

ENEMY MINE

Screenplay by Edward Khmara

Based on a Novella by Barry B. Longyear

First Draft

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EXT. A PANORAMA OF STARS

On the screen:

BY LATE IN THE 21ST CENTURY,
MANKIND HAD MADE PEACE WITH
ITSELF.

THE MORGUE SHIP ZHUKOV

lumbers into view, blotting out the stars. It bears the
Logo of the Bilateral Terran Alliance - a sheaf of wheat
inside a circle of stars. Below that, the initials of the BTA.

BUT THERE WERE NEW WARS TO BE FOUGHT
AGAINST ALIEN RACES, AMID THE WILD,
BRIGHT REACHES OF SPACE.

INT. HOLD OF THE ZHUKOV

Carefully stacked rows of light gray transport coffins,
each one stamped with the symbol of the BTA. Every coffin
is stenciled, either with a name, or with the word: UNKNOWN.

EXT. BTA EARTHBASE

Spinning on its axis to create artificial gravity, Earthbase
is a gray mass of metal, a military fortress in space. The
Zhukov drifts in to dock.

CLOSE ON A MONSTROUS FACE

Two yellow eyes glare in demoniac fury. A three-fingered
paw, its talons long and jagged, grips a melon sized Earth,
ready to crush it into pulp.

A hideous mouth drips bloody drool into the Pacific Ocean.

A printed caption reads:

THEY WOULD CALL THIS VICTORY.

PULL BACK

to reveal that this is a poster hanging in a tight, claustrophobic corridor.

A group of men in grey jump suits - the Morgue Detail - walk swiftly past this yellowing poster.

INT. RECEIVING BAY

The men of the Morgue Detail wait a moment for the airlocks to open, then pass through them into the Zhukov.

INT. THE ZHUKOV

The CAPTAIN and crew of the Zhukov stand waiting for the Morgue Detail. The Captain, a big, beefy guy, recognizes the CREW BOSS.

CAPTAIN

Hello, Al. How are ya?

CREW BOSS

Great. Ain't I always great?
What do ya have for us?

CAPTAIN

About seven hundred and something.

They all walk toward the hold.

CREW BOSS

Hell. You guys been sweeping for three months and you still coming up with numbers like that?

CAPTAIN

What can I tell ya, Al? It's a wide universe out there. And the Big Empty has a funny way of dealin' with the dead. Seems like they're either bouillabaisse or fresh as the day they bought the farm.

INT. THE HOLD

The men enter the hold and start carrying out the caskets. The Crew Boss stands for a moment, surveying the dead, so neatly sealed and stacked.

CAPTAIN

I got a real surprise for you. A live one. A real live one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CREW BOSS

Alive?

CAPTAIN

A two man surveillance crew turned him over to us. They were doing a flyby over one of those Marauder mining jobbers when they found him. He's not a Marauder though, he's ... some kind of wild man.

CREW BOSS

Well, you just call the Medics for your Wild Man. My men don't handle no live ones.

INT. CORRIDOR

Two Medics wheel a stretcher between the close, olive green walls of the corridor. We catch only a glimpse of the Wild Man under the sheet: a gaunt face, lined, bearded and haggard. There is a gold chain around his neck and suspended from it hangs something that looks like a rectangular locket.

INT. MEDICAL UNIT

The Wild Man lies under a clear bubble. An elaborate system of tubes and wires have been plugged into his body.

A DOCTOR sits outside the bubble, concentrated on a console. He makes an entry, touches a button and an articulate metal arm descends over the Wild Man. A blue laser beam projected from the arm makes a bloodless incision over the man's ribs, then the arm itself penetrates the wound and begins repairing the damage inside.

The Chief Medical Officer, MAJOR HOFFER, enters the unit and stares at the Wild Man.

HOFFER

Any I.D. yet?

The Doctor touches a button and Hoffer reads on a SCREEN:

DAVIDGE, WILLIS E. PILOT. SINGLE AND MULTIPURPOSE CLASSES. MISSING IN ACTION/PRESUMED DEAD 4/17/49. FOR MORE CODE 12/REPEAT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOFFER.

Where the hell has he been for three years?

Suddenly the Wild Man - WILLIS E. DAVIDGE - speaks in his delirium.

DAVIDGE

Zammis! Zammis, naech bil tae?
Naech bila Zammis?

HOFFER

What's he saying?

DOCTOR

He isn't speaking English. We did a linguascan.

HOFFER

And?

DOCTOR

The poor bastard's speaking in Drac.

INSIDE THE BUBBLE

the mechanical arm retreats from the wound. It projects another beam of light - bright orange in color - and the wound closes, leaving only a pale white line.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM

More of a small cubicle than a room, dominated by a narrow hospital bed. The door opens. Two Medics wheel Davidge in on a stretcher. He has been shaven and his hair has been cut.

They roll him onto the bed, plug an I.V. tube into his vein and leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE

on Davidge's face. His eyes are closed, but the eyeballs under the lids move rapidly.

We HEAR vague, distant SOUNDS: a man running, BREATHING HEAVILY.

Davidge murmurs:

DAVIDGE

Zammis. Naech bil tae. Zammis?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then shouts:

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

Zammis!

His eyes open wide, and he takes a sharp breath. Then looks slowly around the room.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

Zammis?

Slowly Davidge takes in his surroundings. There is a look of wonder in his eyes. He tries to get down from the bed and winces in pain. Finally he discovers the I.V. tube and pulls the needle from his arm. Then he stands up.

His movements are slow and painful as he takes three steps to the wall. He runs his fingers over the wall, feeling the cool smoothness. He works his hands across the wall like a blind man until he comes to the light switch.

He turns on the overhead lights and covers his eyes instantly, hurt by the brightness. Gradually he lowers his hands, looking in increasing wonder around the room. He has the look of a man who can't believe what he is seeing.

INT. NURSES STATION

The Doctor punches data into a computer terminal. He notices that a red light is flashing under one of the monitor buttons. He touches the button and gets a video picture of Davidge's room - with the bed empty.

The Doctor stands up and finds himself face to face with Davidge.

DOCTOR

How did you get here? I didn't even hear you.
You'd better get back to your room.

He moves around the desk and puts an arm on Davidge to lead him back to his room. But Davidge seems to wobble, and the Doctor tries to support him.

DAVIDGE

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Davidge's arm tightens around the Doctor's neck. With his other hand Davidge pushes the Doctor's head against his forearm, pressing his carotid artery.

The Doctor's eyes roll upward and he slumps. Davidge leaves him lying on the floor.

INT. PILOT'S LOCKER ROOM

A drab, olive green room with long rows of lockers.

Davidge stands in front of one of the lockers, looking at a name - Jimmy Miller - printed on a piece of tape glued to the door. The tape has obviously been glued to prior names of people who used this locker.

Davidge peels off the tape. He reads the name beneath it: Harold Baines. He peels another strip of tape and sees another name: Will Davidge.

He stands there for a long moment, looking at his own name on a locker door, like it was all a piece of another world in another time.

Then he tries the combination. On the second try it opens.

INT. LAUNCH STATION

This is a large space, a hangar-like room filled with diagonal chutes that lift the fighter rockets into the launch cylinders. Most of the chutes are armed with fighter rockets.

INT. GUARD KIOSK

Two MEN on Security Duty sit playing cards.

1ST MAN

Three ladies, pal. That makes seventeen thousand, five hundred you owe me.

2ND MAN

Seventeen five? Jesus! How much is that in real money?

1ST MAN

(figuring)

Twelve dollars and nine cents.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They both hear a NOISE

1ST MAN
What's that?

2ND MAN
Only the cat.

1ST MAN
There are no cats here, Bimbo! Deal 'em.
I'll have a look.

The 1st Man leaves the kiosk and starts to patrol the launch station.

He walks around to a circular, bowl-like separation that houses the launch controls. He sees a man in there.

It's Davidge, wearing a flight suit two sizes too big for him.

1ST MAN
Hey fella! What are you doin'?

He grabs Davidge's arm and pulls him away from the launch controls.

1ST MAN
Let's go see the D.O., buddy. Move!

Davidge turns on the Guard. His mouth is in a tight smile, his eyes are blazing.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING CUBICLE

A tiny room about ten by twelve. A bed and an overstuffed chair make up the furniture. CAPTAIN ANNE MORSE sprawls on the chair, watching a small television. She is twenty seven years old, with yellow-green eyes and a loose, generous mouth. She wears a khaki pilot's uniform. Her jacket is off and her tie is loose. There is a TAPPING on her door. A moment later the door opens. IVAN VADIK stands there. A big, blonde Russian, he is dressed - like Morse - in a BTA pilot's uniform. He speaks with a soft Russian accent.

VADIK
Sorry to bother you, Morse...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORSE

...During my favorite soap opera.

VADIK

They've found Davidge.

Morse becomes suddenly immobile.

VADIK (CONT.)

They found him alive.

MORSE

Vadik, you have a stinking Soviet sense of humor.

VADIK

Right now, I'm not joking.

CUT TO:

INT. A SMALL CUBICLE

It's dark in here. Davidge lies strapped to a table connected to a maze of wire and electrodes. The only light is a violet beam that is focused on his eyes.

Each time his eyes move we hear a faint CLICK.
A VOICE over a loud speaker booms into the cubicle.

VOICE

Once more, describe your last official mission.

Davidge says nothing, but his eyes move again and something CLICKS.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Major Hoffer and a TECHNICIAN sit before a bank of graphic printouts and screens.

CLOSE

on a printout. The needle jumps with every movement of Davidge's eyes, making the CLICK we have been hearing.

HOFFER

Your last official mission. Describe it.

Hoffer glances at the technician, who shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOFFER

Your last official mission. Describe it.

INT. CORRIDOR

Morse, Vadik, ARNOLD and LECLOS walk briskly along a corridor. They pass some younger pilots, who look at them with a mixture of curiosity and awe. Clearly, these four are among the 'old timers.' They wear a khaki BTA flight uniform, worn in the elbows and the seat. Their caps are wrinkled and bent with use. Arnold is tall and black, with the controlled calm of the Tennessee farmboy he once was. Leclos is short, dark; a Frenchman.

They stop in front of a metal door. A sign reads: DO NOT ENTER WHEN RED LIGHT IS FLASHING. And the red light is flashing.

Arnold pauses a moment, glances at the others, then pushes open the door.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Major Hoffer turns and looks in annoyance at the four intruders.

HOFFER

Didn't you see the light?

ARNOLD

We heard you have an old pal of ours.

He walks to the one-way window and sees Davidge, strapped to the table.

HOFFER

Are you crazy?

LECLOS

Out of fifteen cadets that started out together, we are all that's left.

Hoffer paces about a moment.

HOFFER

Look, I know he was a squadron mate, and I know what that means to you. We found him on the fourth planet of the Fyrine system...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARNOLD

Which is where he was shot down...

HOFFER

...and where he may have been part of a Marauder operation.

MORSE

Bull!

HOFFER

And he speaks Drac.

This impresses all of them.

HOFFER (CONT.)

That's not all. We patch him up and leave him in the ward. He comes to in there, puts the Doctor on duty out cold, sneaks into the launch bay and tries to steal a fighter. When the Watch Guard grabs him, the Watch Guard is twice his size, your pal manages to break his arm. Then he flattens the second Guard and starts the launch sequence. By this time somebody hit the alarm and five MP's come running. He scatters them like dandruff. They chase him for ten minutes and finally hit him with a stungun. Now considering all I told you, don't you think we ought to know where he was going?

VADIK

He speaks Drac?

HOFFER

Like a native.

(He fumbles with some notes)

Here's a translation of something he kept repeating while he was unconscious.

Hoffer hands the note to Vadik, who reads:

VADIK

"Zammis, where are you. Where is Zammis?" Who is this Zammis?

Hoffer shrugs.

HOFFER

Only he knows.

Morse, meanwhile, has been looking at one of the graphs that has been peeling out of the console.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORSE

You're not getting anything here.

HOFFER

He's blocking. But he'll wear out.

ARNOLD

Don't be so sure, Major. Blocking was an important part of our training. The Drac's have sophisticated interrogation equipment too.

HOFFER

You know a better way?

ARNOLD

Yeah. Give him to us.

MORSE

He'll tell us the story.

VADIK

If it doesn't jibe, you can always take him back to your brain-fuzzer.

Hoffer thinks for a long moment.

HOFFER

All right. But this isn't class reunion. What I'm after is solid information.

ARNOLD

You'll get it.

They turn to go.

HOFFER

One more thing.

(they stop, look back)

Here's what he had around his neck when they brought him in.

Hoffer holds out the rectangular, golden object that was on a chain around Davidge's neck.

INT. ARBORETUM

Morse, Arnold, Vadik and Leclos sit in chairs placed in a loose circle inside the arboretum. There is a fifth, empty chair. The arboretum itself is an open, high ceilinged room, lit in such a way as to convey an earth-like feeling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The four of them look at each other, nervous. A door opens and two MP's walk in with Davidge in handcuffs.

MORSE

Take off the cuffs.

MP

Sir, this man...

MORSE

Yeah, I know. Take the cuffs off.

The MP's take the handcuffs off and leave. Davidge stands looking at his long lost buddies.

ARNOLD

Take a seat, Willy.

Davidge sits in the fifth chair.

MORSE

How've you been, Willy?

DAVIDGE

Okay. How're things around here?

ARNOLD

You mean the war? We're still slugging it out. There's a lot of space to fight over.

VADIK

For us, its all but finished.

LECLOS

Cushy desk jobs waiting for us, a trip back home and Captain's bars.

MORSE

They pretty much had to promote us. It's the reward you get for being the only ones of the original squadron to survive.

There is a silence.

ARNOLD

Willy, what about Joey Wooster?

DAVIDGE

(Shaking his head)

He didn't earn the promotion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

13.

ARNOLD

Then we're all that's left, Willy. And you've got to tell us what happened to you.

DAVIDGE

Is this Hoffer's idea?

ARNOLD

Hoffer's doing us a favor.

Arnold touches a button on a console next to his chair. The wall opposite them darkenes and becomes a Video Screen.

An image appears, an overview of a valley surrounded by rocky ridges. A dome structure dominates one end of the valley. Spaced equally around it are a number of buildings that look like pairs of silos, a larger one next to a smaller one.

Davidge sits erect, his face flushed.

ARNOLD (CONT.)

Familiar? That's the Marauder mining operation where you were found. Marauding only got going in earnest about two years ago. They're space pirates really. They thief resources that belong to the people of the BTA, mainly silicon. But we let them operate. We even buy from them under the table. They go where we won't go and they take chances we're unwilling to take.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

14.

The Video Image ZOOMS in for a closer view. SOME KIND OF BEINGS are shuffling along, as if they are chained together. Their shape seems vaguely human, but most of the detail is lost in the dust their feet are raising.

ARNOLD (CONT.)

They're the scavengers of the battlegrounds. They take the stray and wounded, the flotsam and jetsam of this dismal war and turn them into slave labor.

It's the only way they can operate with their low level of technology. So we let them, as long as they don't take humans.

The BTA does regular surveillance on them, just to be sure. It's a good thing for you.

On the Video Image a MAN walks into view. The Video Image ZOOMS in for a close up view.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

15.

The details are blurred, but we can distinguish a gaunt, weathered face wearing an eyepatch, and iron gray hair.

Davidge leaps to his feet.

ARNOLD (CONT.)

You know him?

Davidge nods. The Video Image zooms away and begins a pan across the valley, over the stoney ridge.

It is evident that the vehicle from which the pictures were taken is passing above the terrain it is photographing. The dry, rocky ground changes to sparse forest. The image goes to infra-red. Broad washes of green and blue replace the countoured image.

ARNOLD (CONT.)

This was just routine, until...

Suddenly, a single red dot amidst the green and blue. The image holds, then zooms in. The red dot takes the shape of a sprawled human body.

ARNOLD (CONT.)

That's you, Willy. That's how they found you.

Arnold touches the console and the image fades.

ARNOLD (CONT.)

I guess that the question in Hoffer's mind is, Did you become a Marauder? For a Forcer to do that would be desertion.

During this time, Morse has taken the rectangular object found around Davidge's neck from her purse. She touches a tiny latch on one side, and the rectangle opens into a tiny book. The minute pages are covered with dots and squiggles.

DAVIDGE

That's mine.

MORSE

I know.

She hands it back to Davidge

MORSE (CONT.)

It's written in Drac, isn't it?

Davidge nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LECLOS

What is it about?

DAVIDGE

It contains the writings of a Drac spiritual leader.

VADIK

Did somebody called Zammis give this to you?

DAVIDGE

No. I have to give it to Zammis.

ARNOLD

Come on, Willy. Time to cut out the double talk and tell us what this is all about.

MORSE

You know you can trust us.

DAVIDGE

I need more than somebody I can trust. I need somebody that will help me.

ARNOLD

You can count on us, Willy.

Davidge leans back and closes his eyes.

ARNOLD (CONT.)

You're going to feel a lot better when you get it off your chest.

DAVIDGE

Okay. You guys remember the beginning as well as I do.

CUT TO:

INT. EARTHBASE CORRIDOR

A group of new pilots runs through the narrow corridor. A WAILING ALARM propels them forward: A-UGA! A-UGA! A-UGA! We recognize the fresh faces of Vadik, Arnold, Morse and Leclos. Davidge is a fresh faced kid, alert and vital.

Other members of their squadron include DEMEREST, DECKER, SIMPSON and SIEFERT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORSE (VOICE OVER)

Sure. It was our first mission, and we all had it in our minds that it might be our last.

DAVIDGE (VOICE OVER)

Yeah. Everybody, that is, but me.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

The new pilots, already into their flight suits, sit on the edges of their chairs as LT. COLONEL TURPIN strides to the podium.

The cadets rise to attention.

TURPIN

Take seats, Ladies and Gentlemen.

They sit.

TURPIN (CONT.)

You are about to embark on your first search and destroy mission. I want to say that I'm proud of all of you. We've had to train you in a hurry. I wish we had had more time but no training can do more for you than your own spunk and sense of dedication. What you do now will determine the future of the human race in the galaxy, and therein lies an opportunity for heroism.

JOE WOOSTER, Davidge's backseater, looks to Davidge for his reaction to Turpin's words. Davidge seems to be taking it quite seriously for once.

TURPIN (CONT.)

Above all, know your enemy. Your enemy is not human. It has no respect for life, no Judeo-Christian values. How could it? It has no family, no love, not even any sex. Your enemy is a hermaphrodite, an unnatural creature with the bodies of both sexes built into a hideous, reptilian shell.

Davidge leans over to Wooster.

DAVIDGE

That explains it.

WOOSTER

Explains what?

DAVIDGE

Why nobody's taking war brides.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Seven BTA fighters rocket through space. They are compact vehicles with double cockpits, one behind the other.

CLOSE ON DAVIDGE

as he looks at his 'heads up' display. Several BLIPS appear at the edge of the scope.

DAVIDGE

Tally, Flightleader. This is Echo Two. I have six bandits on our three at twelve thousand.

ARNOLD (VOICE OVER)

Roger, Two. I copy. Let's take a right ninety and go for it.

EXT. THE SQUADRON

The entire squadron takes a sweeping right turn.

EXT. DRAC SQUADRON

Six alien fighter rockets. These are bizarre looking craft, with bulbous cockpits that give them an insect-like appearance.

They move in tight formation across the bright background of a planet - the luminous Fyrine IV.

INT. DRAC COCKPIT

We see only the alien control panel and a YELLOW, THREE-FINGERED HAND. A cluster of BLIPS appears on the alien scope.

A low, sibilant VOICE speaks inside the cockpit.

VOICE

Vozhjd! Nazdra! Varages nad taregass dsa dzega.
Nakhess ess bsatvass?

The reply over the radio sounds urgent.

ALIEN VOICE (OVER)

Nekh! Nekh nasardenssa! Ossvadna!

EXT. DRAC SQUADRON

The Drac squadron pulls a 45° dive toward the globe of Fyrine IV.

INT. SIMPSON'S COCKPIT

SIMPSON

Flight leader, this is Echo Six. Our buddies are pulling the yellow line.

ARNOLD (OVER)

So they are. Break formation at will. Pursue and destroy, one on one.

(pause)

This is it. Let's look good.

INT. WOOSTER'S COCKPIT

Wooster, sitting behind Davidge, is fighting a rising fear.

WOOSTER

You get us back in one piece, and I'll buy you a beer. Two beers.

EXT. BTA SQUADRON

The Terran fighters pursue the Dracs, quickly closing the distance. The globe of Fyrine IV looms ever larger in the background.

INT. DAVIDGE'S COCKPIT

Davidge yanks down his goggles. A target grid is projected on the tinted glass of the goggles.

DAVIDGES POV

Davidge sees the grid and maneuvers the fighter so that the Drac craft appears in the center.

The Drac fighter begins an evasive maneuver.

DAVIDGE'S HAND

touches a button on his flight stick.

EXT DAVIDGE'S FIGHTER

Davidge's fighter recoils from the force of the mass-energy bolt it has fired. But it's a miss.

DAVIDGE'S POV

Davidge once again tries to lock the Drac fighter into his sights.

DAVIDGE

A real hot stick man.

He fires again.

EXT. THE DRAC FIGHTER

The bolt hits and the Drac fighter disintegrates.

INT. DAVIDGE'S COCKPIT

DAVIDGE

Got ya.

EXT. THE BATTLE IN SPACE

Basically, it's a dogfight, not unlike those of the nearly forgotten days of World War I. The difference here is the speed, the metal straining twists and bends of the fighters, the bursting mass/energy bolts.

The BTA squadron fights well, scoring several more hits against the Dracs.

INT. WOOSTER'S COCKPIT

WOOSTER

(Looking at his scope)

Six more bandits on three!

EXT. SHOT

of six alien craft approaching Davidge's fighter from the right.

INT. DAVIDGE'S COCKPIT

DAVIDGE
Hear that, Flightleader?

INTERCUT WITH ARNOLD

ARNOLD
Yeah. Guess they thought we didn't see them.

DAVIDGE
I sure as hell didn't see them! Did you see them?!?!?

ARNOLD
I see 'em now!

EXT. ARNOLD'S FIGHTER

makes a curving sweep after one of the incoming Drac fighters.

DAVIDGE

can see the long sweep of motion, sees the bolt fly and the incoming Drac fighter explode.

WOOSTER (OVER)
Willy! Bandit on our tail!

EXT. DAVIDGE'S FIGHTER

A Drac fighter closes in quickly from behind.

INT. DAVIDGE

He leans back on the stick.

EXT. THE FIGHTER

goes into an almost vertical climb. The Drac fighter passes under him.

Davidge's fighter tops out, goes into a "stall" and starts to drop down after the Drac. He sees the Drac closing in on a fighter marked E6.

INT. DAVIDGE

DAVIDGE
Echo Six! Watch your buns!

INT. SIMPSON

She glances at her display, then back at Siefert, her backseater.

SIMPSON
Where is he Willy?

DAVIDGE (OVER)
He's in your shadow. He...

Simpson's face dissolves in a brilliant light.

EXT. SIMPSON'S FIGHTER

turns into radioactive dust.

INTERCUT DAVIDGE AND WOOSTER

WOOSTER
Oh Jesus!

Davidge's face is grim as he pushes his stick and pursues the Drac.

DAVIDGE'S POV

as Davidge tries to lock his sights on the Drac. The Drac flies an evasive wave pattern, at the same time closing in on a BTA fighter.

DAVIDGE
Echo Four! Bandit on your tail!

DAVIDGE'S HAND

moves toward the firing button. Where it hesitates.

DAVIDGE'S POV

The evasive pattern of the Drac fighter, lined up as it is with the BTA fighter, creates a chance that Davidge might miss and blow up one of his own people.

INTERCUT DEMEREST (PILOT) AND DECKER (BACKSEATER)

DECKER
I got him. Climb! Climb!

DEMEREST

pulls on the flight stick. But too late. The Drac bolt hits and Demerest, Decker and the fighter turn into dust and gamma rays.

INT. DAVIDGE

Davidge pushes his flight stick.

DAVIDGE
You bastard.

His face tightens in grim concentration.

DAVIDGE'S POV

as he gains on the Drac fighter.

EXT. THE DRAC FIGHTER

goes into a downward sweep, and with a burst of speed begins to pull away from Davidge.

Davidge's afterburners ROAR to life as Davidge tries to catch up. The globe of Fyrine IV draws larger, closer.

INTERCUT DAVIDGE AND WOOSTER

DAVIDGE
How many K's have we got left?

WOOSTER
You can go up another sixty five. But we'll have a heat problem.

EXT. DAVIDGE AND THE DRAC

race nearer and nearer to the surface of Fyrine IV. The Drac flies its evasive wave pattern.

INT. DAVIDGE

Davidge is totally concentrated in the act of flying. The machine wrapped around his body seems to anticipate his moves.

EXT. DAVIDGE AND THE DRAC

Davidge closes in. Suddenly the Drac drops and begins a downward spiral. Davidge drops expertly in behind him.

INT. DAVIDGE

DAVIDGE

Say your prayers, Toadface, to whatever bug-eyed god you pray to.

EXT. DAVIDGE AND THE DRAC

Davidge fires. It's a miss.

The Drac comes out of its spiral and dives directly towards the surface of Fyrine IV.

And Davidge follows.

INTERCUT DAVIDGE AND WOOSTER

WOOSTER

Engine heat beyond normal limits.

DAVIDGE

Just another moment.

Davidge fires. Another miss.

EXT. DAVIDGE AND THE DRAC

The Drac fighter streaks on toward the planet. Davidge rockets after him.

INTERCUT DAVIDGE AND WOOSTER

WOOSTER

Come on! Come on, Willy! Blast him and let's get out of here!

DAVIDGE'S POV

The Drac fighter is centered in his sights. He fires.

EXT. THE DRAC FIGHTER

It's a hit. But the Drac fighter doesn't explode. Instead it lurches sideways, then straightens out and flies in a jerky, descending pattern, smoking from one side.

WOOSTER

I'm getting some p.s.i. We're hitting atmosphere.

EXT. DAVIDGE AND THE DRAC

As both fighters hit the atmosphere, they begin to glow with the friction - first a rose, then a vivid red, and finally white. Long tails of light - incandescent particles of atmosphere - follow them.

Then upper strata of clouds appear - thick and sudden as a wall. The Drac fighter disappears first, followed by Davidge.

DAVIDGE

Lost him! What's on the scope?

WOOSTER

Nothing works in this gunk! Willy, pull'outta here.

DAVIDGE

Damn! Lost him!

Then something floats past them, moving in the opposite direction. It's a body, humanoid in shape, wrapped in a pressure suit, tumbling over and over.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

He's out! The bastard ejected.

And then the pilotless Drac fighter materializes ahead of them in the fog. Davidge sees it, yanks at his flight stick. His own cockpit barely clears before he hears the wrenching contact, the WHINE of twisting, tearing metal and the THUMP of something penetrating his fighter.

Davidge reaches for the ceiling, pulls down his pressure helmet and forces it over his head. The self-sealing gaskets tighten with a WHOOSH of air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIDGE

C'mon Joey. We're bailing out.

He glances back and sees that Wooster is slumped in his cockpit. He turns to his controls.

Davidge fights the craft. It seems like sheer willpower that causes him to regain some measure of control as he begins to guide it down toward the surface of Fyrine IV.

The clouds clear suddenly, and the world below appears. It is a primordial world, a world of jungle, sea and stone. A world of dense, lightless swamps and miasmal fogs.

Davidge spots an area beyond the jungle - a jumbled terrain free of trees. Desperately he tries to head his fighter in that direction.

DAVIDGE

Come on! Come on!

He hears the WHINE of his engines fading. Power becomes intermittent, and still Davidge struggles with the controls. The craft shudders violently.

When the ground seems no more than a few feet away, Davidge hits his reverse rockets.

EXT. SURFACE OF FYRINE IV EVENING

The fighter touches ground, cutting a wide furrow as it goes, spraying dirt and pieces of itself into the air.

And then silence. Davidge's fighter is a still, collapsed hunk of smoldering metal.

Davidge scrambles from his shattered cockpit. In his pressure suit and helmet he looks like a member of the first lunar landing team. He heads directly to Wooster's cockpit, forces it open and pulls Wooster out. He drags him away from the fighter to a soft mossy area.

Wooster, who doesn't have a pressure helmet on, opens his eyes and looks at Davidge. His eyes are glassy. There is a toneless quality to his voice.

WOOSTER

Take off your helmet, Willy. I can't see your face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Davidge removes the helmet, sniffs cautiously at the air, then takes a deep breath.

WOOSTER (CONT.)

Did we get him?

DAVIDGE

I don't think so. How are you?

WOOSTER

Okay.

DAVIDGE

Can you move your arms or legs.

WOOSTER

No. I'm tired.

Davidge moves Wooster's head to make him more comfortable.

Then he looks around. A vivid red sun is settling toward the horizon.

DAVIDGE

You rest. It looks like night is coming on.

WOOSTER

Willy? We'll get him tomorrow.

DAVIDGE

(nods)

Yeah. Tomorrow.

EXT. SURFACE OF FYRINE IV MORNING

A gray, cold dawn. A light drizzle coming down. Davidge and Wooster lie huddled on the wet ground. Davidge raises his head to look around. It takes him a moment to remember where he is. He gets up stiffly and goes over to Wooster.

Wooster lies motionless, both eyes closed, like a man in a light, restful sleep. Davidge bends down, touches him gently.

DAVIDGE

Joey?

Wooster doesn't move. Davidge listens for his breath, feels his carotid pulse. Wooster is dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Davidge sits back. His eyes are wet - it could be tears or maybe just the rain.

He gazes at Wooster, then out over the gray sea. The water is choppy, speckled with whitecaps. To the left, the cliffs. To the right a winding, twisting shoreline. Far in the distance, a white plume of smoke drifts into the air.

He turns back to Wooster.

DAVIDGE

I'm sorry, Joey. I screwed it up.

He gets to his feet and goes to the hot wreck of the fighter. It takes him several moments of prying to get to a sealed metal box, which he opens.

Inside the box is a small laser handgun, a pukka knife, a pocket compass and two little ration bars. Davidge tucks these items into various parts of his flight suit, then turns to the task of burying Wooster's body.

DAVIDGE (VOICE OVER)

I only had one thought. The Drac that killed Joey Wooster was still alive. And I knew from that little whisp of smoke in the air that it wasn't too far away.

Davidge finally turns away from Wooster's grave and walks away, heading toward the plume of smoke in the distance with purpose in his stride.

DISSOLVE TO:

A blazing sunset.

A red, irregularly-shaped moon hovers over the ocean. The weary outline of Davidge, black against the sky, trudges over the hill.

EXT. A ROCKY OVERHANG NIGHT.

A steady PATTERN of rain. Davidge lies huddled beneath the overhang, shivering in a fitful sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MORNING

A bipedal CREATURE moves through the dawn light. To say it is bipedal is not to say it looks even remotely human. Its hind legs are long and like those of an ostrich. Its front legs are short and held near its chest. It has a long, sinuous neck, and even the head is narrow and elongated. Its fur is mottled beige and brown. The Creature looks around and then drops its head to nibble a mouthful of grass.

In the midst of the grass is a sandy pit, and growing out of this pit is an upright green vine that undulates gently in the breeze. The Creature spots the vine, ambles over to it and reaches for it.

The vine tightens around the Creature's neck with an audible SNAP. The Creature barely has time to emit a SHRIEK before its head is drawn into the earth. There is a loud CRUNCH from under the sand, then a SUCKING NOISE. The Creature struggles violently for a moment, then goes limp.

EXT. THE ROCKY OVERHANG

Davidge springs awake. For a moment he sits upright, fighting a panic that threatens to overwhelm him. Then gaining control of himself, he gets to his feet. He looks around at the cold, gray dawn. Then he orients himself by his compass and begins walking.

EXT. A RISE IN THE TERRAIN

Davidge comes to the top of a rise. He pauses, flattens himself against the ground and peeks over the top.

Lying three hundred yards ahead of him is the still smoldering hulk of the Drac fighter. Even as a charred remnant, the Drac craft has an alien, totally inhuman aspect about it.

Davidge wraps his fingers around the butt of his hand gun. There is no cover between him and the Drac fighter. Davidge takes a moment to decide, and then straightens up and walks toward the wreck. His pistol is held in front of him in a combat position. He waves it slowly covering the Drac fighter.

EXT. DRAC FIGHTER

Nothing moves. The silence is broken only by the HISS of a few stray raindrops on the hot metal and the distant BOOMING of the surf. Davidge jumps, nerves on edge.

Davidge circles the Drac fighter, pistol still at the ready. Finally lowering it, he peers inside. The cockpit is a twisted wreckage of metal. The Drac would have no reason for lingering here.

Then Davidge turns his gaze along the downward slope to where the forested area begins. He can just glimpse the blue of the ocean over the trees, and he starts to walk in that direction.

EXT. THE FOREST

Davidge walks through a lush, verdant forest. He walks slowly, looking around in wonder. There is a silence here, unbroken by the cries of birds. The trees are thick, gnarled, spreading massive limbs in all directions. Many of these limbs are twisted and blackened, as if this forest were the sight of heavy shelling.

The sun has come out again in full force, and Davidge is sweating. His hair is limp and sticking to his head. He walks toward one single, unmistakable sound, the white noise of RUSHING WATER.

EXT. THE RIVER

Davidge comes to a river, moving swiftly along its steep course, broken here and there into spray by boulders. This would be the white-water enthusiast's paradise, but Davidge is not interested in river running. He drops by the edge of the stream, wets his hair and face, and then pauses. He tastes the water carefully, then drinks deeply.

Sitting up by the stream, he takes out one of his ration bars and wolfs it down. After a moment's hesitation, he gobbles down the other one. Then he gets to his feet and continues down the slope, now following the course of the river.

EXT. TOP OF THE WATERFALL

Davidge can hear the waterfall and feel the spray long before he gets there. The stream widens just before the falls, then topples over a rocky cliff, cascading into a lagoon below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Davidge looks down. The water splashes into the lagoon, which is surrounded on all sides by sandy beach.

It is a scene of serene beauty, and Davidge relaxes for a moment. Then something catches his eye and he drops behind the cover of the stony outcropping. On the sandy beach, close to the lagoon, the remains of a driftwood campfire smolder. And next to the campfire lies a large metal sphere.

Davidge lies flat, his eyes hard now, peering through a chink in the rocks. He doesn't have long to wait before he sees it.

It is long and green and moves through the water with an easy, ominous grace. Oddly enough, it swims in human fashion, with an overhand crawling stroke. When it reaches the shallows and walks onto the beach, its aquatic origins - mere vestiges in its current stage of evolution - become evident: a protruding backbone that may have once been a fin, slight webbing between the three fingers of its hand and the four toes of its feet, a head without external ears and a hint of scales in the texture of its skin.

Walking erect as it comes from the water, it is taller than a man. Its body is thin and muscular. Its neck is long and the head has a high, smooth cranium. Davidge cannot see its face.

He watches as the naked DRAC walks to the fire and blows on it to build up the flames. Soon the fire is going again, and the Drac settles down on the sand to work its legs into the trousers of its flight suit. For the first time Davidge sees its face: huge yellow eyes with vertical cat-like slits for pupils, flaring nostrils with no nasal structure and a mouth like the beak of a snapping turtle.

Half dressed in its flight suit, the Drac yawns and stretches. Davidge moves slowly. He eases his pistol into his hands, braces his elbows against the rock and aims.

Then he lowers the gun. It's too long a shot. At the same moment the Drac gets to its feet, steps over to the sphere on the sand and opens it. The sphere is hollow. Davidge can see that it is filled with various objects, most of them wrapped in a silvery covering. The Drac takes one of these objects, unwraps it and begins to eat.

Davidge looks on, hunger plain on his face.

EXT. THE LAGOON NIGHT

Davidge peers over the top of the waterfall. The Drac has built a larger fire and is grooming its hands by licking them daintily with a long, pink tongue. The Drac's survival capsule is on the sand beside it, and Davidge can't take his eyes off the silver-wrapped ration bars.

Davidge silently gulps several mouthfuls of water from his hand. Then, tucking his pistol within each reach inside his belt, he creeps over the rocks.

The rocky escarpment above the lagoon is curved, and Davidge stays on the inside of the curve as he climbs down.

His plan is clearly to get to a point low enough, then climb around the edge of the escarpment and get a clean, close shot at the Drac.

However, the rock has been smoothened by years of water running over its surface. Davidge digs his fingers into tiny cracks. He finds minute niches into which he wedges the toes of his boots. By the time he reaches the edge of the rock his legs are trembling and his fingers are numb.

The Drac, oblivious of any threat, munches another ration bar.

CLOSE ON THE DRAC

It raises its head to look out over the dark sea. It hears nothing but the POUNDING and HISSING of the surf. In the darkness, its cat-like pupils are round. For the first time we see - fear and sadness in those yellow, alien eyes.

DAVIDGE

moves closer to the edge of the escarpment. Finally he has the Drac in sight. He eases the pistol into his hand, aims and...

...his foot loses its hold. His lower body drops. He is now hanging by four fingers wedged into a crack in the rock. His other hand searches desperately for purchase on the rock, trying to hold on to the pistol at the same time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally the inevitable happens. The pistol drops from his hand, CLATTERS over the rock and SPLASHES into the lagoon.

THE DRAC

leaps to its feet. The yellow eyes narrow as it strains its hearing to identify the sound. After a moment it throws more wood on the fire. The rising flames illuminate the shadows and reflect vividly from the water in the lagoon.

DAVIDGE

heedless now of the precariousness of his hold, moves like a lizard along the wet stone, until he is hidden under the waterfall.

The Drac reaches into its survival capsule and removes a long object which at first looks like an odd crutch, but which is in fact a rifle shaped for the Drac's physiology.

The Drac circles the lagoon, peering into the darkness. After a long look, seeing nothing unusual, it moves back to its place by the fire, where it sits with its rifle cradled in its arms.

EXT. UNDER THE WATERFALL

Davidge, soaked by the spray, clings to the wet rock as motionless as a lizard.

DISSOLVE TO:

A VIVID SUNRISE - DAWN

UNDER THE WATERFALL

Davidge has not changed position. He sees the Drac lying asleep in the sand, its rifle still in its arms. Slowly, silently, he begins to creep out from under the waterfall and up over the rocky escarpment. He is now wet, cold, hungry and unarmed.

EXT. THE FOREST DAY

The sun beats down through the thick lattice of overhead branches. Davidge, stripped to the waist, is working feverishly. He is making a DEADFALL TRAP from a log that is twelve inches in diameter. He braces the deadfall in a figure 4 configuration and uses a piece of lacing from his flight suit for a trigger.

EXT. THE DRAC'S CAMP

The Drac is poking among the tidepools, carrying the rifle and watching the big red slugs crawl slowly about. The expression on its face is one of disgust.

Davidge appears behind the Drac and throws a rock that THUMPS the creature hard on the back. The Drac whirls and sees Davidge. For a moment it is too startled to move. But when the Earthman makes a try for its survival capsule, the Drac lowers its rifle and fires.

Davidge dodges out of the way and sprints toward the rocks. The Drac runs after him, firing wildly and missing.

The Earthman scrambles up the rocks and disappears into the cover of trees. The Drac bends low, SNUFFS at the ground, and lurches after him, like a hound on the trail.

EXT. THE FOREST

The forest becomes dense. The Drac pauses twice, seeking the scent. Then it hears the Earthman RUNNING ahead and dashes after him.

When it feels its foot trip the Deadfall, the Drac responds with lightning reflexes, flinging itself back. But the log still manages to strike the Drac a glancing blow on the head.

The Drac stands stunned, bluish blood oozing from its head. Its yellow eyes narrow in rage.

DRAC

(shouting)

Irkmann! Ta nekhem-blekhem! Blekhem!

The rage is wild in its eyes as it starts back to its camp.

EXT. ROCKY ESCARPMENT

The Drac walks past the rocks, holding its hand pressed to its bleeding head. It's at that moment that Davidge leaps from above, knife in hand.

This time the Drac isn't fast enough. Davidge lands on its back and brings it down to the ground. They roll on the ground, grappling for the knife. The Drac's rifle is flung aside.

At first Davidge has the advantage. He controls the knife, looking for the Drac's throat. Then the Drac grabs the knife BY THE BLADE, cutting its hand, but flinging the knife away.

The combatants break, get to their feet, and slug it out. Davidge slugs, that is. The Drac fights with sweeping slaps that Davidge easily avoids, while landing several bruising blows to the Drac's face. Then the Drac connects with its talons, opening deep gashes in Davidge's face. He loses his balance for an instant and WHOMP! The Drac kicks him in the midsection, sending him reeling backwards to the ground.

The Drac grabs the knife and makes a dash for the rifle. Davidge has no choice but to run for cover. He scrambles over the rocks and heads for the safety of the forest.

The Drac picks up the rifle and fires a parting shot in his direction. Then it turns and limps toward its camp on the beach.

EXT. THE DRAC'S CAMP

The Drac walks into the surf and washes its wounds. It binds its head and hand with strips of seaweed.

EXT. TOP OF THE WATERFALL

Davidge crouches out of sight, watching the Drac. He is hungry and desperate.

EXT. THE BEACH

The Drac finishes binding its wounds. Then the abundance of seaweed gives it an idea. It begins to gather large quantities of the stuff and drags it toward its encampment.

TOP OF THE WATERFALL

Davidge watches, puzzled, as the Drac erects four make-shift poles out of driftwood, then stretches great masses of the tangled seaweed over them, creating a latticework. This done, the Drac settles into the shady area and begins to eat.

It seems to have forgotten all about Davidge.

CUT TO:

EXT. FURTHER UP THE RIVER

Davidge climbs the steep slope by the river. Davidge is looking for something.

Finally he sees what he wants: a large, half-rotten log near the river. He tries to heft it. It's big, but the process of decay has lightened it considerably. Slowly, with great effort, Davidge maneuvers the log until it is right at the edge of the stream.

CUT TO:

THE DRAC

Looking around, squinting against the sunlight, watching the thicket of forest above the rocky escarpment. There is no sign of the Earthman.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE DRAC'S CAMP NIGHT

A driftwood bonfire burns. The Drac lies in the shadows, its yellow eyes open, its rifle cradled in its arms.

EXT. THE DRAC'S CAMP DAWN

The fire smolders. The Drac lies asleep. Suddenly its eyes open. It sits up with a GASP. But all is silent and peaceful. Its eyes once again scan the woods and the beach. No sound, no motion. It SNUFFS once or twice, testing the air for a scent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Apparently the only scent it detects is the smell of its own body, because it SNUFFS and makes a face. Phew! Still checking the escarpment above, the Drac strips and swims out into the fresh water of the lagoon.

EXT. TOP OF THE FALLS

Davidge, peering through his chink in the rocks, sees the Drac slip into the water. Silently as an eel, he himself slides away from his vantage point and makes his way up the hill.

EXT. DAVIDGE'S LOG

Further up the river, Davidge breaks into a run. It is a hard, GASPING run up the steep hill, but when he reaches his log he wastes no time to catch his breath. He shoves the log for all he's worth, until it slips into the water. The current catches it immediately, and Davidge leaps from the bank, grabs the log and struggles to cling to the top of it as it accelerates in the current.

A BIT FURTHER DOWN RIVER

The slope is the steepest here. The log whirls about.

DAVIDGE'S POV

as the spray is driven into his eyes. Rocks, water and sky spin around him. The log rolls over once, driving him under water, then pulling him up again.

THE LOG

almost becomes airborne as it speeds downward with its desperate passenger.

EXT. THE LAGOON

The Drac surfaces, takes a breath, and then begins washing itself in the meticulous, fastidious way shared by wealthy women and cats. It pauses only when it hears an approaching RUMBLE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The RUMBLE is not so much a sound as a change in the texture of the silence around it. It is the sound of something heavy moving rapidly in the water, the sound of wood against stone, of something slapping against liquid.

The Drac looks at the waterfall. The water is coming down in a smooth stream. Then for a moment it dwindles to a trickle. That condition lasts only an instant before something enormous flies over the top of the escarpment.

The huge log flies through the air - Davidge clinging like a greenhorn cowpoke on a bronc - traces an arc in the air, and lands with a horrendous SPLASH in the lagoon.

The Drac dives at the last instant. Half the water in the lagoon rises skyward as spray when the log hits. All is confusion - writhing Drac legs, human legs, a tumbling, bobbing log. Davidge is on the near side of the log. He doesn't waste a second. He strikes out for shore, heading for the Drac's camp.

The Drac surfaces and sees over the bobbing log. The Earthman is heading for its camp, its provisions, its rifle. It streaks after him.

EXT. DRAC CAMP

Davidge is there way ahead of the Drac. He glances about for the rifle, then realizes it must be in the survival capsule. He grabs the lid of the capsule and it opens! Davidge sees the rifle. He is so elated that he fails to notice THE LONG TENDRIL OF SEAWEED THAT SECURES THE MAKE-SHIFT STRUCTURE is held between the two halves of the Drac's survival capsule.

Davidge opens the capsule. The seaweed begins to drift down like a huge net and encloses Davidge completely.

Davidge lies on the ground - a lump under the smelly, sticky seaweed - struggling futilely.

The Drac arrives at the shore of the lagoon and then walks cautiously toward Davidge. The look on its face is very much like a grin. It picks up a hefty piece of driftwood and swings at the struggling lump. There is a heavy THUD and the lump stops moving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Drac hits again, just to be sure.

DISSOLVE TO:

DRACS CAMP AFTERNOON

The Drac sits on the sand, eating another one of its ration bars.

A post has been driven into the sand. Davidge's hands have been bound behind his back with seaweed and tied to the post. Another post holds his feet. The sun dries and shrinks the seaweed, pulling it tighter.

But the pains of hunger at this point are even more compelling than the pains of his body. The stuff that the Drac is eating is greenish brown in color, but the lip-smacking noises the Drac makes while eating it conveys the notion to Davidge that he's missing something really good. Finally Davidge can't stand it anymore.

DAVIDGE

Hey!

The Drac glances at him, a quick contemptuous glance, then goes back to its lip smacking.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

I'm hungry! Can you understand that? Hungry, H-U-N-G-R-Y, hungry!

He opens his mouth wide to convey the idea of hunger. The Drac looks at this a moment, then opens its mouth wide also. It holds this grimace for a moment, then goes on eating.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

Hey, Toadface! You understand any English?

At this the Drac almost drops its food and comes rushing to Davidge. He automatically cringes, but the Drac stops two feet short of him and points a long, clawed finger at his face.

DRAC

Kos son Va?

DAVIDGE

What?

DRAC

Kos son va?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIDGE

Stick it.

The Drac seemed perturbed, irritated.

DRAC

Ohy! Ohy! Kos son va?

(it turns the pointing finger at itself)

Kos va son Jeriba Shigan. Shhhhigan!

DAVIDGE

So you're Jerry Shigan. Is that what you're trying to say? Is that your name?

DRAC

Ae! Ta gavey! Bini. bini. bini.
Kos son va. Irkmann?

DAVIDGE

You want my name? Willis E. Davidge. Now how about some food? You gavey food?

DRAC

Ae! Shigan gavey Eeeengleeesh. Irkmann hotetsa yida. Fooooood!

The Drac smirks and utters a hissing sound that can only be its LAUGH.

It turns and walks out to a rocky tidepool, picks up a stick and spears a large, pink and wriggling water slug. This it carried back and thrusts into Davidge's face.

DRAC

Na, Davidge. Vot foooood! Et yida. eh?

DAVIDGE

You expect me to eat that!?

DRAC

Ae! Ae! Ae! Irkmann hotetsa yida?
Vot yida...foooooood!

Davidge looks at the pulsating slug. Then the survival instincts take over. He stretches his neck, shuts his eyes and gobbles the slimy thing off the stick.

The Drac stares at him in utter horror and disbelief. It's joke has gone awry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAC

(Disgusted)

Gefh! Gefh!

It turns and walks back to its place, its skin more green than ever. It sits down, picks up one of its ration bars, then puts it down again. The poor Drac is too disgusted even to eat.

EXT. THE DRACS CAMP NIGHT

The Drac's driftwood fire is low and flickering. The Drac itself lies curled on the sand, asleep, while Davidge remains tied as before.

He is looking at the dark horizon and sees a streak of light move across the sky, swell to a flare, and then fade.

DAVIDGE (OVER)

My first thought was "They're looking for me."
But it was only a meteor and a little wishful thinking.

A second bring meteor streaks across the sky.

DAVIDGE (OVER)

I guess I had nothing but wishes left. A few seconds later I would be wishing for my life.

A third meteor lights the sky, bigger and closer than the other two. Suddenly the sky is ablaze with lights, long chains of sparks, rosettes of flame, flashing, exploding, brighter and wilder than any laserium he's ever seen.

Then something as tiny as a firefly flashes inches from Davidge's eyes. He hears a sound like a fire-cracker. The sand at his feet explodes, leaving a soupbowl sized crater.

DAVIDGE

What the hell...?

Then another explosion of sand stings his face, and he looks at the ocean, where spouts of water shood upward.

From the forest above, Davidge hears the CREAK and SNAP of wood, like a fusilade of machine gun fire among the trees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIDGE

Drac! Wake up!

(No response)

Hey Drac, WAKE UP!

And still no response. Then an explosion of sand hits the Drac in the face. It leaps awake, eyes angry, glaring.

DAVIDGE

For christ's sake! We're in the middle of a meteor shower.

The Drac looks up in wonder and fear.

DRAK

Zeerki!

DAVIDGE

Yeah, zeerki! Now for Christ's sake, help me!

The Drac's lethargy vanishes suddenly. It leaps to its feet and dashes off toward the rocky escarpment.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

Drac! HELP ME!

The Drac pauses. It glances back, stands undecided for a moment, then runs back to Davidge.

Wielding his own pukka knife, it cuts the seaweed binding Davidge's legs, pulls him up and pushes him ahead of it toward the escarpment. Davidge runs as best he can.

EXT. A CLEFT IN THE ROCKS

The Drac dives into a cleft in the rocks, pulling Davidge in along with it. Both of them lie side by side, breathing heavily into each other's faces, while the rock around them POPS with the impact of tiny meteorites.

Then something hits the rock protecting them, spraying them with slivers of stone. They COUGH and GASP and nearly embrace each other out of terror.

BLAM! Once again the splinters fly.

DRAC

Kiz! Ox da kiz!

DAVIDGE

You said it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally the POPPING stops and the fireworks fade from the sky. The Drac pulls itself from the cleft, dragging Davidge along.

EXT. THE ENCAMPMENT

The Drac looks around. Several meteorites have struck near the camp, but there is no damage to the survival capsule. It shoves Davidge along to where he was tied up, pushes him roughly to the ground and binds his feet again.

DAVIDGE

You're not going to tie me up, are you? That could happen again.

DRAC

Zeerki? Irkmann Davidge kriki, ne?

Davidge glares at the Drac.

DRAC (CONT.)

Gon bidden, Davidge.

Davidge watches the Drac curl up like a cat on the sand. He moves around a bit himself. He is not tied quite as tightly nor as painfully as before.

DAVIDGE

Yeah. Good night to you too.

Davidge lies back, eyes staring. Sleep is out of the question. Fear of imminent death overcomes exhaustion.

The Drac lies curled up like a cat. Unseen by Davidge, its eyes too are wide open and unblinking.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DRAC CAMP MORNING

Davidge and the Drac sound asleep.

Davidge awakens suddenly. He is shocked to realize that he has been sleeping. He tries to move. There is some leeway, but he is still tightly bound.

Then he notices that the post to which his feet are bound is slightly loose. He yanks his feet back, hard. He does this again, and again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally the post pulls free. Davidge's feet are still tied, but he's able to get them under him, wrap his fingers around the other post and pull it free also.

He looks at the Drac. It has not stirred. It is sleeping curled up, its rifle GRIPPED TIGHTLY IN ITS HANDS. Davidge's pukka knife is trussed into its belt.

After a couple of futile tries at getting up, Davidge begins to make his way across the sand like an inchworm. It's slow going. Once the Drac stirs and SIGHS in its sleep, and Davidge freezes where he is. Then he starts again, oozing along like a worm.

Finally he is side by side with the Drac, but getting there was less than half the fun. Now he has to get the knife away from the Drac without waking it. He faces away from the Drac and extends his arms backward. His fingers caress the sleeping Drac, touch it gently as a spider web, moving, looking for the handle of the knife.

The fingers find the handle, wrap around it, and slip the knife out as smooth as butter. The Drac never stirs.

Davidge first cuts the bonds around his wrists, then the bonds around his ankles. He stands up stiffly, slowly - hurting all over.

He makes a move for the rifle, but the Drac is gripping it too tightly. The knife trembles in Davidge's hands. His eyes search for the most vulnerable point on the creature's body, and sees the throbbing vein in its neck. He lowers the blade and prepares to slash.

For a reason he doesn't yet understand, he can't do it. Instead he backs away and turns to the Drac's survival capsule, pulls it open and grabs several ration bars. He wolfs them down in moments. He looks up to see the Drac pointing its rifle at him.

DAVIDGE

Look, Drac... I could have killed you easy. You owe me one.

The Drac, of course, ignores this.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

What did you say your name was?

(points at the Drac)

Name... your name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAC

Kos? Jeriba Shigan.

DAVIDGE

All right, Jerry. Now listen.

He pauses. How to explain this. It will take an elaborate pantomime, which Davidge attempts as best he can.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

Meteors...fall here. Many meteors fall. You gavey?

DRAC

Ohy. Yan ohyn gavey. Ova meteors?

Davidge remembers.

DAVIDGE

Zeerki!

DRAC

Ae! Gavey.

DAVIDGE

Okay. Zeerki fall here. We're in the open.
(Gestures with his hands to indicate
openness.)
If we stay down here, we die.

Davidge makes a face to indicate a state of death.

DRAC

Nekhem-biekhem. Die.

DAVIDGE

You got it. Why don't we take that thing of yours...

He points at the Drac's survival capsule.

DRAC

Naesay.

DAVIDGE

Take that naesay of yours and get up higher, into the forest. There's some cover there, and we could build a shelter. Anything would be better than nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAC

Irkmann, ta govert yumno, me sto ya verit ta, eh?
Ta tolki naesay, neb ya derzho rozzo. Ta mozh yidi
nish ta ya slust.

DAVIDGE

Fine. Fine. I knew you'd agree.

Davidge starts to back up. The Drac's rifle is still pointed at him. He turns and walks back to the camp.

EXT. DRAC'S CAMP

Davidge gets behind the naesay, ready to push.

DAVIDGE

We have to push this thing uphill. I need your help, gavey?

The Drac moves closer, rifle still pointed.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

Look, if I do all the work I get all the rations. And I'd hate to leave you here to starve. You gavey that?

The Drac moves in and points the rifle point blank at Davidge's head.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

Serves me right for getting all the good ideas.

He leans his shoulder against the naesay and starts to push.

EXT. THE SLOPE

Davidge pushes the naesay over the sand to where the ground rises toward the forest. He looks back at the Drac. There is clearly no compassion in those yellow, cat-like eyes. He puts his shoulder to it and begins to sweat.

EXT. FURTHER UP THE SLOPE

It's rocky and steep. Davidge sinks to his knees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIDGE

Damnit! I can't do it all myself!

The Drac eyes him suspiciously. Then, holding the rifle in its right arm, it puts its left shoulder behind the weight of the naesay and gives a little shove. They continue upward, Davidge doing the work and the Drac pretending to help.

EXT. FURTHER UP THE SLOPE

The rocky ground gives way to slick, soft earth. Man and Drac struggle upward. They share the load now, their enmity momentarily forgotten.

They are in the thick of the rain forest; a dense miasma of damp earth, feathery leaves and massive, twisted tree trunks.

EXT. FOREST DAY

Davidge and the Drac have rolled the naesay to a relatively flat area. The Drac rests, cradling the rifle and nervously eyeing Davidge.

But Davidge is studying the rock-studded conglomerate that makes up the cliffs above them.

Finally he picks up a rock and hefts it.

DAVIDGE

Look here, Drac...

The Drac leaps to its feet, rifle pointed, at Davidge. Davidge holds out the stone.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

We need to build a shelter, gavey?
A shelter, piling stone on stone...

The Drac raises the rifle in a threatening gesture. Davidge drops the stone.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

Okay, dammit! If you're gonna shoot me, then shoot me! Do it NOW!

He steps up to the Drac and slaps the barrel away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

'Cause the question is, Drac, whether we live or die! I don't love you and you don't love me. But we're stranded here, buddy. Stuck, abandoned, marooned. Well, what do you say? I thought you gavey Engl-eeeesh.

The Drac stares at him sullenly, but lowers the barrel of the gun. It speaks angrily.

DRAC

Irkmann! Ta aba pravo. Mey ta ib phtuga! Phtuga!

DAVIDGE

Sure. Write and tell my mother. Now let's get to work.

EXT. THE ROCKY CLIFFS DAY

Davidge and the Drac stand on a narrow shelf high on the cliff, prying boulders loose and rolling them down.

EXT. SHELTER SIGHT DAY

Davidge and the Drac are piling stones to make a thick-walled circular enclosure.

DAVIDGE

Hey, Drac, I need...um...ya navo...tut...tutas...ummm...

DAVIDGE (VOICE OVER)

I was trying to learn its language. And the Drac was picking up a few words of English.

DRAC

Why don't we stick to English, Davidge? The way you butcher my language...

DAVIDGE

Is it my fault that you Dracs speak backwards, verbs before nouns...

DRAC

Davidge, it is your luck that I was in linguistics before the war. I speak seventy six languages. Of all of them, your English is the most simplistic, primitive, befuddled and unimaginative bunch of gribage...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIDGE

Garbage.

DRAC

Yes. Garbage. Thank you. If you have a tree, you call it a tree. You have one word for it, whether or not you are happy to see it, whether it is dead or alive, standing or fallen, you call it by this one stupid word: tree.

DAVIDGE

Fine. Now why don't we slam the yam for a while and build this damn thing!

CUT TO:

DAVIDGE AND THE DRAC

Finishing the enclosed ring, about six feet high, very crudely done.

DRAC

Davidge, this does not look very solid to me.

DAVIDGE

Not solid! It's a mountain! Look!

Davidge picks up a boulder and heaves it against the wall. The wall trembles. A rock slips loose. A chain reaction is set up, and the whole makeshift edifice comes crumbling down.

Davidge and the Drac stand back, like Laurel and Hardy, surveying the damage.

DAVIDGE

Well, if at first you don't succeed, try again.

DRAC

What did you say?

DAVIDGE

I said, if at first you don't succeed...

DRAC

(Amazed)

Irkmann, you have studied the works of our great philosopher Shizumaat, who teaches us that "if once you fail, you must redouble your efforts?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIDGE

Sorry to disappoint you, Jerry, but I learned that great and profound thought from Kermit the Frog.

DRAC

Kermitdafrog? An Irkmann philosopher?

DAVIDGE

Yeah. I don't think you've heard of him.

CUT TO:

DAVIDGE AND THE DRAC

Building the shelter. This time they have left a wider base on the wall and are tapering it as they work upward.

Davidge makes a plumbline from a round stone tied to a cord.

The work progresses. They are squaring up an opening which will be an entrance. Davidge carefully plumbs the corner before adding more stones.

CUT TO:

THE FINISHED SHELTER

Finished except for the roof, the shelter is a circular 'corral,' six feet high, with tapered walls and an open doorway.

EXT. TIDEPOOLS DAY

Davidge walks among the tidepools. He pokes about with a sharp stick and brings out an impaled, glistening pink slug.

EXT. THE FOREST FLOOR

Davidge walks along, carrying a shish-ka-bob of slugs. An ANIMAL'S HEAD peers at him from the undergrowth. It is one of the bipedal animals we saw earlier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Davidge crouches, looking. After a long look at Davidge, the animal hops away.

INT. THE SHELTER NIGHT

Davidge and the Drac sit around a fire built in the middle of the shelter. The smoke drifts up through the roof.

Davidge is roasting the slugs like marshmallows on a stick.

DAVIDGE

Want to try one?

DRAC

Davidge, you turn my digestive organs.

DAVIDGE

Don't forget who helped me acquire the taste. Besides, your ration bars are running low.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

Look.

He reaches behind him and produces a crude spear, hardly more than a piece of chipped stone lashed to a shaft.

DRAC

Is that what you have been doing while I worked building this roof?

DAVIDGE

Of course. There's animal life on this planet. I saw it. This will be a useful weapon for us long after your laser gun is out of juice.

DRAC

We'll be picked up before that happens, by one side or the other.

DAVIDGE

Nobody is going to go out of their way looking for us. Not while there's a war going on.

DRAC

You humans despair too easily. Shizumaat teaches us, "Intelligent life takes a stand."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIDGE

How? By gazing dumbly up at the sky? By waiting for miracles? I'm the one that's taking a stand! And if it looks funny to you, just remember that I wouldn't even be here if not for you worshippers of Shizumaat!

DRAC

You blame us! You humans, instigators of crimes, perpetrators of cruelty, treacherous to the bone... you blame us!

DAVIDGE

You know what, Jerry? Your Shizumaat eats the kiz of space bats. How do you like that?

At this the Drac grows livid. Its eyes widen and its skin goes through a series of color changes like a chameleon - green to yellow to pink to green again.

DRAC

Irkmann, your Kermitdafrog is a big stupid dope. Now don't speak to me anymore.

Davidge looks at the fire. He is about to laugh, stifles it, and looks at the Drac. The creature is sullen, angry. Davidge turns back to the fire. He is starting to feel ashamed.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FOREST DAY

Davidge steals through the forest with his spear. Before long, he spots his quarry, the ostrich-like mammal. It is browsing peacefully, paying no attention to him.

Davidge creeps up as close as he dares. Then, positioning his spear, he makes a short, hopping run and throws. The spear plows into the ground about six feet in front of Davidge, who is still running. He trips over the handle of the spear and falls in a tangle of arms and legs.

The animal looks up from its browsing. Its beady eyes show little interest in Davidge's performance.

Davidge gets to his feet, pulls the spear from the ground and tries again. This time the spear's handle gives the animal a solid whack across the side. It bounds away, SQUEALING.

EXT. A TREE

Davidge practices with his spear. Three times he throws and three times the spear's handle whacks the tree.

Finally, summoning all his poise and concentration, Davidge makes as precise a throw as he is capable of.

The spear's handle hits the tree and breaks.

The Drac watches and shakes its head.

INT. THE SHELTER NIGHT

Davidge has made a bow and arrows.

He is working on the arrow shafts. He heats them over the fire, then straightens them and holds them while they cool. Then he sharpens the tip of each stick and heats it in the fire until it just begins to char.

Finally he fletches the shaft with triangles cut from pieces of his flight suit.

The Drac watches, admiration growing in its eyes.

DRAC

I have to give you credit, Davidge. That is a simple and elegant weapon. You humans really have more under your caps than just that loose fringy stuff.

Davidge grunts in assent. He stands up, notches the arrow and flexes it in the bow to get the feel.

DRAC (CONT.)

Maybe it won't work.

DAVIDGE

Why not?

DRAC

Well, if it did, wouldn't somebody have thought of it...before?

EXT. THE SHELTER DAY

Davidge is standing outside the shelter. Everything is hazy. Vadik, Leclos, Arnold, Morse and Wooster are

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

standing with him. Everybody has drinks in his hand. The Drac is there too, dressed in a BTA uniform. They are laughing. There is no sound.

Davidge looks around at the happy faces. His own face is clean shaven, youthful. He's having a good time. None of this seems strange. They are all drinking with the Drac. Then a sound begins: A LOW RUMBLE. It becomes LOUDER, LOUDER. A Black Ship comes hurtling down on them.

They look up, all of them laughing. The Black Ship is crashing on them, but nobody seems to mind.

INT. THE SHELTER NIGHT

The fire glows dimly. Davidge sits up suddenly. The dream is gone but the RUMBLING continues, gradually fading away.

DAVIDGE

Listen! Listen to that!

The Drac stirs.

DRAC

What?

DAVIDGE

A ship!

The Drac sits up.

DRAC

I don't hear anything. You're dreaming.

Davidge thinks, then nods.

DAVIDGE

Yeah. A dream.

EXT. THE FOREST DAY

Davidge walks through the forest, carrying his bow and three arrows. He sees one of the animals. He creeps forward.

The animal does not react. This human thing is not something its dim instincts have been programmed to

(CONTINUED)

The arrow buries itself in the animal's side. He sees that it has fallen at the edge of a CONICAL SANDPIT.

Davidge moves around the creature, looking for a way to heave it onto his shoulders. HE STEPS ONTO THE EDGE OF THE PIT AND SLIPS.

The fine sand is like grease under his feet. He skids a short way into the pit, tries to scramble out, and falls to his hands and knees.

It's only then that he notices the scattering of bones: long rows of vertebrae, collapsed rib cages, small skulls.

Davidge panics. He redoubles his efforts to scramble out of the pit, but all his motions only serve to propel him slowly downward. The sand at the bottom of the pit begins to stir. A long green vine comes sliding from the sand, waving gently.

Davidge freezes.

And he bellows for all he's worth:

DAVIDGE

JERRRRRRRRRRRRRRYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!

The vine trembles, aroused, and begins a blind, poking search for the source of the CRY.

EXT. THE SHELTER

The Drac is on the roof, making some finishing touches, when it hears a faint CRY.

DAVIDGE (FAR AWAY)

Jerrrrrrrrryyyyyyyy!!!! Heeelllp!

A look of suspicion settles on the Drac's features as it climbs down from the roof.

The CRY comes again:

DAVIDGE (FAR AWAY)

Jerrrrrryyyyyyy!! Heeellp meeee!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Drac stands, indecisive. What's he up to, that Irkmann?

Then, making up its mind, it picks up its laser rifle and trots into the forest.

EXT. THE SAND PIT

Davidge lies without moving. But when he CRIES OUT again -

DAVIDGE

JEEEEERRRRRRYYYYYY!!!!

- the vines vibrate angrily, and Davidge watches horror stricken as the vine from the sandpit he is trapped in sways within inches of his face.

Then, coming out from the shelter of the trees, Davidge sees the Drac.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

Jerry!

He tries a mad scramble up the slope. The vine SNAPS whip-like around his leg. Davidge HOLLERS with the pain, as the vine drags him down toward the hole at the bottom of the pit.

Davidge flails out in desperation as a green, three-fingered hand wraps around his own.

The Drac lies flat, using the weight of its body to oppose the tugging of the vine. With its other hand it steadies the laser rifle and shoots.

Something below the ground BELLOWS.

A pink, hairless head is thrust up through the sand at the bottom of the pit. It is a long head with a mouth full of shark-jagged teeth. The "vine," now half blown away, is the tongue protruding from this catastrophic mouth. High on the skull, beyond the jaws, two blood-red eyes glare at them.

Jerry fires again. The fleshy part of the monster's head splatters away. The creature sinks back into its hole.

The Drac hauls Davidge to firmer ground. They sit stunned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then the thing Jerry shot comes out of the ground. A long, thick body, like some giant alligator embryo - a wet, unfinished thing, its head half blown away, its jaws SNAPPING.

The Drac whirls and fires a third time. And now, finally, the creature twitches in death.

DAVIDGE

Let's get out of here for God's sake.

DRAC

Wait.

It points to the animal Davidge killed.

DRAC

You're the hunter, Davidge. Don't forget your prey.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STONE SHELTER

A heavy rain beats down on the stick and mud roof.

INT. THE STONE SHELTER

Davidge sits leaning against the wall. Meat is cooking over a fire.

The Drac squats next to Davidge, holding a flaming piece of wood. Davidge's leg is deeply lacerated by the tongue of the underground predator.

DAVIDGE

Go ahead.

The Drac presses the flaming wood into the wound. Davidge MOANS. The Drac takes a long roll of a smooth, green tape from the neasy (now housed in the shelter) and bandages Davidge's leg.

DRAC

This is made for Dracs, but it should work on human skin as well.

DAVIDGE

You saved my ass out there.

(Pause)

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAC

Maybe my brain has become deranged. Or maybe I need the ever-present humor of your ugly human face. Who knows?

DAVIDGE

So you think humans are ugly, do you?

DRAC

Yes. Very ugly, but funny too. But that thing out there, Davidge, was even more ugly than you.

DAVIDGE

And not a bit funny.

DRAC

The meteor showers here force these animals to live underground.

DAVIDGE

The only animal life above the ground is the thing I killed...

DRAC

The cuca.

DAVIDGE

Why do you call it that?

DRAC

It looks like a cuca.

DAVIDGE

Oh? It's amazing that it survives. The meteor showers must be frequent, judging by the looks of the trees.

DRAC

Perhaps it is a throwback to evolutionary times on this planet before the meteor showers began. If it found a way to adapt - either by reproducing in great numbers or by living in rock caves - or both, it could survive.

DAVIDGE

It probably reproduces in great numbers. Sex is the universal urge...oops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Drac smiles and bends forward to tie off the bandage. Davidge notices again the gold chain around its neck, and hanging from that chain, the rectangular object.

DAVIDGE

What's that?

DRAC

Nothing.

DAVIDGE

What do you mean, nothing? What is it?

DRAC

A book. A small book.

DAVIDGE

Well, what's in it?

DRAC

Things.

DAVIDGE

Oh, for chrissakes!

The Drac takes a sidelong look at Davidge.

DRAC

It is called Talman. It contains the teachings of our great teacher, Shizumaat.

The Drac goes to the fire to cut a chunk of meat.

DAVIDGE

I suppose you have to know the Drac language to read it.

DRAC

Oh, no. We print everything in English, Davidge, especially for you.

The Drac hands Davidge some of the meat.

DAVIDGE

You know, you have a lousy sense of humor.

DRAC

So? You have no sense of humor, apart from your face.

Davidge tastes the meat and chews tentatively.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDGE

Teach me the Drac language.

DRAC

Why?

DAVIDGE

To keep from dying of boredom, Toadface.

DRAC

It's not for you.

DAVIDGE

The thoughts of Shizumaat are too good for us humans?

DRAC

No, not too good for humans. Too good for you.

DAVIDGE

I see. You have now become a judge of character.

DRAC

Have you forgotten what you said about Shizumaat?

DAVIDGE

Maybe you forgot what you said about Kermit the Frog!

Suddenly the Drac seems ashamed.

DRAC

That was wrong. But I was angry.

DAVIDGE

Angry or not, you said it.

DRAC

I did not mean it.

DAVIDGE

I didn't mean what I said about Shizumaat either.

The Drac things this over for a moment.

DRAC

All right. I will teach you. It will not be easy.

DAVIDGE

So? You have any pressing appointments?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Drac takes the Talman from its neck and places it around Davidge's neck.

DAVIDGE

Jerry, what...?

DRAC

The Talman must be worn by the pupil. I thus become the Master. I am poorly qualified, and totally unworthy, but as there is nobody else here...

The Talman is around Davidge's neck. He fingers it tentatively. The look on his face is one of strange pleasure.

DAVIDGE (VOICE OVER)

Time passed, as time does. We ate, we slept, we looked to the skies for some vain hope of rescue. In the meantime, I studied its language and read its Talman. It was a good book, a wise book. And yet I had the curious feeling of having learned all of it as a child.

EXT. A BLUFF OVER THE SEA

As Davidge speaks (voice over) we see him sitting on a bluff high over the ocean. His hair is long now, his face is darkened by a beard. He holds the tiny pages of the Talman open and reads out loud to the Drac, who stands nearby, gazing at the sea.

DAVIDGE

Yesli raz evim delo, pust raz ohym evim ert'drogo.
Da pust raz protanyat lubo ot raz'd, lubo da
zodinit ix.

DRAC

Translate.

DAVIDGE

In English, I can only approximate this.

(he translates)

"If one receives evil at the hands of another, let one not do evil in return. Rather let one extend love to the other, love that may unite them."

(ends translation)

I've read this kind of advice on post cards from my Mom.

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CONTINUED:

DRAC

You are not a very perceptive creature, Davidge. Truth is truth. It is the same for Dracs as for humans. But what you don't know yet is how Dracs express that truth, for the words of Shizumaat must be sung.

The Drac closes its eyes and begins to intone a melody, a light, lilting melody, filled with strange sadness.

DRAC (SINGING)

Yesli raz evim delo.
Pust raz ohym evim ert'drogo.
Da pust raz protanyat lubo
Or raz'd,
Lubo da zodinit ix.

Davidge listens to the song, moved in spite of himself. He hardly reacts at first when he sees a sparkling chain of lights in the daytime sky. And then...

DAVIDGE

(Shouts)

Jerry!

The Drac sees the lights. They start to run. The Drac doesn't move with its usual athletic grace. There is suddenly something awkward and heavy about its body.

INT. THE FOREST

Davidge and the Drax run through the forest. They can hear the impact of the first meteorites smashing into the thick trunks of the trees.

DAVIDGE

Come on, Jerry, move it!

They see an area DOTTED WITH CONICAL SANDPITS. Both stop in their tracks.

DRAC

These were not here yesterday.

DAVIDGE

Come on!

They skirt the area, still running. The Drac is having an increasingly hard time keeping up.

EXT. THE SHELTER

Davidge arrives first. Several invisible meteorites, no bigger than pebbles, WHIZZ through the air, impacting into the ground and trees, ricocheting from the rocks with a WHINE.

DAVIDGE

Jerry, dammit! Where the hell are you?

The Drac is coming. Slowly. Heavily. Davidge runs to it and drags it along.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

You crazy bastard! Come on!

INT. THE HUT

Davidge and Jerry collapse against the walls of the hut. They hear the meteors WHISTLING outside, and the fire-cracker BLASTS of stone chips being knocked from the walls of the shelter outside.

DAVIDGE

You turkey. What do I have to do, carry you?

DRAC

I'm sorry, Davidge.

DAVIDGE

Here we are, living like animals, and you get so fat you can hardly move.

DRAC

I said I'm sorry.

DAVIDGE

Sorry my butt. If not for you, Drac-o, I wouldn't be here.

DRAC

Do you think I made this war myself?

DAVIDGE

No. All you Dracs made it. We had legally annexed this solar system, along with hundreds of others...

A particularly heavy IMPACT rattles the entire shelter.

DRAC

You Earthmen simply invaded. Why? We had many years of peace before you came.

(CONTINUED)

continued;

We invaded? Invaded! If we invaded, what are you doing here?

DRAC

We are explorers and founders.

DAVIDGE

And what do you think we are, Toadface? Homebodies? We've had less than a hundred years of space travel, and we've settled twice as many worlds as you Dracs.

DRAC

Exactly. You spread like a disease.

DAVIDGE

Yeah? Well maybe we do. I'd like to know what you're going to do about it.

DRAC

You see what we do, Irkmann! We fight!

DAVIDGE

Some fighters. Look at you. You wouldn't last a week without me!

DRAC

Shidra kiz, Davidge! It is I who saved your worthless life. You owe the continuation of your miserable existence to me!

DAVIDGE

Why of all the ungrateful...! Okay, Slime! Let's see how well you'd survive on your own. Go on outside and let's see how long you last.

DRAC

You get out, Earthman! Van nekhem-blekhem!

Davidge grabs the Drac and hauls it to its feet, and drags it toward the entrance. Outside the meteorites WHISTLE and WHINE.

The Drac strikes Davidge a sweeping blow of its open hand, knocking him backwards.

Davidge falls and hits his head against the rock wall, opening a cut. He leaps to his feet and dives for the rifle, which is leaning against the wall. The Drac

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

goes for the rifle too, and they both get there at the same time. Four hands gripping it, they struggle on the ground.

Suddenly a meteorite strikes their hut with such intensity that several large rocks fall inward. Human and Drac cease their battle and wait for the whole thing to fall in on them.

But instead the noise outside abates. The meteor shower is ending.

Davidge is the first to release the rifle. He untangles himself from the Drac and scoots to a sitting position against the wall.

DAVIDGE

I think I'm starting to go crazy. It's the helplessness of waiting... just waiting. Trying to stay alive from day to day without knowing why.

The Drac says nothing.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

What we have to do is risk everything. Start moving... find out if we're really alone out here.

DRAC

Of course we're alone.

DAVIDGE

I'm not sure. I had a dream. There was a ship in my dream, rumbling down for a landing. It was so loud I woke up. But then I could still hear it.

DRAC

You were still dreaming.

DAVIDGE

Maybe. Or maybe it was real. Listen to me, Jerry. If we stay here, we die. Sooner or later, we die.

Suddenly the Drac gets to its feet and goes outside. Davidge follows.

EXT. THE SHELTER

The Drac is bent double, vomiting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIDGE

Jerry, I'm sorry.

DRAC

I am too. It is no longer my life alone that matters, Davidge. I am not fat. Nor am I lazy.

DAVIDGE

What are you talking about?

DRAC

Davidge, I am...

(It pauses to think)

I await new life.

Davidge cocks his head. He can't believe what he is hearing.

DAVIDGE

Are you telling me that you're pregnant? That you're going to have a baby?

DRAC

Yes.

Davidge starts to LAUGH. Released from the tension of the last few minutes, his laughter is nearly hysterical. Tears flow from his eyes.

DAVIDGE

Well, don't look at me!

(More laughter)

The Drac regards him in stony silence. Davidge stops laughing. He realizes the Drac is telling him the truth.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

But you can't do this to me!

DRAC

With you humans, new life is a thing of choice. With us it is spontaneous. The joy is not in the act of conception. For us, it is in the giving of birth. It's all I have now. I won't risk it on... one of your dreams.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE SHELTER MORNING

Davidge finishes pulling on a long cuca-skin coat

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

with a hood. He picks up his bundle and slings it over his shoulder.

DAVIDGE

Well?

DRAC

I would be a burden to you.

DAVIDGE

(nods)

I'll be heading northerly. The sound seemed to be moving in that direction.

DRAC

Even if they're there, what if they're not human?

DAVIDGE

Any chance is better than no chance. Listen, if I find anybody, I'll be back for you.

DRAC

Sure. And if you don't?

DAVIDGE

Then I guess each of us will die alone.

EXT. A ROCKY SLOPE

Davidge trudges up a rocky slope. A hard wind blows in his face. He turns once to look back. The stone shelter seems very small and isolated. There is no sign of the Drac. He pauses for a moment more, then walks on.

CUT TO:

EXT. A HIGH RIDGE

Davidge walks. Far below him is the sea, and behind him, barren mountains, reaching for the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A CAMPFIRE NIGHT

The wind whips up the flames of a campfire. Davidge lies as near the flames as he dares, tightly wrapped in his cuca-skin coat. His eyes are open, empty.

CUT TO:

• EXT. A FOREST DAY

Davidge walks through a forest. It is raining. He comes to a small clearing filled with conical sandpits - the underground predators. He quietly skirts the clearing and goes on his way.

EXT. A ROCKY RIDGE

Davidge climbs over the top of another rocky ridge and looks down into a valley. Like everything else Davidge has seen, the valley is empty, lifeless. He is about to turn away when something causes him to freeze in his tracks.

DAVIDGE P.O.V.

He is looking at a straight metal pole, protruding from the ground.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR

Davidge comes running to the pole. He sees that there is a metal tag attached to the pole by a wire. A number has been embossed on the tag. All around it are numerous holes, about six inches across and perfectly round.

Davidge walks around the holes in a stalking motion, bewildered. Then he lies down, drops a pebble into one of the holes and listens. He can hear the pebble TAPPING from side to side inside the hole until the sound fades.

Davidge grins.

DAVIDGE

Core samples. CORE SAMPLES!

He leaps to his feet, looking skyward. Where are they? When are they coming back? He peers at the metal tag - what does the number mean? Is this an abandoned exploration, or...?

He catches a glimpse of something white, partially hidden in the scrub brush. He comes at it slowly. Two huge, empty sockets stare back at him. A high, smooth brow glistens with an ivory sheen. The lower jaw is missing, but the upper half of the turtle-like beak is evident.

It's the skull of a Drac.

EXT. THE SHELTER

The Drac leaves the shelter. There is definitely something female about it now - an ungainliness that pregnant female beings display.

A light snow is falling. The Drac looks outward toward the gun-metal gray sea and shivers.

EXT. THE FOREST

The Drac makes its way through the deepening snow. It stops to pick some small and shriveled guava-like fruit.

Then it looks up to see a human form walking through the falling snow. The Drac stands stockstill as the human approaches. It is Davidge.

Davidge and the Drac walk to meet each other, as if they were going to embrace. They stop short when they are about six feet apart and look at one another.

DRAC

Well, Davidge... how cold do you think its going to get?

DAVIDGE

I don't know. I guess we'll find out.

DRAC

Did you find anything?

DAVIDGE

Nothing really, no. I got cold, and besides, you know...you didn't really have a chance without me, Toadface.

DRAC

Not a chance, Irkmann. Not a chance.

EXT. THE SHELTER

A snow storm is in progress, blanketing the forest in white. The shelter is now a white mound, with only a little stone showing at the top around the smoke hole.

INT. THE HUT

Davidge and the Drac sit beside the fire. The Drac is weaving something out of plant fibers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Davidge is reading the Talman by firelight. The following dialogue is spoken in Drac by both of them: subtitles translate into English.

DAVIDGE

What are you making there?

DRAC

Clothing for Zammis.

DAVIDGE

Zammis? Who is Zammis?

DRAC

Zammis will be the name of my child.

DAVIDGE

And just when are we expecting this Zammis?

DRAC

There is still time. Perhaps by the time Zammis is born, the warmth will have returned.

INT. THE SHELTER LATER

The fire has dwindled down to a pile of red hot embers. Davidge and the Drac lie side by side under a pile of cuca skins, huddled together for warmth.

Then, in the stillness, something moves. The dirt floor quivers, like a ripple on a still pond. For a moment, that is all. But then the center of the floor sinks a few inches. Then it drops away into a cone-shaped pit.

A green "vine" snakes its way from the cone. The Drac MOANS in its sleep and rolls over. The "vine" senses the vibration, moves toward the Drac and slides around its neck.

It contracts suddenly into a bone-crushing coil.

The Drac's eyes bulge open. Its mouth expands into a soundless scream. The Drac's body begins sliding toward the newly formed pit.

The Drac kicks out at Davidge.

DAVIDGE

~~Mmmmmmmmmmm~~ph?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Once again, the Drac flails with its feet.

DAVIDGE

Le'me sleep, will ya?

The Drac makes one final, desperate kick.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

Jerry, will you stop...

Then he sees what's happening.

Davidge dives for the naesay, looking for the rifle. Midway to it he realizes there isn't time. The jaws of the predator are ready to engulf the Drac.

Without hesitating, Davidge grabs a handful of red hot coals from the fire and shoves them into the predator's gullet.

The creature's SCREAM is choked off by the GURGLE of its blood and smoking flesh. It comes slithering out of its hole - ten feet long, pink and hairless. It writhes and snaps in agony, flailing its tail around, smashing the fireplace and filling the room with flying embers. The roof is instantly engulfed in fire, turning the shelter into a furnace.

EXT. THE SHELTER

Davidge crawls out, COUGHING violently, dragging the Drac with him. They hear the last CROAK of the dying predator, and then nothing but the ROAR of the flames.

Davidge and the Drac sit in the snow. Davidge's hands are burned and useless. The Drac's throat is lacerated.

Suddenly Davidge stands up and begins walking away. The Drac goes after him.

DAVIDGE

I know when I'm licked.

DRAC

Come back near the flames. The cold will kill you.

The Drac shoves him back toward the flaming shelter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAC

As Shizumaat says, "Intelligent life takes a stand."

DAVIDGE

You can take Shizumaat and stick it in your shirt!

The Drac pushes Davidge down, now close to the warmth.

They sit gasping.

DRAC

We must do as you wanted to do before, go higher. There must be caves up there. That is how the cucas must survive the meteor showers.

DAVIDGE

Why? What's the use?

DRAC

Because we should not go to waste, you and I.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SNOWY HILLSIDE DAY

Two minute figures, moving up an expanse of snowswept rock.

DAVIDGE

slips, falls to his knees. He gets up and struggles on.

EXT. A STEEPER SLOPE

Davidge and the Drac, arm in arm, help each other up the slope.

DAVIDGE

If you Dracs are so smart, how come they didn't give you some snowshoes in your naesay?

DRAC

How come your humans didn't give you a naesay at all?

DAVIDGE

Because we don't get shot down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAC

You got shot down.

DAVIDGE

Your father's mustache, Drac.

DRAC

Is that a terrible insult?

DAVIDGE

No, but you can hardly expect me to do my best,
the condition I'm in...

DISSOLVE TO:

HIGHER UP A ROCKY OUTCROPPING DAY

Here rocks show through the snow. It is slow, icy,
dangerous going.

Davidge and the Drac are roped together with a cord
made of fibers. Davidge is ahead, climbing, wedging
his damaged hands between stones to gain support.

They reach a LEDGE. The Drac suddenly collapses.

DRAC

I hate to admit it Davidge, but you were right.
We are finished.

DAVIDGE

What about Zammis? Get up! Keep moving! Tell
me about Zammis! Just talk! Keep talking.

He pulls the Drac to its feet and puts its bundle on
his own shoulder. They begin inching their way up
again.

DRAC

(gasping)

What can I tell you, Davidge?

DAVIDGE

Why the name Zammis?

DRAC

There are but five names in a Drac line. I am
Shigan. Before me came my parent, Gothig.
Before Gothig was Haesni, before Haesni was Ty

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

and before Ty was Zammis. My child therefore, will be called Zammis.

DAVIDGE

Five names! If you were human, you could have any one of a thousand names. You could name your offspring Harry, or Walter or Beth or Dorcus, or Hepzibah, or Ivan, or Marmaduke, or Jawarlahal, or anything.

DRAC

Ane then we would be as lost as you humans. The names are few, because they have no importance. If is the deeds that must be remembered. I can recite the history of my line back to the founding of my planet by Jeriba Ty, one hundred and ninety nine generations ago. I know every generation, who it was and what its deeds were. One day I will stand with Zammis before the Holy Council on Drac and recite our line, so that Zammis may join the society and spirit of all Dracs.

DAVIDGE

Not if you quit.

DRAC

Who is quitting. Irkmann? Who is quitting?

EXT. HIGHER UP

A snow storm. Davidge and the Drac struggle blindly onward, literally hauling each other up in turn.

Then the Drac pounds Davidge on the back and points. A dark opening gapes in the rock.

INT. A CAVE

Davidge and the Drac enter the cave. The large, lighted mouth of the cave narrows to a dark interior. They walk in slowly, cautiously. Suddenly something scampers in the dark. A pair of cucas come bolting past Davidge and the Drac and vanish in the snowstorm.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE CAVE NIGHT

Davidge sleeps soundly on the ground. The Drac moves slowly about. It carries a small log, pounds it against the wall to break off the ice, and adds it to a struggling fire. Then it tries to drink some melted snow but can't swallow and spits the water out.

Davidge awakens. He crawls over to the fire and cuts a piece of the dried meat.

DAVIDGE

Did you eat?

DRAC

No. My throat is too swollen to swallow.

The Drac watches Davidge chewing the tough meat.

DRAC (CONT.)

Davidge, if you want, I will teach you the Jeriba line.

DAVIDGE

What I want is to eat and then sleep some more.

DRAC

It is an honor I offer you.

DAVIDGE

Right now staying alive is honor enough!

DRAC

All right then, I will learn your lineage. Begin with your parents...who were they?

DAVIDGE

Dad's name is Carl. My mother's name is Edna...

DRAC

And their deeds?

DAVIDGE

Deeds? Well, Dad works for a company that makes laser tubes and my Mom used to be a nurse before she got married. What's the difference?

DRAC

And who were their parents?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIDGE

(Shrugs)

We used to visit my grandfather when I was just a kid. He had a place out in the country...I guess he was a farmer. I always called him Gramps, and my grandmother I called Nana.

DRAC

And before them?

DAVIDGE

I think the family came from England or Scotland originally.

DRAC

Then that is your lineage. "Here stands before you Willis E. Davidge, fighter pilot, Edna, who used to be a nurse, and Carl, maker of laser tubes, whose parents were Gramps, probably a farmer, and Nana, a wife, offspring of those who came from England or Scotland.

DAVIDGE

You make it sound pretty thin.

DRAC

It is thin, but I am honored that you have entrusted it to me. My own lineage is very rich, Davidge. Learn it from me. Allow me to do you this honor. It will be an exchange of gifts between us. Listen, I will begin in English, because the recitation, itself, is in the formal Draconian tongue.

The Drac takes a breath, pauses for a moment, then begins softly:

DRAC (CONT.)

"Before you I stand, Shigan of the line of Jeriba, linguist by choice, fighter by need, born of Gothig, master of songs, military ruler by necessity, born in its turn of Haesni, builder of ships and founder of worlds." "Son ich stayu, kos son va Shigan, chamy'a de Jeriba, yaziki nech lich ixnam liba, drazyor par nuzhda... can you repeat it Davidge, just this much?

DAVIDGE

Maybe, but why...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAC

It is a gift.

DAVIDGE

(after a moment's pause)

Son ich stayu...

DRAC

Kos son va Shigan...

DAVIDGE

...kos son va Shigan, chamy'a de Jeriba, yaziki
nech lich ixnam...

DRAC

(nodding)

Good. You will learn the Jeriba line. Then
you will finally understand who we are.

EXT. THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS

An expanse of white rising behind the cave where Davidge
and the Drac have taken shelter.

DAVIDGE (VOICE OVER)

At first it didn't make sense. Why did the Drac
want me to learn its family history? Then, as I
began to feel the poetry and passion of it, I
understood that this recital was more than the
history of one family. It was the essence of a
race. Maybe even more. Maybe it was the essence
of all intelligent life, seeking its origins and
the meanings of its existence.

EXT. THE SNOW

Davidge digs in the snow, looking for acorn-like nuts,
which he gingerly tastes. After one taste he greedily
chews and digs up a few more.

DAVIDGE (OVER)

The winter went on...maybe forever. Time stops.
Day and night blend. The cold freezes your bones
and your brain. Maybe it was weeks, maybe months.

INT. THE CAVE

Davidge munches on the last of the dried meat. Outside
the wind HOWLS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Drac sleeps fitfully, and MOANS. Its belly is distended, enormous. It opens its red-rimmed eyes and peers at Davidge.

DAVIDGE

What's wrong?

DRAC

Zammis is coming. It is too soon.

Davidge looks nervous.

DAVIDGE

What do I do?

DRAC

I don't know. What do I know about delivering babies? I just feel that something is wrong.

DAVIDGE

You're all right. Women always get nervous before labor.

DRAC

I am not a woman.

DAVIDGE

Well...pregnant people...things...get nervous. Everybody gets nervous before labor. Besides, if anything happened to you, I'd be left alone here. And that's out of the question.

DRAC

You are alone. This is what I have determined about you humans. You are alone within yourselves. It is why you have separated your reproductive organisms into two halves - for the joy of those brief unions. That is what you call love, and it is a good thing. But I suspect that you, Davidge, are the most lonely type of human. One who does not reach out beyond himself.

DAVIDGE

You don't know diddly-poop about humans. You think that just because you Dracs have a lineage two hundred miles long and because you can blah-blah-blah this name and that....

The Drac suddenly WHINES, a thin, shrill WHINE of agony.

(CONTINUE)

CONTINUED:

DAVIDGE

Jerry!

DRAC

You poor Irkmann. You will be lonely without your enemy, eh?

The Drac has closed its eyes and is breathing heavily.

Davidge kneels beside the Drac and feels its forehead. The Drac has a blazing fever. Its body is bathed in sweat. Davidge soaks a rag (a remaining piece of his flight suit) and puts it on the Drac's forehead.

The Drac GASPS.

DAVIDGE

Jerry. Don't do this to me.

The Drac opens its eyes.

DRAC

I think Zammis...is in the wrong position. If we can move it...maybe...remove my garment.

Davidge unlaces the Drac's cuca skin jacket and sees, for the first time, the enormous, swollen belly. Across the surface of this mound runs a cleft - something that looks like a ragged, inflamed wound held together by inner tendons.

DRAC (CONT.)

Push me over on my left side, Davidge.

Davidge does this. The Drac SCREAMS.

DRAC (CONT.)

Do it Davidge! On my side. There...can you see the head?

Davidge can see it - a round lump pushing up on one side of the Drac's belly.

DAVIDGE

I can see it.

DRAC

Push on it. We must turn Zammis around.

Davidge starts to push.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAC (CONT.)

Push harder! Harder!

Davidge pushes harder. The Drac SCREAMS. But its eyes are steady and coherent.

DRAC (CONT.)

Davidge!

Davidge moves closer.

DRAC (CONT.)

Listen to me. You must be a parent for Zammis...

DAVIDGE

Don't kid around, Jerry.

DRAC

Listen! You must take my place. When the time comes you must find the way to take Zammis home... You will stand beside Zammis in the room of the Holy Council on Dracon and recite its lineage. You must, Davidge! Swear this to me! You will take Zammis to Dracon...

DAVIDGE

Shut up! You can't just die on me!

DRAC

You will take Zammis to Dracon and recite its lineage before the Holy Council! Swear it, Davidge!

DAVIDGE

No!

DRAC

Swear it!

DAVIDGE

All right! I swear. I'll swear anything. Just don't die on me!

DRAC

Thank you...thank you, Davidge. Now you must open me.

Davidge shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAC

Here...this place...tear it open!

Davidge hesitates, then forces himself to reach for the cleft in the Drac's belly.

DRAC (CONT.)

You must open me! Use your strength! Don't be afraid.

Davidge tries to pry the fold apart. The Drac SCREAMS, a scream that leaves Davidge shaken and trembling.

DRAC

Open me! You have sworn!

DAVIDGE

I can't, Jerry. I can't!

The Drac's voice swells. It seems monstrous.

DRAC

Damn you, Irkman! YOU HAVE SWORN!

Then the Drac lies still. Davidge realizes that the Drac is dead. He sits back, stunned, looking at the body. Only the distended stomach moves as the thing inside struggles against its own dying.

Davidge sits back, staring.

The struggles of the unborn Drac become greater. The huge belly gyrates in all directions, rocking the body of the dead Drac.

DAVIDGE

(crying)

Die. Just go on and die.

As if it heard him, the gyrations of the unborn Drac grow weaker.

Davidge just watches. And watches. Until something inside him snaps and he claws frantically at the belly of the dead Drac, tearing into the fold, ripping it open.

A thick, clear liquid bursts out, soaking Davidge as he turns to wretch, and then reaching into the body cavity to pull out the tiny Drac. He slashes the umbilical

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

cord with his knife and holds the thing up to stare at it. He sees that it is not breathing. He shakes the little Drac, but to no avail. Then he opens its mouth and forces his own breath into its lungs.

The little Drac begins to cry, a human-like WAIL. Its three-fingered hands clutch at Davidge. The new born ZAMMIS clings to what instinct tells it must be its parent.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CAVE

Davidge places the last few boulders on a mound that covers the body of the Drac, Jeriba Shigan. He stands staring, his eyes empty.

DAVIDGE (VOICE OVER)

What was I to do now? How was I going to take care of that thing? I couldn't just slip on down to the local supply mart and spring for a case of Gerber's baby Drac food. Jerry had taught me the Jeriba line, but it had never said a word about the care and feeding of baby Dracs.

Outside, standing in the snow, Davidge suddenly picks up a boulder and carries it into the cave.

INT. THE CAVE

Davidge looks at the baby Drac and the baby Drac looks at him. It is no longer crying.

DAVIDGE

I just wish there were somebody here who would do this for me.

He raises the boulder over his head. The baby Drac stretches out its arm toward him.

ZAMMIS

Mewwwwephhhhugh!

Davidge lowers the boulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIDGE

I don't have any way of caring for you. You're better off dead.

He raises the boulder again.

ZAMMIS

Mewwwwwephhhhhugh!

And he flings the rock. Against the wall.

He turns to look at Zammis, who stretches out its arms to him.

DAVIDGE

But then why should I do you any favors.

Davidge picks up the tiny Draclet. It is shivering, and he opens his cuca-skin jacket and holds Zammis against his skin for warmth.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE CAVE NIGHT

A roaring fire burns inside the cave. Davidge is making a paste with some of his acorn-like nuts. He chews some of this paste then removes the soggy mass from his mouth and feeds it to Zammis. Zammis gums it up with relish.

DAVIDGE

That's right. That's right, you little sucker.
That's the way.

We can hear the wind outside building up to a furious HOWL. A gust blows into the cave. The flames leap up.

Davidge clings to the little Drac.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAVE DAY

A blinding snowstorm rages.

INT. THE CAVE

The fire dies down to a bed of embers. Davidge and

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zammis are wrapped in cuca skins, sleeping. Once Davidge awakens and listens to the HOWL of the wind outside. Then he hears another sound: the RUMBLE of a distant rocket.

The sound fades and Davidge closes his eyes again.

DAVIDGE (VOICE OVER)

Time became a glacier, moving inch by agonizing inch. And we were two tiny specs, frozen in that immensity.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE CAVE ENTRANCE

Golden light pours through the mouth of the cave. Baby Zammis crawls out from the bundle of cuca skins. It looks around, wide-eyed, then - like a newborn colt - struggles to stand. At first its movements are hopelessly awkward. Several times it flops on the ground. But then, finally and inevitably, it stands and totters tentatively toward the light.

Davidge, still in his wrapping of skins, looks up and sees Zammis outlined against the brilliant light.

He looks on, amazed, then struggles from his wrapping of skins and picks up Zammis. He carries him out into the brightness of the day.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAVE

The ground is covered with snow, but the sky is clear and the sun is shining.

MONTAGE

of snow melting from the hillsides.

Streams begin to flow.

New plants poke up from the mud.

A cuca pokes its snout into the soft undergrowth and browses eagerly.

DAVIDGE

makes his way carefully down to the sea. He carries the Drac rifle. Zammis clings to his back like a papoose.

EXT. THE BEACH DAY

Davidge wanders along the beach, poking into the tide-pools, finding slugs. Zammis runs around like a happy puppy, then runs up to Davidge and peers into his face. Davidge grins.

DAVIDGE (VOICE OVER)

I guess he was an ugly little cuss, but no uglier than the pictures of all those kids the older Forcers used to show around in the mess hall. I knew just how they felt. Maybe I just needed somebody to talk to. And it wasn't long before Zammis started to answer.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CAVE DAY

Davidge sits on a stone, sewing a small jacket out of a cuca skin. He gets up, holds the finished garment in front of him.

DAVIDGE

Hey, Squirt! Come here.

Zammis comes from the cave. It has grown by several inches.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

Let's see if this fits. You outgrow all your clothes faster than I can sew them.

Davidge tries the jacket on Zammis.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

I can't get the sleeve on. Don't spread your fingers.

ZAMMIS

Fingers?

DAVIDGE

Yeah. These. Fingers.

He holds up his hand and wiggles his fingers. Zammis looks at Davidge's hand, then places its own hand against Davidge's.

ZAMMIS

Not the same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIDGE

Of course not the same. I'm a human and you're a Drac. Look, you have three fingers. One, two three. I have five fingers. One, two, three, four, five.

ZAMMIS

Zammis get four, five?

DAVIDGE

No. Look, you're a Drac. I'm a human.

ZAMMIS

What's a human?

DAVIDGE

Human is me. Drac is you. I'm a human because my parents were human. You're parent, on the other hand, was a Drac. So you are a Drac. Is that much clear.

ZAMMIS

Yes. I a Drac because my parent a Drac.

DAVIDGE

(pleased)

Yeah. Your parent was the Drac Jeriba Shigan, fighter pilot extrordinaire. Someday I will teach you his language, and his ways.

ZAMMIS

Uncle?

(pause)

What's a parent?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FOREST DAY

Zammis clings happily to Davidge's back as Davidge jogs along, carrying a newly-made bow and arrow. There is now an aspect of a wild, powerful hunter about Davidge.

They spot a browsing cuca. Davidge lowers Zammis to the ground, takes aim and fires an arrow. The cuca drops and lies still. Davidge strides to it and cuts the jugular.

Then he sees the shock on Zammis's face.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIDGE

This is what killing is, Zammis. It is necessary sometimes, but it should be done with regret.

EXT. A ROCKY OUTCROPPING ABOVE THE SEA

Davidge is cooking cuca steaks over a fire.

AT A NEARBY POOL OF WATER

Zammis is playing, tossing pebbles into the water. It looks down into the water, and as the ripples clear it sees a green thing with huge yellow eyes staring back at it. It raises its hand and sees the green thing wiggle its three fingers in the reflection. A single TEAR plops daintily into the pool, rippling it again, dissolving the image.

It looks back at the lovely, long-haired human it loves and sees that Davidge is standing tensely, watching a display of light in the sky.

DAVIDGE

Zammis!

Zammis runs to Davidge, but the brilliant lights move away from them, then fade.

ZAMMIS

What was it, Uncle?

DAVIDGE

It's all right, it's gone the other way.

Suddenly there is a RUMBLING in the sky. A huge LANDER-TRANSPORT comes ROARING over the ridge, low to the ground. It passes over their heads, and a moment later a second one passes above them at tremendous speed.

EXT. THE SLOPE

Davidge grabs Zammis and runs up the hill. His life as a survivor has made him lean and strong. He negotiates the precarious climb with the agility of a mountain goat.

EXT. THE CAVE

Davidge plops Zammis down at the mouth of the cave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZAMMIS

Uncle, what was that?

DAVIDGE

Spacecraft. Something like the one that brought me here, and brought your parent here.

ZAMMIS

Were there humans inside?

DAVIDGE

I don't know. I'm going to find out. And you've got to stay here until I get back.

INT. THE CAVE

Davidge goes into the cave to gather some essentials for his scouting mission. Zammis stands looking at him.

ZAMMIS

Uncle, why are you afraid?

Davidge shakes his head.

DAVIDGE

Just stay inside the cave. Please.

Zammis nods. Davidge leaves the cave.

EXT. A LOW RIDGE DAY

Davidge walks along a ridge. He hears a RUMBLING - faint and high above him. He huddles in the undergrowth and watches as a SPACECRAFT passes high in the sky.

EXT. A FORESTED AREA

Davidge walks through a forested area. He comes to a clearing dotted with conical sandpits. He sees several of the predator's tongues waving about in the air, sensing for the vibrations that mean prey.

He skirts this area, moving smoothly. Once on the far side of the clearing he stops to listen, and hears - far in the distance - a muffled CLANGING. The star Fyrine is low in the sky, and Davidge settles down to wait for the coming darkness.

EXT. A HILL EVENING

A red 'sunset' lights the sky as Davidge trudges up a hillside. He is moving directly into the setting of the yellow ball that is the star Fyrine. He finds himself looking down into the oval valley where he found the core samples.

DAVIDGE'S POV

Two massive lander-transports rest on a flattened area on one side of the valley. A large, silver-colored dome has been erected some distance from them. Placed at an equal distance around this dome are six double silo structures, of the same silvery material. Here and there narrow shafts are sunk into the ground. Some of them contain protruding pipes that emit green and purple gases.

DAVIDGE (VOICE OVER)

It was a silicon operation, the kind that get thrown up overnight. There were no insignias on the lander-transports or on any of the buildings.

A sliding hatch opens and several men come out of the dome. They wear vivid clothes of different designs and colors. They SHOUT at one another as a group of creatures are herded toward one of the double-silos. At first the shuffling creatures seem to be men, chained together. Then Davidge sees that these are Dracs, naked and chained by bands around their middles.

This group of Dracs is shoved and kicked toward one of the double-silo structures. Davidge focuses his gaze on a large man that stands apart from the rest.

It is the gray-haired, one-eyed man, the same man Arnold had shown him on the Video Image in the arboretum.

Davidge's face is a mask of anger. He turns and makes his way swiftly and silently back the way he had come.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAVE DAY

Davidge and Zammis sit near the mouth of the cave. Zammis's eyes are on Davidge.

DAVIDGE

When we walk or hunt, we will always go in the direction of the rising of the star, never in the direction of the setting of the star. Is that clear, Zammis?

(Zammis nods)

If those men find us, neither one of us would ever see our kind again.

ZAMMIS

But Uncle, they are humans. They could take you home.

DAVIDGE

I hope to go home someday Zammis, but not with them.

EXT. A BROAD CLEARING IN THE FOREST

Davidge walks with Zammis, who is now a head taller than in the last scene. Davidge is carrying something under his arm.

DAVIDGE (VOICE OVER)

Sometimes we'd hear the rockets - mostly at night. I didn't know if they saw us. I tried not to think about them. I concentrated on Zammis. He shot up so fast you could almost see him grow. I finally figured it was time to start his education in earnest.

Davidge measures off a space in the clearing and marks either end of this space with sticks pushed into the ground.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

The name of this game, Zammis, is football.

Davidge shows what he's been carrying - a rather lopsided football sewn of cuca skins.

DAVIDGE

Go down to that end...go on!

Zammis trots to the far end of the 'field.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

Okay, now when I kick it, you get it and try to get past me and run between those two sticks. That's the end zone. Got it?

ZAMMIS

No.

DAVIDGE

Just do what I tell you...Here comes the kick-off.

Davidge kicks the bag of skins he's calling a football. It wobbles through the air and lands with a dusty THUD.

DAVIDGE

Pick it up...run! Run! Run!

Zammis grabs the bag of skins and trots around in circles. Davidge runs after him.

DAVIDGE

...the Drac has blinding speed as he dodges through the Defense, but Davidge is gaining on him...gaining...gaining...

Davidge catches the giggling Zammis and wrestles him to the ground.

CUT TO:

Davidge has the ball. Zammis chases him, LAUGHING.

DAVIDGE

...it's Willis Davidge, folks! He's heading for a touchdown. What a run...the audience goes wild...the fans are pouring into the stadium...oh my God, it's a riot!

CUT TO:

Davidge chasing Zammis, who has the ball.

ZAMMIS

It's the Drac, folks...he's running, he's got the ball...

Zammis tosses the bag of skins high into the air, then runs and catches it.

DAVIDGE

The pass is completed! What a play!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 0

Zammis runs like a madman all around the 'field.'

CUT TO:

THE FIELD LATER

Davidge and Zammis lie on the ground. They are eating the guava-like fruit. Their faces are smeared with it.

ZAMMIS

I like this game.

DAVIDGE

Yeah, its a good game. Of course, I've simplified it a little for the conditions here. Small teams, and so on.

He elaborately ruffles Zammis's nonexistent hair.

ZAMMIS

I have been thinking, Uncle, about those humans you saw. Maybe they are friends with the Dracs. Maybe they asked them to come and work.

DAVIDGE

(shakes his head)

I wish that were true.

ZAMMIS

I have never seen a Drac. Only my own face in the water. I wish I were not a Drac. I wish I had your face.

DAVIDGE

Zammis...

ZAMMIS

I wish I had five fingers.

DAVIDGE

Zammis, you're one great little Drac. It's just that you have never seen your own kind.

ZAMMIS

And I never will.

DAVIDGE

Yes, you will. I don't know how, but I made a promise to your parent. A promise I intend to keep. You will go home someday, and you will

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

forget all about this godawful planet, and all about me.

ZAMMIS

I will never forget you, Uncle.

DAVIDGE

(smiles)

No? Well I won't forget you either, you little turkey.

ZAMMIS

It would be a wonderful thing to see some Dracs. Not just my face in the water.

DAVIDGE

You will. Someday you will.

INT. THE CAVE MORNING

Davidge lies on a bed of cuca skins, asleep. Morning light floods the cave. Davidge awakens, looks around.

Zammis is gone.

DAVIDGE

Zammis? Zammis!

Davidge runs outside.

EXT. THE CAVE

Davidge looks around.

DAVIDGE

Zammis!

Only silence answers his call. He runs back into the cave.

INT. THE CAVE

Davidge grabs the Drac rifle. He points it into the depths of the cave and fires. A feeble spark jumps from the barrel.

Davidge puts down the rifle and picks up a fine, newly-made bow and a cuca-skin quiver filled with arrows. He

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

grabs a piece of dried meat and runs out. He sees traces of Zammis's footprints on the ground.

Davidge takes off at a fast, ground-eating trot.

EXT. ROCKY OUTCROPPING

At the rocky outcropping where Davidge and Zammis first saw the marauder lander-transport, Zammis appears. It looks around, remembering, then trots off in the direction of the setting of the star Fyrine.

EXT. THE FOREST NIGHT

The rosy glow of Fyrine IV's oblong moon lights the way as Zammis moves through the forest. It clearly sees the clearing filled with conical sandpits - and quietly makes its way around.

But here it stops, sensing that it doesn't really know which way to go. It listens. From far, far away it hears a GRINDING noise and a RUMBLE. Orienting itself to the direction of the sound, Zammis continues its search.

EXT. DAWN

A grey light illuminates a sky filled with thunderous clouds.

EXT. THE VALLEY OF THE MARAUDERS MORNING

A steady rain pounds. The ground vibrates steadily with the RUMBLE of the drills. The blast cylinders rattle and HISS as the columns of smoke rise skyward.

A small figure appears at the edge of the valley. It is Zammis. It looks down in hopeless confusion.

Then the little Drac's yellow eyes light up. It sees a group of Dracs beings just like itself - walking in the valley below. Two men approach the Dracs and prod them with shock batons. Zammis hears the Dracs' CRIES. The look of delight changes to horror.

A shadowy figure rises slowly behind Zammis. A hand reaches for him. A heavy hand clamps over Zammis mouth, shutting off his scream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is Davidge. He pulls Zammis back and uncovers his mouth.

ZAMMIS

I had to see them for myself, Uncle.

Davidge nods.

DAVIDGE

Now we've got to go back.

EXT. THE HILLSIDE

Davidge and Zammis walk down the hillside toward the forest. Just before they reach the cover of trees two men emerge from the forest and walk toward them.

One of them is the gray-haired, one-eyed man. The other is younger, with the face of the vicious simpleton.

The older man (CHAVO) grins.

CHAVO

Hello, Friend. I'd say you look halfway surprised to see us.

The second man (STUBS) giggles in a high and girlish voice.

STUBS

He's mute.

CHAVO

Not mute, Stubs. Just overcome. Talking to human folks again. Fact is, Friend, we saw you weeks ago. Kept meaning to meander out your way. How long have you been marooned?

Davidge looks at the men without responding. Stubs grins at the terrified Zammis.

STUBS

Nice, nice woggie. How you come by that?

CHAVO

Don't pester the man with questions. He was puttin' by a little meat! But now you been found Friend, you won't need the stringy little begger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STUBS

Not that he's worth much, being half grown as he is.

CHAVO

(Smiling)

Shut it, Stubs. I'm doing the negotiating. How much for him?

DAVIDGE

What kind of an offer am I getting?

CHAVO

Your life.

DAVIDGE

He's worth more than just my life. He may look stringy, but he's tough as nails.

Chavo steps forward and begins palpating Zammis's body.

CHAVO

Woggies this size don't last long in our trade, Friend. Time was, we'd put you down into the shafts along with him.

Davidge's move is sudden. He lashes out at Chavo, sending him reeling backwards.

DAVIDGE

(to Zammis)

Run!

Stubs springs forward, but Davidge has notched an arrow, drawn the bow and has them both covered.

Zammis runs. The men stand easy, watching Davidge. Stubs' eyes have narrowed down to the size of raisins, but Chavo smiles, his face a mask of perpetual good humor.

Davidge watches their hands - hovering near their handguns.

CHAVO

Can't nail both of us with that.

Davidge aims the arrow at Chavo and watches Stubs from the corner of his eye.

CHAVO (CONT.)

Stubs, why don't I go after the woggie, eh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chavo starts to move and Davidge aims the drawn arrow. Then he sees Stubs' hand move toward his handgun and the arrow swings back.

CHAVO (CONT.)

See? Can't shoot us both.

Then he LAUGHS and runs off after Zammis. This time the arrow stays pointed at Stubs.

STUBS

I swear I never thought I'd see a man that loved a Dragger.

The arrow WHISTLES through the air and buries itself in Stubs' chest.

Stubs' face reddens. He grabs the arrow, breaks it, and leaves the stub sticking from his chest.

Davidge rushes him. Stubs gets to his handgun at the same moment Davidge gets to him. They roll on the ground, fighting for the gun.

Stubs is hurt, but that only seems to increase his strength. He fights with his teeth, his nails, his knees. Davidge fights with unlimited desperation. He finally gets behind Stubs and forces him to the ground. Stubs' chest hits the dirt, forcing the arrow through his body. The point rips from his back. Stubs convulses once, and lies still.

Davidge gets up, takes Stubs' gun and runs after Chavo.

EXT. THE FOREST

Zammis runs. He glances over his shoulder to see Chavo gaining on him.

ON DAVIDGE

running through the forest. Once he pauses, unsure of which way they went. Then he hears:

ZAMMIS

Uncle! Help me!

Davidge runs toward the cry.

EXT. A ROCKY SLOPE

Zammis reaches a steep slope that rises to a jagged wall of rock. He starts to climb, but Chavo is closing the distance.

DAVIDGE

arrives at the bottom of the slope. He can now see Chavo pursuing Zammis. He pauses for a second to catch his breath, then goes after them.

EXT. A LEDGE

Zammis collapses on a ledge, too tired to go on. Moments later Chavo scrambles up after him.

CHAVO

Well, little wog. It's been a nice run. I don't know if your cheap hide is worth it.

Chavo approaches Zammis slowly, smiling and breathing hard. Zammis can't move, frozen with fear and exhaustion.

Then Chavo hears a sound. He looks over the ledge and sees Davidge working his way up. Chavo grins, aims his handgun and fires, missing Davidge by inches. Davidge tries to scramble sideways, Chavo fires again. Davidge is moving like a crab, hugging the sheer wall.

An overhang provides enough cover for Davidge to reach the ledge and scramble up. Chavo is pointing his gun at him, using Zammis as a shield.

CHAVO

Take your best shot. Or would you rather die than risk hurting your wog?

Davidge freezes up, unable to act. Chavo fires.

Davidge leaps to the side, slips from the ledge, and falls, sliding and tumbling toward the forest below.

His long, drawn-out CRY of agony rings against the mute stone, then FADES slowly.

CLOSE ON ZAMMIS

His yellow eyes wide with horror and disbelief. Slowly their focus fades, until Zammis seems to be seeing nothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE ARBORETUM EARTHBASE

DAVIDGE

He figured I was dead, I guess. Or that I just wasn't worth messing with anymore. No use getting mixed up in the death of a Forcer. Anyway they picked me up and here I am.

There is a long moment of silence.

ARNOLD

You know, Willy. I think you have to forget it. A Drac is a Drac. This Zammis of yours is like a wolf-cub. They're cute when they're small, but they grow up to eat you.

DAVIDGE

I made a promise...

ARNOLD

To a Drac.

DAVIDGE

I swore.

MORSE

To a dead Drac.

DAVIDGE

It's more than a promise. You see, I learned that intelligent life takes a stand.

VADIK

What does that mean?

DAVIDGE

It means everything to me. I'm going back. With your help, or without it.

MORSE

The son of a bitch is a father.

DAVIDGE

Well?

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNCH BAY

The same two WATCH GUARDS that encountered Davidge the first time are sitting in their kiosk, playing cards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Both are bruised, and the larger of the two has his arm in a sling.

1ST GUARD

Better bail out, amigo.

2ND GUARD

Kid me not. You're looking at a handful of nothing.

1ST GUARD

It's going to cost you to find out.

2ND GUARD

All right. I'll see you six and raise you...

They hear a NOISE.

1ST GUARD

Uh oh. Let's hope it's not another cat.

They start to get up when Vadik saunters in. He is smoking a cigarette with a long paper tube for a filter.

VADIK

Hello, TOVARISCHI!

1ST GUARD

What brings you slumming?

VADIK

Nothing. Just glad to see you lads back on duty.

2ND GUARD

Sure, with two week pay suspensions, thanks to your pal.

VADIK

He was confused. He's very sorry now.

1ST GUARD

That doesn't help us. It's humiliating.

2ND GUARD

That cigarette stinks. How can you Sovis smoke that raw tobacco?

VADIK

Tobacco? Boys, this is Volga Gold, straight from the heart of Mother Russia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

1ST GUARD

You're kidding. Is it as good as they say?

VADIK

It would bring LENIN back to life.

2ND GUARD

Give us a toke, eh?

VADIK

Don't be silly. You're on duty.

1ST GUARD

Come on, Vadik. What is this? The famous Soviet veto?

VADIK

There's a real kick to this.

1ST GUARD

We can take it.

Vadik shrugs. He takes two of the long Soviet cigarettes from a silver case and lights one up for each of the Guards.

They inhale the cigarettes deeply, cough violently.

VADIK

Toke deep.

The two of them look at him with watery eyes, inhale and strain to hold the smoke in their lungs. Vadik slips behind the 1st Man and touches his head lightly with a short stunbaton. The man slides off the chair onto the floor.

The 2nd Man lets out the smoke with a gasp.

2ND GUARD

Jesus, Vadik! What happened to him?

VADIK

Volga Gold!

The 2nd Man bends over his fallen partner.

2ND GUARD

Boy, you weren't kidding about this stuff. He's...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vadik stuns the 2nd Man who slips down beside his partner. Then Vadik whistles softly.

Davidge, Leclos, Arnold and Morse run into the Launch Bay.

DAVIDGE

Good work. These guys ok?

VADIK

Sure. They're not used to Russian cigarettes. I'll give them a few packs. They can practice while doing Guard duty in the disposal unit, keeping an eye on the refuse.

Vadik tosses the Stunbaton to Arnold.

VADIK (CONT.)

Listen, I'm a bit sleepy.

He arranges himself comfortably on the floor beside the two guards.

ARNOLD

Night-night.

He stuns Vadik, who twitches once and lies still.

DAVIDGE

What's that for?

MORSE

Vadik has a career to protect. And so do we. Let's get a move on.

They hurry through the Launch Bay to a chute bearing a fighter. There's a moment's awkward silence, then Leclos embraces Davidge.

LECLOS

Well, dear friend, au revoir.

DAVIDGE

I guess this is the last time I see you apes.

ARNOLD

I reckon.

Leclos hands Davidge a handgun and a rifle. Davidge starts for the cockpit, but Morse pulls him back.

MORSE

Do you have to be a fool?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIDGE

It's beginning to look that way.

MORSE

Goddamnit! You know we'd go with you.

DAVIDGE

No, I understand. Captain's bars, an easy Earth-side assignment. Anyway... it's really my problem, isn't it?

Morse kisses him, quick and hard on the mouth.

MORSE

Don't die, Willy, but if you do, die easy.

DAVIDGE

As easy as I can.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Davidge's fighter BLASTING through the void...

ANOTHER ANGLE

...heading toward the glowing sphere of Fyrine IV.

INT. THE COCKPIT

The reflection of Fyrine IV in Davidge's steady, unblinking eyes.

FYRINE IV

growing larger. Clouds and oceans and the small continents. And finally, the mountains, the forest and the sea.

Davidge cruises at one thousand feet. The jagged terrain is a blur below. His fighter rises as he nears the mountains. He tops one ridge, then another.

EXT. OVERVIEW DAY

The Marauder Valley.

MOVE IN

on the Silver Dome. The top panels are transparent.

INT. A ROOM INSIDE THE DOME

The control and communication center for the Marauder mine. Banks of computers and monitors, all battered and second hand.

Chavo watches a radar scope, looking over the shoulder of a Marauder technician. A BLIP moves rapidly across the screen.

CHAVO

BTA observer?

TECHNICIAN

Too fast. And too small.

CHAVO

Drac?

TECHNICIAN

Could be.

Chavo hits the mike button.

CHAVO

I want six men groundside. Somebody up there.
Possible Dragger. Move!

INT. LOWER DOME

This high space is the heart of the operation. In the center a frame of metal girders squats over the MAIN SHAFT, supporting a platform elevator. Myriads of catwalks and support structures fill the upper spaces. Behind the elevator, a bank of power generators HUMS and WHINES.

Six men hurry along the catwalks from unseen rooms above. They move quickly down ladders to the floor of the dome and join in a group. A pair of twin doors part to let them outside.

EXT. THE DOME

The men stand in a group for a minute. Like all the Marauders, these men are dressed in mottley flamboyant clothes. They pull visored caps over their heads to

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

protect them from the glare of Fyrine and move outward to take up established observation points.

THE VALLEY FLOOR

We follow one SENTRY, a tall, very young man with blond, spiky hair. He passes several shafts, a double-silo structure, and then climbs a dusty slope to a point above the valley.

EXT. A SLOPE

The Sentry looks back down at the structures below, visually scans the sky. Nothing unusual. He lights a cigar.

Something RUSTLES behind him. The Sentry turns. There is an outcropping of boulders fifty feet further up the slope. He grips his rifle and climbs up for a look.

EXT. THE BOULDERS

All seems quiet. The Sentry circles the boulders cautiously. Still nothing. He does not see Willis Davidge appear from behind one of the boulders and creep soundlessly toward him.

EXT. THE BOULDERS ANOTHER ANGLE

For a moment, we see only the boulders. Then the Sentry appears, tugging at the visor of his cap. He pauses for a moment to relight his cigar, then moves down toward the valley floor.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR

The Sentry crosses the valley floor and heads for the dome.

EXT. THE DOME

The Sentry pauses. The double doors slide soundlessly open, and the Sentry walks in. His clothes seem a little too big for him.

INT. THE DOME

The Sentry enters as the doors close behind him. He restrains an urge to turn around. It's Davidge, dressed in the Sentry's clothes.

He takes in the unfamiliar surroundings. There's no cover, and he suddenly sees Chavo appear on a catwalk above and start down a ladder.

Davidge walks quickly across the open space, puffing on the cigar and heading for the elevator structure. He slips behind a girder and continues to observe.

Two men walk across the dome toward him. Davidge leans against the girder, puffing on the cigar.

ONE OF THE MEN

Hey Rudy... anything groundside?

DAVIDGE

Nah.

THE MAN

Better get back. Don't want to upset the gripper!

DAVIDGE

Yeah, I'm goin'.

The men walk by. Davidge is about to move away from the girders when he hears something RUMBLE and sees the cables tighten. The elevator rises slowly.

Davidge stands back and watches it come. There are two men on the elevator platform and three Dracs. The Dracs are chained to a heavy metal cart that stands on rails. The cart is filled with black, shiny rocks.

As the elevator reaches the top, its rails match up with railing on the floor of the dome. The men prod the Dracs with electronic batons. The three Dracs - gaunt and famished - push the heavy cart from the elevator and onto the railing on the floor of the dome. Prodded by the men, they push it along to a shady, unseen part of the dome behind Davidge.

Davidge's face is rigid with anger. He steps onto the elevator and finds the control button. The elevator lurches and creeps rustily downward.

INT. THE SHAFT

The elevator seems to descend forever. The steady electric light from above fades to darkness, and then is slowly replaced by an uneven, eerie lighting coming from below.

INT. BOTTOM OF SHAFT

Finally the elevator stops. Davidge steps out into an underground tunnel. The stone ceiling is twelve feet above his head. The only illumination comes from flaming torches mounted in brackets on the walls. The air is filled with smoke.

Just ahead of Davidge is a train of carts on rails. Three Dracs are chained to each cart. A man stands near them, rifle cradled at the ready in his arms. He glances at Davidge.

THE MAN

Where's the skate, Rudy? Still unloading?

DAVIDGE

Yeah.

The man pounds the foremost cart.

THE MAN

Can't wait for those scumbats forever.

He hops onto the front cart.

THE MAN (CONT.)

C'mon.

Davidge looks at the Dracs. They glare at him with a hatred he had never seen before, not even in his first encounter with Jeriba Shigan. Holding his own rifle at the ready, he jumps onto the rear cart. The Dracs push the carts into the depths of the tunnel.

INT. THE TUNNEL

The walls of the tunnel are dark with condensed moisture. Smoking torches are mounted every hundred feet, casting a flickering, murky light.

THE MAN

What was that alarm topside?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIDGE

Nothin'

THE MAN

Probably a meteor on the scope. We been with the Draggers so long, we're getting a little murky in the head. Jumpy as hares. Damn!

Davidge hears the sounds of picks and mallets ahead. The CLANG of steel against rock ECHOES in the wide tunnel.

CUT TO:

EXT. A SLOPE ABOVE THE VALLEY AFTERNOON

One of the sentries still outside, hot and tired, scans once more the floor of the valley. Then something on the slope to his right catches his eye. He raises a pair of field glasses.

THE SENTRY'S POV

A man, dazed and nearly naked is stumbling down the slope. His head is bleeding. It is Rudy, the Sentry that had such an unfortunate encounter with Willis Davidge.

The other sentry lowers his field glasses and starts to run.

INT. THE TUNNEL

The train of carts approaches a group of Dracs working in the tunnel. They are doing the universal hard labor of a chain gang crew - cutting rock from the earth and breaking it into chunks. And just like humans, they sweat heavily. Davidge cannot see them well in the smokey light, but there is no mistaking the meaning of those gaunt faces, the sunken, glittering eyes. These are living beings at the limit of their endurance.

Davidge peers at each face, looking for one a little smaller than the rest, one that he hopes beyond hope he will recognize: Zammis.

The Man pounds on the cart and the Dracs bring it to a halt. The Man hops down, as does Davidge. The Dracs put down their picks and begin loading the carts.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DOME

An alarm is sounded. Men scramble from various parts of the dome and converge around Chavo in the center.

CHAVO

I want every inch covered - groundside, here, the silos...even the shafts. I don't know who he is or why he's here, but I want him. Move!

Some of the men hurry outside. Others rush to search areas in the dome. A group of six men heads for the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TUNNEL BELOW

Davidge is watching the Dracs. There is no sign of Zammis. He steps back and releases the safety on his rifle.

DAVIDGE

Hey!

THE MAN

What?

DAVIDGE

Ever get a Drac named Zammis down here?

THE MAN

What?

(he laughs)

Zammis? You think I ask their names? What's wrong with you?

The Man peers closely at Davidge

THE MAN

You ain't Rudy! Who the hell are you.

The Man starts to raise his rifle. Davidge fires suddenly and the Man drops.

The Dracs pay little attention. They have seen arguments between the Marauders end this way before. Davidge takes off his cap. He is about to speak to them in their own language, when he hears the sound of APPROACHING VOICES.

Davidge runs down the tunnel.

DAVIDGE'S POV

A group of men approach, seen dimly through the smoky light.

Davidge turns and runs back to the Dracs.

DAVIDGE

Dracvi, kos son va Willis Davidge...

He stops in his tracks. A LARGE DRAC holds the Marauder's rifle, pointed straight at Davidge's chest.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

(pleading)

Stobo! Kos son va...

He sees that the Drac is about to fire. Instantly Davidge tears open his shirt.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

Gladi! Talman.

The Drac pauses. Still aiming the rifle at Davidge, it shuffles forward. Davidge slowly removes the Talman from around his neck and places it in the Dracs trembling hand.

The Drac peers at the tiny book, which opens in its hand. Davidge and the Drac look at each other for a long moment. Then the Drac nods and hands the Talman back to Davidge.

DAVIDGE (CONT.)

Kos son va Willis Davidge.

DRAC

Willis Davidge. Ae...

FURTHER BACK IN THE TUNNEL

The Marauders come looking for Davidge. Chavo leads them through the fetid atmosphere.

They arrive at the body of the man Davidge shot. There is no sign of Davidge. Chavo bends over the dead Marauder. When he straightens again his face is suffused with rage.

He turns to the Large Drac.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAVO

Son vidi Irkman zges?

LARGE DRAC

Ne!

Chavo lashes out and strikes the Large Drac with his fist.

CHAVO

Find the bugger!

The men cover the Dracs with their rifles. Others push between them, looking for Davidge.

ANOTHER ANGLE

We see that Davidge is pressed against the rock wall, nearly crushed by two Dracs who are hiding him with their bodies.

ONE OF THE MEN

He slipped by us.

Chavo eyes the men, looking for an unknown face in their midst.

CHAVO

Herd this scum in for the night.

With blows and curses, the men begin lining up the Dracs in the center of the tunnel. As they move away from the wall, we expect to see Davidge. But he's no longer there.

The men herd the Dracs down the tunnel. Chavo watches their feet, trying to spot a pair of human boots. All he sees are the torn, rag-wrapped feet of the Dracs.

ANOTHER ANGLE

We see what Chavo cannot see. Several Dracs have Davidge between them. They are literally carrying him in a seated position, so that his feet never touch the ground.

CHAVO

Keep searching until we find him. Topside, down-side... everywhere.

FURTHER INTO THE TUNNEL

The Marauders herd the Dracs. Here the tunnel narrows, the air becomes even smokier. Suddenly the space opens up into a large, cave-like room.

At first Davidge can't see through the smoke. Then shapes start to appear. Other Dracs are being herded in from smaller side-shafts. Their hands and feet are loosely chained. Their eyes are glazed and unfocused. Iron gates clang shut behind them and the men move away, anxious to breathe some clean air.

The room is large, but clearly too small for the number of Dracs that are kept here. Davidge sees their crude straw pallets, side by side, matted with filth and blood. A large fire is the only source of light and warmth, while a single narrow shaft to the surface provides the only ventilation.

When the men are gone, the Dracs gather around Davidge. He speaks to the Large Drac. Their conversation is in the Dracian language, with English subtitles.

DAVIDGE

The Talman speaks for me. I am seeking one called Zammis. Do you know him?

The Large Drac does not reply. Instead it moves toward the center of the cave. The other Dracs defer to it, making way. It crouches near the fire, and we see that the Dracs have both Davidge's rifle and the rifle of the man he shot.

The Drac squats by the fire and looks at Davidge.

LARGE DRAC

Why does an Earthman come looking for one of us?

DAVIDGE

I made a pledge to its parent.

LARGE DRAC

Zammis is not an uncommon name.

DAVIDGE

It is of the Jeriba line.

The Large Drac laughs bitterly.

LARGE DRAC

We have left all that behind us here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Large Drac gets to its feet.

LARGE DRAC (CONT.)

Zammis!

Several Dracs come forward. Davidge searches their faces.

LARGE DRAC (CONT.)

This one?

DAVIDGE

No.

LARGE DRAC

This one?

Davidge shakes his head.

DAVIDGE

None of these. The one I seek would be very young.
Small.

The Large Drac nods.

LARGE DRAC

Follow me.

It leads Davidge to a small chamber carved out of the rock.

INT. SIDE CHAMBER

Davidge covers his nose, fighting not to gag. Rows of dead Dracs lie on the floor of this room.

LARGE DRAC (CONT.)

Here keep our dead. When there is no more room
they will take them out.

The Large Drac searches the bodies.

LARGE DRAC (CONT.)

Small you say. And young. I have survived the
longest. I know them all. I am their epitaph.
Here... this one too was called Zammis.

A smallish Drac lies on its face. Davidge bends toward it. His hand is trembling as he turns it over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The face is badly decomposed.

LARGE DRAC (CONT.)

This one?

DAVIDGE

I don't know. Maybe this one.

His tears flow freely. The Large Drac slowly puts a hand on Davidge's shoulder.

LARGE DRAC

I know nothing of your pledge, but you have made a noble gesture. Come.

INT. CAVE ROOM

The Large Drac leads Davidge back into the cave room. It points at the narrow air shaft.

LARGE DRAC (CONT.)

You can go out that way. Then go back to your kind, if Fortune is with you.

The Large Drac gestures to two others, who stand under the airshaft, ready to boost Davidge up to it. But Davidge pauses, looking around.

DAVIDGE

Why haven't you tried to escape that way yourselves?

LARGE DRAC

Some have. They died. We cannot fly human transport ships. Most of us were foot soldiers. It is a futile gesture for us. But you have no chains, and you have a ship. Go.

He shakes his head.

LARGE DRAC (CONT.)

We are of different races, Earthman. It is easier for an Earthman to love a spider than to love one of us.

Davidge takes a last look at the sea of Drac faces around him. Then he lets the two Dracs boost him up to the shaft. He reaches up, then looks down again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIDGE

No!

He jumps down, pulls his handgun from its holster, seizes the chains that bind the Large Drac's hands and places the handgun barrel against them.

There is a vivid SPARK and a BLAST. The Large Drac stumbles backwards. It looks uncomprehendingly at Davidge, then holds out its hands.

The chain is broken. Tears flow from the Drac's eyes.

LARGE DRAC

What they have done, Earthman...the worst they have done, is make us forget what we are. But you have reminded me.

DAVIDGE

Good. Then you are ready to make a stand.

LARGE DRAC

I am ready. And these too, I hope are ready.

Davidge grins. The Large Drac smiles, and Davidge sees that all the Dracs have begun to smile. One by one they approach him, hands held out, ready for him to break their chains.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR NIGHT

All is silent. Then two Marauders walk into frame.

1ST MARAUDER

Anything?

2ND MARAUDER

No. It's damn strange.

1ST MARAUDER

He's got to be here somewhere, whoever he is. And the gipper wants his hide.

They move off. On the ground, near where they stood, we see to top of the airshaft. An arm appears holding a rifle. It places the rifle on the ground, then a body scrambles up. It's Davidge. He turns around and helps three Dracs climb out.

INT. THE CAVE ROOM

The Dracs have crowded by the iron gate. The Large Drac holds the rifle taken from the Marauder Davidge had shot. He holds the barrel inches from the gate and fires.

The iron melts and the gate swings open. The Dracs pass out into the tunnel.

CLOSE ON A WOODEN DOOR

secured by a massive padlock. A rifle barrel is held against the padlock and fired. The padlock turns to slag. The door is pulled open by Drac hands. Shovels, picks and sledge hammers stored there are taken out and passed around.

EXT. THE VALLEY FLOOR

Davidge and the two Dracs move soundlessly through the darkness. Up ahead they see the two Marauders move into a pool of light cast by illumination from the dome. They are met by two others.

Davidge and the Dracs hear faint conversation. The four men stand together for a moment, then break into pairs again, heading in their respective directions. Davidge hears one of them say:

2ND MARAUDER

I still say, it's damn strange.

The other two men head toward Davidge and the Dracs, who are hidden in the darkness.

The men move closer. They shine a flashlight ahead of them. Suddenly the light falls on Davidge.

MARAUDER

It's him!

Their cries are muffled as the Dracs hit them from behind. Both men are brought to the ground and hit again and again.

DAVIDGE

Zabaj! Zabaj!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Dracs control themselves. They pick up the men's weapons and leave the men dead on the ground. Davidge motions for them to follow.

INT. THE TUNNEL

The mob of Dracs, armed now with one rifle and many tools, make their way down the tunnel toward the elevator. Suddenly the Large Drac pauses and turns to the Drac beside it. The conversation is subtitled.

LARGE DRAC

Do you think the nameless one...?

OTHER DRAC

How can we know. It has never spoken.

The Large Drac pauses to think a moment.

LARGE DRAC

Go.

The Drac leaves the group, while the Large Drac and the others move on to the elevator.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE DOME

Davidge and his three Dracs stand in front of the dome, just outside of the illuminated area. Davidge looks at the Dracs. They are waiting for his lead.

He rushes out into the lighted area, shouting:

DAVIDGE

We got him! Chavo! We got him!

The double door begins to slide open. Several Marauders run out. Davidge starts firing the moment he sees them. The Dracs are one step behind him, firing as they come.

Two of the Marauders are hit. The rest stop, astounded by what they see. Then they turn and run back to the dome. The doors start to close. Davidge and two of the Dracs make it through.

The third Drac is caught by the doors. Its SCREAM is loud and short.

INT. UPPER ROOMS

A Marauder runs down a hallway, pounding on a door.

MARAUDER

Gipper! Dammit, he's armed them. He...

The door opens and Chavo runs out. He shoves the man aside and runs down the hall, gun in hand.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Chavo runs past the banks of monitors and scopes. One scope is operating, although there is nobody manning it now.

CLOSE ON THE SCOPE

A blip appears on the scope, moving quickly and steadily toward the center.

INT. LOWER DOME

Men run onto the catwalks. Davidge and the two Dracs fire at them from below. Several are hit and fall SCREAMING. Davidge and the Dracs head for cover behind the power generators.

Men come scrambling down the ladders. They concentrate their fire in the direction of Davidge and the Dracs, but there are so many of them that they get in each others way. The Generators are hit. The lights dim and sparks fly. Smoke fills the room.

Then the elevator arrives. It is loaded with as many Dracs as it can hold. Using tools as weapons they flood the floor of the dome.

The men fire at them, scoring many hits. But the Dracs, driven by the force of rage and hatred, outnumber the men and finally drive them back up the catwalks. Here the men have the advantage, since the Dracs can only climb the ladders in single file. The battle rages.

Chavo steps out onto a high catwalk. He is calm, unhurried. Very precisely he picks off several of the Dracs. Then he spots Davidge. He moves down the catwalk, away from the center of the furor and quietly starts down, his eyes never leaving Davidge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Some of the Dracs make it to the catwalks. Individual battles are fought, won and lost. Two Dracs converge on a man with a rifle. He turns to shoot one of the Dracs. The other Drac swings its sledgehammer against the man's spine, then flings the limp body off the catwalk and watches it drop to the floor below. Another man fires at the Drac. Wounded, it clings to the railing a moment, then falls in turn to its own death.

Davidge moves around the periphery of the dome, finding cover when he can, using his rifle to the best advantage. He is unaware of Chavo, moving through the fray like a man who leads a charmed life, getting closer.

Two the Marauders decide to fight it out in the open. They fire desperately at the Dracs that converge on them. Finally the Dracs panic and scatter. The men laugh in triumph.

The Large Drac, who has the Marauder's rifle, fires twice. The men drop with a smile still on their lips.

But gradually the Dracs are being overcome. Panic grows. The men begin picking off the Dracs almost at will.

One particularly brave Marauder leaps from one catwalk to another, firing from different angles and moving on, looking for another good shot. The Large Drac watches him. When the man is on a catwalk just above the power generators, the Large Drac takes careful aim at one of the cables that supports the catwalk and fires.

The cable SNAPS. The catwalk lists crazily to one side. The Marauder runs to the other end, but the Large Drac fires again. Another cable snaps. The remaining cables cannot hold the weight. The catwalk drops, seems to drift in slow motion downward, and lands on top of one of the generators, where it becomes incandescent, flooding the dome with blinding light. The man is turned to ash.

Then the entire dome shakes as the generator explodes, sending shards of metal flying like birdshot. The Large Drac covers its chest with both hands. When it takes them away, a gaping wound spurts yellow blood. The Drac looks in horror at its chest. Then a mood of calm acceptance comes over its face. It lowers its head slowly, closes its eyes, and sinks to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chavo moves in behind Davidge. He is about to get a clear shot when the explosion hits. More sparks fly and smoke billows into the room. Chavo is thrown by the force of the blast, but as he looks up he sees that he still has a clear shot. He aims.

Then the lights begin to go on and off. Some of the bulbs are overloaded and burst. Others dim. The remaining generators emit a loud HUM, almost a SQUEAL. And the big double doors, their circuits gone crazy, begin to open.

Some of the Dracs, cornered now, run for the doors. The men CHEER and run after them.

Chavo can no longer spot Davidge. Then he sees him running after the men and gives chase.

EXT. THE DOME

The Dracs run out. The men chase them, firing wildly. Then somebody fires back. The shooting comes thick and heavy, forcing the men back into the dome.

The Dracs stop, stunned. Four Earthmen (one a woman actually, but that is a technicality poorly understood by Dracs), heavily armed, rush past the Dracs and pursue the remaining Marauders into the dome.

One of them stops in passing and pounds a stunned Drac on the back.

MORSE

Come on, old boy. Reinforcements have arrived!

The Drac grins. All the Dracs grin. And with a wild SHOUT, rush back to the battle.

Now the battle goes to Davidge's side. There are not many Marauder's left, and half of those surrender under this new assault. Davidge rushes toward his friends, who are doing battle with the few Marauders that still have fight left in them.

DAVIDGE

(shouting)

Where the hell did you guys come from!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VADIK

(shouting)

From Heaven, as far as you're concerned!

ARNOLD

(shouting)

You're the only one with any sense, Willy. You shamed us. Easy desk jobs? For the old group from Echo Squadron? Rubbish!

LECLOS

(shouting)

Besides, we knew you'd be in a mess.

ARNOLD

(shouting)

Not this bad a mess, but a mess.

Suddenly the second generator blows. Davidge is thrown to the ground. When he gets up he sees Chavo, only a few yards away. Chavo fires, and Davidge spins to the ground, hit in one arm.

He grabs his rifle in his good hand and tries to find Chavo through the thick smoke. Then he sees him, heading toward the cover of the generators. Chavo turns and stands looking at Davidge in contempt.

Davidge aims, but the smoke obscures his view. When it clears, Chavo is gone. Davidge gets to his feet and heads toward the generators. Only one is functioning now, its whine risen to the pitch of a SCREAM.

Davidge struggles forward, trying to see through the smoke. Suddenly a shot nearly hits him. Davidge drops, then crawls forward. He glimpses Chavo, moving behind the one remaining generator. Chavo's look is one of calm, unhurried contempt.

Davidge struggles to his feet and circles the generator. Suddenly Chavo appears in the smoke behind him. He fires, missing Davidge and hitting the generator.

The pitch of the generators WHINE is ear splitting. Chavo aims to fire again, but Davidge gets off the first shot. Chavo's rifle is hit and torn from his hands.

Chavo SCREAMS in pain. His hands are bleeding. His look of contempt changes to one of fear. He turns and runs toward the elevator. Davidge runs in pursuit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chavo jumps onto the elevator and hits the control button. The elevator starts down. Davidge makes a running leap and falls six feet onto the surface of the descending elevator. Chavo leaps on him and they fight, both wounded and bleeding, trying to gain control of the rifle.

Suddenly, in mid combat, they stop to look at each other. The WHINE of the generator has stopped. The BLAST of the explosion comes a moment later.

The elevator shakes. Then drops with an echoing CRASH to the bottom of the shaft. Dust mingles with smoke, and all is still.

INTO THE DOME

The only illumination comes from the flames that leap about the ruined generators. Many Dracs lie dead on the floor, sometimes side by side with dead Marauders. The rest of the Dracs stand in victory over a small group of Marauder's that has surrendered.

INT. BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT

All is still and silent here. The wrecked elevator lies at the bottom of the shaft. Chavo's body is on it, twisted and broken. It's clear that he is dead.

A group of Dracs that was left below surveys the wreckage. Then Morse comes sliding carefully down one of the cables. The Dracs back away. Morse is followed by Leclose, Arnold and Vadik. One of the Dracs moves forward.

DRAC

Davidge? Davidge?

MORSE

I don't know...he was...

They begin looking for Davidge. Vadik finds his body, hidden by a broken piece of the elevator.

They lay it gently on the ground. Vadik feels for a pulse.

VADIK

I'm not sure. It's faint, if it's there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Drac speaks to them in its own language. What it says is subtitled, but the humans, of course, do not understand.

DRAC

From the moment it was brought, it never spoke our language. We didn't know its name.

The Drac motions to other Dracs further in the tunnel. They move aside to clear a path. Morse looks on. A small Drac comes stumbling out of the smoke.

MORSE

You are Zammis?

The little Drac doesn't look at her. It only sees the body on the ground. Slowly, uncertainly, it comes forward, then kneels over Davidge. A veil seems to drop from its eyes.

ZAMMIS

Uncle? You came for me?

Davidge doesn't move.

ZAMMIS (CONT.)

Uncle? Open your eyes. Look, its me. It's Zammis.

It shakes Davidge gently. Morse begins crying soundlessly.

ZAMMIS (CONT.)

Oh, Uncle.

It takes Davidge's hand, opens it and places it against its own.

ZAMMIS (CONT.)

Uncle, I'm here.

Davidge's hand is limp.

ZAMMIS (CONT.)

You see, Uncle. I told you I would never forget you.

And suddenly Davidge's hand closes around the hand of the little Drac.

DAVIDGE

And what did I say, you little turkey? I said that I would never forget you either, didn't I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zammia laughs. It cries and laughs, and falls on Davidge, embracing him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

One of the Marauder lander-transports rockets through space.

INT. THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY COUNCIL ON DRACON

A cathedral-like room, resplendent with ancient art. High galleys are filled with Dracs in long, vividly colored garments.

Five humans appear in the center of the room, walking with one small Drac. The BOOMING CHORDS of Drac music fill the air. The five humans and the Drac approach the high altar.

THE HIGH ALTAR

Here sit the seven marble statues that are the High Holy Council of the Drac race - as eternal as time. Four of the humans stop. One continues to walk forward with the Drac.

Willis Davidge has his arm in a sling, and walks with a limp, but his walk is steady and sound nonetheless.

He stops in the center of the room. The graven faces of the Holy Council stare down at him. The living faces of the Dracs look expectantly on.

Davidge clears his throat. He looks down at Zammis, then bends to embrace him.

Morse has tears in her eyes. The eyes of the men are damp too, and they avoid looking at each other.

Davidge begins to speak.

DAVIDGE

Son ich stayu, kos son va Zammis, chamy'a de Jeriba,
nev bilu slukh svolyo syudba, sin Shigan, chamy'a de
Jeriba, yaziki nech lich iznana liba, drazyor par
nushda...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We hear the whispered voices of Vadik, Arnold, Morse and Leclos.

LECLOS (VOICE OVER)

I wish now I knew what it meant.

MORSE (VOICE OVER)

It means that intelligent life takes a stand.

VADIK (VOICE OVER)

I guess that leaves us out.

ARNOLD (VOICE OVER)

Not anymore. From now on, that leaves us in!

THE END.