
the ceremony. I am leaving
the details of the surrender
of Pankor to you, Kan Kantos.
Do you understand?

KAN KANTOS

Aye, aye, sir.

He orders the brain to shut the side door, directs The Raven to return to the palace rooftop hangar in Helium, takes Llana in his arms, French-kisses her, she is still in ecstasy.

LLANA

That was certainly a double
challenge to normal
Barsoomian custom,
Grandfather. Some lawyers
might debate your role in
Hin Abtol's death. Only the
Warlord of Barsoom could
be so bold. Oh, my Chieftan,
my husband, I love you so
much.

They sit on a couch, kiss, fondle each other.

CARTER
How did you learn how to
control The Raven so
quickly?

LLANA
I paid attention when Zanda
described the details to
Ptor Fak.

She LAUGHS, cuddles next to Carter.

LLANA
(continuing)
Soon, Ptor Fak found Zanda's
vagina to be more interesting.
While they copulated, I learned
how to merge with the brain.
It really wasn't that hard
to do; after all it thinks
like a man.

They LAUGH.

LLANA
(continuing)
We ran out of liquor so
Ptor Fak and Zanda went
back to your chambers;
I stayed and examined
every square sofad of the
ship. That's when I
discovered a whole case of
Zodangan Gold in the storage
room.

CARTER
Zanda knew it was there;
she must have wanted to
be alone with Ptor Fak.

LLANA
Who can blame her?

She reaches into the case, pulls out a fresh bottle, opens it, takes a long drink, hands the bottle to Carter, he takes a swig, she masturbates him.

LLANA

(continuing)

While I flew from Helium,
I drank a bottle and
masturbated while I merged
with the brain.

CARTER

How was that?

LLANA

Very mechanical.

They LAUGH.

LLANA

(continuing)

When I finally left the
ship, I discovered from
the hangar guard that you
had taken an invisibility
pill and taken your
customized flier on a
secret mission. Don't
worry; he didn't betray
you. I read his mind.
I also discovered that a
huge rescue fleet had
been assembled and left
for Gathol. I put two
and two together.
I heard Ptor Fak tell
Zanda that his new engine
could go six hundred
haads an hour, but I
flew The Raven at well
over a thousand haads
an hour.

CARTER

Until we reverse engineer
the technology, it will
remain one of a kind.
Zanda killed its inventor.

She suddenly merges with the brain, Carter feels the eerie
mechanical mind merge.

CARTER

Whoa!

LLANA

It is such a marvelous
thing. I know it loves
me, wants to obey me,
wants to be my slave.
We could conquer whole
worlds with such a ship.
We could be the masters of
the universe.

The Raven flies over a thousand miles an hour, they are home
in no time.

INT. CARTER'S PRIVATE CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Carter and Llana take a shower, the slaves dry them off,
they find a fresh case of liquor in the main room, share a
bottle, they tell jokes about the battle, how Hin Abtol
looked when he was being twirled, how he screamed when he
fell, the thrill of watching him being vaporized, the men
falling like meteors, the mushroom clouds, of how she will
be known in Barsoomian history as "The Radium Princess".

They hear MOANS in the guest bedroom, they look in, Zanda
and Ptor Fak copulate on the bed platform, Zanda smiles at
them over Ptor Fak's shoulder, forms an "O" with her thumb
and forefinger: mission accomplished.

CARTER

(to himself)

I can't wait to customize my
next flier with Ptor Fak's
new engine.

John Carter and his new wife, Llana of Gathol, go into the master bedroom, hit the furs and silks, fall asleep, they sleep for hours.

Later, as if a dream, Llana crawls on top of him, he wakes up, looks into her eyes, smells sweet Zodangan liquor on her breath.

LLANA

Thank you for avenging my honor with Hin Abtol, my Chieftan. You have fought and won me again, like no other man ever could.

She rubs her breasts against his face, forces a hard thick nipple between his lips, he sucks, she reaches down, he is erect, she inserts his penis.

LLANA

(continuing)

Fuck me, my Chieftan!

He moves slowly inside her, a mischievous grin forms on her face.

LLANA

(continuing)

Come on, my Chieftan, fuck me like you fuck the Princess Dejah Thoris. Yes, that's it, give it to me!

Carter takes her hard, there is furious lovemaking between them, LOINS SMACK, Llana MOANS, again and again she MOANS, Carter GRUNTS, ejaculates; they continue to copulate slowly.

LLANA

(continuing)

I see through your cunning, Grandfather. You know that someday I am destined to be the most beautiful woman on Barsoom.

LLANA

(continuing)

I am the identical twin of Dejah Thoris in every way but these.

(smiles)

First, I am younger; second, I am tighter; third, I am a warrior Princess; fourth, Jasoomian blood flows through my veins; fifth, I don't want to fertilize an egg until I'm at least five hundred years old; and finally, because of your blood, I am a mutant with tremendous telepathic powers.

She MOANS, has an orgasm.

LLANA

(continuing)

It was always there in a dormant state, but when Grandmother taught me the Eleventh Gate of the Thirteenth Cycle of the Kali-Mundi, that power was brought to life. I see now that all along you were figuring out a way to win me with the permission of Dejah Thoris.

(sighs)

Your choice of Ur Jan as a secret husband was brilliant. I am honored to have your proud Virginia blood in my veins and your proud Virginia penis in my vagina, Grandfather.

CARTER

You need a man's penis for
the 11th Gate of Splendor,
and he must be a Holy Thern
of at least the Tenth Cycle.
Who is this Hidden Thern?

LLANA

On my blood oath, I cannot
reveal him to you, my
Chieftan. But I assure you,
he has renounced the old
superstition and only
practices the mystical
teachings.

She MOANS.

LLANA

(continuing)

We are the gods of Barsoom!
Who can judge us?

CARTER

We are the masters of the
universe!

INT. CARTER'S CHAMBERS - MORNING

Carter has assembled everyone, Dejah Thoris, Ur Jan, Ozara Zanda, Rojas, Ptor Fak, Llana, into his chambers.

CARTER

(continuing)

Before we embark for Pankor
to liberate the city and
free La-lo, Rebel Princess
of Marentina, I want to
announce my future plans.

He walks forward, stands in front of Dejah Thoris and Ur Jan, puts his right hand on her left shoulder.

CARTER

I am no longer going to
be allied with Helium.
I am going to be an
independent arbiter of
Peace on Barsoom. To
keep the balance of power
I intend to undertake
a grand Reconstruction
of Zodanga. You, my
Princess, Dejah Thoris,
shall be Jeddara of
Zodanga; Ur Jan will be
your secret Jeddak.
Ptor Fak, you will be
the Minister of Commerce.
Zanda will be Admiral of
the New Zodangan Navy.

(waves hand)

I intend on claiming La-lo
as my wife - if she still
lives - and appointing her
Jeddara of Okar, the capital
of which will be in
Marentina.

(points up)

I plan on returning to
Thuria and leveling the
castle of the Tarids with
radium bombs, blowing Ul
Vas's thout cock to kingdom
come and claiming Ozara as
my wife.

(looks around room)

I plan on making a circuit
of the various city-states
in our League, servicing my
wives and keeping the peace.
In this way, my wives will
be free to fertilize eggs
at their choosing, thus
creating a new Barsoomian
mutant race, that by the
Will of Issus, is destined
to rule the universe.

DEJAH THORIS

That is a masterful plan, my husband. You have become very wise in your ways.

UR JAN

Dejah Thoris, Thuvia, and La-lo, three of your wives, will rule three city-states within the League. What a masterful plan, John Carter. I stand and in awe and am proud to serve you.

Carter moves down the line.

CARTER

Ozara and Rojas will be my wives in the new capital of the Warlord which I intend to establish in the old Gardens and Temple of Issus. It will be renamed the Warlord's Temple of Unity. My new wife, Princess Llana of Gathol, will be known as the Warlady of Barsoom, Jeddara of Jeddaras in our League of City-states.

(smiles)

With The Raven and the radium bombs, we will keep the balance of power on Barsoom.

(pauses)

Jat Or will be Commander of the Warlord's Peacemaker Fleet, which shall be assembled out of the navies of the League: a proportional amount of ships from the fleets of Helium, Zodanga, the First Born, Ptarth, Gathol, Kaol, and Okar.

(looks at Dejah Thoris)

CARTER

(continuing)

As for the son of Matai
Shang and Phaidor - the
Hidden Thern - I will grant
him sanctuary in the Temple
of Unity as long as he
renounces the old
superstition and its rituals.

(smiles)

Since Issus has apparently
blessed me, I will keep alive
her secret mystical teachings.
I have been protecting the
Hidden Thern from the
inquisition of Tardos Mors
and Mors Kajak ever since you
attempted to conceal his
incubator in the Lesser City
without my knowledge.

The women are shocked at this revelation.

CARTER

(continuing)

Are there any questions?

No one has any.

CARTER

(continuing)

Good, now let us bring
Pankor into submission.

DISSOLVE TO: