

**Time Travelers in the Celestial Age**

A screenplay

by

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ON SCREEN, A MULTI-MEDIA PORTRAYAL OF THE HISTORY OF TRAVEL,  
SPACE EXPLORATION AND TECHNOLOGY. INCLUDES CLIPS FROM  
PREVIOUS TIME TRAVEL MOVIES.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The National Aeronautics and Space  
Act of 1958, Section 102, Paragraph  
A reads, "Congress hereby declares  
that it is the policy of the United  
States that activities in space should  
be devoted to peaceful purposes for  
the benefit of all mankind."

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)

This is Mission Control to Launch  
Pad 4.

LAUNCH PAD 4 (V.O.)

This is Launch Pad 4.

MISSION CONTROL

O-K clearance on Titan 5...All systems  
check...she's on her own.

LAUNCH PAD 4

Roger Mission Control...looks good.

MULTI-V.O

From various launches (Cassinni,  
Voyager, etc.)

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM, CAPE CANAVERAL. -- AFTERNOON

Members of the press mill about. H.G. Armstrong has just  
finished speaking on the SoulStar project. He stands at a  
podium with the NASA emblem on the front. On his right sit  
three time travel pilots; on his left is John Hendricks and  
Bob Golomby. Ed Frazey stands directly behind H.G. Ed flirts  
with a member of the press. Bernard Lowe slimes his way to  
the front.

H.G.

Ladies and gentlemen, members of the  
press, I'd like to invite any  
questions you may have.

BERNARD

Bernard Lowe, Twin Cities Tribune.  
Mr. Armstrong, please forgive me,  
but I find this whole thing incredible--  
traveling through time. First, I  
don't believe you can do it; second,  
I see no other purpose other than  
destructive; and 3rd it's a multi-  
million dollar fiasco!

ED

(Grabbing the mike)  
So what's your question?

BERNARD

Quite a risk wouldn't you say?

H.G.

That's how this country was built.

BERNARD

That was a real politically correct thing to say. New game show: Gambling for Your Dollars.

BOB

Cute.

JOHN

Next question.

NEXT REPORTER

Hi! I'm Ilona Spalding. I can't believe I got this assignment. It's the first one where I got to travel on my own. I am so excited...(long pause; place goes quiet, waiting for the question.

(Serious)

What would "lost in time" be like?

BOB

(Cutting off H.G)

Ah, that's not likely to happen...

H.G.

Well, Ilona, it's not much different than where you are right now. As of this moment, you're lost in time. You have reference points, but what are those references based on? What does it mean when scientists tell us something existed millions of years ago? Can we even conceive of this? And what about that watch you're wearing...

Demonstrators begin marching past the windows carrying placards reading, "Traveling Thru Time Is Against God"; "Save The Universe"; "Progress is just a faster way of dying"; "Down with Greek Gods: Saturn, Titan, Mercury".

JOHN

Oh no. Not another demonstration.

BOB

(To H.G.)

Keep the questions moving.

A few of the press direct their attention towards the demonstrators. Bob goes outside to correct the problem.

H.G.

Ah, yes, you, in the back.

NEXT REPORTER

James Dalman, New York Daily Gazette.  
I'd like to ask the pilots what kind  
of training they had.

Before the pilots have a chance to answer the demonstrators begin singing chorus repeats of "Mother Nature" although not fully audible through the windows. Joanne Martin, leading the demonstration, sticks her face to one of the windows and starts shouting some inaudible tirade. She is angry. The press become increasingly distracted.

FIRST PILOT

(Tries to answer  
through the commotion)

We've had extensive training over a  
three-year span and...

(The mike goes out)

The demonstrators are getting rowdier. Suddenly a tomato smashes against the window. The press dashes outside.

JOHN

Damn it Armstrong. This is the 3rd  
demonstration. Where is security?

(Starts to leave)

What the hell am I going to do about  
this? Can you hear the phone ringing  
Armstrong?

One of the demonstrators "moons" the window.

H.G.

(Opens the window and  
yells out)

What the hell is wrong with you  
people?

(Ed pulls him back)

ED

Under a little stress are we?

JOANNE

(Through the window)

Hey you, H.G. Armstrong!

H.G.

(He vaguely remembers  
her from previous  
demonstrations)  
I've seen you before.

JOANNE

Now criminals have a whole new way  
of runnin' from the law. Kids can  
cheat on tests. And great for guys.  
They can ride 9 months into the future  
and see who got pregnant and who  
didn't. Great birth control.

H.G.

It would never be used for those  
purposes.

Getting rowdier, the press, demonstrators and security are  
seen through the window.

ED

About that birth control idea...

JOANNE

You are tampering with destiny!

H.G.

And you are tampering with mine.  
Don't you have anything else better  
to do? Some group of friends ya got  
(The demonstrators  
are a wide assortment  
of freaks)  
Are you out of work?

JOANNE

(Enraged)  
You elitist...silver spooned...Mr.  
famous genius inventor...greedy...

H.G.

Greedy?!  
(She sprays whip cream  
in his face -- it's  
already all over the  
window. H.G. climbs  
out the window after  
her)

ED

I wonder if I should take the rest  
of the day off.  
(To the pilots)  
Hey guys...beer? I'll buy the first  
round.

(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)

You guys buy the ones after that.  
 (They joke about how  
 many rounds there  
 will be after the  
 first one)

EXT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM. -- AFTERNOON

Demonstration is in chaos.

H.G.

Judging from all these signs I'd say  
 you don't know what's bothering you.

JOANNE

The whole space administration bothers  
 me. Skylab's falling on our heads.  
 Floating debris in space. Nuclear  
 this and that. And all the noise!  
 Think of the people who live around  
 here.

H.G.

Canaveral is always redeveloping.  
 This spaceport covers a combined  
 total of 139,000 acres. All but the  
 operational areas are designated as  
 wildlife refuge.

BOB

And, 41,000 acres have been designated  
 Canaveral National Seashore.

JOANNE

How many acres did you say? I see  
 you've memorized your NASA Spaceport  
 Fact Book (Pulls out a copy from her  
 purse). Just page 1, or, 1-25? And  
 the map at the back too! I am here  
 to tell you...you are messin' with  
 Mother Nature. You mess with her,  
 you mess with me.

(SINGS)

This ol' world ain't gonna last too long,  
 and the birds in the trees,  
 they'll be singin' a different song.  
 Now listen, this is your Momma talkin', ya better do right!  
 I got earthquakes and plagues and tidal waves,  
 I'll give you an awful fight.  
 I can get moody like a hurricane,  
 if I have to, I'll even drive you insane.  
 Drown you in a sea of trouble,  
 I got the power, to burst your bubble...

DEMONSTRATORS

She's Mother Nature.

JOANNE

Don't you mess with Momma now.

DEMONSTRATORS

Take care of Mother Nature,

JOANNE

Or she'll get you somehow.

(Spoken)

I'm talkin' 'bout MOTHER NATURE. Ya know, she's rich and abundant...for now that is. And every living thing - these are her children. Whatever you got, you get from her. Forests, deserts, mountains, seas...

(Sings)

Don't make her cry, she begs you please!

You can't hide; she got a nose like a hound.  
Search in every place that you been hangin' around.  
You think that she would fall for just any ol' trap?  
She got mudslides and hail, volcanoes wail,  
she can wipe you off the face of the map.  
She can hide like a rabbit in the winter snow,  
she can turn to ice and make them cold winds blow.  
Reason why she'll get ya, here's the clue,  
when you die, guess who gets who?

(Bridge)

Whoa! The sky will start to darken,  
and waves will swell from the bottom of the sea.  
Deep within a fire is ragin', and all is gone eventually...

(Music stops. Everyone  
imagines the end of  
the world)

JOANNE (CONT'D)

(Singing slow and  
bluesy)

I'm Mother Nature.

DEMONSTRATORS

(whispering/singing  
ominously)

Don't you mess with Momma now.

JOANNE

Better take care of Mother Nature

DEMONSTRATORS

Or she'll...

BOB

(To security --  
underscoring continues)  
Get these demonstrators out of here.

DEMONSTRATOR

(Breaking through the  
crowd, directing her  
attention to H.G.)

I'm not really a demonstrator! I  
did this so I could get close to  
you. Ooh, you're so everything.  
You're a genius!

JOANNE

(Defensively)

I have a BS in biology and I know  
everything there is to know about  
amebas.

H.G.

That's very impressive. Do you have  
something against progress...what's  
your name?

JOANNE

Joanne Martin. Yes. I can't stand  
it.

H.G.

You'd rather be riding around in a  
horse and buggy.

JOANNE

Funny how men can take the romance  
right out of something.

H.G.

Oh. So romance to you is a cliché?  
Horse and buggy. Wine and cheese.  
Flowers and candy.

JOANNE

(Arrogant)

I could care less about those things.  
I happen to be a feminist and those  
things you just named happened to  
have been devised by men, not women.  
It's social conditioning.

H.G.

So your saying women don't like wine  
and cheese, flowers and candy.

JOANNE

Right.

(MORE)

JOANNE (CONT'D)

No, that's not what I...And what about you? Why is it that you have to be a living cliché yourself? You just gotta travel as fast as you can don't you? Goodbye Porsche. Hello "SoulStar". Reach the speed of limit in less than it takes to drink a beer and burp.

H.G.

I don't drink beer. The idea is to see into the future, something mankind...

JOANNE

(Correcting him)

Humankind...

H.G.

(Continuing)

...has been trying to do since the beginning...

JOANNE

I would much rather spend my time swimming in a river, or watching corn grow.

H.G.

Watching corn grow?

JOANNE

How much gas does it use?

H.G.

It doesn't use gas. No pollutants of any kind.

JOANNE

Depends on what you call a pollutant.

H.G.

In the future lies the answers to our problems Mrs. Martin...

JOANNE

I'm not married. Never will be.

H.G.

I understand why.

(Continuing)

Cancer, TB, pollution, crime, the common cold, the headache...the solutions lie somewhere in time.

JOANNE

Have you tested the vehicle yet?

H.G.

No. Yes. Well, I was hoping to get to that in the press conference. We haven't...

JOANNE

You mean you don't know if it works? How many millions of dollars? Our destiny! You're mad!

(To a security guard)

Get your hands off me!

H.G. is ushered away from the crowd.

BOB

This is getting a little heated.

BERNARD

(Slyly jotting down everything. He surreptitiously stands apart from the mayhem of the crowd)

Hasn't been tested? Or has it? Maybe we should take a look.

In the mayhem, Joanne breaks loose from the guards and follows H.G. Bernard follows right behind. H.G. inadvertently loses them. H.G. and John Hendricks head for Hendrick's office.

INT. TOP FLOOR OF THE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING, JOHN HENDRICK'S OFFICE, OVERLOOKING THE DEMONSTRATION.

Hendricks stands looking out the window. H.G. wanders around the office.

JOHN

...this is the third demonstration...

H.G.

You said that already.

JOHN

...and these people, these freaks, are getting good press, and guess what? We're not. We never do.

H.G.

Cape Canaveral isn't going anywhere.

JOHN

It's getting worse.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

There must be 18 gallons of whipped cream down there. There are a number of people who don't like us H.G. Your project is turning into a joke. Did you have to go after that woman?

H.G.

(Looking out the window  
for Joanne)  
She got me mad.

JOHN

We are not a high priority in Washington. And a lot of people don't think we have any business walking around on dirtballs in space. This one's going to be in a lot of papers. This was our biggest conference yet. I thought you were a Spock type. That's the first time I've ever seen you get emotional.

H.G.

It's just that people like her don't understand how important this is to me.

JOHN

(Answering the phone)  
Yes sir. No Mr. President...What's going on down here? Oh, not much. Temperature's up in the 80's as usual...yes sir...tomorrow morning...9 a.m. The senator will be here...yes...uh, huh...mine or his...yes sir.

(Looks at H.G.)

My job or your project...tomorrow, 9 a.m. This is too much. And all I ever wanted was to just look through my telescope.

(Starts to enter the  
office bathroom)

H.G.

(Looking out the window --  
The demonstration  
turns to mime)  
If they could only see the future  
like I do.  
(SINGS, "Hey Funny  
People")

Hey Funny People, I wish that you could see,  
a world that's shining.

(CONT.)

A world of love where nothing else can take its place.  
 The whole human race, just wants to be free.  
 Some are weak and dying, others are strong.  
 And, the strong are trying, to help them along.  
 To live together in harmony, and ease the pain and misery.  
 Love is the answer, that you've got to choose.  
 For all of what you're living for, you can easily lose.  
 Hey Funny People...

(He leaves)

JOHN

(Coming out of bathroom)

Well, yeah, I guess my wife was a control freak. And my kid was always threatening me with suicide...all that Gothic stuff...I couldn't understand it. My dog? He barks, I come runnin'. I don't know, I think I'm losin' it. Who's in charge around here anyway? H.G.? H.G.? Where did he go? See what I mean?

INT. SOULSTAR ASSEMBLY ROOM.

NASA employees are busy working on the time travel vehicle, assembling parts, adding finishing touches, etc. The vehicle is technology at its finest; a work of art. On the front of the vehicle is its name, SoulStar. It is a 4-seater arranged in semi-circular fashion. The control panel is in the process of being assembled And will attach to the vehicle in the middle. It is smaller than a car but resembles the interior of a spaceship without the roof. H.G. stands, admiring the whole operation, as Ed enters With the three pilots.

H.G.

What are you doing here?

ED

I had to come back and check up on you, you know that. I had two dark ales, that's it.

H.G.

(Looking at SoulStar)  
 She's beautiful.

ED

Yeah, but having sex with her would be like going to bed with a marching band. How many years has it been since you've looked at a female?

H.G.

Who are you talking about?

ED

Yeah, give me a break. Little Miss Mother Nature out there, who else? I haven't seen you that emotional since you first had the idea for SoulStar.

(Ed lends a supervising eye over the assembly of the control panel)

H.G.

SoulStar is my life.

ED

Mine too! What's the name of this part right here and how does it connect to the control panel?

H.G.

You know I don't know that.

ED

That's right. You do the thinkin' and I do the doin'. We've been friends along time H.G. We both admitted along time ago that SoulStar wouldn't exist without both of us. I'd be lost without you. Now if I can only get you to say that to a woman. Here, pretend I'm a woman  
(Puts H.G.'s arms around him)  
Say it..."Oh honey, I'd be lost without you".

H.G.

Oh honey, I'd be lost without you.

A TECHNICIAN passes in front of them.

TECHNICIAN

That's OK. We always knew. Everyone thinks it's wonderful. Have you set a date?

ED

So, did you talk to the old man? Man, does he hate demonstrations.

H.G.

(Trying to ignore the subject)  
You know, politics.

ED

It's two and half weeks before take-off. They're not going to shut us down?

H.G.

I'll take it home and we can work on it in my backyard if we have to.

Suddenly Joanne storms in, slamming the door behind her as she hides from security

JOANNE

Well, it must be nice having a bunch of bodyguards to protect you anytime there's a little bit of trouble.

H.G.

How did you get in here?

JOANNE

I seduced a guard. Sex opens doors.

ED

(To H.G.)

Now that's politics.

JOANNE

No, better yet, I traveled through time and space, that's how I got here.

H.G.

And the world will never be the same.

JOANNE

Why do you mock me?

H.G.

Why do you mock me?

JOANNE

You mocked me first.

H.G.

You started the demonstration!

JOANNE

You invented the...is that it? My God, it's beautiful.

H.G.

It's not quite finished.

ED

I'll take 4.

(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)

(Pulls out his wallet)

One for each member of the family.  
Imagine a garage with 4 time travel  
vehicles. Imagine a BLACK family  
with 4 time travel vehicles.

(To Joanne)

I'll take 4 of those as well.

JOANNE

(Looking at button on  
her shirt that says,  
"I give everything I  
got." Her shirt is  
full of buttons)

That doesn't mean sex. Of course,  
how else would primitive man interpret  
anything other than something sexual?

H.G.

Wait a minute. You're the  
traditionalist. You're the one who  
hates progress.

ED

Oh man, did he get you on that one.

JOANNE

You are just dodging the truth.

H.G.

What truth?

JOANNE

That the world is falling apart  
because of technology, because of  
progress. Why can't you "A-types"  
just leave things alone?

ED

It's time to call security.

H.G.

So where are all your friends?

JOANNE

Locked up in custody thank you very  
much. I demand their release.

Ed spots a man in a white lab coat taking pictures from the  
back of the room.

ED

We have an alien among us.

(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)  
 (He sneaks around  
 behind the man,  
 grabbing the camera)  
 You always take pictures in restricted  
 areas?

BERNARD  
 Absolutely. I too, go where no man  
 has gone before.

H.G.  
 You're Lowe from the Minneapolis  
 Tribune.

BERNARD  
 How nice of you to remember. Bernard  
 Lowe. Sorry to meet you.

ED  
 Some things stick in the brain even  
 when you don't want them too, like a  
 bad melody.

BERNARD  
 Relax muscles. I just wanted a closer  
 look at SoulStar. So this is it.

ED  
 (Grabbing Bernard)  
 Let's go snoopy.

BERNARD  
 Throwing me out only increases my  
 suspicions of your machine being the  
 latest advancement in military defense  
 technology.

H.G.  
 (To Ed)  
 He prints that and we are out of  
 here.

JOANNE  
 That's good. I can use that myself.  
 There's another reason to stop the  
 "progress machine."  
 (Trance-like, she  
 looks H.G. in the  
 eyes)  
 How old are you?

H.G.  
 (Not himself)  
 I'm 33. Were you born in Florida?

JOANNE

Tampa Bay.

H.G.

My uncle lives there.

JOANNE

Really? I bet he's a nice uncle.

(Breaking the spell)

Is this a defense weapon?

BERNARD

(Reinforcing his  
leverage)

There's a popular view that the powers-that-be, have joined forces, against the masses, and plan on colonizing the moon, mars, and more distant planets. And when the colonies prove themselves self-sustaining (looks at Joanne) there will no longer be a need for Mother Earth. They will then blow her out of the universe; or, let her die a slow, decadent death.

JOANNE

That's awful.

H.G.

That's nonsense.

ED

I think I want to hurt you.

BERNARD

You already do.

JOANNE

I bet you're designing the ultimate weapon so you can be reigning king of the universe!

ED

Wouldn't be a bad job H.G. Pays well.

H.G.

You have some imagination. But that's OK. The imagination is where the seeds of vision are planted.

JOANNE

(Slipping)

I like that.

(MORE)

JOANNE (CONT'D)

(Back again)

Don't you know what technology does to people? It slaves them to a weekly paycheck, TV dinners, and a beer on Saturday. How can they possibly be free to appreciate nature?

H.G.

Technology can eliminate those menial jobs they have. It can free them of restrictive and mundane activities.

BERNARD

Right. It puts them out of work.

H.G.

I think most people would just as soon not have to work. I think they want to enjoy themselves: baseball, fishing, tennis, climbing mountains. I agree with you-how can they possibly be free to appreciate nature? But my theory is, that with enough technology, the right technology, we can sustain a leisure age.

BERNARD

You mean the age of mediocrity.

H.G.

Is that what you settled for? Not me. Not my partner. With SoulStar, I'd like to think we're entering the "Celestial Age." Some say America's pioneering days are over. Look at the sky; look at the stars, and tell me our pioneering days are over.

BERNARD

Well, the scientist has feelings.

ED

I don't. Breaking you in half wouldn't bother me a bit.

BERNARD

Oh please. I saw the "How to Be Bruce Lee in Six Weeks" book hanging out of your back pocket.

JOANNE

(Dreamily to H.G.)

Have you read my book?

H.G.

You wrote a book?

JOANNE

It's called, *Doin' It Naturally*.

BERNARD

They banned it in Utah.

JOANNE

It's got nothing to do with sex. I am talking about nature. About being a woman. Finding her natural self.

H.G.

In other words, you want to be a cave woman-eat frogs, rub berries all over your body, swing from vines...

BERNARD

I bet she says yes.

JOANNE

Whose side are you on?

BERNARD

I'm the impartial press. I can't stand either side.

JOANNE

(To H.G.)

When's the last time you went camping? Or even a walk around the park?

H.G.

(Ignoring her. Bernard is snooping around the vehicle)

Would you like to sit in one of the seats?

BERNARD

How does this oversized tinker toy work?

As H.G. explains the inner workings of SoulStar, JOANNE begins to SING, "I Feel Magic."

H.G.

(Dialog under Joanne as she sings) ...by a crystalline transformation of radiated energy.

(Getting enthusiastic)

An electron has a continuous centripetal acceleration...through radiation the electron reaches the speed of light-actually, beyond the speed of light. Let me put it another way...

JOANNE SINGS, I Feel the Magic

I Feel the Magic,  
of someone who I've never met before.  
He's so completely different he might as well be from Mars.  
My feet are on the ground, his head's in the stars.  
I Feel the Magic,  
we're two completely different personalities.  
And wilder than my wildest fantasies come true.  
I Feel the Magic, the magic of you.

But, to listen to E=Mc2 for the rest of my life...

H.G., breaking away from his explanation of time travel, he  
SINGS:

H.G. (CONT'D)

I see chipmunks and squirrels running all through the house,  
if she were my wife.

JOANNE

What's the latest in technology?

H.G.

What's it like to be free?

BOTH

I Feel the Magic...

H.G.

I Feel the Magic,  
I know it won't last but the memory,  
will stay with me forever if I can  
just let go.  
I Feel the Magic, it's magic I know.

H.G. (CONT'D)

(Bridge)

Getting lost in the woods with a  
million mosquitoes I'd get eaten  
alive.

JOANNE

Watching satellites flashing pictures  
from a hundred thousand miles high.

H.G.

I, would go out of my mind, sitting  
in a field watching birds fly by...

JOANNE

Having everyone looking over my  
shoulder...

H.G.

Sitting on a front porch just getting older.

JOANNE

Blastoffs ringing in my ears,

H.G.

crickets and all those nighttime fears.

JOANNE

To worry about how the world began or how it will end,

H.G.

Just sitting down by the riverside talking with a friend.

BOTH

I Feel the Magic, I Feel the Magic,  
I Feel the Magic, the magic of you.

H.G.

(Pulling himself  
together, but still  
enchanted by what  
just happened)

Time, is, not...ah, time is not the result of things that happen. The traveler must realize and capture time as a force. Just as gravity is a force, time too, is a force. It's the one force...the only force...that dictates the life of all other forces. Unlike asphalt or air-travel that we are so accustomed to, travel on the highways of time is motion without movement. In simple terms, the vehicle contains the necessary "stuff" to separate the force, time, from the force, movement.

ED

I know the whole thing looks strange: no steering wheel, no shifter, no dice hanging from a rear view mirror.

H.G.

The center area in the time generator. The separation process takes place there.

ED

On top is the control console, which pivots to a position, as you see, just above the pilot's lap.

Technicians mount the control console as ED and H.G. continue.  
H.G., ED, BERNARD and and JOANNE are all seated.

H.G.

It controls the speed and distance  
in terms of years.

ED

The seats are arranged in a semi-  
circular fashion to promote...

H.G.

(Looking at Joanne)  
...a feeling of unity...

ED

...among the travelers in their common  
environment.

JOANNE

It feels so cozy.

BERNARD

(He flicks a switch)  
What's this?

ED

The "On" switch.

H.G.

It's taken quite a number of years  
of design and...the what?

ED

The "On" switch.

JOANNE

You mean, it's "On".

ED

(Begins to position  
himself to initiate  
the start process,  
like he and H.G.  
have rehearsed a 100  
times)

Indicator: On. Start sequence:  
initiated. Ah, H.G.? Ya might want  
to trigger the shutdown system.

H.G.

No. Wait. I want to see...

BERNARD

What's happening Professor? A lot  
of flashing buttons that's what.

(MORE)

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I'm afraid your tinker toy doesn't tinker.

H.G.

Ed, look at the clock.

ED

Yeah, I know.

JOANNE

Ah, man, my watch is broken again. Look, it's going crazy.

BERNARD

(Soberly referring to  
the clock on the  
assembly room wall)

What's wrong with that clock?

With increasing velocity, H.G., Joanne, Ed, and Bernard begin the maiden voyage through time. The SoulStar Assembly Room grows hazy. The technicians seem to be moving like insects. Eventually a few of them notice that the time travel vehicle and everyone on it are slowly disappearing.

The haziness gradually turns to night, then day, then a succession of nights and days until the sun and moon both become light streaks in the sky. The seasons begin to change, although subtly, because of the singular lack of winter in Florida. There is a constant feeling as though the travelers are about to smash head-on into the future...or the unknown.

Soon, the SoulStar Assembly Room disappears altogether; giving rise to a different architecture, which in turn disappears. The succession of day and night plus the intensity of the colors of the sky are at moments temporarily blinding. The momentum pins them against the seats. A kaleidoscopic effect takes place: trees, buildings, the sky, etc., move like a blur--like watching days change through the eyes of time-lapse photography.

H.G.

Here it comes.

JOANNE

Here what comes?

H.G.

The future! Everything the world has ever dreamed of: energy solutions; an end to war; advanced space travel, colonies in space. Venus: where the wealthy dwell. Mars: for the middle class.

(MORE)

H.G. (CONT'D)

And the rest of us will be struttin'  
to the moon, saving our pennies for  
a trip to the Milky Way.

JOANNE

OK. I've had enough now. Thanks so  
much for the show. Multimedia huh?  
Slides, and video. Very good. Very  
well put together.

BERNARD

This ain't no slide show.

JOANNE

Couldn't we pull over for a while?

H.G.

Sorry. No rest stations.

ED

H.G. The shutdown system is  
inoperative. It was never connected.

H.G. doesn't hear a thing. He's too busy watching a dream  
come to life. He SINGS, "Destination: Love."

Travelin', to a different time and place.  
Searchin', lost in Outerspace.  
Movin', the years are flyin' by so fast.  
Too fast, to see the signposts that we pass.  
Ahead it looks like disaster, a storm of cosmic debris.  
Hold on this rocket is shakin', to our destiny.

ALL

Destination: Love. Destination:  
Love.

JOANNE

Travelin', to a different galaxy.

BERNARD

Goin', where it's trouble free.

ED

Cruisin', through space beyond the  
speed of light.

JOANNE

Guided, by some strange celestial  
sight.

ALL

We're on this journey together, like  
drifters through the unknown.

(MORE)

ALL (CONT'D)

Our map is our imagination--dare the  
danger zone. Destination: Love  
Destination: Love

JOANNE

Destination: Love

H.G.

They say, just beyond the horizon,

ALL

lies a world of love they call it  
paradise.

ED

It's the chance you take, could get  
lost in the darkness.

ALL

I know we can make it if we try.

BERNARD

Seasons, turn like pages in a book.

H.G.

Sweet dreams, vanish, time's the  
crook.

JOANNE

Trapped on, a planet made of ice and  
stone.

ED

Feeling, the chill of standing all  
alone.

ALL

Hold on we're getting much closer,  
love's out there waiting for me.  
It's your love that I'm after, that's our destiny.  
Destination: Love Destination: Love.  
Destination: Love Destination: Love.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL SPACEPORT. SOMEWHERE, FAR INTO THE  
FUTURE. -- EVENING

The scene gradually unfolds as the travelers slowly start to  
notice their new surroundings. A group of brown-skinned  
people dressed in multi-colored chiffon wraps scatter and  
hide from the whirlwind created when the vehicle finally  
comes to a stop. This happens so quickly that none of the  
travelers notice.

Suddenly there's not a sound. The air is eerie. There is  
nothing but geometrically shaped ruins covered in various

parts by exotic vegetation. A slight smoldering smoke lingers on the walls of the ruins. The ruins are largely made up of gold, silver and other metallic materials. The principle ruin is what appears to be a demolished futuristic space depot.

There are large holes in the walls and large twisted support beams extending in every direction. At the base of the shuttle is a burnt-out space vehicle. Slowly the travelers start to move around. A few moments pass before anyone says a word. Because of the precarious way the ruins have fallen, occasional noises are heard echoing from the structural shifts and falling debris).

H.G.

I can't imagine anyone surviving this.

ED

It's lifeless.

BERNARD

At least we got here "after". A few days earlier and we might not have been walking around.

JOANNE

Congratulations. Your machine works. Can we please go now?

H.G.

I thought you were the explorer type.

JOANNE

Deep dark caves are one thing. Deep dark holes in space and time are another.

(She approaches the burnt-out space vehicle and then suddenly hears a noise)

What was that?

ED

(Prepared with his own brand of karate)

I heard it too.

Ed moves cautiously near the vehicle. He begins to circle it as Joanne stands rigid, trying to peer through the window. She strains her neck an extra inch to see inside. Suddenly a person pops up right in the window. They are face to face. The person, blond-headed and skinny, is not any more thrilled at the sight of her, than she is of him. A scream begins to build--both of them.

As the scream is about to explode, Ed dashes around to the front, and with a swift karate blow, knocks the guy down out of sight.

ED (CONT'D)  
 Damn...training paid off!  
 (Referring to the  
 Bruce Lee book in  
 his back pocket. He  
 gets cocky, like  
 he's just been  
 accepted into a gang)

H.G.  
 (Checking out the guy  
 who got hit)  
 Hey Bernard, help me pull this guy  
 out.

BERNARD  
 Good punch for a beginner. Is he  
 alive? I certainly hope so. I  
 have so much to ask him.

JOANNE  
 All you care about is your story.

BERNARD  
 Suddenly you care about this guy?

ED  
 (Thinking he killed  
 the guy)  
 It was just supposed to be a stun  
 blow. It's right here, on page...let  
 me find it...

No one is yet aware that they are being watched.

BERNARD  
 Is he armed?

H.G.  
 Nothing. No I.D. No pockets...don't  
 anyone move.

They all hear silence, but now start to feel the presence of  
 a 100 beady eyes.

JOANNE  
 (Whispering)  
 I'm getting the impression that we  
 are...surrounded.

H.G.  
 I believe you're right.

ED

Anyone feeling religious?

JOANNE

You mean, as in prayer?

BERNARD

Well, if they are anything like this guy, we'll just sic Bruce Lee Rover the Dog on them.

ED

You know, you annoyed me back then and you annoy me now. You annoy me far across the span of time.

JOANNE

Any possibility of making our way back to SoulStar, like, quickly?

H.G.

Yes. And, no time for goodbyes.

(All four slowly make their way towards the travel vehicle. Each step is an eternity. Mass murder is definitely in the air. H.G. is about to take another step, and just before he does, the place breaks out in mayhem)

Run! Run!

SUNYA

Wait! Don't leave. Take me with you.

Others -- PEOPLE OF THE FUTURE -- rush to the vehicle groping, pulling and pushing

H.G.

They're not an enemy...they're just scared.

SUNYA

Oh my nose! Please take me with you. I know you're not one of them.

H.G.

One of who?

SUNYA

I don't know who, or what they are. I've never seen them before.

(MORE)

SUNYA (CONT'D)

But when they come, we keep  
disappearing one by one. Fortunately  
they can't always catch us.

JOANNE

Who are you?

SUNYA

Sunya.

BERNARD

Who wrote this script? Sunya?  
(Mocking)

I am Zirconiak, from the planet Mugu.  
We come in peace. If I'm going to  
get a story here I need something  
more than a sci-fi fantasy.

ED

You just traveled through time, and  
that's not a story?

BERNARD

Naw, I need the dirt. There's no  
story unless it's dirty.

JOANNE

You know you're starting to get on  
my nerves now too.

SUNYA

So what period are you from?

H.G.

How did you know we were from another  
time? Do you know about time travel?

SUNYA

(Pointing to the burnt-  
out space vehicle)

What do you think that is? It's a  
combo time and space vehicle.

H.G.

I'm not taking anyone anywhere until  
I find out what happened here.

Flying from out of nowhere, like a dizzy ballerina, WEENA  
appears.

WEENA

Total destruction.

ED

(Admiring her)

I wouldn't say total.

WEENA

I'm Weena.

BERNARD

So you all only have one name? A world full of Cher's and Madonna's.

SUNYA

How many do we need?

THE PEOPLE OF THE FUTURE, most of them now fully visible, sit or lean against the wreckage near SoulStar. Their emotions run the range of happy to scared. They seemed to have been once happy, but confused by what destroyed their world and who and why they are being attacked. One has the shakes. Another keeps peering around corners. One hasn't moved; frozen in shock. Others express confusion, fear, and happiness in their own way.

H.G.

Do you know all these people?

SUNYA

We are one family. I was in the Inspection Transporter, just flying along, when...

H.G.

When what?

SUNYA

Boom!

H.G.

Was this a city?

SUNYA

Canaveral InterDimensional Spaceport.

WEENA

(Sad)

I don't understand the way I feel.

ED

(Ccomforting her)

Well, looks like somebody tore your playhouse down.

WEENA

(Rubbing her eyes)

What are these? Why are my eyes wet?

ED

I believe those are tears.

BERNARD

These people act like children.

H.G.

They don't seem to have the slightest idea what happened, or what to do with themselves.

Many of the PEOPLE OF THE FUTURE walk around aimlessly, looking for who knows what, apparently hungry. But as they move they are obviously agile, except for one, who keeps bumping into everything).

JOANNE

(Helping the one who keeps bumping into everything)

You are going to hurt yourself.

SUNYA

I think he sees everything double. He's been like that every since it happened.

H.G.

Ever since what happened? I still haven't gotten any answers here...

Before H.G. has time to finish his sentence, chaos breaks out. They are suddenly under attack. Everyone takes off helter-skelter. The travelers have no choice but to do likewise. The attackers are hideous looking, with large white circles around their eyes. Neanderthal-like; covered with patches of hair. They speak no language other than futuristic guttural noises. They are clumsy and dumb.

The travelers, unlike the People of the Future, do what they can to fight back. The attackers are apparently not used to having their "prey" fight back, and are bewildered. The attackers start to scatter. Three of them attempt to take Weena with them, but through a quick series of elaborate karate moves, Ed renders all three senseless. Barely able, they manage to run off. Soon all the attackers are gone. Once again, it's quiet and eerie.

ED

Hey H.G., that was one hell of a jump.

H.G.

Jump? I was pushed. Everybody OK?

JOANNE

(Upset)

And you wonder why I was demonstrating?

(MORE)

JOANNE (CONT'D)

You wonder why I was trying to stop you? You wonder why I might be a little upset at this particular time and place?

H.G.

What happened here is not our fault.

WEENA

(To Ed)

Why did you stop them?

ED

Well, I couldn't let them take you away.

H.G.

Where's Bernard?

BERNARD

(Sitting high up on a pile of ruins)

That was all very interesting. I really wish I had my camera. So let's see,

(he's writing down notes)

who's the good guy and who's the bad guy?

JOANNE

I think that's obvious.

BERNARD

How do you know it's not a rebellion? These people seem blasé about everything. What are they afraid of?

H.G.

They're afraid of getting hurt.

BERNARD

So why the attack?

H.G.

Well, there's a lot we don't know.

ED

Hey Bernard, thanks for all your help.

H.G.

Don't you people know how to defend yourselves?

SUNYA

(Popping his head out  
of the burnt-out  
vehicle)

We've never had an enemy.

H.G.

So who are they?

SUNYA

I think they might be the "underground  
dwellers." We heard stories when we  
were young, but it was never something  
to worry about. We were never allowed  
to go down there.

BERNARD

(Happy)

I smell a cover-up.

JOANNE

How do you know Mother Nature didn't  
destroy all this?

H.G.

Judging from all this vegetation,  
I'd say Mother Nature was doing just  
fine.

WEENA

Can you help us?

H.G.

(Motioning to the  
other travelers to  
come closer. He  
speaks to them only)

I say we stay. These people are in  
bad shape.

JOANNE

We can't just leave them.

ED

(Looking at Weena)

I'm in no hurry.

BERNARD

It's just starting to get exciting.

JOANNE

But we really shouldn't be here.  
Aren't we messin' with the future.

H.G.

That's the decision we have to make.

ED

Ya had to flip the switch, right?

BERNARD

SoulStar was about to bite the dust. You should be glad to get the chance to find out if it worked or not.

H.G.

How'd you know the project was in trouble?

JOANNE

Need you ask?

ED

So what do we do?

H.G.

I don't know. We can't leave them, even if it is a problem of the future. "See ya. We were just time hoppin' and thought we'd stop by to see how the apocalypse is going."

ED

I thought the future was our responsibility.

Everyone thinks about this for a minute.

H.G.

(To Joanne)

So I suppose you know how to start a fire?

JOANNE

Why do you have to ask that with such an attitude? You know, women quest for fire too. There wasn't always a man around. So where's your technology now? Where's your Bic lighter?

BERNARD

Right here.

ED

The fluid won't last.

H.G.

We have to plan for the next attack.

JOANNE

I also know how to set a trap, although I wouldn't do it because I'm a vegetarian.

H.G.

We don't want to eat them. We just want to stop them.

ED

Let's do it.

JOANNE

I'm not afraid.

BERNARD

We're talking Pulitzer Prize here.

ED

(To Weena)

Where do you sleep?

WEENA

(Dancing)

Anywhere.

JOANNE

So now you get to be ruler of not ONLY the universe, but ALL time.

H.G.

Is that what you think? You think I'm playing God? Why do you turn everything into an issue?

JOANNE

If we stay we should stay because they need us, not because of a Pulitzer Prize,  
 (looking at Ed and Weena)  
 or sex, or because you got to prove what a genius you are.

H.G.

OK fine. You cook.

JOANNE

Cook! That did it. How unbelievably chauvinistic macho male type guy...man, wait 'til you get hungry.

(She pauses)

Cook?

(To herself)

I don't know how to cook. Berries and nuts, yeah. But cook?

H.G.

What do you do when you're home?

JOANNE

I...I use a microwave.

H.G.  
(To Sunya)  
We're staying.

SUNYA  
No. Why? You got a time travel  
vehicle. Let's get out of here.

H.G.  
You would leave without the others?

SUNYA  
(Not understanding)  
It's OK. Somebody else will take  
care of them.

WEENA  
(Pulling a container  
out from beneath the  
rubble. She speaks  
to Ed)  
I don't know why but you saved my  
life. Here, have one.

ED  
What's this?

WEENA  
Food pills.

ED  
Food pills?! Hey H.G., look at this.  
Just like you imagined.

BERNARD  
Food pills. I feel like we're seeing  
the collapse of the "Jetsons."

JOANNE  
Great. Bioengineering to the Max.

H.G.  
I have no idea what these are, but  
if they're good enough for them...

ED  
These had to be made in a lab. I  
wonder if there's more.

WEENA  
Buried. I used to work there.

H.G.  
So you did work?

WEENA

Yes but one hour a day is just too much. It's so hard.

H.G.

(Looking at Joanne)

Less working hours? Remember?

JOANNE

Yeah, you're "work hour a week" got this place destroyed.

ED

(To everyone)

Food pills anyone?

H.G.

Maybe these are what the attackers are after.

SUNYA

But why do they take us?

H.G.

I hate to sound like a general but I think we should all spread out. See what we can find. Meet back here in an hour? Watch yourselves.

ED

I just remembered the ocean. The ocean is still around right?

WEENA

I've never been to the ocean.

ED

You're kidding? It's not even two miles from here.

JOANNE

I'll teach them what to do like the Indian did to survive. That is, until the White Man came along.

SUNYA, for the first time in his life, feels jealousy as he watches WEENA and ED head for the ocean. JOANNE mingles with a group, wondering how they made their cloths, where they lived, and where more food might be. BERNARD takes off.

INT. ENTRANCE TO UNDERGROUND, A RUINED CUPOLA.

BERNARD

Was it so much for them to tell me where the entrance is?

(MORE)

BERNARD (CONT'D)

What's this, an entrance? Pure luck.

(He peers down the  
cupola-like structure  
[a shaft] expecting  
to come back up  
without his head)

There's a ladder. This place is weird...well, if anybody finds out what happened here, I will. So what's changed? Two groups fighting. That's the way it's always been. This time the "gang" lives underground. Hmm, could be an underground prison: maniacs, deviates, etc.

(Writing it down)

The ugly, living underground. And above, paradise: the beautiful people. Clearly a case of the Haves versus the Have-nots. But who zapped this place? It couldn't be either one. It had to be someone else.

(Looks up)

Aliens? There is definitely a cover up going on here. The whole universe is a cover-up! Now come on. Since when does a top-notch journalist like me not use a little sensationalism? Gotta get that headline.

(BERNARD SINGS, "I Got the Scoop")

I Got the Scoop!

It's the number one story, I'll be up to here in glory,  
Got the Scoop!

At the office I'm a fool, in the future I'm so cool.

I Got the Scoop!

Small time journalist hits it big,  
Well known for his ability to dig.

I'm gonna be a star.

I Got the Scoop!

I'll find the dirt.

If there is any trouble, I'm the one to burst the bubble,  
Got the dirt. Got the low-down.

Rapist, con or killer, guaranteed to be a thriller,  
I'll find the dirt!

Sneaky people don't have a chance,

not when I'm around, catchin' them with their pants...down.

I'm the number one snoop, yeah, I Got the Scoop.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

(Spoken)

The whole world is gonna call me a  
hero.

(MORE)

BERNARD (CONT'D)

They'll put my face right on the  
cover of Time and Newsweek. The  
caption will read...

(SINGS)

"Journalist Uncovers the Future of Man."  
Scientists, hell, the President, well,  
he'll be shaking my hand...

(Stepping up to receive an award) Thank you!

I'll be the number one reporter in everybody's eyes...why?  
I Got the Scoop!

An interview in Playboy, they'll be saying to me, "Hey, boy?  
(Spoken) Where'd you get your information?" I'll say, "Sorry,  
I cannot reveal my sources."

(SINGS)

I'll be covered in every magazine,  
'cause I'm the first reporter on the scene.

In the follow-up news,  
The Cover Up Blues, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!  
They'll call me the big bad prophet of doom,  
At the push of a button the world will go,  
boom! Boom! Boom! Boomy boom boom...

Who uncovers the dirt? Exposes the spies?

The scandals, connections, the 1000s of lies?

The number one reporter (Halfway into the well entrance)

I Got the Scoop! (Popping his head up over the rim of the  
well)

I Got the Scoop!

INT. RUINED OBSERVATORY. NIGHT.

H.G. and Joanne enter a huge ruin, once an observatory. A  
large and super-advanced telescope stands in the middle,  
it's "eye" pointing to the sky. The telescope has a crack  
down the middle, and the lens is shattered. The walls of  
the ruin are geometrically designed with sharp angles jutting  
out; blasted, shifted, and heavily chipped.

Moonlight filters in through the cracks creating a network  
of moonbeams. It is more like an indoor garden; beautifully  
landscaped with exotic shrubbery and flowers. Of most unusual  
note, huge vines hang at random, resembling a monkey's  
playground.

On one of walls is a large painting picturing man and woman,  
child, celestial charts, and planets-known and unknown.  
Because the walls have shifted and broken, the rendering is  
not as it once was. It is at the same time scientific and  
artistic; in full color.

To the right of the telescope is a futuristic "astrolabe",  
and to the left is a world globe on a stand, with the planets  
positioned around it. The observatory was obviously used  
for scientific observation of the starts as well as a place  
for pleasure.

H.G.

Unbelievable. It's an observatory...in the future! Look at that telescope!

JOANNE

The vegetation is incredible. What are these? They look like fruit...everywhere...different kinds of fruit. I wonder how much of all this is edible?

H.G.

I've dreamed of a telescope like this (trying to look through the eye piece). I bet you can see the dust on Pluto...it's broken. Looks like everything's been destroyed.

JOANNE

Burns a hole in your "enough technology to sustain a leisure age" theory.

H.G.

Not true. I'd say they achieved it. Remember was Weena said, "one hour a day". And this place...the perfect combination of advanced technology and nature...all in one room.

JOANNE

(She sees the connection, but not between technology and nature) Are you trying to tell me you think we could get along?

H.G.

(Avoiding her) Food pills. No crime. No one needing anything. One hour a day work time. They did it...they created a paradise.

JOANNE

And how do you see man and woman in paradise?

H.G.

(Still avoiding) Maximum efficiency with minimum effort. No pollution. No cancer. The dream of every generation.

JOANNE

Here and now.

H.G.

What?

JOANNE

You know, you are so busy flying back and forth from the past to the future, that you have no idea what it means to be in the here and now. Do you know how much I like you?

H.G.

You mean, you're attracted to me?

JOANNE

You wouldn't know it if I slapped you in the face.

H.G.

You just did.

JOANNE

You're so stiff! Analyzing all the time. Gotta do this, gotta do that. Loosen up, chill out, get down, let it go!

H.G.

Two hours ago we were attacked by 100 werewolves; I can't begin to explain what happened here; and when we go back, I have to convince the director of NASA...hell, Washington...hell, the whole damn country that, thanks to Bernard, SoulStar is not an ultimate weapon of destruction; and...

JOANNE

But while all of that is going on, where's the "time"--did you hear me?-- I said, "time" to love? You act, walk, and talk like a computer. (Exasperated) MEN! First it was your horse. Then the car. Then the train, and the plane and the jet skis and motorized skateboards and, "Hello, world, here he is, the big H.G, inventor of the next toy that men get to play with while they forget about their wives and girlfriends..." (Continuing her charade) "In fact, it is the ultimate toy. Because now men can ignore their wives and girlfriends, they can escape from them totally...Yes sir, step right up...escape through time...only one dollar."

H.G.

(Long and reflectively confused pause)  
...are you really attracted to me?

JOANNE

I'm enchanted.

H.G.

Well, you certainly are open about your feelings...you're really aggressive too. (Starts pacing) I mean, it would take me forever...hell...I don't even know if I ever could...get to the point where I could tell you I fell in love with you the second I saw you through the window back at the press conference...There's no WAY I could tell you that (he continues to pace and ponder).

JOANNE

What did you say? Did I just here you say...

H.G.

What, you mean, what I couldn't say?

JOANNE

Yeah. Say what you couldn't say!

H.G.

Well, I can't! I can't say what I couldn't say.

JOANNE

No, but you could say it in a way that it couldn't be said.

H.G.

(Totally stumped. A few seconds pass and they both smile and relax. They sit down together on a pile of rubble). You sure are taking this whole destruction thing in a good way.

JOANNE

To tell ya the truth, I expected it.

H.G.

So did I. It's because of this, what happened that is, why you demonstrate?

JOANNE

Exactly. And that's why you invented the time travel vehicle.

H.G.

Do you really sit in a field watching corn grow?

JOANNE

I have a confession.

H.G.

You DO sit in a field...

JOANNE

I really don't know everything there is to know about amoebas. I just didn't want you to think I'm dumb. I just got this little old BS degree in biology, and you got, how many?

H.G.

I never thought you were dumb. I think you're brilliant...except I think you should change the title of your book.

JOANNE

Sometimes I feel so helpless.

H.G.

I know what you mean.

JOANNE

You do?

H.G.

I guess I keep looking at the "big world," because I'm always amazed at how big it is! A holocaust. How do I explain a holocaust?

JOANNE

I don't think you should try. We can only do what we can to prevent it.

H.G.

In a way I sort of feel relieved. I mean, for so long they've been prophesizing the end of the world. I got tired of hearing it.

JOANNE

Everybody's a prophet of doom.

H.G.

Right. Well, here it is. It's over.  
It happened. Now the prophets of  
doom become folk heroes.

JOANNE

See? You're back in the past!

H.G.

Good catch.

JOANNE

Now we've got a responsibility to  
these people.

H.G.

The People of the Future.

JOANNE

The People of Now.

H.G.

(Holding her) The People of the Here  
and Now.

JOANNE

This is your chance to be a leader.

H.G.

I thought you didn't like leaders.

JOANNE

I have another confession.

H.G.

You want to be a leader?

JOANNE

With you.

H.G.

I like it. I like it here. I like  
it right here and now...with you.

(H.G. and Joanne sing, "The Longest Love Song")

Through time, there have been so many love songs, and I wish  
that I could sing them all for you.

In rhyme, a 1000 verses long, I could sing of all the things  
I love about you.

It would be, The Longest Love Song, and it might take a  
lifetime to do.

So I want to know, if you want to spend, a lifetime with me,  
and listen to me sing it all for you.

Each note, as it dances through the memory, brings us back the times and places we once shared.

We'll go, beyond the broken dreams, and no matter what, at least we know we cared.

It would be, The Longest Love Song, and it might take a lifetime to do.

So I want to know, if you want to spend, a lifetime with me, and listen to me sing it all for you.

When you find yourself where you don't fit in, hearing eerie laughter in the howling wind.

You listen closer, a melody, sung by voices in harmony.

It would be, The Longest Love Song,

and it might take a lifetime to do.

So I want to know, if you want to spend, a lifetime with me, and listen, to me sing it all for you.

JOANNE

(Spoken) It's like starting all over.  
No cars. No wars.

H.G.

And this would be our palace.

JOANNE

(As they both sit on imaginary thrones) We shall rule together.  
And tell me sire, how shall you rule the kingdom?

H.G.

(Loftily) First, I shall make it so that every home has a TV.

JOANNE

Already done.

H.G.

OK. A TV on their wrist.

JOANNE

Oh that's just great. What a perfect way to completely pacify the masses.  
Instant brainwash.

H.G.

That isn't what I...

JOANNE

And I suppose computers will do everything?

H.G.

Here we go.

JOANNE

Whadda ya mean, "here we go?"

H.G.

Another issue.

JOANNE

And you fall right back to your technological eCommerce virtual type self.

H.G.

You can't just (imitating her mockingly) "live in nature". What happened to civilization?

JOANNE

(Getting explosive) THIS! THIS is what happened! To you, nature is just a picture on a postcard.

H.G.

Go ahead. Pick your berries. Meanwhile, I'M THE ONE who knows how to drive SoulStar. How, may I ask, were you planning to get out of here?

JOANNE

Drive? I thought you didn't drive it.

H.G.

Slip of the tongue.

(They exit the observatory arguing away).

EXT. - THE COASTAL AREA OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN NEAR CAPE CANAVERAL. NIGHT.

(Ed and Weena enter a lagoon-like area, with strange rock formations and plant growth. There are billions of stars in the sky).

ED

I can't believe it. The coastline has shifted. I don't remember the Atlantic ever looking like this.

WEENA

I've never seen a fish.

ED

You what?

WEENA

I've seen them in the Spaceport Aquarium, but never right out of the ocean. How do you get them out of the water?

ED

(Delighted by her naiveté) Ya yell at 'em. (To the fish; let's out a sharp whistle) OK fish. Come on guys. Outta the water. Let's go.

WEENA

They come when ya call?

ED

Sure.

WEENA

Here fish. (She wiggles her fingers at the water) Come out fish. (Catches herself) Oh! What am I doing? I feel so silly. You must think...

ED

I guess there are people in this world who've never seen fish in the ocean. (Noticing the fish have not come out) Sometimes they have an attitude. There is another way. I picked up this hook on the way; I need some thread. (He looks at her torn wrap-around) I just found some thread. You don't mind?

WEENA

No, not at all. (They touch. Weena is completely uninhibited) What are you going to do? Are you going to put that hook in them?

ED

(Self-conscious) I know it's not very nice, but those food pills won't last forever. Ya gotta eat; ya gotta survive.

WEENA

(Looking at the fish) So why do they run away in fear-like we do?

ED

They know they're going to die. Besides, they're just fish.

WEENA

How do you feel, when you know you're going to die?

ED

Man, talk about guilt.

WEENA

(Innocently changing the subject) Do you want to do it?

ED

Do it? You mean, do it, here? Now? (He stops unraveling the thread just above her knees) Ah, you know you can also catch them with a net. That's what fishermen do, they get a lot of rope and stitch across (diagramming with his hands in the air) He gets caught up in the thread) Ah, stitch across each other, like this...and then throw it in the water...and well...aren't you and Sunya in love?

WEENA

We haven't been in love for years.

ED

Yeah, I understand. I noticed you really weren't getting along too well. He didn't make a move to help you back there, and, he gave me some pretty funny looks. Are you still married?

WEENA

The tradition of marriage disappeared along time ago.

ED

So you're not married?

WEENA

I never knew him until this happened.

ED

(Throwing the hook in the water) Don't you have anyone special in your life? Mom, or dad?

WEENA

The tradition of family disappeared...

ED

Right, a long time ago.

WEENA

All of our needs are taken care of.

ED

Well, they were...not anymore. You weren't born in a test tube, were ya?

WEENA

Babies are raised in the Baby Aquarium.

ED

Wait till H.G. hears about this. He always talked about a motherless society. All your needs taken care of...no wonder you don't know anything about fishing--ya never had to. Man, talk about a sheltered world. No pain. No fear. No wonder you're so...open. So, this means that men didn't have to chase women anymore. No nagging wives. No nerds for husbands. No dating. It's the perfect singles world. Sex was free.

WEENA

Yes.

ED

You're kidding?

WEENA

Sex is free.

ED

Anyone with anyone? Wait...I got a nibble...nope, I guess not. I like sex, but I never thought of living my life out like an orgy.

WEENA

I've never felt like this with anyone before. I feel so different with you. Now that everything is destroyed, I feel helpless. But not with you. Everyone is so scared. But, you're not.

ED

You're special.

WEENA

I don't understand.

ED

I guess not everything has changed.  
 You don't even know what it is to  
 feel special do you? Not much  
 different from the time I come from.  
 Heavens and secrets and enchanted  
 magical kingdoms aren't much without  
 someone to share it with.

WEENA

You mean, someone special?

ED

Yeah, someone special. Back in my  
 time, people can be cold...what they  
 call, a faceless crowd. And now,  
 here in the future, it looks like  
 you all refined it into an art. You  
 live together--but you don't know  
 each other.

WEENA

That's how the past is?

ED

Yeah, not much different.

(Ed and Weena sing, "Someone Special In My Life")

ED (CONT'D)

In a world of dreams, where lovers'  
 schemes, light the night with fire.

WEENA

I am all alone, in some twilight  
 zone, my heart cries desire.

ED

I've been waiting for, what love has  
 in store, for that special time.

WEENA

When two lover's eyes, start to  
 realize, they're that perfect rhyme.

ED

Before we met, I had my share of  
 lovers, that perfect rhyme, could  
 never have come true.

WEENA

Since we met, now I know I'll never,  
 be alone, when I have someone like  
 you.

BOTH

Someone to touch, someone to love so much.

Someone to share, someone who'll really care.

Someone Special, Someone Special In My Life.

ED

People everywhere, never stop to share, they just run and hide.

WEENA

And I wonder so, who wants to know, what I feel inside. Then you called my name, now it's just not the same, as it used to be.

BOTH

Ooh, it's a SPECIAL kiss, makes me feel like this, from a fantasy.

WEENA

Can't describe this beautiful sensation, something I have never known before.

In your arms I understand the meaning, of what love is, and what I'm living for.

BOTH

Someone to touch, someone to love so much.  
 Someone to share, someone who'll really care.  
 Someone Special, Someone Special In My Life.  
 Can't describe this beautiful sensation,  
 something I have never known before.  
 In your arms I understand the meaning, of what love is, and  
 what I'm living for.  
 Someone to touch, someone to love so much.  
 Someone to share, someone who'll really care.  
 Someone Special, Someone Special In My Life.

INT. - OBSERVATORY. NIGHT.

(Joanne lights a fire with a Bic lighter. People of the future lounge around, killing time. H.G. paces; disturbed).

H.G.

Who were the powers-that-be? These people were merely fulfilling a function. In exchange, they were given bliss. But what did the powers that be get out of it? Control. Control of the country. Control of the world...(looks up at the celestial drawing) the planets.

ED

(Enters the observatory with Weena, carrying a catch of fish) Forget the food pills. Now we got something real to eat.

JOANNE

They eat food pills and you have to kill to survive.

ED

Wait a minute...

JOANNE

Look at all the fruit and vegetation around you. If you want to teach these people to survive, can't you do it without teaching them to kill?

ED

They're just a bunch of fish!

JOANNE

And those creatures think we're a bunch of fish. They've probably been brutalized all their lives and now they're getting revenge. What they need is love.

ED

(To H.G.) She's starting to sound more idealistic than you are.

SUNYA

We're going to die, aren't we?

H.G.

No. There's a solution.

SUNYA

Why won't you just take us out of here?

H.G.

Because this is your world. If you leave, who'll take care of it?

PEOPLE OF THE FUTURE

(Mixed responses) There's nothing we can do...we're helpless...it's hopeless...

H.G.

Life is a balancing act. Ya take the bad with the good. It's ying and yang. It's you, and me, and her, and all of us.

SUNYA

We failed. Our world has crumbled.

H.G.

You haven't lost everything. Ya got each other. And, ya gotta stick together. Everybody does what they can. Some are good at this; some are good at that. And everybody gets down. Something happens and it seems to screw everything up. But ya gotta juggle the bad with the good. Jugglers--like in a circus. Imagine this....

(H.G. starts to sing, "A Couple of Jugglers")

16 plates on a high wire, lord'y look below there's no net.  
This is just the beginning, they ain't seen nothing yet.  
Ooh, suspense is killing 'em, question - will we or won't we fall?

It's a do or die situation, but we give it our all.

Couple of Jugglers,  
catch this balancing act.

A Couple of Jugglers,  
doin' it with grace and with tact.

Flyin' thru fire, triple flips in the air, watch the crowd's faces as they stop and stare.

A Couple of Jugglers, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Just when you think it's intermission,  
suddenly the crack of a whip,  
never thought we could top this,  
now we got 'em bitin' their lip.

Center ring, we're the main attraction...

What's that? The growl of a lion!

Just be cool, keep on jugglin',  
meanwhile the crowd'll be dyin'.

A Couple of Jugglers, catch this balancing act.

A Couple of Jugglers, oin' it with grace and with tact.

Flyin' thru fire, triple flips in the air,  
watch the crowd's faces as they stop and stare.

A Couple of Jugglers, yeah, yeah, yeah.

What seems so easy on the surface, took years to perfect, we let nothin', nothin' get in our way.

Feel like you're breakin' from the pressure -

Then ya just, clear your mind,  
and you get on your knees,

then ya gotta, say a little prayer, then we're there,  
on the wire, and say - Hey!

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!

A Couple of Jugglers, catch this balancing act.

A Couple of Jugglers, oin' it with grace and with tact.  
 Flyin' thru fire, triple flips in the air,  
 watch the crowd's faces as they stop and stare.  
 A Couple of Jugglers, yeah, yeah, yeah.

(The mood gradually changes, as everyone is tired).

JOANNE

Where's Bernard?

ED

We passed him on the way back here.  
 He said he wanted to look around on  
 his own some more.

H.G.

Yeah, well, it's late. I'm not too  
 keen on his being out there alone.

SUNYA

(Interjecting) In one way I feel  
 better, in another I feel worse.

H.G.

What do you mean?

SUNYA

I really am glad you're all helping  
 us...I guess I've been selfish...but,  
 I never should've bitten into that  
 fish!

ED

You have to cook it first.

WEENA

(Mad at Sunya) You didn't have to  
 bite it. What if I bit you? You  
 men are alike. (Sunya is bewildered  
 and surprised at Weena's change in  
 demeanor) You dominate women. Animals  
 and women get paid less than you.  
 And look what you did to the  
 environment? And you drink beer!

H.G.

(To Ed) Guess who she's been talking  
 to.

SUNYA

I didn't do anything...I...

WEENA

Yeah, we do it all for you, and you  
 take the credit.

(Joanne stands nearby, with a smirk on her face. Weena and Sunya walk off to a corner of the observatory, trying to work out their new found differences).

ED

(To H.G., referring to Weena) Have you ever had a woman look you in the eye and matter of factly say, "let's do it?"

H.G.

Is that what happened?

ED

I mean, lust is one thing...but she was so natural about it.

H.G.

Have you noticed, I think Sunya is a little jealous of you?

ED

I know.

H.G.

First, ya hit him in the nose. Then you protected Weena during the attack, while he just stood there. Then ya wandered off with Weena to a place she's never been. That's all new to him. I don't think he's ever felt jealous before.

ED

(A bit pompous) He doesn't understand why Weena prefers me over him. It's 'cause I'm a man!

H.G.

A man from a different time and place. Eventually you're going to leave her, and you won't be taking her with you.

ED

Yeah, I know. She needs a friend more than a lover. Why do I always have to be so practical?

H.G.

That's just the way you are.

ED

Maybe I can get Sunya jealous enough to want to take care of her when we leave.

H.G.

Work on it.

(Ed moves off to where Weena is laying down. He makes himself comfortable right near her. Sunya is on the other side, watching intently. H.G. moves over to Joanne. Most everyone is asleep).

H.G. (CONT'D)

Did you know scientists have computed that the rotation of the earth is slowing down .003 seconds a year?

JOANNE

(Aloof) I hadn't noticed.

H.G.

That means the days are getting shorter.

JOANNE

I'm not worried.

H.G.

(A little more dramatic) And, the nights are getting longer...(Letting the tension build) Finally...total darkness.

JOANNE

(Now attentive) No sun?

H.G.

No sun. It'll take millions of years though, for the sun to burn out.

JOANNE

Only millions? Not billions?

H.G.

OK, billions.

JOANNE

(Relieved) Thank God, billions. Even that is still depressing.

H.G.

Well, while this one is burning out, you can go and find another sun. There are lots of suns out there. Enough to keep you going forever.

JOANNE

Thank you. That was very encouraging.

H.G.

But I could be wrong.

JOANNE

(Warming up to H.G.) What else do the scientists say?

H.G.

Did you know that the galaxy classification "A2199" is 500 million light years away?

JOANNE

(Looking at the stars through the cracked roof) Which one is that?

H.G.

And, that there are 18 billion stars in the Milky Way.

JOANNE

My God, did you just count that fast?

H.G.

(Getting closer to Joanne) According to the "General Catalogue of Galaxies," the edge of the universe is somewhere around 20 billion light years away.

JOANNE

That's OK. I wasn't planning to go that far...and there's the Pegasus region shifting to the north.

H.G.

Right. And when...How did you know that?

JOANNE

You mean, I was right? You know, you really are quite the dreamer.

(They both laugh)

H.G.

Ever since I was a kid. I used to hang out down by a river, and at night, I'd look up at all those stars and dream of being an astronaut. I thought, something so vast as the sky, how could anything ever end? Then I learned about "incunabula". There is no beginning and there is no end. Every time I think there are no answers, I look up at those stars.

(H.G. sings, "Don't Forget About A Billion Stars")

Underneath a swaying willow tree, down by the river,  
 the moon is shining bright.  
 Like a child's dreams of mystic lands, here by the river,  
 there's magic in the night.  
 I'll whisper in your ear, the mystery-  
 the wind in the leaves of the trees,  
 Tells a story only lovers know,  
 Through the danger, a way the night will show.

Don't Forget About A Billion Stars, my love,  
 shining all for you.  
 Don't be afraid to close your eyes, my love,  
 and see your dreams come true.

Sparkling water, fish are dancing free, here by the river,  
 a land of make believe.  
 Laughing frogs and crickets rumba, yeah, here by the river,  
 the river of eternity.  
 You'll remember, when we kiss, in moonlight;  
 reveal what we feel is so right.  
 Here we wonder, where love is born,  
 another chapter, we read from pages torn.

Don't Forget About A Billion Stars, my love,  
 shining all for you.  
 Don't be afraid to close your eyes, my love,  
 and see your dreams come true.

Enchanted magical kingdom,  
 protected by the eye, of the owl.  
 The rustling of the deer running,  
 somewhere you hear a lonely howl.  
 A spirit lost in the darkness,  
 still searching for the secret of the universe.  
 From the sky, a shooting star,  
 catching the spirit's eye, so far away,  
 and easy to forget the heavens;  
 so easy to forget the heavens...  
 is the lovers curse.

JOANNE

(Spoken) Who ever thought the People  
 of the future would need help from  
 the people of the past. For the  
 first time, I really understand your  
 concern for the future.

H.G.

And you taught me how to find  
 happiness in the here and now...like,  
 here and now.

JOANNE

(Dreamily, falling off to sleep) I  
 hear music.

H.G.

Yeah, me too.

(A few seconds pass of silence, except for the faint sounds of a futuristic night)

JOANNE

(Whispering) It's so peaceful.

(Suddenly, another attack. There is confusion in the shadows. There are screams, grunts; sounds of scuffling, scrambling. Then, just as quickly as it started, it's over).

ED

(Calling out) H.G.! H.G.! Where are you? You all right?

H.G.

Yeah. Fine. You OK?

ED

Yeah.

H.G.

Joanne, you OK...Joanne...JOANNE!

INT. - OBSERVATORY. THE SUN IS BARELY RISING.

ED

H.G., that was an intense wait!  
I've never sat in the dark like that  
for 7 hours straight...or was it 8?  
Funny thing about time.

H.G.

There's just enough light. (Calling out) Sunya! (Back to Ed) We've got to find that entrance. (Sunya appears) You're going to show us where that entrance is.

SUNYA

Oh no, I...

H.G.

(Intensely) I've had enough of you. You might not care what happens to anyone else, but I do.

ED

(Rubbing his fists, reminding Sunya of how they met) I think we should go, right?

SUNYA

This way.

WEENA

I'm coming too.

INT. - ENTRANCE TO UNDERGROUND, A RUINED CUPOLA.

(H.G. and Ed are peering down the shaft. Sunya, Weena and others stand around, frightened).

H.G.

It's very deep. I didn't hear the stone hit.

ED

There's a ladder.

H.G.

It looked hand made. Originally I think it might have been an elevator shaft. But how did they get from down wherever, to up here?

ED

They either had to be lifted up, or someone went down first.

H.G.

(To Sunya) Anything you haven't told us?

SUNYA

Nothing. Other than they were never supposed to leave the underground.

H.G.

They?

WEENA

The attackers.

H.G.

(Once again) Why weren't they supposed to come above ground? (Sunya shrugs his shoulders. He knows something but isn't telling)

ED

Let's go H.G.

WEENA

Don't go!

H.G.

We've got to Weena. Both Bernard and Joanne are missing. We've got to find them.

SUNYA

(Selfishly and sheepishly) Should I do anything with the travel vehicle while you're gone? (H.G. and Ed are already out of sight. Sunya sticks his head down the shaft). What should I do with it if you don't come back? (To himself) I know what I'll do. (Notices Weena).

WEENA

You are such a wimp! You're not a man. You don't even drink beer!

SUNYA

What's beer? (Referring to Ed) Is that what makes him so special?

WEENA

You don't even know what special is. (She starts to leave, crying)

SUNYA

(Defiant) I can drink beer.

WEENA

I've never felt like someone cared for me. Oh we thought we had everything. Everything was taken care of. And the undergrounders were conveniently kept underground. But, didn't you ever feel...well...like everybody else...like you were a clone? Ed makes me feel alive. (She turns away).

SUNYA

(Barely looking down the shaft) What makes him so much more of a man than me?

(Sunya sings, "Sun Without Sky")

What's it like to be, virile and strong?

With courage to spare?

Looking danger in the eye, is something I can't bare.

He is stronger than me... no, he's fatter than me... too muscular, I'm luckier, not to have such a fate.

But he goes after the problem, while I sit around and wait.

I'm the laugh without cry, a half a man I, am the Sun Without Sky.

I know he thinks that I'm just a weakling, I know she thinks I'm weird.

What if I hit him back in a place, in a place other than his face.

It's the essence of that woman, that has stirred this impulse to fight.

And the presence of that woman, forces me to think impolite.

(Spoken) I'm starting to get mean here.

(Sing) Oh I'm not so naive, what moves him is not up his sleeve.

There's more than a chance, what moves him is in his pants.

Now I start to see what makes a man, a bold pioneer.

Not afraid to face the dark, but I'm still filled with fear.

WEENA

You are jealous of him.

Admit it, jealous of him.

SUNYA

I'm trying to, what can I do?

I'm so skinny and scared.

My knees start to shake and I tremble, when the two of us are compared.

I'm the laugh without cry, a half a man I, am the Sun Without Sky.

SUNYA (CONT'D)

(Spoken) That's it. I'm going down.

WEENA

Never.

(Sunya gives her a long look, looks at the shaft, and without expression, and climbs in. Weena does not move. Two seconds pass, and Sunya comes right back out the same way he went in. He turns to Weena).

WEENA (CONT'D)

See.

SUNYA

I...I want to...

WEENA

You're not man enough.

## SUNYA

I...want...to...learn...how to love you. (She is shocked. He gives her another long look, and while he's still got the courage, enters the shaft again. Weena still doesn't move. With each passing second, she realizes he's not coming back up).

## WEENA

He did it...I'm all alone...(Looks around for the others; sees that they are helpless and scared). What do I do? (Yells down the shaft) Thanks a lot you guys!...I'm talking to myself...

(Weena sings, "You're On Your Own")

You know you needed someone to help ya thru the night, you know you needed someone to make everything alright.

I feel like crying what else can I do?

When there's no one there to help pull ya thru.

You've got to get in touch with how you feel inside, before you call it quits and attempt suicide.

Everything you had is now a sad memory, and now you have to face reality.

## OTHERS

You're On Your Own!

You're gonna have to face the world all alone.

You're whole world has crumbled,

## WEENA

nothing is the same.

## OTHERS

You've got to be strong, so you can win this game...

You're On Your Own.

## WEENA

(Singing down the shaft) I'll miss you forever.

You brightened up my day, in such a special way, you left too hastily.

Now I'll try and find a new love.

Is there such a thing as true love?

You didn't have to go, I wanted you to know, you'll always be a part of me.

THE OTHERS

You're On Your Own.

You're gonna have to face the world all alone.

WEENA

There's no one you can depend on, to get you thru the day.

This poor and helpless female's got to find her own way.

OTHERS

You're gonna have to take it, you're gonna have to make it, you're gonna have to shake it, On Your Own.

WEENA

(Spoken) Now I have gone...what did Joanne say...nuts and berries? Now I've gone nuts and berries. I'm standing here waiting to die. (To the others) We are standing here waiting to die...We've got to do something...cover the hole. (Everyone starts to cover the shaft with debris, etc.) There, that should hold them...wait...what if the others want to get out? Oh, I've never done this before. I don't like surviving. (She broods, and then suddenly an idea comes to her). A net to catch fish! Quick everyone, help me pull these vines down.

INT. - UNDERGROUND; A NANO-NUCLEAR WASTE DISPOSAL SYSTEM.

(It once resembled the interior of a futurized nuclear reactor, but is now more like a cave because of all the destruction. The atmosphere is at once grotesque and frightening. A few torches cast out abundant shadows from various points of the cave.

There are a few entrances and/or exits--all tunnels--leading into darkness. Stalagmites and stalactites hang and rise respectively at random. H.G. and Ed hug the shadows near a wall.

The following activities take place during "The Cannibal Dance (Part 3)." The dance is primitive and animalistic. The attackers are mean, viscous; primal. They light torches; eat and drink like slobs; throw dirt in each other's faces; make guttural noises; and act dumb.

In one part of the cave, two of the attackers laboriously stir a bubbly, smelly brew of some sort in a large vat, while a third one pulls what looks like bones from it, placing them on a makeshift, Indian-like sled. A fourth attacker pulls the sled down one of the tunnels after it's been filled. These bone like objects are also used to hit each other).

ED

I know exactly where we are.

H.G.

I don't think we traveled that far.  
Do you see Joanne or Bernard?

ED

What I see is them pulling...are those bones?

(A group of attackers, huddled on top of each other, apparently tying something with a rope, finally step away from the huddle to reveal Joanne and Bernard trapped inside cages, one for each of them).

H.G.

(Lunging) Joanne!

ED

(Grabbing him) Are you nuts? (He knocks a loose piece of metal off the wall; the attackers hear it) Oh no, they heard that.

H.G.

Get ready. (They break off pieces of stalagmite. The attackers turn their dance into a preparation for an attack).

ED

Good luck.

H.G.

May the force be with you.

(Suddenly H.G. and Ed are jumped. Both manage to break away to the center of the cave, but they're surrounded. Joanne and Bernard try to cheer them on. The attackers pile on top of H.G. and Ed, to where they can no longer be seen. The fury is filled with horrible sounds of grunting and fighting. Finally, the attackers disperse, leaving H.G. and Ed helplessly tied up).

H.G. (CONT'D)

I don't think...no, I'm wrong. These are pretty good knots.

ED

What were you going to say?

H.G.

You know, that's something I always liked about you. No matter what was happening, it never interrupted our conversation.

ED

(Now held up in mid-air by the attackers). Yeah, we get along pretty well.

JOANNE

(Yelling out) I knew you would come.

H.G.

The busses were running late, so we took an alternative route.

BERNARD

So nice of you to visit.

(Paul is thrown into the cage with Joanne; Ed with Bernard. Joanne gets mad and slaps one of the attackers. He likes it. H.G. kicks him; he flies back).

H.G.

(To the attackers) Don't any of you speak English?

BERNARD

I tried that already. However, I think Ed here could probably communicate with them.

ED

You don't think we're here to rescue you, do you?

BERNARD

As they say in Washington, "a failed rescue attempt."

JOANNE

(To H.G.) I am scared. I am scared. I am scared. Do you Understand?

H.G.

I waited for the slightest bit of light and then made Sunya take us to the underground entrance.

JOANNE

I didn't have a doubt in my mind.

(MORE)

JOANNE (CONT'D)

(Both of them sizing up the attackers)  
I think they've been down here a  
long time.

H.G.

Why do you say that?

JOANNE

The size of their retina. Their  
eyes reflect light. It's  
characteristic of nocturnal creatures.

BERNARD

Like vampires.

ED

Well, I'm not going to sit around  
here and...(struggling with the  
knots)...did you happen to see a  
telephone anywhere?

JOANNE

I still can't figure out what they're  
boiling in that pot.

H.G.

They must have a meat supply of some  
kind...those look like bones they're  
pulling out.

JOANNE

(Quietly) Bones?

ED

Yeah. I don't think food pills would  
do the trick for these guys.

JOANNE

You mean...

BERNARD

Oh please. Of course they're  
Cannibals. What kind of story would  
this be if they weren't?

ED

One with a happy ending.

JOANNE

You know, I was hungry, but...(Hanging  
her feet outside the cage, enough  
till the rope stops her. She's  
nonchalant) H.G.?

H.G.

Yeah.

JOANNE

Are we going to die?

H.G.

(Thinking for a moment) I'd have to say yes.

JOANNE

Thanks.

H.G.

Sure.

JOANNE

You're bleeding. Let me take care of it. (She starts to tear her shirt with her teeth).

H.G.

You didn't have to rip your shirt.

JOANNE

That's OK. I've got more at home...(starts to cry) home!

(H.G. starts to sing, "Runnin' Out of Time")

How'd we get into this mess?

Tied up and helpless, being held hostage, somebody rescue us.

ALL FOUR

Now what are we gonna do?

Like watchin' a bomb tic tock, lettin' our minds burn out, I think we took the wrong bus!

H.G.

Every puzzle has a final piece,

ED

every game has a way of being played.

BERNARD

No one moves without a plan,

JOANNE

never leave your life in the hands of fate.

ALL FOUR

We're Runnin', Runnin' Out of Time, better hurry, make up our minds.

We're Runnin', Runnin' Out of Time, better hurry, make up our minds.

(At this point, Sunya touches ground. The travelers notice him, and "shhh" him to be quiet. They convince him through hand gestures to break off a piece of stalagmite so he can cut the ropes. Unfortunately, the stalagmite isn't sharp or strong enough. At the point where Ed mentions "in my shoe a pocket knife" during the song, Sunya takes the knife and cuts the ropes. Eventually the attackers catch on and the chase begins.

BERNARD

Blame it all on politics.

JOANNE

Being held ransom,

ED

being held prisoner,

H.G.

they try to break us down.

ED

In my shoes a pocket knife,  
If we can just shake loose,

ALL FOUR

then we can run for it, try not to  
make a sound.

H.G.

Every puzzle has a final piece,

ED

every game has a way of being played.

BERNARD

No one moves without a plan,

JOANNE

never leave your life in the hands  
of fate.

ALL FOUR

We're Runnin', Runnin' Out of Time,  
better hurry, make up our minds.

We're Runnin', Runnin' Out of Time, better hurry, make up  
our minds.

Fear on our lips, tears in our eyes, sweatin' our souls to  
the bone.

Find a way out, one open door, one small sign, to find our  
way home.

We're Runnin', Runnin' Out of Time, better hurry, make up  
our minds.

We're Runnin', Runnin' Out of Time, better hurry, make up our minds.

(All the travelers and Sunya barely make it up the shaft).

EXT. - ENTRANCE TO UNDERGROUND, THE RUINED CUPOLA.

(Weena is waiting nervously with the others. She hears noises from inside the shaft. Immediately everyone grabs their corner of the net. As soon as H.G., Joanne, Ed and Bernard step out of the shaft, Weena let's out a scream and the net falls. Unfortunately, Weena had little idea of how to make a net strong, as at it falls on the travelers; it slips over their heads and falls to the ground. The travelers recognize her effort and try to be positive).

JOANNE

I think it was a valiant effort.

H.G.

Where did she get the idea?

ED

From me. Weena, it's beautiful.  
You remembered the fishing net?

WEENA

But ya never told me how to make one.

ED

No, I guess I didn't.

BERNARD

I am so touched. Now, if you don't mind, I have my story, can we go now?

(Sunya and Weena move close to each other, not yet touching. They stare into each other's eyes. Ed notices, but pretends not to).

H.G.

You have your story? What story?  
What's your explanation for all this?

BERNARD

Easy. You have the Haves (points to the People of the future), and the Have-Nots (points below). Not a bit different from our time, or anytime. And now your plan, as it has always been for heroes of history, to help the Haves, "have" more.

H.G.

That's not true. Not every war has benefited only the "Haves", as you put it.

ED

What about all those who died for freedom, sucker. Vietnam, WW2.

BERNARD

Politicians and the rich. You don't see that? You're like the rest of the idiots in this country, living according to a myth created by someone else. And because you have no answers yourselves, you buy into this "myth."

ED

I don't think every vet that was in Nam was there because of greed.

BERNARD

They got paid didn't they? Benefits, schooling, housing. Two years you didn't have to think for yourself.

ED

You know, I've spent the last 24 hours very worried about dying, but, when I hear you talk, suddenly my anger...

H.G.

We'd better re-direct that anger to figuring out what we do next. We didn't leave them too happy down there. They're going to retaliate. Let's head back to the observatory and see what we can come up with.

(Every one starts to leave)

WEENA

(Noticing how dirty and frayed Sunya is) What happened to you? Are you hurt? I really didn't think you'd do it.

SUNYA

I did it because of you.

WEENA

I know.

(Ed watches the exchange. He smiles as though he's accomplished his mission).

H.G.

Come on. Let's get out of here...and bring the net. We'll work on it.

INT.- THE OBSERVATORY. NIGHT.

H.G.

I'm sure they'll attack, agree?

ED

Agree. I don't know how much intelligence they got, but I'm sure they know we're a threat.

H.G.

So we fight.

ED

We fight.

JOANNE

We fight

BERNARD

We leave.

ED

We leave. You don't.

H.G.

Any ideas?

JOANNE

All right. I admit it. I know how to sew. I can help Weena put that net of hers together.

ED

I could use a new pair of socks.  
(He laughs with Joanne)

H.G.

Ed, you still got that karate book?

ED

Oh no, you don't think I'm gonna teach these people karate?

H.G.

(Addressing everybody) Listen, we don't have much time. It's certain the attackers are going to strike again. You're all going to have to think like a family now.

(MORE)

H.G. (CONT'D)

I realize you had your freedom before all this happened, but now your lives are in danger. We can't do it for you, so you're all going to have to fight back. I don't care how scared you are. You're going to have to fight.

BERNARD

A new leader has arisen.

H.G.

By the way everyone, it's not those food pills they are after...it's you...and us. They are very hungry, and YOU are their sole source of food.

BERNARD

That's not conclusive.

H.G.

What other basis do we have to go on? Besides I thought you already had your story.

(A few of the People of the Future faint. Others scatter.  
A few others go hysterical in their own ways)

H.G.

Weapons. We need weapons. Grab anything: rocks, hunks of metal, dirt.

JOANNE

Yell, scream, kick, bite, scratch...

BERNARD

Well this certainly rounds out my story. I'll call it, "The Final War".

ED

I just hope you get the chance to publish it.

H.G.

Joanne, what was that you said about their eyes?

JOANNE

Enlarged retinas...Highly sensitive to bright light.

H.G.

It might be possible to use these broken pieces of lens to reflect enough sunlight directly into their eyes.

JOANNE

What if they attack at night?

H.G.

Just hope there's a full moon with no clouds.

SUNYA

(To Ed) Can you teach me to do to them what you did to my nose.

ED

(Laughs) Yeah, sure.

H.G.

Look at them. Look how scared they are. Think about all the times people have been scared throughout history. They thought they were gonna die. But they pulled together, and survived.

ED

They did it WW2.

JOANNE

They survived the dustbowl.

BERNARD

The streets of New York, LA, and Chicago.

JOANNE

Lost in the woods.

(The momentum builds)

H.G.

Cunning. Faster than shadows through time.

ED

Shrewd. Keep one eye open at night.

JOANNE

...in the blink of a butterfly's eye...

BERNARD

...a laser beam through the heart...

SUNYA

I can't think of anything.

WEENA

You mean, tough?

(Everyone sings, "Survival." The lyrics are divided amongst everybody)

Ya gotta be tough.

Whether you're Chinese, Jew, Black or White,

ya gotta be ready to fight.

Yeah! We live in the rough.

Whether you're stupid, bum, creep or slob, or maybe you've been called a snob.

Ya gotta be keen.

Keep your wits.

Stay out of the pits.

But don't be afraid to roll in the dirt, you're gonna get hurt.

Ahhh!

Ya gotta be mean.

You may be grinding out the nine to five, oing whatever to stay alive...

It's called Survival!

Yeah.

Survival.

Uh huh.

Burnin' a hole, way down in your soul, Survival.

(Meanwhile everyone proceeds to build protective walls, assemble the net, learn karate, etc. H.G. interrupts Ed. They play off each other).

H.G.

(Spoken) So, you a rich kid.

ED

Yeah so, you got a problem with that?

H.G.

Yeah, I'm a poor kid.

ED

Tough. My daddy's filthy rich.  
Owned factories. They burned down.  
Lot's of insurance. I inherited it  
all.

H.G.

Loan me ten bucks.

ED

Get a job.

H.G.

You're the one with the money, you  
hire me.

ED

Sorry. No openings. Try welfare.

H.G.

That's tough!

(Sing)

When your nose is bleedin', your eyes are black.

You're so tired you wish your opponent would crack... keep  
on fightin' baby.

It's call Survival.

Ya gotta be cruel.

Whether you're woman, man, child or beast, ya gotta get ugly  
at least.

And break every rule.

You may friendly, warm, nice or sweet, that's how ya get  
rolled in the street.

Ya gotta be quick.

Quick as a flick.

Organized, solid and locked tight.

Systematized; a 100% right.

You must be able to, negotiate with style, and you never  
have to lose your smile.

(Ed mimes cutting H.G.'s throat while laughing)

A smile is an added technique, looks good on a mean physique.

Survival.

Yeah.

Survival.

Uh huh.

Bar no holds, ya break their nose.

Survival.

Turn the other cheek?

Only for the meek.

If ya gotta yell, then go ahead, YELL!

Punch that face, kick that shin.

If he's got ya head locked on't give in.

Survival.

Ya gotta be tough.

Survival.

Aggressive enough.

Survival.

Survival.

Survival.

Survival!

(Nearing the end of the song, nearly everyone is exasperated. Then the inevitable occurs--the attackers strike ("Cannibal Dance: Part 4"). With their last ounces of energy, everyone starts fighting back. H.G. and others use pieces of the lens to refract light, creating a barrage of blinding sunbeams. Karate sounds are heard everywhere. A spectacle occurs when a number of net carriers swing out in synchronized motion on the vines and drop the net on the attackers. Sunya saves Weena from an attacker. Soon the attack is over. The attackers are beaten back, most captured in the net).

H.G.

We did it.

ED

We sure did.

BERNARD

Now what do we do with them.

JOANNE

Good question.

SUNYA

I'm a man.

ED

(Grabbing Sunya and hugging him) You did great. (Weena hugs him too).

SUNYA

Say Ed?

ED

Yeah, Sun?

SUNYA

(Punches Ed in the nose) I've been wanting to do that...

ED

(Laughing, but in pain) I understand. I really understand.

H.G.

(Holding Joanne) You were wonderful. So brave!

JOANNE

You are a caring, loving, kind, thoughtful...

BERNARD

Oh please. It was so much better when you argued. It's not over; I still don't have my story.

H.G.

What do you mean?

BERNARD

What are you going to do with them?

H.G.

(To Weena) Weena, do you still have that bottle of food pills buried somewhere? (She runs to get it) I'm going to try something...

JOANNE

You don't really think those CANNIBALS are going to swap People meat for a bunch of pills?

H.G.

Something Bernard said. It's true.  
It's not conclusive what was boiling  
in that vat. We don't know if they  
were human bones. We don't even  
know if they were bones. (Weena  
returns with the pills).

(H.G. approaches the net with the food pills. The attackers stir violently and grumble. H.G. does his best not to pose a threat. He shows them the food pills. They immediately start to settle down. One of them attempts to speak, but it definitely isn't English. H.G. doesn't understand the guttural sounds but picks up on the tone and hands a food pill to him. The attacker's demeanor immediately changes-- he even smiles).

JOANNE

He's hungry.

BERNARD

Well, we knew that!

JOANNE

No, I mean, really hungry. Whatever  
they were eating, it obviously wasn't  
satisfying.

H.G.

You mean, something was missing from  
their diet.

JOANNE

Simple, huh.

(H.G. hands out the rest of the food pills to the other attackers. At this moment, four other People of the Future appear).

ED

Who are they?

H.G.

(To the new arrivals) Who are you?

Person of the Future: (One of them speaks) We've been underground.

H.G.

You escaped?

PERSON OF THE FUTURE

Yes. We were in another part of the  
cave when the attackers started  
chasing you.

ED

What I want to know is, were they going to, you know, in the vat?

PERSON OF THE FUTURE

The vat? Oh, you mean the boiling fungus?

JOANNE

Fungus?

PERSON OF THE FUTURE

That's what they lived on. It's only one part of all the foods that go into the food pill. I know because my job was to combine all the foods for condensing. It was grueling having to work...

ALL FOUR TRAVELERS

Yeah, we know, one hour a day.

PERSON OF THE FUTURE

Hey, sometimes we worked 15 minutes overtime.

H.G.

So there's most of your story Bernard. You were right about the Haves and the Have-Nots. But we still don't know how all this happened.

JOANNE

Does it matter.

H.G.

(Understanding) Right. The here and now. (Addressing everyone) Excuse me, everybody...(spreading his arms wide)...your new home.

BERNARD

Does this mean we can leave?

ED

(To Weena) I am really going to miss you.

WEENA

I've never missed anyone before.

ED

Well, I'm honored to be your first heartbreak. I guess this is good-bye.

## WEENA

I have something to give to you, the  
way you gave to me.

(Weena sings, "A Way To Say Goodbye")

If you're thinking of A Way To Say Goodbye, I will hold your  
hand so you won't have to cry.

I won't hold you to your promises, like dreams, I'll let  
them go.

I won't try to prove you wrong, I only love you so, I only  
love you so.

If you need to just be free I'll understand.

Free to find what makes a woman and a man.

Like from an old photograph; those times I won't forget.

Seems like only yesterday, the day when we first met, the  
day when we first met.

A Way To Say Goodbye, it's not easy but I'll try.

I don't want to see you cry, so I'll find A Way...

...To keep all the good things we had, safe in a treasure  
chest.

And take all the troubles we had, and lay them to rest.

I've grown up now, I've learned to go on, and live with the  
pain of love, when it's gone.

Don't say that we'll never be this close again.

Can't forget you, you will always be my friend.

You will never be that faraway, and time will move so slow.

If you promise not to cry, then I can let you go, then I can  
let you go.

A Way To Say Goodbye, it's not easy but I'll try.

I don't want to see you cry, so I let you go, and  
say...Goodbye.

(Chorus repeats, sung by the People of the Future. Weena  
sings ad-libs).

## ED

(Spoken to Weena) Just think of me  
as someone special.

SUNYA

I made a man out of you.

ED

(Laughing) Yes you did, yes you did.

SUNYA

But where do we start?

WEENA

What do we do? (General concern  
amongst the others)

H.G.

Well, I know this much...

(H.G. starts to sing, "Together." All join in).

When you think your dreams have all been burned to ashes,  
then someone comes your way who understands, now you're making  
plans, Together.

Sometimes you feel as though you've been forgotten.

Then someone comes your way with much to give, and you start  
to live, Together.

Life has done its best to take away the things we love, break  
us to the bone, even tear us far apart.

Every wall that comes our way you know we'll break right  
thru, there's nothing we can't do, Together.

I know there's gonna be a sweet tomorrow, sure things might  
get rough, but that's Ok, long as we can stay, Together.

Side by side I know we're gonna make it.

Never a goodbye, hold my hand, we can take a stand, Together.

Together.

Together.

Together!

Joanne

(Spoken to Paul as they board SoulStar) OK. I tell ya what.  
I don't mind if you bring back a few vacuum cleaners, but no  
TVs.

H.G.

But TVs are a major source of  
information. Without the media,  
Bernard wouldn't exist.

ED

What's life without cartoons?

JOANNE

See. The first thing you think about is technology.

H.G.

You brought it up.

(By this time, SoulStar begins the journey back).

INT. - SOULSTAR ASSEMBLY ROOM. DAY.

(The Assembly Room is empty. Not a soul or sound).

H.G.

Some welcome home.

BERNARD

Not even a candle lit in our honor. I would at least think a couple of press people would be waiting. I can't wait. What a story!

ED

It's been a couple of days you know. Most likely they all think we disappeared...forever!

JOANNE

I have a silly question...what time is it?

H.G.

Well, it's two days and three hours after the time we originally left. That's real time.

JOANNE

It feels like ages. (She gets dirty looks)

H.G.

Ed, maybe you should call the control room.

ED

(Buzzing the intercom) Control room?

CONTROL ROOM

Yeah.

ED

This is Ed.

CONTROL ROOM

So?

ED

No big deal. Just checking in from the SoulStar Assembly Room.

JOHN HENDRICKS

(Cutting in on the other end) Who the hell is that? No one's supposed to be in there. You're in a restricted area.

H.G.

(Cutting in) John, it's me.

JOHN

H.G.?!

H.G.

Yup.

JOHN

Where the...what the...who the...

H.G.

I understand. I, well, we, sort of took a vacation.

JOHN

Whose we? Don't move. Do not move!  
(He hangs up)

JOANNE

He sounds a bit upset.

H.G.

He always is.

ED

What do we tell him?

H.G.

Hopefully Bernard will help us out there.

(John Hendricks, Bob Golomby, NASA employees, demonstrators and press burst through the door.)

JOHN

All right. Talk.

BOB

You didn't? Did you?

H.G.

Hi John, Bob.

JOHN

(With a look that moves mountains)  
Do you know what kind of  
trouble...(looking at SoulStar)...you  
did it. It's a success, isn't it?

H.G.

Sort of turns things around doesn't  
it? About that meeting...

JOHN

I can't wait to have that meeting!  
(Referring to Bernard and Joanne)  
Who are they? Wait a minute I  
recognize her she was the leader...

H.G.

John, meet Joanne: biologist,  
feminist, naturalist, seamstress,  
survivalist-extraordinaire.

JOHN

What?

H.G.

And, I'm in love with her.

BOB

I really don't want to handle the  
Public Relations on this.

H.G.

And this is Bernard, reporter for  
the Twin Cities Tribune.

ED

He's been taking notes.

BERNARD

(To John) We need to discuss book  
rights. (Numerous reporters gather  
around Bernard. He gloats).

REPORTER #1

What did you see? Where did you go?  
What did you learn about the future?

BERNARD

(About to brag, but stops himself.  
He looks at H.G., Ed, and Joanne)  
You know what I learned? I learned  
that people are survivors. We make  
mistakes, sure, but we always come  
bouncing back, stronger and better  
than ever. It's the story of all  
time. Call it, "The Joy of Time."  
Just remember, I've got the Exclusive!

(H.G. starts to sing, "Joy of Time")

H.G.

Imagine if you can, far across the  
span of time.

The ice age where the world was so very cold:

The Gods waved their hands and gave the greatest story ever  
told...

You'd think by now we should be wise, and it may come as a  
surprise, to know we really haven't gone that far, considering  
the nearest star, is nearly four light years away, give or  
take a day.

ALL

The joy and jubilation that is time.

The wondrous celebration that is time.

(Lyrics divided amongst everyone)

From the pyramids of Egypt, to the craters on the moon.

From yesterday at 3:00, to tomorrow afternoon.

The Joy and jubilation of Time.

ED

Imagine if you will, you were standing  
still in time.

The memories of your life drifting past your eyes; the joys,  
the pains, the friends and all your family ties.

You say you're afraid of growing old.

Each day you live is worth a pot of gold.

There's still a song you've yet to sing; and all the glory  
bells still left to ring.

So think of all this music you can play, living for today.

ALL

The music and the rhythmic flow of  
time.

The memories and the visions all in time.

(Divided lines)

From the troubadours sweet music to the driven' beat of  
rock...

(Dance interlude)

From the ignorance of cave men, to  
Star Trek's Dr. Spock.

ALL (CONT'D)

From ancient times, to future times.

H.G.

From fire to clay, the earth was  
made in just one day.

First we started walkin', then we startin' runnin',  
a horse, a car, a boat, a train, and then we started flyin'.  
The sound barrier shattered, goin' faster's all that mattered.  
Faster, and faster, 'til it all flows together and ,

ALL

Now!

Living Now!

The moment, the minute, and every single second.

The joy, the wonder, the music, the laughter.

Time, time, time, time, time, time, time, time.

The joy and jubilation that is... far across the span of...

TIME!