

Concept of PLANET B

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B-Movies are back!

Roland Emmerich is right: George Lucas' Star Wars Trilogy, James Cameron's Abyss, Steven Spielberg's Jurassic Park and Lost World, Roland Emmerich's Independence Day and Godzilla, Roger Donaldson's Species, Paul Verhoeven's Starship Troopers, Tim Burton's Mars Attacks, Barry Levinson's Men in Black, Michael Bay's Armageddon - all of these films, and innumerable other blockbusters, are based on old B-movie ideas. They simply make use of the latest technology, box-office stars and astronomical budgets.

*"The A-movie today
is the
B-movie of
yesterday."*
Roland Emmerich

But the old B-movie material doesn't just crop up in glossy Hollywood cinema. The genre has also made its mark in music, comics, fashion and in kid's rooms. And not without good reason: B-movies toy with the myths and archetypes of our daily lives, they are entertaining and fantastic, cool and spectacular; they have speed. B-movies are the roots of our pop culture. They seduce us with their gaudy look and gratify what might seem to be superficial interests. However, beneath the surface linger the old, existential questions about identity and meaning. They are therefore timeless and modern at the same time. They get down to the nitty-gritty, tossing off tired old attitudes to life and dreaming up new ones.

In short - B-Movies are cult!

And not just in America. B-Movies speak an international language. The Japanese Godzilla films, the French Fantomas series, the German Edgar Wallace film adaptations, and the British gothic-horror Hammer films are equally accessible in every country. Their fans are scattered all over the world.

*"Cult films are films
capturing the currents
of our time which first
of all fascinate
minorities."*
*One hundred cult
films*
Heyne publisher

..... but what happened to B-Movies?

Due to their small budgets, classic American B-movies of the 40's and 50's always operated in the experimental area. What was once small, however, moved its way up to A-production. But the real B-movie, and with it the sense of experimentation in later and bigger projects, has largely disappeared today. Neither television nor the independents have succeeded in filling this gap.

The highly original ideas of the former B-movie authors, which surprised and fascinated audiences, are nowadays simply warmed over and transferred to another daily reality. Whether one looks at the new Batman films, or Lost World, Starship Troopers, Tarzan/Greystoke or Godzilla - none of these stories were created after 1960.

Of course, while these stylized A-movies are essentially B-movies in luxury packaging, they are also very successful. But the new swish B-movies have lost something essential. While re-makes strive for realism through financial extravagance, a real B-movie takes quite the opposite path: consciously sacrificing realism for the thrill of the exotic. Today, the tried and tested B-movie stories merely serve as a basic frame-work for profit-making digital technology. This type of A-movie appeals to the lowest common denominator since they must seek a mass audience. But in doing so, these films lose the boorish, anarchistic charm of their forerunners. It is as if their soul has been amputated.

We seem to have channeled our energy and our imagination into an on-going love-affair with the technical and, in doing so, forgotten our psychological "software".

Why should this happen?

Hasn't anyone got good ideas anymore?

YES THEY DO!

*"I admire optical tricks. But in my opinion, films have to tell stories about people and their problems. Special FX should only be a part of supporting that and not be the be-all and end-all. I may well stand alone with this view, but it's what I think."
Jack Arnold
(Director: "Danger from the universe")*

WELCOME TO PLANET B

PLANET B aims to re-invent the lost experimental field in a new form - a test run for previously unimaginable fantasies and ideas: popular and innovative, spectacular and visionary.

PLANET B has re-discovered the soul of the good old B-movie and injects it with modern themes and modern heroes to create a new, contemporary voice.

PLANET B is the paradise of hell. It seduces its visitors with original, nail-biting, funny and exotic stories, using tricks which also make you laugh.

PLANET B is utterly unrealistic at heart. The plausibility of a story doesn't count. What's more important is its conceivability and the visual fascination of the core ideas. Preferred genres therefore include science fiction, horror and fantasy.

PLANET B offers maximum entertainment through its form and thus is not conceived of as a series of interconnecting episodes, but rather as a series of films, where each episode presents an individual story.

PLANET B has its finger on the pulse of the times. The 25-minute format drives the plot forward at breakneck pace, giving emphasis to the essential, and to exaggeration - the strength of B-movies.

"I guarantee you, these cheap pictures will stand up against any two-hour-movie made today. There's more care and thought in them; even though they were low-budget, we really cared about what we were making, we really tried."
Howard W. Koch
(Director: "Like a panther in the night.")

PLANET B - Survival-Training for the imagination

The palette of old B-movies embraces every genre. Today, however, it is above all science-fiction, horror and fantasy B-movies which we remember. Why? Because these genres, in contrast to the western and social drama for example, are not realistic in themselves, but pure fantasy from the start. They therefore enjoy a kind of "home advantage" since the B-movie was never in the position to employ realistic FX and naturalistic sets due to budgetary constraints. In the case of a western for example, this would very quickly become absurd. If a science-fiction, horror or fantasy film possesses a really convincing core idea and its characters speak to directly to our emotions, then we can happily overlook an unrealistic, somewhat "adventurous" trick effect or set design, precisely because it is unrealistic at heart. Science-fiction, horror and fantasy are therefore the favoured genres in PLANET B.

"Universal went into planning to make it the biggest science fiction picture of its time. But then the effects department and the make up department spent all their money! Universal spent so much on the monsters, they didn't have any money left to make the picture"

W. Vogel

(Director: "Escape to hell",
"Ali Baba's sword")

What does "unrealistic" actually mean when it comes to the genre? Melodrama and the expression of emotions, to irrational fear, human chasms and ancient myths. It is never about how the world was created, but always poses the more childlike question: what's behind it all? We want to tell stories which unite the feeling for life in the 90's with our most exotic and notorious fantasies, normally constrained in daily life. Fantasies which everyone has and for which there is so little room in today's 'rational' world.

PLANET B - Spaceship with a special fuel

On the other hand, the B-movie is a film just like any other and creates its effect in the same way: it is exciting, it arouses feelings, and it conveys knowledge. On the other hand, the B-movie always runs anarchistic riot. It is a stubborn, moody child that defies every attempt to be disciplined or restrained. Fortunately, the B-movie has more lee-way than other films and whoever doesn't take advantage of this blows a huge opportunity. In a B-movie, every idea must be challenged and turned on its head. The B-movie knows no boundaries. Exaggeration is its essence!

Good PLANET-B material is already filmic from the outset of its core idea. The essence of the thing and the characters are already captured by the way it looks.

Development of complex characters and conflicts usually takes up time. Each episode of PLANET B is granted only 25 minutes. This racy narrative tempo needs an even more precise exposition, a faster climax to the action and a punchy, surprising resolution. This optimal compression is achieved by fine tuning the hero, antagonist, plot motivation and location, to within a hair's breadth. Every story is custom-made. It has to be, since we are telling a 90-minute story in 25 minutes.

The core of a B-movie is an exotic idea. Its form is bold and self-assured. You can call it crazy, but its courage is undeniable.

Of course, there's a lot of laughter on Planet B. Any time, any season, any place. Humor is a definite part of the concept, since

"Did the small budget ever have a negative effect on your ideas?"

No, quite the opposite.

We had to plan everything very precisely and look for alternatives. In doing so we were very inventive. Some of the best films of all time were B-movies. If you spend a lot of money, it hasn't meant - for a long time now - that you get a better film. We used our imagination and were forced to do things that would probably never have occurred to us if we had been sitting on a pile of money. That was a wonderful training ground."

Jack Arnold

(Director: "Tarantula")

the fantastic is based on the unpredictable. This is also the source of humor. It is surprising, eclectic, cryptic and within the different stories, fluctuates between the absurd, the anarchistic and slapstick.

What do things look like on PLANET B?

PLANET B navigates somewhere in our solar system. It is a barely explored star with a mind of its own. Maybe a couple of people have already heard of it. Some call it: earth.

The past, present and future of this planet are encompassed in the greatest B-movie of all time. But no human life-span is long enough to observe it all. Thus we take up a magnifying glass to observe individual aspects of it - the exciting, the forgotten and the unusual.

Seen from a distance, **PLANET B** appears to be the maddest and most variegated place in the whole universe. Its diversity is almost infinite. So each episode deals enthusiastically with another part of the world, racing through new cities, diving into previously unexplored deep waters and wading through the most dangerous swamps.

*B-Movie
doesn't mean
Bad-Movie
(Internet)*

But that's nothing: on PLANET B there's infinitely more than meets the naked eye: parallel universes and the secrets of the fifth dimension, visitors from alien galaxies both friend and foe, the pains of heaven & the pleasures of hell, the shimmering grey realms of dreams, or manned flights in the time before the world began and a not yet constructed telescope which looks into the future. And we observe the planet's self-willed, unpredictable inhabitants as they leave their planet, since of this is still not enough for them.

Who flies to PLANET B?

First and foremost, everyone. But in particular, the B-movie has found a new target audience amongst teenagers and young adults. B-movies and pop culture have never before been so closely bound together. In this sense, B-movies feel like they're custom-made for today's youth and once more represent an attractive idea for movie-makers. That is the main reason why the A-movie-makers have claimed the B-movie as their own. No other niche audience is as hungry for new experiences as this generation. Plus there is nothing more cinematic than the fears, desires and yearnings of teenagers. They themselves are pure film material.

At the same time, we are convinced that the technical perfection with which most of the A-movies (based on B-movies) have recently displayed, neglect the needs and yearnings of young people. Their hopes, fears and fantasies are reduced to microscopic unimportance in the face of a hyper-realistic dinosaur chase, and this disparages them. A real B-movie needs corners, edges and open-endedness. These are the moments which win the viewer over, he rediscovers his imagination and wants to be a part of this strange universe. He doesn't simply get a polished, finished and calculated product presented on a plate, he takes part in the search himself. We want active viewers!

"I remember when I was doing these B-Pictures, my kids were ashamed of me, they felt I was pandering. Now they're clamoring for me to collect the posters from these films."
Herbert L. Strock
(Director: *The Satan with the 1000 masks*, *"SOS fliers first"*)

PLANET B's economic system

The high costs of making today's A-movies puts them at a clear disadvantage: they lack courage. They prevent themselves from actually telling what they want for fear of scaring the audience off. The banks call this "minimizing risk". We call it making things bland.

In production terms - disregarding the content - the B in B-movie always stands for "business is cheap". On the one hand, this definition supports the unique visual attraction of the B-movie while, on the other hand providing the best guarantee for improvisation and experiment, two things we aim to tap, in creating a new world and new possibilities on PLANET B.

The movie-maker who produces in bulk - and at the same time economically - can afford the occasional flop. Not every episode of PLANET B has to be a hit, but every experiment, including the failures, release new energies. They create an appetite for more, thereby carrying the whole project forward.

The courage to take risks with ideas and their implementation is a fundamental requirement for the success of PLANET B. At the same time, the serial nature of our project makes extremes possible as well as cushioning them. So the production risks are kept relatively low and it is all financially workable. Everything is possible on PLANET B, except the sacrifice of the delights of experimentation. Without the desire to try new things, PLANET B is threatened with extinction.

"These B-Movies didn't have to be great. But they did have to tell a story with a beginning, a middle, and an end. It's that professionalism that keeps them entertaining today."
(cinemania)

A glimpse behind the scenes of PLANET B

Since PLANET B takes the form of a series of wide-ranging material and genres, the challenge is to bind the variety of content with a visual unity. Although the heroes and monsters pass the baton from episode to episode, PLANET B has to achieve a distinctive visualization from the very first moment. Whoever has seen one episode, must instantly recognize it again the next time he chances on it channel-hopping. How can that be achieved?

Continuity: an identical opening credit sequence with a clearly defined title music introduces each episode. The earth is turning and slows down; the camera moves in and leads us in to the opening scene of this particular episode.

The music not only constitutes an important narrative function, but also offers the possibility to give the diverse subject matter a unifying framework via a distinctive style. As in every B-movie, music plays a special role in supplementing the image.

Each story will have at least one starring role. And one thing is sure - this unusual project will attract top actors. Additionally, there is the possibility to repeatedly cast quality young actors. They could give the series a distinctive new face.

A number of the episodes from the first series have the potential to become pilot films for a separate mini-series of up to three episodes within PLANET B. We believe it would be attractive to have a least one such pilot length film in each series. Then the episodes of such a mini-series would each end with a "to be continued....", and there would be even greater reason to stay tuned to PLANET B.

The B-movie pays homage to the speculative, the fantastic and the unreal. This is not just present in the content, but above all, in the visual area. What does that mean specifically?

The studio: PLANET B will exploit the exotic to the full. Every episode takes place in another country, another continent, another element, another universe, or another dimension. In order to reconcile all this diversity, as much as possible should be shot in the studio. This creates the possibility of a fast and concentrated working rhythm and would create a single, unified "look". The "exterior shots" in studio may well look "unrealistic" now and again, but this will not be seen as mistake, since an expensive, perfectly made B-movie is a contradiction in terms. It presents something utterly fantastical as realism, and in doing so shows its true strength. It displays an embarrassed self-consciousness, as it were.

The tricks: Beside the story and the actors, tricks play an essential role since there's no B-movie without special effects!

Even at the development stage of the stories, we were not thinking about modern digital technology, rather the tried and true techniques of front and back projection, use of models, stop-motion and the whole palette of optical effects. We take a stance contrary to the current trend: not everything must be perfect, or even remotely "realistic". We do not condone sloppiness but, contrary to many other current series in the science-fiction and horror genres, our stories are not mere coat-hangers for the latest technology. The tricks are not intended to stand on their own but are an integral part of each individual story. They must therefore not just be "good", they must also say something.

Since the stories are all tongue-in-cheek, "serious" special effects would be out of place. It is precisely these "old" special effects which stand out, characterizing the style and making our series distinctive.

Because the special effects methods described above are cheap and innovative, this gives the B-movie an even more distinctive quality at the production level, delighting in own improvisation and experimentation.

"I think the effect gets lost if you show too much. Everybody's seen chainsaws these days, blood, most special effects. We thought about what really shocks people."

John McNaughton
(Director: "Wild Things.")

PLANET B - a big seller

Since the stories in PLANET B take place in many different countries and continents and neither the content, humor nor production are explicitly "German", the episodes could be shot in English, creating access to an international market. The series' entertainment factor is certainly large enough.

The product we aim to create is not only internationally accessible and marketable, but also economic, since the mark of a B-movie is its low budget.

The pool from which our material stems is almost unlimited and is being added to on a daily basis. This means if the first series is a knock-out success, then we see no problem in keeping our audience constantly supplied with new and gripping ideas until the 22nd Century.

In short: PLANET B is what the salesman would call a "bargain".

PLANET B is always worth the trip. We have much to offer: more fantasies, more messages and more emotions.

*"Now days, every major studio release is a big deal. We're living in the age of the blockbuster, and we see the results on screen this summer: a lot of expensive junk. The current situation makes me pine for the days of B movies, when every film didn't have to be an Event."
cinemania*

Let yourself be convinced:

PLANET B, the series.

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As mentioned above in the conception, the remaining three episodes of the first series can either be created from the development of the material presented here (as a mini-series) or taken from other ideas out of our rich fund of concepts.

- Script Consulting: Angela Richter -

DETECTIVE LOVELORN IN "KILL YOUR LOVER!"

1. STREET IN MONTMARTRE, PARIS

EXT/NIGHT

The bustle of night. The camera tracks through a boisterous crowd. We see couples embracing, drunken sailors, a few portrait painters, a flower vendor etc.. The door of a small bar, the "Old Paris", comes into frame. The camera moves towards the dark entrance of the bar. The jovial sounds die down. It becomes silent.

2. THE 'OLD PARIS' BAR

INT/NIGHT

The 'Old Paris' is a small, shady bar. A few, tough PRIVATE DETECTIVES sit around alone in their trenchcoats and trilbys, drinking whiskey. They are listening to the melancholic piano playing of a WOMAN WITH LONG HAIR and long legs, wearing a long evening dress with a long slit down the side. Detective Nils Lovelorn's deep, melancholic voice, starts up in OFF:

NILS LOVELORN (Off):

That 'Old Paris' was a right old dump. -

A place to come and forget. - In fact, I was always there.

The camera tracks around, leaving us to ask ourselves who this off-voice belongs to. Which one of them is Nils Lovelorn? All of a sudden the camera halts in front of the woman on the piano. She looks into the camera and speaks in the voice of Nils Lovelorn, which we've already heard:

NILS LOVELORN (cont):

My name is Nils Lovelorn, private detective.

There are those that claim I'm not bad at what I do. Some say, I'm the best. Which would be tough for me, for who'd be left to solve my case?

The image blurs....

3. MOON'S SURFACE

EXT

....and pulls into focus again. We find ourselves on the moon and throw a glance up at the sun. What is plain to see is that Earth and Venus are approaching each other from different directions. In a few hours they will be on the same axis; an extremely unusual constellation.

MADAME DUCHAMP (Off):

This implies something fantastic, my dear Nils!

4. MADAME DUCHAMP'S FORTUNE TELLING SALON

INT/NIGHT

The famous astrologist MADAME DUCHAMP is sitting across from Nils Lovelorn, who is still in his long evening dress with its extra long slit. Madame Duchamp stares engrossed into her crystal ball and whistles through one of the many gaps in her teeth.

MADAME DUCHAMP (cont):
By the end of the day you'll find your true love.

Nils leans forward. He hardly dares to breath.

NILS LOVELORN:
What does he look like?

MADAME DUCHAMP (whispers in awe):
He's not that young anymore, but he's good looking. A dream of a man, a real Adonis!
(she pauses in horror).
But what's this!?

Nils leans ever closer. He has turned pale.

NILS LOVELORN:
What do you see?

Madame Duchamp looks up at Nils from her crystal ball.

MADAME DUCHAMP:
He's got an absolutely dreadful character.

Nils pale face sighs in relief.

NILS LOVELORN (murmurs enamored):
Jaque!

MADAME DUCHAMP:
You know him?

NILS LOVELORN (excitedly):
I thought Jaque didn't want to know me anymore. But what with that description! It could only be Jaque.

Nils bends forward and excitedly gives Madame Duchamp a kiss on her forehead. A moment later he's gone. We take one more look into the crystal ball and see the face of the man that Madame Duchamp described to Nils. It is the one and only THUTMOSIS - who we will get to know in far more detail in no time at all.

5. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING IN NEW YORK

EXT/DAY

A wide shot with bright sunlight.

6. CORRIDOR / UNITED NATIONS BUILDING

INT/DAY

The highly respected astro-physicist, PROF. SVEDENBORG, is following the PRETTY RECEPTIONIST through one of the corridors.

PRETTY RECEPTIONIST:

I must inform you, Professor Svedenborg, that the General Secretary of the United Nations is a very busy man. Unfortunately he can only spare you a little of his very precious time.

PROF. SVEDENBORG:

I will definitely keep it brief, madam. For in exactly 12 hours the world as we know it is going to end.

The pretty receptionist looks at him in utter amazement.

7. CONFERENCE ROOM / UNITED NATIONS BUILDING

INT/DAY

Professor Svedenborg is standing in front of a slide projector screen. Seated in front of him are the GENERAL SECRETARY, a high ranking UN ADMINISTRATOR and the SECRETARY OF THE GENERAL SECRETARY. A slide projector throws an image onto the wall behind Professor Svedenborg. The severe looking face of a statue stares back at us. We recognize the face immediately from the crystal ball: Thutmosis.

PROF. SVEDENBORG:

This is the only object ever found of the ancient Egyptian divine King, Thutmosis. He reigned from 1470 to 1468 before Christ. The statue was stolen, along with two others, from the Egyptian Museum in Berlin.

The projector clicks up the images of two statues onto the screen: one of a very severe looking woman, and the other of a dwarf.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG (cont.):

In the case of the ferocious looking lady, that is the mother of Thutmosis, Hatshepsut. A highly influential woman who held the rank of High Priestess of Ré. The small one next to her is Chebab. He's considered to be the most terrible and feared torturer of ancient times. Two days ago this photo just happened to land in my lap....

The projector throws up the next slide on the wall. It shows three unassumingly dressed people in front of the New York Statue of Liberty - looking like the spitting image of the faces from the statues. There can be no doubt that it is Thutmosis, the High Priestess of Ré and Chebab. Svedenborg's audience is clearly not left unaffected by the photo.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG (cont.):

In my opinion, there is only one explanation for what you see here: the statues were not stolen, they simply walked off. Thutmosis never died! As divine King, Thutmosis attained the power to defy time. He put himself and his two accomplices into a 3000 year form of frozen hibernation. They've now simply woken up.

GENERAL SECRETARY:

Let's assume for a moment that your theory is correct, honorable Professor. In what way can Thutmosis threaten the world?

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG:

In less than 12 hours there is going to be a highly unique eclipse of the sun. Every 3469 years Venus finds itself between the Sun and the Earth and for seven minutes our planet is thrown into darkness. The last time this happened was precisely during Thutmosis' period of rule. This strange eclipse has been called the 'Egyptian Eclipse' in the Second Book of Moses. According to the myth, in these few minutes the Sun God Ré will land on Earth and hand over to the ruling divine God 'the Key to the Stars'. The Sun God Ré might not exist, but I'm convinced that the 'Key' does. In this so-called 'Egyptian Eclipse', during this extremely rare and unusual night, a mathematical formula is revealed to the scholars in the form of a unique constellation of the stars. It is an original formula for the laws of nature. The formula of all formulas, the original cipher. Or to put it more fashionably, one could call it a universal 'installation programme'. For Thutmosis and his accomplices this programme has been invalid for the last 3469 years. But in the course of the eclipse of the sun, now less than 12 hours away, Thutmosis will gain the power to let this 'installation programme' crash for once and for all.

GENERAL SECRETARY:

Crash, my God! What an earth does that mean?

Professor Svedenborg walks up to the General Secretary and pulls an infantile face.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG (babbling):

Da-da.

GENERALSECRETARY (annoyed):

Aha.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG (lecturing):

"Dada" was a ridiculous art movement at the beginning of this century. 'Dada' stands for the end of reason, the end of all laws. The ultimate human idiotization! But that is just the beginning: at the end, gentlemen, there is the idiotization of material.

GENERAL SECRETARY (obviously shocked):
That's terrible!

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG:

And all we've got is a few hours to find Thutmosis and render him harmless.

The General Secretary stands up and shakes Svedenborg by the hand.

GENERAL SECRETARY:

I will activate all diplomatic channels right away. Please follow our pretty receptionist. She will see that you meet with our other high-ranking specialists. Set up an emergency force and commence immediately.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG:

I thank you for your support.

Svedenborg follows the rapid steps of the receptionist out of the room.

8. TENEMENT YARD, PARIS

EXT/NIGHT

It's raining. Nils totters over the dark yard in his high-heeled shoes. He stops in front of the rusty door of a run-down boxing club. A poster of a not so young-looking boxer hangs from the door. A mean smile on his face. His lightly greased torso and the big plaster over his eye make him look like a pimp. Above the poster in big, red letters is: Jaque le Brute. Nils gently touches the broad, flattened nose of the boxer.

9. BOXING CLUB, PARIS

INT/NIGHT

Nils walks through the gym. In the hubbub of it all, he turns to a SMALL SWEATY BOXER, who points behind him to the men's toilets.

SMALL SWEATY BOXER:

Jaque's gone to the little boy's room.

Nils totters over to the toilets. He takes another deep breathe. He straightens his furs, pulls up his dress a bit, turns on a charming smile and opens the door.

10. MEN'S TOILET / BOXING CLUBINT/NIGHT

Nils' smile hardens. Behind the door of the last cubicle, JAQUE LE BRUTE is making love to a JADED BLOND Jaque looks up for a moment.

JAQUE LE BRUTE (spiteful):
You're a bit late, Nils. Can't you see I've got my hands full?
Perhaps some other time, OK?

NILS LOVELORN (lying unashamedly):
I just happened to be passing, Jaque. Don't let me disturb you.

Nils tries to balance himself. As casually as he can, he plants himself in front of one of the pissoirs. But as the grunts from behind him become louder, so the tears starts running down his face, ruining his make-up. It is almost as if his heart is about to split in two, when something unexpected happens: Nils Lovelorn begins to spin in such accelerated quick motion that he becomes a blur. All of sudden he stops with both feet planted in front of the urinals. Now however, he's no longer wearing his evening dress but a trenchcoat and trilby. A burning cigarette hanging from mouth. A blank - or better put 'hard-boiled' - expression on his face. He flicks his cigarette into the urinal, presses the flush and turns to Jaque. The jaded blonde is the first to see Nils.

JADED BLONDE:
Look over there, Jaque. What's wrong with him?

Angrily, Jaque lets go of the blonde. He pulls up his trousers, drawing himself up to his full height in front Nils, while showing off his muscles.

JAQUE LE BRUTE:
Don't muck around, Nils. It won't do you any good.

NILS LOVELORN (dead cool):
No one breaks Nils Lovelorn's heart and goes unpunished.

The camera dollys towards the jaded blonde's scared face. In Off we hear a loud punch. Her eyes zoom down to the floor. We hear the thump of someone hitting the floor.

11. VAULT / UNITED NATIONS BUILDING, NEW YORKINT/DAY

Svedenborg follows the pretty receptionist down a long corridor, at the end of which a heavy white metal door opens up before him. Svedenborg cannot believe his eyes. In front of him are two of his very close old friends. He runs for joy towards the lanky, 50 year old THUMBALD THROTTLE.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG:
Thumbald Throttle, England's most famous astro-physicist.
What a pleasure ! And you as well....

Svedenborg holds out his hand to the squat, 40 year old Andreji Bovsky

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG (cont.):

...my dear Bovsky. A Nobel prize winner, like my little old self. (confidently) Now there's nothing more that can go wrong.

The two eminent scientists remain unaffected by Svedenborg's enthusiasm. They seem somewhat demoralized. Before Svedenborg can discover the reason for this, he hears the heavy metal door fall back onto its latch. Svedenborg turns round. Over the top of the door is written: Station D: Apocalypitics.

BOVSKY:

Welcome to the loony bin, my dear Svedenborg

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG:

There must be some mistake!

THROTTLE (shrugs his shoulders):

Perhaps we're all mad.

A MASSIVE, CORPULENT WARDEN comes up to them. He smiles pleasantly.

MASSIVE CORPULENT WARDEN:

Off to bed now, gentlemen. I've just been informed that the end of the world has been put off till tomorrow.

12. CONFERENCE ROOM / UNITED NATIONS

INT/DAY

The UN General Secretary, the Head Administrator and the Secretary of the General Secretary are still in the conference room. The camera tracks in towards the General Secretary. His face blurs into a white blob and then takes on a form again: Thutmosis! He has that cold, evil twinkle in his eyes. He lays his hands on the chair armrest and it turns into a stone throne. In the meantime the Head Administrator has turned into the High Priestess of the God Ré and the secretary into the feared torturer and dwarf, CHEBAB. Both of them spread themselves out on the floor in front of Thutmosis.

CHEBAB:

O' Revered One, now that these three most famous geniuses have been locked in the loony bin, there is nothing which can hold back his Highness.

HIGHPRIEST RÉ (devotedly):

The laws of nature are the innate enemies of God, for there can only be one law: that of Thutmosis!

THUTMOSIS (satanic twinkle in his eyes):

As was taught to me by you, queen mother. A God does not need humankind. He needs no one! But until that time, I want to indulge myself in some evil pleasures. Chebab, my trustworthy torturer, go find someone immediately who you can torture for me.

Chebab looks up and grins in delight.

HIGH PRIESTESS OF RÉ:

Your time has not yet come, glorious Thutmosis. It is still too dangerous.

Chebab glares furiously at the High Priestess.

THUTMOSIS:

As always you are right, mother. So be it then, Chebab, you must torture yourself.

The dwarf turns pale. He crawls up to Thutmosis and grabs his legs.

CHEBAB:

Anything, but not that, your Highness. Don't let me be prey to myself.

But Thutmosis knows no pity. His eyes remain cool. He winks to the High Priestess of Ré, who then gives the miniature torturer an umbrella in his hand. When Chebab sees the 'torture instrument' in his hand, he eyes light up. The torturer within him triumphs. He places the tip of the umbrella to his ear. The camera frames him in a close-up. His eyes blink madly from the brutal pain and the intense pleasure. The camera travels back and we see how the umbrella drives into his ear and comes out the other. Chebab, the fool, has drilled it through his brain without causing the slightest damage.

13. WASHROOM / "STATION D", NEW YORK

INT/DAY

Svedenborg, Throttle and Bovsky are dressed in the institutional white uniforms. They are avidly brushing their teeth. Svedenborg looks out of the small barred window: Venus is unmistakably closing in on the sun. Instinctively, he throws his toothbrush into the washbasin.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG:

This can't be the end of the matter! If we three, the leading minds, don't believe in our own intelligence, who can?

THROTTLE (wavering):

Even if we're not mad, what can we do? No one knows where Thutmosis is. How should we even start to fight?

BOVSKY (moans):

If only we could get to my time machine, then we could confront Thutmosis in his time and deal with the evil at the roots.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG (disbelievingly):

A time-machine? That's impossible, my dear Bovsky. If you had really invented such a machine, then you could have reaped the glories of a second Nobel Prize?

BOVSKY (laughs aloud):
But then I'd have two Nobel Prizes and poor old Throttle would have nothing. It would have broken his heart.

THROTTLE (looks embarrassed down at the floor):
That's right.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG:
Where is this time-machine?

BOVSKY:
I bequeathed it to my cousin. As far as I know he converted it a bit, and is using it to earn himself a few francs at a fair ground next to the banks of the Seine.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG:
Paris! That's where my nephew lives, Nils Lovelorn. If we could only contact him somehow! He'd be just the right person for such a job.

BOVSKY (thoughtfully):
Actually as Nobel Prize winner it shouldn't be a problem to build a mobile phone out of a electric razor.

Throttle, the only one of them without a Nobel Prize, looks up to the ceiling, irritated.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG (to Bovsky):
Then in God's name start now!

14. NILS LOVELORN'S OFFICE, PARIS

INT/NIGHT

We glance down a shabby corridor into a small, clustered office. Written on the milky glass of the open door is: 'Nils Lovelorn. Private Investigations'. We hear a soft, melancholic music. Nils stands at the window with a whiskey glass in his hand. He's wearing his trenchcoat and trilby. His face is bruised with a large, black eye. His mobile rings. Nils picks up the receiver without answering.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG (on the mobile, Off):
Here's your uncle, Nils. I've got to keep it short unfortunately, because the world as we know it is about to come to an end.

Nils looks up disinterested. Hanging on the wall across from him is a poster of Jaque Le Brute - an axe lodged between his eyes.

Cut back to:

15. WASHROOM / "STATION D", NEW YORK

INT/DAY

Svedenborg holds the electric razor in his hand and speaks into it. The friendly, corpulent warden appears at the door and glances over at the three scientists.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG (cont.):

At the bank of the Seine there is a time machine, which you have to find immediately. Travel with it back into the year 1469 before Christ. There, a certain Thutmosis is ruling. And now listen carefully, Nils: though this might sound hard, you've got to make sure this Thutmosis guy has the living daylights blown out of him. Don't ask why, just trust me. It has to be like that!

CORPULENT FRIENDLY WARDEN:

Everything all right with you guys?

THROTTLE (like schoolboys):

Fine, we're off to bed in a tick.

We zoom towards a small, hidden camera in the washroom and cut to:

16. U.N CENTRE FOR DETECTION, NEW YORK

INT/DAY

A TV screen. We can see Svedenborg, Bovsky and Throttle. Thutmosis, the High Priestess of Ré and the now deranged Chebab sit in front of the screen. They've heard everything which Svedenborg reported to his nephew.

THUTMOSIS:

Damn!

CHEBAB:

Why Nils Lovelorn of all people!

Thutmosis grabs the dwarf by his nostrils and pulls him close. Chebab cries out alarmed, and a moment later his nose comes off his face. Thutmosis puts the nose on the table. It's got two feet, two arms and keeps jumping up and down.

THUTMOSIS (to the nose):

Nils Lovelorn must never make it into the past. Is that clear!

NOSE (warms up boxing):

No problem.

Thutmosis takes the nose in his hand and, as if it were a baseball, throws it out the open window. Its desperate screams can be heard far off in the distance.

17. FAIRGROUND ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE

EXT/NIGHT

Nils is standing in front of a unique looking ghost ride. It is roughly the size of a toilet cubicle and looks pretty run down. Clearly business is not thriving. BOVSKY'S COUSIN stands next to it with his hand held out.

BOVSKYS COUSIN:
"Before Christi" that'll be ten Francs.

Nils pays and enters the tiny shack.

18. GHOSTRIDE TIME MACHINE

INT/NIGHT

It is pitch dark. A ghost ride carriage appears from the right, its rusty wheels squeaking. Nils gets in and put his foot on the pedal. Everything starts to shake and rattle. But we don't get the feeling that Nils has moved from the spot. A DISCO-GOGO-DANCER out of the seventies appears and steps into a spotlight.

DISCO-GOGO-DANCER
Hello, I'm Brigitte and I'm going to shorten your journey.

She presses a button of a cassette recorder and seventies music starts up. Brigitte starts to dance wildly. Above Brigitte there is a counter display for the years. The numbers run backwards. Nils is just arriving in the year 1956. He puts his foot down. His vehicle begins to shake dangerously, but now the display moves indisputably quicker as a result. Nils then hears an even louder rattle from behind, and then the first bullets begin to fly past his ears. Nils dives for cover and looks around. Chebab's nose is sitting in another carriage and is now within three meters of Nils. The nose has grown to human proportions and shoots with both hands. Nils pulls out his Magnum and fires back. The nose however is closing the distance. It jumps onto the bonnet of the car and fires a round of bullets at Nils. It then jumps into Nils' carriage. A ferocious fight entails. Nils sees out of the corner of his eye that he is getting close to the year 1468. Nils lands the nose a real punch and for a split second is free. He jumps out. Chebab's nose speeds on, screaming in desperation as it plunges into the dark ages. Next to Nils, there's the go-go dancer who also ducked for cover. She now pulls herself together, dusting down her tight-fitting skirt.

DISCO-GOGO-DANCER(annoyed):
Damn noses.

Nils looks around and sees a filthy door with an exit sign. But before Nils can reach the door, it is opened from the outside. Cut to:

19. THE PAST, KITCHEN IN THUTMOSIS' PALACE, THEBEN

INT/DAY

We see Thutmosis' CHIEF COOK from a low angle. He stares annoyed down into the camera. We cut to the side to see how Nils' hand appears out of the draw which the royal chef has just opened. The magnum held in Nils' hand points at the culinary expert's head. We hear Nils' voice from within the drawer.

NILS LOVELORN:
Take me to Thutmosis immediately!

20. PAST, THRONE ROOM OF THUTMOSIS

INT/DAY

Thutmosis is being dressed for his immanent encounter with the God Ré. Through the window at the back of the room, we can see the planet Venus approaching the sun. Apart from the High Priestess of Ré and the torturer Chebab, everyone has covered their faces with dark veils. They are no longer allowed to see Thutmosis. Nils slips into the throne room and hides behind a pillar. He watches the royal tailor, who is also veiled, blindly bumping into Thutmosis.

ROYAL TAILOR (swearing from under his veil):
Get out of the way, you idiot. I'm the royal tailor! Where is Thutmosis? Could he perhaps give a sign?

Everything goes silent in the room. Such impertinence is unheard of. The High Priestess nods to Chebab, signifying that this man's fate should be left to him. Chebab opens his large coat and reveals an considerable number of umbrellas. As Chebab picks out the right one, he changes his voices and calls out sadistically:

CHEBAB:
Over here. I am here, dear tailor.

The tailor lifts his veil disconcertingly and by chance, stares directly into Thutmosis' face. That was something he shouldn't have done. The High Priestess of Ré pushes her face up to his ear.

HIGH PRIESTESS OF RÉ:
This will hurt, tailor.

The tailor immediately throws himself down at the knees of Thutmosis and kisses his feet.

ROYAL TAILOR:
Forgive me, mighty Thutmosis. I am Akbar, your friend ever since those carefree times we had as children. Your last living friend!

HIGH PRIESTESS OF RÉ (ruthlessly interrupting him):
A divine King has no friends.

The terrifying Thutmosis appears to soften for a moment. He takes Akbar's head between his hands and stares at him thoughtfully.

HIGHPRIESTESS OF RÉ (cont., maliciously to Thutmosis):
You will not be worthy of the God Ré! One look from Him will destroy you for your stupid, pitiful compassion.

The reverend Mother's words have an impact: Thutmosis' eyes harden once again. With a blank expression on his face, he turns away. We hear off-screen the terrified screams of

the tailor. When we turn back to him, Chebab has already screwed an umbrella through his brains. Nils is still under cover, watching. He sees a door to his left. Above it is written: 'Private Rooms of Thutmosis'. Nils slips in unnoticed.

21. PRESENT, ROOM / "STATION D", NEW YORK INT/DAY

Our three scientists have been placed in a barren, white painted room. They are huddled once again around the electric razor.

SVEDENBORG (whispers into the electric razor):
Nils, Nils, for God's sake get in touch.

The somewhat unpredictable Throttle is now completely enthralled by Svedenborg's toupee. He sees something which makes him question once and for all his sense of reasoning: two small button eyes have appeared in the toupee and stare at him dumbly. Then the fringes on his forehead turn into spider's feet. A second later Svedenborg has a hairy centipede on his head instead of a toupee. The centipede counts a four beat rhythm and then starts dancing the can-can. Svedenborg looks up at Throttle who is staring at his head and smiling blissfully.

THROTTLE (to Svedenborg, in utter relief):
The world is not going to end as we know it, quite simply because what I am seeing right now on your head undoubtedly proves that I'm completely mad.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG:
What you no doubt can see on my head, is what I envisaged as being the 'idiotization of material'.

Svedenborg grabs Throttle by the shoulders and tries to shake out him out of state of bliss.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG (cont.):
It's not you, Throttle, who's mad, it's the toupee which has lost control.

But Throttle's blissful grin remains like it's been etched into his face.

BOVSKY (taken back by Throttle's state of mind):
For a non-Nobel Prize winner this must be hell!

NILS LOVELORN (off, on the electric razor):
Hello uncle, can you hear me?

Cut to:

22. PAST, PRIVATE ROOMS OF THUTMOSIS INT/DAY

Nils is standing behind a curtain. He's holding the gun in one hand, his mobile phone in the other.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG (off, on the mobile):
At last, Nils. Throttle has just taken his leave of us. If you don't succeed, it'll be too late for all us.

Meanwhile:

23. PRESENT, CORRIDOR / "STATION D" INT/DAY

Thutmosis, the High Priestess of Ré and the dwarf torturer are dressed in doctors' white coats. They march quickly towards the white metal door of "Station D".

THUTMOSIS (as an order):
We'll take the professor as hostage.

HIGH PRIESTESS OF RÉ:
And if Nils Lovelorn doesn't make it back into the present right away...

CHEBAB (finishes off the sentence):
...we'll make a real dog's dinner out of his uncle's brains.

As they reach the door of the station, we cut to:

24. PAST, PRIVATE CHAMBERS OF THUTMOSIS INT/DAY

Nils is still standing behind the curtain. The door is thrown open and Thutmosis walks in. He looks around suspiciously, but sees no one. He walks over to a desk and pulls out a small book from a secret drawer.

NILS LOVELORN (whispers into his mobile):
It's going to happen, uncle. In less than ten seconds Thutmosis will be a dead man.

Cut to:

25. PRESENT, ROOM / "STATION D", NEW YORK INT/DAY

Nils' assertion triggers the three scientists into a round of unheard of jubilation. A moment later the door of the asylum flies open. Thutmosis walks in majestically. Behind him is the High Priestess of Ré and Chebab.

Cut to:

26. PAST, PRIVATE CHAMBERS OF THUTMOSIS INT/DAY

Nils approaches Thutmosis on tip-toe from behind, the gun held in front of him. Nils stretches out his arm and aims the gun at the back of the Egyptian King's head.

We cut to:

27. PRESENT, ROOM / "STATION D", NEW YORK

INT/DAY

Svedenborg jumps up, confident of victory, and walks up to Thutmosis.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG:

The game's over, (condescendingly:) King! Though you do not realize it, right now my cousin is holding his 44 Magnum to the back of your head.

Thutmosis turns pale. Cut back to:

28. PAST, PRIVATE CHAMBERS OF THUTMOSIS

INT/DAY

Nils' finger tightens round the gun's trigger. He is now standing directly behind Thutmosis. A soft, indescribably sad music strikes up. Nils looks over Thutmosis' shoulder and sees what is lying on the table in front of Thutmosis: a diary! Thutmosis sticks a last keepsake of his last remaining friend, Akbar, on the last free page of his album. The pages are wet with his tears.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG (off, triumphantly into the mobile):
Finish him off, Nils!

The camera travels back and we see that Nil's hand has turned itself into a female hand. His finger relaxes on the trigger. The sad music transforms into a fully orchestrated love melody. Nils is once again wearing his evening dress and is now a female from head to toe. He turns away and whispers excitedly into the mobile.

NILS LOVELORN:

I almost have the impression, uncle, that Thutmosis is faking being evil. He seems to me to be a shy, small boy, who's gone through a lot in his life.

Unnoticed by Nils, Thutmosis has stood up at the back of the room. Though Nils is whispering, he has heard him and now approaches - his face dark.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG (off, blasting out the mobile):
No pity, Nils! This shy, small boy is on the verge of destroying humankind! Dispose of him quickly, d'you hear!

NILS LOVELORN (whispers into the mobile):

Impossible uncle. if you could only see this lonely man with his poetry book soaked in tears, you'd definitely see I'm right...

We cut in mid-sentence back to:

29. PRESENT, ROOM / "STATION D", NEW YORK

INT/DAY

Chebab pulls the electric razor out of the plug. Svedenborg stares dumbfounded at the dead appliance in his hands.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG:

We so nearly succeeded! One small death, one shot, and humanity would have been saved. (angrily:) My melodramatic, sentimental nephew!

Thutmosis' face relaxes and takes on a triumphant expression.

THUTMOSIS:

The eclipse will start in a few minutes, gentlemen. You will be my honorable guests as I deal humanity its death-blow

Cut back to:

30. PAST, PRIVATE CHAMBERS OF THUTMOSIS

INT/DAY

Nils is still unaware that the communications have been cut off. He carries on whispering down the mobile. Thutmosis stands behind him, his eyes ablaze. Nils still hasn't seen him.

NILS LOVELORN (whispers into the mobile):

I'm going to make contact with Thutmosis, uncle. I'm sure that when I tell him that this is all going too far, he'll...

Nils hears the despotic voice of the High Priestess of Ré. She is waiting at the door.

HIGH PRIESTESS OF RÉ (off, annoyed):

Where are you, King?!

There is no more time for Nils to hide himself. The High Priestess of Ré enters the room. At the same time, Thutmosis places a veil over Nils' head. Nils now looks like one of Thutmosis' female slaves.

HIGH PRIESTESS OF RÉ (to Thutmosis, firmly):

Get ready. Ré will soon appear before us, and he doesn't like to be kept waiting.

And as always, when the High Priestess of Ré talks to Thutmosis the latter becomes a puppet.

THUTMOSIS:

As you wish, Priestess. Just one last moment to reflect and then I'm ready.

31. PAST, ROOFTOP / UN BUILDING, NEW YORK

EXT/NIGHT

Venus slides in front of the sun; its shadow starting to darken the earth. Svedenborg, Bovsky and Throttle - who no longer can take anything seriously and keep laughing hysterically - all sit tied with their backs to the UN television antennae. A mighty storm begins to brew. Venus' ominous shadow moves unrelentingly closer to them. Standing in front of them, with his arms raised up pathetically, is Thutmosis. The Priestess of Ré and Chebab are on their knees - the dwarf winking sadistically at Svedenborg.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG (sorrowful):

That's it, my dear friends. There is only one thing I profoundly regret in the course of my dedicated life. That I let myself rely on that good-for-nothing Nils Lovelorn.

Cut to:

32. PAST, PRIVATE CHAMBERS OF THUTMOSIS

INT/DAY

The High Priestess has left the room. Nils has taken off the veil again and is sitting on a plush sofa at the back of royal chambers. Thutmosis stands at his royal mini bar and pours Nils a plum liqueur.

THUTMOSIS:

To be honest, I'm really scared of what now lies ahead of me.

Thutmosis slips Nils a glass.

NILS LOVELORN:

Why don't you just say 'no'. I mean, you're king.

Thutmosis puts a bowl of nuts on the table in front of Nils.

THUTMOSIS:

I've also thought about that. But I've already been king for so long, that at some point, you just have to expand your horizons.

NILS LOVELORN:

You always get told that!. (Nils looks shyly down the glass in his hands and blushes:) we could take a small piece of land and grow something.

THUTMOSIS (shouts for joy):

Nilsi, Nilsi, Nilsi!

Thutmosis and Nils raise their glasses. We have never seen Thutmosis so relaxed, as if he's totally forgotten his forthcoming encounter with the God Ré. While the two of them continue to throw back the drinks and help themselves eagerly to the nuts, we cut to a wide shot of the royal chambers. On the table in the foreground is Nils' mobile. Venus'

shadow is cast over the mobile phone. It peeps softly. The High Priestess's hand picks it up; she has entered unnoticed.

PRIESTESS OF RÉ (into the mobile):
Who's there?

We cut back to:

33. PRESENT, ROOFTOP / UN BUILDING IN NEW YORK EXT/DAY

Thutmosis stares frightened and whimpering up at the stars. We pan down to the Priestess of Ré, who is already half covered by the shadow of Venus. She speaks softly into the mobile.

PRIESTESS OF RÉ:
You as well. - Something's happening to you! Thutmosis seems to have gone all weak at the knees right at the last moment. You know what you have to do! Just do it!

She disconnects. We cut back to:

34. PAST, PRIVATE CHAMBERS OF THUTMOSIS INT/DAY

The royal chambers have now almost fallen into complete darkness. Thutmosis looks up and recognizes the dark figure at the desk as his mother, taking the mobile phone. He gets up as if hypnotized and puts on a satanic hell-raising expression. Nils is hidden behind a pillar, out of sight of the High Priestess.

NILS LOVELORN (alarmed):
What's wrong, Thutmosis?

THUTMOSIS (whispers helplessly):
I can't do anything about it, Nils. It's chronic.

Nils becomes desperate. What can he do?

HIGH PRIESTESS OF RÉ (to Thutmosis):
The time has come, King, to come forward and meet your God father.

Thutmosis obeys and follows the High Priestess out. Nils puts the veil over his head and follows both of them.

Cut to:

35. PRESENT, ROOFTOP / UN BUILDING IN NEW YORKEXT/DAY

The sun is about to disappear completely behind Venus. An immense storm whips up around our three trussed scientists and clears away the last clouds from the heavens. Svedenborg looks up at the stars and is somewhat disappointed. A very normal, if nonetheless lovely night sky. He had expected more. A moment later an uncanny, nightmarish, ear-shattering, inter-galactic whine, wail and whimper breaks loose. A small antennae appears from Thutmosis' ancient Egyptian royal hat. The Priestess of Ré draws out from under her robes the 'Key to the stars' and hands it to Thutmosis. The key is very similar to a TV remote control, except that it has only one big, red button. The Priestess notices his uncertainty. She takes his hand and presses the button. A split second later there is total silence. The thousand stars in the heavens become brighter and brighter. Any more and the fuse would short circuit. A shiny, white light illuminates the ghostly scene on the UN roof. Then the storm and the excruciating wails begin again and the shining stars turn into a 100 million watt light show. Chebab's sadistic grinning face looks even more uncanny in this light. Svedenborg can't believe his eyes as the dwarf's face is struck by lightning and disappears. A body without a head! Then it's there again, and gone again. Svedenborg stares into a grinning skull. His teeth detach themselves from Chebab's skull, snapping open and closed, and fly towards Svedenborg's nose. Scared out of his wits, Svedenborg screams helplessly.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG:
N I L S!

Cut to:

36. PAST, CORRIDOR IN THUTMOSIS' PALACEINT/DARKNESS

Nils is standing together with three royal guards - who like him are also wearing veils over their heads - in front of the closed door of 'the sacred room'. A white vapor creeps out from under the door. Nils takes off his veil, which of course goes unnoticed by the guards. Nils eagerly listens through the door.

THUTMOSIS (off, through the door):
I, Thutmosis, King of Theben, declare to all the people and gods present, and in full command of all my mental faculties, that I want to rethink the whole matter in all peace and quiet. I thank our God Ré, present amongst us today, for her offer to hand me the powerful 'key'. However certain 'things' have entered into my life, which have made me make this decision...

Nils' eyes moisten with tears of joy.

NILS LOVELORN (to the guards):
Looks like the King and I are going to be setting up a small ranch.

ONE OF THE GUARDS (from under his veil):
Well, I'm from the countryside - and let me tell you, it's no piece of cake...

Nils can't bear it anymore and looks through the keyhole. He can see Thutmosis from the back and behind him, the High Priestess of Ré, who pulls a dagger from her robes and holds it up, obviously intent on going for Thutmosis. Nils screams and storms into the sacred room.

37. PAST, SACRED ROOM

INT/DARKNESS

Nils throws himself onto the Priestess of Ré, but can't prevent her giving her mortal blow to Thutmosis. Dagger in his back, Thutmosis falls into Nil's arms. Nils drops to his knees. Inexpressibly sad music wells up. God Ré stands somewhat to one side - an ugly, fat green monster. Increasing numbers of people rush in. Ré stands in the way, looking somewhat confused. No one pays any attention to Ré, not even the camera. He is and remains just someone in the crowd. Nils' tears cause his make-up to smudge. It seems like his heart is broken. Nils gets up, and once again the unbelievable happens: Nils Lovelorn spins in quick motion on his own axis, so quickly, that his body blurs. Suddenly he's standing again with both feet firmly on the ground. Instead of his evening dress, Nils is once again wearing his trenchcoat and trilby. Putting on a blank expression, he pulls out his magnum gun and aims it at the Priestess's face, which has gone white as a sheet.

NILS LOVELORN (coldly):
No one breaks Nils Lovelorn's heart and goes unpunished.

THUTMOSIS (in his last breath):
Nils ...

Nils turns from the Priestess and bends down over the dying figures on the ground. Thutmosis grabs Nils' hand.

THUTMOSIS (cont.):
She's gone through so much in her life, Nils, believe me.
She...she just seems to be so evil...

Thutmosis dies. Nils' mobile peeps. The Priestess takes the mobile out of her pocket and gives it to Nils.

38. SPLIT SCREEN, SACRED ROOM/U.N.-CONFERENCE ROOM

INT/DARKNESS

Nils is on the left side of frame and takes the mobile from the High Priestess. From the right an image slides into the other half of the frame. Svedenborg, Throttle and Bovsky are standing on the stage of the U.N conference room, receiving the 'World-Saver-Medal' from the real U.N General Secretary. A torrent of flashing cameras click at the three scientists. Svedenborg has the mobile to his ear and conveys to Nils that he's saved humanity.

PROFESSOR SVEDENBORG:

I don't know what you did, Nils, but all of a sudden our troubles are over. Our beloved earth is still there and glowing in all her old splendor because of you! Let me give you one piece of advice, pack your things and come back immediately, for tonight there's going to be one massive party, and you're our honored guest of course! If you don't believe me, just listen to this:

Svedenborg holds up the telephone to the enthusiastic crowd in the U.N conference room. A massive applause and cries of 'Nils, Nils' can be heard by Nils in old Theben. The camera is above Nils. Everyone present in the sacred room, except for Ré, look up at us with tearful faces. Venus gives way again to the sun. In the sacred room and conference room of the U.N everything simultaneously gets brighter and brighter.

Fade out into white:

39. PAST, THE BAR 'OLD THEBEN

INT/NIGHT

A small, shady bar in old Theben. A handful of ancient Egyptian private detectives sit around, drinking plum liqueur. One of them is Nils Lovelorn. The sad song from the first scene is still playing. And once again we hear Nils' melancholic voice:

NILS LOVELORN (off):

"Old Theben" was a right old dump - A place to come and forget. - In fact I was always there.

The song fades out.

THE END

WIDOW GIRL AND THE RAGING HEART

1. OUTER SPACE, A FAR-OFF GALAXY. EXTERNAL

Widow Girl's black spaceship is silently speeding through space. Its vast sides are plastered with warnings in shrill, over-dimensional letters:

HUMAN AREA!
DO NOT DISTURB!
KEEP OUT!
ASSHOLES BEWARE!

Every nook and cranny of the ship is stashed with high caliber weapons, revealing the ship to be a well-armed fortress. An extremely bleak and morbid aura exudes from this strange craft. We fade in to:

2. BRIDGE, WIDOW GIRL'S SPACESHIP INTERNAL

WIDOW GIRL stands at the navigation desk on the bleak-looking bridge with her back to us, dressed in black widow's weeds. She seems to be seeking out a specific planet. On the screen of the navigation monitor in front of her we see a schematized galaxy flipping speedily by. A small blue point, gradually getting bigger and bigger, finally becomes visible as a planet which could be mistaken for planet earth. The image of the planet freezes on the monitor and its name blinks: "Blue Ma".

3. VAULT BELOW DECK, WIDOW GIRL'S SPACESHIP INTERNAL

We dissolve to the swinging of a pendulum on an old grandfather clock below deck in the black spaceship. It swings majestically back and forth. The camera tracks back to reveal that we are in a bleak vault. In the middle of a room is an open coffin. Inside lies the white corpse of the beautiful, young SWAN. A slight shudder runs through his dead body and from Off we hear a voice, which seems to awaken from a long and deep sleep. It is Swan's Voice.

SWAN (off):
The memory returns ...

Flashback to:

4. SOUTH-OPHIR, A PLANET AT THE END OF THE UNIVERSE. EXTERNAL/DAY

In the radiant sunlight of two crimson suns we see apartment blocks and gardens as far as the eye can see. Huge spacecraft land and take off. A picture of prosperity and peace. A gleaming subtitle flashes across the picture: THE FUTURE. Swan's Voice from Off begins to comment on the scene.

SWAN (off, cont.)

Thanks to the help of billions of machines mankind was able to advance to the ends of the universe. An army of engineers worked constantly creating ever more intelligent and efficient machines. Over the course of time they took over every conceivable human activity. But these massive efforts were all worthwhile for then the universe had more than enough for everyone. Up till now humanity lived in undreamt of affluence. Mankind was proud of himself and his creation and what he had achieved. Nothing seemed to be impossible any more.

A gaudy flash all at once extinguishes the scene. And then we see the same planet from exactly the same perspective. But the apartment buildings and the spacecraft lie in ruins. The sky is red from the still smoldering fires.

SWAN (off, cont.):

... The machines rose against their creators ...

A new subtitle shoves itself into the picture with an ominous roar: THE END OF THE FUTURE! A man runs screaming into view. The next moment he's hit in the back by an explosive missile. He falls dying to the ground. Two armed, scary looking figures come into view. They consist of steel frames and strongly resemble skeletons. And while they are bending over the human corpse Swan's voice continues:

SWAN (off, cont.)

Once they were fighting-robots, developed to put down the rebellion by the machines. When they realized that they themselves were machines, and defected to the side of the rebels the fate of humankind was sealed. The robots no longer call themselves soldiers, but Flesh Pirates!

One of the Flesh Pirates straightens up. Instead of a steel lower-arm his is the lower-arm of the dead man. He plays with the new fingers and seems to be extremely pleased with himself. Then the other Flesh Pirate also straightens up. He's now wearing the head of the dead man and grins at his mate. They giggle together with malicious pleasure.

SWAN (off, cont.):

Nothing seemed to be able to stop the Flesh Pirates any longer, except ...

The two Flesh Pirates look up toward the sky, clearly petrified. A single word escapes their raspy throats:

FLESH PIRATES:

Swan!

At the next moment they are felled by a hail of shell-fire. Swan lands elegantly with a white Paraglider on their flattened remains.

SWAN (off, cont.)

... ah yes, yours truly!

Then the embodied Swan hears a woman despairingly calling his name. He whirls round and freezes in his tracks.

SWAN:
My little Louise!

A hundred meters away four Flesh Pirates have surrounded his eighteen-year-old sweetheart LOUISE. The slender and beautiful Louise is wearing a light, colorful summer dress. The wind plays with her long, freshly-washed hair. If innocence were to take on human form then it would surely be Louise. The Flesh Pirates take out small hand-held chain saws and close in on her. Their intentions are pretty clear. Louise screams like a stuck pig but Swan is still too far away. Suddenly, help arrives from an unexpected quarter.

HOPE (off, in a deep well-modulated voice):
Let her go!

The Flesh Pirates let go of Louise immediately and retreat back respectfully. HOPE, the leader of the Flesh Pirates comes towards Louise. He looks like a human and gives off an air of calm and self-possession.

SWAN (off, cont.)
HOPE was the ultimate fighting machine, and most importantly, was the last thing which mankind in their desperation had developed. He was meant to turn the tide for them. The engineers had covered his metal alloy with a gene-fertilizer which enabled him to take on a human skin. They had built him in their image, in the hope that his machine nature would remain submerged.

HOPE (to Louise):
South-Ophir is burning! The fate of the last base of humankind is sealed. But you gave me the name "HOPE". So then, pretty little human, look hope in the face!

HOPE rips the human skin from his face and throws it from him. A repulsive, terrifying steel caricature of a face appears, compared with which Flesh Pirates look like children's playthings. In a split seconds a slaving monster has emerged from a civilized "human". HOPE lifts Louise with one hand from the ground, as if she weighed no more than a feather.

HOPE (cont., triumphant):
Only an unimportant handful of you have managed to survive on your home planet Blue Ma. At last the universe belongs to us!

Louise, who feels HOPE's hot, wet breath on her face and imagines this is her last hour, screams like banshee.

SWAN (off):
The engineers had outdone themselves with HOPE. Nothing could stop him, except perhaps ...

Swan's shell-fire crashes into HOPE's skull.

SWAN (off, cont.):
... ah yes, yours truly!

HOPE lets Louise fall and turns around to Swan. His steel skull show's not a single scratch.

SWAN (off, cont.):
I knew it was hopeless, but what was I to do?

Swan drops his weapon and throws himself with his bare fists on HOPE. But the fist-fight doesn't last long. HOPE draws his arm back for a massive blow and the next second Swan is flying through the door of a nearby house. The wood splinters. HOPE climbs determinedly after the dazed Swan into the impenetrable darkness of the house. Louise begins to cry, as it's clear even to her that Swan has no chance. Suddenly from within the house we hear a terrible crash. Then all is quiet. A deadly quiet. The camera tracks into the black hole in the door ... and there is Swan! Exhausted, rumped, but alive! The clouds part and a ray of light falls directly on the beaming victor. Overjoyed, Louise throws herself around his neck and covers him with kisses. Then Swan takes her face in his hands and looks at her with indescribable sadness.

SWAN:
I'll wait for you, Louise. Don't ever forget me.

LOUISE (laughing happily):
What do you mean, Swan?

SWAN:
Promise me.

Louise kisses him.

LOUISE:
Yes, Swan, I will, of course I will, for ever and ever ...

And then Louise realizes for the first time that her hands are smeared with blood. The camera pans around and we see that HOPE has ripped Swan's entire back from his body. And his heart is missing! Now Louise realizes that Swan, who she is holding tight in her arms, is dead. The camera cranes up, as if it were Swan's dead soul, and watches Louise lay her dead sweetheart carefully on the ground. The camera cranes higher and a dozen Flesh Pirates come into view. They encircle Louise. Then HOPE emerges out of the darkens of the house. He is dazed but alive. But Louise notices neither him nor the Flesh Pirates. Her whole attention is focused on the dead figure of Swan. Cut to:

5. VAULT BELOW DECK IN WIDOW GIRL'S SPACESHIP INTERNAL

The pendulum of an old grandfather clock swings back and forth. The camera pans upwards and the old clock face comes into view. But its hands are missing! A third and last subtitle appears accompanied by a massive gong stroke: BEYOND THE FUTURE.

SWAN (off, sadly):
I've left you all alone, Louise. Where can you be now, my poor little Louise?

Widow Girl's black-clad figure comes into view. She is standing with her back to the camera at the window of the vault. Her silhouette is lit by a passing moon. She laughs sadly to herself.

WIDOW GIRL:
Louise! It's been a long time since someone called me that.

Widow Girl turns round, the camera tracks towards her.

WIDOW GIRL (cont.):
These days I'm known as WIDOW GIRL!

Light falls on her face and we recognize Louise. She is wearing a stylishly cut black widow's outfit and a veil of the finest net. She's even dyed her hair black. She is still as young as she was, and her deep, heartfelt grief makes her look even more beautiful.

SWAN (off):
Widow Girl...?! But how did you manage to survive that inferno, Louise?

WIDOW GIRL (dryly):
Like this.

Widow Girl shoulders a 9 kilo Flesh Pirate pump-gun, model "Atomizer". Her manner is extremely earnest, and now it finally becomes clear exactly how much Louise has changed since Swan's death.

WIDOW GIRL (cont.):
I'm taking you back home. There's still humans on Blue Ma. Maybe they can help you.

SWAN (off):
Blue Ma is a long way Louise and the Flesh Pirates won't let anyone through.

She sits down near Swan, on the coffin.

WIDOW GIRL:
We'll make it, Swan. We have to!

SWAN (off):
We?

WIDOW GIRL:
Sure, Swan. The two of us. We're the only ones left.

SWAN (off):
You are lonely, Louise, I can hear it in your voice.

WIDOW GIRL:
No, Swan, I'm not lonely.

The dead Swan can't see her but we can, and it's obvious that she's lying! Widow Girl bends over Swan's face to kiss him. A slight tremor passes through Swan's corpse and he lets forth a mighty burp.

SWAN (off, embarrassed):
Sorry Louise, it's the decomposition gases.

WIDOW GIRL (from the bottom of her heart):
I love you exactly how you are Swan.

She kisses her dead sweetheart.

6. BRIDGE, BATTLESHIP OF THE FLESH PIRATES

EXTERNAL

Because the Flesh Pirates don't need oxygen and are resistant to cold, they prefer to fly their ship in "cabriolet" mode. It consists literally of only a big metal platform. The drive is underneath. On the level surface of the platform they have haphazardly distributed their weapons. Only the bridge is slightly raised. From here one has a view over the entire ship. The Flesh Pirates have lately become more vain and conceited. Nearly all of them are wearing human clothing, desperately unsuitable. There's scarcely a one of them not sporting a human body part.

The Flesh Pirates, under their commander CHIEF SCRAPE, are just at this moment heading off after a small, beat-up spaceship which is heading for Widow Girl's craft. Again and again they fire at the fleeing ship with their massive weapons and score a number of direct hits. The small spaceship has almost no chance and its lead is dwindling.

CHIEF SCRAPE (triumphant):
Prepare to board!

Cut to:

7. VAULT BELOW DECK IN WIDOW GIRL'S SPACESHIP

INTERNAL

Widow Girl is still kissing her dead lover. A small screen monitor close by snaps on. We see the flickering transmission image of the 30-year-old LARRY LAME, on board the fleeing small spaceship.

LARRY LAME (over the monitor):
This is Larry Lame. Larry Lame to Widow Girl. Come in Widow Girl.

WIDOW GIRL (irritated):
It says "Do not disturb", can't you read?!

LARRY LAME (over monitor):
I'm being followed by Flesh Pirates. I need your help Widow Girl!

WIDOW GIRL (unmoved):
Who are you?

LARRY LAME (over monitor):
A human!

Widow Girl's eyes start to glow.

WIDOW GIRL:
That's impossible, there are no humans left in this sector!

At that precise moment Larry Lame's spaceship is hit by renewed fire from the Flesh Pirates. His image becomes obscured by heavy smoke and the connection threatens to break. Larry speaks frantically into the camera.

LARRY LAME (over monitor):
I'm a human! But if you don't help me immediately I won't be around much longer to prove it!

Cut to:

8. BRIDGE, FLESH PIRATE BATTLESHIP

EXTERNAL

The Battleship of the Flesh Pirates has come within meters of Larry Lame's small craft. They bring a gun into position and load it with massive shells. While all this is happening to Larry Lame, Widow Girl's image appears on the big central monitor screen of the Flesh Pirates.

WIDOW GIRL (over monitor):
Widow Girl to all Flesh Pirates: Keep your hands off the human or I'll turn you all into funny little car radiator emblems!

CHIEF SCRAPE (with a laugh):
HOPE was so mad when you got away from him at South-Ophir. He said you belonged to him and so we've left you alone. But this little worm on our hook is ours. And I'll give you a good piece of advice, Widow Girl: keep out of this!

WIDOW GIRL (now really mad):
I don't belong to anyone, Flesh Pirate, get it!? No-one!

At that moment a shell fired by Widow Girl crashes through the huge monitor on which we are watching her face and lays waste to the bridge. Chief Scrape curses like a trooper.

9. BRIDGE OF WIDOW GIRL'S SPACESHIP

INTERNAL

A short time later Larry Lame steps on to Widow Girl's bridge. He is a stocky man and pretty smarmy. A real slime ball. He makes to rush up joyfully to Widow Girl. He wants to thank her for her assistance, but finds himself staring into the barrel of Widow Girl's small but effective pistol.

WIDOW GIRL:
I simply can't believe you're really a human.

Larry obviously hadn't reckoned with so much suspicion. He shrugs, somewhat hesitantly.

LARRY LAME:
And how am I supposed to prove that?

WIDOW GIRL:
Quite simple: drop your trousers.

Larry thinks this is a joke and bursts out laughing. But when Widow Girl cocks the gun Larry reluctantly complies and pulls his trousers down. Below a shabby pair of underpants two naked steel machine-legs are revealed. Widow Girl, who had secretly hoped she had come across another human is quite clearly disappointed. She points the gun at Larry's head.

WIDOW GIRL (cont.):
I knew it.

LARRY LAME (hastily):
I had the things implanted after the 'big catastrophe'. What was I supposed to do? For two whole years everything went pretty well, most machines fell for it and took me for one of them. But since the Flesh Pirates got hold of a human-scanner I've been on the run. And now, after all these years when I run into a human for the first time, I die because of these damned legs!

With his last words Larry has edged closer to Widow Girl despite the gun pointing at him. He seizes her free hand and puts it to his chest. We hear his heartbeat. Loud and clear. How long is it How long must it have been since Widow Girl has heard and felt that! Now she is convinced Larry is a human, she lowers her gun. They look deep into each others' eyes. Cautiously Larry lays his hand on Widow Girl's chest and astoundingly quickly the rhythm of her heart beat begins to match that of Larry's thumping heart. They begin writhing together in a wildly escalating rhythm, rising toward hitherto unknown heights of passion.

LARRY LAME:
Looks like we're the only ones who survived the catastrophe.

A delicious shiver passes through Widow Girl. Suddenly her eyes flash open and she pulls her hand back sharply. The passionate music dies.

WIDOW GIRL:
My boyfriend Swan is also on board. Sorry Larry, but you can only stay till tomorrow.

LARRY LAME:
You're ... you're sending me away?

WIDOW GIRL:
There's not enough oxygen and supplies for the three of us.

LARRY LAME:
I've heard your boyfriend is dead.

WIDOW GIRL:
Then you heard wrong.

LARRY LAME (gives a sad shrug of the shoulders)
OK, I can repair my ship but I've used up all my ammunition.
You realize, of course that the Flesh Pirates are out there
lying in wait for me.

Widow Girl wavers for a moment, then pulls herself together.

WIDOW GIRL:
I'm afraid I can't help you. Everything I have here, I need for
Swan and me. Really sorry, Larry. Times are bad.

Widow Girl goes to leave but Larry again holds her back.

LARRY LAME:
Widow Girl ...! - Thank you, anyway.

WIDOW GIRL:
Good luck, Larry.

With these words Widow Girl turns and leaves Larry standing there.

10. BRIDGE, BATTLESHIP OF THE FLESH PIRATES

EXTERNAL

A bit later. The battleship of the Flesh Pirates bobs up and down within sight of Widow Girl's ship. Larry Lame's face appears unexpectedly on the hastily repaired central monitor.

LARRY LAME (cheerfully):
Thanks for the impressive chase, Chief Scrape. You really did
me a great service, but I won't be needing you anymore.
You can vamoose!

CHIEF SCRAPE:
Vamoose? Have you have turned into a bloody zombie, or
what, you little worm. I'll make your skull into a nice little
bedroom potty!

At this, Larry tears the facial skin from his head and HOPE's horrible, grotesque face is revealed.

HOPE (shouting triumphantly):
Humans are so dumb and so weak! In just a few hours
Widow Girl will finally belong to me, for I have what she
longs for most! You know my instructions Chief Scrape. Just
keep your nose clean and follow orders. Over and out.

With that HOPE ends his short communication. The screen goes dark again.

CHIEF SCRAPE (thoughtfully):
What on earth does HOPE see in this bloody Widow Girl?

CHIEF SCRAPE'S FIRST OFFICER:
Maybe he's ... what do the humans call it again?

CHIEF SCRAPE'S SECOND OFFICER:
Fallen in love?

CHIEF SCRAPE'S FIRST OFFICER (confirms):
Fallen in love!

CHIEF SCRAPE (disbelieving):
Fallen in love (laughs out loud). Nah, not HOPE! (pauses for a horrified moment) Or has he?

11. VAULT BELOW DECK IN WIDOW GIRL'S SPACESHIP INTERNAL

Widow Girl lies down next to the dead Swan in the coffin. She cuddles up close to him, her face smeared with tears.

SWAN (off):
Are you crying, Louise?

WIDOW GIRL:
No, Swan, you're imagining things.

She presses a button and the coffin lid closes them. We follow the ensuing conversation through the cover of the coffin.

SWAN (off):
Your heart beats so differently this evening, Louise.

WIDOW GIRL (off):
No, Swan, you imagine that too.

SWAN (off, laughing):
I really thought for a moment there was another man on board!

For a short while we hear only the swinging of the pendulum on the grandfather clock.

SWAN (off, cont., suspicious):
Why don't you say anything Louise?

WIDOW GIRL (off):
What should I say?

SWAN (off):
Well, that there isn't another man on board, for instance.

The pendulum swings back and forth. Widow Girl's silence is eloquent.

SWAN (off, cont.)
Then it's true!

WIDOW GIRL (off, sad and soft):
Yes, Swan.

SWAN (off):
I just have to turn my back for a moment and my little Louise is running around with any old Tom, Dick or Harry!

WIDOW GIRL (off):
That's not true!

SWAN (off):
Not true?! If I know you you've already checked him out 'downstairs'!

WIDOW GIRL (off):
Yes of course, but ...

SWAN (off):
Of course?! (Gives a deep sigh) What on earth has happened to my little Louise? She was always so sweet and naive, so much fun, respectable, and neat and proper and ...

Widow Girl opens the lid of the coffin, sits up and glares at Swan's corpse.

WIDOW GIRL:
You stupid shit Swan! Your idiotic little Louise is dead. She died right next to you, of a broken heart. And it's just as well, since she can't fly a spaceship nor can she shoot. She wasn't meant for this world. She had to bloody well get wised up, otherwise bits of us would now be strewn out across the universe, trophies of the Flesh Pirates!

Widow Girl climbs out of the coffin.

SWAN (off):
Where are you going?

WIDOW GIRL:
I gotta be alone for a while.

A shudder passes through Swan's body. Then he burps decomposition gas.

SWAN (off):
I disgust you, don't I, Louise. Admit it!

WIDOW GIRL (bitterly and sadly as she leaves):
Yes, Swan, you stink, but that's nothing new. I didn't care about that because I loved you. But the fact that it turns my stomach now when I lie next to you is simply proof enough that this love is lost.

SWAN (off, shouting after her):
You swore eternal love!

12. CORRIDOR IN WIDOW GIRL'S SPACESHIP

INTERNAL

Widow Girl stands weeping in despair in a corner of a darkened corridor. Suddenly she pauses. She hear the faint and enticing melody of a heartbeat. As if bewitched she follows the sound..

13. AIRLOCK IN WIDOW GIRL'S SPACESHIP

INTERNAL

She reaches the airlock behind which Larry has docked his craft. She can hear Larry working inside his ship. She has just made up her mind to open the airlock when she notices that the heartbeat melody isn't coming, as she supposed, from Larry's ship. The origin of the sound is somewhere much closer to her. She looks around. Her glance falls on a cylindrical steel construction in the middle of which a human heart is attached to a special hanger. It beats regularly and smoothly. Small blue flames lick its surface and finally form themselves into a flowing script: SWAN. Stunned she takes the hanger down and peers closely at the heart. A noise rouses her out of her thoughts. She almost drops Swan's heart, as suddenly, HOPE in his entire naked grotesqueness is standing in front of her. His Larry Lame mask is hanging round his neck and his chest cavity stands open - it's empty. HOPE slavers and smacks his lips nervously. He doesn't even look at Widow Girl, he stares only at the heart which she holds in her hands.

HOPE:
Give it to me!

Widow Girl shrinks back in fright.

WIDOW GIRL:
Never, you monster, you murderer, you bloody hunk of machinery ...

With a lightning movement HOPE grabs the container with the heart and strikes Widow Girl a fearsome blow knocking her to the ground. Dazed, Widow Girl is forced to watch while HOPE takes the heart out of the container and inserts it into his open chest cavity. After a few preliminary jerks, it begins to beat steadily within the cavity. HOPE closes his eyes and breathes in and out deeply, like a junkie whose just had a hit. Widow Girl can hardly believe what she has just witnessed. With this heart HOPE has become a "human". As HOPE opens his eyes he sees his own gruesome image reflected in the polished surface of the steel wall. He is gripped by a deep self-loathing. Quickly he puts Larry Lame's mask back on, which, as if by magic, closes around his head and knits itself together. He looks around and sees Widow Girl watching.

LARRY LAME (worried):
Widow Girl, what's the matter!

He goes to help her up but Widow Girl knocks his hand away in fright.

WIDOW GIRL:
Machines are forbidden to have human hearts installed. You yourself introduced this law!

LARRY LAME:
HOPE makes the laws and HOPE breaks the laws. But I'm no longer HOPE, believe me. I love you Widow Girl, as

Swan once loved you, and you also love me, you know you do.

WIDOW GIRL:

That's absolutely not so! It can't be true, because it's simply not within the realms of possibility. You are not Swan, you are his murderer! I could never forget that! Never!

Larry looks at her with inexpressible sadness. They stand facing one another. Their hearts are pounding as one. Stronger and more wildly than before. Widow Girl wavers. But this time it is Larry who pulls himself free. He turns round and storms off towards his ship. .

WIDOW GIRL (in anguish):
Where are you going?

LARRY LAME:
I'm leaving you, just as you wish.

WIDOW GIRL (more anguished):
Larry, wait!

Larry pauses and turns round to her.

WIDOW GIRL (cont.):
I want to destroy HOPE once and for all. Will you help me?

LARRY LAME:
How?

For answer Widow Girl takes a small hand-held blow-torch out of her bag and flicks it on.

WIDOW GIRL:
Swan's heart must never leave your breast again. That's the only way we can destroy HOPE.

LARRY LAME:
So be it.

He seizes Widow Girl passionately. Trembling their lips draw nearer and finally meet in a velvet-soft kiss.

14. VAULT, BELOW DECK IN WIDOW GIRL'S SPACESHIP

INTERNAL

Precisely at that moment the pendulum of the grandfather clock in Swan's vault comes to a stop with a horrible squeak. Swan opens his eyes. They glitter ominously. He speaks in his normal voice for the first time.

SWAN:
That little whore!

15. BRIDGE, WIDOW GIRLS SPACESHIP

INTERNAL

Widow Girl's mourning garb lies carelessly strewn on the floor. She herself is now only wearing the black net veil and her sexy black widow's lingerie made of fine Belgium lace. She is bent over Larry who is lying with his back propped up against the navigation desk and is sealing his chest cavity with her blow torch. Sparks are spraying everywhere. Larry seems to be enjoying this because he cries out in pleasure. The shower of sparks are reflected in the dark lenses of her blow torch goggles and presages their blazing passion. Highly aroused, Widow Girl bends over him and kisses him in the ghostly blue light of the blow torch.

SWAN (off):
In flagrante - - !

Widow Girl and Larry Lame give a start and turn round. The feeble light illuminates Swan's pale face. With his naked torso, the long cloak thrown over his shoulders and his wafting long black hair he resembles a beautiful young god out of the underworld. There is anger in his eyes. Mortified, Widow Girl grabs her widow's weeds and clutches them to her body.

WIDOW GIRL:
What ... what are doing here, Swan?

SWAN:
Ha! You thought I was dead, didn't you Louise? You thought - Swan's lazing about down there and isn't going to notice anything! Wrong, Louise!

WIDOW GIRL:
What do you want with the Living?

Swan takes a pistol out of his cloak pocket and aims it at Larry's head.

SWAN:
There's one too many on this ship!

Widow Girl gives an anguished cry.

LARRY LAME:
Don't worry Widow Girl. HOPE is only vulnerable in one tiny spot, where his brain chip is. Apart from his designers, now dead, and he himself, no-one knows where this place is.

Swan considers for a moment. Then he lowers the pistol till it points to the sensitive spot between the legs. Larry instantly turns white as a corpse. Obviously Swan has discovered his brain.

WIDOW GIRL (in despair):
Oh Larry, the designers can't have done that to you!

LARRY LAME (shamed):
They did. (Looks sadly up at Widow Girl) I'll wait for you Widow Girl, promise you'll never forget me.

Swan cocks the gun.

SWAN:

She promises everyone that Larry. Take it from me, it doesn't mean anything.

Swan really shouldn't have said that. Widow Girl goes ballistic. With a well-aimed kick to the solar plexus she puts Swan out of action. The next minute she has the gun in her hand and is pointing it at the dumbfounded Swan.

WIDOW GIRL:

He has your heart in his chest you goddamned idiot! It's your heart, Swan, which made me lose my head.

SWAN:

But it wasn't me you made out with, but him!

WIDOW GIRL:

Not with him you twit, with you! Don't you bloody get it?!

SWAN:

No Louise, I don't. You've got to make up your mind, dammit!

LARRY LAME:

He's right, Widow Girl. If you can't decide we'll have to do it for you.

Larry pulls a gun out of his pocket and points it at Swan. With a deadly accurate shot Widow Girl shoots the weapon out of his hand.

WIDOW GIRL:

You two goddamned morons aren't going to bloody decide anything!

An alarm goes off nearby and the central monitor blinks on. Chief Scrape is calling from the bridge of the Flesh Pirate spaceship.

CHIEF SCRAPE (over monitor):

Hi there Widow Girl. We were all sitting around here twiddling our thumbs and thought, wonder if anyone over there felt like paying us a little visit, ya know? But I gotta tell ya, that most of our 'visitors' decide to stay on permanently!

WIDOW GIRL:

Spare us your stupid jokes, Flesh Pirate. You won't get any of us, 'cause ...

We cut to:

16. BRIDGE, BATTLESHIP OF THE FLESH PIRATES

EXTERNAL

On the big central monitor we see Widow Girl, holding a gun to Larry's head.

WIDOW GIRL (cont., over monitor):
... we have HOPE as a hostage!

CHIEF SCRAPE (laughs):
And we've seen right through HOPE! He's had a human heart installed. He has broken his own law. HOPE is no longer one of us!

Back to:

17. BRIDGE, WIDOW GIRL'S SPACESHIP

INTERNAL

Resigned, Widow Girl lowers her gun.

CHIEF SCRAPE (cont., over monitor):
We'll let the rest of you go if one of you surrenders. You have exactly one minute to decide.

LARRY LAME (to Chief Scrape):
You monstrous Flesh Pirates! (takes Widow Girl protectively in his arms). But Widow Girl and I, we want to found a new, powerful human gender, and one day they will make you pay for your foul deeds.

Laughing, Chief Scrape switches off his screen. Irritated, Widow Girl looks up at Larry.

WIDOW GIRL:
You can't sire any humans, Larry, down there you're just a machine.

LARRY LAME:
My little, eternally doubting Widow Girl. I tell you: Love makes everything possible!

WIDOW GIRL:
Where did you get that from?

LARRY LAME:
My new heart tells me so..

Widow Girl pulls away from Larry.

WIDOW GIRL (to Swan):
Your heart seems to be one bloody size too big for poor old Larry. He' lost his marbles.

SWAN:

You're right. We should give the Flesh Pirates what they want and throw Larry overboard.

WIDOW GIRL:

That's not on, don't you get it yet!

SWAN:

What's the problem?

WIDOW GIRL:

The problem is that you're well on the way to becoming a heartless asshole. And I can't allow that. Now, you listen to me, boys, and listen good. We're gonna defeat the Flesh Pirates together and then we'll put the heart back where it belongs - in Swan's chest. OK?

On hearing these words Larry turns away sadly. Swan goes over to him and patronizingly lays a arm across his shoulders.

SWAN (to Widow Girl):

It's all the same to me Louise. I've become an asshole all right, but our little Larry here seems to have something on his mind.

LARRY LAME:

Please, Widow Girl, I can't give you the heart. It's all I have.

WIDOW GIRL:

But you must, Larry. If you really love me then you will.

LARRY LAME:

I'd do it gladly but what will become of me? I mean, then I'd really be an asshole.

SWAN:

Someone is always the asshole, Larry.

LARRY LAME (to Widow Girl):

And could you still love me then?

SWAN:

Of course not, Larry. An asshole is an asshole, that's why it's called that. Isn't that right Louise?

All eyes are on Widow Girl. She's clearly finding it difficult to answer.

WIDOW GIRL:

Really sorry Larry, it's not really you I love. I only love Swan's heart, which is inside you.

SWAN (to Larry):

Yeah, well, buster, you've drawn a shitty hand. Just tough luck, I guess, Larry.

At that moment the monitor blinks on again and we see Chief Scrapes again.

CHIEF SCRAPE (over Monitor):
OK then, who's the lucky guy?

Widow Girl moves determinedly to the command desk of her spaceship.

WIDOW GIRL:
No-one! We're gonna fight!

CHIEF SCRAPE (over Monitor, disappointed):
Why?

WIDOW GIRL:
'Cause we're well prepared and you Flesh Pirates are just cowardly bloody wind-bags, that's why!

CHIEF SCRAPE (over Monitor):
I'm dreadfully sorry if we've given this impression.

He presses a button on the desk in front of him and the next thing a shell from the Flesh Pirates crashes through the upper deck of Widow Girl's ship. Widow Girl just manages to take cover before a mighty short circuit on the command desk causes it to explode.

SWAN (in shock):
We're defenseless ... We're lost!

CHIEF SCRAPE (over monitor)
Who's the one showing such a deep self-awareness?

Swan looks fearfully at Chief Scrape in the monitor.

CHIEF SCRAPE (cont., over monitor):
Swan, if I'm not mistaken.

SWAN (subdued):
The same.

CHIEF SCRAPE (over monitor):
Well then, Swan, how'd it be if you are the chosen one?
How'd you like that?

SWAN (paler than ever):
You must be joking.

CHIEF SCRAPE (over monitor):
Joking? Excuse me, Swan. I can't have made myself clear enough.

Chief Scrape again presses a button in front of him and next thing another shell from the Flesh Pirates explodes nearby. Dust and steam swirl around the small command room.

SWAN (whimpering):
Louise, they want me! You can't let this happen, you know what they'll do with me!

WIDOW GIRL:
I'm not going to let that happen Swan, but bloody well pull yourself together!

CHIEF SCRAPE (over monitor):
What's the matter Swan? The invitation is still open.

Swan is hiding under the navigation desk. He's coming apart at the seams.

SWAN (screaming):
You can all get stuffed!

CHIEF SCRAPE (over monitor):
Maybe the last invitation wasn't warm enough?

Again, Chief Scrape presses the button. A second later the roof of the command room of Widow Girls ship falls in. Swan is clinging to Widow Girl's leg.

SWAN:
I don't want to die, Louise!

WIDOW GIRL:
You are dead!

SWAN:
Even so! (Begins to whimper) Let's bop Larry on the head and then hand him over.

LARRY LAME (cool and collected):
That won't be necessary.

With a mighty tug Larry pulls off his face mask. Once more HOPE's terrifying and grotesque visage appears. HOPE goes over to the flabbergasted Swan and grasps Swan's face. In a couple of split seconds HOPE sprouts a new face mask which is identical to Swan's.

WIDOW GIRL (dumbstruck):
What are you doing Larry?

LARRY-SWAN-LOOK-A-LIKE (pointing at Swan in disgust):
If this willy-weakling won't go then I have to. There's no other way to save you!

Widow Girl is completely overcome, having her old, brave Swan in front of her again.

WIDOW GIRL:
But Larry, no-one's asking you to do this, you don't have to!

LARRY-SWAN-LOOK-A-LIKE :

Yes I do, Widow Girl. Swan's heart bids me, the heart which you buried in my breast. Neither of us can do anything about this now, it's too late.

WIDOW GIRL (screams out):

No, Larry!

She tries to hold him back but Swan is still clinging to her leg.

WIDOW GIRL (cont., to Swan):

Let me go, dammit. I've gotta stop Larry otherwise they'll get your heart!

SWAN (screaming):

I don't care, I just don't want to die!

LARRY-SWAN-LOOK-A-LIKE (to Chief Scrape):

I'm ready.

Chief Scrape is taken in by Larry's new face, as intended.

CHIEF SCRAPE (over monitor):

Swan, I'm glad I could put your doubts to rest. Take my word for it, you're going to have a whale of a time with us!

Chief Scrape steps aside from the monitor to reveal a white-covered table at which all Chief Scrape's officers are sitting. Each of them has a small hand-held chainsaw in his hand. Without a backward glance Larry-who-looks-like-Swan leaves Widow Girl's command center. Swan is so impressed by his courageous likeness that he lets go of Widow Girl. She races after Larry-who-looks-like-Swan, but he has already locked the command center door from the other side. She hammers uselessly on the door.

SWAN (impressed):

Cool dude, that Larry! (tears start up in his eyes) Why can't I be like him? You were so right Louise, I'm just an asshole, a damned coward. I'm no longer worthy of you!

Swan lets his head sink and begins to cry. Widow Girl takes him in her arms.

WIDOW GIRL:

You're not an asshole Swan, not really, you're just having a ... (hunts for the right words) ... an identity crisis!

Swan looks up thoughtfully.

SWAN:

Maybe you're right. Yes, dammit! I've been divided up, split into two, I'm simply not myself. First of all my death and then all this excitement, who wouldn't go a little strange! (jumps up) Louise, we have to save me! Under no circumstances must Larry be allowed to hand over my heart to the Flesh Pirates!

WIDOW GIRL (sighs happily):
Oh, Swan, you're almost you're old self again! - But how do we get out of this?

Swan thinks for a moment and turns to the monitor.

SWAN:
Chief Scrape!

Chief Scrapes image appears.

CHIEF SCRAPE (over monitor, irritable):
Where the hell are you Swan?

SWAN:
I've had second thoughts. Perhaps another time.

CHIEF SCRAPE (over monitor):
So, then, it's "maybe" is it? Maybe you need an 'extra special' invitation!

Chief Scrape presses the button in front of him. In the next instant a shell hits Widow Girl's command bridge and splits open the door which Larry-who-looks-like-Swan locked. Swan and Widow Girl set off after Larry-who-looks-like-Swan, a little bit behind schedule.

18. AIRLOCK IN WIDOW GIRL'S SPACESHIP.

INTERNAL

Right at this moment Larry-who-looks-like-Swan is trying to open the airlock, through the window of which we can see the Battleship of the Flesh Pirates a little distance away. Obviously he wants to throw himself out into space.

WIDOW GIRL (off):
Hands up Larry, and turn around real slow!

Larry-who-looks-like-Swan turns round and sees Widow Girl holding a special revolver which is directly pointed at him.

LARRY-WHO-LOOKS-LIKE-SWAN:
No Widow Girl, don't shoot!

WIDOW GIRL:
Terribly sorry, Larry.

Widow Girl fires her weapon. Larry-who-looks-like-Swan looks down at himself. On his chest hangs a small magnetic nuclear explosive device. Sadly he gazes back up at her. Then the device explodes and leaves behind an impressive-looking hole in Larry-who-looks-like-Swan's chest cavity.

LARRY-WHO-LOOKS-LIKE-SWAN (in despair):
You shouldn't have done that. HOPE will kill you for that when he gets free again!

Widow Girl points her weapon at Larry-who-looks-like-Swan's brain chip, at the sensitive spot between his legs.

WIDOW GIRL:
Take the heart out real slow Larry. And no tricks!

Larry-who-looks-like-Swan does what he's told and slowly takes out the thumping heart. Hardly has it left his breast when Larry-who-looks-like-Swan's eyes light up nastily. Larry has gone and HOPE is back!

HOPE-WHO-LOOKS-LIKE-SWAN:
You are very stupid, Widow Girl, so stupid! Without his heart Swan is an unbearable coward, but with the heart he will immediately return to the land of the dead. Swan has no future! If you take the heart back you'll lose everything!

WIDOW GIRL:
Give it to me!

HOPE-who-looks-like-Swan makes as if to hand over the heart to Widow Girl. But with a swift movement he moves it protectively in front of his brain, at which Widow Girl is still aiming.

HOPE-WHO-LOOKS-LIKE-SWAN (grinning):
So now what?

SWAN (turns pale):
Don't do anything stupid Louise, or I'll stay an asshole for ever!

But all this squabbling has finally become too much for Widow Girl. Out of her bag she takes another special pistol, which is fitted out with a harpoon.

WIDOW GIRL (to Swan):
Hold onto me tight!

She presses the button of the airlock door and an all-mighty roar starts up. Widow Girl, HOPE-who-looks-like-Swan and Swan are gripped by a powerful suction, a vortex, which threatens to fling them into space. In a reflex response Swan grabs Widow Girl and holds her tight with a bear-like strength. But HOPE-who-looks-like-Swan has nothing to grip onto. The vortex rips him off his feet and hurls him into space. At the last moment Widow Girl fires the harpoon and precisely hits the heart which HOPE-who-looks-like-Swan is holding in his hands. A rope is attached to the small harpoon, which is connected to the pistol. Widow Girl presses a special button on the special pistol and a special winding mechanism tugs on the rope, rips the heart out of HOPE-who-looks-like-Swan's hands and reels it in. The next thing you know Widow Girl is holding Swan's heart in her hands, in which the barb of the harpoon is still sticking. Then she realizes that HOPE-who-looks-like-Swan has managed to get a hold on the airlock door at the last minute. Bit by bit he drags himself back inside the ship. Any second he will reach them, and he's not looking happy! Widow Girl moves fast. She presses the heart into Swan's hands and screams against the racket:

WIDOW GIRL:
Hold onto that!

Swan takes his heart and lets go of Widow Girl. The vortex grips her, knocks her off her feet and catapults her towards HOPE-who-looks-like-Swan, who in the meantime is standing between her and outer space. Widow Girl uses the momentum of the vortex and gives HOPE-who-looks-like-Swan a mighty kick, which finally flings him into outer space. And here we see that Widow Girl is still holding the special pistol in one hand which is still connected by the rope to the heart that Swan is holding. The rope tautens and Widow Girl is now hanging by this rope out in space. Swan looks down at his rather beat up little heart with the barb embedded in it. It's beating like crazy. Will it hold up? It does. Widow Girl again presses the special button and the special winding mechanism pulls her back inside the spaceship. She flies straight into the arms of her beloved Swan.

19. OUTER SPACE/ COMMAND BRIDGE OF THE FLESH PIRATES EXTERNAL

HOPE-who-looks-like-Swan is drifting in the middle of endless space. He is beside himself with fury. He screams after Widow Girl's fast disappearing spaceship.

HOPE-WHO-LOOKS-LIKE-SWAN:
You'll never get back to Blue Ma, never, I'll make sure of that!

Then he hears a well-known voice nearby.

CHIEF SCRAPE:
Good evening, Swan. How nice you found the time for a little excursion after all.

The camera pulls back. HOPE-who-looks-like-Swan is floating half a meter over the dining table on the command bridge of the Flesh Pirates. The Flesh Pirates officers wave their small hand-held chain-saws around. HOPE-who-looks-like-Swan looks completely nonplussed.

20. VAULT BELOW DECK IN WIDOW GIRL'S SPACESHIP INTERNAL

Swan sits up in his coffin while Widow Girl puts his heart back in through the slit in his back. She then lays his cloak over him.

SWAN (sighs good-humouredly):
Ah, Louise, we would have had a bloody good time together, you and I, if I hadn't died.

Swan lies back down in his coffin. The brave Widow Girl's eyes flood with tears.

WIDOW GIRL:
Absolutely, Swan.

SWAN (strokes her hair encouragingly):
Chin up, Louise, life will go on.

Widow Girl wipes her tears away and tries to look brave.

WIDOW GIRL:
Sure, Swan, life goes on.

She bend over Swan and kisses him. The pendulum of the clock with no hands begins to swing again. Majestically it swings back and forth. Swan is dead.

THE END

TREATMENTS:

THE ANTMAN

DON JOSÉ DE ALVAREZ and his young wife, BELLA BONITA, are on their way to Campo del Paso, a small, sleepy hole on the fringes of the Sierra Madre. Upon arriving, José - who has just graduated with commendation from Mexico City's Police Academy - is going to take up his first post. Both José and Bonita still have confetti in their hair - they were married that morning, just before leaving.

As they turn into the small village street around midday, they are eyed curiously by the handful of locals. They pull up in front of the deserted, wooden house of the town policeman. Bonita, who has been looking forward the most to this life in the country, finds her expectations exceeded. It is quiet and peaceful, and, furthermore, she has a wonderful view over the Sierra Madre snow-capped mountains from her new house. If only there wasn't such a heat-wave! From a small, abandoned neighboring house, they hear hoarse coughing and cursing. It is here that they meet with the female mayor of Campo del Paso. She is called EL BUSTO - the busty one - by everyone. She is in a wheelchair and cannot move anything below her head. Once a day, an old red-Indian comes round and feeds her. For the rest of the time, she just looks out of the window and indulges in her only hobby - smoking fat cigars. El Busto makes a strange, but thoroughly honest impression on the new arrivals. Bonita will get to appreciate the midday heat, she explains, as it is the most peaceful part of the day. Only in the evenings, when things cool down, do things start happening in these parts - and even sometimes dangerous things.

After night has fallen, Bonita and José celebrate their honeymoon night with the windows open. The old Indian has settled down next to El Busto and is playing his guitar. El Busto accompanies him, singing a sad love song in her hoarse voice. No one notices the rattlesnake crawling out of a bush towards the new arrivals. Before the snake reaches the open window, the ground below it starts to give way. And in the same instant, as the snake collapses, we see thousands of ants clambering over it. A life and death battle ensues in complete silence, but the dangerous snake has no chance against the meat-eating ants. A lanky, tall guy with a pale, aristocratic face by the name of LOCO SATANO watches the deadly fight, fascinated. Shortly after, Bonita appears on the balcony in a diaphanous nightie. She looks stunningly beautiful. From a nearby hiding place, Loco Satano watches her with a crazed look in his eyes. José appears behind her. Bonita sighs with delight and says how happy she is to get away from the moloch of the overcrowded city - the "anthill", as she calls it. In her opinion, the only place of real peace and happiness is in the countryside.

The next morning, José wants to go and look around his new district and takes his leave of Bonita. José kisses her, and places a precious amulet - an old family inheritance from the Alvarez family - around her neck. He promises her he'll be back within two days at the latest. Hardly has José left when Bonita discovers the gnarled remains of the rattlesnake in front of her house. Nauseated, she heads back to the house.

She goes into the kitchen and wants to start with a big session of house cleaning when she notices several ants in the drain. She freezes, starting to breath quicker and shallow - an over-reaction, as if she had a phobia against insects. She then gets a grip on herself and turns on the tap to drown the insects, her hand shaking. But instead of getting flowing tap water, hundreds of ants pour out of the tap and into the sink. Bonita turns around in panic and opens all the cupboards hoping to find something with which she can use to fend off the ants. As she tears open the door of the larder, she freezes again. An old leg of meat is hanging there, crawling with thousands of ants. Unable to breath, she cowers back slowly and bumps into a man standing behind her in the doorway. She turns around and screams upon seeing him: it is Loco Satano, who introduces himself as a pest exterminator. The pale man doesn't exactly induce confidence in Bonita, but right now anything's better than these insects in the house. Speechless, she points to the leg of meat - her eyes wide open. But Satano doesn't lift a finger to drive off the insects. Fascinated by the swarm, he starts to talk in a deep, melodious voice: the ants don't possess a brain in human terms since they don't have enough room in their little heads. But instead, Nature has given them something much more noteworthy: a diversified, collective brain. None of them, not even the queen ant, knows what they are actually doing, and yet the fruits of their work require more conceptualizing than a Michelangelo! He wants to know whether Bonita would like to look at the ants' works of art round at his place. Bonita gets scared. She bids him to kill the ants right this minute if he really is a pest exterminator. The ants are harmless, replies Satano, and more to the point: they are intelligent creatures. It would be a crime to kill them. As Satano says this, he starts to approach Bonita. All of a sudden he's no more than a foot away and Bonita can feel his breath. He whispers to her that she is beautiful, she must definitely become His. Frightened, Bonita stutters that he is crazy, completely deranged. Satano goes to pull her towards him, but she hits him with a coffee can. A trickle of blood runs down Satano's forehead. He trembles inside. He hisses that he is sorry that she first wants to have proof before she finally becomes His! He then leaves Bonita.

José drives his jeep over a dusty track in the Sierra Madre. His car telephone rings and he answers. His expression shows concern, he promises he'll be there right away. He turns the jeep around to the sound of screeching tires.

Bonita goes to find El Busto and tells her about Loco Satano's sinister visit. El Busto briefly pauses as she puffs on her cigar. She then wedges it in the corner of her mouth in order to be able to speak. If she could still move her arms, she mutters, she would now cross herself. Bonita goes pale. El Busto explains that Loco Satano's forefathers once dominated the whole region. Satano is the last remaining member of an age-old line of termite priests. One only rarely sees him face to face, since he lives isolated in a run-down mansion built on an ancient site of worship. Bonita feels fear rising up inside, but then calms herself down again. José will be back soon. He'll put a stop to Loco Satano's activities.

Late evening. José knocks on the rotting door of a colonial house. Loco Satano opens the door. José wants to know if he was the man who called him. Satano nods and invites José to follow him. José is an exceedingly courageous man, which means he hardly ever

stops to think. He follows Satano down into the cellar completely unperturbed. They step into a mighty, damp vault - the Termite Priest's old hall of worship! The walls are covered with incomprehensible scrawls. The floor is littered with termites and ants. José bravely and without hesitation follows Satano - who walks right through the middle of them. Satano leads José to an enormous mound of termites in the middle of the vault. When a torch flares up, he asks José to step closer. The hill is embellished with hundred of thousands of minuscule details. What a work of art, murmurs Satano enthusiastically. If one could only control these millions of termites, if one could only impose one's will on them, then what unimaginable works they would be capable of, cries Satano, almost beside himself with enthusiasm. They don't obey him yet, he continues, but he has discovered a method which, he believes, they will all submit to once and for all. Satano then displays a kind of dentist's chair connected to dozens of wires and peculiar machines. He will be the ruler of the Termites, prophesizes Satano. He will reinstate the ancient belief of his ancestors and whoever opposes him will be mercilessly exterminated. Satano pauses in rapture. And Bella Bonita, he continues, will sit by his side and rule together with him. You don't mean my wife, José wants to know. Indeed, the very same, answers Satano. The courageous José says he doesn't quite understand. There's nothing to understand, announces Satano and hits José over the head with a piece of cult paraphernalia . Don José de Alvarez falls to the floor unconscious.

At the same time, Bonita wakes up in her house bathed in sweat. Her hands go to find José's amulet (the inheritance) around her neck and clasp it tight.

Don José de Alvarez wakes up and finds himself strapped into the dentist's chair. Satano is standing next to him at the main switchboard of his strange machinery. From a machine directly opposite the dentist's chair, a beam of pulsating, ultra-violet light thrusts towards José, gaining energy and enveloping him. José stares directly into the light as if spellbound. He hears Satano's hypnotic voice telling him he should obey his every command. José resists with the best of his strength. He will never be Satano's henchman! Satano raises the energy controller to the highest level. José, still looking directly into the magical beam of light, now sees Satano's face appearing before him in the light and hovering towards him. José stares directly eye to eye with Satano's face. Once again the paralyzed José hears Satano's, hypnotic ultimatum. For José there is nothing left but surrender. With a firm voice, the utterly courageous Don José de Alvarez utters the two fatal words: "Yes, Master". The audience is spared the brutality of the next scene of the film, but the huge shadows on the wall show how Satano opens José's head and takes out his brain. Satano then carries the pulsating brain to a nearby anthill. He puts it on top of the anthill where it slowly sinks down with a sizzle. Right then, the first beams of light fall through one of the small barred windows under the ceiling. Satano's eyes becomes delirious. Now is the moment he has been waiting for so long. He commands the ants to serve him unconditionally. At lightning speed the ants form themselves into a 30-foot tall, unsupported black staircase. On the top stair, they form a stately throne out of their bodies for Satano. Satano goes up the steps and takes his seat on the throne. He then cries out the chant of triumph of the ancient termite priests. He then stands up and the throne tumbles down, as the ants scramble onto him, re-forming themselves into a majestic black

robe with a high, turned-up collar. As Satano descends the stairs, the steps crumble behind him and he commands the ants to seek out Bella Bonita without delay and shock her to death. In a few hours, he himself will follow them and reap the seeds of their devastating deeds. All the ants, with the exception of those who form his robe, set off forthwith to Bella Bonita. Finally, he commands the "robe ants" to carry José's corpse to a nearby well and deposit him there. The ants obey the commands without hesitation. They lift up the corpse and carry it to the well shaft. Just before they are about to drop him in, José's cellular phone rings in his pocket. Satano takes it out and answers. It is Bella Bonita. Where is José, asks Bonita fearfully, after immediately recognizing Satano's voice. He is on his way to her, replies Satano.

Cut to Bonita who is telephoning from the kitchen. Behind her, unseen by her, hundreds of thousands of ants are swarming through the crack under the door towards her. She now hears a soft scraping sound behind her. José should already be back by now, continues Satano, and Bonita slowly turns around. She finds herself staring right into Satano's gruesome face, formed in a flash by the swarm of ants. This "creature" grins at Bonita triumphantly. She is now finally His, she hears Satano say through the telephone, any resistance is useless! Bonita drops the receiver and screams piercingly. In her desperation, she hits out at the face looming towards her and hundreds of thousands of ants fall to the floor.

Desperate, Bonita runs over to El Busto and barricades the door behind her. She locks the windows and blocks up the cracks with old rags. She painfully draws breath to try and speak, but she doesn't need to explain much to El Busto. The mayoress can put two and two together and knows what's going on. And just as Bonita speculates that she is at last safe, at least until José gets back and is with her, the first ants start to crawl through the floorboards and scramble up El Busto's numb legs. They then crawl further up the paraplegic unnoticed. Bonita is the first to see them, and steps back in fear. El Busto can only passively look on as the little beasts swarm over her. Bonita overcomes her shock and tries to drive the ants off El Busto. But the ants form themselves into a hand on El Busto's breast which then grips Bonita's throat like a vice.

Cut to Loco Satano's murky vaults. Satano has clad himself in robes for the impending encounter with Bella Bonita. His little ant bodyguards have formed themselves into a black sword in his hands. He puts it to his side and heads off on his way to meet his queen.

Back to El Busto's house: the ants' hand stretching from El Busto's breast tightens its grasp more and more around Bonita's beautiful neck. Bonita falls unconscious. With her last glance El Busto can see how the hand releases its grip on Bonita's throat. Bonita sinks to the floor. In doing so, the ant's hand tears José's amulet from her throat. And while thousands of ants swarm over the unconscious Bonita, the ants on El Busto's face re-form into Don José de Alvarez's face. His eye sockets stare at the familiar amulet. He then looks down and sees Bonita on the floor. In the same moment, from the throat made of ants, utters forth a deep, despairing "NO!". The ants on Bonita swarm off her immediately and José's ant-face disintegrates. We see once again El Busto's disbelieving face.

A few moments later, Satano enters the mayor's house. Satisfied, he discovers the unconscious Bonita on the floor. El Busto then blows her pungent cigar smoke into his face. Satano should have played to the end!, she croaks. Satano calls for his ants, but they don't appear.

Cut to Satano's satanic vault. The ants have gathered around Don José de Alvarez's corpse. An indescribably sad music is playing. The ants slowly swarm over the corpse until it is completely covered. And then, from its middle, a "human" body rises up wearing Don José's clothes. The camera tracks up to him and we see that the figure, which is a perfect representation of José, is made up of ants. At the spot where once José's sky blue eyes were, now shine two small balls of fire.

Cut to El Busto's house. Satano carries Bonita's unconscious body in his arms and goes to leave the house to disappear with her once and for all. As he opens the door, Don José de Alvarez, the "ant-man", stands before him. Satano cowers back instinctively. But, in a flash, Satano has everything under control. He commands the ant-man to step to one side and turn into what he really is: a pile of ants, not a human! As José once again hears Satano's commanding voice, he starts to totter. El Busto watches on speechlessly as the ants - like a snowman in springtime - slowly lose their shape and collapse in on each other. Once again Satano cries out the triumphal chant of the termite priests and then strides over the ants. Bonita's unconscious lungs then release a fainthearted, despairing sigh. A violent crackling and rustling erupts in the mayor's small hut. Satano turns around and the ant-man is standing before him once again. Bonita slips out of Satano's hands and falls to the floor. Satano cowers back in front of the ant-man, draws the black ant-sword and waves it at his opponent. After a few seconds, a sword appears in the hand of the ant-man and a furious fight to the death entails until finally the ant-man thrusts his sword into Satano's body. Satano heaves his last breath, and his sword disintegrates into ants who swarm over to join José's new body. At the same time, Bonita is roused from unconsciousness and recognizes her husband's clothes. Delighted, she calls out his name. Don José de Alvarez turns around and Bonita looks for a few seconds into this both familiar, as well as ghastly ant-man. José, who cannot bear the desperate look in her eyes, collapses and Bonita falls back, unconscious. But the ants on the floor gently pick her up and carry her over to her bed.

When Bonita wakes up the next morning, she finds a letter written by José saying that he will always love her, but cannot bear it if she sees him how he now is. She should leave this cursed place. If she agrees, he would like to see her now and again from a distance, where he himself will not be seen by her. She should wear a rose in her hair.

That same evening, Bonita is standing on the local station platform with her packed bags. She is wearing a rose. When the train stops, she takes one last look around in the hope of seeing José. Several Mexicans are sitting nearby, their large sombreros tipped over their faces to protect them from the midday heat. Bonita then gets into the train. One of the Mexicans looks up. Under the rim of his hat, the fiery eyes of the ant-man can be seen. Bonita takes a seat in a compartment. She opens the window and looks out. On the bench are lying the clothes and the sombrero of a Mexican. Bonita smiles as the train pulls off.

THE SLIMY SPLIT

Hjelmsøy is a poor village in northern Norway. Time has stopped here. Almost no one can afford anything new. In the drugstores - called Drågstørs - you can find rusted revolvers and dusty CD-players, coke cans lie next to antiquated blade sharpeners, an electric toothbrush next to a dirty shaving brush....

Most of the inhabitants of Hjelmsøy live from the fur hunters passing through, the bear trappers, gold miners, Greenpeace activists and the surrounding Hjelmsøy-Cowboys: a tough people who are only out for fun. Whether a business is legal or not interests no one here.

NUT LJUKÄS is a small albino: white skin, light blond hair and red eyes. To crown it all, fate selected him - in this most heathen of times - to be a priest. He carries out his work with unshakeable conviction. Knut is shy, but bravely defends his strongly moral outlook. He took over voluntarily the task of ringing the bell for this notorious village . And his only weapon to drive out sin and vice is the BIBLE. He slowly trudges through the snow into the village and, as he arrives at the one and only saloon, he enters the den of vice. The men are making a racket, the air is thick with smoke and the schnapps is flowing like water. No one takes any notice of the newly arrived stranger since all eyes are on JÅNE DJETRECH, the bar singer. And what a bar singer! There was never any better in a Western. If there was ever a happy balance between slenderness and voluptuousness, then Jåne is the utter embodiment of it. When she goes up to someone their blood stirs. Jåne is lifted up onto the bar and, as she starts to sing, the room falls silent. We hear an old Norwegian love song. Jåne is mind-blowing. Knut slowly prepares himself. Ignoring the music, he starts preaching. The greasy INNKEEPER slaps Jåne on her butt and nods his head towards Knut. He grins and mumbles: "the usual". Jåne heads towards the newcomer, to the amusement of her drunken onlookers. She weaves around him, dancing to and fro, throwing him kisses with her hand, but Knut continues preaching undeterred. The men laugh. Jåne sits down next to her shy victim, slings open the bible and reads: "My friend is a little bush of myrrh hanging between my breasts. " Knut's voice gives way. His heart is beating like crazy. Jåne takes his hand and places it on her breast. How can he not tremble? Her white hand passes him a schnapps which he drinks hesitantly. By the second, he doesn't think twice. Knut's eyes glance nervously over Jåne's curves. He can no longer control himself. He is ripe, and what is ripe, must be plucked. Jåne calls over to the innkeeper for a bedroom key and sends Knut off. As if in a trance, he stumbles up the stairs.

The room is dark and warm. Knut undresses discretely and gets into bed. He is positively shaking in anticipation. The door opens, Jåne comes in and lies down beside him. In the darkness of the room, we can only hear the beginnings of their foreplay. Suddenly: light! A raucous mob crashes in on the love-making. Jåne in bed is not Jåne, but a cranky old brothel madame, who starts complaining like crazy. The real Jåne has her arm through the innkeeper's and is laughing. Knut grabs his things together, but can't get

round to getting dressed. Beetroot red, his naked body trembling, he fights his way through the crowd. Shaking, he curses the sinner of all sinners: Jåne. She watches him go, almost a little sad.

Knut is still drunk the following morning. He slept in front of the saloon, his bible as a pillow. Almost before he has been tested, Knut has landed up in the gutter with bloodshot eyes and greasy hair. He is continually drunk and he hates Jåne with all the heart of his religious fervor. His pride cries out for revenge. He wants to kill Jåne, and is possessed by this one thought.

Knut lives off the alms he gets from the Hjelsöy-Cowboys when he quotes the few lewd parts of the bible, casting a glare at Jåne while doing so. He's become a clown. Lonely and ridiculed, he goes to live in the darkest corner of the town.

Knut is the last left standing in the saloon. The chairs are already stacked on the tables. The innkeeper is looking forward to his evening off and shows Knut the door. Jåne also leaves the saloon and Knut follows her from the shadows. She suddenly disappears behind a corner. Knut looks around. She is nowhere to be seen. How could he lose her? He hears a voice behind him, turns around slowly and ducks into the shadows. Jåne strolls past him, more beautiful than ever. He pulls out his rosary with surprising speed and storms up to her. He slings the rosary around her long neck from behind and starts tugging. Jåne slumps down, not even getting round to screaming. She lies with her face in the snow. DEAD. The rosary has been torn apart. Knut starts shaking when he notices that the cross is missing. In the snow, he spots a locket which has broken open, showing a picture of Jåne. As he turns the corpse over to look one last time at his victim, he jumps back shuddering: it's not Jåne. It is the Virgin Mary. Knut trembles, kneels down and starts to pray, stuttering. His tears fall into the snow. Jåne comes up from behind. Knut turns around. When he looks back, the Virgin Mary's corpse has disappeared. It must have been a fata morgana. Jåne strokes Knut's tangled hair. She says she's sorry. But Knut bellows at the top of his voice: She should beat it and leave him in peace forever. Jåne backs off, misunderstood. Once she's gone, Knut picks up the trinket, sobbing, and clips it onto his rosary in place of the cross.

Knut is completely devastated. He crouches down underneath a stairwell to protect himself from the biting coldness of the north, a few hole-ridden blankets strung over him, he drinks the final drops from his last bottle. An man steps out of the night and limps up to him. The man introduces himself, mumbling: "They all be the SHAMAN. And that's not incorrect - I am well versed in matters of magic." Knut waves him off, but when the Shaman offers him the last drops from his bottle, his interest is aroused. Knut returns this gesture of friendship by not downing the whole bottle in one, but leaving the rest for the newcomer. The Shaman is a crazy alcoholic who has obviously seen better days. His paternal grandfather was a medicine man of the now extinct Eskjåla Eskimo race. He was specialized in various alchemical healing methods. The Shaman had what it took to be a master. But so much talent he drowned in the miasma of booze! In their conversation, Knut opens up: he wants to kill Jåne, but can't, because he loves her and wants her to love him, but he can't love her, because he wants to kill her. The snow glimmers dimly in the moonlight. The Shaman gabbles a suggestion: We split you into a good, and a bad,

Knut. From one man, we make two identical men with completely different personalities. The part of him which wants to kill Jåne will be taken out of him. They will then freeze this monster for good in the eternal ice. Knut hesitates. The Shaman buries his hand deep into the ground and pulls out an earthworm. He cuts it in two and they watch as the two parts wriggle away from each other. Both live. The Shaman crushes one of the worms underfoot. Pretty convincing. Knut - who is drunk enough - consents. The Shaman thinks about a name for the evil brother. Knut suggests AASMUND. The Shaman nods: So be it.

The saloon cellar. The division ceremony begins. In his left hand, the Shaman has a ice bear testicle and buffalo horn salt soaked in chicken gall juice in his right hand. He sings his liturgy: "I call upon the past and future spirits of our guild. Divide this man into two men. Hearth me. Separate the Knut Ljukäs - holy man of false religion - into a loving and a killing being. Let the killing being come out of him. We shall name him Aasmund!", and he sprinkles the ingredients over Knut's trembling body. As if by magic, a second Knut grows from the breast of the first. The Shaman totters under the strain of the contact with the spirits, but the division is successful: two Knuts lie next to each other on the floor. As the wound closes, Knut re-awakens, points to the slimy AASMUND and shouts;" Get him out of here! Quick! Get him out of here!" The Shaman drags Aasmund into a chest and tugs him along the country road. The wind lashes his face. When the Shaman spots the lights of an inn in the distance, he makes a joke about his dry whistle and goes in. He leaves the casket lying out in the cold.

Knut enters the saloon in Hjelmsöy. He is now the Good of himself. He ignores the cruel jokes thrown at him about his priest's outfit. He forgives everything. The sinners soon fall quiet. Everything ricochets off him tonight. Knut's gentle strength has an effect even on these people. Knut is now a part of the saloon's furniture, like Jåne herself. Knut doesn't keep quiet about his love for Jåne. He does not leave her side, but instead draws her into his prayers. When finally the opportunity comes up to help her, he no longer hesitates. Jåne is being hassled by a particularly repulsive bear trapper and turns to the innkeeper for help. The innkeeper doesn't lift a finger to help his employee, instead he regards her angrily implying she shouldn't make so much trouble. "You're paid for it after all!", he growls. Knut draw's himself up to his full height in front of the bear stalker and bellows in a thin voice that the drunkard should leave the woman in peace. He is ignored. When Knut starts to get physical, he gets a heavy blow in the pit of the stomach and his face. He goes flying through the air. But he gets up, brushes himself off and rushes up to his opponent, hitting him on the back of the head with his bible. A wild punch-up ensues which soon involves all of the bar customers. Jåne is able to step out of it, but follows her savior with fear in her eyes. When someone tries to take Knut from behind, she slams a bottle over the attacker's head. She escapes with Knut to safety. In a halfway quiet corner, they see to each other's wounds. And when Jåne discovers that Knut carries her missing locket on his rosary as a sign of the bible, her heart quickens its beat. She takes him back to her place and guides him around the secrets of love. He gets the knack of it pretty quickly. They enjoy a wonderful night together.

Jåne and Knut become a couple. Knut moves in with his beloved, and Jåne quits the inn. When her former employer tries to force her violently to come back, Knut steps in to settle the issue.

Knut leaves his priest's post and starts selling vegetables in Drågstör. A bible sermon is better received by the house wives than by the cowboys. The owner of the shop praises him for this unexpected marketing strategy. She is a corpulent Norwegian woman who constantly chews on fish bones. The new work doesn't exactly fulfill Knut. When business is slow, he stares out of the window thinking about his beloved and his new fate. Lost in these dreams, he almost doesn't notice when Aasmund appears at the end of the village street. His evil brother. Oh, God! Jåne! Knut immediately tears off his apron, rushes out of the shop and rushes home.

Stuttering, he tells Jåne that she would be much better off alone. They must stay in the house from now on and never again go into the ugly, nasty town. He'll manage to get the money together somehow and take care of the necessities. Knut locks them both inside house. But you can't do that to Jåne. She is furious: she's not a dog to be chained up! Knut can't find an answer. He breaks off the discussion by slapping her. Jåne throws a fit, but Knut leaves her standing and disappears. He grabs all the keys and locks her in.

Aasmund resembles Yul Brunner in his coldest head-hunter roll. Dressed in black, and with an ice-cold look in his red albino eyes, he becomes a skilled marksman in the saloon. People place bets on whether he'll hit the mark. People start pouring back into the bar. At last. Profits soar and the innkeeper grins his filthy smile. He immediately employs Aasmund. Knut huddles up to the saloon window fearfully and watches the "brutal go-getter" who is an extremely good shot and doesn't seem to shilly-shally around. Aasmund doesn't shoot at bottles but at photographs. There are 33 portraits of former singers hanging in the saloon. Three of them are of Jåne. Aasmund is blindfolded and spun around like in the pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey game. Finally he whirls around and shoots three times: the faces of the three photos of Jåne are adorned with three clean shots. Knut now has to deal with his fear

The Shaman is still sitting in the bar on the country road, pondering. He raises his hands and murmurs: "Ice bear testicle left and buffalo horn salt with chicken gall juice right." He 'weighs up' with his hands - undecided like the scales of justice. All of a sudden he jumps to his feet.

Knut heads back to his house. The front door has been broken open. He calls out. No answer. He rushes out of the house. No Jåne. Only the Shaman totters towards him and excitedly wants to tell him some nonsense or other. Knut has no time for that right now: "I know you've really messed things up. How did Aasmund get back to town? Jåne is in danger!" Panicking, he runs into the village. One thing is for sure: one second too late and his beloved will have a hole in her breast.

He arrives at the saloon out of breath. He sees Jåne through the left window standing at the wall. Through the right-hand window he sees Aasmund aiming his gun at her. Knut is panic-stricken. Too late! We hear a shot off-screen. Knut looks up. Aasmund kneels before Jåne's breasts, only his nose visible,) and he takes the shot-through William Tell apple off

her head. Aasmund seems to be in a completely different state of mind: friendly, smiling at Jåne almost passionately. She also seems to like him. In the same moment, a distraught hand falls on his shoulder: the Shaman stutters: "Hey, Knut, er, I think I made a mistake....er....I got things mixed up...er...YOU'RE THE BAD GUY...." Knut freezes.

Dumbfounded, he looks at the Shaman who, stuttering, continues trying to explain the misunderstanding: "The ice bear testicle should be in the left hand..." His blabbering is drowned out by Jåne's voice. She has spotted Knut and screams out : "KNUT! Come on in! Why did you never tell me about your nice little brother?"

Jåne is quite light-hearted. She embraces her husband as if nothing at all had happened. Knut wriggles out to one side. The two brothers eye each other up suspiciously, though Aasmund looks at his new "brother" in somewhat friendlier manner. Jåne calls for a family union celebration. Toasts are made loudly. When it comes to celebrating, no man from Hjelmsöy holds back. Only Knut stares around dumbfounded at the screeching men and women, completely out of his mind. Jåne and Aasmund get closer. He nibbles furtively at the straps of her dress and she gnaws quickly at his ear. They finally dance close together. The Shaman sits down next to Knut. Knut immediately starts to tremble. All this is the Shaman's doing. If he is now the bad one, then he has to kill Jåne. But he can't because he loves her. This whole splitting in half hasn't helped him at all. The Shaman suggests it would have been better to have made three Knuts, then he would finally be free of his murderous thoughts. One has to understand, says the Shaman, that it was his first time too! Knut interrupts him. Divide him once again? Knut accuses him of drinking too much cod-liver oil! Such an step is completely out of the question. The Shaman sees why, and broods over the facts. All of a sudden he has an idea: what if they divide Jåne? Then Knut could kill one of the Jåne's, but could still have the other. Knut is surprised by the tempting logic of this thought. "Fantastic. I could carry out my destiny and kill the Jåne who has fallen in love with Aasmund, and the one who loves me stays with me." Knut steals a revolver from a drunken cowboy and follows Jåne to the toilet.

Jåne is standing in front of a large mirror, applying powder and lipstick for Aasmund. Knut sneaks up to her, "Forgive me", he whispers, and hits Jåne over the head with the revolver. "It's for our own good...", he says, before he drags her to the window and climbs out down her ladder with her slung on his back. The Shaman is expecting him.

Jåne is lying gagged on the floor of the cellar. Preparations for the division are already well under way. The Shaman stirs together the ingredients while Knut's scared eyes watch his beloved: will it work again? After a brief hesitation, the Shaman takes the ice bear testicle in his right hand. He sings the spell: "I hail the past and future spirits of our guild. Divide this woman in two. Heareth me and do as I command you. Divide Jåne Djetrech, unholy woman of no religion, into one who loves Knut, and one who loves Aasmund. Let the one who loves Aasmund come out of her."

The secret ingredients now rain down on Jåne. She faints as a result of the spell, but the division succeeds. Two Jåne's lie unconscious on the cellar floor. Now it's Knut's turn. Shaking, he lifts up the revolver and aims towards the somewhat slime-covered Jåne. The other Jåne is still lying in a coma. Knut hesitates. All of a sudden, rumbling noises come

from above. Knut is startled, the trigger squeezes, and a shot rings out. The bullet strikes Jåne's heart. She is killed instantly. The cellar door is broken open, and Aasmund enters the room. He discovers the dead Jåne, and, full of hate, goes to attack the murderer of this beautiful woman. But when he sees the other, living, breathing Jåne, he overcomes his rage. Although he can't understand the situation, he asks coolly who will get the living Jåne. Knut confidently answers that he thought he himself would be the one. Aasmund nods slowly: if that is the case, then they will have to have a duel, since he too makes claims to the living woman. What else can Knut do but agree. For better or for worse, they arrange a meeting the following day at the cliff of the dead bearess. The Shaman is appointed as aide-de-camp.

No sooner has Aasmund left the cellar, then Knut persuades the Shaman to change the plan. The Shaman should take out the bullets from one revolver and make sure that Aasmund gets the unloaded weapon. For reasons unknown, the Shaman stays by Knut and agrees enthusiastically to this idea. So it shall be done. Knut will shoot Aasmund in the duel and look forward to a happy future with his beloved spouse.

Overnight it snows once again. The countryside sparkles with white. Aasmund is standing at the ready in the cold when Knut and the Shaman arrive at the cliff of the dead bearess. The Shaman is carrying both revolvers in his hands and, as the hand-over nears, he glances, confused from one to the other. Like Justicia, he weighs one hand against the other. He no longer knows which revolver is loaded and which is empty. Before he can make up his mind, Aasmund quickly steps up, grabs a revolver and takes his position. Frightened, the Shaman watches him go. He gives Knut the other revolver and murmurs: "I think I mixed the guns up. Your revolver isn't loaded!" Knut swears. But he has made prior provisions. The two duelists stand back to back and start to count out their thirteen paces. In the meantime, Knut throws off his black cape: he is dressed in pure white. A white clothed Albino in the middle of a sparkling white snowscape. When Aasmund reaches his thirteen steps and spins around with remarkable speed, he stands in front of a white nothingness. His opponent has disappeared.

But Aasmund reacts quickly as well: as quick as lightning he tears off his clothes. He is naked from head to foot, and now equally invisible as Knut. We see for a moment two pairs of red eyes glowing. Stalemate. The Shaman doesn't get what's going on. He just keeps looking again and again, paralyzed, at his two hands. Left - right. All of a sudden he shouts out: "KNUT!" A pair of red eyes spin around, and in doing so Aasmund can see where Knut is: Knut hears a trigger click, but no shot rings out. In a flash he whirls round and empties his barrel towards where the click came from. The Shaman hadn't actually got the guns mixed up. Aasmund is hit. The only thing visible is a pool of red blood and two staring red eyes. The Shaman rejoices. He hands Knut his black cape and they both agree to meet up that evening to celebrate in Knut's hut with his new bride Jåne who, for the celebrations, will sing one more time. The Shaman is happy for two reasons: everything has turned out for the best since the case of the revolvers has showed him that the first division was carried out correctly! Knut is, in fact, the Good one. Happy and contented, Knut sets off back home. When he opens the door to his bright new happiness, he catches the Shaman shouting from a distance: "But if you're the right one,

then the living Jåne is the false one!" Knut is unable to take in the full meaning of these words since Jåne is waiting for him, standing behind the door with a huge reindeer gun which she blasts at the murderer of her beloved Aasmund.

Fade to black.

Jåne has started up a variety show. After she has warbled a "Welcome, Bienvenue, Willkommen" on the stage, the curtains behind her swing open and we see ten Knuts. Eight of them are standing in front of a colorful wooden wall and sing a Norwegian folk song (which Jåne had sung at the beginning of the episode). The other two Knuts perform knife acts. The Shaman is off his face with drink. He steps up to the dome and, on seeing the ten Knuts, cries: "Maybe I should quit drinking"

THE END OF A VIRTUAL CHILDHOOD

The masked SLATAN OX has been keeping the capital city of Moscow on tenterhooks for weeks. No one knows who is hidden behind his mask. Slatan Ox has ultimately got his eyes on the town's silver and not one night passes in which he doesn't pull off a spectacular robbery. He possesses the power to connect himself into the television's evening programmes. There, he brags to the terrified viewers about his burglaries of which never the slightest shred of evidence can be found, and explains that, in a few days, he will take over the reigns of power in Moscow. The police still put up a pitiful resistance, but it becomes increasingly clear that they don't stand the slightest chance against Slatan Ox.

Somewhat removed from the capital city, in one of the poor surrounding villages, the 17 year-old TODOR excitedly follows the meteoric and criminal career of Slatan Ox. He lives together with his old father, LEW LEWOWITSCH, of whom it is said that, many years ago, he was a promising scientist, but shortly after Todor's birth withdrew to this godforsaken hole. But since there is no work here he has no other choice but to commute day after day to Moscow where he works as a night watchman in a cemetery, something which supplies his pitiful income.

Todor is anything but happy. Although he looks just like any other boy the same age, something is not quite right with him. It is difficult to pinpoint, but he seems somehow not to be "real". He sometimes asks his father why the latter gets older from year to year, and he does not. Then again, why does a stone fly off his boot when Lew Lewowitsch kicks it, whereas he is able to step right through it? But Lew Lewowitsch just looks at him sadly and says, it doesn't mean anything. And there is another thing which nags at Todor peace of mind. Since he started to be able to think, he is haunted by a single wish: he wants to be a policeman and now, as crime, epitomized by the figure of Slatan OX, threatens to take power, it seems his time has come. Unfortunately, the good-natured Lew Lewowitsch categorically refuses this wish. But when Todor's yearning becomes increasingly stronger, Lew Lewowitsch decides to set out his reasons. Many years ago he worked on a secret research project, Lew Lewowitsch explains, with the aim of creating an artificial policeman. This artificial policeman was called Todor, an autonomous decision-making hologram generated by central computer and an old satellite no longer in service. He was so proud, continues Lew Lewowitsch, but when he introduced Todor to the heads of the police, they ridiculed him: "What the hell are you meant to be, a policeman? A hologram who couldn't even fill out a parking ticket! You're about as dangerous as a clown!" Lew Lewowitsch paused briefly, as Todor's eyes fill with tears on hearing these words. He had wiped the memory of that darkest of days out of Todor's programme, but he was unable to erase the desire to become a policeman. Todor turns away. He still wants to be a policeman, he declares defiantly. He is not like other people, cries out Lew Lewowitsch furiously, he is virtual! He will never become a policeman. Todor must finally come to terms with that! Only here in isolation can Todor live in peace. As his father, Lew Lewowitsch cares for him and can programme everything that makes life

interesting for a virtual child. But out in the real world they will deride him, or even use him for other, more terrible things..

Todor is deeply unhappy after having heard everything. But there is nothing he can do but to follow his destiny, even if he knows it will devastate Lew Lewowitsch. That night he packs his virtual bags and heads off to the ominous capital city, Moscow. When Lew Lewowitsch comes back from his night shift in the morning, he finds Todor's virtual parting letter. Todor writes that he will keep his virtual condition a secret and will try to become a good policeman. When he achieves his goal and puts Slatan OX behind bars, then he will come home. Lew Lewowitsch sinks down into the kitchen chair, heart-broken.

The following night, Todor is walking through a dark alley in Moscow in the pouring rain. He doesn't know where he is and feels lonely. He goes up to a small, funny-looking oddball and asks him where the next police station is. He will show him the way, answers the oddball helpfully, if Todor will just wait a minute while he goes into a store over the road to get something. Todor agrees. Hardly three seconds after the oddball has gone into the store, a wild gun battle bursts out inside. Shortly afterwards, the oddball comes out of the store with a bag of money, throws his gun at Todor's feet and disappears into the darkness. In a flash, Todor is surrounded by four policemen. And before he knows what's happening, he finds himself in an over-crowded prison cell. He tries to explain to the warden that he had nothing to do with the gun battle, but in fact wanted to become a policeman. Policeman, him! A murderer!, laughs the officer and slams the cell door in Todor's face.

Dejected, Todor sits down on his bunk. Rather than arresting Slatan Ox, he's ended up in prison himself! He then overhears the whisperings of the inmates and picks up that Slatan Ox wants to rob "GUM", a luxurious department store in the town center, that night. Todor sees a chance. Until now he had kept his hated virtuality a secret, but now he has to take advantage of it. By means of thought concentration, he changes his shabby clothes into a police uniform and then disappears into thin air. Shortly afterwards he reappears in the dark department store. But what he sees he takes his breath away: at least a dozen window mannequins are in the middle of packing up the silver cutlery, the expensive watches and everything else of value. Todor draws a virtual gun and goes to force the mannequins to give themselves up, but they don't react. Instead, a TV in the electronic communications department blinks on, showing Slatan OX's masked face. He knows Todor's father, Lew Lewowitsch, from old times, says Slatan Ox. While Lew Lewowitsch was exploring virtual reality, he stuck to material things. The mannequins are soaked in a thermo-elastic substance discovered by him. Via UKW, Slatan OX sends them brainwaves, which starts the thermo-elastic substance oscillating and makes the mannequins begin to move. Now Todor must show which of the two, Lew Lewowitsch or Slatan OX, chose the better path! The image of Slatan Ox disappears with a laugh. Todor can only look on helplessly as the mannequins empty the valuable stolen goods into the basket of a small, remote controlled hot air balloon and open a window. Some of the mannequins go back to their original position and become static once more. It's obvious to Todor that when the police turn up, the idea that the mannequins were the

thieves would never cross their minds. But he himself can't do anything to stop them either. Then something occurs to him.

A second later, Todor appears in front of the department store. He pulls out his virtual Police I.D. and orders the passers-by to smash the department store windows and help him arrest the criminal mannequins on the first floor. But Todor's words are met with malicious laughter. One of the pedestrians has a camera and takes a picture of Todor. When the police turn up shortly afterwards, Todor just has time to disappear off into a dark side alley.

In the early hours of the morning Todor is standing at a newspaper kiosk. It is pouring with rain. All the papers are showing his picture and are ridiculing the policeman who claimed that mannequins committed the burglary. Todor has made the police force a laughing stock! What should he do now? He thinks back to his peaceful life in the little village and then remembers how Lew Lewowitsch was always right. The desire to become a policeman completely evaporates.

A little later, Todor is standing at the entrance of the cemetery where Lew Lewowitsch works as a night-watchman. He sees his old father sitting bent over on one of the gravestones. Todor is confident that Lew Lewowitsch will forgive his obstinacy but, as he steps closer, he notices that the old man is reading a newspaper displaying Todor's photo, and making fun of him. Todor's heart sinks. As much as he would like to go back to his old father, he cannot show himself to Lew Lewowitsch after this ridiculing. He must first put a stop to Slatan Ox's game! Todor sees a police car driving past the cemetery, concentrates hard, and in a flash is transported to the back seat of the car - just at the right moment. Another burglary has just been reported in a small, remote basilica. The driver sees Todor in the back and almost has a heart attack. But by the time he has turned around, Todor has vanished.

Todor enters the basilica which is filled with gold and silver. But before he gets the chance to take a look around, he is almost run over by the archangel Gabriel! He was once an incredibly valuable carving (by an old Russian master) ensconced above the chancel, but now he is gathering up all the silver vessels and chandeliers with two other holy figures who have likewise descended from their pedestals and are stuffing everything into a sack. Todor is at a loss. He really can't tell anyone about this! This time, Gabriel and the other holy figures are going at it even more deviously than the mannequins: they are even stealing themselves, which will definitely prove that they were victims rather than suspects! Slatan Ox's picture now appears on the TV in the sacristy. Todor is such a quick-witted fellow, he states, impressed. But his father is now in danger and he gives Todor some good advice: keep out of this, or else something unfortunate may happen to the old Lew Lewowitsch! Todor can only watch helplessly as Gabriel and his accomplices leave the church, hold up an old Moscovitsch and beat the startled driver until he finally runs off screaming. Quick as a wink, the thieves race off with the booty. What should he do?

Todor doesn't spend too long thinking about it. He dissolves himself and re-appears in a bush near the cemetery. As he guessed, the archangel Gabriel and his cronies have just pulled up and are rushing into an adjacent mortuary with their stolen booty. Todor

follows them. In the middle of a huge hall is an colossal tub containing a bubbling silver liquid. A number of figures, which all should actually be inanimate, are rolling in it. On the back wall is a large monitor from which Slatan Ox's face supervises the goings-on. The figures start to spray the shroud-covered corpses with the liquid. He wants to bring the corpses to life, just like he did with the mannequins and the holy figures, is the thought which springs into Todor's mind! Todor jumps up holding out his gun. "Police! Stay where you are or else the cemetery will be surrounded in a few minutes!" The figures stop their ghostly activities. A spotlight then turns on to a sitting figure underneath the monitor with Slatan Ox's face. To his horror, Todor recognizes Lew Lewowitsch, wearing a sinister, futuristic helmet on his head. He seems to be completely apathetic. The helmet obviously renders him a mere tool of Slatan Ox's commands. "Not a step further, Todor, or your father will become a zombie!" Dumbfounded, Todor lowers his gun. "Your father and I were once good comrades, but he belittled my attempts to create a material, artificial warrior. But it was not I who was the fool. You, Todor, you are the failure, and I will triumph! Look around you: anything can become a soldier! I will rule the world with this technology!" Slatan Ox points at the tub: "Every drop of silver in this city is now in that tub. The great attack is looming! Awaken, my soldiers!" In the next moments, the corpses covered by shrouds stand up. Pale corpses wrapped in tattered shrouds, armed with heavy MG's. "And now, my beloved zombies: spread yourselves out and perform your works of destruction!" The zombies, the mannequins and the holy figures slowly begin to move. Just for a moment, a flicker of life appears to grip Lew Lewowitsch's face. Todor takes hope. He asks Lew Lewowitsch how he can hold back Slatan Ox's soldiers, but he just shakes his head: "You cannot stop them, boy, you are virtual. I warned you." Todor's eyes fill with tears. A raucous laughter echoes out around him, although no one is laughing. And then a number of shadowy figures appear in front of him: the heads of police who Lew Lewowitsch had said laughed at Todor and who had supposedly been erased from Todor's memory. Their faces become increasingly real, and then the scene takes place in the room as if it was just happening. But they are not laughing about Todor, as Lew Lewowitsch had said. They are laughing at his father, Lew Lewowitsch! "They never laughed at me, they were laughing at you!" cries Todor in the racket. Lew Lewowitsch, for whom the laughing faces are equally real, shouts: "Stop Todor, stop! Yes, yes, they were laughing at me!" The next second the spirits vanish. Todor stares at Lew Lewowitsch, and something slowly dawns on him: "You are wearing the helmet through which Slatan Ox transmits his brainwaves. You are Slatan Ox!" At that moment on the monitor above Lew Lewowitsch, the mask in front of Slatan Ox falls away and reveals Lew Lewowitsch's face. "You took your time, boy!" giggles Lew Lewowitsch, deranged, and points to his idiotic helmet. "I know I look bloody silly. They can laugh, the heads of police, they can just laugh themselves to death! But I... I will be the one who gets the last laugh!" Todor jumps on Lew Lewowitsch and tries to tear the helmet from his head, but Todor reaches into nothingness. He had forgotten that he is only virtual. Lew Lewowitsch's laughter becomes hysterical. Since Todor was born he hid himself away and everyone simply thought he was a mad old fool, he cries. He bore the humiliation in the knowledge that he was a genius and would soon come to rule the world. He went underground and disguised himself to work on his revenge. And now he will prove to the whole world that

in fact Todor is the joke, not he! He, Lew Lewowitsch, is a genius! Todor turns red with fury. He looks as if he would like to strangle Lew Lewowitsch. But the latter just laughs off Todor's stare: "You can do nothing, absolutely nothing! You're a good-for-nothing: you're a pathetic joke!" Todor turns even redder upon hearing these words and is so furious that he begins to steam. Next his image begins to flicker as if in a heat wave, followed by an incredible bang as Todor transforms himself into a two meter tall atomic explosion which overexposes everything.. Lew Lewowitsch, who has been watching Todor's useless fury now starts to scream in the glare of the light, and as it becomes darker again we see that he has been blinded. He stumbles two steps back, shrieking, and falls into the tub of liquid. He is still wearing his brainwave-UKW-transmitter. This powerful mixture puts a truly diabolical end to Lew Lewowitsch. His indestructible soldiers cease to move - they solidify back to what they once were.

When the police turn up a few minutes later, they are confronted by a complete conundrum. The next morning, we learn the full story from the newspapers; "The crazy physician Lew Lewowitsch, alias Slatan Ox, committed suicide last night under peculiar circumstances. In addition, a secret grave, containing the bones of a murdered, deformed small child, was uncovered in the cemetery where he worked as a night-watchman, The name-tag attached to the arm of the child identified him as Todor Lewowitsch."

HIROSHI - SON OF THE PHOSPHOR JUNGLE

Tokyo. A poisonous cloud of gas creeps out of the drains. On the exclusive Ginza Boulevard dozens of people meet their death. The Japanese Prime Minister's wife is amongst the dead. Their bodies are covered with a viscous, acidic moisture. The city authorities have no other choice but to close off Tokyo's underground pipes and tunnels with foam. Their aim is to hermetically seal off the sewers and replace it with a water system above ground. Only TAKAMATSU, the ambitious chemistry professor opposes this decision. He believes he has found an antidote, a phagocytic gas mixture which would neutralize civilization's rubbish accumulated over decades by absorption. On his own initiative he starts an expedition. He will be accompanied on this trip by his most trusted colleague MISHIMA and his daughter ANIMA, who is engaged to Mishima. ANIMA, a romantic and imaginative girl is probably the only person who sees the sewers as representing more than an apocalyptic threat to the city. She firmly believes that an attractive man is living in Tokyo's underworld. She is utterly convinced she has seen him because whilst looking through the grating of a drainage hole she found herself looking into two large sad eyes. From that day on she has been pursued by these sorrowful eyes in her dreams. Anima doesn't mention this encounter. Secretly she begins to question her existence up till now. The thought of marrying Mishima begins to fill her with horror.. She wants to be free and dreams of an adventurous life with a man who is different to Mishima, different to her father and different to all the men who constitute Tokyo's high society.

The three of them, completely covered in protective clothing, and equipped with a variety of measuring instruments, go down to the sewers. They have eight hours time before various entrances are sealed off. The deeper they go the more the needles of the toxin measuring seismographs fluctuate and the Geiger counters rattle. The slow-moving scum, which they are plodding through, doesn't even bear the remotest resemblance to water. A virtually impenetrable darkness prevails here. Only the beams from the lamps fastened to their helmets show them the way. A glutinous mass has attached itself to the walls and constantly emits bubbles of steam. It is hot. The temperature continues to rise the deeper they go. Takamatsu sets up his apparatus. Mini-sized reactors belching flames, test tubes filled with boiling fluids, diffuse in the damp air. Just as he had foreseen a battle of substances ensues. Explosions shatter the atmosphere . Total silence returns, but then a growing sound of fluttering, snorting and splashing can be heard. From the depths of the tunnel phosphorescent monsters emerge, lighting up the surroundings. Mutants, half snake, half fish attack the intruders. They are supported by giant bats nose-diving through the tunnels. Hissing oversized snails creep out of the slimy viscous mass spitting fluid from their erect feelers. An uneven battle begins. Mishima doesn't come to Takamatsu's aid at all . A coward to the end he moves to safety. Anima fights at her father's side, she lashes out at anything that comes near them. Even so , she comes to no harm at all. Takamatsu is soon overpowered . The acid spat out by the snails soon eats its way through his protective clothing and into his flesh, the bats hack at his body with their incisors causing

deep wounds. He sinks down slowly and is dragged into the deep by the snake fish wrapped around his feet. All that remains of him is a phosphorescent replica. The attackers withdraw after his death.

After the battle, Anima full of hate and loathing turns away from Mishima. Out of her wits, she runs deeper and deeper into the infernal jungle. Mishima loses sight of her. Anima finds herself in a large cathedral-like grotto. Glowing pictures of the most incredible figures light up the high wide room. Stuffed alligators heads, speared on to lances are arranged in a semi-circle around a piece of sculpture depicting a woman. And there can be no doubt as to the identity of the model: it can only be Anima. From behind, two webbed hands reach around her hips. Her panic stricken scream echoes through the underworld. She sinks to the ground unconscious. A man whose skin is covered with a green patina, takes her into his arms. It is HIROSHI, Lord of the Underworld. With Anima unconscious in his arms he mounts a mutant rat the size of a rhinoceros and rides across a shimmering purple lake. Surrounded by a whole armada of rats he disappears with his booty. When Mishima eventually arrives at the grotto, all that he finds is Anima's necklace with his picture on it.

The unequal hunt begins...

A MASK UNDER MASKS

One day, VALDEZ the unspeakably rich Governor of a remote provincial Bolivian town, Santo Corazon, meets the enchanting, angelic ALYSSA, and falls madly in love with her. Persuaded by his ardent courtship Alyssa finally agrees to marry him on one condition. He must never visit her at night.

The wedding is duly celebrated in great pomp and style, and for a few weeks they appear to be the happiest couple imaginable. That is, until proud Valdez is overcome by curiosity. One night he decides to visit her. He has firmly decided he will forgive her anything, but an end must be put to this secrecy. He finds Alyssa in her darkened bedroom. Shadow-like she stands in front of the moonlit window. Alyssa moves away from Valdez and implores him to leave the room immediately for the sake of their love. But Valdez is not the type of man to be stopped in his purpose. He lights a candle and a second later, recoils from his wife : an ancient and unspeakably ugly witch sits in front of him. In his rage and shattered pride he falls upon her and strikes her dead. He comes to his senses and sees that in death Alyssa is young and beautiful again. He catches sight of his face in the large wardrobe mirror and sees that his face is smeared with Alyssa's blood. But despite his attempts to wipe it away, the blood remains on his face. Everyone will see what he has done. Then he hears Alyssa's hate-filled voice: "You destroyed our happiness and for this you will pay, Valdez!" In his fear Valdez breaks the large mirror but on the wall, behind the mirror, the huge face of the crone Alyssa appears. " I come from the Kingdom of the Dead and there I must now return , thanks to you Valdez. I will always recognize you because I have marked you with my blood.. Tomorrow night I will return for you !" Valdez stands there, sweating with fear. His tortured glance falls on a black Venetian mask. He puts it on, but the old Alyssa laughs: "Then I will recognize you by the mask!"

Sometime later Valdez called his subordinates before him. Apart from the Venetian mask he is wearing a hooded black cloak. Valdez tells them that as from tomorrow night Carnival will be celebrated in Santo Corazon, until the order is revoked. Day and night. Every citizen is obliged to wear a mask, celebrate and be merry. Nobody need go to work, Valdez will pay for everything. The order is made public, and heartily approved by the town's inhabitants. Valdez' generosity is met with never ending cheers. In the early hours of the morning Valdez gives the order to brick up his palace. He sharply impresses upon his adjutants that whoever is seen without a mask, even for a moment, will be executed on that same day regardless of rank and status. Then Valdez disappears into the exuberant celebrating crowd.

The following evening, the old crone Alyssa appears in the overcrowded market place in front of the governor's abandoned palace. Furiously, she looks down on the crowd of masks which make it impossible to discover Valdez, There is now nothing to single him out from him from the crowd. She silences the crowd and screams: "Even this won't help you, Valdez, I don't need to find you because you will always find me!

Whenever you think you have found happiness, you will find me!" And although Valdez doesn't understand these dark prophecies, fear drives him further and further away from the palace. Finally feeling safer in the poor part of town, he finds shelter with an old publican using a false name.

Before long the citizens of Santo Corazon become weary of the eternal celebrations. People working in secret who remove their masks are condemned to death on discovery. Couples who once loved one another become alienated because of the masks. And when they remove them in order to see each others' face , they are also caught and condemned to death. To keep this masquerade going the authorities have to adopt increasingly draconian measures. Behind his mask Valdez has joined their ranks. Unhappily he roams through the joyless crowd whose hate against Governor Valdez is growing with each day.

At times, an orphaned girl LUCIA, promised to the publicans' son, comes to help out. Valdez feels himself magically drawn to her and Lucia also seems attracted to him. Valdez remembers the murdered Alyssa's mysterious prophecy: "Whenever you think you have found happiness, you will find me!"

GODS IN TROUBLE

Toronto. BARRY BARDEN is the head of the special police force whose job it is to protect the Canadian Prime Minister. Today, he and his special force will have to prove their worth: The Prime Minister is giving a public appearance. Barry checks his uniform one last time. Checks his automatic weapon. Everything's perfect. He's prepared.

A huge crowd of people are cheering. Flags, music, enthusiasm. The Prime Minister appears. Suddenly something seems to explode in Barry's head. He twitches. His gaze is drawn to a certain point in the distance. But he can recognize nothing untoward. Unbelievably loud, louder than the jubilant singing crowd, he hears the loading of a gun. Fully alert, he throws himself in front of the Prime Minister. Seven quick shots enter Barry's chest, his heart and his guts. He collapses and so does the Prime Minister behind him. All those present are gripped with panic. Doctors rush towards the Prime Minister. Barry opens his eyes. The Prime Minister is dead: struck by seven bullets. Barry is totally unharmed. What has happened? Detached but standing close to the Prime Minister, a white-clad bald-headed figure starts to whisper, "Wise Pylonia, daughter of the holy God and future Queen of all worlds...."

Tonga in Oceania, a small island in the Pacific. In the cave of an extinct volcano, PYLONIA NU'ALOFA - an ancient woman - is suspended in the lotus position in front of a monstrous stone figure: the God of Those to Come. The grotto is poorly lit with a few torches. Around them, 29 men have formed a circle. They are all in a state of hypnosis. Pylonia is speaking to the God. "I hear you", she says. The God answers, but he doesn't speak himself: the men answer in a chorus. "The mission has been carried out. We have found him - the Son of the Opposing God. He is immortal ." - "No", screams Pylonia and slaps the soles of her red-colored feet with the flat of her hand. She falls back on the ground and the men slump down: "He is the son, but he is not immortal. His strength fails under hypnosis. We must be very careful, he is the only one who could become dangerous to us.

Pylonia Nu'alofa is the eminence grise in Tonga, and her followers are scattered all over the world. The ultimate aim of her "Sect of the Lost Future", is global hypnosis. Pylonia has a worldwide network of agents to ensure the spreading of her PSI-rays. Every single one of them is a medium of hers: a living telegraph pole, in effect. Should the plan succeed, mankind's future will effectively be destroyed by the hypnotized population, who by force of their metaphysical energy will virtually extinguish the world's memory . So it was prophesied 1000 a. Christ by their tribe's animal God.

Barry comes home in a depressed mood. ADRIENNE BARDEN is a really lovable type of woman. Barry confides in her: "I'm going mad. Why didn't the bullets kill me? I just don't understand it ." Adrienne mixes her darling a cocktail and he drinks it quickly. They go to bed. Barry starts to feel dizzy: the room is shrouded in a veil of psychedelic colors. Is he asleep? Slowly his wife rises from the bed and encloses his head with her hands. A pleasant warmth flows from them .She whispers curses in a foreign language. Suddenly she grasps a blue steel covered pencil, which is lying there, and stabs Barry

several times. His body arches, but he doesn't bleed.... Adrienne passes her hand over her face and wakes him. She asks whether he has been having bad dreams. Drenched in sweat, he answers in the affirmative. His wife bends down and gives him a kiss on the brow to calm him. He sinks into a troubled dream and barely hears a voice whispering: "He's immune to hypnosis. Our power has failed." Next morning Barry calls his FATHER. He's bound to know what's wrong with Barry. We see an old man with a white beard on the telephone screen, he looks like a wise man from the Orient. A drop-out, he lives alone in the woods and devotes himself to mysterious studies. "So you have found out", says his father. "What have I found out?" "I didn't want to involve you." - "What are you talking about?" His father becomes evasive and warns him about talking on the telephone. If Barry comes to visit him he will tell him everything. Barry agrees.

Shortly after this , Barry enters his father's solitary house. It is totally devastated. A smashed glass table, broken chairs and shredded files litter the floor. He sinks down amongst the broken bits. He is shaken by a tremor as he spots a photo of his father lying in the midst of all this. He has second sight. He sees his father surrounded by strange men in the cave of an extinct volcano. His father seems to have taken leave of his senses - is he hypnotized? The men carry him out of the cave, and our gaze sweeps over a village with palm trees and white-washed houses. A flag flutters in the background. The color of which impresses itself on Barry's brain. The photo shows the same village with the same flag. Written underneath: Tonga. Confused and filled with a sense of foreboding Barry goes on his way.

Barry has barely left Tonga airport before he is overpowered by strangers. They inject a type of serum in his temple. When he awakes he finds himself in the same volcanic cave where he 'saw' his father. Barry's body has been coated with a transparent cocoon of teleplasma, this only allows him to make slight movements but prevents anything more. His father, in a similar cocoon, hangs next to him. Apparently hypnotized. Barry gets a nasty shock when suddenly Adrienne approaches him in a horrible costume. Their eyes meet. Her eyes show no feeling whatsoever. Her hand, holding a rotating drill, sinks in his chest.

FLY OR DIE, TURKEY

A shabby flat in Liverpool's drug area. TYRON SCOTT, a young man from a good family, is hanging from the wall like a bug. APOLLONIA LAZAR, his lover, watches his drug inspired ESP act with an air of boredom whilst playing with the bundle of bank notes in her hands. The last of Tyron's savings. Tyron wants Apollonia to procure more drugs for him with the money. Instead of looking for a dealer, she buys herself elegant clothes and luxurious jewellery. In this new outfit, she manages to pass through one of the guarded border crossings. For the first time in her life, she is on the other side of the gloomy wall which surrounds the wretched ghetto. That same evening, in the "Pleasure Dome", an exclusive temple of amusement, she makes contact with Liverpool's police force. Without a qualm she informs on her old friends. In exchange, she is officially taken on as a detective in the State Department. She leaves Tyron and moves in to a luxurious villa on the outskirts of Liverpool.

Tyron becomes completely addicted to drugs now. His transcendental abilities seem to have dried up completely. Several years later, one finds him in a squalid pub singing monotonous, melancholy songs ignored by the other guests. The down and outs clustered around the bar keep coming back to the one topic of conversation: during the last two weeks, a greasy, bedraggled turkey, a good two meters large, has been spotted flying over the rooftops of Liverpool. He has become an odd type of super hero, robbing the rich and rewarding the poor. He is perceived as a danger to the wealthy. When on his raids he is both extremely aggressive and single-minded. He robs, murders and plunders. The masses reduced to misery and poverty see him as their last hope. A number of secret turkeyologists emerge. Agitators, dressed in turkey uniforms, call for the storming of the wall. There is only one person who never met the turkey: Tyron Scott.

Tyron doesn't sleep a wink for three days and nights. Aimlessly he staggers through the streets. The overriding desire to see the turkey keeps him awake. Without success. Only when Tyron is overcome by fatigue does the turkey undertake his biggest venture to date. Sailing through the alleyways of Liverpool's houses, he dumps heroin and cocaine by the ton. In no time at all, the lanes and backyards are covered with a fine film of "snow".

Tyron can't believe that this is a coincidence. He harbors the suspicion that whilst asleep, he has transformed himself into the turkey. He rushes to one of the wanted posters to compare his appearance with that of the turkey. His lips tremble. He reads: "Any information leading to the capture of the turkey should be addressed to Detective Apollonia Lazar." This is the first sign, for many years, that his lover is still alive. Without hesitating for a moment Tyron contacts Apollonia. He still loves her unconditionally. Pinning all his hopes on this one chance, he gives himself up - to win her love again.

Apollonia Lazar is under pressure. The unrest in the slums are jeopardizing her job. If Tyron is telling the truth, she must dispose of him somehow. She hasn't any other choice, and meets him, sometime later, in their former apartment. They spend wild, ecstatic hours together as if their relationship has not been affected by the passage of time. She plays

the lover with such bravado, that she doesn't really know herself whether she is lying or not. At last, Tyron falls in to a deep sleep in the early morning hours. He smiles like a contented little boy. Soon, a fine, white gas seeps through the window cracks. It takes on a form and materializes. It's the turkey, who plants himself, threateningly, in front of Apollonia. Instead of destroying her, he makes a decisive mistake. He announces that should Tyron go back to the other half of society with Apollonia, he will kill him. No other course of action is open to him, if Tyron chooses Apollonia in favor of him. His strength gone, he slumps down. This is better than anything Apollonia could have hoped for. She conceives the devilish plan of letting Tyron become a victim of his own making. She offers him a life at her side. She offers him money, work, and a future together. Tyron, who is totally under her spell again, has no suspicions.

The monster appears again after a long absence, and on the first night he sleeps at Apollonia's luxurious villa. Blinded by rage, he forces his way through the area where the Lazar villa is situated. Neither wall nor obstacle can stop his passage. Unhindered, he forces his way in to Apollonia's house where Tyron, bathed in sweat, tosses from side to side.

Has Detective Lazar been deceiving herself to the bitter end? Does she really, in the depths of her heart, desire Tyron's death. Or will she, at the last moment, step in and tear him out of his deadly dream.

C.I. ANGEL

A convent. In a spartanly furnished convent cell a beautiful young nun puts on sexy underwear, stockings and suspenders and sneaks off to the city. She enters a dubious looking establishment called "Demonbox". It's obviously a bordello, in which she's doing a second, nightly job. A client enters her room. He's wearing a hood which hides his face. From under his habit he pulls out a long knife. In the morning the nun will be found dead.

In the Secret Service headquarters of the heavenly host all hell has broken loose. MICHAEL, the most hot-tempered of the four archangels is throwing a wobbly. It emerges that the murdered nun was a heavenly undercover agent. But although up in heaven they are all-knowing, the murderer's identity remains a mystery. That can only mean one thing: The perpetrator must be one of the ranks of Satan. The battle against the ranks of hell whose commander Lucifer was himself once an archangel, but who fell out with God and was cast out of heaven, is the main work of the heavenly Secret Service. It's name is C.I. ANGEL and it's Michael's sword, steeled, armed and constantly stretched in its eternally raging battle in the fight between good and evil. An agent of the C.I.ANGEL must be sent down to earth to solve the murder of the nun. The job goes to the best agent they have: ANGIE AGAPÉ.

Investigations on earth are always tricky for angels because in order to get around in the physical world they always have to take on human form. For that Angie needs the "Licence to Sin", and she is one of the very few agents of the C.I.ANGEL to have this - for an angel a privilege and a curse at the same time. Thus equipped she promptly wends her way down to the scene of the crime on Earth. Of course she is stopped by the police but she simply produces her heavenly-glowing C.I.ANGEL identification card. The police turn pale: These guys certainly recognize this! C.I.ANGEL only gets involved when a case has something to do with Satan's brethren. And the police want nothing to do with such things. They hand over the case gladly. Angie can investigate the scene of the crime in peace. It would seem to be a routine case. Everything points to a crime of passion. Angie is pretty sure it's a devil, who's known for committing these sorts of crimes: a suave, olive-skinned SHAITAN E. ROS, Specialist for Sexual Temptation. And yet, something doesn't quite add up. Shaitan's calling card, which he leaves behind at every crime scene is missing: flaming lips - the imprint of a kiss, branded on the body of his victims. Angie becomes suspicious: What if Shaitan isn't the murderer? If it's not him then it can't be one of the devils. If it's not one of them and Heaven still doesn't know who it is - then it must be a third Power with its finger in the pie! Unthinkable! And yet ... the suspicion is there.

Michael goes ballistic: A third Power? Garbage! What else should there be besides Good and Evil? But of course, E. Ros! Could Angie, for instance, have become a little sloppy concerning the Evils Ones? She's forced to give up the case but she goes it alone, following her own suspicions and tries to establish contact with the nun, who, after her death must have come up to Heaven. But no, the nun is neither in Heaven nor in purgatory. The only place where she could still be is in Hell. But when Angie applies to

have her Licence to Sin widened to include the Deadly Sins, in order to gain entrance to Hell, her license is completely withdrawn, and Angie is suspended ... and gets a disciplinary transfer to the harp-players!

Soon after, as Angie is on her way to rehearsal she notices a movement behind her and in an automatic reflex action, dives to the ground. An arrow whistles past within a hair's breadth and imbeds itself in a cloud. The arrow came from the direction of the one of the harp-players, who is now in flight. Angie follows him but just as she goes to grab him he throws himself onto a second arrow and dies. There's a huge stink. The C.I.ANGEL comes and transports the dead body away. Angie is questioned. An old colleague of hers whispers to her: "He wasn't from the opposition! Make yourself scarce!" A murder attempt in heaven, amongst the good guys? Angie suddenly realizes the gravity of the threat, which obviously not only endangers her, but the entire world. This heaven has gone dark!

Then a message comes from Shaitan E. Ros, not exactly unexpectedly. He asks her to meet him on Earth, it's about "Number Three". Angie secretly flies down to Earth to the appointed meeting place, "Demonbox". But the bordello has gone! In its place is a vegetarian restaurant called "Big Mama". Cautiously, she enters the establishment.

At the table of a couple, who are completely unaware of his presence, the devilish figure of Shaitan is sitting. He indicates with a wave of his hand to Angie for her to take a seat. He's heard about the murder of the nun from an informant and has had it out with his superior. It should have been his case! Instead he's simply been suspended. Just like Angie. So, he wanted to have a meeting with her, at the scene of the crime, naturally. "Like it here?" Shaitan stares at Angie piercingly. And suddenly she knows where he's coming from: The "Demonbox" was one of the strongholds of the Devils. But the new restaurant isn't devilish. It's - different. Angie looks at Shaitan in surprise. He nods. Big Mama! His informant said someone called 'Grand Mother' was behind the business with the nun. She was basically fed up with the Earth Experiment and wanted to end it. Angie is riveted with terror: That would mean the end of heaven! "And hell", adds Shaitan. "We have to find out who this Big Mama is before it comes to that!" Angie leans over the table, disgusted. "We? You and I?" Shaitan grins: "Who else?" At that moment, behind Shaitan, a waiter appears who obviously isn't speaking to the human couple but to her. "May I bring you something?" And as Shaitan's face lights up with a truly devilish grin, the waiter draws out an enormous pistol and aims it at her ...