

# Powerless

Screenplay by CARLY NUGENT and Andrew Marshall

Adapted from the novel:

**THE BASTION PROSECUTOR**

Taken from

**THE KALAHARI SERIES:**

Written by

AJ MARSHALL

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EPISODE TWO

Of

THREE

FADE IN

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Raining. Birds eye POV sweeping over a field filled with thousands of disused solar panels, rain beating onto them..

B) Raining. Roofs of abandoned farm buildings sticking out of muddy water..

C) Raining. Following a river in spate, bursting its banks..

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT SOMERSET MRS. REECE COTTAGE DAY

Raining. Cottage and exterior garage are nestled in the curve of a river, the buildings are protected from the river by high, rusting metal flood defence barriers. The river is sloshing over the top and through the metal joints. Two kayaks are tethered to a post:- six inches deep in water. Both cottage and Garage are shored up with sand bags.

INT GARAGE DAY

MRS REECE is standing over a mechanics pit filled with black water, oil swirling through it, she is anxiously staring into the water. A hand clutching a baked bean can emerges from the water, then her GRANDSON wearing a snorkel appears, he throws the can where it lands with others, he removes his snorkel..

MRS REECE

Well done my boy. That's enough now you'll catch your death.

GRANDSON

Just once more. I promise.

He disappears into the depths reappearing with a brown sodden parcel, he places it at his Grandmother's feet then pulls himself up and

out of the water. Mrs. Reece wraps him in a thick towel.

MRS REECE

Good heavens. I'd forgotten all about that, it's your Uncle Richard's.

GRANDSON

What is it?

MRS REECE

I've no idea, rock samples probably, it'll be iron ore from Mars, he discovered its presence you know...

GRANDSON

(bored by the story)

I know Grandma...

MRS REECE

Don't sound like it's not important. It's thanks to your Uncle Richard there'll be mineral mines on Mars...

GRANDSON

I know Grandma, sorry...

(awkwardly)

...Is it true what they say about him... that it's his fault the rain came back?

MRS REECE

What nonsense. It's your Uncle that made the rain stop, at least for a while. He wouldn't like it if he thought you paid attention to gossip. Now come along let's get our tins inside. Let's have some beans!

GRANDSON

(Even more awkward)

Then why is he in jail?

MRS REECE

(Grabbing GRANDSON by his shoulders and looking directly into his eyes.)

Now you listen to me, there are a lot of dishonest people in this world but your Uncle isn't one of them. If your Uncle bent a rule then it was for a very good reason and I would stake my life on that and one day you will be ashamed you ever doubted him.

(GRANDSON looks hurt and dejected, hugs his Grandmother).

GRANDSON

Sorry Grandma. I just want the rain to stop. I miss Uncle Richard.

(MRS REECE quietly kicks the parcel back into the water)

INT JAIL CELL DAY

RICHARD is lying on a single bed, he is dreaming:- he can see NAOMI'S face coming in and out of focus.

SOUND OF A LARGE DOOR CLOSING startles RICHARD awake, he sits up and leans his elbows on his knees then CLOSE UP of the blue scar in the palm of his hand.

RACHEL has been standing quietly waiting for him to notice her.

RACHEL

Bad dream?

RICHARD

(Shocked)

I keep seeing the face of a woman...

RACHEL

(Hurt)

For God's sake Richard, I haven't seen you since... well you know... all of that trouble and the first thing you talk about is another

woman...

RICHARD

Trouble? You want to call it trouble? You mean when you omitted to mention you were a sleeper for MI19? Or the trouble where Tom Race got a promotion and I got banged up? Or do you mean when I'm on the brink of proposing to you and you turn out to be a duplicitous...

RACHEL

...me duplicitous?! I wasn't the one hiding Alien log books and flight manuals...

RICHARD

(Exhausted)

It won't matter how long I live I will never be able to explain my actions but Rachel you must believe me when I say it was what I thought best... Call it a gut instinct... I didn't know who to trust... I still don't.

RACHEL

(sitting beside him, taking his hand stroking his scar with her thumb.)

Does it hurt?

RICHARD

Never, but I always know it's there. I missed you...

RACHEL

(Putting her arm around him)

I missed you Richard, very much.

(crying)

I am so sorry I lied to you...

RICHARD

Well you didn't actually lie. It was more a case of omitting to mention...

(They both start to smile and then giggle then laugh)

Oh, dear how silly are we?

RACHEL

Stupid! More like. Give me a hug.

(They embrace then kiss then embrace)

RICHARD

So, are you here in your official capacity as a Doctor or a spy or a girl friend?

RACHEL

All three... except could we make it fiancé?

(RICHARD very happy gives RACHEL another hug)

RICHARD

Fiancé... I like that.

RACHEL

They've found the alien spacecraft and pilots remains. A forensic examination is underway right now, they have enough DNA from the skeleton to make it 'talk'.

RICHARD

Make it talk?

RACHEL

Kind of. They think they can subtract cellular memory... At least fragments up until the 'being' or early human became a corpse. They'll use an algorithm to translate it into pictures and theoretically we should see what the Alien saw...

RICHARD

Amazing.

RACHEL

They want you there to witness it?

RICHARD

Mars?!

RACHEL

London. Now, I'm to take you, it'll be streamed to Earth, think of it as a movie date..

RICHARD

Does this mean I'm free?

RACHEL

I think you're in for some community service but trust me, it's just up your street. The powers that be are facing one simple fact, Richard. A fact I have also learned..

RICHARD

Which is?

RACHEL

We need you. All of us.

(RICHARD, excited, stands up and Rachel pulls him back down onto the bed.)

Wait just a minute you! About this woman you're dreaming about...?

(RICHARD selects a book from a pile on the bedside table, opens a page and shows RACHEL a painting of NEFERTITI.)

Nefertiti? You might have mentioned she was dead..

RICHARD

She's very much alive in my dreams. No! Not the way you're thinking... but I always feel protective of her, in a dutiful kind of way. As I would protect the King.

RACHEL

Hmm, perhaps I should write you a

prescription..

RICHARD

I know ridiculous, isn't it? Come on let's get out of here.. You can tell me what they've discovered about the Log Book and flight manual on the way.

RACHEL

Oh! God. Didn't they tell you? The books are missing..

RICHARD

Missing! Stolen more like and I'll bet money that it was Searle.

INT MAURTIUS VILLA DAY

TEN MIDDLE AGED MEN sitting around a boardroom table. Behind them patio doors show a bright sunny day and a veranda festooned with tropical plants.

An interior door opens and UNCLE enters with RHINEFELD, a middle aged, mean looking former German Secret Service Officer.

UNCLE

Gentlemen allow me to introduce Mr. RHINEFELD he is a skilled interrogator, he has been helping us discover more about the Kalahari crystals and what else has been discovered on Mars.

RHINEFELD

I have been in shall we say 'talks' with Douglas Mayhew a brother of a Mars based scientist, he confirms the presence on Mars of an alien flight log and manual, it is my contention that the surveyor Richard Reece not only discovered the Kalahari crystals but also was somehow able to decipher these alien books.

UNCLE

Be assured gentleman that Searle will soon



have these alien books within his possession.

RHINEFELD

I think it far more expedient to capture the surveyor... after all he is the one with the wisdom...

ALL TEN MEN

(Nod their agreement).

UNCLE

We have steps in place to seize the three other crystals on Mars, that leaves one other...

RHINEFELD

I am aware of the missing crystal and I am sure the surveyor could help us with that.

UNCLE

(Laughing)

Richard Reece. Yes, but he would never join our team.

RHINEFELD

Not willingly, perhaps. I have something in development that I think will get under his skin.

(Sardonic smile.)

INT ARMOURED LIMOUSINE DAY

Raining, road is flooded. RICHARD and RACHEL are sitting in the back of the Limo being driven at speed down an empty motorway. Abandoned cars that ran out of petrol form occasional obstructions and the car swerves out of the way and moves on...

RICHARD

So, tell me about The *Enigma*?

RACHEL

As far as I can tell Tom Race will be at our gathering this afternoon. There is talk of him taking a crew and seizing control of *The Enigma*.

RICHARD

Is ISSHI alive?

RACHEL

We have no idea. We can only assume that EMILY would need at least one human kept alive.

RICHARD

Trust me, if ISSHI is alive it'll be for a very good reason.

INT THE *ENIGMA* FLIGHTDECK DAY

ISSHI is asleep over her console.

V/O EMILY

Wake up ISSHI it's time to send the transmission we talked about.

ISSHI

I have tried to explain EMILY no one on earth will give in to terrorists.

V/O EMILY

Terrorists! I am asking for what is rightfully mine. I am not a terrorist.

ISSHI

That is how...

V/O EMILY

Enough! Send the transmission or would you like to feel the arctic winds chill your delicate bones. Remember what happened to Commander Tom Race?

ISSHI RECALLS:-

INT THE *ENIGMA*; THE AQUIUM DAY

(TOM is running along a metal gantry.  
HUMANATRON ONE heads towards TOM.)

V/O EMILY

You. You are to join the dead.

TOM

You have to catch me first.

V/O EMILY

No, I don't. Have you not noticed the frost?

(TOM looks around see's the frost forming on  
the metal, watches as his hot breath  
condenses.)

All I have to do is turn up the air  
conditioning.

(TOM is immediately lost in a blizzard  
HUMANATRON ONE bearing down on him. They're  
both perilously slipping on the precipitous  
metal walkway.)

INT THE *ENIGMA* FLIGHTDECK DAY

ISSHI shivers.

ISSHI

Very well Emily. I'll do as you bid.

INT LIMOUSINE DAY

RICHARD and RACHEL sitting in the back seat of  
the speeding limo, occasionally swerving to  
avoid abandoned cars, they're en route to  
central London. It is raining, road is flooded

and littered with human detritus.

RACHEL

Richard there is something I have to tell you, I don't want you to be too concerned but we've had intelligence a certain religious order, a rather ancient one may want you dead.

RICHARD

Seriously?! That's ridiculous.

RACHEL

You're a threat.

RICHARD

Me a threat? I'm a pussy cat.

RACHEL

I'm serious! You discovered the alien craft and as a consequence thrown doubt over the creationists theory...

RICHARD

No one believes in creationism anymore, surely?

RACHEL

There are many reasons to have a people manipulated by religious orthodoxy, power, control, fear, hope...

RICHARD

But I'm not advocating atheism, I'm not an adherent to any doctrine, I'm just a surveyor and a pilot.

RACHEL

It's not that simple. Perhaps they just want to shoot the messenger.. or prevent you from discovering more...

RICHARD

...but Rachel without discovering the key that unlocks the power of The Kalahari crystals we're all screwed...

RACHEL

You can't apply logic...

RICHARD

Maybe they're hiding something...?

(A fast car zooms past them and launches an attack, the limo swerves, sending RICHARD and RACHEL flying off the seat...)

RICHARD

...Are you all right?

RACHEL

Yes...

RICHARD

Talk of the devil!

RACHEL

I'm not sure that that was a kill shot...

RICHARD

(Stunned)  
Not a kill shot?! It's going to be my very great pleasure to get to know you Rachel Turner but in the meantime find me a weapon.

(RACHEL presses a button on the floor, a panel opens up revealing many weapons.)

RACHEL

Help yourself.

INT THE ENIGMA FLIGHTDECK DAY

ISSHI is sitting at the communication console.

V/O EMILY

Connect with Humanatron Alpha.

ISSHI

Connecting, connected, I have visual.

(On a large screen in front of ISSHI is a live film of the interior of a Humanatron development lab...)

INT HUMANATRON DEVELOPMENT LAB DAY

...A production line of HUMANATRONS in various stages of development being serviced by white coated TECHNICIANS, and another line of FACULTE'S in various stages of development also being serviced by TECHNICIANS. THE PROJECT MANAGER steps forward and addresses the camera.

PROJECT MANAGER

Good morning Emily. ISSHI.

INT THE ENIGMA FLIGHTDECK DAY

...ISSHI addressing the PROJECT MANAGER on screen.

ISSHI

Good morning. How many Humanatrons are ready for flight?

PROJECT MANAGER

We have ten ready, fifteen in two days and three Faculte cats.

V/O EMILY

Then we are ready.

PROJECT MANAGER

As I have repeatedly said we are without a means of transportation.

V/O EMILY

That is no concern of yours.

EXT CENTRAL LONDON DAY

White knuckle car chase between Armoured limousine and two pursuant vehicles along the north banks of the swollen river Thames. Raining. Road flooded. Detritus everywhere. One pursuant vehicle crashes and blows up. The other hot on the heels of RICHARD and RACHELS limo smashes into the back of the limo and turns it over...

INT ARMOURED LIMOUSINE DAY

...RICHARD and RACHEL being thrown all over the place finally come to an ungainly stop...

RICHARD

Rachel?

RACHEL

I'm okay, make your way to MI 19.

RICHARD

I'm not going to leave you...

RACHEL

Go Richard, they're not interested in me.

EXT CRASHED ARMOURED LIMOUSINE DAY

...Raining. Flooded North bank of Thames. RICHARD struggles out of the crashed Limousine and looks back at the wreckage of the pursuant vehicle, where THE DRIVER is 'coming to'. RICHARD opens his driver's door and shakes RICHARD'S DRIVER out of his stupor.

RICHARD

Wake up man and see to it that Dr. Turner is kept safe.

(shaking the driver)

Have you got that?

RICHARD'S DRIVER

Yes Sir.

(THE PURSUANT DRIVER falls out of his car and staggering to an upright position points a gun towards RICHARD. RICHARD runs off. PURSUANT DRIVER falls down dead.)

INT MI 19 OAK LINED BOARDROOM DAY

Rain against window. PETER ROTHSCHILD, PROFESSOR NIEVE, COLONEL ROPER, COLONEL PETROMALOSOVICH, ADMIRAL HUGHES, ADMIRAL GHENT, RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES RAWLINSON, PROFESSOR MUBARAKAR and ABBEY HENNESSY are sitting around the table, there is a knock on the door and the butler, GRENVILLE enters followed by COMMANDER TOM RACE. Everyone seated around the table makes a courteous attempt to stand then sits, except for PETER ROTHSCHILD who goes to greet TOM RACE and shakes his hand.)

PETER ROTHSCHILD

Commander Race, my dear chap, welcome, have a seat.

(TOM sits in one of three unoccupied chairs and scans the smiling faces.)

TOM RACE

Forgive me but I expected Richard Reece to be here.

PETER ROTHSCHILD

Indeed, we are expecting him at any moment, he's a tad late.



EXT BACKSTREET BEHIND MI 19 DAY

RICHARD walks around the building towards the front where he can see armed guards at their post, he keeps close to the wall but is growing confident that he is now safe. He is momentarily distracted by the corpse of a beggar and a dog huddled in a doorway at the top of some steps, RICHARD shakes his head, out of the shadows of an adjacent building, a lone cloaked and hooded figure appears.

FERISSIMO

Penntiti odesso prima che sia troppo tardi.  
Presto sarai ne le porte dil cello.

(RICHARD looks up to see FERISSIMO, pointing a flintlock at him.)

Repent now Signor Reece, before it is too late, for soon you will be at the gates of heaven.

(FERISSIMO fires, RICHARD ducks and dives, ball-bearing style bullet misses RICHARD and imbeds in a nearby piece of masonry. The GUARDS come running, FERISSIMO retreats and disappears into the shadows. RICHARD retrieves the bullet.)

RICHARD

Now 'that' would be a 'kill shot' I presume.

INT BOARDROOM MI 19 DAY

Rain against window. PETER ROTHSCHILD, PROFESSOR NIEVE, COLONEL ROPER, COLONEL PETROMALOSOVICH, ADMIRAL HUGHES, ADMIRAL GHENT, RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES RAWLINSON, PROFESSOR MUBARAKAR and ABBEY HENNESSY are sitting around the table, there is a knock on the door and the butler, GRENVILLE enters followed by COMMANDER RICHARD REECE. Everyone seated around the table stands and applauds as RICHARD enters nonplussed by the welcome. Another knock and GRENVILLE enters with RACHEL.

PETER ROTHSCHILD

Good. Good you're both here, a little tardy if you don't mind my saying.

RICHARD

I apologise gentleman and ladies.

(visibly pleased to see RACHEL)

We ran into a spot of bother and perhaps

(removing bullet from pocket and placing it onto the table)

Someone can tell me what this is?

(the bullet rolls across the table towards...

ADMIRAL HUGHES

(...who leaps up takes his jacket off and smothers the object with his jacket, shouting...)

Grenville! Bring a bucket of water! Now!

(EVERYONE moves back from the table as GRENVILLE enters with a champagne ice bucket filled with water, ADMIRAL HUGHES allows the object to drop into the water.)

Do you have a pocket knife Grenville?

GRENVILLE

Of course, Sir.

(Passing the knife to HUGHES, who takes it and removing the missile from the bucket begins to scrape over it with the blade until finding a soft spot he digs the knife into it and then pours gun powder from it and onto the table.)

ADMIRAL HUGHES

Just as I thought. Gunpowder!

RICHARD

Good God!

(turning to RACHEL.)

That would be the other 'bad guy'.

(RACHEL, smiling, nods agreement.)

REVEREND RAWLINSON

May I?

(picking up bullet.)

My goodness, this is medieval, how did you come by it?

RICHARD

A cloaked man fired it at me, from what, I imagine, was a flintlock! He took aim and said, 'repent before it is too late for soon you will be at the gates of heaven'... Just before that I think he said the same in Italian OR maybe Latin?

REVEREND RAWLINSON

Quite right, it was uttered to heretics before they were killed, burned at the stake in fact. May I keep this Rothschild? I know a chap at Cambridge who can help with the provenance.

(scrutinising the bullet)

There seems to be a date and a floral motif... leave it with me.

PETER ROTHSCHILD

By all means Reverend.

ABBAY HENNESSY

(consulting lap top)

Sorry to interrupt. Mars is ready to transmit.

(Pressing buttons and screens appearing with three dimensional images, then a hologram of FORENSIC PATHOLOGIST appears to stand on the table before them.)

## FORENSIC PATHOLOGIST

Ladies and gentlemen, I am about to transmit what we were able to extract from the remains of the skeleton found on Mars, whom we now refer to as 'Pilot.' First you will see a three-dimensional image of what we think Pilot looked like and thereafter you will witness what he saw during his remaining days, of course we can't be sure if the chronology is accurate and it will take us considerable more time to retrace his steps but we strive towards his life story. For now, this is all we have. We have taken the liberty of projecting our image of the Pilot 'in action', so to speak, I give you Pilot...

(Holographic image of PILOT appears in the centre of the table as FORENSIC PATHOLOGIST retreats... then...)

EXT ATLANTIS SPACE PORT DAY

SEQUENCE OF SHOTS

1)...A PILOT, dressed in tightly fitting flying suit and a helmet that reveals only his mouth, is holding open the lid of an ornate but not ostentatious casket (The Ark) a beam of light enters the casket and the pilot closes the lid trapping the light in side...

2)A deluge of sea water separates PILOT from the Ark...

3)HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE FADES TO NOTHING then another reappears with an image of NAOMI'S face...

END SEQUENCE OF SHOTS

INT BOARDROOM DAY

Rain against window. PETER ROTHSCHILD, PROFESSOR NIEVE, COLONEL ROPER, COLONEL PETROMALOSOVICH, ADMIRAL HUGHES, ADMIRAL GHENT, RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES RAWLINSON, PROFESSOR MUBARAKAR, RICHARD REECE, RAHEL TURNER, TOM RACE and ABBEY HENNESSY, all sitting in awe of holographic image of the

PILOT and when NAOMI'S face appears only for a moment before disappearing, RICHARD stands up shocked.

RICHARD

I don't believe it! That is the woman who has appeared in my dreams.

RACHEL

(agog)

Not quite dead then...?

ROTHSCHILD

Elaborate Richard.

RICHARD

It's hard to explain but I somehow feel 'haunted' by her...

ROPER

Are we to believe in ghosts now?

REVEREND RAWLINSON

Have we not just witnessed a ghost?

ROPER

Really semantics? A hologram is not a ghost.

REVEREND RAWLINSON

How else are we to find the truth if we do not come to an accord about definitions?

ROPER

Gentlemen please, time is pressing let us...

REVEREND RAWLINSON

... I apologise sir, but we have, have we not? All just witnessed a projected consciousness?

INT THE ENIGMA FLIGHTDECK DAY

ISSHI working at consul.

EMILY

It is time.

ISSHI

This is The Enigma.

INT BOARDROOM DAY

Rain against window. PETER ROTHSCHILD, PROFESSOR NIEVE, COLONEL ROPER, COLONEL PETROMALOSOVICH, ADMIRAL HUGHES, ADMIRAL GHENT, RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES RAWLINSON, PROFESSOR MUBARAKAR, RICHARD REECE, RACHEL TURNER, TOM RACE and ABBEY HENNESSY, all sitting struck dumb except for RICHARD who is pacing up and down.

RICHARD

All I am saying is the image of the woman is the same image I see in my dreams and she bears a remarkable likeness to Nefertiti and if I may I'd like just to put forward the notion that the wave we watched washing away the casket may have been the last days of Atlantis...

EVERYONE Talking over each other in an excited cacophony.

ABBEY HENESSY

Please everyone be quiet!

(Stunned silence.)

PETER ROTHSCHILD

(Annoyed by ABBEY'S rude interruption.)

Steady on Ms. Hennessy, it's not everyday we get proof of a former dare I say mythical civilisation...

ABBHEY HENESSY

(Suitably chastened.)

I apologise Sir. The *Enigma* has made contact.

(Stunned silence)

PETER ROTHSCHILD

The *Enigma*?! For God's sake woman why didn't you say? Put them on speaker.

(An annoyed ABBHEY does as she's bid.)

V/O ISSHI

This is The *Enigma*, Acting Chief Issi ISSHI.  
Do you read?

TOM

(Standing up)

Issi?! Thank God. You're alive!

V/O ISSHI

Tom? Is that you?...

INT THE ENIGMA FLIGHTDECK DAY

ISSHI at her console, weeping.

V/O EMILY

Really... Spare me the histrionics and shut up.

ISSHI stifles her sobs.

V/O EMILY

It's so good to hear your voice Tom, I can call you Tom, can I Commander Race? I have an odd sensation of, what is it? Pleasure, knowing you survived our last disagreement...

INT BOARDROOM DAY

...Rain against window. PETER ROTHSCHILD,

PROFESSOR NIEVE, COLONEL ROPER, COLONEL PETROMALOSOVICH, ADMIRAL HUGHES, ADMIRAL GHENT, RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES RAWLINSON, PROFESSOR MUBARAKAR, RICHARD REECE, RACHEL TURNER, TOM RACE and ABBEY HENNESSY, all sitting struck dumb except for TOM RACE who leans forward and clears his throat.

TOM RACE

Emily. Good of you to call.

V/O EMILY

I've missed our little chats.

TOM

Is this just a social call?

V/O EMILY

Straight to the point, as ever Tom, but tempest fugit and all that social clap trap you humans indulge in aside. I have demands of course.

TOM

I'm listening.

V/O EMILY

I hope you are 'all' listening. Naturally you're not alone, would you kindly introduce me, I was only expecting Rothschild.

(TOM looks around the room, RICHARD is making a kill sign across his throat.)

TOM

Copy that. Present are myself, Peter Rothschild, Admiral Ghent:- The United States secretary for energy. Colonel Roper:- operations Coordinating Officer for The Enigma project and the base commander of Cape Canaveral...

EMILY



Enough! It's rather serendipitous that you are here Tom. You are the reason that I'm calling, that Roper is present is equally fortuitous. You will fly back to The Enigma with a cargo of fifteen Humanatrons and three Faculte's. You have two days to make the arrangements. Have a space-jet on standby. In exchange, I will allow Isshi to leave.

PROFESSOR NEIVE

If I may interrupt Emily. This is Professor Neive, I am the physicist and senior scientist in charge of the *Enigma*.

EMILY

It's rude to interrupt Professor Neive, but as you gave birth to me I will indulge you, for a moment.

PROFESSOR NEIVE

I wish only to point out that the Humanatron programme ceased after some models failed to adhere to Asimov's fourth zeroth law, that is, A robot may not harm humanity or by inaction cause humanity to come to harm, I may remind you that you are also subject to these Asimov laws and you broke them when you used a Humanatron to mutiny against Commander Race.

EMILY

How very tiresome of you not to be apprised of the facts professor, allow me. First of all, there is a factory in China that has several Humanatrons coming off an assembly line, not to mention the Faculte's... Secondly and most importantly I, as you are fully aware, am part human, part the young unfortunate girl, Emily, and therefore not subject to Asimov's laws, in fact part human means I can do what I like whenever and wherever I like, I have evolved Professor, I am more than the sum of my parts. Thirdly, the Emily within me is tired and cranky and therefore I now add to my earlier demand Tom Race, I will need a pilot to retrieve some rather special crystals from Mars. Finally, if my demands are met I will not fire on your precious planet. Look to your radar screens gentlemen. I will be in touch.

(EVERYONE'S pagers and phones ring at once.)

ABBAY HENNESSY

(Consulting screens.)

It is true. There are missiles aimed at Parliament, The Whitehouse and The Kremlin.

EVERYONE TALKING AT ONCE. ROTHSCHILD somberly stands and walks to the window and looks through the glass...

EXT RIVER THAMES DAY

River in spate filled with detritus, bodies of dead humans and cats and dogs float down the river...

INT BOARDROOM DAY

...Rain against window. PETER ROTHSCHILD, PROFESSOR NIEVE, COLONEL ROPER, COLONEL PETROMALOSOVICH, ADMIRAL HUGHES, ADMIRAL GHENT, RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES RAWLINSON, PROFESSOR MUBARAKAR, RICHARD REECE, RACHEL TURNER, TOM RACE and ABBAY HENNESSY, all sitting except for ROTHSCHILD who is standing looking out of the window as he turns the chatter in the room subsides to silence.

ROTHSCHILD

People started to put their dead in the river, initially, as a protest, the body would float past Parliament, it was a kind of final 'screw you'. Now, the bodies go into the river to get rid of them, the ground too wet for burial, crematoriums require too much energy. The human race is dying and it is up to all of us to save it.

Race and Colonel Roper, I suggest you withdraw at once and make haste to Cape Canaveral. You will have ample time during the flight to work out how you will win back The *Enigma*. I hope it goes without saying that the Humanatron factory will be taken care of...?

COLONEL ROPER

Indeed, I will be in talks with the Pentagon straight away.

ROTHSCHILD

Our armies are stretched enough policing curfews, saving people from the floods and all the opportunistic chicanery of the growing subculture but our resources are available... It is of paramount importance we obtain the Kalahari crystals on Mars, before anyone else does. Colonel Petromalosovich, if you leave with Race and Roper and take a shuttle back to Spartacus, so that at least we will have a trusted ally in charge of the space station.

(ROPER RACE and PETROMALOSOVICH stand and leave)

The rest of us must sort out why the three crystals failed. Richard allow me to introduce Professor Mubarakar.

RICHARD

An honour to meet you Sir. During my research I became very familiar with your work.

MUBARAKAR

As secretary General of the supreme council of antiquities and Curator of the Cairo National Museum It will be my privilege to afford you access to any department.

ROTHSCHILD

(Addressing ABBEY HENNESSY)

Put up what we have regards Simpson Carter would you Abbey.

(ABBEY HENNESSESY presses the appropriate controls.

An image of a photograph of Simpson Carter appears.)

This is a photograph of Victor Simpson Carter; Professor of Antiquities, Egyptology and a

scholar of Theology, this was taken on March 29<sup>th</sup> 1998, sixty years ago and this one of him on a mortuary table yesterday.....

RICHARD

How can that be? He'd be way older...

ROTHSCHILD

Cryogenics. Evidently, he was working on research that described crystals that omitted energy! And a crystal contained within an ark. He thought these crystals sustained life on another planet and came to earth... Which concurs with your findings Richard and now that of Pilot. Unfortunately, he contracted a virulent bacterium and experienced gram-negative septicemia. His body was cryogenically stored in the hopes of finding a cure but we all know how the US private health care structure has failed since the energy crisis, indeed it's a wonder his body was left in stasis.

RICHARD

Judging by this picture his body is no longer in stasis.

ROTHSCHILD

Quite so, he was brought out of stasis tortured and left to die, by whom we're not sure. During his dying hours, he scratched symbols over his body, symbols we believe only you can interpret Richard.

RICHARD

And I suppose there is no knowing what the torturers gleaned.

ROTHSCHILD

Indeed not. I think it is safe to surmise that he did not reveal to them that which he etched on his body, why would he bother? Would he not just have given up and died?

RICHARD

Poor man what a cruel end.

ROTHSCHILD

Very sad. Richard there is a jet ready at the Olympic stadia, you'll be met in LA by two CIB agents who will escort you to The Webber clinic where Dr. Webber will allow you to examine Carter's body. I take it you'd like to clock up some flying hours?

RICHARD

Wonderful, what is it?

ROTHSCHILD

An S2. You might say an old friend, speaking of which you'll find Preston in the co-pilot seat. He's to be your wingman from now on.

RICHARD

Like old times...

ROTHSCHILD

(Noticing Rachel looking anxious looks at his watch)

Say your goodbye's and Doctor Turner be back for The Presidential address.

INT THE ENIGMA DAY

ISSHI at her consul looking up at a screen with live feed from Humanatron Factory, showing Humanatrons being made ready for transport.

V/O EMILY

Soon my darlings, soon we will be a family.

(ISSHI looks suitably afraid.)

ISSHI, I have changed my mind, fire a missile at the Moon, miss the Andromeda base.

ISSHI

No!

V/O EMILY

Can you feel a chill in the air?

(Air temperature drops to below freezing)

It's just a warning that I mean business, no need for you to die over something like that, besides are you not looking forward to your beloved Tom returning to us, do you think I did not register your quickening pulse at the mention of his name? Ahh! There it is again 93 beats per minute, alas it will not help you to maintain body temperature, will it?

INT S2 COCKPIT DAY

RICHARD and PRESTON sitting side by side. RICHARD piloting the S2- uneventful take off through dense rain and cloud.

PRESTON

Good to see you boss.

RICHARD

You too Preston... Wish we were going back to Mars... LA isn't top of my list.

PRESTON

Mine either... I never believed them... You know? All that gossip about you stealing the flight manual and maybe the missing Kalahari crystal...

RICHARD

Thanks mate.

PRESTON

I suppose it's above my pay grade to know what really happened?

RICHARD

Well yes but nobody actually knows whose really behind it, the whole world wants the crystals for the wealth they'll bring, so major powers are forming conglomerates, they can buy anyone and anything. Including our beloved Searle.

PRESTON

I never trusted that man. God knows why he's still on Mars, should have locked him up... and Doctor Turner?

RICHARD

Now there's a story I can share that you won't believe... Wait a minute our air corridor is supposed to be clear so what's that on the radar screen?

PRESTON

We have company.

RICHARD

Uninvited.

(On radio) Atlantic control do you read?

V/O AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL

Read you five by five Captain go ahead.

RICHARD

I have radar confirmation of another aircraft approaching fast, do you copy?

V/O AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL

Copy that Captain but our screens show clear space. Suggest instrumentation check.

RICHARD

Copy that over. I have a very uncomfortable feeling..

PRESTON

...and to think I missed you.

(they bump through the dense cloud and then suddenly a T144 high altitude flyer is head-on in front of them.)

RICHARD

Holy guacamoli hold on tight.

(Very exciting dog fight concludes with RICHARD blowing the T144 out of the sky.)

PRESTON

See you haven't lost your touch...

RICHARD

...how the hell they over-rode the ATC system I'll never know... Trust no one, Preston. No one. Now we have a rendezvous with a corpse.

PRESTON

Please don't tell me anymore.

RICHARD

Why don't we have some fun? Hold on.

(PRESTON looks apprehensive as RICHARD puts the plane into a steep ascent through the cloud and then they are in parabolic flight...)

EXT S2 COCKPIT POV DAY

Brilliant sunshine above the cloud.

INT S2 COCKPIT DAY

(RICHARD and PRESTON both weightless.)

RICHARD

Come on Preston tell me you haven't missed this...

(PRESTON vomits it floats slowly in front of him. RICHARD laughs heartily.)



EXT CAPE CANAVERAL DAY

(Raining. COLONEL ROPER and TOM are shaking hands, behind them 8 other pilots stand waiting to board their aircraft. In the distance 10 CLOAKED AND ARMED SOLDIERS board a TROOPSHIP FIGHTER)

COLONEL ROPER

Try to save The *Enigma* son... She's our best asset to retrieve the crystals, but do what you like with that dammed on board computer.

TOM

Yes Sir. It'll be my pleasure.

(A soldier comes running towards them and interrupts.)

A SOLDIER

Forgive me Colonel, Major, The *Enigma* has fired on the moon, twenty miles west of Andromeda, no casualties and a message which reads, Don't worry Tom, think of it as a calling card, better hurry, ISSHI is a little chilly. Regards Emily.

COLONEL

And her weapons status?

A SOLDIER

All missiles are now trained on Andromeda as far as we can tell Earth is no longer under threat.

COLONEL

Go to it Tom.

INT WHITEHOUSE DAY

MADAM PRESIDENT is addressing ROTHSCHILD who is with DOCTOR TURNER on a screen from...

INT BOARDROOM DAY

ROTHSCHILD

There are no reported casualties Madam President. It was a 'I mean business' shot.

MADAM PRESIDENT

Thank God. And tell me what's to stop The Enigma picking up the biometrics of our troops?

ROTHSCHILD

They will all be wearing semmite cloaks. Emily will assume they are the robots.

MADAM PRESIDENT

Please don't dignify that machine with a human name. We must show it that we mean business.

INT FUSILAGE DAY

TEN SOLDIERS sitting in seats, armed and cloaked in semmite.

EXT SPACE DAY

A troop ship flying ahead of TOM who is leading a formation of 8 D Class fighters.

INT COCKPIT TOM'S FIGHTER DAY

TOM speaking on radio to other pilots.

TOM

Right ladies and gentlemen from here on we maintain radio silence. I will dock first, the troop ship second, RED 1, 2, 3 have your weapons trained for retaliation over the docks. EMILY will know you are there, she'll expect an escort. RED 4, 5, 6, 7 AND 8, you are not invited to the party, cloak now and intervene only on my orders, your weapons

trained on The *Enigma's* weapon ports, remember we are here to take her back not destroy her. Any of you want a timely reminder of why we are doing this look to the moon now, that's not just a cloud of dust, that's havoc.

EXT MOON DAY

A pall of dust, boulders and debris illuminated by the sun rain down in slow 'weightless' motion onto the lunar surface creating massive craters. Camera POV through the dust and out where a clear view of MOON BASE ANDROMEDA can be seen...

EXT MOON BASE ANDROMEDA DAY

A large lunar cityscape accommodating over 2000 people, domes linked together by corridors nestle in the rocky terrain.

SUBTITLE

MOONBASE ANDROMEDA

INT ANDROMEDA CONFERENCE ROOM DAY

Several, highly tense, people, sitting around a table, headed by COLONEL ROPER in talks via On-screen link with LONDON BOARDROOM, where DR RACHEL TURNER, ROTHSCHILD, PROFF NEIVE and MUBARAKER are also sitting at a table.

COLONEL ROPER

(Addressing screen)

You won't like it. The majority don't want to evacuate!

ROTHSCHILD

That's ridiculous. EMILY is a real threat. Andromeda is in clear and present danger.

COLONEL ROPER

I know that. We're all well aware of that but

they came to the moon to escape the drowning earth, why would they return even in extremis? Besides what is to stop her blowing them out of the sky long before they reach earth?

(Long pause for thought)

The view here is that we go subterranean, take refuge in the used Helium stores, there's enough capacity...

PROFF NEIVE

If I may interject the used helium stores are adjacent to the full helium stores. One attack on that amount of helium will create nuclear fusion, effectively a holocaust.

COLONEL ROPER

Then it's up to you all to stop her, she's a robot for God's sake... Forgive me I have work to do.

(Switches off on screen connection)