

A STRANGER FROM ADRAXIA PRIME
FEATURE LENGTH "ALTERNATE ENDING" FILM VERSION

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A STRANGER FROM ADRAZIA PRIME - FILM VERSION

FADE IN

BLACK SCREEN

The SOUND OF HOWLING WIND fades in.

Beat.

MEMORY FLASH - Burning Control Room of a spaceship, buttons, screens and flashing lights. The SOUND of alerts and alarms, SMOKE and SPARKS, crackling wires dangle menacingly.

POV from unseen person - as the camera pans around confused, as seen by someone trapped and disorientated.

FADE TO

EXT. CRAGGY WASTES - TWILIGHT

Craggy wastes, similar to Mars. The occasional FLASH OF LIGHTNING above. MR WHAT lays unconscious on the ground.

Mr What is about 27, scraggly dark hair and a thick stubble, in tattered overalls, no belt or boots and caked in dirt.

CLOSE UP and PAN OUT from Mr What's eyes as they FLICK OPEN.

He takes a deep breath. Realising air is thin he PANTS in panic, struggling to fill his lungs.

ZOOM OUT from Mr What as he sits up and looks around.

MR WHAT
(To self, gasping)
Where... Where am I?

POV from Mr What. He staggers to his feet, GASPING and he studies his unfamiliar hands then looks all around.

MR WHAT
(calling weakly)
Hello? Anybody here?
(shouting)
HELLO?!?

His voice echoes slightly, bouncing back from distant crags.

Something unseen slithers behind a rock on a crag above.

Mr What turns to the movement - but whatever moved is gone.

MR WHAT
 (To self)
 What is this place?
 (Pause)
Who am I? Oh god, why can't I
 remember? What is my name??

The WIND WHISTLES for a moment, Mr What is alone.

SERIES OF CUTS - SAME SCENE

Mr What's unprotected FEET stumble across the stones.

Mr What clenching his HANDS nervously as he proceeds.

CRAGS overlooking Mr What as he gazes up at them.

FADE TO

EXT. SANDY AREA - TWILIGHT

A wide valley surrounded by craggy peaks. In the sky a few meteorites burn up in the thin atmosphere.

PAN OUT from Mr What's bare feet, shuffling along.

MR WHAT
 (wheezing to self)
 Tired... Thirsty... Is this a waking
 nightmare? Where AM I??

Mr What continues onward, moving uncertainly.

FADE TO

EXT. CRAGGY SLOPES - TWILIGHT

More mountainous with steep crags. A vertical gully runs between two crags, sounds like WATERFALL running between.

Mr What approaches hastily - drawn to the sound. His keen grin becomes a look of disdain. The 'waterfall' is very fine sand and stones, falling inexplicably through the gully in constant motion. Mr What SIGHS sadly and turns away.

FADE TO

EXT. CRAGS WITH POOL - TWILIGHT

A natural incline of a crag with the sound of BUBBLING WATER - suggesting a hot-spring but out of view. Mr What approaches wearily, again drawn to the sound.

MR WHAT
(to self)
Now that HAS to be water?

Mr What finds the BUBBLING POOL. He realises this is bubbling ACID - the melted bones of an unfortunate creature lays near.

MR WHAT
Oh really??

FADE TO

EXT. VALLEY OF BONES - TWILIGHT

A sandy valley with part-buried giant bones (like elephants). At the far end is a GIANT RIBCAGE jutting upwards like bone colonnade. Mr What staggers closer.

POV from Mr What examining the huge bones. These are ancient and crumble and flake away into dust as he touches.

Suddenly there is movement behind one of the crags overhead.

MR WHAT (O.S)
(Calling)
Is someone there? Hello?

A moment passes - nothing.

BACK TO SCENE

Mr What proceeds towards the movement, gazing upwards.

MR WHAT
(Calling)
Hello? Anyone?? Hello??

Just ahead is an oval-shaped DEPRESSION in the sand. Mr What's foot unknowingly steps into the edge.

Suddenly the sand GIVES WAY and Mr What FALLS BACKWARDS and tries to scramble away. A strange creature lunges out of the sandpit with SNAPPING JAWS. This is a REPTAR - like a crocodile with a long bleak but only two legs. The beak CLAMPS DOWN on Mr What's trouser-leg and pulls at him. He

frantically pulls away and finds a small ROCK which he HAMMERS on the creatures beak. The trouser-leg TEARS, the Reptar lunges backwards into the pit with rag in its jaws.

Suddenly free Mr What scrambles backwards, panting.

The Reptar burrows away out of sight, chewing the rag.

After a few moments Mr What clambers to his feet and looks nervously at the pit - there is no sign of the creature.

FADE TO

EXT. POCK-MARKED DESERT - DULLER TWILIGHT

Rolling dunes, with distant craggy mountains. Craters litter the sand where meteorites have struck. Fresher large bones lay scattered. It is darker - but never night on this world.

PAN across desolate location towards Mr What as he shuffles wearily onward. The wind picks up and HOWLS around him.

POV from Mr What as he catches his breath, looking around.

MR WHAT (O.S)
There's nothing here... No water...
Nothing! Just those creatures?

BACK TO SCENE

Mr What sits in the sand and rubs his sore feet. He lays on his back - exhausted. The sky above has TWO LARGE MOONS.

CLOSE UP of Mr What gazing above, his eyes begin to close.

FADE TO

BLACK SCREEN

Nothing other than the whistling winds of the moon.

Beat.

MEMORY FLASH - a burning control room of a spaceship as before. Lights flash, alarms sounds.

POV from Mr What as he looks around at the chaos.

Mr What's hands are clean and manicured, he is wearing a smart suit. He steps over a fallen conduit-pipe and heads to a hatch on the far side. The lights flicker and fade.

His unseen companion JACOB is heard calling to him - pinned by some controls. Jacob, 35, has the same accent to Mr What.

JACOB (O.S)
(calling)
Wait! Don't leave me! Please!!

FADE TO

EXT. POCK-MARKED DESERT - DULLER TWILIGHT

Mr What lays on his back, sleeping. Sand has blown over him.

PAN OUT from Mr What's face as he AWAKENS WITH A START. He sits up and brushes sand from himself and gazes around.

MR WHAT
(to self)
Thirsty... So very thirsty...

JACOB (O.S)
Why don't you have a drink then?

Mr What turns - Jacob is standing behind him. Jacob is facially similar to Mr What, smartly dressed in a futuristic suit, clean shaven and neatly combed short hair.

MR WHAT
(shocked)
Who...? Who are you??

Jacob smiles knowingly at Mr What, cool and relaxed.

JACOB
Don't pretend you don't know?

MR WHAT
I'm not pretending! I DON'T know?!

JACOB
(shaking head, amused)
See what a mess you get in without me?

MR WHAT
I don't even know my name - all I know is I need a drink! I need water!!

JACOB
Well stop lazing around! There is water, so get off your arse and look!!

MR WHAT
Any tips on where?

JACOB
I'm not going to do everything for
you! Come on, get up and get moving!!

MR WHAT
Who are you? How are you here? Where
am I? Why don't I remember anything?!!

Jacob merely smiles, happy to remain mysterious.

Mr What clambers up to his feet, momentarily taking his eyes
of Jacob. Jacob is suddenly gone - vanished like a phantom.

JACOB (O.S)
(his voice fading)
Look to the crags! The crags!!

MR WHAT
(Looking around)
Where did you go? Hello? Hello??!

Mr What is alone. He notices only his own footprints present.

FADE TO

EXT. CRAGGY APPROACH - LIGHTER TWILIGHT

Huge crags in the distance which Mr What is staggering
towards. He now has rags wrapped around his feet made from
his sleeves and a large bone as a stick to help him walk.

MR WHAT
(To self)
Am I losing my mind as well?

POV from Mr What as he continues walking and gazing around.

FADE TO

EXT. PLANTS NEAR CRAGS - LIGHTER TWILIGHT

A cave entrance in a crag, by an OASIS with ALIEN PLANTS and
trees, odd colours and shapes. Plants have moving branches
and leaves that retract or stretch out.

Mr What staggers closer from a steep incline.

MR WHAT

(to self)

Plants? Then there must be water??

POV from Mr What as looks around then PLUCKS a strange blue-grey flower. This withers and oozes a strange sap. Other plants nearby contract, pulling their petals and leaves away.

Mr What discards the strange flower. He spots movement -

A small creature - the size of a cat - is scurrying towards the cave entrance. This is a shelled creature with mass of legs, a cross between armadillo and woodlouse, a 'NARGE'.

MR WHAT (O.S)

By the Moon of Skellos - what is that?

BACK TO SCENE

Mr What begins to follow the creature into the cave.

FADE TO

INT. CAVE ENTRANCE - TWILIGHT, DARKER

The mouth of a large cave. A shallow pool of water is at the far side with tunnel leading further into the caverns.

The 'Narge' SPLASHES into the water and swims to rear caverns, fleeing and moving from view into the darkness.

Mr What enters from outside and looks around.

Overjoyed he drops his bone-stick and jumps in the water, DRINKING and SPLASHING happily for several moments. After much drinking he lays in the water, floating happily.

In the dark caverns further inside is a loud SPLASHING SOUND and squeal of the Narge, followed by an eerie silence.

Filled with curiosity Mr What heads deeper into the caves.

FADE TO

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVERN - DARK

The pool of water becomes deeper. There is a glowing fungus on the walls casting a dim light. It is quiet apart from Mr What splashing as he enters from the entrance area.

Mr What discovers several SEDATED CREATURES - few 'Narges', a

Reptar and a large insect-creature. All in varying stages of decomposition but still somehow alive, with tentacles attached to their heads from the water below.

Mr What spots the fresher Narge and moves to investigate, not seeing a TENTACLE RISING from the water directly behind him.

Suddenly the tentacle SLAPS into the back of his head!

QUICK FADE TO

DREAM SEQUENCE BEGINS

Like a flashback but **all POV from Mr What.**

INT. EMPERORS BEDROOM - MORNING AND SUNNY

Luxurious with an 'Eastern' look to decor and furnishings. Through the curtains the sky looks pinkish in hue. Mr What is asleep in bed, in silk pyjamas. Standing nearby are THEODORE THE EUNUCH and HANDMAIDEN #1.

Theodore is very plump with shaven head and large watery eyes. He is dressed in plain robes and has a high voice.

Handmaiden #1, 20, has long red hair, is beautiful and wearing silks and jewellery like a belly-dancer. She carry's a tray of 'alien' breakfast - similar to grapefruit, toast and strange-coloured fruit juice.

NOTE: Initially all is unseen until Mr What opens his eyes.

THEODORE (O.S)

Master! MASTER!!

Mr What opens his eyes and looks around, confused.

THEODORE

I'm sorry to awaken you sir, but the third moon is already high in the sky.

MR WHAT (O.S)

What? How did I get here?

The Handmaiden curtsies and steps closer with the food.

THEODORE

(smiling amiably)

Did you sleep well my lord? You seem to have been having quite a dream, so I thought it best not to wake you?

Mr What looks at his clean hands and new pyjamas.

MR WHAT (O.S)

Funny - before I was thirsty and hungry, but now I'm fine?

THEODORE

You don't want breakfast then?

MR WHAT (O.S)

I didn't say that!

Handmaiden #1 hurries forward - robotic legs extend from the tray and she places this before Mr What - breakfast in bed.

Mr What sits up as Theodore puffs the pillows behind him.

Handmaiden #1 butters the toast as Mr What sips the juice.

THEODORE

(stepping away, smiling)

Today's schedule is fairly clear master. A meeting with Admiral Foulgar about the Zetonian problem... Some high-level executions to authorise...

(pause)

Oh and your new consort has finally completed all her training - that silly 'Kassandra' girl.

MR WHAT (O.S)

Kassandra? That name sounds familiar?

THEODORE

One of the retainers from your late fathers entourage. Pretty but a bit unrefined - in my opinion.

The hands of Mr What move to his grapefruit, glancing at Handmaiden #1 who backs away, smiling politely.

Theodore presses a button on his bracelet and a HOLOGRAPHIC SCHEDULER image appears, like a 3d diary-planner.

THEODORE

Might I suggest getting the Admiral out of the way first? He really only needs confirmation how to crush the remaining rebels - whether to enslave them or sterilise their world to make an example? Unless you are keen to see

Kassandra first of course?

MR WHAT (O.S)

Theodore?! Oh I remember you now -
your name is Theodore?

THEODORE

(amused and bowing)

Indeed! You must have had quite some
dream sir?!

FADE TO

INT. EMPERORS LEISURE ROOM - LATE MORNING AND SUNNY

Luxurious with an 'Eastern' vibe - cushions, throws, etc. Mr What is sat on a pile of cushions, puffing a hookah pipe and now wearing a suit - in the corner stands Theodore.

HANDMAIDEN #2 and HANDMAIDEN #3 are attending Mr What - massaging him and feeding him snacks. Handmaiden #2 is brunet, Handmaiden #2 has strange BLUE hair. Both are curvaceous and dressed like Handmaiden #1 (who is absent).

A GROUP OF ALIEN MUSICIANS play strange instruments. All are smartly-dressed humanoids but with FOUR EYES. The lead singer has a triple-chin that expands like bagpipes when he sings.

CUE MUSIC : HASSAN I SAHBA (by Hawkwind)

THEODORE

This delay is unacceptable! I can have
her flogged if you wish it, Master?

MR WHAT (O.S)

No, that won't be necessary... No
point flogging on her first day!

Theodore seems a little surprised but bows politely.

THEODORE

As you wish master?

(glancing to door)

Ah - finally! The lowly slave-girl
spoils us with her presence?!

KASSANDRA the slave-girl enters. She is about 21, even prettier than the handmaidens and her silks are more exotic.

Kassandra stands before Mr What and curtsies (to the camera).

KASSANDRA

Please forgive me my lord? I was
ensuring that I look my best for you.
I hope this slight delay will only
heat your appreciation of my arts?

Theodore rolls his eyes disapprovingly.

The Musicians seem relieved and play a little LOUDER.

Kassandra begins performing an exotic dance, peeling-off her
silks as she sways and dances seductively.

The hand of Mr What passes the hookah pipe to one of the
handmaidens. The other handmaiden feeds Mr What alien grapes.
Kassandra sways seductively as she gyrates and dances.

Theodore seems noticeably more relaxed again but has little
interest in seeing Kassandra's swaying figure.

MR WHAT (O.S)

You are Kassandra aren't you? I think
I remember you too??

KASSANDRA

(dancing)

Of course master! I am your most
obedient slave.

To everyone's surprise Mr What stands to his feet and looks
around the room, turning from Kassandra to Theodore.

Kassandra seems worried and pauses her dance routine.

KASSANDRA

Do you wish to take me Master? What
position would you like??

MR WHAT (O.S)

No - I want answers! What is this
place? How are we here??

Kassandra, nervous, drops to her knees submissively.

KASSANDRA

This is the pleasure lounge of your
palace in Tylos city, great lord!

All seem worried, the musicians stop playing and blink their
many eyes nervously. The lead singer seems very offended.

CUE MUSIC : The music stops abruptly.

THEODORE
Whatever is wrong, my lord?

KASSANDRA
Does not my dance excite you?? I know
five other routines?

MR WHAT (O.S)
My, er, memory is confused... Patchy.
Some things seem familiar but I can't
quite remember things?

THEODORE
(concerned)
Shall I summon the 'Medus' Master?

Everyone looks fearfully at Mr What (ie, the camera). One of
the Handmaidens begins to cry, terrified of being punished.

Mr What looks around at the worried faces and sits back down.

MR WHAT (O.S)
Er... No, it's fine. Just a dizzy
spell - but it has passed. Please
continue as you were!

Theodore bows, deeply relieved. He waves to the Musicians who
nod to each other then begin a new strange tune.

CUE MUSIC: PROMETHEUS (by Hawkwind)

The two Handmaidens wipe their tears and gratefully continue
their caressing of Mr What, trying harder to please.

Kassandra resumes her dance, making a point of peeling-off
items of clothing faster from even more alluring poses.

Mr What's hand takes a goblet of wine from a Handmaiden and
he sips, watching as Kassandra gets down to her final layers.

Suddenly the voice of Jacob is heard from all around -
although he himself is unseen.

JACOB (O.S)
(loudly)
This is not real!!

MR WHAT (O.S)
 (Looking around, confused)
 Oh no?! Not you again!?

JACOB (O.S)
 As soon as my back is turned, here you
 are getting into trouble?! Doesn't it
 seem strange that one minute you're in
 a cave and the next you are here??

MR WHAT (O.S)
 I don't care! I was dying of thirst
 before, starving! Here I feel great -
 it's like heaven!

All present exchange worried glances, unable to hear Jacob.

JACOB (O.S)
 This is all an illusion - it's so
 obvious! Don't be such a fool!!

MR WHAT (O.S)
 Then what are you? A ghost? A dream?
 Why do you care, if you're even real??

Kassandra steps closer to Mr What (the camera).

KASSANDRA
 How may I better tend your needs my
 lord? I wish only to please you!

Inexplicably Jacob materialises from the shadows, calm and
 purposeful, heading towards to Mr What. The Musicians gaze at
 Jacob nervously but keep playing. Theodore gapes, astounded.

JACOB
 (Nodding to Kassandra)
 This woman is not real! Ok - she looks
 good, I'll grant you...
 (leans to sniff Cassandra)
 Even smells good?! But she is NOT real
 - and I should know?!

Kassandra glances at Jacob with a hint of anger then smiles
 coyly at Mr What and begins to massage his groin.

KASSANDRA
 But I wish only to serve you? Let
 me... Please you??

MR WHAT

(to Jacob)

Well she does make a convincing
counter-argument, whoever you are?

Jacob steps closer, looking very annoyed.

JACOB

Don't be such an idiot?! This is an
alien - feeding off you! You need to
resist her before you're too weak.
Before this takes you in completely!

KASSANDRA

(Coyly to Mr What)

I do want to take you in - deep inside
me! Let me fulfil your heart's desire!

JACOB

(firmly to Mr What)

Come on now - you know I'm right?

The hands of Mr What firmly push Cassandra away. She looks
offended and rather shocked. Theodore gapes nervously.

KASSANDRA

Master??

THEODORE

(whispers loudly)

We'll be skinned alive for this!

The nervous Handmaidens attempt to pull Mr What back down to
the pillows as Cassandra stands astride him to try to sit on
his lap, but he pulls free and she stumbles over. Jacob
sarcastically CLAPS his hands at Mr What.

JACOB

See?? Its not so difficult when you
try! A little willpower works wonders.

For a moment Mr What, The Handmaidens and Cassandra all
grapple and struggle - but Mr What is the strongest.

The Musicians stop playing again - in a display of comical
rage they jump up and down on their instruments.

MUSIC STOPS - some instruments seem to WAIL when smashed.

Theodore begins to BANG HIS HEAD against the wall in despair.

FADE TO

DREAM SEQUENCE ENDS

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVERN - TWILIGHT, DARK

Mr What is bobbing in the pool, face up and asleep. A tentacle is attached to his head ending in tendrils that stretch into his eyes, nose, ears and mouth. All tentacles are connected to a creature known as a SIREN - like a giant bloated octopus hidden under the water.

Mr What AWAKENS and gasps. He grabs the tentacle and wrenches it off - the tendrils leaving trails of blood. Mr What SCREAMS in pain as he tugs himself free.

The removed tentacle flops and flails about. Other creatures begin to judder and thrash as though having fits, some though too weak to even move. The Siren begins to surface and SPLASHES ANGRILY - it's other tentacles now groping around.

Mr What flees to the entrance, batting away flailing tentacles with his hands. The Siren is unable to follow.

FADE TO

EXT. PLANTS NEAR CRAGS - DARKER TWILIGHT

It is a little darker now - suggesting time has passed.

Mr What, soggy, with blood dripping from his eyes, nose, ears and mouth, staggers out of the cave towards the plants.

The plants remember him and retract their leaves and petals as he gets nearer. He leans by a small tree, gasping and panting. Exhausted and 'drained' - but relieved to be free.

SLOW FADE TO

EXT. CAMPSITE NEAR PLANTS - TWILIGHT

A slope overlooking the plants near the cave. Mr What has sharpened his bone-stick into a spear and a CAMPFIRE from the plants BURNS. A crude bed of leaves with a lean-to wall/roof made from Narge-shells and vine.

Mr What is cooking a Narge in the fire, its armour like a large wok. He now has footwear from large leaves and vines.

There is a WHOOSH as a few small meteorites whizz overhead.

Mr What glances up then returns his attention to cooking.

FADE TO

EXT. CAMPSITE NEAR PLANTS - DARKER TWILIGHT

As before but darker. The embers of the campfire still burn brightly. Mr What is laying on his bed, asleep.

After a moment a FEMALE HAND appears and strokes his face - he awakens, surprised. Somehow Kassandra is now on top of him, dressed as before (with more layers again). She runs her hands seductively over Mr What and kisses him.

MR WHAT

Kassandra? What are you doing here?

KASSANDRA

Hush darling master! Just enjoy!

Kassandra leans closer and they embrace for a few moments. Mr What pulls away, aroused by her wandering hands.

KASSANDRA

Take me - I need you! I need you now!

MR WHAT

But how can you be here?

Kassandra begins to lick Mr What's face but he pushes her away and holds her firmly by the wrists.

MR WHAT

Stop all that! I want answers! NOW!?

Kassandra pouts, then smiles coyly and pulls free. She skips daintily away towards the cave and the plants.

KASSANDRA

You'll have to catch me first!?

Giggling playfully Kassandra prances past the plants, which do not react to her presence. Mr What staggers to his feet and hurries after her, still sleepy and confused.

A meteorite zips across the sky, casting more light on Kassandra's impressive figure for a moment as she smiles and waits for Mr What to catch up.

KASSANDRA

Come on - if you catch me you can have

me! Anything you want I'll give you -
and gladly!! Come on - quickly!!

As Mr What passes the plants they cower and retract away. Cassandra scampers and loiters at the cave entrance, swaying seductively and rubbing her hands over herself. Mr What lumbers towards her, confused and lost in the moment.

KASSANDRA

Come on! Closer! Yes - you've nearly
got me! Come on - this way!!

She backs away into the mouth of the cave, smiling.

Mr What TRIPS OVER a rock and stumbles - he lands face down. He pulls himself back up, blinking and dazed. There is no sign of Cassandra. He looks around - he is alone.

MR WHAT

Hello? Cassandra?

He gazes at the ground - only his own tracks are present. He steps closer to the cave and looks inside - nothing.

MR WHAT

Did I sleepwalk? Was it just a dream?

Mr What heads back towards his camp, confused.

FADE TO

EXT. CAMPSITE NEAR PLANTS - DARKER TWILIGHT

The embers from the fire burn lower. Mr What is back on his bed and has TIED A CRUDE ROPE of vine to his ankle, the other end tied to the lean-to wall. He yawns and stretches.

MR WHAT

(to self)

No more sleep-walking for me!?

He closes his eyes.

FADE TO

BLACK SCREEN

There is nothing but the crackling fire.

MEMORY FLASH - control room of burning spaceship, as before.

POV from Mr What as he looks around at the chaos. He steps over wires and pipes towards the hatch.

JACOB (O.S)
(calling)
Wait! Don't leave me! Please!!

Mr What however steps closer to the hatch. He pulls a lever - the hatch slides hermetically open to reveal an all-white padded circular room beyond - an escape capsule.

FADE TO

EXT. CAMPSITE NEAR PLANTS - TWILIGHT

The fire is now only ashes and the sky lighter. Mr What awakens with a start.

A small burning meteor whizzes overhead, skimming closer. There is a BOOM as this lands CRUSHING a few trees and plants (other plants retract their branches to shield themselves).

Several more meteorites begin falling towards him. Mr What takes cover behind his lean-to wall of shells as rocks SMASH all around - his wall acts as a shield from the debris.

After a few moments the dust settles - this bombardment ends as quickly as it started.

Mr What sighs with relief and brushes sand from himself. His camp is now in ruins and many plants crushed and destroyed.

FADE TO

EXT. SANDY AREA - TWILIGHT

Another sandy area, almost identical to the first but with a handful of REPTAR PITS - visible from the depressions.

Mr What has made a back-pack of leaves and vines and his bone-spear that he uses to prod ahead as he walks.

A Narge is being pulled into a sand-pit by a Reptar. The mass of legs flail helplessly as it is pulled down.

CLOSE UP AND PAN OUT from the Narge as Mr What passes nearby.

FADE TO

EXT. HILLY REGION - TWILIGHT

Small hills are in the far distance. Mr What strides along more confidently. He reaches the top of a small hill and rests. All around are crags, hills, rocks and sandy plains.

He retrieves a crude gourd made of plants from his belt and has a gulp of water. He returns the stone-stopper and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

MR WHAT

Where is this place? How did I even get here? And who am I??

JACOB (O.S)

All good questions...

Mr What spins around - Jacob is standing behind him.

MR WHAT

You again? Are you some sort of ghost?

JACOB

There's no need to be rude. I just want to help you.

MR WHAT

Then how about some answers? Are you real - or just in my head?

JACOB

I am your friend. About your only friend, for that matter. You're not exactly 'Mr Popular' you know?

MR WHAT

At least I don't suddenly vanish midway through a conversation?

JACOB

Well you're hardly the most enthralling of people to talk to?

MR WHAT

Oh - so its my fault is it?!

JACOB

Look you moron - I am here to help - so shut up and listen! Here comes a big hint - so pay attention!

Jacob points to some distant crags.

JACOB

You might want to explore those large crags. Over there, see?

MR WHAT

(glancing to the distance)
That's miles away!

JACOB

Oh?! Something better to do, have you?

MR WHAT

(wearily)
All right, all right... Its alright for you - some us us have aching feet.

Jacob stops pointing and rolls his eyes.

MR WHAT

But I suppose I should probably thank you - for your help back in the cave?

JACOB

(sarcastic)
Ah - a little humility at last? Well I am honoured!?!

MR WHAT

(nodding to peaks)
There are no more ghosts or monsters waiting over there, are there?

JACOB

The sooner you go, the sooner you find out!

Mr What stares at the craggy peaks for a few moments.

MR WHAT

So... Any clues on who YOU might be? You so seem familiar? And annoying?

beat.

Mr What turns back to Jacob - but Jacob is GONE.

FADE TO

EXT. DAMAGED CRAGS - TWILIGHT

The crags seen before have a natural path leading up between them and Mr What is proceeding. Tops of the taller crags have been smashed by something large that recently crashed.

Mr What arrives at a crest overlooking a plain. A skid-trail is seen leading to a huge crashed SPACESHIP in the distance.

MR WHAT

(To self)

What by the Moon of Skellos is that?

FADE TO

EXT. CRASHED SPACESHIP - TWILIGHT

The spaceship is very large but in two pieces - the front section has landed elsewhere. This part is the middle and rear section. There is much damage and a gaping hole at the top. A few charred skeletons in overalls like Mr What and bits of metal debris lay scattered about nearby.

POV from Mr What as he approaches and explores.

MR WHAT (O.S)

(To self)

Is this how I arrived then??

Mr What looks down at a decomposing male corpse. He nudges the corpse with his foot and the head rolls off.

MR WHAT (O.S)

At least I'm doing better than him?!

FADE TO

INT. RUINS OF SPACESHIP - TWILIGHT, DARKER

A jagged hole running between decks. This appears to be a prison ship with cells at each level. Cables, pipes and bits of twisted metal lay everywhere plus rotting BODIES in overalls. Mr What has a vine-rope and his backpack and is lowering himself carefully through the hole downwards.

His rope isn't quite long enough and he has to drop the last bit. He lets go and drops, vanishing from sight.

FADE TO

INT. CORRIDOR OF BROKEN SPACESHIP - VERY DARK

Bits of pipe and cable dangling, shattered glass CRUNCHING underfoot. At the far end is a sliding metal door - closed.

Mr What enters by dropping down from his rope above and landing heavily. In the dark he unwraps a pre-prepared parcel of sticks and kindling, clicks together stones to make a spark and starts a small FIRE for light. He then ignites a crude wooden torch with the fire.

POV from Mr What as he approaches the door carrying his torch and gazing around. The ship seems badly damaged.

A sign above the closed door: "OFFICERS QUARTERS: RESTRICTED"

Mr What props his torch on the metal floor then opens a small COMPARTMENT in the door-frame. Inside are wires, pipes and a small lever. He reconnects a few wires then cranks the lever several times, building a static charge.

BACK TO SCENE

After some cranking there is a HISS and the door slides mostly open, large enough for him to squeeze through.

MR WHAT

(To self)

How is it I remember things like this,
but not who I am?

Mr What retrieves his spluttering torch.

FADE TO

INT. RUINS OF LOUNGE ON SPACESHIP - DARK

Post-crash damage - furniture and seating and sections of metal wall has been ripped away and made into a LARGE NEST. At either end of the room are sliding doors, one is open and the other closed. Mr What proceeds through the open door with his torch and passes the nest. He reaches the far door, puts down his torch and opens another panel at the frame.

There is the SCURRYING SOUND OF SMALL LEGS in the darkness.

Mr What glances around for a moment then returns to his task.

MORE SCURRYING.

He retrieves his torch to look around in the darkness.

Creatures known as 'Arachnoids' are scampering from the nest - like GIANT SPIDERS - long legs with tiny bodies and a mass of gleaming eyes. They begin to scurry towards Mr What who backs away and STAMPS on several, they squelch underfoot.

A large shape moves in the darkness and approaches - a fully grown Arachnoid - about six feet tall with a mass of eyes.

Seeing movement Mr What gets a glimpse of this monster.

MR WHAT
(to self)
By Crandors Ghost?!

He backs-away into the corner - the nearby door is still sealed. The Arachnoids crouches to pounce.

Mr What gazes around and sees two CABLES hanging from a large gash in the wall. He drops his torch and grabs a cable and plugs it into a socket. There is a sudden HUM OF POWER and dim electric lights glow briefly among the damaged pipes.

The Arachnoid LEAPS as Mr What grabs the 2nd cable. He thrusts this into the snapping mandibles as its long legs PIN HIM back against the wall. For a moment he is stunned as the creature pauses and tries to chew the cable.

Mr What pulls a switch in the wall - there is a CRACKLE OF ENERGY and the monster judders, steam and sparks coming from the cable in its mouth. Its many eyes begin to bulge.

After a moment the crackling and hum of power fades and the large monster sinks down - fried and very dead.

The smaller Arachnoids scurry up over their parent and begin to feed on it, nibbling with disgusting noises.

Mr What retrieves his torch and watches the feast, revolted.

FADE TO

EXT. CRASHED SPACESHIP - LIGHTER TWILIGHT

Mr What has just returned, his crude rope dangles from the hole at the top of the ship. He wears NEW UNDAMAGED OVERALLS, boots, a utility belt and has a proper backpack. A 'photon-rifle' hangs over his shoulder. He is checking the backpack.

He pulls out an electric torch which he clicks on and off, then finds a mini First Aid kit, then pouches of rations.

MR WHAT

All this salvage - I'm set for life!

JACOB (O.S)

Didn't know you were so easily
satisfied?

Mr What spins around and finds Jacob standing behind him.

MR WHAT

You again? And the sarcasm too?

(pause)

Well - whoever you are it seems I'm
again in your debt?

JACOB

A debt you can never repay...

MR WHAT

So - was this how I arrived here?
Where-ever this place is?

JACOB

Lets just say this is another step in
your journey. And there is something
you haven't seen yet...

Jacob points to a pile of rocks nearby. Mr What steps closer
to investigate - this is a GRAVE of rocks, one of four.

MR WHAT

Graves? Then there was a survivor?

Mr What turns back to Jacob - he is gone without trace.

MR WHAT

Oh? Bye then?! Thanks for stopping-by?

Mr What rolls his eyes and returns to the graves.

MR WHAT

But why bury some and not all?

FADE TO

EXT. SPIKY PLATEAU - TWILIGHT

A strange creature is grazing on alien plants. This creature
is a 'Flird' - a large reptilian turkey with thick scales
instead of feathers on its head, back and upper areas.

Unknown to the creature Mr What is on a slope nearby.

POV - looking through ELECTRONIC SCOPE at the 'Flird'.

A electronic 'sighting' appears around the edges of the animal and flashes for a moment - showing a clear shot.

POP! The head of the creature is blown off by a blast of energy from the direction of the camera.

BACK TO SCENE

Mr What has just fired his new rifle. He smiles and shoulders the weapon and heads towards the dead 'flird'.

MR WHAT
The joys of technology!

FADE TO

EXT. CAMPSITE AT SPIKY PLATEAU - DARKER TWILIGHT

A campfire with the remnants of the 'flird' on a spit made from the bone-spear. Next to the fire Mr What lays in a proper sleeping bag on a foldable camp-bed. He BURPS contently and his eyes begin to close.

FADE TO

BLACK SCREEN

The crackling of the campfire and the howl of wind.

MEMORY FLASH - a burning spaceship control room as before.

POV from Mr What as he looks around and carefully heads to the hatch and escape pod.

JACOB (O.S)
(calling)
Wait! Don't leave me! Please!!

Mr What turns to look at Jacob - his is pinned at a control station under pipes and wires - injured and trapped.

JACOB
Help me! There's time for us both to
get away! Please!!

Mr What pulls a lever - the hatch opens for the escape capsule, which he enters. Inside is a flashing console

flashing : "READY TO LAUNCH - TO ACTIVATE PRESS HERE".

FADE TO

EXT. CAMP NEAR SPIKY PLATEAU - TWILIGHT

Mr What is rolling-up his bedroll and stuffing this into his new backpack. He seems refreshed after a good sleep.

JACOB (O.S)
We are not alone. Take care!

Mr What gazes around for a moment, then continues packing.

MR WHAT
You again? Is it you from my dreams?

There is no reply. Mr What looks all around - nothing.

MR WHAT
Hello? HELLO?!?
(pause)
And what's this 'we' business anyhow?
You're just a ghost! Not even real?!

FADE TO

EXT. CRATER SITE - TWILIGHT

A sandy area with several craters where meteorites have fallen. In the distance is a hill with a large rocky crater on top. A trail of vague FOOTPRINTS leads towards the hill.

Mr What proceeds, with his backpack, rifle and bone-spear. He hurries to examine the footprints - these appear to be two or three sets but winds have blown and distorted them.

MR WHAT
My ghostly pal was right? But how old
are these? Where do they lead?

Mr What follows the tracks, now moving at pace.

FADE TO

EXT. POOL INSIDE CRATER - TWILIGHT

Like an outdoor swimming-pool, inside a rocky crater - a natural hot spring. TALEENA is bathing and swimming, her clothing in a pile at the far side. She is about 20, auburn hair - toned and fit. She has a BAR-CODE TATTOO on her wrist.

POV as seen through the electronic scope of Mr What.

MR WHAT (O.S)
 (to self)
 By the nine moons! About time I had
 some good luck!!

The electronic sights zoom in on Taleena as she bobs and washes, unaware she is being watched.

Suddenly there is a noise of a HEAVY STEP nearby.

FAST CUT TO

EXT. CRATER SITE - TWILIGHT

Mr What is peering through his scope of his rifle to the crater in the hills - enthralled by what he sees.

Behind him steps DARTH - a large stubbled man, 35, with freshly scarred face and an eye-patch made from rag. He has a bar-code on his wrist and is dressed in tattered overalls like Mr What. He carries a metal CLUB made from salvage.

Mr What hears Darth and turns - but Darth WHACKS him across his head with the club. Mr What sprawls unconscious.

FADE TO

BLACK SCREEN

The soft howl of wind and strange DRAGGING SOUND.

MEMORY FLASH - a burning spaceship control room as before.

POV from Mr What as he looks around. He heads to the far side of the room where there is an entrance to the escape pod.

JACOB (O.S)
 (calling)
 Wait! Don't leave me! Please!!

Mr What turns to glance at Jacob - who is pinned under some fallen machinery - then continues for the hatch.

JACOB
 Help me! There's time for us both to
 get away! Please!!

Mr What pulls the a lever - the hatch opens to reveal the escape capsule.

MR WHAT (O.S)
 Goodbye Jacob! Don't worry - I'll take
 good care of Cassandra for you!

Mr What enters the escape pod. Inside is a flashing console
 with text : 'READY TO LAUNCH - TO ACTIVATE PRESS HERE'.

JACOB (O.S)
 (calling)
 No! Don't leave me! Please wait!!

The hand of Mr What presses the button on the console.

FADE TO

EXT. SPIKY PLATEAU - TWILIGHT

Mr What is unarmed, his backpack gone. He is tied to a
 makeshift stretcher being dragged along by Darth, who has
 most of Mr What's belongings on his person. Walking nearby is
 Taleena. She wears modified overalls with removed arms and
 legs but knee-high armoured boots from a prison guard.

She checks the rifle power-pack, adjusts the sights and
 tightens the barrel - seemingly an expert.

NOTE: Taleena and Darth have a different accent to Mr What,
 Jacob, Cassandra and Theodore - more 'colonial'.

Mr What has a fresh head wound and is stirring.

TALEENA
 I think he is waking-up?

Darth stops and lowers the stretcher. Mr What struggles in
 his straps and gazes about, groggy.

MR WHAT
 Who are you? What happened?

DARTH
 Sounds like he is from Adraxia Prime?
 He could be an Imperial??

Taleena smiles coyly at Mr What.

TALEENA
 Did you like spying on me, Imperial?

MR WHAT
 Imperial? What do you mean? Let me out

of this thing!!

Darth readies his club and hovers menacingly.

TALEENA

(Amused)

Oh no! Now it is YOU who is our
prisoner! Stop struggling if you know
what is good for you?

Becoming angry Mr What continues struggling. Taleena nods to
Darth - who CLUBS Mr What, knocking him out again.

FADE TO

INT. ENCAMPMENT - TWILIGHT

A camp in the front section of the crashed ship. Furnishings
have been made from salvage - hammocks made of wire, oil
LAMPS from broken piping, etc. Mr What is chained to the
bulkhead, dangling unconscious. Nearby is Taleena and Darth.
Approaching and carrying a lamp is DANTON ROGAN.

Rogan, 60, is wrinkled and grey with a wrist bar-code. His
overalls have colourful rags attached - like a flowing robe.

Mr What murmurs and awakens.

DARTH

See - he is not dead?!

Rogan smiles cheerfully - he also has a colonial accent.

ROGAN

Awake at last? Good! My name is Rogan.
Danton Rogan - you might have heard of
me?

(Pause)

And what is your name?

MR WHAT

What...? What?

ROGAN

Mr What?? Is that your name?

MR WHAT

What... What?

TALEENA

(to Darth)

You didn't hit him THAT hard, did you?

Darth shrugs.

MR WHAT

I'm sorry - I have problems remembering things. I can't remember my name!

DARTH

How very convenient?!

TALEENA

(Points to Mr What's wrist)

He has no Imprint code - I don't think he was a prisoner? Crew perhaps?

ROGAN

(sighs)

It does seem likely?

TALEENA

You know what to do then Darth? We'll soon get the truth from him!!

Darth pulls out two WIRES that crackle with electric energy (connected to the ship) and he steps towards Mr What.

TALEENA

Perhaps 'Mr What' - this might jog your memory? And you at the same time!

(to Darth)

Start with his groin!

FADE TO

BLACK SCREEN

There is the sound of crackling energy followed by the SCREAM of Mr What.

Taleena and Darth are heard initially but not seen.

TALEENA (O.S)

(sarcastically)

Well done - he is out again!?

DARTH (O.S)

Sorry mistress... These Imperials are

not very robust.

MEMORY FLASH - a burning spaceship control room as before.

POV from Mr What as he heads into the escape pod, pausing to glance back to Jacob who is pinned under fallen machinery.

MR WHAT (O.S)
Goodbye Jacob! I'll take care of
Kassandra for you!

Mr What turns to the escape pod and enters. Inside is a flashing console with the following in big flashing letters:

'READY TO LAUNCH - TO ACTIVATE PRESS HERE'.

JACOB (O.S)
(calling)
No! Don't leave me! Please!!

The hand of Mr What presses the button on the console.

The wording on the console changes :

'LAUNCH IN PROGRESS - PLEASE REMAIN CALM AND ATTACH YOUR SEATBELT. LAUNCHING IN THREE...TWO..ONE...'

The Room vibrates and there is a HUMMING of engines.

MR WHAT (O.S)
(cheerfully to self)
All too easy!

FADE TO

INT. ENCAMPMENT - TWILIGHT

Mr What has passed-out and hangs limply in his chains. Rogan seems worried. Taleena seems disappointed. Darth seems confused, holding the wires and awaiting more orders.

ROGAN
This is barbaric! I insist this is stopped at once! This is no way to treat anyone, Imperial or not.

TALEENA
(reluctant)
Oh very well... There isn't exactly much entertainment here though?!

Darth nods and puts away the wires as Rogan examines Mr What - looking closely at his hands and face.

ROGAN

He has soft skin - not a soldier or
someone used to manual work?

DARTH

Maybe he really has lost his memories?
Took a lot of jolts? The emergency
power reserves took a pounding too.

Mr What murmurs and begins to awaken. Rogan gently raises Mr What's face to his own and looks apologetic.

ROGAN

(to Mr What)

Don't worry Mr What - my companions
will not continue these cruel torments
any longer!

MR WHAT

(weakly)

So what happens now... You kill me?

Rogan glances at his companions questioningly. Darth shrugs, Taleena is about to reply 'yes' but Rogan answers instead.

ROGAN

Certainly not! We are not murderers.

Taleena rolls her eyes, disappointed.

ROGAN

Though you shall of course remain our
prisoner. Perhaps do a few chores
around here to earn your keep?

Rogan nods to Darth. Darth glimpses questioningly at Taleena for approval then begins to free Mr What from the chains.

TALEENA

Another pair of hands might be useful,
I suppose?

MR WHAT

You... You want me to lend a hand?

Taleena smiles evilly at Mr What.

FADE TO

EXT. FIELDS AT ENCAMPMENT - TWILIGHT

The encampment is the front section of the crashed spaceship with a few crude lean-to huts added. There are empty fields all around - Mr What is pulling a PLOUGH made from salvage.

PAN OUT from a WHIP LASHING against Mr What's backside.

The whip is used by Darth, who follows behind Mr What. Also nearby is Taleena, watching with sadistic amusement.

DARTH

Come on scum! Move it! Faster!!

Mr What continues pulling the plough, struggling.

TALEENA

He's not very speedy? There are two more fields to go after this!

Darth whips Mr What again, harder this time.

DARTH

You heard the lady? Move it!

Mr What continues for a while but gets slower - he is very tired. Darth also grows tired and stops to wipe sweat from his forehead. This is a chance for Mr What to pause.

DARTH

(to Taleena)

This is harder than it looks Milady?

Taleena steps closer to both, smiling.

TALEENA

Take a break then Darth? I can take over for a while?

Darth and Mr What exchange questioning glances.

DARTH

(shrugs)

If you wish, mistress?

Darth hands Taleena the whip, nods then walks away.

DARTH

(calling back)

I'll check the perimeter and grab a bite - back in half a kalvon.

TALEENA
(to Mr What)
This isn't break time - chop, chop!

Taleena gleefully CRACKS the Whip and Mr What continues.

FADE TO

INT. MR WHAT'S QUARTERS - DARKER TWILIGHT

A lean-to shed made of junk at the encampment, a bed made from metal and wire. The door is just hanging rag. Mr What is laying face down in bed, in underpants, his back very sore.

A moment passes and Rogan enters, KNOCKING on the doorframe to announce himself. He carries a small pot.

ROGAN
Am I disturbing you?

MR WHAT
If I'm a slave, what does it matter?

ROGAN
I'm sorry how my companions are treating you Mr What... I've brought some ointment for your back.

MR WHAT
Thank you. You seem much more compassionate than your friends?

ROGAN
Please allow me? I am a priest - although unofficially, of course.

Rogan rubs the ointment into Mr What's back - although soothing Mr What looks a bit suspicious.

MR WHAT
Unofficially?

ROGAN
All religion is banned throughout the Empire. You really don't remember??

MR WHAT
I get flashes of things, I remember sayings and even swearwords, but not my name or my home!?

ROGAN

Well I am inclined to believe you...

Rogan rubs the ointment more sexually on Mr What, the treatment becoming more of a massage.

ROGAN

What I mean is - had you confessed to being an enemy you could hardly be treated much worse?!

MR WHAT

There's always execution?

Mr What is now suspicious of Rogan's attentions and he pulls away and sits up. Rogan smiles innocently.

ROGAN

I can do your front too if you'd like?

MR WHAT

(politely)

No thank you! Actually I'm very tired?

Rogan seems disappointed but stands and nods.

ROGAN

Of course? Good night then Mr What?

MR WHAT

Good night!

Rogan sighs and steps towards the door.

FADE TO

FLASHBACK DREAM SEQUENCE BEGINS - all from **Mr Whats** POV.

INT. EMPERORS HALLWAY - DAY

A arched hallway, rows of large doors, skylights offer a view of the pinkish sky above. At all doors stand PALACE GUARDS.

The Palace Guards are mid 20's and tall Amazonian females wearing burgundy cloaks, hanging thong-straps and carrying double-bladed polearms.

PALACE GUARD #1 and PALACE GUARD #2 stand nearby, Palace Guard #1 has brown hair, Palace Guard #2 has black hair.

Kassandra is cleaning the floor with a 'sonic brush' device,

dressed in a rather skimpy tunic. This is labour-intensive.

POV from Mr What - his attention on Cassandra. Her actions seem sexual - her chest bounces as she sway and scrubs.

After a moment Cassandra glances up. She scowls and pulls her blouse more closed then stands to bow (to the camera).

KASSANDRA

My lord?! I did not see you there?

MR WHAT (O.S)

Do not apologise Cassandra. Be at ease.

Kassandra stands but remains with eyes lowered. Mr What looks her slowly up and down, admiring her figure.

KASSANDRA

(shyly)

You know me, Lord?

MR WHAT (O.S)

I take an interest in all who inhabit the palace. My late uncle was always saying - "know those around you better to deter the assassin".

KASSANDRA

Begging your pardon, but I have been here over two months now?

MR WHAT (O.S)

Yes - and I was pleased my father had the sense to appoint slave-girls, so much better than those fat eunuchs.

KASSANDRA

Thank you, my lord?

The hands of Mr What begin to paw as Cassandra and open her tunic. She looks disapprovingly but does not resist.

KASSANDRA

I am just a slave! Do with me what you will - but know that I shall never love you?

MR WHAT (O.S)

I do not seek love - only your delights!

Kassandra sighs as Mr What's hands grope her.

Suddenly Mr What (and the camera) SHAKES VIOLENTLY, as though having a fit or seizure.

KASSANDRA
(startled and confused)
My Lord?? Am I too much for you?!

FADE TO

DREAM SEQUENCE ENDS

INT. MR WHAT'S QUARTERS - LIGHTER TWILIGHT

Mr What is sleeping face-down in his bed, in his underpants. Darth is SHAKING MR WHAT awake - very roughly.

DARTH
Come on slave! There's work to be
done! Get up!!

Darth knocks the bed over - Mr What sprawls onto the floor.

FADE TO

EXT. FIELDS AT ENCAMPMENT - LIGHTER TWILIGHT

Mr What is now dressed and toiling in the background, ploughing another field - with Darth close behind and offering the occasional whiplash. In the foreground are Rogan and Taleena. She has a towel and a bundle of clothes.

ROGAN
We're supposed to be better than the
Imperials - more 'just'? But look how
we're treating poor Mr What?

TALEENA
He and his kind have enslaved our
people, stripped our planet bare! He
deserves all that he gets...

ROGAN
But surely this man had no direct part
in any of that? 'Great Vorlak' teaches
us that only through kindness and
compassion can we reach enlightenment.

TALEENA
Well... Perhaps I have been a little

'over-zealous' with him?

ROGAN

We need to win hearts and minds to our cause - with argued reason and by setting an example. Not by brutality!

TALEENA

I'll consider your words Rogan.

Taleena begins to walk away, carrying her bundle.

ROGAN

Another bath Taleena? They'll be nothing of you left at this rate?!

TALEENA

(calling back)

I thought a priest would approve - cleanliness being next to godliness?!

Rogan smiles and turns to watch Mr What - admiring his arched backside as he pulls the plough.

FADE TO

EXT. CRASHED SPACESHIP - TWILIGHT

Mr What is carrying electrical salvage - a portable generator and wires. Darth is following with the rifle over his shoulder and is cracking the whip (literally) at Mr What.

DARTH

Less haste and more speed! With this photon-generator we'll be able to boost the distress beacon. So move it!

Darth WHIPS Mr What.

MR WHAT

Wish I'd never told you about this lot now?!

DARTH

Don't talk back!

Darth WHIPS Mr What again - who hurries faster.

Unseen by both there is movement from the crashed spaceship behind - an adult Arachnoid scampers out and follows.

FADE TO

INT. MR WHAT'S QUARTERS - TWILIGHT

Mr What is in his bed, sleeping on his front is his pants. He is exhausted and sore but falling into a deep sleep.

FADE TO

DREAM SEQUENCE BEGINS - all from **Mr Whats** POV

INT. FEASTING ROOM - EVENING

Jacob and Mr What are eating what appears to be scrambled-egg, with glasses of pinkish wine. Serving and refilling glasses is Handmaiden #1 and Cassandra - in plain tunics.

Mr What 'accidentally' drops his cutlery. Handmaiden #1 moves to pick this up for him.

HANDMAIDEN #1

Allow me, Master?

Mr What waves her away.

MR WHAT (O.S)

That's alright - let Cassandra?

Kassandra SIGHS and bends to pick up the cutlery - Mr What stares at her momentarily raised backside. Having retrieved the cutlery she SPITS and wipes them on her clothing and finally hands these to Mr What, looking rather smug.

KASSANDRA

(annoyed, sarcastic)

Here you are... Master!

Mr What is not bothered and resumes eating.

JACOB

(chewing)

Don't you want a fresh set?

MR WHAT (O.S)

No, no - can't work our little slave girls too hard now, can we?

Mr What pinches Cassandra's bottom. She glares at him and moves further away, just out of reach.

JACOB

(chewing)

These Zetonian eggs are rather good.
It seems everything from there is more
bountiful, more fertile? Something to
do with the positive ions in their
atmosphere?

MR WHAT (O.S)

There is much to be said for
fertility, certainly?!

Kassandra moves to refill Jacobs glass - the alien jug works
like a pump and she has to aimed to squirt into the glass.

Mr What watches her hands pumping and squeezing, fantasizing.

JACOB

I take it you approve the new servants
and slaves? Father thinks having more
will make life easier, and he's not
getting any younger.

Jacob sips from his refilled glass.

MR WHAT (O.S)

I suggested we improve their wardrobe
too - something more feminine, more
modern and exotic?

JACOB

(chewing)

Good idea! Got to make a good
impression on our visitors?

MR WHAT (O.S)

I have a selection of silks and
outfits coming later today actually...
Think I'll get Kassandra here to model
them for me?

Kassandra sighs wearily.

FADE TO

DREAM SEQUENCE ENDS

INT. MR WHAT'S QUARTERS - DARK TWILIGHT

Mr What is in his bed, sleeping on his front in his pants.
There is a SCAMPING SOUND - like lots of legs.

Mr What awakens suddenly and looks around in the darkness.

FADE TO

INT. ENCAMPMENT - DARK TWILIGHT

Rogan and Darth have been COCOONED in webbing, laying in their hammocks - they cannot move or call out. The beginnings of a new NEST (made from junk) is nearby. 2 X ADULT ARACHNOIDS are carrying junk in their mandibles to the nest.

Mr What appears at the far side door, peering carefully inside and avoiding detection. He is now fully dressed.

FADE TO

INT. BEDROOM OF TALEENA - TWILIGHT

Taleena has her own cabin in the ruins of the ship, effort has been made to make this more comfortable and feminine.

Taleena lays in the bed, wearing only a thong, pretending to be asleep. She has a concealed 'shiv' knife to hand.

Mr What quietly enters and approaches Taleena. He quietly peels back the blankets and gasps at her impressive chest. She murmurs quietly as if dreaming as Mr What moves closer.

Suddenly Taleena darts forward and holds the knife to Mr What's groin, ready to castrate him.

TALEENA

I don't think so, big boy! I knew we should have kept you chained!?!

MR WHAT

No Taleena - I came here to warn you!

TALEENA

To 'what' me??

MR WHAT

There are creatures here - they've trapped the others! We're in danger!!

Taleena raises a questioning eyebrow.

FADE TO

INT. ENCAMPMENT - TWILIGHT

Rogan and Darth are still cocooned, the nest is larger and more complete - furnishings and bits of wall plating have been cannibalised as the 2 x ARACHNOIDS continue their work.

Mr What and Taleena peering in from the same doorway Mr What used before. Taleena is now fully dressed.

PAN OUT from the face of Taleena, peering at the creatures.

MR WHAT

(whispers)

Told you, didn't I??

FADE TO

INT. WEAPONS LOCKER, ENCAMPMENT - TWILIGHT

A walk-in cupboard. Several weapons are here - most homemade from salvage - bows, arrows, spears, swords, etc. Taleena is arming herself, the photon-rifle is over her shoulder, there are knives and pointy sticks in her belt. Standing nearby and gaping at the weapons is Mr What.

MR WHAT

You know how to use all these?

TALEENA

Of course - my combat-training began at five! I'm a ninth level terra-jitsu master and can kill a man in eighteen ways - just using my thighs.

MR WHAT

Oh... Ok then?

Mr What gulps nervously as Taleena reaches for a sword.

TALEENA

I might not be able to defeat them both alone - are you combat trained?

MR WHAT

Not that I know of?

Taleena rolls her eyes and hands Mr What the sword.

TALEENA

Call yourself a man?!
(pauses to think)

Ok - listen closely. I have a plan...

FADE TO

INT. ENCAMPMENT - TWILIGHT

One of the Arachnoids is laying eggs on the outside of the nest - these are pulsate and are rather revolting. The other Arachnoid is preparing to eat Rogan, its snapping mandibles begin to nibble at his hair as his eyes bulge with terror.

Darth watches helplessly - unable to move or speak.

Suddenly Mr What enters, waving the sword in the air.

The two Arachnoids turn and crouch to pounce.

MR WHAT

Hey! Didn't anyone tell you it is bad
luck to eat a priest??

Mr What turns and flees. The 2 X Arachnoids scurry after him.

FADE TO

EXT. FIELDS AT ENCAMPMENT - LIGHTER TWILIGHT

The salvaged generator has been set-up next to other bits of machinery just outside the front section of ship - this has flashing lights and a large power cable.

Mr What is fleeing across fields - chased by 2 x Arachnoids.

MR WHAT

(panting, to self)
Why did I agree to this??!

FADE TO

INT. ENCAMPMENT - TWILIGHT

The eggs on the nest are throbbing, perhaps soon to hatch. Darth is free and picking bits of webbing off. Taleena is cutting Rogan free - he is free enough to talk.

ROGAN

(gasping)
Thank you Taleena! I thought the gods
had turned against us at last?

TALEENA

You can thank Mr What - he was the
bait to lure them away.

DARTH

Was he? Is he still outside?

TALEENA

Who cares? He is only a slave.

FADE TO

EXT. FIELDS AT ENCAMPMENT - TWILIGHT

Mr What is now cocooned - one Arachnoid is dragging him
towards the camp across the field. The 2nd Arachnoid scurries
ahead. Mr What's face is mainly uncovered, he can still talk.

MR WHAT

(to self)

Well... That all went well??

Darth steps out of the camp buildings carrying the rifle. He
is followed by Taleena and Rogan. Rogan now has a spear and
Taleena has a sword which she spins skilfully around.

The nearer Arachnoid HISSES and scurries towards them.

The 2nd Arachnoid abandons Mr What - who drops to the ground
in his cocoon - and the creature approaches its new enemies.

Bolts of ENERGY from the rifle bounce harmlessly off the
Arachnoids. Their exoskeletons are impervious.

Darth snarls and discards the rifle, then pulls out his large
knife - ready to fight hand-to-hand. The closer Arachnoid
rears and jabs with the claws on its front legs - Darth
deflects these blows with his blade.

MR WHAT

(calling out loudly)

Photonic energy! I killed one of these
things using photonic energy!

Darth rolls as the Arachnoids stabs all around him. He grabs
the cable connected to the generator, wrenches this free and,
just as the closer Arachnoid leans closer, thrusts the cable
into the creatures face. The Arachnoid freezes and judders.
Its mass of eyes POP one by one as it sizzles disgustingly.
Darth pushes the cable deeper into the creatures face,
snarling triumphantly.

Meanwhile the 2nd Arachnoid attacks Rogan, who steps back thrusting his spear nervously. Taleena springs at the creature, sweeping wildly with her sword.

TALEENA

Face me beast, if you dare!!?

Taleena chops and parries the sharp claws of the creatures legs, managing to get in a few slices from her sword.

ROGAN

Don't play with it girl - kill it!!

Taleena somersaults backwards - KICKING the many eyes of the creature as she does so. She lands gracefully and adopts a combat pose as the Arachnoid blinks and hisses angrily.

TALEENA

(to the Arachnoid)

Your move then, ugly!?

SLOW MOTION EFFECT - The Arachnoid pounces at Taleena and she leaps up doing a somersault above it. As it sails past below she thrusts her sword down between her legs into the neck of the creature, cutting along its back.

The first Arachnoid is now dead - Darth returns the cable and approaches Taleena. The second is almost chopped in two.

DARTH

Not bad - for a girl?

(pauses, quickly adding)

Your Highness!?

Taleena wrenches her sword out of the 2nd Arachnoid, smiles at Darth, then CHOPS the dying creatures head off.

Rogan begins cutting Mr What out of the cocoon.

MR WHAT

Thank you Rogan! It's hard to breathe in this...

ROGAN

I know, remember?! And I hear you played a key role in freeing us?

MR WHAT

Of course - anything to help!

Taleena holds the head of the Arachnoid aloft like a prize.

DARTH
Will make a great trophy, Highness?

FADE TO

EXT. FIELDS AT ENCAMPMENT - LIGHTER TWILIGHT

Taleena and Mr What have crude bags for seeds which they are sowing. Rogan follows, using a primitive hoe to cover the seeds and sprinkle water from a home-made watering-can.

TALEENA
(to Mr What)
It's only a matter of time before a ship comes looking... But out here we're on the outskirts of nowhere.

MR WHAT
Then we all get away - together?

TALEENA
One way or another, yes. It will either be Imperial or part of the rebel fleet. Or maybe a trader or privateer after some salvage?

MR WHAT
I take it you were all prisoners and simply crashed here?

TALEENA
(nodding)
Indeed, though I am by rights a Princess - the would-be ruler of my people.... But under 'The Imperial Union' all heraldic and ancestral rights are suspended. All are equal.

ROGAN
But some more equal than others - like the Emperor and his extended family of sycophants! They have it all for themselves, while the masses have barely enough to survive!

TALEENA
Rogan is one of the great spiritual leaders of my people, a holy man and priest. But religion is also banned, now only 'The Cult of the Emperor'.

ROGAN

So we continue in secret, offering
solace and spreading the teachings of
'Great Vorlok' to our people.

Mr What nods, thinking to himself for a moment.

MR WHAT

You were political prisoners then?

TALEENA

More than that - part of a rebellion
that spread across much of the Adria
Sector. Sadly it has been all-but
crushed though... The Empires army is
vast - undefeated for a millennia.

MR WHAT

If the empire is so mighty why even
try?

ROGAN

For myself - because it is the right
thing to do - the only ethical choice.
And to die in service of the gods is a
great thing, in my culture.

TALEENA

As for me, my family were taken to
special 'camps' - never seen again. As
the last royal survivor I am the the
last hope for my people... A few days
of freedom is better than a long
lifetime in chains!

MR WHAT

Not your opinion before though - with
that terrible whip?

TALEENA

Then I thought you were an Imperial...
An enemy. Now... I'm not so sure?

Mr What lags behind, tired. Taleena has missed a spot with
her seeds and bends down to scoop these into the gully.

POV from Mr What - eyeing up Taleena as she bends. She
glances round and notices him watching, but smiles.

FADE TO

INT. KITCHEN AREA - TWILIGHT

A makeshift kitchen, tools and pots made from junk. Mr What is chopping strange-looking vegetables, Rogan is stirring a large pot of stew and adding herbs and spices.

ROGAN

I am the main cook here - whatever you do, don't be tempted to try the Princesses cooking. Gave me terrible Diarrhoea for days!

MR WHAT

Oh, er, right?

(pause)

What are these plants?

ROGAN

I'm not sure of the names, but they taste good in a stew. Better than those awful arachnoid eggs at least! Thanks again for assisting me?

MR WHAT

There was something else I wanted to talk about actually?

Rogan seems momentarily excited and looks up at Mr What.

ROGAN

Oh yes? What? Er... 'Mr What'?

MR WHAT

The Princess was telling me there is great inequality, in an empire where everyone is supposedly equal?

ROGAN

(diappointed)

The Empire in its infancy was a meritocracy. But those at the top - and their relatives - now remain there, clinging onto power. They impose their values and laws on all the planets they conquer, including Zeton-Five - our home-world.

MR WHAT

And the Princess - she is single? Not married or anything?

ROGAN

Oh yes... No suitors and she'd be pleased to get her royal hands on about anyone. In our 'variant' she is reaching her nineteenth year.

MR WHAT

Variant? I don't understand?

ROGAN

Although we have common ancestors, many races continue to evolve according to the planets they now inhabit. The people of Thoros Beta have blue hair for example. Those on the water planet of Nargoss are said to have small gills. As for us Zetonians, those in their nineteenth year reach their prime mating cycle - our libidos run rampant! You might have noticed the Princess has regular baths? This is to help keep her hormones under control, poor girl...

MR WHAT

Really? Well that's good to know?!

Rogan sighs wearily and stirs his vegetables.

FADE TO

EXT. CRATER SITE - TWILIGHT

Mr What is jogging towards the hills, where the pool in the crater can be found. Suddenly there is a voice behind him.

JACOB (O.S)

Out for a run, are we?

Mr What stops and turns - Jacob is behind, now dressed in a futuristic tracksuit, sweatband and trainers - jogging too.

MR WHAT

I was wondering what happened to you??

JACOB

Good to see you too?! Well done on fighting those spider-things by the way... Very heroic of you?!

MR WHAT

It was really, wasn't it? I could have just ran away. But I get lonely on my own and they seem to trust me now - or at least don't whip me as often.

JACOB

I think you should turn back to camp?

MR WHAT

Do you indeed? And why is that?

JACOB

I know what's on your mind? And by the nine moons, I don't blame you! But these people - they're not your friends. I wouldn't get too close to them, if I were you?

MR WHAT

But you're not me, are you? And if anything you're dead!!

Jacob seems a little hurt by this comment.

MR WHAT

Hit a nerve, did I? Why not try being be a bit more helpful then? At least tell me my name or where I'm from??

JACOB

You'll be able to find that out for yourself, soon enough.

(gazing towards the 'pool')

Hello?! Look at that!

Mr What follows the gaze of Jacob. In the far distance Taleena is seen - naked - about to dive in the pool. As her back is to them she is unaware of their presence.

Mr What turns back to Jacob - he has vanished.

FADE TO

EXT. POOL INSIDE CRATER - TWILIGHT

Taleena is nude and 'bathing' - pleasuring her self with her hand in the steamy water. She pants and gasps excitedly (due to steam little is seen clearly). Mr What is watching from behind a rock, creeping closer to better see.

Taleena suddenly stops and turns to stare in his direction.
Rumbled - Mr What stands up and grins sheepishly.

MR WHAT

Oh? Am I interrupting? Sorry -
don't stop on my account!

TALEENA

Like to watch, do you? Remember the
trouble that got you into last time??

Taleena emerges from the pool, stepping towards Mr What,
dripping and completely nude. He grins inanely, eyes bulging.

MR WHAT

(ogling, stunned)
I... I like to do lots of things!

TALEENA

Oh - I bet you do?!

Taleena gives Mr What a peck on his lips and briefly runs her
hands over his chest. He stares stupefied. Taleena smiles
coyly, steps away and retrieves her towel and begins to dry.

TALEENA

Sorry - but I'm not in the mood.

MR WHAT

But... But?

TALEENA

Maybe tomorrow, if you're lucky?

Taleena nods to the direction of the encampment.

TALEENA

Off you go then? Or must I call Darth
and say you're being a pest??

FADE TO

INT. MR WHAT'S QUARTERS - DARKER TWILIGHT

Mr What, frustrated, pulls off his boots, belt and overalls
and lays in his bed. He holds up his right hand to his face.

MR WHAT

(to self)
Looks like its just going to be me and
you then, old friend?

FADE TO

DREAM SEQUENCE BEGINS - **from Mr Whats POV**

INT. PALACE CORRIDORS - DAY

A servants corridor, plain and practical. Cassandra in her servants tunic hurries along, pursued by Jacob. He wears his usual smart suit again. Mr What is watching hidden nearby.

Jacob grabs Cassandra and begins caressing and kissing her. At first she makes a pretence of resisting but soon she is up against the wall with him standing between her legs.

KASSANDRA
(between kisses)
Oh sir! We mustn't?!

JACOB
(panting)
I must have you again! I can't stop
thinking about you!!

Jacob paws at Cassandra's chest and she kisses him. After a few moments of 'heavy petting' she pulls away.

JACOB
What is wrong? Why do you stop?

KASSANDRA
(feigning unhappiness)
Oh Master Jacob! I love you - but I am
a mere slave... If we are found I'll
be be put down like a troublesome pet?

JACOB
I won't let that happen!! I will
protect you - I love you!

KASSANDRA
I may be a slave but I am not some
innocent girl... I know what hollow
promises are made when there is fire
in a mans blood.

JACOB
Do not speak to me so?!

KASSANDRA
I mean no disrespect - I think of your
reputation. It would shame you and

your house if discovered?!

JACOB

Not for long Cassandra! Not for long.

KASSANDRA

Oh sir - whatever do you mean?

JACOB

When I ascend you will be my primary consort! My personal concubine!

KASSANDRA

Really? You'd really do that, for me?

JACOB

If you'll be mine willingly, then yes?

KASSANDRA

Oh sir! I love you!!

Kassandra embraces Jacob happily, pulling him close again.

Kassandra notices she is being watched, she pulls away, embarrassed. Jacob wheels around facing the camera.

JACOB

(relieved)

Oh - it's only you? We were just...

(trails off)

MR WHAT (O.S)

(Coldly)

I know what you were doing Jacob...

Our years are not so far apart.

Kassandra straightens her clothing and curtsies to all then hurries away looking embarrassed.

JACOB

Its high time I selected my concubines
- father grows weaker by the day.

MR WHAT (O.S)

Not even dead yet and already you're selecting the best slaves?!

JACOB

I've had my eye on Cassandra for months! She is beautiful and

intelligent! And very compliant!

MR WHAT (O.S)

You know I like her too? I've been working on her for months but she evades me and always finds excuses!

Jacobs shuffles awkwardly.

JACOB

Look - I'm sorry but I can't help how I feel. I really DO want to make her my main consort. Besides, I am the eldest here - the most important.

MR WHAT (O.S)

So its back to that, is it? You are the important one and I'm not??

JACOB

I'd start getting used to that idea if I were you? For your own sake??

Jacob straightens his attire and turns angrily away.

FADE TO

DREAM SEQUENCE ENDS

EXT. CRAGGY SLOPES - LIGHTER TWILIGHT

POP! A very large 'Flird' has been shot by a bolt of energy. Darth hangs the rifle over his shoulder and approaches, followed by Mr What. Darth pulls-out a knife and begins butchering the creature, assisted by Mr What as they talk.

DARTH

When I was but a child I was taken to Adraxia Prime and trained as an Imperial soldier. This shaped me, gave me purpose, equipped me with the skills I need to survive.

MR WHAT

But you now fight against the empire you once served and fought for?

DARTH

At thirty we are told we are too old, no longer prized or valued. In the Empire there are no old soldiers - one

way or another.

Darth pulls out the animals guts and discards these.

DARTH

When I returned to my home-world I
learnt of the hidden history of my
people. I became an admirer of Rogan,
his teachings and philosophy. That is
why I now fight for the rebels.
Besides - fighting is all I know...

FADE TO

INT. ENCAMPMENT - TWILIGHT

The nest is gone, furnishings have been patched-up and
repaired but the room is more spartan. A device like a
Metronome TICKS and hums, providing a primitive rhythm.

Taleena has removed her boots and belt and rolled-down her
top (with a futuristic bra beneath). She is working-out in
time to the device, stretching and bending.

Mr What hovers in the doorway, watching her.

POV from Mr What, watching Taleena bend and stretch. After a
few moments Taleena notices him, but continues.

TALEENA

Like the view?

BACK TO SCENE

MR WHAT

Very much! How about 'today' then?

Taleena pauses her workout and turns to Mr What, sweaty.

TALEENA

No, not today... Maybe tomorrow?

Mr What sighs wearily.

Taleena resumes her stretching and Mr What turns sadly away.

FADE TO

INT. MR WHAT'S QUARTERS - DARKER TWILIGHT

Mr What is in bed, falling asleep.

MR WHAT
(to self, sleepily)
Maybe tomorrow? Maybe tomorrow?!

FADE TO

DREAM SEQUENCE BEGINS - again from **Mr What's POV**

INT - THE SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM - TIME UNKNOWN

As seen partly in 'memory flashes' but here the Control Room is undamaged, no alarms or problems - yet. Jacob is seated at the controls and Mr What is seated in the chair beside him.

MR WHAT (O.S)
Why worry so Jacob? This is a routine trip - what could go wrong?

JACOB
A great many things! The navi-com is down, one slip and it's all over! Then that's the end of our line.

MR WHAT (O.S)
There are our three cousins? I'm sure they won't sit idly-by.

JACOB
On that note - I want to apologise about the other day. I know we have not always seen 'eye to eye', but when I ascend I plan to see that you retain all your old privileges.

MR WHAT (O.S)
(sarcastic)
That is most generous of you?

Jacob checks his controls and scowls.

MR WHAT (O.S)
What is it now??

Jacob works the controls as Mr What unclips his seat-straps.

JACOB
There seems to be a problem in the main coolant valve?

Mr what rises from his seat and steps away.

JACOB
Manual venting is offline too??

Jacob ignores Mr What and focuses on pressing buttons.

JACOB
That's not good - a power surge!

Jacobs console EXPLODES and the ship lurches, causing Mr What to stumble - he was just far enough away as not to be injured in the initial blast. Mr What grabs a railing and holds on. There is the sound of a DISTANT EXPLOSION and the lights go out, then dimmer emergency lighting flicks on. Alarms sound.

Mr What turns to look at Jacob - chunks of bulkhead and bits of cable and piping have fallen onto him, pinning him down.

MR WHAT (O.S)
Now we'll see who is more important!?

FADE TO

DREAM SEQUENCE ENDS

INT. MR WHAT'S QUARTERS - DARKER TWILIGHT

Mr What awakens with a start. There is a MOANING NOISE outside - Taleena sounds to be having a pleasurable time.

FADE TO

INT. BEDROOM OF TALEENA - DARKER TWILIGHT

Taleena is in bed, naked and bathed in sweat. She is having an erotic dream and thrashes about, sweaty and gasping, her hands moving under the sheets. The fabric door opens and Mr What (fully dressed) peers inside.

MR WHAT
I heard a noise Taleena, are you...?
(trails off)

Mr What's eyes bulge as he sees Taleena writhing.

TALEENA
(gasping, half dreaming)
I want it... I want it so bad!!

QUICK CUT TO

INT. HALL TO TALEENA'S BEDROOM - DARKER TWILIGHT

Mr What is watching Taleena from the doorway as she writhes in her bed, he is holding the door-flap open.

MR WHAT
(whispers to self)
Great Granthors Beard!

Mr What removes his belt and licks his lips.

JACOB (O.S)
Are you sure that's a good idea?

Mr What wheels around - Jacob is standing behind him.

MR WHAT
(whispering)
Your timing is terrible! Go away!!

JACOB
Surely you realise these people are fugitives - criminals? They will turn against you whenever it suits them?

Mr What glances longingly at Taleena for a moment then steps away and her door fabric closes - he turns to face Jacob.

MR WHAT
(more loudly)
Can't you just piss off? I'm busy!

JACOB
Didn't I help you against the Siren?
And with the search for water? Not to mention finding that crashed ship?

MR WHAT
(angry)
Look - must I spell it out? She is a hot princess. She is uncontrollably horny. Today is my lucky day!
UNDERSTAND?!

JACOB
You will be making a big mistake - in more ways than one. She is Zetonian!

MR WHAT
So what?

JACOB

During their peak mating cycle they're ultra-fertile. Unless you're planning Fatherhood you should go and find a cold shower instead? Or two bricks?!

Mr what moves to open the door-flap.

MR WHAT

No thanks - I'll take my chances!!
Before she goes off the boil...

JACOB

Stop you horny idiot! The Princess is not your friend - do not trust her!

MR WHAT

I'm not after her trust - only her body!!

Mr What turns back towards Jacob, away from the door.

MR WHAT

Your name is Jacob, right? I think I remember you now? I am your brother, aren't I??

Jacob smiles but does not reply.

Taleena opens the door of her room wearing only a bedsheet, looking concerned and very sweaty. Mr What turns to her.

TALEENA

Mr What? Who are you talking to?

MR WHAT

Oh, just...er...?

Mr What looks around - other than Taleena he is alone.
Taleena raises an eyebrow questioningly.

MR WHAT

This might sound strange, but
sometimes I see a man, like a ghost -
telling me things... He appears and
disappears without reason.

(louder)

Usually really bad timing!

Rogan and Darth enter the corridor and approach, they appear to have just woken and are not fully dressed.

ROGAN

Everything all right out here? I heard raised voices?

TALEENA

It seems Mr What suffers from seeing ghosts?

DARTH

Ghosts?

MR WHAT

A ghost - only one. And only very occasionally.

TALEENA

Perhaps it is your old memories struggling to return?

DARTH

Could be withdrawal symptoms - from the stuff the Imperials put in the food and water to us more docile?

ROGAN

Perhaps the answer is spiritual? In my faith this might be a 'guardian spirit'? A kindly entity helping you?

This debate is cut short - there is a distant BEEPING NOISE like an electronic alarm.

DARTH

That's the proximity alert?

TALEENA

A ship!? A ship is coming!!

Taleena dashes into her room to dress. Darth and Rogan hurry excitedly away together - leaving Mr What behind. He glances at Taleena's now closed door.

MR WHAT

(sadly, to self)

At least 'someone' is coming then?

FADE TO

EXT. FIELDS AT ENCAMPMENT - TWILIGHT

Mr What, Taleena, Rogan and Darth hurry out of the camp, all

dressed. They gaze up as a SMALL SPACESHIP descends and lands nearby. Taleena and Rogan WAVE excitedly.

DARTH

Should we not take cover until we know who they are?

ROGAN

No, no! This is our salvation! Great Talos has finally answered my prayers!

TALEENA

Yes - come on Darth!!

Darth, Rogan, Taleena and Mr What approach the ship as a gangway descends and a door slides open.

MR WHAT

Are these rebels? Or Imperials?

ROGAN

We're about to find out!

Jacob exits the ship, dressed in an armoured spacesuit, carrying a laser-rifle, his features are initially hidden by his helmet. He is followed by 3 X SOLDIERS - all are dressed in space armour and carry large space weapons.

The Soldiers fan out around our heroes and take aim.

ROGAN

Don't shoot!! We're survivors! Our ship crashed here!

TALEENA

We're from Zeton-Five - prisoners on the way to an Imperial penal colony!

Jacob removes his helmet. Mr What gasps - recognising him.

NOTE: Although physically the same, this 'Jacob' has a different personality to the other.

JACOB

(to Soldiers)

Why this delay? Kill them!

For a moment Taleena, Rogan, Darth and Mr What freeze and glance at each other - expecting to die any moment.

MR WHAT

Jacob - don't shoot! Don't you know me? Wait!!

JACOB

(to soldiers)

Wait men! Hold your fire!

Mr What approaches Jacob with his hands raised.

TALEENA

(to Mr What - accusingly)

You know him? But how??

MR WHAT

From my dreams - he is my ghost!

(to Jacob)

Do you not know me Jacob??

Jacob looks closely at Mr What.

JACOB

Why do you call me Jacob? Who are you?

What is your name??

MR WHAT

'What' IS my name! I can't remember my true name - my memories are gone...

But I'm sure we know each other?

Jacob aims his gun at Mr What, who backs away nervously.

JACOB

I am a 'replicant', I have no name!

DARTH

A replicant?

ROGAN

Of who?

JACOB

Of Dervin Jacob De-Larnious of Adraxia Prime!

Taleena, Rogan, Darth all GASP - Mr What seems unsurprised.

JACOB

You're not Imperials though - are you?

ROGAN
Certainly not!

DARTH
We are Zetonians - political
prisoners, we crashed here.

TALEENA
I am Princess Taleena, of House
Andross! Don't feel you need to bow?

ROGAN
I am Rogan, last of the high priests
of Zeton-Five.

JACOB
(happily)
Danton Rogan?? The Great Teacher of
the words of Vorlok?

ROGAN
Yes - that's me?

Jacob lowers his gun and beams - stretching out his arms.

JACOB
To think I nearly killed you!?

Jacob beams and hugs Rogan - the old man seems startled.

JACOB
(to soldiers)
Lower your weapons - these people are
heroes! Thank the gods I found you!

Jacob releases Rogan, who seems surprised and flattered.

ROGAN
Indeed! Praise Great Talos!!

JACOB
One thing though - why are you using
an Imperial distress signal??

FADE TO

INT. BRIDGE OF REBEL SPACESHIP - 'DAY'

Like the bridge in the memory flashes, but with more chairs.
At the controls sits Jacob. Sitting nearby are Taleena,
Rogan, Mr What and Darth. (The Soldiers are all absent).

NOTE: although in space, time is standard Adraxian time.

MR WHAT

So... What is a 'replicant'?

ROGAN

A clone, with bio-genetic mods so they reach the desired age, but with basic memory implants and short lifespans.

JACOB

(turning to Mr What)

I am the last of three replicants of Jacob De-Larnious, a decoy to fool the masses into thinking he yet lives.

TALEENA

Then the Emperor is dead then?

JACOB

Yes - for quite some time now.

Jacob presses more buttons and works the controls.

JACOB

I suggest you all buckle-up?

Taleena, Rogan, Darth and Mr What strap themselves in. Mr What glances nervously at Jacob.

MR WHAT

(to self)

This seems like *Deja Vu*?

Jacob glances at Mr What suspiciously.

FADE TO

EXT. FIELDS AT ENCAMPMENT - TWILIGHT

The door of the small spaceship closes and the ramp retracts. The ship ascends upwards, engines humming.

PAN OUT from small alien plants sprouting in the fields. These cower and move their petals and leaves over themselves, seemingly afraid of the spaceship as it climbs up to the sky.

FADE TO

INT. BRIDGE OF REBEL SPACESHIP - 'DAY'

All are strapped-in as Jacob works the controls.

TALEENA

So how did a replicant join the rebellion? I thought they give you barely enough memory to talk, let alone think for yourselves?

PAN IN ON JACOB as he sets the controls on automatic then turns to answer the question.

JACOB

Well... There was three at first...

FADE TO

FLASHBACK BEGINS

CGI EFFECT. FACTORY CONVEYOR BELT - DAY

A giant conveyor belt in a futuristic machine. There are 3 x fresh Jacob clones standing in line as the belt trundles along. They are all nude, identical and seem happy.

JACOB (V.O)

We were created to give the appearance of 'normality' and stability, as per public fears about the succession.

QUICK FADE TO

EXT. STREETS OF ADRAXIA PRIME - DAY

A pink sky and the streets of a futuristic city. CITIZENS are lined-up, being encouraged to cheer and wave by SOLDIERS armed with cattle-prods. These Soldiers are dressed as those seen at the ship with Jacob.

Jacob is an open-top automatic HOVER VEHICLE, in his smart suit. To one side of him sits Theodore, to the other sits THE PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN and to the rear sits Handmaiden #1 - using a large fan to keep Jacob cool.

The Palace Guard Captain is a tall Amazonian lady with tied-up burgundy hair, a short-sword in her belt and she is dressed in a red cloak, sandals and dangling fabric thong.

POV from Jacob as the vehicle proceeds slowly through the street, the crowd cheering 'happily' all around him.

JACOB (V.O)

At first I performed my core duties as intended - popping-up in public places, being seen in the Imperial carriage - that sort of thing...

QUICK FADE TO

INT. FEASTING ROOM - EVENING

Like the Emperors Lounge but with a large table and several chairs. Here sits Jacob, enjoying a hearty meal of ALIEN FOOD. In the background is Palace Guard #2 and Handmaiden #2. Around the table sit a handful of DINNER GUESTS - like the Citizens but wealthier and fatter. The Musicians are also present, happily playing their strange instruments.

CUE MUSIC : INTO THE WOODS (by Hawkwind)

JACOB (V.O)

Soon though I discovered that there were risks with public appearances...

For a moment all seems jovial and relaxed as people eat.

Suddenly Jacob looks shocked and paws at his throat. He slumps forward - his face lands in his meal with a SPLAT.

JACOB (V.O)

And it seems not everyone was loyal to The Emperor or his family...

The guests shuffle uncomfortably and try to look innocent.

QUICK FADE TO

INT. EMPERORS LEISURE ROOM - DAY

CUE MUSIC : music continues from the previous scene.

Another Jacob is sitting watching a dance routine - this time being performed by Handmaiden #1 - wearing silks and dancing in the same style as Cassandra. The Musicians are again present, playing their instruments. Among them is a new bongo-player - THE ASSASSIN - he looks like the musicians but his extra eyes have been painted on unconvincingly.

Standing by the door is Palace Guard #1, with pole-arm.

For a few moments all seems relaxed, the Handmaiden seems happy to finally be in the limelight and showing her skills.

JACOB (V.O)
 Within weeks of our 'birth' our
 numbers were reduced down to me alone
 and so my public appearances were
 quickly cut down to the essentials...

Suddenly the Assassin flips a concealed switch - his bongo's
 separate and become like spiked ninja-stars. The assassin
 hurls the first into Jacob, impaling him - then he charges
 towards Jacob with the second spikey bongo raised menacingly.

Jacob slumps over - already dead and looking surprised.

The Musicians abandon their instruments and dive for cover,
 the lead singer leaps out of the window in panic.

CUE MUSIC : Music stops abruptly.

FADE TO

INT. SLAVE QUARTERS - MIDDAY, SUNNY

Spartan, basic furnishings and a small window. The Pinkish
 sky and sunshine can be seen glimpsed outside.

POV from Jacob, sitting around bored, gazing restlessly.

DARTH (V.O)
 Glad I'm not a replicant?!

JACOB (V.O)
 Suddenly I had very little to do...
 Rather annoying now that I know I have
 a lifespan of only four months!

Jacob idly looks around the room, this mainly has a few
 servant related items, personal effects and grooming items.

ROGAN (V.O)
 I suppose, poor devil, you had very
 little knowledge of who or what you
 were or what was actually happening?

JACOB (V.O)
 We accept the world around as we find
 it. How was I to know any different?

Jacob finds a futuristic 'I-Pad' (semi holographic)
 conveniently left on a shelf. He examines this and somewhat
 accidentally activates the device then starts to read.

JACOB (V.O)
 One day I happened across a Holo-Pad,
 luckily my memory implants included
 the ability to read...

Jacob reads the 'I-Pad'- seemingly amazed.

JACOB (V.O)
 It was the first three volumes of the
 teachings of Vorlok! This explained it
 all - the heavens, where we come from,
 where we go when we die. As I read on
 it was as though a veil had suddenly
 been lifted! I knew then I was here
 for a reason - that I had a destiny
 and all life is sacred, even mine.

DARTH (V.O)
 Aren't such writings banned?

JACOB (V.O)
 Yes - but someone had left this
 deliberately for me to discover. Only
 weeks later, after joining the
 rebellion, did I learn that we have an
 operative working within the palace.

FADE TO

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. BRIDGE OF REBEL SPACESHIP - 'DAY'

As before. Jacob concludes his tale, in his space-armour.

MR WHAT
 There is a spy at the Palace?

JACOB
 A reluctant slave-girl - but that's
 all I know. I never learned her name.

MR WHAT
 I'd have thought the slaves would be
 too nervous about misbehaving?

JACOB
 Normally yes - but she REALLY hates
 the new Emperor, prays to see him
 dead, by the old gods and the new.

ROGAN
(reverently)
Great Talos sends aid in many guises!

DARTH
You know the new Emperor then, do you?

JACOB
Not by sight, no - I never saw him.

TALEENA
Did you come searching for us then?

JACOB
No - I was completely surprised when I detected a distress signal. It was only luck - or perhaps the will of Great Talos - that I decided to investigate. You see we are on a special mission?

ROGAN
You are?

JACOB
This is a captured Imperial ship, all this gear is Imperial too - part of our cover. We are heading to Adraxia Prime - to kill the new Emperor!

Taleena, Darth and Rogan exchange excited glances.

FADE TO

CGI / MODEL SHOT - SMALL SPACESHIP IN SPACE

The Small Spaceship is flying through space, the Moon of Tavos is behind them, getting further distant.

JACOB (V.O)
Our contact at the Palace tells us that The Emperor has been locked away in his private chambers for several days, mostly unguarded. Only his senior Eunuch goes in or out. His isolation is the perfect time to strike! I know the layout of the palace so I am leading this mission.

MR WHAT (V.O)
This spy of yours - you trust her?

JACOB (V.O)
 Yes indeed - she sends regular
 updates. She's completely reliable.

FADE TO

INT. BEDROOM DOOR AT EMPERORS HALLWAY - LATE MORNING

One side of the Hallway, a large ornate door leads into the Emperors bedroom. Inside the darkened room in the doorway stands Theodore. Kassandra, in her skimpy silks, is at the door in the hallway. Either side of the door stand PALACE GUARD #3 and PALACE GUARD #4. Palace Guard #3 has dark blue hair. Palace Guard #4 has white hair and yellow eyes.

KASSANDRA
 But I'm his favourite consort! You
 know he hates to go without for long?
 Its been over a week now?!

THEODORE
 I'm afraid that is out of the
 question, the Emperor wishes to remain
 alone - in private meditation. He
 orders that only I attend him.

KASSANDRA
 You're not...er...? You know??

THEODORE
 (slightly offended)
 Certainly not! I'm a eunuch.

KASSANDRA
 Well it takes all sorts?

THEODORE
 (narrows eyes suspiciously)
 Why are you so keen to see The
 Emperor? Most of the other girls are
 pleased to have a break?

KASSANDRA
 I am not his favourite for nothing!
 (sarcastic)
 I love being pawed-at and pounded-away
 day and night, what girl wouldn't??

Theodore raises an eyebrow questioningly, unconvinced.

THEODORE

Very dutiful of you, but I'm afraid not. Rest assured though Kassandra I will let his majesty know you called.

Theodore bows and steps back into the room, closing the door.

Kassandra considers protesting, but the 2 X Palace Guards clench their polearms tightly and glance at her.

She grins back at them and turns and walks away.

FADE TO

INT. BRIDGE OF REBEL SPACESHIP - 'DAY'

As before. Jacob puts the ship on autopilot and turns.

JACOB

If caught we have suicide capsules in our teeth - we just bite down. Luckily I don't grind my teeth in my sleep, or my life would be even shorter!

TALEENA

(whispers to self)

Glad I'm not a replicant?!

JACOB

I can drop you off with another rebel group on the way? There is no point saving you only to put you in danger?

ROGAN

But how? I thought surviving cells would all operate independently?

JACOB

We have a new device called a 'Mutron Cube'. Once used it self-destructs and the codes are scrambled... It is just for urgent one-off messages only.

Jacob proudly points to a strange glowing cube that is plugged into the console at the controls.

TALEENA

I wondered what that thing was?

DARTH

Doesn't that still risk the whole

network though? All rebel cells?

JACOB

Potentially, but the Imperials don't even know this exists! We'll destroy this when we land, as a precaution.

ROGAN

Good idea! Wouldn't want to risk the Imperials getting it?

Mr What stares closely at the device.

JACOB

I don't expect you to come with us? This is, in all likelihood, a suicide run.

TALEENA

I'm not afraid to do my duty! Let me come with you - I want to help!

ROGAN

As do I!

DARTH

I'll go where-ever the Princess commands!

All look at Mr What, expecting an answer.

Beat.

MR WHAT

(shrugs)

I'm easy...?

FADE TO

INT. MEDICAL BAY ON SPACESHIP - DAY

A futuristic medical facility, everything is white and sterile. Present are Taleena, Mr What and THE SHIPS DOCTOR. The Doctor has small GILLS in his neck, but is otherwise normal, in futuristic white doctors attire.

He is adjusting a machine with a chin-rest, similar in looks to something used by an Optician but more technical.

MR WHAT

Will this hurt Doctor?

DOCTOR

Oh, without a doubt. This sonic-probe isn't ideal for rummaging in ones brain... So don't fidget or you risk permanent psychosis!

Mr What sighs and rests his chin on the rest as The Doctor aims strange probes at his head and presses buttons.

To Mr Whats surprise Taleena moves closer and holds his hand.

TALEENA

Don't worry Mr What - you can do this!

The Doctor flips a switch, Mr What clenches his teeth and whimpers slightly. A 3d Map of Mr Whats brain appears, projected above the machine - which the Doctor examines.

DOCTOR

Good - now keep very still!

Parts of the display zoom in and scroll about as the Doctor operates the controls, looking at 3d nerve images.

DOCTOR

Interesting...? Yes... I see?

(pause)

No wonder you are having trouble remembering - parts of your memory has been medically removed!

TALEENA

I knew you were being honest with us?!
Darth kept suggesting we kill you -
just to be on the safe side!

MR WHAT

(through gritted teeth)

Can you restore my memory? Put things back - so I know who I am?

DOCTOR

I can certainly reattach many of the severed nerves, but it will be an unpleasant process and it might not be quite everything...?

FADE TO

CGI / MODEL SHOT - REBEL SPACESHIP IN DEEP SPACE

The small spaceship continues through space, moving much faster and zipping past planets and star systems.

FADE TO

INT. MEDICAL BAY ON SPACESHIP - DAY

Present is The Doctor and Mr What - Mr What has his face in the machine, grimacing, as The Doctor works the controls.

DOCTOR

Don't fidget, or you'll lose more
memories than you gain!

SUPER IMPOSE MEMORY MONTAGE OF MEMORY FLASHES

The following are short glimpses of memory - images all seen from the POV of Mr What, all seen in room at The Palace.

- Palace Guards bowing to him.
- Jacob smiling and laughing.
- Kassandra performing her dance.
- The musicians playing.
- A banquet of strange alien foods and dishes.
- An armoured soldier saluting.
- Theodore smiling and bowing.
- The 3 X Handmaidens - naked - being chased playfully.

FADE TO

INT. BRIDGE OF REBEL SPACESHIP - 'LATE PM'

The ship is on auto-pilot. Rogan, Taleena and Darth are present, milling-about idly as they chat.

TALEENA

I've grown to like Mr What... Perhaps
it is because he was the only eligible
man while marooned on the moon of
Tavos, or that we met during my 'Pun
Tah' mating cycle - but I think
there's a genuine bond between us.

DARTH

You don't fear he might betray us when he knows himself? They say a man is the sum of his memories?

ROGAN

Vorlok teaches us that a man is defined by what he does, how he acts - the choices he makes... I do not accept that we are all prisoners to memory, or that our behaviour is determined by our past. Such a thing suggests we have no free will at all?!

TALEENA

He will still remember us, won't he?

ROGAN

Yes, but I don't think he'll think too fondly back about all that whipping business when we first met?!

DARTH

He had it coming.

There is a DING and the door slides open - Mr What enters, staggering and seeming drained and groggy.

NOTE: Mr What is now referred to as THE EMPEROR. He looks and sounds like Mr What but is calmer and more self-assured.

Taleena hurries to support The Emperor and helps him into a chair. She looks very concerned.

ROGAN

All done then?? Memories all back??

DARTH

So who are you - the truth this time?

THE EMPEROR

(weakly)

My name is De... Er... Larry Narnius... I am from Adraxia, a Sanitation Manager working at the Palace. That's how I know Jacob - from my time working there.

TALEENA

(relieved)

Ah - good to know!

ROGAN

Good to finally meet you, Larry
Narnius?! I'm sure there are still
plenty of drains around the palace
when we get there!!

Darth says nothing and glares suspiciously at The Emperor.

TALEENA

Are you still with us - up for this
mission I mean? We are enemies of your
home-world now, after all?

THE EMPEROR

Yes - I'm still the same person, only
now I remember my past. I've been a
downtrodden citizen all my life, so
happy to be part of the rebellion!
Fighting for a better future for all!!

ROGAN

Great!
(to Darth)
Told you, didn't I?!

Darth grunts, unconvinced.

TALEENA

(to The Emperor)
Well perhaps I've got used to the
'level playing field' idea of the
Empire, I think its time to honour my
promise to a lowly Sanitation Manager?

THE EMPEROR

Er? You are??

TALEENA

Lets pop back to the Crew Quarters,
shall we? Today is the day!

Taleena takes The Emperors hand and leads him towards the
door, smiling coyly at him. He grins.

THE EMPEROR

Now this is something I'll definitely
remember!!

Suddenly the door slides open and Jacob enters, carrying his
rifle and helmet - looking serious.

JACOB

We've just entered the Adraxia system,
we need to get ready to land.

Taleena shrugs and pulls away her hand from The Emperor.

TALEENA

Sorry - looks like it wasn't to be?!

THE EMPEROR

Always great timing Jacob?!?

Jacob looks questioningly at The Emperor.

FADE TO

CGI / MODEL SHOT : REBEL SHIP LANDING IN PALACE

The Small Spaceship is descending into the equivalent of a car-park on the roof of the Emperors Place on Adraxia Prime. The sky is bright and pinkish in hue.

QUICK FADE TO

EXT. DOCKING AREA, PALACE ROOF - LATE PM

The small spaceship has landed in the enclosed courtyard-like rooftop, with doors open and ramp down. Out of the ship comes The Emperor (helmeted and in the armour of Jacob) followed by 2 X Soldiers, Rogan, Darth, Taleena and Soldier #3 behind. All approach a large gate leading into the palace. Rogan, Taleena and Darth all wear chunky handcuffs.

The Palace Guard Captain and Palace Guard #1 are by the gate and they cross their bladed polearms to stop them.

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN

Halt! Where is your identity card?

All but the Emperor seem nervous - he steps closer to the Palace Guard Captain. She spins her polearm blade skilfully around in the air then stops with the blade at his throat.

THE EMPEROR

We are transporting high ranking rebel leaders from Admiral Foulgar, here for the Emperors pleasure and torture!

ROGAN

(glancing behind)

Hold on - where is 'Mr What'? Oh - I

mean Larry?

TALEENA
(glancing behind)
By Granthors Beard! He has gone?

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN
Your helmet?! Remove it!!

The Emperor removes his helmet. The Palace Guard Captain GASPS LOUDLY and steps back, quickly lowering her weapon.

Palace Guard #1 drops to her knees and bows respectfully.

Taleena, Rogan and Darth are very surprised.

TALEENA
(to The Emperor)
Where is Jacob - the Replicant I mean?

THE EMPEROR
Jacob had a small accident with his
tooth just before we left. Dental
hygiene never was his strong point...

The Emperor smiles and pulls out the small glowing Mutron Cube and holds it proudly aloft.

THE EMPEROR
Couldn't let him destroy this little
trinket now, could we??

The Palace Guard Captain kneels and bows her head.

ROGAN
(very shocked)
You?! YOU are The Emperor?!?!?

THE EMPEROR
(sarcastically)
Well *duh*!

The Soldiers fumble their weapons as Taleena, Darth and Rogan back away, all surprised - unable to get out of their cuffs.

The Emperor nods to the two guards.

Palace Guard #1 leaps up and HURLS her polearm into SOLDIER #1 - knocking him back and impaling him into the wall.

She then runs towards Soldier #2, skids across the floor and

does a sliding tackle on his legs. Soldier #2 sprawls to the floor, stunned and landing heavily on his back.

Soldier #3 aims his gun at The Emperor. The Palace Guard Captain leaps through the air and performs a scissor-kick, disarming the soldier. She thrusts her polearm blade into the ground so this remains upright, clicks her head to the side to make a click and then adopts an unarmed combat pose.

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN

This is going to hurt, rebel scum!

Soldier #3 raises his fists and attacks The Palace Guard Captain, but she easily block everything. After a few moments of 'playing' (like a cat with a mouse), she spins and kicks Solider #3's legs out from under him then drags him into the blade of the upright polearm, cleaving him in two!

Meanwhile Palace Guard #1 dives on top of Solider #2, wraps her muscular legs around his arms and pulls his face up into her ample cleavage - smothering him. He struggles for a moment then goes limp. She smiles and stands to her feet.

Darth steps towards the Palace Guard Captain, ready to fight.

TALEENA

No Darth - not this time. Not in these cuffs against two such opponents!

Reluctantly Darth stops and stands scowling.

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN

The traitors are subdued, my lord.

THE EMPEROR

Excellent!

SLOW FADE TO

INT. INT. BRIDGE OF REBEL SPACESHIP - 'LATE PM'

Very quiet as the ship has landed. The bare legs of Jacob are sticking-out of what seems to be a waste-disposal hatch.

The door slides open and The Doctor enters, looking around.

DOCTOR

Hello? Anyone still here?

(to self, seeing legs)

By the Moon of Skellos!! Glad I'm not a replicant!?

FADE TO

CGI / MODEL EFFECT - THE PALACE SEQUENCE

This is to give an idea of the size of the sprawling palace.

Establish a large slobbering alien monster in a pit, about ten feet tall, large tusk-like teeth and huge claws. This is the PENCINOVITCH. The Pencinovitch is chewing the remaining half of an unfortunate prisoner, CRUNCHING the bones loudly.

PAN OUT from the monster and up and out from the deep pit.

PAN OUT from the mouth of the pit back through corridors and passages. These have countless metal doors - part of a large multi-level dungeon complex.

Pause as one of the doors slides open - there is a prison cell beyond. Palace Guard #3 is shoving Rogan through the open door. Rogan now wears standard prison overalls. With Rogan inside the door slides shut.

PAN OUT AND UPWARDS RAPIDLY - as if zipping past several floors, offering a quick blurred glimpse of : The Emperors Hallway, the Emperors Leisure Room and The Emperors Bedroom.

PAUSE at the PALACE KITCHENS - a couple of aged male servants similar to Theodore in looks are working in the background. In the Foreground is the ROBO-CHEF - a robotic metal octopus of arms holding cooking utensils and a head like two metal plates together but with 'eyes' and a chef's hat.

FINAL PAN UP - faster - through more floors, too quick to see details but slowing to reach the Handmaidens rooms at the top of the palace (to deter escape attempts). This is part of the SLAVE QUARTERS but has feminine furnishings and Handmaiden #1 sits in the background. In the foreground is Cassandra, leaning over a vanity table, drumming her fingers restlessly.

FADE TO

INT. EMPERORS BEDROOM - DAY

Theodore is instructing Handmaiden #2 and Handmaiden #3 in readiness for the Emperors return.

THEODORE

Now remember girls - The Emperor is likely to be very fatigued from his ordeal... You must be ready to assist him in any way possible, help to

settle back in and above all relax!

HANDMAIDEN #2

Should we wear those new rubber outfits? The ones with open backsides?

HANDMAIDEN #3

And what about that special lubricant from Andromeda Prime?

THEODORE

I admire your enthusiasm ladies, but he will probably only want food and a long soak in the royal bath.

Handmaiden #3 smiles and nods.

The door opens and The Emperor enters. The Handmaidens curtsey and Theodore turns and drops happily to his knees.

THEODORE

Master! Thank the gods you are returned to us, safe and sound!

THE EMPEROR

Hello Theodore - it's good to be back! Contact the 'Medus' - I want the full reversal procedure completed.

THEODORE

(rising to feet)

Of course master! At once! And might I just take a moment to congratulate you on your heroic and legendary mission?

The Emperor studies the ladies suspiciously for a moment.

THE EMPEROR

Stop that fawning - it seems we have a traitor in our midst?

THEODORE

(horrified)

A traitor my Lord?! Here??!

THE EMPEROR

Review every transmission log of the Palace made within the last six parsecs - look for anything remotely suspicious!

(pause)

Stop gaping and get on with it!!

FADE TO

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

One of many identical cells under the Palace. Taleena, now dressed in new prison overalls (with standard boots) is sitting on the bed, bored.

The door slides open and Kassandra enters, wearing a more skimpy version of the servants attire seen before.

TALEENA

(rising)

Who are you?

KASSANDRA

A friend - I don't have much time!

TALEENA

You're the operative here? Our spy??

KASSANDRA

Yes - listen closely, I'll say this only once! You're all to be tortured and executed at the end of the month, but first the Emperor will have you!

TALEENA

(amused)

Will he now? Well I think all promises I made are now null and void. Besides - they were made to 'Mr What' - not to him. 'He' is a stranger to me.

KASSANDRA

You still want him dead, don't you? That's the only time he is unguarded - when in his private chambers.

TALEENA

So I can kill him there? Choke him before he calls to the guard?!

KASSANDRA

I'll leave the 'how' to you, but be thorough - and make it hurt!

TALEENA

He won't survive, do not worry.

KASSANDRA

He knows you are dangerous - he is having chains fitted to his room and getting a supply of 'Sironia' on tap.

TALEENA

Sironia?

KASSANDRA

Extracts of Siren venom - a special drug to make you docile and compliant.

TALEENA

Is there a way to slip the chains then? Or an antidote?

KASSANDRA

I'll try to help you, but he seems suspicious. Normally he's all over me like a rash, but he seems different since his return?

Suddenly Palace Guard #2 enters through the sliding door.

Quickly Kassandra SLAPS Taleena, pretending not to notice.

KASSANDRA

That's for disrespecting my master! I hope the tortures you face are truly brutal - you rebel scum!

(to guard)

Oh, is it that time already? Pity...

FADE TO

INT. EMPERORS BEDROOM - SUNNY

The Emperor has recently bathed, his beard shaved and he is being dressed by Handmaiden #2 and #3 - getting into flowing robes. He pinches and caresses their backsides as they work, they giggle and seem happy to be 'back to normal' again.

THEODORE

So your full memories are restored, all just as they should be?

THE EMPEROR

Indeed! And those annoying visions of my late brother purged too.

THEODORE

Pleased to hear it, master.

(pause)

Oh - I have had confirmation from the Admiral - the remnants of the rebellion is now crushed completely, all rebel cells completely destroyed!

THE EMPEROR

Then my plan worked perfectly?

THEODORE

A masterstroke of pure genius! You truly are the Greatest of all the Emperors of all time! The Empire is blessed to have you at its helm!!

THE EMPEROR

And now, with stability restored, we shall finally announce my Ascension to the masses.

THEODORE

I'll make all the arrangements Sir?
How about tomorrow?

THE EMPEROR

Sounds good! You can use the digitised stock footage, I'm too busy for all that formal stuff and nonsense.

THEODORE

Of course master, leave it to me. They will sing your praises for a thousand generations!

The Emperor is now dressed, the Handmaidens step away and bow, awaiting further orders.

THE EMPEROR

One other thing - that 'little accident' you arranged when I was leaving? Involving those mercenaries?

THEODORE

All taken care of sir. Your three cousins did not survive. Now you alone are the first and last of your line - no-one remains who might challenge or seek to gain from your demise.

THE EMPEROR

Good! Very good!! You may leave me.

Theodore bows and heads for the door, the ladies follow.

THE EMPEROR

(to Handmaidens)

Not you!

Theodore rolls his eyes and waves the ladies quickly back.
The Handmaidens quickly scamper back and begin to undress.

THE EMPEROR

I have much catching-up to do!

(to Theodore)

Oh and send in Kassandra would you?

THEODORE

Of course sir?

(turns to leave then returns)

Will that be clothed, or oiled master?

Or something else perhaps?

THE EMPEROR

I'll go with oiled... And then

tomorrow I think a certain Princess!

FADE TO

INT. PRISON CELL - MORNING

The door slides open and Kassandra enters, carrying a cup with her hand over the top to hold something inside. Taleena is now dressed like a Handmaiden, her hair combed neatly and she has been bathed. She springs up nervously.

TALEENA

Is it time so soon?

KASSANDRA

Quickly - swallow this!!

Kassandra hands Taleena the cup - a phallic-looking MAGGOT-like alien is inside, squirming around.

TALEENA

What is this thing??

KASSANDRA

A Geigerthon worm! Swallow it straight down and do not chew, whatever you do!

TALEENA

Why? What does it do?

Taleena pulls a face of disgust but pulls the wiggling creature into her mouth. It seems to slide in happily.

KASSANDRA

It consumes whatever is in your stomach - including any toxins and drugs you take, it will keep you safe!

Taleena GULPS and looks revolted as she tries not to gag.

The door slides open. Palace Guard #4, The Palace Guard Captain and THE SERVANT enter together. The Servant looks like an older Theodore and he has a vial of green liquid.

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN

(narrowing eyes suspiciously)
What is all this then?

Kassandra moves the cup behind her and smiles innocently.

KASSANDRA

Just a final gloat, before the Emperor takes his pleasure with her!

The Guards exchange questioning glances. Palace Guard #1 snatches the mug from Kassandra and shakes it - it is empty.

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN

(to Taleena)
You must drink this potion. Refuse and we will force you!

TALEENA

Ok, ok? Wouldn't want to damage the Emperors new toy, would we??

The Servant hands Taleena the phial - she shrugs and gulps this down in one gulp. The Guards exchange surprised glances.

FADE TO

INT. EMPERORS BEDROOM - MORNING

There is now a GOLDEN X-SHAPED RACK opposite the bed, standing upright with straps. Taleena is tied here spread-eagled by her wrists, ankles and her neck - helpless.

With great delight The Emperor is tearing-off Taleena's

flimsy silk clothing as she writhes and struggles.

TALEENA

How dare you touch me?! Don't you
remember - that I am a Princess?

THE EMPEROR

I remember now that I am an Emperor!
And don't Princesses always keep their
promises??

TALEENA

That no-longer counts, you are not the
man I knew!

THE EMPEROR

Willingly or not, you are mine!! MINE!

The Emperor continues tearing - soon Taleena is down to her
knickers and stares defiantly as The Emperor paws at her.

TALEENA

Just so you know 'Emperor' - as a
terra-jitsu master - even restrained I
still have ways to cripple a man?

The Emperor begins to kiss and lick Taleena, she scowls
angrily and tries to pull away.

THE EMPEROR

It IS strange you're still struggling
like this? I'd have thought the venom
would take effect more quickly?

Realising her mistake Taleena stops struggling.

TALEENA

(as though hypnotised)
Forgive me... I await your pleasure,
my Master?

The Emperor grins.

FADE TO

INT. BEDROOM DOOR AT EMPERORS HALLWAY - MORNING

Palace Guard #1 and The Palace Guard Captain are either side
of the door with polearms. Theodore is listening at the
closed door. In the room is The Emperor and Taleena.

THE EMPEROR (O.S)
Ah yes, that's more like it!

TALEENA (O.S)
Oh Master, you're so big and manly! I
can't resist you! I don't WANT to
resist you!?!

Theodore smiles and gives a THUMBS UP to the Guards.

THE EMPEROR (O.S)
Oh yes - wonderful! Wonderfull!!

The guards shake their heads as Theodore skips happily away.

TALEENA (O.S)
Untie me! Let me hold you! Caress you!
I can do so much more if set free?

The Guards exchange amused glances.

THE EMPEROR (O.S)
Oh yes! Yes!!

Meanwhile Kassandra approaches the door from the hall.

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN
Kassandra? It seems the Emperor has a
new favourite! Unless you're going in
to join them too?

KASSANDRA
No, I'll wait out here. Er... Just in
case they need me?

The Guards nod, well used to what happens in the palace.

THE EMPEROR (O.S)
Yes, that's it... Finish me off...
Finish me off!! Oh yes!
(choking, gasping painfully)
Aaargh! Eeeargh! Aaaaargh!!

The Guards roll their eyes and glance at each other, amused.

Kassandra shuffles uncomfortably as silence falls.

SLOW FADE TO

INT. BEDROOM DOOR AT EMPERORS HALLWAY - EARLY PM

Palace Guard #3 and #4 stand guard outside the closed door. Theodore is heading towards the door, followed by Handmaiden #1 who carries a tray of alien snacks.

THEODORE

(to Handmaiden #1)

Come along girl - don't dawdle!

HANDMAIDEN #1

Sorry Theodore - but my legs are still tired from yesterday. Are you sure it wise to disturb him so soon?

THEODORE

Not even he can be at it for five hours straight, I'm sure he must be hungry by now? Come along girl!

The guards nod. The door opens and Theodore enters, followed by Handmaiden #1. The doors close behind them.

THEODORE (O.S)

(Muffled cry)

By the nine moons!!

The two Guards exchange questioning glances.

The door opens and Theodore and Handmaiden #1 exit, looking very worried and pale. The Handmaidens eyes are puffy from crying, she still carries the tray in shaking hands.

THEODORE

(to guards nervously)

Don't go in there!!

(more calmly)

Er... The Emperor is in a bad mood and does not wish to be disturbed.

The two Guards nods and say nothing.

FADE TO

INT. EMPERORS HALLWAY - MID AFTERNOON

Palace Guard #3 and Palace Guard #4 stand in the background by a door, keeping an eye out for trouble.

Kassandra, Theodore, Handmaiden #1, #2 and #3 are having a whispered conversation.

KASSANDRA
 (whispering)
 Stop fussing - you look so suspicious!

THEODORE
 (whispering)
 Suspicious?! I'm terrified!! They'll
 melt us for this! Starting with me!!

The Palace Guards gaze at them suspiciously. Theodore forces a smile and waves to them.

KASSANDRA
 Keep your head and we may all get to
 keep ours! Did you do as I suggested?

THEODORE
 (whispering)
 Yes - I have reactivated the holo of
 the Emperor - to show him wandering
 about in his quarters. That will buy
 us a little time at least...

HANDMAIDEN #2
 Maybe we can try to escape?

HANDMAIDEN #3
 Do you know what they do to runaway
 slaves? Especially when the Emperor is
 found suspiciously dead??

HANDMAIDEN #1
 (nods to Guards, hushing)
 Ssssh! Not so loud!

THEODORE
 So the assassin is one of the rebel
 leaders and is safely locked away?

KASSANDRA
 Yes - she went charging out and ran
 straight into a guard! Lucky I was
 there to smooth things over.

THEODORE
 Why though?? Do the Guards suspect? Of
 her killing the Emperor I mean?

KASSANDRA
 Oh no, they think it was kinky sex
 gone wrong and that the Emperor wanted

her taken away for punishment. Nothing new there really?!

HANDMAIDEN #2
What about the body?

KASSANDRA
It's still were it was, getting a bit on the ripe side by now.

HANDMAIDEN #1
Won't the cleaning bot be round in a couple of hours?

THEODORE
I could sabotage it I suppose, but that would only look suspicious?

KASSANDRA
The Admiral's dinner!

THEODORE
Granthors Beard! I'd forgotten his visit? He will be landing here soon...

KASSANDRA
The robo-chef is preparing an exotic feast - expecting a delivery of rare meats from the planet Nargon-Seven...

HANDMAIDEN #3
How does that help us though?

KASSANDRA
There's been a mix-up, the delivery was cancelled. I thought it funny to let Chef go on overheating about it!

THEODORE
I think I know where this is going, but that's disgusting Kassandra?!

KASSANDRA
As disgusting as what they'll do to us when they find the body??

HANDMAIDEN #3
Ok - lets chop him up then?

HANDMAIDEN #2
I'll get the saw.

HANDMAIDEN #1

I can get some gardening tools -
there's a couple of sharp hoes...

FADE TO

INT. FEASTING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Several plates different meat dishes are spread out across the table. The pink sky through the window is darker. Seated at the far end, looking bored, is ADMIRAL FOULGAR. He is a reptilian male humanoid, in a smart uniform.

Theodore enters and bows.

ADMIRAL

Where is the Emperor? Why this delay?

THEODORE

I'm afraid the Emperor is not feeling well and sends his apologies.

ADMIRAL

Another waste of my time then?!

THEODORE

He hopes you find the food to your liking and has sent his favourite consort to entertain you.

Kassandra enters followed by The Musicians. The musicians begin to ready their instruments, happy for another chance.

Kassandra steps closer to the Admiral and adopts a sexy pose.

KASSANDRA

Greetings my Lord. I await your pleasure?

ADMIRAL

(to self)

Ah - perhaps not all bad then?

Theodore bows and walks back through the door, still bowing.

FADE TO

INT. PRISON CELL - EVENING

Rogan is on his knees with arms raised to the glowing pinkish moon outside the window.

The door slides open and The Palace Guard Captain enters.

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN

I have news - all torture of prisoners
has been suspended. You won't be taken
to the 'Burrow-slugs' after all!

ROGAN

Praise the Gods! My orifices are
saved!!

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN

Praise the Emperor, you mean?

The Palace Guard Captain turns and leaves.

FADE TO

INT. FEASTING ROOM - EVENING

The Admiral has been eating, many bowls are empty, he is
licking his fingers as he watches Kassandra. The Musicians
play a strange tune in the background as Kassandra performs
her exotic dance routine.

CUE MUSIC : HEXAGONE (by Hawkwind)

The Admiral spends a moment or two chewing happily.

ADMIRAL

This food is excellent! So tasty and
well-seasoned?! Won't you try some?

KASSANDRA

Thank you my lord! If that is your
pleasure?

Kassandra stops dancing and approaches.

ADMIRAL

There is too much for one person, its
a shame to waste any.

Kassandra takes a few scoops onto a plate and sits next to
the Admiral. She bites onto a suspicious-looking sausage.

Admiral Foulgar runs his scaly hand over Kassandra's knee.
She smiles seductively, sucking the sausage suggestively.

ADMIRAL

Your dancing was most excellent. Very

stimulating!
(passing a plate)
And these meatballs are to die for! So succulent and juicy - pity there were only two though. Perhaps you'd like to suck on one?

KASSANDRA
Well, it wouldn't be the first time?!

CUE MUSIC : Music fades with scene

FADE TO

INT. PRISON CELL - LATE MORNING

Taleena is sitting on the bed, looking bored. She is back in her standard prison overalls again.

The door slides open, The Palace Guard Captain enters, followed by Palace Guard #2 who is carrying a sort of futuristic metal detector.

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN
Ok 'Princess' - the 'Pencinovitch' grows ravenous!

TALEENA
Oh? I was expecting either a pardon or some important news by now?

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN
Silence! On your feet!

Palace Guard #2 runs the detector all over Taleena.

TALEENA
What is this thing?

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN
Prisoners have been known to blow themselves up in an effort to kill the Emperor during public executions.

TALEENA
Don't think you need to worry too much about that?!

There is a BEEPING sound. Palace Guard #2 presses a button and shows the readings to the Palace Guard Captain.

TALEENA

What is it? Something wrong?

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN

Can this be true?? By the nine moons!!

Palace Guard #2 nods her head and looks worried.

FADE TO

INT. EMPERORS BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

There is no sign of the Emperors remains. Theodore, Kassandra, Handmaidens #1, #2, #3 are huddled together, conversing. The Servant has joined them and he is keeping lookout by the door as the others converse.

THEODORE

But we're only slaves! We can't keep running the Empire!

KASSANDRA

Why not, we're already doing a better job than they did?

THEODORE

Someone will find out - sooner or later! Then that's it for all of us!!

HANDMAIDEN #1

Theodore is right - its only a matter of time before someone discovers us.

THEODORE

Things will get very nasty very quickly when they find he is dead... Outside I mean - not just here. Its only recently made public that the old Emperor died, the heir died in an accident and we have new Emperor of dubious repute. To tell them so soon that the new one is dead - there will be riots on every planet! Chaos!!

HANDMAIDEN #3

Civil War too - I expect?

HANDMAIDEN #1

That Admiral who visited - I'm sure he try to seize power? Others too?

HANDMAIDEN #2

He certainly likes seizing things! Did
I mention he grabbed me by the...?
(trails off)

THEODORE

All the senior officers are madder
than any Emperor I've ever served...
And they say power corrupts?!

HANDMAIDEN #2

Whatever we do, we need to do it soon!
Zenobia the Imperial Guard was
snooping around in the Emperors Lounge
the other day! They're suspicious.

KASSANDRA

You are right - we need a long-term
solution and quickly. One where we
don't all get tortured and executed
for our part in this coverup...

FADE TO

INT. PRISON CELL - LATE MORNING

The ships Doctor is now wearing prison overalls, he is laying
on bed, chanting how to perform medical procedures.

The door opens - Palace Guard #4 enters, followed by The
Palace Guard Captain. The Doctor stops chanting and rises.

DOCTOR

As I've told you all a hundred times
before - I'm just a doctor!

Palace Guard # 4 stands at attention by the door, holding her
polearm firmly. The Palace Guard Captain steps forward.

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN

I am not here to question you, Doctor.

DOCTOR

My execution then?! But I'm a loyal
citizen! The ship changes hands all
the time, different crews, new
captains... How was I to know they
were rebels? I didn't think to ask!

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN
 Silence! You have a chance to serve
 your Empire faithfully. And...
discreetly. I don't want the Palace
 'Medus' troubled with this matter?

Relieved, The Doctor looks Guard Captain up and down.

DOCTOR
 Oh? Let me guess? You've been a
 naughty guard and have an embarrassing
 problem? Don't worry - vaginal space
 lobsters are my speciality!

The Palace Guard Captain stares angrily at the Doctor.

FADE TO

INT. EMPERORS BEDROOM - MIDDAY

The Palace Guard Captain is unarmed but is pushing her way
 into the room, Kassandra and Theodore try to stop her.
 Kassandra is in her servants attire, not her silks.

KASSANDRA
 No - The Emperor does not wish to be
 disturbed!

THEODORE
 Wait! You can't come in here?

The Palace Guard Captain shoves Kassandra over and paces
 around the room, searching.

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN
 Where is the Emperor? I have urgent
 news concerning one of the prisoners?!
 (calling)
 My lord! My Lord - where are you??

THEODORE
 I have some bad news, Zenobia...

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN
 News? Speak, little man?!

THEODORE
 The Emperor... Is dead.

The Palace Guard Captain glowers with rage and snarls,
 trembling like a volcano about to blow. Theodore backs away.

THEODORE

Wait! It wasn't me! I had nothing to do with any of it!! Well... Maybe about the cover-up part a little...?

The Palace Guard Captain picks him up by his ears - he squeals in pain and terror.

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN

(through gritted teeth)

You will be killed for this - slowly!

THEODORE

Wait! If you value the empire - your position and status - please listen! The Empire will fall apart - they'll be civil war!! Probably lasting for generations! Endless Killing!

KASSANDRA

Look at the rebellion that began based on only rumours?! If it is known he is dead - there will be blood spilt in every street, every planet - war!! He was the last of his line, remember??

The Palace Guard Captain shakes Theodore angrily and he rattles like a giant set of maracas.

THEODORE

(shaking - literally)

What - was - this - important - news - you - had?

FADE TO

INT. EMPERORS LEISURE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Taleena is dressed in NEW silk robes. She is being shown around by Theodore and the Palace Guard Captain. Palace Guard #1 and Palace Guard #4 stand to attention as they are passed.

TALEENA

So... I carry the new Emperor inside me and rule until he comes of age?

THEODORE

That's about the gist of it, yes.

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN

The Guards will follow your orders -

majesty. It is right and proper that as the new Emperors mother we all venerate, obey and protect you.

TALEENA

Then release the other prisoners! Set my friends free!

Kassandra enters, followed by Rogan and Darth.

KASSANDRA

Already done...Er... Your Highness!

ROGAN

Princess! Is what Kassandra says true?

DARTH

(squinting in sunlight)

I was almost looking forward to being fed to the Pencinovitch - I've always wanted to see one of those things!

TALEENA

But won't the masses reject me? I'm not even from this world, an unknown?

THEODORE

There is compulsive propaganda everywhere - we have people to spin things for us, have no worries there.

PALACE GUARD CAPTAIN

The masses will do as we tell them.

DARTH

What about the army - the commanders? And the leaders from other planets?

THEODORE

One thing I've learned working here is really its only a few key people needed to back the ruler, they don't generally care much who is in charge.

KASSANDRA

Admiral Foulgar is 'aware' of the situation, but pledges his full support and he controls the bulk of the fleet directly. He and I came to a 'little arrangement' earlier...

ROGAN
So religion will be restored? Heraldic
rights returned?! You are to rule??

TALEENA
So it seems Rogan - yes?

ROGAN
We've won then Taleena! Great Vorlok
be praised, we've actually won!!

THEODORE
May I be the first to congratulate
you, your majesty?

TALEENA
You may, Theodore... You may.
(smiles evilly)
But there's going to be a few changes
made around here...

Theodore and Kassandra exchange nervous glances.

SLOW FADE TO

EXT. POCK-MARKED DESERT - DULLER TWILIGHT

The recently dead CORPSE of Mr What lays staring up to the
sky - partly buried in the sand, dressed in rags, bare-
footed, starved and battered by the elements.

PAN OUT from the dead staring eyes of Mr What.

Jacob, in his space armour, with Soldier #1 and Soldier #2
approach and look down at him. Jacob removes his helmet.

JACOB
Poor devil... All alone here in this
thin atmosphere all this time? I
wonder what strange thoughts were
going through his head when he died?

SLOW FADE TO

END CREDITS

GOLDEN VOID, PT 2 (by Hawkwind) is suggested for the outro.

THE END