

NightWalkers

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INT. KENTO'S QUARTERS, OUBLIETTE - NIGHT

Darkness.

Steel strikes flint, catches on a sprig of lichen, a hand uses the tinder to light a candle...

...Illuminating a man's pale, dirty face: KENTO-- (mid 30's)

We see a derelict room, concrete walls, no windows, ancient crumbling furniture, RUINED BOOKS stacked in neat piles.

Kento resumes reading a moldering, decaying text:

KENTO (VO)

"What spectacle confronted them
when they, first the host, then
the guest, emerged silently,
doubly dark, from obscurity by a
passage from the rear of the house
into the penumbra of the garden?
The heaventree of stars hung with
humid nightblue fruit."

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN, PERIMETER - NIGHT

The Milky Way, bright and saturated like in an astronomical photograph, stretches across the dark expanse of sky, while shimmering, spectral auroras dance along the horizon.

Below, the Earth is a pale, colorless wasteland. Skeletal trees, bleached bone white-- moonlike.

TITLE FADES IN: "THE WHITE GARDEN, JUST BEFORE DAWN"

The PUNDIT, (bearded, male 50's), grizzled, burned and sick. He wanders past a jagged, ugly metal X, plunged into the ground.

THE PUNDIT

Sita Ram. Hari Ram! Hanuman. Sita
Ram! I am also lost! Hari Ram!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - NIGHT

The Pundit, adorned in billowing, ragged purple robes and carrying a long, gnarly staff, stumbles over chalky, debris-strewn ground.

WE HEAR a faint, random ticking coming from a DEVICE on his chest (in fact, a radiation geiger counter) that he wears on an elaborate leather and metal harness.

The Pundit stops and shouts at the sky:

THE PUNDIT
Cibola! CIBOLA! My water for you!
Hari Ram, show me the way!

He turns in circles, singing his weird song.

THE PUNDIT (CONT'D)
Hanuman! Sita Ram! I am also lost,
Hari Ram!

Turning and turning, the Pundit spies a silvery lightness on the horizon and the ticking of the Geiger counter intensifies.

He winces and touches the harness straps. We see several metallic TALONS beginning to dig into his flesh (in fact, the talons inflict non-lethal pain upon the wearer in response to radiation).

THE PUNDIT (CONT'D)
Sita ram! My life... my water...

He stumbles forward, aimlessly-- SEARCHING for something.

THE PUNDIT (CONT'D)
Show me the way. Hari Ram. I am
lost too.

The Pundit notices fresh footprints in the dust. FOOTPRINTS!

THE PUNDIT (CONT'D)
Cibola. For you. Hari Ram.

The Pundit drops his staff and follows the tracks to a well-trod PATH.

He falls to his knees in excitement, scuttling along it.

The geiger counter's ticking ratchets up again, and the talons dig deeper into his chest and back.

The Pundit grimaces.

THE PUNDIT (CONT'D)
Seven of one! One of the seven!
All is right in the vault of
Heaven. Cibola.

He crawls, frantically examining the footprints.

The sky is brightening, the tops of the jagged peaks are crowned with an unearthly purple and crimson.

The geiger counter's crazy rhythm intensifies.

The Pundit gets to his feet and scurries past the foundation of a disintegrating house, into...

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN, GRAVEYARD - CONTINUOUS

...A GRAVEYARD.

Hundreds of markers made of crumbling wood and metals:

Walker - Loving Mother - By her own hand
 Henniger - Beloved Father - Mr. Bones
 Stark - Brother - Typhus
 McAleer - Beloved Son - Mr. Bones
 Harkness - Devoted Elder - Consumption

The Pundit gapes at the markers, then quickly crosses himself.

He stumbles through the graveyard-- SEARCHING.

HIS POV: withered trees, grave markers, skewed telephone poles, rusting cars, crumbled walls.

The HORIZON. The violet rays are intensifying-- PULSATING.

The geiger counter is buzzing it's alarm. The talons dig deeper. The Pundit grunts in pain.

THE PUNDIT
 CIBOLA!!!

He stumbles on, searching, crashing through a low shrub of pale sticks that shatters like coral.

THE PUNDIT (CONT'D)
 Hari Ram, I am lost too. I have
 news to bring you-- great joy.

The Pundit beats his fist on his head and chest as he stumbles around in an erratic pattern.

He falls. He picks himself up. He stumbles in circles.

The geiger counter is buzzing madly.

The horizon is a dazzling, pulsating light show.

His face registers the truth-- he is DEFEATED.

He collapses into a sitting position, exhausted, moaning:

THE PUNDIT (CONT'D)
 Hari Ram, I was so close. Cibola.

The geiger counter is shrieking white noise now. Drops of blood spot his robe where the talons are poking him.

The tops of the skeleton trees are suddenly bathed in a flickering bluish light coming over the horizon. A bracing wind rises, blowing sand and debris across the landscape.

THE PUNDIT (CONT'D)

(Sadly, weakly)

I come to you, now. Sita ram,
Hanuman. I am not lost. Welcome
me, a Child of Atom.

The blue, flickering rays in the trees creeps downward and the Pundit is enveloped in the light.

The geiger counter shrieks then dies in sparks and a puff of smoke.

In the distance-- MOVEMENT!

Four figures emerge from a trap door in the ground and warily approach the Pundit.

They stand over him, faces covered in ragged masks and goggles.

Two figures chance looks to the eastern horizon.

GIVENS (A MALE)

Don't look at it!

Their ASTONISHING POV: The Sun is swollen and dimmer while a smaller, jet black orb floats next to it. An intensely flashing silver/violet tendril ties the two bodies together and emits a hellish light. (In fact, the Sun is being devoured by a small neutron star).

The figures lift The Pundit's body and move quickly back through the trap door.

The metallic hatch closes.

TITLE FADES IN: "THE OUBLIETTE, AFTER FIRST CHIME"

INT. RECOVERY ROOM, OUBLIETTE - LATER

The Pundit is laid out on a crude bed in a large, dark room. Bioluminescent bulbs provide weak greenish light.

The walls are rounded. The ceiling is vaulted with arches and curves. Gratings line the floor and walls. (In fact: the Oubliette was an underground municipal water system and everything within it has been scavenged from the homes above).

The four rescuers stand out of focus and in darkness, observing the unconscious man from a small distance.

The Pundit's breath is ragged.

HARKNESS speaks with a spooky, almost ghost-like drawl:

HARKNESS (A MALE)
Hear the sound of the rattle in his throat? Mr. Bones has got him, I'm afraid. Wandering up there, far too long.

GIVENS
Perhaps it's for the best.

STANTON (A FEMALE)
Where did he come from?

HARKNESS
The Perimeter, dear lady-- from beyond IT, to be sure.

GIVENS
Impossible. There's NOTHING out there. Nothing can survive.

OLIVETTI (A FEMALE)
It was right to bring him in. With us. No one should be left to die alone in the White Garden.

STANTON
I wonder who his people are.

HARKNESS
May I suggest that we examine his belongings? To glean some clues as to his kin, his Oubliette.

This is considered.

GIVENS
I suggest we let him be secure in his possessions. For now.

The Pundit stirs fitfully.

THE PUNDIT
...Cibola... Hari Ram...

OLIVETTI
I agree.
(MORE)

OLIVETTI (CONT'D)

His mind is already molested, let
us not molest his body as well.

Harkness steps forward into the light revealing his face: pale blue skin. Dark, saucer-like eyes. Bald head. Pointed ears-- a monster?

A GOBLIN.

HARKNESS

For now. Yessss... Let him rest
for now.

Olivetti steps forward. She is matronly, grey hair, kind face.

A HUMAN.

OLIVETTI

I will stay and watch over him.

Givens steps forward next to Harkness. His trimmed reddish beard is streaked with gray. His features are regal.

GIVENS

No one, except us, sees this man
until I say otherwise.

HARKNESS

The people are already asking
questions.

Stanton steps out of the shadows and joins Givens and Harkness. She is human, 30's, short hair, angular face. Attractive.

STANTON

Let them ask their questions.

HARKNESS

As you say.

Harkness turns to exit.

INT. PASSAGES, OUBLIETTE - CONTINUOUS

Harkness strides into a rounded corridor, lit with sparse electric string lights, walls stained and cracked-- dismal.

Several humans and goblins, all ragged, dirty and half-starved, converge on Harkness, SHOUTING QUESTIONS about the wanderer.

KENTO'S voice rises above:

KENTO

Did he come from outside the
Perimeter?! Harkness, answer me!

Harkness pushes through their ranks, breaking free-- a single male goblin (WILBUR) and human female (CHALMERS) still pursuing him.

CHALMERS

Is this the proof we need!?

HARKNESS

Proof?

CHALMERS

Of another Oubliette!?

HARKNESS

Givens says there is nothing out
there-- and so it must be, yes?

WILBUR

(to Harkness, leering)
You seem all too eager to repeat
what the *pink-meats* tell you,
brother!

CHALMERS

(to Wilbur)
I RESENT that word, Wilbur!

WILBUR

(to Chalmers)
Shut up!

WILBUR (CONT'D)

(to Harkness)
Brother Harkness, hear me: We seek
a master not a puppet! You'll soon
have to choose which side you're
on! Are you predator or prey?

Wilbur leers wickedly at Chalmers and makes an obscene slurping sound.

Chalmers gasps and stops dead as Harkness and Wilbur walk on.

CHALMERS

(under her breath)
Goblin scum!

Harkness and Wilbur stride on through the passage.

HARKNESS

The POINT of your insults and
rabble-rousing, Wilbur?

WILBUR

What's wrong with you, Harkness?
Do you not hunger for more than
Roux?

HARKNESS

My duty is to the Oubliette. The
contents of my stomach are a
distant concern.

Harkness strides away, leaving Wilbur at the doorway to the
DINING HALL.

A sign hangs above the rounded portal: "ROUX IS LIFE."

Wilbur scowls and walks in.

INT. DINING HALL, OUBLIETTE - CONTINUOUS

A thin man plays a melancholic tune on an old upright piano
while a few dozen Humans and Goblins spoon Roux from bowls.

A line files along as a nutrient sludge is squeezed out from a
steel tube. A pathetic dollop in each bowl.

The Goblins squat on their chairs or benches.

One Goblin crawls up onto the table, licking his bowl.

ANGRY MAN

Sit properly! And use a spoon as
God intended!

The Goblin grumbles and skulks back down.

A middle-aged female SINGER approaches the piano and begins to
sing a cabaret-like dirge:

SINGER

Before Lord God made the
Oubliette-- He looked upon our sun
with deep regret-- And searched
for a lover for his favorite pet--
Because the lass was all alone.

INSERT exterior shots of the morning sky featuring Stella (the
Sun) and Mr. Bones (the neutron star orbiting the Sun), as the
song continues.

SINGER (CONT'D)

So the Lord God hunted through the
inky night air-- For a little dark
star on the wind out there-- And
he joined them as one-- And
together they roam-- Stella-- and
Mr. Bones.

Wilbur watches the scene in the Dining Hall and snarls.

INT. PASSAGES, OUBLIETTE - MOMENTS LATER

An ANGUISHED man, ANDERSON, stands in the middle of a wide
corridor holding his dead wife in his arms, their young son,
STENNIS by his side.

Givens and Stanton turn a corner into the passage, coming face
to face with Anderson.

Stanton gasps at the sight of the lifeless woman in his arms.

ANDERSON

You did this, Givens! YOU!

GIVENS

Anderson-- is she ill?

ANDERSON

She's DEAD! She STARVED to death,
and it's YOUR fault! You and your
harpies! And your freak!

Stanton looks mortified.

STANTON

I'm so sorry for your loss.

ANDERSON

I didn't know what she was doing.
She hid it. But she was giving her
Roux to Stennis.

Anderson's anger transforms to shame and despair.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

And ME. She gave her portion to
ME, oh, dear God!

A few other humans in the passage reach out comfortingly and
lead Anderson away.

Givens and Stanton continue along the passageway, shaken.

STANTON

The people cry for more Roux. The others-- they cry for meat.

GIVENS

And our crops are failing. I must ask you to square the circle yet again, Stanton.

Stanton looks shaken as Givens abruptly turns and marches away toward his offices.

INT. PASSAGES, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Harkness descends a corroding metal stairway-- and another.

Emerging into a large, natural cave of moisture-slick rock.

Several Goblin children are leaping from rock to rock, amazingly agile-- pretending to hunt-- hissing and laughing.

Dozens of mature Goblin HARVESTERS scour the rocks with small tools, collecting algae from which the Roux is made.

The Goblins hum and sing an old harvesting song.

HARVESTERS

Roux is life, Roux is good, The Oubliette shares it's blood...

INT. FISH PONDS, OUBLIETTE - CONTINUOUS

Deeper in the cave, Harkness walks along a narrow path through a small system of fish-farming ponds, catching the attention of the Goblin foreman.

FOREMAN

Harkness! Mr. Bones has lain his finger upon our crops!

HARKNESS

Will his touch yield bigger fish?

FOREMAN

No-- STRANGER ones!

Harkness walks on.

Several meters away, a Goblin Worker in knee-deep water scoops up a tiny fish and peers at it.

INSERT of a small, translucent, eyeless fish. It's fins have mutated into tiny arms.

GOBLIN WORKER 1
Come look!

Another Goblin moves in and looks into his comrade's hand.

GOBLIN WORKER 2
I see. Most peculiar...

GOBLIN WORKER 1
We'll move this little one into
the next pond.

GOBLIN WORKER 2
I concur.

INT. CAVERN, OUBLIETTE - CONTINUOUS

A Roux-harvesting Goblin-- TULLIVER, shirtless, severe features, grumbles loudly as Harkness walks past.

TULLIVER
Tiny fish and algal goop-- why do
we not consume the flesh of the
dead?

Harkness stops. Others are listening.

HARKNESS
Because we are not cannibals. And
the Law. The Law forbids it.

The Goblins harumph in frustration as Harkness exits the cave through a jagged portal.

TULLIVER
(growling)
THEIR law, Harknesssss...

INT. HARKNESS'S CHAMBERS, OUBLIETTE - CONTINUOUS

Harkness opens a metal door and enters his chambers, situated in a huge, round cistern with curved walls and many pillars.

Candles burn from sconces. Several pieces of hanging artwork and once-ornate furniture adorn the place: a four-post bed, bureaus, armoirs, a long dining table with chairs...

...And a bedside table on which a female Goblin, DEETA, squats, asleep.

HARKNESS
Deeta...

No response.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

DEETA!

Her eyes dart open. She stares at Harkness for a moment, then pours herself off the table with an inhuman cat-like grace.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

I've told you I don't like you doing that-- yes? Ever.

DEETA

I was sleepy. The bed-- the bed's no good, Harkness. I can't sleep there no more.

HARKNESS

Please leave.

DEETA

Harkness...

HARKNESS

Now.

DEETA

Where shall I go?

Harkness exhales deeply.

HARKNESS

Anywhere. Back to where you came from. Just go.

Deeta grabs a few articles of clothing and skulks toward the exit.

DEETA

Fuck you, Harkness.

Harkness watches Deeta slip through the door. He looks down at the floor, his expression troubled.

INT. GIVENS' OFFICE, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Givens emerges from his office with MANNERS (female, 40's), the Oubliette's physician by his side.

Manners is examining Given's "Slate," (in fact: a small, personal radiation dosimeter), it's reading box is MEDIUM GREY.

MANNERS

Mr. Bones touched you this morning, Givens, I beseech you to avoid the White Garden for 200 Chimes.

A distant chime rings out somewhere and they smile at the coincidence.

MANNERS (CONT'D)

And that one doesn't count.

GIVENS

Understood.

Manners hands the Slate back to Givens, bows and walks away.

Givens reaffixes the slate to his tunic over his HEART.

KENTO approaches Givens.

KENTO

I saw you carry in that outsider. When will you give us answers?

GIVENS

The man is close to death. He may never yield any.

KENTO

His clothing-- that harness. If I didn't know better I'd say he was some kind of-- holy man.

Givens pulls Kento into a secluded alcove and lowers his voice to a confidential tone.

GIVENS

This Wanderer, Shaman, strange-- stranger-- whoever he is. He fills me with dread, Kento.

Kento looks distant, recalling something.

KENTO

The Pundits.

Givens looks curiously at him.

KENTO (CONT'D)

Do you remember the stories and songs?

GIVENS

We purged that history for a reason.

KENTO

Twenty generations ago, they finished surveying the Perimeter. Then set their sights BEYOND it-- and never returned. Perhaps this Wanderer is one of our own descendants.

GIVENS

Or the vanguard of an army that will take what little we have left. When he dies, Kento, we shall dispose of the body-- and forget him.

Kento and Givens exchange uneasy looks.

GIVENS (CONT'D)

Am I wrong to be afraid?

KENTO

I suppose it's your duty to be afraid, Givens. Of the enemy lurking within the Oubliette...

Givens watches as three goblins SKULK by, staring back at him.

KENTO (CONT'D)

...And in here.

Kento gently touches Givens on the HEART, tapping his Slate.

They are suddenly interrupted by a Guard.

GUARD

Sir, you're needed in the Dining Hall.

INT. DINING ROOM, OUBLIETTE - MOMENTS LATER

WILBUR is being held by two guards. Several humans and Goblins are watching.

Givens pushes through the mob and approaches Wilbur.

WILBUR

(Contemptuously)

Oh, goody-- the Law is here. We're all saved.

Givens addresses one of the guards, a Goblin, MR. QUICK.

GIVENS
Why is this man being held?

QUICK
He took Roux what was not his.

GIVENS
(to Wilbur)
What's your name, mister?

WILBUR
(defiantly)
Puddentane, ask me again and I'll
tell you the same!

Harkness and Stanton push through the crowd to stand near Givens.

HARKNESS
His name is Wilbur.

GIVENS
(to Wilbur)
Did you take Roux that wasn't
allotted to you-- Wilbur?

Wilbur groans and shifts guiltily.

WILBUR
Yes, but it was a lark! I'm just a
harmless fool! Harkness will tell
you!

Givens turns to Harkness.

GIVENS
Harkness, your council is
consistently fair and honest. What
say you of this fellow?

Harkness hesitates, staring at Wilbur.

HARKNESS
I'm sorry to find Wilbur in such a
predicament-- but sadly, I am not
surprised.

Wilbur scowls at Harkness.

WILBUR
Traitor.

GIVENS
 (to the guards)
 Bind him to that pillar. Let
 justice be swift and severe.

The guards frog-march Wilbur to a pillar.

Givens faces the crowd and addresses them:

GIVENS (CONT'D)
 We take no joy in administering
 pain, but only a grim satisfaction
 that the way of the Oubliette is
 maintained forever.

Many goblin onlookers CHUFF indignantly as Wilbur is bound.

Stanton notices and FROWNS, her eyes CONCERNED.

GIVENS (CONT'D)
 (to Quick)
 Please proceed, Mr. Quick.

Quick looks uncomfortably from Givens, to Harkness-- to Wilbur.
 And then he goes to work.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

Harkness's gaze is fixed on Stanton as she watches with
 concern.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - DAY

A TIMELAPSE sequence of Stella and Mr. Bones (the Sun and it's
 neutron star companion) sweeping across the sky, creating an
 unearthly radiance that bathes the earth in hideous radiation.

INT. POWER PLANT, OUBLIETTE - LATER

A jalopy turbine, like a patchwork jet engine, rattles and
 whines in a massive vault, surrounded by a haphazard array of
 pipes.

A couple dozen humans frantically scurry around with tools
 trying to keep it running.

Harkness enters the plant, looking out of place. A human
 FOREMAN, intercepts him.

FOREMAN
 (Sarcastically)
 Are you lost, Mr. Harkness?

HARKNESS

No, I...

FOREMAN

(cutting him off)

We're going to lose the turbine if
we can't get the heat exchanger
reseated!

The Foreman thrusts a pipe wrench into Harkness's hands.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Open Waste Water 16-- sir!

The Foreman darts away to solve another problem.

Harkness holds the wrench awkwardly and scans the pipes.

Several men smirk over their shoulders at his mechanical ineptitude.

Stanton rolls out from underneath an array of pipes on a floor creeper, a torque wrench in her hand.

STANTON

They're just fucking with you
Harkness.

Stanton gets to her feet and swaps tools with Harkness, finds a valve marked "WW16." Harkness follows her.

HARKNESS

This matter with Wilbur-- why did
you not consult ME, before
ordering nutritional restriction?

STANTON

There was nothing to discuss.

Stanton puts the jaws of the wrench on a nut and turns it.

HARKNESS

These are delicate times, my lady.

Stanton stops and looks desperately at Harkness.

STANTON

We are beginning to consume our
reserves. Can your people increase
the production of food, Harkness?
They have a sense for such things.

Harkness shakes his head.

HARKNESS

No. But I CAN soften the sting of such edicts, IF I am intertwined in their formulations. My people are restless.

STANTON

They will fall in line with us.

HARKNESS

Mayhaps. But are you aware of all the many strains of philosophy that run through the Oubliette?

She stares at him, her face softening just a bit.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

Let me help you. Together, our close partnership can have advantages-- that the other Elders cannot see or understand.

She ponders this for a beat.

Suddenly the turbine hitches, sputters and dies. The few electric lights in the plant go dark, only the bioluminescents providing a weak greenish light.

Stanton looks around the plant-- men start shouting and scrambling.

STANTON

Shit.

STANTON (CONT'D)

(to Harkness)

Your words have a dangerous sound to them, Harkness.

HARKNESS

Sound? Sound of what?

STANTON

Treachery.

INT. GOBLIN DEN, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Two Goblins help Wilbur into a very rough, cave-like chamber, walk him to a pile of rags. Wilbur collapses onto it painfully, his back showing bloody lash-marks.

Deeta peers in through the doorway-- and approaches him.

DEETA

I told you not to be so bold,
Wilbur. I told you Harkness would
not help you.

Wilbur's face contorts in pain. Deeta squats next to him.

WILBUR

Curse him! I'm-- just so...

Wilbur moans.

DEETA

Hungry.

Wilbur nods painfully.

DEETA (CONT'D)

But the Roux will not satisfy it.

INT. TILED PASSAGES, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Stanton walks in darkness, a hand-held bioluminescent light casting a weak glow. She turns from a rough, hand-carved section of tunnels into a white-tiled corridor.

INT. STANTON'S QUARTERS, OUBLIETTE - CONTINUOUS

Stanton pulls aside the long velvet curtain that covers her doorway and enters-- she looks dirty and SWEATY.

Her room is large. Floor-to-ceiling tiles cover it's surfaces-- worn, chipped, some missing. An ornate sunken BATHTUB dominates the middle of the room.

Suddenly, far away, we hear the WHIRR of the turbine starting up again, and a few electric lights flicker to life.

A vent starts to pump fresh air into the room, and Stanton goes to it, relishing the cool breeze and oxygen.

A Goblin servant, AGNES, enters, goes to a table and sets down a covered platter.

AGNES

Your meal, my lady...

Agnes lifts the cloche and reveals a bowl with a generous serving of Roux, mushrooms, white crumbles. A plate with three small, brined fish, and a cup of hot tea.

Stanton sits down and gazes at the meal as Agnes withdraws toward the curtains.

AGNES (CONT'D)
Will there be anything else,
ma'am?

STANTON
I-- Yes. Agnes...

The servant approaches.

AGNES
Ma'am?

STANTON
Will you share this meal with me?

INT. RECOVERY ROOM, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Olivetti is seated next to The Pundit who lies unconscious.
Givens enters and approaches, peering down at the stranger.

GIVENS
Kento thinks this stranger is
descended from the Pundits.

OLIVETTI
Our ancient explorers... But you
fear this man.

Givens sighs.

GIVENS
I fear his people. I fear they are
stronger than us. And everything
is falling apart, Olivetti.

Givens stares at Olivetti with haunted eyes.

OLIVETTI
He's very sick. He needs us.

Givens nods, trying to bury his fear.

GIVENS
I'll stay with him for a while.

Olivetti rises.

OLIVETTI
Very well. Touch his head with the
moistened cloth from time to time,
especially when his torments come,
as they will, twice in a chime.

GIVENS
My thanks, Olivetti.

Olivetti begins to exit, but stops and turns to Givens.

OLIVETTI
Was it necessary? What you did to
Wilbur?

GIVENS
What would you have done?

OLIVETTI
I don't know.

GIVENS
People sleep peacefully knowing
there are rough men who stand
ready to do violence on their
behalf.

Olivetti considers this.

OLIVETTI
I'll ask Harkness to relieve you
in four chimes.

She exits.

INT. HARKNESS'S CHAMBERS, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Harkness is sitting at the head of his long table, pondering.

His gaze travels up to the wall and a long row of portraits:
the Harkness family line. The renderings reveal a lineage of
his ancestors, mutating from pure human on the LEFT into full
goblin on the RIGHT.

Suddenly, Olivetti's voice calls from the doorway.

OLIVETTI
For fourteen generations, the
Harkness family line has served
the Oubliette.

Harkness nods faintly, not turning to the door. Olivetti enters
and makes her way toward Harkness.

OLIVETTI (CONT'D)
Duty. It runs in your blood.

HARKNESS
Does it not also run in yours?

Olivetti sits in a chair near Harkness, smiling warmly.

OLIVETTI
Of course. We serve. We, Elders.

HARKNESS
A strange title.

Olivetti smiles again.

OLIVETTI
I remember when you were a child.
You didn't play in the depths with
the others of your kind. You
preferred the company of us. Of
one in particular...

Harkness looks wistful.

HARKNESS
Yesss...

Harkness rises and approaches the wall of portraits, finding himself on the HUMAN SIDE of the Harkness lineage.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
I knew, even then, she has keen
insight and rare intelligence. My
kind are NOT rational.

Olivetti giggles.

OLIVETTI
Oh, nonsense. Their rationality
hews to a different set of
priorities, that's all.

Harkness smiles grimly at Olivetti.

HARKNESS
I admire your charity, Olivetti.
That's how YOU serve. And it's
very sincere and heartfelt.

Olivetti is not sure if she's been complimented or chastised.

OLIVETTI
I fear we need charity - and
understanding - now more than
ever.

Harkness nods faintly.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - NIGHT

The Oubliette hatch opens with a clunk and a hiss and a pair of shining EYES peer through the crack. The hatch opens further, and TULLIVER crawls out with animal grace.

He scampers away, following a path through the debris-- and arrives at the GRAVEYARD.

Tulliver enters the rows of graves, nervously looking around.

A marker that looks newer than the rest:

ANDERSON - BELOVED WIFE AND MOTHER - HUNGER

Licking his lips, he falls to his knees, sniffing at the mound and then begins to dig.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM, OUBLIETTE - LATER

The Pundit writhes in agony as Harkness stands away from him in the distance.

THE PUNDIT
Cibola-- Cibola...

Harkness, turns to the Pundit, approaches and kneels close to The Pundit's radiation-burned face and coos, comfortingly:

HARKNESS
Wanderer-- hear me. Hear me...

The Pundit's agony seems to lessen, he opens his eyes. They WIDEN in surprise as they take in Harkness's goblinoid visage.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
Explorer, Yesss? Pundit, by Kento's reckoning. Tell me. How long did you roam up there?

The Pundit summons his strength.

THE PUNDIT
Too -- many-- days.

HARKNESS
Cibola? Is that your name?

The Pundit feebly shakes his head.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
Your people then? Your tribe?

The Pundit struggles, his face pinching in anguish.

THE PUNDIT
People...

HARKNESS
What about them? Tell me.

THE PUNDIT
Must know...

HARKNESS
What must they know?

THE PUNDIT
Cibola-- found it.

The Pundit struggles on every syllable, his body writhing.

HARKNESS
Please, tell me more.

THE PUNDIT
Lead -- them -- to...

HARKNESS
Where are your people? What are
their numbers? Tell me more.

The Pundit's bloody eyes stare through Harkness, his breath
escaping like a deflating balloon.

THE PUNDIT
Ciiibolaaa...

Harkness stares at the dead man.

Then, he reaches into the Pundit's robes, searching-- producing
a folded piece of paper.

Harkness unfolds it and quickly examines the intricate wavy
lines, colors, icons-- A MAP.

Words: Paradise, Arcosanti, Solar One, Calico-- CIBOLA!

Harkness conceals the map in his jacket and searches the body
further.

He draws his hand out of The Pundit's robe, holding a small
CARDBOARD BOX with a riot of bright colors, shapes and words on
it-- brand new. Perfect condition.

"SOUR PATCH KIDS - EXTREME! Super SOUR then SWEET!"

Harkness is baffled. He brings the package to his nose and
inhales, the smell sending a small electric jolt through him.

He hears someone approaching, quickly conceals the package within his clothes, and rises as Olivetti enters the room.

HARKNESS

Terrible, terrible news. The
Pundit has left us.

Olivetti covers her mouth in shock and approaches the body, kneeling beside it, tenderly touching the Pundit's head.

OLIVETTI

What were his words when he
passed?

HARKNESS

His last thoughts were of you and
the tenderness you showed him.

OLIVETTI

Yes...?

HARKNESS

He said, "My cup runneth over."

Olivetti gasps. She rises.

OLIVETTI

He was grateful. He was a good
soul. We need not have feared him.

Olivetti wipes a tear from her eye, nodding.

OLIVETTI (CONT'D)

That gives me hope. That others
out there may be his equal.

Olivetti turns to Harkness and takes both of Harkness's hands in her own.

OLIVETTI (CONT'D)

Thank you, Harkness. I'm glad it
was you who was here at his end.

Harkness stares back at Olivetti, nodding ever so slightly.

INT. CAVERN, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Tulliver stands proudly before a small group of Goblin harvesters, including Wilbur. He turns so they can see him from both sides.

TULLIVER

Behold!
(MORE)

TULLIVER (CONT'D)
Am I not more magnificent than
last you saw me?

Tulliver thrusts his lean, hard belly out a fraction of an
inch-- the Goblins gasp!

TULLIVER (CONT'D)
Are you not overwhelmed?

WILBUR
(Amazed)
Full belly achieved. But how?

TULLIVER
Not on this slop, I assure you.

Tulliver scrapes his finger across the rocks and flicks a dab
of slime away with disdain.

GOBLIN 1
The pink-meats have said that the
Roux is the future.

TULLIVER
Their future, maybe. I have
hungered for more for a very long
time. And I satisfied my cravings
tonight. And it was GOOD!

GOBLIN 2
But THEY say we are one. They say
we are the same.

TULLIVER
Do you feel the same? Do you feel
kinship?

GOBLIN 3
But the Law...

Tulliver groans irritably.

TULLIVER
Boring!

GOBLIN 4
We are represented. Harkness
watches over us.

WILBUR
No, he does NOT! Harkness is one
of THEM. He watches out for
himself.

Wilbur stares approvingly at Tulliver.

WILBUR (CONT'D)
I give up on Harkness! I now
follow Tulliver!

Discordant reactions ring out in the cavern.

Wilbur scurries forward and extends his hand in supplication.

Tulliver reaches into his satchel and removes a small piece of
flesh and holds it out to Wilbur.

TULLIVER
Eat! And be reborn into the NEW
WORLD!

Wilbur stares at the flesh in awe-- then takes it.

Other Goblins press in, with their hands outstretched.

INT. KENTO'S QUARTERS, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Kento lies on his bed, drowsing, surrounded by piles of books.
Suddenly he startles awake to find Harkness looming above him.

KENTO
Harkness...!?

Harkness turns away and studies the piles of books.

HARKNESS
The atmosphere of the Oubliette
has not been kind to these texts.

Kento glances at the piles as well, rising to his feet.

KENTO
How old are they-- 500? 600 years?
No one really knows-- or
remembers.

Harkness lifts a book and reads the cover.

HARKNESS
Huck-- Huckle-- berry-- Finn?
Makes no sense. Mayhaps, it's no
great loss.

Kento smiles grimly and shakes his head, sighing.

KENTO

When the pages of all these books
have disintegrated into mush,
they'll be gone. Maybe forever.

Harkness scoffs.

HARKNESS

The Old World.

KENTO

And it's hard enough keeping the
Goblins-- apologies, Harkness--
from stealing them. Not to read,
mind you. To eat! They eat them,
the silly bastards!

Harkness looks amused.

KENTO (CONT'D)

Of course paper has no nutritional
value, but it doesn't matter to
them.

Harkness changes the subject.

HARKNESS

Kento, I am wondering if, mayhaps,
the knowledge you've gleaned from
these texts can be of some use.

KENTO

Possibly.

HARKNESS

What is-- Cibola? A name? A thing?

KENTO

Cibola? Sih - bo - la?

HARKNESS

Yesss...

Kento's gaze goes vacant for a moment as he ponders, then
suddenly darts to Harkness's-- he knows it!

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

Tell me.

KENTO

It's a place-name-- but where did
you hear it?

Harkness's gaze drops evasively.

HARKNESS

'Tis merely a name.

KENTO

An oddly particular name. You've never before shown interest in my world, the world of--

HARKNESS

(frustrated)

The Old World. Mayhaps it still holds value and can be made to serve us.

Kento suddenly realizes where the name came from.

KENTO

The PUNDIT-- spoke this word?!

Harkness suddenly becomes enraged. He violently grabs Kento's tunic and pulls him close.

HARKNESS

The meaning, Kento! Give it to me!

Over Harkness's shoulder, Kento sees Goblin muscle lurking outside his doorway-- watching.

KENTO

Your violence will not loosen my tongue, but I'll gladly tell you!

Harkness releases Kento.

Kento shrugs off the rough-treatment.

KENTO (CONT'D)

To understand this name, you have to know about an ancient Pundit named Coronado, who searched for a lost city of gold...

Harkness turns away from Kento, consumed by his thoughts.

HARKNESS

A city-- made of gold?

INT. GOBLIN DEN, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Several Goblins, including Tulliver, Wilbur and Deeta, squat in a semicircle in a large, communal room.

The Goblins watch in anticipation as Tulliver breaks apart pieces of flesh and hands them around.

The pieces are solemnly passed from hand to hand until all Goblins have some.

WILBUR
Brother, is that the last of it?

TULLIVER
It is.

WILBUR
What shall we do?

TULLIVER
Eat.

The Goblins do so, each one savoring the forbidden meal.

TULLIVER (CONT'D)
Meat is meat, yes?

The Goblins nod and grunt in agreement.

WILBUR
Meat is meat.

TULLIVER
The world is full of meat.

Tulliver eats.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - NIGHT

The Milky Way spills grandly across the vault of night. Ruined buildings and shimmering, colorful auroras ring the horizon--beautiful and ghastly.

Kento walks toward the hatch, turns and admires the sight a moment longer, then walks the last few paces.

He descends down into the Oubliette.

INT. THE HATCHWAY, OUBLIETTE - CONTINUOUS

Kento descends a ring of ancient iron and concrete steps that wind down a central shaft lost in darkness below.

He comes to an enormous landing, ringed by massive stand-pipes.

Kento approaches a huge wall, "THE KNOWN WORLD" chipped into the concrete surface. A huge ring, "THE PERIMETER", has been chipped into the wall, "THE OUBLIETTE" at it's center.

Details have been chipped within the Perimeter-- buildings, places, words-- a MAP of everything within a night's walk of the Oubliette.

"THE PUNDITS" is carved in the wall to the left of the MAP, with twenty or so names below it.

Kento climbs a ladder and uses a tool to scrape into the hard surface-- obliterating a small square, updating the map.

Suddenly, a voice in the darkness.

GIVENS

I didn't think there were anymore discoveries to be made up there.

Kento climbs down and bows slightly to Givens.

KENTO

A cancellation. The domicile beyond the Graveyard has been obliterated.

GIVENS

Entropy.

KENTO

Yes.

GIVENS

Someday, there won't BE anything out there anymore, and this map will cease to have a purpose.

KENTO

Within the Perimeter-- yes. Who knows what exists beyond it?

Givens smirks.

GIVENS

That's purely a philosophical question. What use is that knowledge if it's ALWAYS beyond our grasp?

Kento grimaces at this difficult truth.

KENTO

I just want to know what they were really like-- the people who lived out there.

GIVENS

That's important to you?

Kento nods, reflectively.

KENTO
I know the future is all that
really matters, but...

Kento looks distant, chuckles.

KENTO (CONT'D)
Harkness.

Givens leans in, suddenly interested to hear more.

KENTO (CONT'D)
Harkness doesn't care about the
past. "The Old World," he calls
it.

GIVENS
Still, you taught him to read.

KENTO
He wasn't interested in history or
literature, only in fulfilling the
prerequisites of leadership.

Givens nods, reflectively.

GIVENS
What DOES Harkness want? Power?
Does he want power?

Kento shrugs. Sighs.

KENTO
I scarcely know my own heart, let
alone his.

GIVENS
I think I know something about
your heart, Kento.

KENTO
Do you?

Givens nods, sagely.

GIVENS
It has something to do with this
wall.

Givens nods at the hand-drawn map.

GIVENS (CONT'D)
And that hatch.

Givens nods at the stairs leading up and out.

GIVENS (CONT'D)
And the stars above it.

INT. HARKNESS'S CHAMBERS, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Harkness is sitting at the head of the long table in his chambers, staring down at the Sour Patch Kids box.

His hand reaches for the box-- lays a finger on it. Taps at it slowly.

He takes the box and CAREFULLY pulls it open, and removes a small blue candy. He peers at it with intense curiosity.

He inhales the dangerous aroma of it, swooning.

He brings the candy closer to his parting lips.

Then hesitates and stares at it-- with FEAR.

Harkness s l o w l y places it on his tongue.

TITANIC waves of shapes and colors EXPLODE inside his head!

Trees, faces, waves crashing, lovers entwined, animals, buildings, foods-- all manner of sights and sounds from a time long forgotten.

Harkness knocks over the chair as he shoots to his feet in SHOCK. He spits the candy onto the table.

INT. STANTON'S QUARTERS, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Stanton is in her quarters, standing by her air vent-- inhaling the cool air,

Agnes and another servant are pouring steaming water into her large, tiled bath.

AGNES
Your bath is prepared, m'lady.

STANTON
Thank you. That is all.

The servants exit.

Stanton pulls off her worn Hessian boots.

She unbuttons her tunic and removes it, tossing it on the floor. She removes a ragged undergarment revealing her small breasts and ropy arms.

She removes her britches, kicking them aside, standing naked.

She steps down into the bath, into the steaming water.

She sighs contentedly as she washes her arms and shoulders with a rag.

Suddenly, a voice drawls through the curtain:

HARKNESS

A luxury to have hot water brought
to your room, yes?

Stanton startles and hides her nakedness behind the wall of the tub.

Harkness eases through the curtain to stand in the doorway.

STANTON

Harkness-- can't you see privacy
is my desire?

HARKNESS

What else-- do you desire?

Harkness advances further in.

STANTON

I don't understand.

HARKNESS

What if I could share with you
something that would change the
way we see the world? See each
other?

He's standing nearly above her in the bath.

STANTON

Such a thing, perhaps, would be
too dangerous to share.

Harkness frowns at her response.

He stares into the bath, the water swirling around Stanton's nipples and abdomen, a flash of pubic hair.

HARKNESS

At another time, in another place,
mayhaps, you would have been a
very beautiful woman, did you know
that?

Stanton scoffs and rises from the bath. She takes a threadbare
towel and wraps herself.

STANTON

There is little beauty left in the
world, Harkness-- and I bring no
surplus to the tally.

HARKNESS

I disagree.

Stanton steps out of the bath, standing near Harkness, she
stares at him for a beat.

STANTON

I'm afraid-- I'm unsuitable for
you.

HARKNESS

Why?

STANTON

I don't share the feelings I
believe you have for me.

HARKNESS

But that can come in time, no?

STANTON

What good could come of our union?

Harkness moves around Stanton, now standing behind her.

HARKNESS

The ways of our peoples must be
bound together-- before we unravel
forever. Things are changing. I
cannot control them.

Harkness leans in very close to Stanton, his lips almost
touching her shoulder. He whispers:

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

I can only protect you for so
long.

Stanton shudders in revulsion.

Harkness senses this and draws back from her.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
I disgust you.

STANTON
No. I...

Harkness chuffs. An awkward pause.

HARKNESS
What's wrong with you people?

STANTON
"You people?" So you acknowledge
our differences?

HARKNESS
I ALWAYS have. We have not been
the same for many, many
generations. Mayhaps it's the
mysterious doings of Mr. Bones
that we sprang forth among you, I
know not of such stuff.

STANTON
You've managed to disguise
yourself among us for a long time,
Harkness, gaining the trust of
Givens. You've done well for
yourself.

HARKNESS
Oh, yes. I've done quite well-- at
becoming despised throughout the
Oubliette by your kind as well as
mine.

Stanton exhales sharply.

STANTON
Your kind are eating human flesh.

Harkness is shocked.

HARKNESS
No... That's not true.

STANTON
It IS, Harkness! Pink Meat. That's
what you call us, right?

Harkness shakes his head in dismay.

STANTON (CONT'D)
Things could get very ugly soon.
(MORE)

STANTON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 And I'm not sure I can protect
 YOU.

INT. GOBLIN DEN, OUBLIETTE - LATER

A few dozen Goblins are squat-sleeping in a large communal room, on the floor, tables, chairs, chests.

Suddenly, a squad of six guards, armed with makeshift weapons enters the room, led by their chief, a big, lean, hardened man-- JOHANSSON

Goblins stir and startle at the intrusion.

JOHANSSON
 Harvester Tulliver, you are under
 arrest!

Tulliver's henchmen, including WILBUR, intercept the guards and block their movement.

WILBUR
 No-no-no! Leave here! You are NOT
 WELCOME HERE!!!

JOHANSSON
 We don't want any trouble, Wilbur,
 We've come for Tulliver!

WILBUR
 What do you want with him?

JOHANSSON
 He's a cannibal!

Wilbur chuckles knowingly.

WILBUR
 Ah. Well-- I've got news for you
 sunshine. Heh-heh. We're all
 cannibals in here!

Johansson pushes past Wilbur, toward Tulliver.

JOHANSSON
 Take him!

The Guards set in on Tulliver, attempting to arrest him.

Goblins descend on the Guards, shrieking and slashing with claw-like hands.

The shocked Guards defend themselves, striking and stabbing.

TULLIVER

STOP!!!

The Goblins suddenly obey, but stand ready to reengage.

Johansson is bloodied but resolute.

JOHANSSON

Tulliver, you MUST come with us!

The Goblins face the guards, teeth bared, claws extended, hissing and crouching, ready to pounce.

TULLIVER

These Goblins are loyal to me, chief! I could give them the word and they'd tear you apart.

WILBUR

And feast on the flesh!

Wilbur makes an obscene tongue wagging and slurping gesture.

Johansson steadies himself, and lowers the tone of his voice. Wipes blood from a cut on his brow.

JOHANSSON

Tulliver, I'm begging you to come with us peacefully. Not just for my life. For ALL our lives. Please.

Tulliver considers, but Wilbur chides:

WILBUR

We can TAKE them, brother!

Tulliver surveys the scene, knowing what's at stake. A part of him still cares.

TULLIVER

(to Johansson)

Well, since you said the magic word.

WILBUR

Tulliver, no!

TULLIVER

Stand down, brother. Stand down.

The guards move in and finish binding Tulliver while Wilbur and the others watch, fuming.

WILBUR
 (to Johansson)
 Your chimes are numbered, pink-
 meat.

The Goblins make way for the guards to walk Tulliver out.

EXT. PASSAGES, OUBLIETTE - CONTINUOUS

Harkness is waiting for the team to emerge from the Goblin Den. Tulliver glares at him.

TULLIVER
 You disappoint me, Harkness.

Harkness doesn't react.

HARKNESS
 (to Johansson)
 Take him to Givens.

EXT. PASSAGES, OUBLIETTE - MOMENTS LATER

Harkness walks behind the retinue of guards marching Tulliver towards Givens' office.

Dozens of humans line the hallway, leering, jeering and throwing things at Tulliver.

"CANNIBAL!" "FREAK!" "MUTANT!" "MONGREL!"

As Harkness passes, their rage turns toward HIM. A metal can hits Harkness on the head. Harkness hisses and growls, but continues on.

Kento stands against a wall and watches with concern, a book in his hand. CHALMERS rips the book from Kento and hurls it at Tulliver.

CHALMERS
 Freak! FREAK!!!

INT. GIVENS' OFFICE, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Tulliver's hands are bound and he's seated. Two guards stand near the door as Givens hovers over Tulliver.

GIVENS
 Why?! Why this outrage? This
 disrespect?
 (MORE)

GIVENS (CONT'D)
 You have all the rights and
 privileges of any of us.

TULLIVER
 We don't care about that. We don't
 care about you. You can't begin to
 understand what we want.

GIVENS
 You desecrate our graves, eat our
 dead, make a mockery of our Law,
 you Goblins are destroyers, not
 builders!

TULLIVER
 And what have you built? You
 infect this rotting corpse of the
 Old World, and rule over it with
 gibberish from an ancient book.

GIVENS
 The Law came from God's own hand!

TULLIVER
 If God had tasted meat, he'd never
 have written it.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER, OUBLIETTE - LATER

The Elders stand around a high, circular table, in a large
 round room, ringed by massive iron grates. A stone gavel rests
 on the table.

STANTON
 He is brash, recalcitrant,
 unashamed. He IS a danger to the
 Oubliette.

Harkness frowns faintly at Stanton.

GIVENS
 He must be disposed of by either
 execution or exile.

OLIVETTI
 The outcome of those two choices
 is the SAME. I'm afraid I can vote
 for neither.

GIVENS
 You side with the Goblins in this?

OLIVETTI

I know what Tulliver has done is wrong. The Law is very clear.

Givens nods enthusiastically.

GIVENS

The Law is the ONLY thing that separates US from THEM!

Given's eyes meet Harkness's. Givens looks away, ashamed.

GIVENS (CONT'D)

Forgive me, Harkness.

HARKNESS

I've called you my friend for so long, Givens. I will not call you anything else.

GIVENS

You are not like them. By some divine power beyond my ken, you have escaped this mad distemper seething in your brethren.

HARKNESS

Mayhaps not.

Givens turns back to Olivetti.

GIVENS

Is there nothing you can say that will open my heart to your cause?

OLIVETTI

I know that my mercy may be our undoing. And yet my heart is obliged to dispense it.

GIVENS

But what about the mercy for future generations-- for them to live free from fear?

Olivetti scoffs.

OLIVETTI

When have you worked for the betterment of the future? Never interested in exploration or science. But always quick to point out a punishment.

Gives looks wounded.

GIVENS

I would ask you not to hold the future hostage for one man's lack of vision.

Olivetti stares back-- STANDING FIRM.

GIVENS (CONT'D)

(bitterly)

Very well. Olivetti and Harkness are against. Stanton and I are for. I cast the vote that breaks the tie, and I vote to banish Tulliver to the White Garden.

Givens reaches for the gavel and is about to bring it down.

STANTON

I change my vote.

Olivetti gasps and Givens stares at her incredulously.

GIVENS

But why? The Law is clear. You KNOW that! Of ALL people!

STANTON

Nothing is clear anymore. We can't pretend that anything is as it was.

GIVENS

(petulantly)

So-- now we're a culture of cannibals? What will we approve of next? Murder? Rape? Vendetta?

STANTON

I fear if we rule by the book and not by our hearts and minds, we will set the Goblins against us forever and we will not survive.

Givens looks shattered.

GIVENS

Stanton-- no.

STANTON

I move that this matter is closed.

Stanton takes the gavel and brings it down-- BANG.

A beat as the leaders look gravely at each other.

HARKNESS

But the matter is not closed, I'm afraid. There is one more thing you must see.

Givens' ashen face turns to Harkness.

GIVENS

Show me no more. Conduct me to my chambers, I am weary. No more, I don't wish to see it.

HARKNESS

Forgive ME, dear friend.

Harkness reaches into the folds of his clothing and produces the Pundit's map, unfolds it, and places it on the table.

The leaders stare at it.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

I found this on the Pundit-- after he had passed away.

Olivetti looks from the map to Harkness, her mouth agape.

OLIVETTI

You DECEIVED us, Harkness?

Harkness looks chastened.

HARKNESS

I did, dear lady. I'm sorry.

Olivetti's mouth sets in anger and disappointment.

GIVENS

Harkness, you are rapidly convincing me that your kinship with us is indeed thread bare and water thin.

Stanton's eyes eagerly scan the map.

STANTON

What things does this paper tell of?

Olivetti is still staring at Harkness, not the map.

OLIVETTI

What were the wanderer's last words, really? Tell me true, now.

HARKNESS

In fact, he repeated a single word: "Cibola," and begged me to tell his people he had found it. To lead them there.

STANTON

Cibola? This?

Stanton's index finger hovers over the map and lands on a picture of a mountain with "Cibola" scrawled beneath it.

STANTON (CONT'D)

What IS Cibola?

Harkness turns to Stanton.

HARKNESS

Mayhaps-- a city made of gold?

INT. JAIL, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Givens comes around a corner, and motions for the Guards to open Tulliver's cell.

Givens steps in and stands before Tulliver, who is squatting petulantly in the corner, a bowl of Roux next to him.

TULLIVER

I have decided to forgo my last meal, Givens. You can have it.

GIVENS

You might as well eat. There will be many more to come.

Tulliver looks curiously at Givens-- he rises.

TULLIVER

You are not killing me? But your hallowed "law?"

Givens sighs.

GIVENS

I won't lie-- I voted for it. But the others...

Tulliver chuckles.

TULLIVER

Perfect. That must really piss you off!

Givens stares icily at Tulliver.

GIVENS

You're free to go, Tulliver-- but hear me: desecrate another grave and I WILL see you die.

TULLIVER

You're asking me to go against my nature, Givens-- my NEEDS.

GIVENS

What I'm asking of you is no different than any other in the Oubliette.

TULLIVER

Still, it's not an EASY thing.

Givens ponders this for a beat.

GIVENS

Harkness's example must bind you all. Teach that to your kind-- if you can.

TULLIVER

An excellent suggestion. To see beyond the horizon of our own limited vision, eh? A suggestion that even a Supreme Leader could take to heart?

Givens drops his gaze, nodding.

INT. AIR VENTS, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Harkness and Givens walk along a catwalk surrounded by huge air vents. Several human workers tend to the machines, a steady hum and whoosh filling the space.

GIVENS

Your father put his faith in a balance of protection and sacrifice. He was unafraid of suffering, his own or others.

HARKNESS

He could be cruel.

GIVENS

LIFE-- can be cruel.

Suddenly, the whoosh of the air vents sputters and dies.

Givens leans over the rail, looking to the VENTS FOREMAN:

GIVENS (CONT'D)
Mr. Chelovek?

CHELOVEK
It's the TURBINE, sir! Power's
been erratic all night!

GIVENS
We've got 3 chimes before we start
to asphyxiate, Mr. Chelovek. Take
your men to the power plant and
assist in any way you can.

Chelovek bows and runs off.

Givens turns to Harkness, his face grave.

GIVENS (CONT'D)
I trusted your father's advice
when it came to making hard
choices. He predicted this
collapse. The hunger and the
discontent. But he was not one to
discuss abstractions. He spoke
only when he had a solution.

Givens stares into Harkness's eyes.

GIVENS (CONT'D)
Find it, Harkness.

INT. DINING HALL, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Much of the Oubliette, Goblins and Humans alike, have packed
into the Dining Hall as more file in.

Harkness paces in front of the crowd, with Givens, sitting
diminutively in the background.

HARKNESS
The Pundit carried a map which
tells of a place called "Cibola."

A buzz of excitement runs through the room.

WOMAN
Was it his home?

HARKNESS
No. We don't know where his
Oubliette is.

(MORE)

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
 Cibola is a place HE sought out
 and found. A place we need to go.

The crowd erupts in frantic chatter. Several voices of
 discontent rise above the others.

CHALMERS
 Goblins are not to be trusted!
 Harkness LEAST of all!

Wilbur turns to a gang of Goblins:

WILBUR
 Don't be fooled, brothers, he is
 against us!

HARKNESS
 We cannot stay here much longer.
 The Oubliette is used up and
 dying, yes? Not fit for man nor
 Goblin any longer.

A voice growls from within the crowd:

ANGRY GOBLIN
 You Elders made it this way!

Harkness shuffles, uncomfortably.

HARKNESS
 We've done what we can. We are not
 perfect, but we...

ANGRY MAN
 You take too much!

Harkness looks frustrated, then suddenly serious-- pleading.

HARKNESS
 Yesss... And now I ask for more.

The crowd grows silent, listening.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
 I seek volunteers. Three of you.
 To join me on a quest to find
 Cibola for ourselves.

The crowd is stunned into silence, finally broken by a single
 CALM VOICE-- ANDERSON, the man who lost his wife to hunger, his
 young son, Stennis sitting beside him.

ANDERSON

You seek three people to commit suicide for you, Harkness? Why? Why would anyone do that?

Harkness glances over at Givens, then back to Anderson.

HARKNESS

I have been authorized to offer a ten percent increase in nutritional supplement to the volunteers.

Anderson continues to speak in a very even tone.

ANDERSON

Dead men don't need food.

HARKNESS

And promotions, to your choice of security detail or administration.

The crowd silently listens to the exchange.

ANDERSON

Can you tell us what's there-- at this "Cibola?"

HARKNESS

No.

ANDERSON

Can you tell us how many nights' journey it is?

Harkness looks uncomfortable.

HARKNESS

I-- can't give you an exact number.

ANDERSON

You CAN approximate it can't you?

HARKNESS

Four to six nights-- mayhaps.

ANDERSON

Four to six nights? You do realize that Mr. Bones kills within a single CHIME or less?

Harkness looks at his feet, chastened.

HARKNESS
I do realize that.

ANDERSON
And?

HARKNESS
I am counting on the availability
of natural forms of protection
along the journey.

ANDERSON
Such as?

Harkness struggles for an answer.

HARKNESS
Caves-- mayhaps.

Anderson nods his head, not convinced.

ANDERSON
Find a deep enough cave before Mr.
Bones catches you out in the
open-- EVERY morning for six days?

HARKNESS
I would remind you that the Pundit
survived the journey. At least
long enough to--

ANDERSON
The Pundit lies dead in our
graveyard, Harkness. Next to
what's left of my wife. Why should
we do this, again? What-- for a
promotion?

The people shake their heads unconvinced.

Harkness stares at the crowd, then lowers his gaze, defeated.

GIVENS
You'll do it because it must be
done.

Harkness turns-- Givens rises and approaches Harkness.

GIVENS (CONT'D)
You'll do it because the Oubliette
is dying. Curse ME for all my
failures, that's fair, but you'll
do it because you have suffered
here long enough.
(MORE)

GIVENS (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
And when you look at your children
you will do anything to lift that
suffering from their faces.

The people listen as Givens' words impact them.

GIVENS (CONT'D)
You'll do it because Harkness is
the best of us. The best of what
man is-- or was. You'll do it
because Harkness is my friend.

Givens rests his hand on Harkness's shoulder.

GIVENS (CONT'D)
And I trust him with my life.

The crowd stares in stunned silence.

Stanton steps forward from the edge of the crowd.

STANTON
I will go forth on this quest.

Harkness looks moved by Stanton's support. The crowd buzzes
with nervous intensity.

Kento steps forward.

KENTO
I offer my knowledge of the Old
World to you, Harkness.

The crowd gasps as Kento joins Harkness and Stanton.

Harkness grips Kento's arm in appreciation.

Givens faces the audience, eyes sparkling.

GIVENS
Who will be the fourth? Who will
face Mr. Bones in the White
Garden?

The crowd goes quiet. No one moves or breathes.

We scan long lines of grim, fearful faces, downcast eyes.

GIVENS (CONT'D)
Who will take their place next to
these brave three?

Silence. Eyes down. No one.

GIVENS (CONT'D)
 (grimly)
 Is there not one of you...?

Tulliver steps forward from the crowd.

TULLIVER
 I will accept this challenge.

The crowds gasps.

GIVENS
 Mr. Tulliver, are you quite sure
 that you are suited to this
 endeavor?

TULLIVER
 I am QUITE, sure, Givens. And I
 don't want your adoration or
 platitudes.

Tulliver turns to the audience, his voice rising.

TULLIVER (CONT'D)
 Just remember, fools! It was a
 Goblin who stepped up when you
 pink-meats cowered! Got it?! HAIL
 SATAN!

Tulliver sticks out his tongue at the crowd sending them into a
 fury as several Goblins cheer proudly.

Tulliver steps forward and joins the other three. Stanton puts
 her hand on Tulliver's shoulder as applause crescendos.

EXT. THE HATCHWAY, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Many denizens of the Oubliette watch silently as Harkness,
 Stanton and Tulliver enter the landing below the Hatch.

They have satchels slung over their shoulders in preparation
 for the journey.

The MAP OF THE KNOWN WORLD dominates the frame, with KENTO
 standing next to it, his back to us-- scrawling something onto
 it.

The other travelers come nearer.

Kento is symbolically inscribing all four of THEIR NAMES under
 the names of the Pundits.

He finishes, joins the team-- and they ascend the stairs.

EXT. THE GRAVEYARD - MOMENTS LATER

The travelers move away from the Oubliette, through the Graveyard, filing past a grave, it's marker reads:

"A PUNDIT - UNKNOWN TO US - MR. BONES"

EXT. VARIOUS, THE WHITE GARDEN - NIGHT

We scan from the amazing night sky downward, to find the travelers walking through various settings:

- A crumbling suburban setting.
- A grove of bone-white trees
- Over a dried lake with a derelict boat.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - NIGHT

On a wide open salt pan...

Harkness is ahead of the other travelers, stopped and facing them as they approach him. He's holding the box of Sour Patch Kids candy in his hands.

The others advance on him and stop.

HARKNESS

We are facing a great danger as we approach the Perimeter. But I offer you something that might change the way you see this journey.

Harkness solemnly holds up the box of candy. And dispenses a few of the pieces into his hand.

HARKNESS

This magical fruit-- opened my eyes. Showed me a world I had never seen. It was terrifying. And beautiful.

Harkness hands a candy to Stanton, one to Kento. Tulliver stands off a bit looking skeptical.

TULLIVER

I don't like the smell of them.

STANTON

These came from the Pundit?

Harkness nods.

Stanton is about to place the candy in her mouth, but Harkness stops her.

HARKNESS

You don't have to, dear lady. This fruit is powerful and may cause you distress, as it did in me.

Stanton stares at Harkness for a beat-- then puts the candy on her tongue.

Stanton's eyes widen in surprise. She gasps.

All eyes are on Stanton.

Harkness's breath hitches, he leans in to her.

HARKNESS

Yessss... you feel it.

STANTON

A terrible bitterness.

HARKNESS

The bitterness of regret for a dead world. The images of all that is lost...

Stanton smiles.

HARKNESS

And now the music, drumming violently in your ears...

Stanton laughs, her face puckering.

STANTON

This fruit does no violence to my mind, only to my tongue! The sourness is nearly intolerable.

Harkness looks confused.

Tulliver chuckles at Harkness's misfire.

Kento places the candy on his own tongue-- his face puckering.

KENTO

It's sour! It's terrible!

Suddenly, Stanton's face relaxes as the sweetness kicks in.

STANTON

No! Now it is something else! The
bitterness is gone! It is SWEET!
Oh... Oh, what a heavenly flavor!

Harkness looks disappointed.

Kento laughs.

KENTO

It's candy, Harkness! That's all.
Just candy.

Tulliver chuckles and snatches a candy from Harkness's hand.

TULLIVER

I will taste this "candy."

He pops it into his mouth-- Tulliver's eyes WIDEN in shock!

TITANIC waves of shapes and colors EXPLODE inside Tulliver's
head!

Monsters, running, slashing, hunting, Mr. Bones, The White
Garden, MEAT and BLOOD-- all manner of sights and sounds from a
world AWAITING him.

CUT TO:

Tulliver is on his back, the other travelers hovering over him,
as he slowly regains his senses.

TULLIVER

(Shocked, hushed)
You were right, Harkness. This
fruit is powerful.

Kento, Stanton and Harkness exchange looks.

KENTO

Harkness... This candy...

HARKNESS

...Is not for MY kind.

They help Tulliver to his feet.

TULLIVER

No. But this world IS.

They begin walking.

DISSOLVE TO:

An open, stony field. The travelers approach and stand before a twisted metal X, gnarly-- forbidding. The words "GO BACK NOW" crudely beaten onto a piece of metal hanging between the arms.

More X's visible to the left and right, forming the PERIMETER.

Ahead, beyond the markers-- a vast, flat wasteland.

STANTON

This is as far as anyone has ever gone.

KENTO

And returned-- before Mr. Bones caught them.

Tulliver looks at it contemptuously.

TULLIVER

Fuck Mr. Bones.

He bypasses the marker-- onward.

The rest take deep breaths and follow him.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - LATER

The travelers walk a jagged ridge line under strange, bulbous clouds. Jolts of greenish electricity illuminating them from within.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - LATER

Kento is crouched down, examining a makeshift compass while the other travelers inspect the frozen white remains of a giant dead spider.

Tulliver breaks off one of the spider's legs and inspects it. He licks it curiously-- then spits.

The compass needle slowly turns. Kento looks ahead in that direction, nods, rises.

Tulliver tosses the leg aside and they keep moving.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - LATER

The travelers come upon a downed jet airliner, half-embedded into the ground like the carcass of a fossilized behemoth.

They approach, mesmerized by the huge strangeness of it.

HARKNESS

Was this-- alive once?

The travelers silently circle the hulk.

Stanton touches the aluminum skin, but the metal is whitened and oxidized and breaks off in her hand.

KENTO

"My airplane is quiet, and for a moment still an alien, still a stranger to the ground, I am home."

The travelers move on.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - LATER

The travelers walk through a field of high, stony pinnacles.

Stanton has a wary look on her face as she sizes them up, uneasily.

KENTO

The people of the Old World were explorers. Much of their culture was based on it.

HARKNESS

How did they traverse the land? On foot, like us?

KENTO

Not just the land-- the air, outer space, the sea.

HARKNESS

The sea?

Suddenly, in the far distance, a low, mournful cry floats over the night air.

Stanton gasps and stops, listening.

Harkness stops next to her.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

(to Stanton)

I have heard the call too. Many times now.

Stanton looks confused by the sound of a living thing.

STANTON

But-- how can that be?

The travelers ponder this, but Tulliver looks intrigued.

TULLIVER

The White Garden is not as dead as
we thought!

Tulliver smiles and marches forth.

The travelers warily continue onward.

KENTO

We have to hurry. Mr. Bones is
rising.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

The sky is turning violet and pulsating faintly. Dawn is
coming.

The travelers run up a rocky hill, searching for shelter.

Kento run-walks checking the map.

KENTO

I believe there's shelter ahead!
But we must hurry!

Stanton looks skyward and gasps in astonishment.

STANTON

Look!

The travelers follow her gaze to the sky: A flock of large,
reddish birds circle high above them, flapping wings and
vocalizing in deep croaks.

Momentarily stunned, the travelers lose themselves in the
sight.

TULLIVER

What beasts are these!?

KENTO

Birds!

Stanton is mesmerized by their formations and aerial
acrobatics.

STANTON

They are so graceful!

Harkness notes that the highest ones are in the sunlight, taking direct exposure to Mr. Bones.

HARKNESS
These creatures flaunt themselves
before Mr. Bones.

Tulliver smiles at them, admiringly.

TULLIVER
They MOCK Mr. Bones! I like them!

The travelers stare until Kento breaks the spell.

KENTO
To HELL with the birds!

The travelers scramble uphill toward a large prominence.

The birds' guttural croaking becomes louder and more frenzied.

Stanton looks up and sees them high overhead, some are diving at each other-- aerial combat?

The birds are in full daylight now-- the sky pulsing and flickering madly.

KENTO (CONT'D)
Hurry!

She continues scrambling up the hill, past an ancient piece of machinery, like something lost at the bottom of the ocean for centuries.

Pulsating light on the hills in front of her-- Mr. Bones is COMING!

Stanton looks at the skin of her arms in the intensifying light of dawn-- creamy blue and glistening with a golden aura.

She smiles-- astonished! The deadly light is beautiful! She scrambles on.

Harkness is waiting for her.

HARKNESS
This way, dear lady. Kento has
sussed out an opening.

Stanton crests a low hill and sees Kento standing before the portal of a mine, waving them over frantically.

KENTO
Here! No time to waste! Run!
RUN!!!

Stanton and Harkness run across the wide, flat approach to the portal as Mr. Bones' rays pulse down upon the ground. A wicked, whipping wind rises forming dust devils all around them.

Above the mine entrance, a huge piece of plate steel has been drilled to spell out "HEAVEN'S VAULT."

INT. MINE SHAFT PORTAL - CONTINUOUS

They run into the portal.

Stanton, gasping, turns and surveys the fantastical sight outside the mine: the land shimmering in a strange iridescence.

STANTON

The land. The stones. They cry
out. Do you hear it?

The travelers listen to the wind and the eerie moaning.

HARKNESS

Mr. Bones is at our doorstep. We
shall not invite him in.

KENTO

We need to move farther in.

They advance down the dark passageway: a rough, straight shaft. Rusty pipes and chains hang from the walls and ceiling.

They pass through a section where steel arches hold up the rocks.

TULLIVER

I don't like this place.

HARKNESS

What strange markings are these?

Harkness indicates a regular pattern in the chalky ground. The travelers stop and examine it.

KENTO

Tire tracks.

The others look at Kento for an explanation.

KENTO (CONT'D)

Those metallic hulks we've seen,
they rolled over the ground and
left these marks.

Harkness looks wistful.

HARKNESS

Strange. They must be so old, and
yet their delicate imprint remains
in this dust.

Harkness runs his foot over the track, obliterating it.

The travelers walk on into darkness.

STANTON

I can no longer see.

HARKNESS

I will guide you.

Stanton and Kento hold onto Harkness's arm.

Tulliver scouts ahead.

TULLIVER

Something ahead. It's bigger. Full
of stuff.

The travelers enter a workshop. Collapsed wooden tables, steel
shelves, crates, corroded barrels and tools.

KENTO

This is far enough.

Kento strikes his flint, creating sparks by which he
momentarily sees.

KENTO (CONT'D)

Gather some of that old wood so
that I may build a fire.

INT. MINE WORKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The travelers sit in the dust around a tiny fire in the center
of the workshop.

Stanton surveys the room, noting a set of large metallic double
doors hanging open on the opposite wall-- beyond them, a low
whistling sound echoing forlornly from the depths.

The travelers look at each other in the firelight.

Suddenly Harkness's pointy ears perk up.

HARKNESS

I hear something. Growing louder!

Tulliver springs to his feet and looks toward the portal.

TULLIVER

As do I!

A rushing sound. The humans hear it now too. Growing louder!

The travelers get to their feet as a sudden wave of screeching, frenzied motion blasts into the workshop!

It's the birds! Huge! The size of eagles!

Hundreds of them shoot through the workshop, and through the metal doors. But dozens more are startled by the fire, and turn, confused, flapping wings and croaking.

The travelers recoil in terror as the room fills with seething frenzy.

Many birds catch sight of the travelers and attack.

Kento is driven back against the wall by several snapping, flapping beasts.

INSERT POV: The birds have coarse, reddish fur and fangs! And strangely human looking bald heads!

Mutated bats.

Kento screams and struggles to fight them off.

Harkness extends his claw-like fingers, hisses and wades into the fracas, swiping and tearing at the beasts.

Stanton cowers behind a steel table but is swamped by several bats.

Harkness and Tulliver gain the upper hand, fighting off the angry bats, driving them back through the open doors.

KENTO

Shut it!

Tulliver and Harkness run to the ancient metal doors and begin to push on one-- it groans and creaks stubbornly.

Kento and Stanton run up and help push-- finally closed.

Several bats stick claws and fangs through the cracks at the edges of the doors trying to squeeze through.

The travelers stare in stunned silence at the doors.

Occasional metallic thuds gong through the workshop as bats heave themselves against the opposite side.

Tulliver smiles broadly, hefting a badly injured bat in his hands.

TULLIVER
We eat well today!

The creature flops pathetically as Tulliver bears his teeth and drives them into the neck of the beast. Blood erupts from the wound, splashing Tulliver's face.

Tulliver is at first surprised by the gout of hot blood, then suddenly relishes it, inhaling the intoxicating aroma, allowing the fading pulse to trickle into his mouth.

TULLIVER (CONT'D)
Blood is life.

He licks his lips in delight and rams his face into the wound, dropping to his knees. Huddling over the corpse like an animal, he begins devouring it.

Harkness watches, hunger and revulsion in his eyes.

INT. MINE WORKSHOP - LATER

The small fire is burning down as the travelers try to sleep on the dusty ground.

Tulliver squat-sleeps contentedly.

Harkness is leaning uncomfortably against a barrel, eyes closed.

The gonging of a bat slamming against the door causes his eyes to creak open, and he shifts his position into a Goblin-squat, trying to rest.

Harkness's face-- He's DREAMING:

Harkness, made of stone and bathed in red light, stands at the edge of a black pool of water. The surface ripples as if by deep vibrations below. The rippling intensifies.

The stone statue begins to decay as if it is made of sand.

The sand trickles off the head and face and falls in streams to the statue's feet, collecting near the water.

The piles of sand grow and begin to ooze into the pool, like a liquid. The statue continues to decay, and the sand continues to ooze into the pool-- until nothing remains.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - NIGHT

The travelers stand before seven palm trees-- a desert oasis at one time-- now frozen white, fossilized and strange.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - NIGHT

Under a night sky filled with colorful auroras, the walkers pass through what once was a small town-- now crumbled foundations and piles of debris.

One building, a hundred meters to their right, stands amongst the ruins: PUBLIC LIBRARY.

KENTO

Wait!

Harkness and Tulliver startle and crouch defensively.

Kento stands, staring in the direction of the single story brick building. He points.

KENTO (CONT'D)

There. We go there.

Harkness looks at the building in the distance.

HARKNESS

Is there something of interest in that place?

KENTO

Absolutely!

INT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Kento pulls the rotten remains of the metal doors out of the doorway and passes through, eyes scanning the interior.

The others follow skeptically.

Kento surveys the interior: Several metal bookshelves are collapsed or turned over, but a few are still intact-- and they are loaded with BOOKS!

Kento's eyes widen at the tantalizing sight.

He moves cautiously toward the nearest shelf. His breath hitches with excitement as he reaches out.

His fingers grasp at the spines-- and CRUSHES them!

He tries to pick another one up, but it also turns to dust in his hand.

Kento is horrified.

In frustration, he passes his hand through the entire shelf of books, plumes of dust erupting from the mess.

Stanton approaches him from behind and puts her hand tenderly on his shoulder.

Tulliver walks past Kento, snacking on a handful of crumbling pages.

TULLIVER
(to Kento)
Yours were better.

Kento watches Tulliver move toward the doorway. Tulliver stops and turns to Kento.

TULLIVER
They were... stickier.

Kento frowns.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - LATER

The travelers are walking near the base of a high cliff-- one that would offer some protection from Mr. Bones during the day.

Harkness sees something with his keen night vision.

HARKNESS
What-- is this?

He detours over to a cluster of rocks. The others follow him.

They stare down at the cluster, slowly realizing that some of the rocks are actually small, black conical shapes with delicate tendrils sprouting from their tops.

STANTON
Are they organic?

The travelers kneel down around the shapes.

Kento reaches down and runs his hand over the tendrils-- they react to his touch! They withdraw slowly back into the host.

KENTO
It's alive!

The travelers smile at each other - except for Tulliver, who looks disinterested.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - LATER

The travelers walk along a ridge line, stopping to gaze down at an ancient, crumbling city-- Las Vegas.

Kento checks the map.

KENTO
That-- was a city!

A beat.

KENTO
(musing)
If only we could explore it.

Stanton stares at it, amazed-- moved by it's dark hugeness.

STANTON
That was where they lived?

KENTO
There were hundreds of these
places in the Old World.

Stanton weaves dizzily, catches herself.

Harkness puts a hand under her arm for support.

STANTON
What has Mr. Bones taken? And all
their grace and majesty-- they
were powerless.

Stanton soldiers on, and the rest follow.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - THE NEXT DAY

High Noon in the White Garden, the landscape bathed in pulsating, iridescent light. An eerie, whispering moan seems to come from all directions.

We see a high circle of stones-- an ancient well. A makeshift rope has been tied off and hangs over the edge.

We peer down into the well, moving lower and lower, revealing the travelers, huddled at the dry bottom.

INT. WELL - CONTINUOUS

Tulliver FITFULLY squat-sleeps in the Goblin manner, Kento and Stanton lie curled in the dust. Harkness sits, his back against the wall, eyes open, looking uneasy.

Harkness lifts his gaze to the mouth of the well.

His POV: A small circle in the darkness that flashes all the colors of the rainbow like a crazy star.

Tulliver, still asleep, jerks and fidgets, and clumsily lashes out with his hand at a dream shadow.

Tulliver grunts repeatedly, then stands-- and screams!

STANTON

Tulliver!

Tulliver looks confused and disoriented.

TULLIVER

I was in the Oubliette. They were beating me.

Tulliver's eyes dart over his surroundings.

TULLIVER (CONT'D)

How did I get here? I was in the Oubliette.

Tulliver looks at Harkness.

TULLIVER (CONT'D)

YOU were there, too. Why were they beating me, Harkness? WHY?!

HARKNESS

I was not there. I was here.

STANTON

It was just a dream.

Tulliver doesn't understand.

STANTON (CONT'D)

It was just in your head. It wasn't real.

TULLIVER

You're wrong! I was THERE!

The travelers look skeptically at Tulliver.

HARKNESS

He doesn't understand. He has never dreamt before. And neither have I-- until we came here.

The travelers look at Harkness and Tulliver incredulously.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

The White Garden is changing us.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - THE NEXT NIGHT

Kento and Stanton move leadenly forward, conserving their energy, minimizing wasteful movement.

Harkness inspects Stanton's Slate-- MEDIUM GREY.

Tulliver bobs and weaves with extravagance and vigor.

TULLIVER

No more shafts. What say you, fellow travelers? Eh? No more pits, nor Oubliettes.

HARKNESS

Where shall we seek refuge then from Mr. Bones?

TULLIVER

I am no longer afraid of Mr. Bones. This is a fine world. Magnificent desolation. Perfect, as is. How can we be vexed by a black dot in the sky When there is MEAT afoot?

HARKNESS

Where?

Tulliver laughs.

TULLIVER

(mock surprise)

I'm surprised at you. Surely you've smelled it the last chime or so, all around us.

Tulliver suddenly points into the dark distance.

TULLIVER (CONT'D)

There!

Tulliver charges after the unseen quarry.

KENTO
Tulliver, wait...

TULLIVER
(distantly)
I'll return to you-- with meat!

The travelers watch until Tulliver is out of sight.

STANTON
(wearily)
What do we do now?

HARKNESS
We keep moving, dear lady.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - LATER

The travelers are walking across a wide field, once a small community. Foundations of ruined houses and occasional twisted metal light poles.

The terrain is cracked with fissures. We see the travelers skirting the fissures, jumping over them-- slowing progress.

Harkness notes the brightening eastern sky.

HARKNESS
Kento, Mr. Bones is insistent.

Kento checks the map.

KENTO
The other side of these fissures.

The travelers soldier on for a beat. Then SUDDENLY, Stanton sees something. A faint light in the dark distance!

STANTON
How can that be?!

The travelers stop and gaze in wonder at the distant light.

HARKNESS
Is it Cibola?

KENTO
Of course not. It's a house!

The travelers gaze at a geometrical structure, the windows lit as if someone was home!

KENTO
My God! My GOD!!!

STANTON
What does it mean?

HARKNESS
Could it mean SOMEONE is living in
it?

Kento's eyes are sparkling.

KENTO
Only one way to know...

Kento begins to move towards the house, but Stanton grabs his
arm, holding fast.

STANTON
Wait. It's too far away.

Kento looks incredulously at her.

KENTO
You must be joking! We haven't
seen a single intact house! Let
alone one with a light on!

The Elders look at the brightening sky, then to Kento.

STANTON
No. Kento, we mustn't.

Kento unfolds the map, points to something.

KENTO
Look! The Pundit! He saw this
house too! He MARKED it.

INSERT shot of a tiny, hand-drawn square with a question mark
next to it.

KENTO
He obviously intended to
investigate it. We MUST finish his
work!

HARKNESS
The house is not our objective,
Kento.

Stanton is growing impatient.

STANTON
The Sky! Kento, we MUST take
shelter!

Kento looks crestfallen. He rolls up the map.

KENTO
 (sarcastically)
 That's right, I forgot. Elders
 always get their way.

Kento walks haughtily away toward shelter. Harkness exhales deeply. He and Stanton exchange looks-- and follow Kento.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN, FISSURE - LATER

The sky is becoming frighteningly bright-- violet rays throbbing over the horizon. A wind is rising.

Kento checks the map again and scans the terrain.

KENTO
 Down here!

Kento leads the Elders down a ramp into a fissure, descending about 15 feet to the bottom. The fissure becomes a TUNNEL.

INT. FISSURE - CONTINUOUS

The travelers make their way deeper in, around a bend, and deeper still-- until the tunnel ends.

The travelers survey the terminus, noting the remnants of a tiny campfire. Harkness peers curiously into the coals, noting a tiny piece of burned paper. He delicately scoops it out and we can faintly see the words "OUR PATCH KI" in the remains.

HARKNESS
 The Pundit was here.

Harkness tosses the charred scrap back into the fire ring.

HARKNESS
 I never cared for these.

INT. FISSURES, TUNNEL - LATER

The two Elders are sleeping on the ground around a tiny fire.

Harkness is squatting and leaning against a wall, murmuring and fidgeting in his sleep.

Kento is GONE. His bedroll empty.

EXT. FISSURES - DAY

Kento is making his way, quickly, nervously through the fissures, toward the HOUSE. Stroboscopic light casts hypnotic shadows on the walls.

Kento stops, reaches into his jacket and retrieves his Slate. The reading box is MEDIUM GREY. He tucks it back in and keeps moving.

Kento is frantically drawing a map of the fissures on his hand with a crude pen.

He peers upward. Five to ten feet above, the wind is blowing sand through the pulsing, violet sky.

He moves around a corner. Over a rock that brings him dangerously close to the surface. Around a sharp zig-zag.

To a dead end.

He swiftly about-faces and moves back, checking his map.

The cutting becomes montage-like as we see Kento continuing to work his way through the fissures toward the house, while Mr. Bones' deadly maelstrom rages just a few feet over his head.

INT. FISSURES, TUNNEL - LATER

Harkness is dreaming-- fidgeting, murmuring.

Suddenly, his eyes open wide.

He turns to Stanton. She's sleeping peacefully. He stares at her, his face softening.

His gaze turns to Kento's empty bedroll-- and his brow furrows.

EXT. FISSURES - DAY

Kento peers quickly over the rim of the fissure-- THE HOUSE!

He's right in front of it. Massive, architecturally gorgeous, made of concrete, steel and glass, and amazingly well-preserved, tucked up against a forty foot high granite cliff.

Kento is hyperventilating, smiling and almost crying.

He checks his slate: DARK GREY.

Grimacing, he stores his Slate again, summons his courage, and vaults out of the fissure.

EXT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Bones rides in the sky above the house, hitting Kento head-on as he scrambles out.

Momentarily stunned, he shields his face and eyes. A wicked wind swirls around him.

He presses toward the house-- a hundred feet away.

He enters the shadow of the cliff. Protected from the worst of the punishing rays and breathes a sigh of relief.

He continues to move toward the house, mesmerized, not noticing a few scattered alien-looking skeletons.

He walks under a cantilevered 2nd floor room, and passes into a protected entryway, marveling at the pristine quality of the structure.

The facing wall is high and broad, and several large windows blend seamlessly into it.

Kento approaches the unbroken glass and rubs at it with his sleeve, making a clean spot. He peers inside, his breath hitching in anticipation.

INSERT: through the scratched and pitted glass, we see the darkened interior. It is tidy, orderly, and loaded with treasures of the Old World.

An unusual lamp hangs down from the ceiling-- casting yellowish light!

Kento gasps! He pounds on the window.

KENTO

Hello! Is someone here?! Hello!

Kento moves back and forth in front of the wall, looking for a way in. He finds a large slab of glass the size of a door.

He pulls on it-- gently. Harder. Harder. The glass pivots shockingly out of the doorway!

Kento jumps aside as the glass door impacts the ground but does not shatter.

Kento looks into the dark entry way. Then steps inside...

INT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...slowly walking it's length, staring down at decorative tables that line it.

Everything is dusty, faded, cracked, peeling-- but somehow intact and still standing.

He stops at a table topped with small photographs in frames and stares down at them, trembling with excitement.

INSERT of various smiling faces, almost faded into obscurity.

Kento GASPS at the treasures.

He continues on into the living room we saw from the window. A leather sofa and chairs, sagging and cracked. A fireplace mantle with more photographs. Artwork still hanging on the high walls. A bookshelf, stacked with with books.

Kento smiles-- almost crying.

And then he notices the lamp, hanging from a small hole in the ceiling, a single, large bulb giving off light at the end of an oversized cable.

KENTO
Hello?! HELLO?!

He approaches the bulb, gazing curiously at it.

The yellowish light of the bulb becomes cooler-- bluish. More intense.

He smiles, moving closer.

The bulb starts changing colors-- slowly at first. Picking up speed. Faster and faster. It starts pulsating.

Kento frowns at it. He doesn't like it. It's flashing like Mr. Bones.

He backs away from it and turns...

...into a seething mass of slow-moving tentacles!

Kento exhales a horrified moan as the tendrils envelope him and begin binding him tightly.

He manages to keep one arm free of the tendrils as he is gently lifted from the floor.

The bulb-tendrill also withdraws up through the hole into the 2nd floor.

Kento is lifted up and through a wooden balcony that disintegrates like paper, and onto the 2nd floor.

He attempts to grab the bits of balcony, but they crumble in his hands.

He grabs at the carpeting on the floor, but his fingers rip grooves into it.

He's being pulled into a bedroom, and grasps at the door jamb, but the drywall and studs break off in his hand.

He grabs at the bed, but the covers and wooden legs crumble away.

He's lifted higher, off the floor and we see two mummified skeletons upon the bed. The bed collapses into a heap.

Kento struggles to reach a wooden dresser, grabbing at the brushes, jewelry box, baskets, photographs, books, blankets-- everything he grabs for crumbles, then the dresser itself collapses into a dusty heap.

Moaning in horror, Kento is pulled toward a door to the outside.

He makes a desperate lunge for a framed photograph on the wall. We GLIMPSE a smiling couple in the picture as the wooden frame breaks apart in his hand.

But he has the glass! He smashes it on the wall, retaining one small, jagged piece. He stabs the shard into the tendrils-- cutting, sawing, slicing-- ineffectively.

EXT. THE HOUSE, GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

He's brought through the door to what was once a garden next to the cliff wall-- now littered with bones.

A massive, black carnivorous plant is rooted in the soil, it's grappling tentacles reeling Kento in (in fact, this is a monster-version of the plants they saw before).

Kento watches in horror as he's slowly lifted up and onto the surface of the monstrosity. Hundreds of delicate, sticky filaments wrap over him, enveloping him.

Kento SCREAMS!

INT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Harkness, dusty from his journey through the fissures, hears Kento's scream, looks up toward the 2nd floor. He runs to the steel staircase and ascends.

He finds the bedroom and enters.

HARKNESS

Kento! Kento!

Harkness storms through the bedroom, around a corner and stares out the door into the garden: Kento is bent around the shaft of the plant, his face staring at Harkness.

EXT. THE HOUSE, GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

KENTO

(whispering)

Help me...

Harkness extends his claws, hisses and advances, slicing at the moving tentacles, parrying their sluggish attacks, slicing again and again-- until only a few stubs remain.

Harkness goes to work freeing Kento from the filaments, slicing away the sticky strings, finally pulling Kento off the plant and moving away from it.

KENTO

(in shock)

Th- thank you, Harkness.

HARKNESS

How badly are you injured?

Kento puts his head into his hands in horror and shame.

KENTO

I can make it. I'm sorry,
Harkness. I'm sorry! I was stupid!
I was SO STUPID!

Harkness thrusts his water skin at Kento.

HARKNESS

Drink.

Kento drinks. Harkness reaches into Kento's jacket, checks his Slate.

HARKNESS

Mr. Bones will surely bite us. But
we'll run fast, yes, Kento?

Kento nods.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - NIGHT

The three travelers move silently forward in a long single file, Kento shuffling at the head, looking burned and sick.

Stanton, several paces behind, watches him with concern.

Harkness, behind her, narrows the gap-- sides with her.

HARKNESS

His Slate has blackened.

Stanton looks grief-stricken.

They walk on.

INT. BUILDING BASEMENT - LATER

The three travelers rest in a crumbling basement.

Kento shivers fitfully in a corner, moaning softly.

Harkness kneels beside him, reaching out to touch him gently.

HARKNESS

Sleep... Sleep, Kento...

Kento's body seems to relax and his moaning stops.

Stanton is sitting near the stairs, her knees tucked up, head down, sobbing softly.

Harkness approaches her and Stanton looks up at him.

STANTON

I'm not strong enough.

HARKNESS

How do you know this?

STANTON

My body hurts. My feet burn and ache. I'm weak. Mr. Bones has me!
Mr. Bones is inside me too!

Stanton shudders uncontrollably and her eyes glimmer with a mad intensity.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Harkness! I'm suddenly so afraid!

(MORE)

STANTON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Help me, I feel I'm dying! Help
 me!

She reaches out for Harkness.

Harkness kneels and cradles Stanton compassionately.

HARKNESS
 Be still. Have no fear, yes?

STANTON
 How can I? We were not made for
 this place. We don't belong here!
 A great evil infects this land!

HARKNESS
 You are just tired, dear Stanton.
 Just so very tired. Lay back and
 rest. All will be better when
 you've rested.

Harkness eases Stanton back into a reclining position, and
 begins gently massaging her legs, moving down toward her feet.

STANTON
 I feel that if I could only look
 at the sun. Stand in it's light.
 Feel it's warmth on my skin--
 Could it heal me, Harkness?

HARKNESS
 In another time, mayhaps. Not now.

Harkness continues to tenderly massage Stanton's sore legs.

STANTON
 (sleepily)
 Thank you Harkness. That feels
 divine.

Harkness's hands make their way to her feet, and as he rubs
 them, her knee-high leather boots crumble and tear apart in his
 hands.

HARKNESS
 These Hessians have seen better
 nights.

The soles have worn away to nothing. He tears off one boot,
 revealing a bloody and awful-looking left foot.

Harkness removes the right boot, and that foot looks equally
 bad.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
 These will no longer do.

Stanton moans softly, sleepily.

STANTON
 But what can I do? I have no
 others.

HARKNESS
 You will wear my shoes. I will
 craft them smaller to your foot
 while you sleep. I will bind your
 wounds. And when you awaken, we
 will carry on.

Stanton's eyes are heavy, and her speech is slurred.

STANTON
 You... no longer...

HARKNESS
 Yesssss... Sleep...

She's nearly asleep.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
 I no longer need them.

EXT. PINNACLE FIELD - THE NEXT NIGHT

The three travelers enter a field of tall, stone pinnacles. All of the pinnacles faintly glow with an eerie blue-green luminescence.

The travelers stare at them in fear and wonder as they pass.

Stanton reaches out to touch one, but Harkness stays her hand.

They pass a pinnacle with a massive chunk of blue-green stone floating mysteriously over it, slowly rotating.

HARKNESS
 Is magic real, Kento?

Kento looks exhausted, burned and haggard. He shakes his head.

KENTO
 I don't know, Harkness. I don't
 know... anything. Anymore.

STANTON
 Where is Tulliver?

Harkness peers behind them into the darkness.

HARKNESS
He will find us.

STANTON
(to Kento)
Are you afraid?

Kento takes Stanton's hand and holds it tightly.

They walk on.

EXT. GROTTO - LATER

The sky is brightening in the direction the travelers are moving. The sun is rising, but a steep cliff ahead shields them from Mr. Bones' lethal rays.

They slowly climb a series of natural terraces that lead upward to the cliff face, Harkness assisting the humans.

Kento and Stanton are weak and out of breath as they climb into a shallow rock overhang in the cliff.

Harkness looks at the hiding spot skeptically-- the sun could penetrate this shallow niche, but the humans are too tired to continue looking for better.

KENTO
The-- best-- I can do.

Stanton and Kento collapse wearily into the dust at the back of the grotto.

Stanton drinks water and coughs violently, rolling onto her side, doubling in pain.

Harkness watches her with concern.

Kento is checking the map, but his eyes won't focus.

HARKNESS
(to Kento)
How much farther?

Kento looks at Harkness who stands majestically silhouetted at the opening of the grotto.

KENTO
Mr. Bones has not laid a finger
upon you.

Harkness says nothing.

KENTO (CONT'D)
Let me see your slate.

Harkness produces his slate and shows it. BLACK.

KENTO (CONT'D)
You should be like me. Sick like
me.

HARKNESS
Alas.

Kento nods.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
Is it far?

Kento smiles bitterly.

KENTO
Coronado...

HARKNESS
Yes...?

KENTO
Coronado took his army north to
find Cibola. When he arrived at
exactly where the Spanish priest
told him it would be...

HARKNESS
It was there.

Kento shakes his head bitterly.

KENTO
I didn't tell you the rest. When
Coronado found Cibola, it was--
nothing.

Harkness looks confused.

HARKNESS
What do you mean "nothing?"

KENTO
There was nothing there, Harkness.
No gold. No riches. Just poor
Indians and mud huts. Nothing.
Nothing.

Harkness ponders this.

HARKNESS
 (Acidly)
 Is it far?

Kento shakes his head.

KENTO
 A night. Less.

HARKNESS
 The map. Give it to me.

Kento looks defensive. Grips the map.

KENTO
 You wouldn't understand it.

HARKNESS
 Teach me, Kento.

Kento ponders this. Smiles weakly. Nods.

KENTO
 Come closer.

Harkness moves in and kneels next to Kento.

KENTO (CONT'D)
 I wish-- I wish I could have
 taught you more, Harkness. There
 was so much beauty in the Old
 World. There was frivolity. Humor.
 Absurdity...

A beat.

HARKNESS
 Were those good things?

KENTO
 I think so.

HARKNESS
 Were the Old Worlders so
 entertained and satisfied that
 they no longer cared about death?

Kento frowns minutely.

KENTO
 No. Death haunted them too.

Kento smiles grimly.

KENTO (CONT'D)
We have little time.

Kento spreads the map out onto the dusty floor. He points to the top of the map.

KENTO (CONT'D)
This is north...

EXT. ROCK OVERHANG - LATER

Kento and Stanton sleep fitfully against the back wall of the grotto.

Harkness sits closer to the opening, staring out at the lunar-like landscape, bathed in an unearthly pulsating light.

The sharp shadow on the floor of the grotto indicates how far Mr. Bones has crept in. Harkness has been charting the movement of the shadowline-- as it gets closer to Stanton and Kento.

Only inches away now.

Harkness sits, watching, brooding.

Suddenly, motion!

Tulliver scrambles up the last terrace and climbs into the grotto. He has several skins of strange, scaly creatures thrown over his shoulder, and a full carcass in one hand.

TULLIVER
I nearly got cooked out there!

Tulliver looks around at the grotto.

TULLIVER (CONT'D)
This is poor shelter! I found much better out along the river bed. Come, brother. A feast!

Tulliver brandishes the meat and gestures for Harkness to follow him out.

Harkness does not move.

Tulliver notices the sleeping humans.

TULLIVER (CONT'D)
Oh. Look how cute they are.

HARKNESS
Why do we not sicken by Mr. Bones' hand, Tulliver?

TULLIVER

Who cares? Come on. Leave them.
Let's feast! And hunt! And feast
again!

Harkness considers this.

HARKNESS

I have business to attend to.

Tulliver stares at Harkness and groans.

Tulliver throws the scaly creature onto the floor and hunkers
down in front of it.

Tulliver stabs the creature with his fingers and expertly peels
off the skin. He slices through the muscles and reveals the
internal organs. He sifts through the cluster of organs until
he finds one in particular-- green and oblong.

Tulliver slices the green organ away with a sharp nail and
tosses it to Harkness.

Harkness snatches the organ from the air.

Tulliver grins as Harkness inspects the organ skeptically.

Harkness sniffs at it. Tastes it. Stares at Tulliver in
astonishment. Shoves the whole thing in greedily and licks his
fingers!

Tulliver laughs approvingly-- his laugh echoing through the
canyon.

EXT. GROTTO - LATER

Stanton slowly awakens in the late afternoon. All is silent. No
sound.

She stares up at the ceiling of the grotto.

Her POV: An ancient Indian petroglyph. Spirals. Strange
animals. People, some with spears.

The image seems to move and undulate with her distorting
vision.

She turns and looks for Kento.

Harkness and Tulliver are gone.

Kento is doubled over on hands and knees, retching into the
dust. He heaves again and again.

Finally, he looks over at Stanton, sweat dappling his pale face. He mouths something: "They've left us. They're gone."

But there is still no sound.

Stanton watches impassively, detached. She turns back to the petroglyph, fascinated.

Kento rolls onto the ground, sick, exhausted-- DYING.

The sunlight has crept into the grotto and is inches away from him. His hand falls into the light.

He notices his hand in the light and recoils, bringing his hand close to his chest, cradling it.

Kento's face contorts in agony and despair.

Stanton crawls to a standing position, staring out at the pulsating, multi-prismatic spectacle before her-- the canyon bathed in astonishing, deadly light.

Her mouth forms the words: "It's so beautiful."

Struggling to stay standing, she reaches out to the light.

Her fingertips stretch towards it. Reaching. Closer...

Her fingertips touch the light.

Harkness stands before her in the mouth of the grotto, completely black and silhouetted, his hand extending to hers.

Their fingers touch.

Stanton focuses on Harkness's face. She sees his lips are moving. Slowly, the sound comes and we hear:

HARKNESS

...must hurry. It is not far, dear lady. But you must come on your own. You understand me, yes? Can you run with me?

STANTON

Yes.

Stanton is about to step into the light, but she stops and looks down.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Kento...

Kento turns his face to her and shakes his head-- No.

Stanton nods, kneels beside him and strokes his head soothingly.

HARKNESS

The map.

Stanton looks forlornly at Kento. She digs in his jacket and retrieves the map.

Kento nods, as if to give his blessing.

She leans in and kisses his head, rises and looks at Harkness.

Harkness takes several steps backward and bids her to come forward.

She closes her eyes and steps into the light.

Stanton pauses in the light. She looks at the way the pulsating light glimmers on her hands.

Harkness looks at Stanton, admiringly.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

By the light of Mr. Bones, your
beauty is more dazzling than I can
scarcely conjure.

Stanton smiles and blushes.

Harkness reaches out and takes her hand.

They hurry down over the rocks and terraces, downward.

Harkness leads her to the bottom, to the river bed.

They run along the river bed, in full exposure to Mr. Bones, low on the horizon over their shoulders.

Stanton is laughing.

The motion slows and slows and slows... finally comes to a freeze frame on Stanton's look of joy, Mr. Bones over her right shoulder, still flickering madly.

Fade to white.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - NIGHT

Harkness stares at the moon, standing in it's silvery light.

All around him are massive, odd geometrical shapes and structures. (In fact, we are in artist Michael Heizer's "City" sculpture in the Nevada desert).

Stanton slowly comes up behind Harkness, breathing hard, her face pale and beaded with sweat.

STANTON
How... much... farther?

HARKNESS
Not far. Not far.

A chuckling is heard from somewhere.

Harkness and Stanton keep moving forward.

Tulliver is reclining on top of a massive concrete block, staring down, smiling at them.

TULLIVER
She's done, brother. Would it not be more merciful to let her take her final rest? Are we not merciful, after all?

HARKNESS
How well do you know this land?

TULLIVER
(Proudly)
I know it now like the back of my hand!

HARKNESS
When we reach Cibola, you will accompany me back to the Oubliette, yes?

TULLIVER
(Evasively)
I might...

HARKNESS
And we will tell the others of our discovery.

Tulliver chuckles.

TULLIVER
And you expect THEY can make the journey? The old and the weak?

HARKNESS
They will have to try.

Tulliver springs off the block like a cat and joins Harkness and Stanton, walking side by side.

Tulliver watches Stanton-- her face is set in grim determination.

TULLIVER
She's got a certain-- something.
Strong will.

Stanton looks at Tulliver peevishly, then she stumbles to her hands and knees. She grunts and moans softly.

TULLIVER (CONT'D)
(to Stanton)
Enough, pink-meat, I'll carry you!
The place you seek is just a chime
or so ahead.

Stanton struggles to rise with Harkness's assistance.

STANTON
No. No, thank you. I'll do it on
my own, if it pleases you.

Tulliver shrugs.

TULLIVER
Suit yourself.

They walk slowly on.

TULLIVER (CONT'D)
(to Harkness)
She's got moxie.

Harkness gives a single nod.

TULLIVER (CONT'D)
Do you fear them, Harkness, like I
do?

HARKNESS
No.

TULLIVER
The pink-meats are weak now. But
they are clever and have a way of
getting stronger.

Tulliver and Harkness walk slowly, side by side with Stanton.

EXT. CIBOLA - NIGHT

INSERT of the MAP: CIBOLA scrawled over what looks like a picture of a mountain.

CUT TO:

An immensely wide salt pan that leads up to the base of a mountain, under a canopy of stars and auroras.

TITLE FADES IN: "CIBOLA, JUST BEFORE DAWN"

The three travelers cover the last distance to a huge portal, big enough to drive trucks through.

Harkness and Stanton stare at the portal in awe. Inscribed in the granite above the portal is:

C.I.B.O.L.A.

PROJECT #7

FOR ALL MANKIND

Stanton smiles weakly.

STANTON

Cibola!

Stanton collapses, Harkness catches her-- keeps her on her feet.

Harkness assists Stanton into the dark passage. Tulliver follows.

Harkness's nightvision POV: We see a long passageway, rough-hewn walls.

A bit of silvery moonlight shines down the passage.

At the end, a massive door, 12 feet high, 15 feet wide, like a bank vault door: rusty steel ribs and rivets the size of tea cups.

Stanton rests, leaning on the rock wall.

Tulliver sizes up the door, pulls uselessly on a handle on the right side.

TULLIVER

There's no way to open it, I've already tried.

STANTON

(weakly)

Turn the crank.

Harkness and Tulliver look at her confused.

TULLIVER

The crank?

Stanton gestures weakly to a spindle left of center.

Tulliver moves to it, points at it.

TULLIVER (CONT'D)

This?

Stanton nods.

STANTON

Try it.

TULLIVER

It's old. And crusty.

HARKNESS

Try it anyway.

Tulliver applies force to the crank. It creaks and groans but will not turn any further.

Harkness assists and they strain, turning the crank several times, rusty tumblers moving inside the door...

Suddenly the handle locks, and Tulliver looks at Stanton.

STANTON

Now pull it.

Harkness pulls the door by the handle and a hellacious groaning erupts like a hundred tubas blating.

Harkness goes to Stanton and assists her to move forward.

The travelers step through the door into a black passage.

INT. CIBOLA - CONTINUOUS

NIGHTVISION POV: A wide passageway extends to infinity, with multiple branches and intersections. The paint is peeling off the walls, but otherwise the passage is clean and clear.

The travelers move further in.

Tulliver scoffs.

TULLIVER

Another Oubliette.

The travelers move slowly down the passage, Stanton leaning weakly on Harkness's arm, blind in the dark.

STANTON

I can see nothing. Where is it?
What do you see? Cibola...

TULLIVER

There's nothing to see.

STANTON

Harkness, is it true? Is there
nothing? Nothing at all?

NIGHTVISION POV, advancing down the hallway, a laser-cut metal plaque, crusted with a patina of time, lists several names: Musk, Brin, Gates, Wozniak, Arnault, Ellison, Bezos, and many others, familiar and unfamiliar, the builders of the project.

Stanton, seen through Harkness's nightvision POV, looks terrified and insane.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Nothing at all. All gone. The
fruit... Cibola! The fruit! I am
lost too. Cibola! I am lost too!

She collapses-- unconscious.

INT. CIBOLA MEDICAL ROOM - LATER

NIGHTVISION POV: High angle looking down at Stanton lying on a narrow hospital bed in complete darkness.

She writhes and moans softly and awakens. Her eyes open, but she cannot see in the blackness.

She speaks to herself, her voice a whisper:

STANTON

Why did I come here? Why, really?
I think it was my guilt. For so
long, I gave orders-- and took
none. I've eaten well the food
from other's hands and made not
one morsel of food myself. I've
produced nothing but a continuity
of suffering and want. It's
fitting, then, perhaps, that I
spend the rest of my days, as few
as they might be, here. Alone.
Marooned within a mountain. An
empty, black void.

A familiar, mocking chuckle-- Tulliver.

Stanton's face turns unseeing to the sound.

TULLIVER

You people are so absurd.

Somewhere in the distance, large, mechanical relays trigger, echoing electrically through the darkness.

A hum builds from somewhere-- and grows in intensity.

Suddenly a rhythmic snapping begins, faintly, growing steadily-- when it's loudest, the room becomes suddenly bright as the overhead LED light panels switch on. Some of the panels immediately flicker and die, some remain on, giving ample light.

Tulliver is squatting on a metal and plastic cabinet above Stanton's bed, looming like a gargoye.

Stanton blinks as her eyes adjust to the light. Half her face is sunburned-- she looks like hell.

The room is big and full of beds. Plastic and steel machinery suggests a medical wing. Fabrics hang in tatters suggesting great age. Metal surfaces are dull and crusted, but the place looks orderly, tidy and unused.

Harkness is standing in the doorway, observing Stanton and Tulliver. He enters.

HARKNESS

Does the light please you, my lady?

STANTON

Yes, but how?

HARKNESS

By the Pundit's hand, I presume. He made it work again when he visited here. I merely toggled a switch.

Harkness runs a hand over the smooth plastic surface of a medical machine.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

This oubliette is full of strange things. Such strange, wonderful things.

Harkness approaches Stanton's bed.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

I've now seen both worlds, the Old and the New.

He puts a hand tenderly on her shoulder.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
Tulliver and I shall return to the
Oubliette and bring people who can
help you.

Stanton looks into Harkness's dark eyes. She puts her hand over his and squeezes it tightly.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - THE NEXT NIGHT

Harkness and Tulliver leave Cibola and strike out across the salt pan toward the Oubliette.

HARKNESS
Do you think she will survive?

Tulliver ponders this.

TULLIVER
She has a lot of spirit.

They take a few more steps.

TULLIVER (CONT'D)
I love it here, Harkness.

HARKNESS
Yessss...

They take a few more steps.

TULLIVER
Harkness-- do I owe anything? To
the people? To the Oubliette?

Harkness considers this.

HARKNESS
You owe nothing more than what you
feel your life is worth.

Tulliver stares at Harkness as they walk.

TULLIVER
Harkness...

HARKNESS
Yes?

TULLIVER

There's another way to the
Oubliette. The journey can be made
in just three days, rather than
five.

A beat.

TULLIVER (CONT'D)

I'll show you the way.

Harkness nods, his gaze fixed forward. He puts a hand on
Tulliver's shoulder.

They walk on.

INT. CIBOLA "TOUR" - LATER

Stanton sits on the edge of the bed in the medical room, a
disintegrating blanket wrapped over her shoulders.

She is weak and weary, but intensely curious about the place.

She struggles to her feet and steps over to the machinery that
Harkness touched before. She runs her fingers over it.

CUT TO:

Stanton in a work shop: Metal lathes, band saws, grinders.
Tools neatly line the walls.

She turns the handle on a drill press, arcing her head
curiously at it's movement.

CUT TO:

Stanton in a supplies warehouse: high steel shelves stacked to
the ceiling with plastic wrapped pallets. Faded, wrinkled
labels that read: Copper Wire, Tin Ingots, Fasteners, Cement,
Rubber Sheets, and all kinds of other resources.

CUT TO:

Stanton in a large dining hall: Dozens and dozens of tables.

CUT TO:

A seed repository: Stanton wanders aisle after aisle of high-
tech, hermetically sealed bins:

Arugula Seeds - Rocket

Beet Seeds - Detroit, Dark Red

Cauliflower Seeds - Snowball Y Improved

Corn Seeds - Golden Beauty

And on and on...

Stanton's face breaks, a tearful smile.

CUT TO:

An enormous hydroponic garden and indoor grow room.

Stanton flips a switch on a wall and several UV panels above flicker on, casting bluish light over the empty troughs.

CUT TO:

Stanton in a food warehouse: High shelves with sealed plastic and steel storage tubs with various labels:

"RICE" "BEEF" "CANDY" "CHOCOLATE" "FRUIT"

She slides a storage tub out and unzips it's seal and then pulls up the lid. A sharp hiss as air fills the vacuum chamber. She reaches in and pulls out a foil pouch, labeled "Dehydrated Fruit - Mixed -247 Kg - Packed 10/17/2052"

She tears the seal on the package, another hiss and the package plumps up as air enters it.

Stanton peers inside. Sniffs it. She pulls out a wrinkled bit of fruit. She puts it in her mouth.

It's still good.

Tears fall from her eyes and face as Stanton lowers herself to the floor. She sits, her back leaning against the food bin, laughing and crying at the same time, rows and rows of such shelves above her, stretching into the distance.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - TIMELAPSE/MONTAGE

Various artistic angles of the White Garden, cycling through day/night, suggesting the passage of time. We see old sights and new: the City-sculpture, Las Vegas, the well, the mine, the house.

In the grotto, three alien-looking quadrapeds warily approach Kento's corpse.

INTERCUT with slow-motion footage of Tulliver and Harkness running toward the Oubliette, heroically, bounding over rocks, dashing up hills, leaping over divides.

Finally, the two Goblins arc into the perimeter of the Oubliette: we see the familiar desiccated trees, oxidizing cars, crumbled houses... and the graveyard.

EXT. THE GRAVEYARD - CONTINUOUS

Harkness and Tulliver emerge around the corner of a foundation, startling a few dozen human MOURNERS, standing over a freshly dug grave-- including Olivetti, Manners, Chalmers and Johansson.

The humans and the Goblins stare at each other for a moment in surprise.

A strange tension builds between the two sides. Harkness breaks the moment:

HARKNESS

Who is it that you bury tonight?

Silence for an uncomfortable beat.

CHALMERS

His flesh is not for you, Goblin!

Harkness takes a few slow steps forward-- warily.

HARKNESS

Our bellies are full, dear lady.
The White Garden holds many
delights, yes? At least, for my
kind.

JOHANSSON

Stay back, Harkness! We've not
forgotten your deceptions!

Olivetti steps out from the throng.

OLIVETTI

Let him pass, so that he may lay
eyes upon this marker.

The crowd slowly shuffles apart to make a path.

Harkness peers at Olivetti as he passes and approaches a freshly dug grave.

Tulliver stays back and recedes into the darkness, concealing himself behind a partially collapsed wall.

Harkness steps into the midst of the people and looks at the grave marker:

GIVENS - SUPREME LEADER - IN DEFENSE OF THE OUBLIETTE

Harkness is thunderstruck.

HARKNESS
Givens... Givens...

Harkness lowers himself to a knee, head lowered, one hand on the metal cross.

OLIVETTI
He gave his life for me, Harkness.
When the Goblins came.

A beat.

HARKNESS
Givens. My old friend.

MANNERS
"Old friend?" He cursed your kind
as he lay dying.

Harkness sobs.

HARKNESS
It can't be.

Olivetti stares down at Harkness sadly.

CHALMERS
I hope the truth of it BURNS you,
Harkness! BURNS you to ashes!

OLIVETTI
Where's Kento?

Harkness slowly rises to his feet, faces Olivetti, shaking his head.

The crowd murmurs with pent-up anger.

Olivetti suppresses her rising despair.

OLIVETTI (CONT'D)
And Stanton?

Harkness sighs.

HARKNESS
Dear, dear Stanton-- When we left
her, she was alive. I pray she
lives still.

HARKNESS

'Tis my fault, dear lady. I denied
our nature for so long, I began to
believe it wasn't real.

OLIVETTI

What will become of us?

Harkness holds Olivetti in his embrace as the crowd grows more
and more uncomfortable.

JOHANSSON

Release her, Harkness!

Harkness and Olivetti, still locked in embrace, stare at the
crowd together.

INT. CORRIDORS, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Harkness stalks through the Oubliette, inspecting the
destruction: Blood spattered on a wall. Weapons and debris
strewn about.

He slowly turns a corner and peers into the Dining Hall.

The tables are tossed and smashed. Bowls and utensils flung
everywhere. The old piano is knocked over, it's guts hanging
out.

A sad-faced man silently creeps up behind Harkness.

SAD-FACED MAN

This is where it ended.

INT. CAVERN, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Harkness walks through the slime harvesting caverns and fish
ponds. They are empty and abandoned.

INT. HARKNESS'S QUARTERS, OUBLIETTE - LATER

Harkness enters his quarters. He surveys his room and his
possessions, studies the faces of his ancestors on the wall.

He approaches the portraits, finding himself on the right-hand
side of the lineage now-- the GOBLIN SIDE. He touches the face
of his father...

HARKNESS

He could be cruel...

Suddenly, Olivetti appears at the door.

OLIVETTI
Harkness, you will come with me.

HARKNESS
Am I to be arrested now?

OLIVETTI
Please, just come with me.

Harkness hesitates, then moves past Olivetti into the corridor, where he sees two armed guards.

INT. JAIL, OUBLIETTE - MOMENTS LATER

Olivetti and Harkness come around a corner into the jail area where several humans, including Johansson and Chalmers are taking turns beating someone with rubber truncheons.

Manners stands off, staring dispassionately at the torture.

They open ranks to reveal Tulliver, bound with manacles.

Tulliver sees Harkness and sobs pathetically.

TULLIVER
Help me...

Harkness is aghast.

Chalmers delivers a thunderous blow to Tulliver.

HARKNESS
You will stop this!

Chalmers sneers at Harkness, and she swings again.

CHALMERS
No!

Johansson swings another truncheon. Tulliver moans.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
STOP THIS!!!

Harkness hisses, bears his fangs and extends his claws-- ready to take on the humans.

OLIVETTI
(to Johansson)
Stop it. And tell him why.

JOHANSSON
We caught this Goblin attempting
to open the cell!

OLIVETTI
(to Harkness)
To release the others.

Olivetti nods at an iron door.

Another blow booms out-- and ANOTHER!

Harkness is fed up! He hisses and advances into the group of humans, slashing and striking impressively.

The humans are driven back by his fury-- bloodied.

OLIVETTI (CONT'D)
STOP!!! All of you! Johansson,
Chalmers! No more!

Harkness stops-- but he's ready for more if need be.

OLIVETTI (CONT'D)
(to Harkness)
Your people are in here.

Olivetti nods at the iron door.

Harkness backs away from the humans, toward the iron door and looks inside through a small window.

Four Goblins squat on the floor, three females, one of them is Deeta. One male: Wilbur.

Harkness sighs and shakes his head.

HARKNESS
Deeta...

Deeta looks up at the door.

DEETA
Harkness...

HARKNESS
Are you hurt?

DEETA
No.

Wilbur looks up at Harkness, then stands.

WILBUR
You! You are the cause of this!

DEETA

Hold your tongue, Wilbur. Harkness is not to blame. We killed. We ate the pink-meat.

Wilbur listens and chuckles, nodding.

WILBUR

(to Harkness)

What can I say? She's not wrong.

HARKNESS

Why did you do it, Wilbur?

Wilbur's face turns frighteningly feral.

WILBUR

Because I was HUNGRY!!!

Harkness steps back from the door.

Johansson looks at Harkness with fear and anger.

JOHANSSON

You see? It's not just The Law we uphold, now, Harkness. We fight for our very LIVES!

Harkness takes this all in. He stares at Tulliver, the faces of the humans. He stares at Olivetti.

HARKNESS

(Evenly)

Release them.

Chalmers steps up to Harkness and stares at him incredulously. She smiles. She laughs!

CHALMERS

You're insane! Mr. Bones has ROTTED your brain, Goblin!

Harkness ignores the insults, turns to Olivetti.

HARKNESS

Olivetti, let Mr. Bones mete out his justice and let your conscience rest. Release my people to the surface and you'll see of them no more, but you'll sleep well to know that it was not by YOUR HAND that their fates were sealed.

Olivetti looks at the faces of the humans.

OLIVETTI

I'm not even sure if these people
will follow such an order.

HARKNESS

But it IS in your nature to give
it.

Olivetti looks miserably at Harkness.

Harkness turns to Johansson.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

Will you accept such an order?

JOHANSSON

Why should we?

HARKNESS

Because you will die here, rotting
and starving, in foul darkness if
you don't.

The humans stare at Harkness, shocked.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

You will die for the crime of
exterminating my race.

Olivetti gasps.

Manners pushes between two of the jailers and studies
Harkness's eyes, seaching for the truth.

MANNERS

Those are BOLD words, Harkness.

Olivetti exhales a slight moan.

OLIVETTI

His words have the ring of truth!

Olivetti searches Harkness's inky eyes.

OLIVETTI (CONT'D)

Stanton...

HARKNESS

She awaits us in Cibola, madam.

EXT. THE GRAVEYARD - THE NEXT NIGHT

Harkness is standing before the new graveyard with the fresh graves, crosses and markers stretching far away into the night.

The freed Goblins approach Harkness from behind, Tulliver leading. Harkness turns to them.

The guards stand off at a distance, clubs, shields and spears ready.

Tulliver and Harkness size each other up for a moment.

TULLIVER

When they get what they want from you, Harkness, I will not be there to protect you.

WILBUR

Nor I.

TULLIVER

You place much trust in the pink-meats.

WILBUR

Too much trust.

HARKNESS

Mayhaps. Mayhaps. But I have struck my bargain.

Tulliver chuckles.

TULLIVER

(smiling)

Honor. You exalt those human virtues they themselves forget. They don't deserve you, Harkness.

Harkness puts his hand out to Tulliver. Tulliver looks at it and awkwardly shakes it, and moves past Harkness.

Deeta approaches Harkness, peers at him, and glances nervously into the night.

DEETA

What will we find out there, Harkness?

Harkness ponders this.

HARKNESS

The flesh-- of our future.

Deeta smiles and moves past him and joins the rest of the Goblins, setting out into the White Garden.

Harkness watches them for a moment, then turns to Johansson and the guards and strides toward them.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
We leave immediately.

He passes them.

JOHANSSON
But we haven't...

HARKNESS
(Explosively)
Take NOTHING! You will need
NOTHING!

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - LATER

A montage showing Harkness leading the bedraggled human survivors through the White Garden at night.

EXT. CIBOLA - LATER

The survivors, led by Harkness step out onto the broad salt pan before Cibola Mountain.

They stare at it.

OLIVETTI
I confess, Harkness, I am afraid
to take these last steps. What
will we find in Cibola? Are we
worthy to receive it?

A beat.

OLIVETTI (CONT'D)
And most of all, I'm afraid my
eyes will behold Stanton's
lifeless body, and I fear that her
death will be more than my soul
can bear.

Harkness stares at her for a moment, also feeling that fear, then touches her shoulder.

Suddenly, a bright beacon shines from the top of the mountain, sweeping a brilliant, white beam across the blighted landscape. A beam that could be seen for a hundred miles.

The survivors gasp!

Harkness smiles, understanding.

HARKNESS

She lives.

Harkness leads the survivors forward, and they follow.

INT. CIBOLA CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stanton watches the survivors coming forward on an infrared video monitor for a moment, then slowly rises with effort and leaves the control room.

INT. CIBOLA MAIN PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The survivors wander down the passageway, eyes wide in wonder, peering into rooms and murmuring in low tones.

Olivetti and Harkness walk together.

They turn into the medical wing.

INT. CIBOLA MEDICAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stanton is sitting on her bed, a blanket wrapped over her shoulders, smiling as Olivetti and Harkness enter.

Olivetti runs to Stanton. Stanton rises with effort.

They embrace.

OLIVETTI

Thanks be to God, you're alive.
Your face is a most welcome sight!

Stanton looks at Harkness, her eyes melting.

Stanton breaks out of Olivetti's embrace and plows into Harkness's arms.

STANTON

(to Harkness)
Your face is the most welcome.

HARKNESS

At your service, my lady.

Stanton smiles warmly at Harkness. And Olivetti.

STANTON

Come with me. Let me show you
Cibola.

Stanton walks slowly, leaning on Harkness for support, exiting the infirmary.

They walk past the massive rooms that Stanton had seen before, well stocked, well provisioned. Eyes wide in wonder.

Stanton touches a button on the wall, and a door slides open.

Harkness and Olivetti startle and look concerned.

Stanton smiles.

STANTON (CONT'D)

It's okay. Enter this small room.

They do so.

She touches a button on the inside panel and the elevator door closes -- the sudden drop is jarring to Harkness who holds onto the wall.

Stanton smiles again.

Olivetti's brow furrows a little.

OLIVETTI

Cibola is a fine place, most assuredly. For now at least. But I can't help thinking that after a handful of generations, it's grandeur will have been depleted, like the Oubliette.

The elevator doors open and Olivetti turns and looks down the passage, at first not comprehending the sight before her. Harkness stares ahead as well, taking it in.

Stanton smiles.

A massive glass tunnel stretches into the vast distance. A riot of green foliage presses against the cylinder, back-lit by some huge, unknown source of light.

The three Elders exit the elevator, staring, jaws agape.

They advance to a conveyor that begins to move as they step onto it, gently propelling them forward through the tunnel.

Trees loom over them. Massive ferns. Palms. Ficus. Alder, all swaying in a gentle breeze.

Olivetti's eyes fill with tears. She begins to tremble.

Harkness supports her.

OLIVETTI (CONT'D)
 (voice breaking)
 I've heard of such things. Kento
 told me of such things. Kento...

Olivetti sobs.

The conveyor terminates at the end of the tunnel, and the Elders step off, slowly, carefully, looking in amazement.

They stand upon a prominence overlooking a valley carved out of the heart of the mountain that stretches into the distance, a few miles or more.

A waterfall to the left that forms a river flowing through the valley. Hills, trees, plants, animals, birds-- real birds!

LIFE!

Harkness studies the roof of the cave high above: Hundreds of massive light-portals filter and focus the daylight down into the valley like enormous skylights.

STANTON
 I think we can live here. For a
 VERY long time.

INT. CIBOLA MEDICAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Manners is leafing through a medical book, it's laminated pages meant to survive the ages. She stops on a page:

"MITIGATING THE EFFECTS OF THE DWARF NEUTRON BODY"

It's a how to book, pages of diagrams, tables, instructions.

Manners shakes her head in astonishment, then looks up to see CHALMERS stumble into the Medical Room, red-rimmed eyes like saucers.

MANNERS
 Are you all right, Chalmers? Are
 you ill?

Chalmers shakes her head.

MANNERS (CONT'D)
 Because if Mr. Bones has you-- by
 God, I believe I can heal you.

Chalmers shakes her head again, holds onto a bed rail and lowers herself onto one of the hospital beds. Manners approaches her.

MANNERS (CONT'D)

What is it?

Chalmers stares up at Manners.

CHALMERS

We owe our lives... to those
Goblins.

Manners smiles grimly and nods.

EXT. CIBOLA PORTAL - DUSK

Stanton and Harkness walk through the massive vault door and into the long, rocky tunnel that leads outside, where Stella and Mr. Bones are casting their last, multi-prismatic rays before sundown.

They walk silently. Stanton, pale but recovering.

They stop short of the entrance and stand, gazing out.

They turn to each other and stand closely, staring into each other's eyes.

STANTON

It's time for you to go now?

Harkness frowns.

HARKNESS

I must.

STANTON

We are in your debt, Harkness. I--
I am in your debt.

HARKNESS

No. There are no debts, not
anymore. All of that is wiped
clean.

Harkness looks troubled.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

But now...

STANTON

Now, you must go-- to them.

EXT. THE WHITE GARDEN - DUSK

Somewhere far away, the five remaining Goblins emerge from a high cave, one by one.

STANTON (VOICE OVER)
They're waiting for you. Out there.

The Goblins move down steep terrain.

Into a valley.

They are running-- hunting!

STANTON (VOICE OVER) (CONT'D)
To lead them into the future.

EXT. POOL, THE WHITE GARDEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Harkness stands before a pool of water in the rocky terrain of the White Garden-- the image from his DREAM.

He steps down into the water. Wading in slowly, staring into it's inky depths.

STANTON (VOICE OVER)
By the light of a new sun.

Mr. Bones is reflected on the gently rippling surface of the water.

But something shiny is glittering on the bottom of the pool.

Harkness reaches for it.

STANTON (VOICE OVER) (CONT'D)
Shining over the New World.

Harkness lifts his hand from the water.

He is holding a small, gold amulet: a sun and it's companion, joined by a curling tendril-- Stella and Mr. Bones.

EXT. CIBOLA PORTAL - DUSK (PRESENT)

Stanton and Harkness stand close together. She is staring at the amulet, fastened on Harkness's chest.

HARKNESS
I will lead them-- if they'll have me.

(MORE)

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
And we shall find the Pundit's
Oubliette.

Stanton nods, glancing again at the amulet on Harkness's chest.

STANTON
And when you do...

HARKNESS
My people shall lead them here.

Stanton nods, smiling faintly.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
I am that tendril that joins the
two bodies.

Harkness walks away from her toward the mouth of the portal.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
Mayhaps we shall never be one. But
mayhaps, one day, both our peoples
will choose to look at one another
as the children of God.

Stanton nods.

Harkness is about to leave, but turns one last time, a twinkle
in his eye.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
And you will choose to call me
husband.

Stanton smiles and nods ever so faintly.

Harkness steps to the edge of the portal, almost in the
flickering golden light.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
I can dream-- can't I?

Harkness steps into the dazzling light-- and is gone.

CREDITS

THE END