

# JONNY Quest

story and screenplay

by

Fred Dekker

*Based on the animated television series  
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BR / IS



*I've wrought my simple plan  
if I give one hour of joy  
to the boy who's half a man,  
or the man who's half a boy.*

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle  
The Last World

It starts with a DRUM SOLO.

Gene Krupa-style. Jungle rhythm. Building momentum, until it becomes a wailing BLAST of early '60s JAZZ BRASS and our MAIN TITLE logo appears -- a gleaming promise of high adventure:

**"JONNY QUEST"**

**BLACK SCREEN**

Jungle sounds.  
BUZZING insects. Tropical BIRD-CALLS.  
Distant CRIES of animals you never want to meet.

**FADE IN**

**EXT. LOST CITY - BAHITI ISLAND - NIGHT**

A MASSIVE STONE BUDDHA looms in the moonlight.  
Mottled blue. Overgrown with vines and creepers.  
It is roughly two thousand years old.

A PANTHER drinks from a stream.  
Looks up, tense. Eyes glittering like diamonds.  
HIGH-POWERED GUNFIRE splits the night, and

**A FLOCK OF BATS**

EXPLODES from the jungle canopy, AS --

**A TERRIFIED SCIENTIST**

BOLTS from the undergrowth as the foliage around him is SHREDDED BY GUNFIRE!!

**QUICK CUTS - MEN IN JUMPSUITS AND VISORS**

TEAR through the jungle with TRACKING DOGS and automatic weapons.  
A high-pitched JET-WHINE splits the air as --

**TWO FUTURISTIC HOVER-PLATFORMS**

BREAK through the branches, fifteen feet off the ground.  
ARMED MEN ride them like chariots, two abreast.

## THE SCIENTIST

BURSTS into a clearing. But the flying platforms BLOCK his escape -- and DESCEND with deafening TURBO-WHINES.

VOICE

You may return to your post, Herr doctor.

A GAUNT FIGURE limps into the moonlight. Skeletal features, wire-rimmed spectacles. He wears the traditional eagle-and-swastika pin of the *Nazi Waffen SS*. His name is VON DUFFEL, and he calmly aims a Walther P-38.

VON DUFFEL

I would prefer not to ask a second time.

The scientist looks around frantically. Surrounded.

RENEGADE SCIENTIST

For God's sake, Von Duffel -- the war's over!  
The plan's insane, don't you see that?

VON DUFFEL

Insane, you say...

He grins, revealing a row of uneven, filmy-gray teeth.

VON DUFFEL

That's what they said about the Führer.

The scientist's flesh crawls. Panic sets in. He RUNS. One of the stormtroopers LEVELS his rifle, but Von Duffel KNOCKS the barrel aside.

VON DUFFEL

Let him go.

(glances up, ominously)

Perhaps *Turu* would like to play...

His sudden LAUGHTER echoes through

## THE JUNGLE

as the scientist TEARS through it, adrenaline PUMPING. He STOPS. Breathing hard. Listens for his pursuers. And then... He HEARS something else:

An unearthly SHRIEK.

The man's blood runs cold, and he is RUNNING again, CLAWING wildly at vines and branches, until --

A SHADOW overtakes him. Winged. Reptilian.

With a FLAP of leathery wings, the thing SWOOPS DOWN, and we catch just a fleeting glimpse of a jagged, PREHISTORIC BEAK --

RENEGADE SCIENTIST  
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAaaaiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!

His SCREAMS die on the wind, and we are left with one last, arresting image:

THE CREATURE

Its massive, bony wing-span flapping in eerie silhouette against the bright full moon.

CUT TO:

EXT. HONG KONG STREET - NIGHT

Neon dragons reflect in oily, rainwashed pavement. Paper lanterns glow. From nearby, a POUNDING OF DRUMS and POPPING of firecrackers, because... just around the corner, a Chinese New Year celebration is in full swing.

Too bad there's a damn cold war on.

SUPER: HONG KONG  
 1964

A MAN in a blue sharkskin suit stands alone under a streetlamp, smoking a cigarette. His close-cropped, white-blond hair and rugged good looks evoke '50s movie star Jeff Chandler.

Meet ROGER "RACE" BANNON, secret agent.

The SOUNDS of a parade grow LOUDER as Race's chiseled features swim in his Marlboro smoke. ECHO of approaching footsteps.

A short, sweaty MOLE-FACED MAN emerges from the dark. Stands beside Race in a trench coat and thick, horn-rimmed glasses.

MOLE-FACE  
 (ominously)  
 The dragon is coming...

He raises a cigarette to his lips. Without looking at him, Race hands him a gunmetal Ronson lighter.

RACE  
 And the firecrackers..?

The man **FLICKS** the lighter, face eerily dappled in flame.

**MOLE-FACE**

They fight evil spirits.

Oh, *now* we get it: a pre-arranged code.

**MOLE-FACE**

You are **Bannon**.

**RACE**

You're not Chan.

**MOLE-FACE**

Chan was detained. Fatally, I'm afraid...

The boisterous **GOLDEN DRAGON PARADE** appears from around the corner. Colorfully-masked **DANCERS** lead a long, paper maché **DRAGON** with snapping jaws and flashing red eyes.

**MOLE-FACE**

But I assure you, I am most discreet.

He returns Race's lighter... along with a tiny **MICROFILM CARTRIDGE**. Race pockets them both.

**RACE**

Yeah, I noticed the trench coat. Why don't you a just wear a sign that says "spy" on it?

**MOLE-FACE**

I have not lived this long by being careless, my friend.

A cord of **FIRECRACKERS EXPLODE** near their feet.

Mole-face's expression turns oddly slack, and he **SLUMPS FORWARD**. As Race holds him up, blood **SEEPS** between his fingers from the clean bullet hole in the man's **back**.

**THE PINK AND GOLD KOMADA DRAGON** finally **PASSES, REVEALING:**

**FIVE STERN-LOOKING CHINESE** in suits. The Triad.

**TRIAD GANGSTER**

When you've finished your dance, Mr. Bannon, we'll have that microfilm.

Race slowly lowers the corpse in his arms. One hand blocked from view, he reaches for a hidden ankle holster.

**TRIAD GANGSTER**

Poor Agent Dong. Rumor has it his name was --  
how should one say it -- less than apt?

The gangsters' amusement is short-lived.

**RACE**

Don't count on it, Chuckles.

In one clean motion, Race **SPINS** the corpse front-ways, **SHOVES HIS BLAZING .45** between the dead man's legs, **AND FIRES --**

**BLAMMIBLAMMIBLAMMIBLAMMI**

The goons go down like mahjong tiles. That's the good news. Here's the bad news:

**SEVEN MASKED, SILK-ROBED FIGURES**

stand in the street, blocking Race's escape. The Dancers from the Dragon Procession. They **DROP** their robes to reveal fighting stances and lethal **MARTIAL ARTS WEAPONS.**

Race **HURLS** Mole-face's body at two of them, and **SPIN-KICKS** into a third, sending him **CRASHING** through a plate glass window!

He **GRABS** a fourth in an Aikido hold, **SPINS** him around and -- **CRACK!** Levels a roundhouse right that **SHATTERS** the man's mask. The remaining **TRIADS** close in, **SPINNING NUNCHUKS,** as --

**A RED 1962 CORVETTE STING RAY CONVERTIBLE**

**SCREAMS TO A HALT** directly in front of them! The lady at the wheel is gorgeous in a Nehru-collared silk blouse, red bandanna, and leather racing gloves. Remember the young Lauren Bacall? She's been re-born.

**"JEZEBEL" JADE**

Hello, handsome. Want a lift?

Race doesn't have to think about it. He **DIVES** into the shotgun side and Jade **SLAMS** the gas pedal just as armed **TRIAD GANGSTERS** appear out of nowhere, **FIRING** after them --!

One of them **BARKS** in urgent Cantonese into a walkie-talkie.



### JADE'S VETTE - MOVING FAST

Jade works the clutch like Steve McQueen, one eye on the rearview mirror. Slouched behind the passenger seat, Race looks at her with affection. **DRAWS** his Beretta.

**RACE**

Jezebel Jade, are you ever a sight for sore eyes.

He **SLAMS IN** a fresh clip. Gives her a kiss on the cheek as

A 1963 CHRYSLER TURBINE

**SQUEALS** into view behind them, loaded with enemy agents, *guns BLAZING!* Bullets **SPIT** and **WHINE** off the 'Vette's chassis!

**JADE**

There goes my finish.  
(In the rearview mirror)  
Who're your little friends, Race?

**RACE**

I don't know, but they like to play rough.

As she **DUCKS** bullets, she shoots him a seductive glance.

**JADE**

Funny, that's how I like it. Remember Lisbon?

Race smiles as he **RETURNS FIRE -- BLAMMBLAMMI!**

**RACE**

How could I forget? What was that, two years ago?

**JADE**

Five and three months, but who's counting?

Which is when she spots --

**TWO BLACK '61 DODGE FLITEWINGS**

barrelling straight toward them.

A hail of bullets **STRAFE JADE'S WINDSHIELD**, rendering it a sudden spider web of **CRACKS!** She **PUNCHES** the glass clear.

JADE

I hope you like fish.

And coolly YANKS the wheel, the 'Vette careening into

AN OPEN-AIR MARKET

where it PLOWS THROUGH A FISH DISPLAY! SEA BASS RAIN DOWN on hapless LOCALS as they DIVE out of the way, and -- Flitewing #1 SKIDS OUT OF CONTROL, into a display, as --

JADE'S VETTE

ZOOMS through the indoor market, Car #2 still on its tail.

RACE

Who're you working for these days? CIA?  
Warner Brothers?

JADE

Whoever treats me the best, lover. You oughta know that by now.

RACE

Yeah, you're a real patriot.

JADE

Oh, now he's pouting. I don't remember *you* making any promises --

Race FIRES over the seatback AT

THE SECOND FLITEWING

SPAKKI The windshield CRACKS, and THE DRIVER slumps forward with a bullet hole in his head. AN AGENT GRABS the wheel and YANKS, succeeding only in steering them UP A STAIRWAY, AND --

JADE'S VETTE

CRASHES THROUGH A DISPLAY WINDOW in a CASCADE OF GLASS, and FISHTAILS back into traffic, AS --

Behind them, the out-of-control Flitewing CRASHES through a second story window, SAILS into free space, and SLAMS to the street below with a nasty CRUNCH -- !

JADE

Oh, poo. I was just starting to have fun.

Race holsters his Beretta, loosens his tie.

RACE

I think you can slow down now.

JADE

That's what you said in Monte Carlo. Is that why you ran away, Race? I was going too fast?

RACE

I like fast. Monte Carlo was strictly business.

(nods up ahead)

There's my hotel. Pull over.

EXT. HONG KONG HILTON - NIGHT

The 'Vette SCREECHES to a halt at curbside.

RACE

Don't worry about the body work. Intelligence One'll pick up the tab.

JADE

Speaking of body work: my junk's anchored in the harbor. How 'bout a pajama party? For old time's sake?

RACE

Sorry, baby. I gotta take a rain check.

He leans toward her, charm at full throttle.

RACE

But let's call this a down payment...

The kiss is hot. Passionate. Except for that dull metal JABBING into Race's chest. He looks down. SEES:

A cocked LADY DERRINGER in Jade's gloved hand.

RACE

I must have missed the subtitles.

She holds out her other hand. Palm up.

JADE

The microfilm, Race.

(off his look)

"Strictly business," remember?

Race grudgingly produces the MICROFILM, and SLAPS it angrily into her hand. She keeps the gun trained on him as he climbs out of the car, stands sheepishly on the curb.

JADE

Sorry, lover. A girl's gotta make a living. Ciao.

With a dazzling smile and a wiggle of her glove, she hits the gas... and disappears into the Hong Kong night.

RACE

Swell.

A MAN appears behind him. Thick build, dark suit, Italian sunglasses. Oh... and a *Walther P-5 9mm pistol*. He juts his chin toward an UNMARKED SEDAN, idling at the curb.

MAN WITH SUNGLASSES

Get in.

A SECOND DARK-SUITED MAN waits in the car, an ominous attaché case on the seat beside him.

RACE

Can I get a martini first?

Sunglasses nudges him forward with the gun barrel.

RACE

I guess that's a no.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - NIGHT

Race and the sunglasses man climb in. With a nod from the second man, the driver PULLS AWAY. The Hong Kong night blurs past as the two agents watch Race like stone gargoyles.

RACE

I don't have it.

MAN WITH ATTACHÉ CASE

No kidding.

RACE

But I can get it back.

The man casually holds up a STILETTO.

**MAN WITH ATTACHÉ CASE**

It's too late for that.

**SNIK!** The blade **JUTS OUT, AND --**

He **SLITS OPEN** a **'TOP SECRET'** seal on a thick manual in the briefcase. **TOSSES** the manual to Race.

Meet **JENNINGS CORVEN**. Intelligence One, Washington.

**CORVEN**

You're being re-assigned.

With confusion, Race stares at the manual, its cover emblazoned with bold, official-looking lettering:

**QUEST ONE TURBOJET VLTO STRATOCRUISER  
OPERATOR'S MANUAL  
\* EYES ONLY \***

**RACE**

What's "Quest"?

**CORVEN**

Not what. Who. Dr. Benton Quest.

**RACE**

The physicist?

**CORVEN**

(nods)

The Pentagon built that for him, to the tune of two million bucks. You get to fly it if you can figure out how.

**RACE**

This guy must be pretty important.

**CORVEN**

Not much. He only took the Nobel this year under an assumed name.

He picks up a phone. The old kind, with a springy cord and rotary dial. As he dials, Race glances at the first agent. Gestures to his sunglasses.

**RACE**

I hate to break it to you, Stevens. It's nighttime.

Stevens is unmoved. Corven looks at his watch.

**CORVEN**

(into phone)

It's Corven. Tell the flight crew we'll be on-board in two minutes.

He hangs up. Continues the briefing:

**CORVEN**

Quest's kind of a free-lance science consultant. Works for us, JPL, NASA. He's got five PhDs; nuclear and aeronautical physics, chemistry, metallurgy, quantum mechanics --

**RACE**

What, no belly dancing?

**CORVEN**

Put it this way: of the top four scientific minds in the world, he's three of 'em.

Race frowns, impressed.

**RACE**

The commies'd trade their funny hats to get in this guy's head.

**CORVEN**

That's where you come in. Stevens?

The other agent hands Race a dossier, tabbed 'File #037'.

**CORVEN**

Ever since his wife died, we've had a man on him, full time. Live-in bodyguard, pilot, trouble-shooter.

Race flips through the file. Glossy 8 x 10s, paper-clipped to stats. An island compound. A handsome, bearded man in his 40s.

**CORVEN**

Problem is, he goes through 'em like Kleenex. First one was a first-rate security op, but a lousy jet pilot. Another one didn't want to tutor his kid. This last one turned out to be a KGB mole.

The car SQUEALS to a halt.

**RACE**

Whoa, Nelly. *What kid?*

**EXT. HONG KONG AIRFIELD - NIGHT**

**AIRPORT LIGHTS** glow in the thick mist as Race gets out of the sedan, following the two agents across rain-slicked tarmac. A C-140 transport waits for them, engines **WHINING**.

**RACE**

I don't wanna rock the boat, but when you said "re-assigned," I thought you meant assassinate Castro or something. Now you're telling me I gotta baby-sit some egghead and his brat kid? *I'm a section four field agent, for Christ's sake!*

Corven hands his passport and diplomatic papers to an armed **GREEN BERET** at the base of the gantry. He turns to Race, **dour**.

**CORVEN**

A section four field agent doesn't hand government secrets on a silver platter to the first glamour-puss who offers him a ride.

He gestures for Race's passport. Defeated, Race grimly **SLAPS** his papers into the Green Beret's hand.

**RACE**

"Jonny Quest", huh... Sounds like a Saturday morning cartoon.

Corven stands on the gantry above him. **Stern**.

**CORVEN**

Cute, Bannon. Except every second you stand there wisecracking is a chance for a security breach at Palm Key...

**CUT TO:**

**THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BEACH YOU EVER SAW**

**Turquoise water.** Swaying palms. Sun-bleached white sand. And a high-tech **SPEED BOAT** moored to a jetty.

**SUPER:**

**PALM KEY, FLORIDA**

**WE PULL BACK,** UNDER the lip of a Frank Lloyd Wright-esque, cantilevered overhang... **THROUGH** venetian blinds... and **INTO...**

**INT. CORRIDOR - PALM KEY - DAY**

Low-slung shutters create slats of sunlight, broken by palm leaf shadows as a limber **FIGURE** creeps down the corridor, apparently dressed in black.

The figure sneaks past an inset brushed-aluminum door with a radiation symbol on it. His **GLOVED HAND** presses a button and a tiny, black-and-white TV image **BLINKS ON**:

**ON THE TV SCREEN**

A **MAN** with his back to the camera, back-lit by a blinding **LASER ARC**.

**THE BLACK-CLAD FIGURE**

flicks **OFF** the monitor and continues on with Ninja-like stealth.

**EXT. JETTY - PALM KEY - DAY**

The **SPEED BOAT** bobs in the water. Sleek. Raked windshield. Retractable skimmer-struts. The **QUEST HYDROFOIL**.

The black-clad figure approaches the boat. Steps aboard. Moves to the steering wheel and crouches beneath it.

Pulling a screwdriver from a belt satchel, he wedges the tip into the ignition-key plate when suddenly -- a high-pitched **BARKING** fills the air!

Startled, the would-be thief **SMACKS** his head on the bottom of the steering column. He looks up, and **WE REVEAL**:

The black-clad figure is, in fact, a twelve year old boy wearing a black turtleneck. Thick blonde hair. Soulful blue eyes.

Meet **JONNY QUEST**. Our hero.

He scowls at a small, mixed-breed **DOG**, **YAPPING** at him from the dock. The little pooch is white, with a mask-like band of black across his eyes.

**JONNY**

(frantic)

*Knock it off, Bandit! You're gonna get me --*

An ominous **SHADOW** falls across them both.

**JONNY**

*Bus... ted..*



He covers his eyes, squinting up at:

A MAN

standing silhouetted by the blazing sun. Red beard. White labcoat. He pulls a pair of round, dark-lensed goggles from his eyes. To say that DR. BENTON QUEST looks happy would be a grievous error.

DR. QUEST

What do you think you're doing?

JONNY

(rebellious)

Hot-wiring the hydrofoil.

DR. QUEST

I can see that.

(beat)

Why didn't you just ask me for the key?

JONNY

You'd say I'm too young.

DR. QUEST

You are too young.

JONNY

Now you know why I didn't ask.

Jonny pulls himself up, grumbling petulantly.

JONNY

What are you gonna do, *ground* me? Like there's anywhere to *go* on this stupid island. Why do you always treat me like a kid, anyway?!

DR. QUEST

I don't *always* treat you like a kid. Anyway, you're supposed to be doing your homework.

JONNY

(rolls his eyes)

I *finished* my stupid homework!

DR. QUEST

Good.

(beat)

Then you can show it to me, can't you?

The bravado drains out of Jonny like a toilet flushing.

INT. CORRIDOR - PALM KEY - DAY

As Quest strides down the corridor, Jonny trails after him with mounting panic. Bandit pads along behind them.

JONNY

Dad, um...

DR. QUEST

You know what entropy is, Jonny? The second law of thermodynamics? It proposes that chaos is the natural order unless one takes action to avert it.

JONNY

Sure, dad. Good. Um --

DR. QUEST

So even though your studies may seem useless now, ultimately they'll give you the knowledge you'll need to prevent the future from falling into chaos. Understand?

He arrives at Jonny's closed door, guarded by a poster: a leering, bloodshot-eyed cartoon drag racer by Ed "Big Daddy" Roth. Quest frowns, and opens the door. Jonny winces, knowing he's in for it.

INT. JONNY'S ROOM - DAY

A plastic ULTRA-MAN figure spins atop a monaural phonograph BLASTING a Ventures album. The room is a Hiroshima-like chaos of dirty socks, Mad magazines, and hanging model airplanes.

Quest crosses to Jonny's desk and picks up

JONNY'S HOMEWORK

A mimeographed quiz sheet. Across the top of the page is a math problem, and the words, "Show your work".

Underneath, Jonny has drawn a panorama of chaos. Flaming jets. Explosions. Dying Nazis. Blood.

Alas, no math to be seen.

**CLOSE ON QUEST**

as a pencil **DROPS** from the ceiling and **CLOCKS** him on the head. He looks up.

**QUEST'S POV - THE CEILING**

And a million tiny lead holes. Other pencils hangs there, their tips embedded in the mottled cork paneling. Quest looks at Jonny with the first inklings of parental wrath. Then... he blanches as something catches his eye:

A **FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH** on the bedside table. He picks it up, and --

**CLOSE ON JONNY**

as a moment he thought was bad suddenly becomes much, much worse. He whispers: "Oh, no..." and suddenly -- **BOLTS AWAY**, down the corridor as --

Dr. Quest stands, ashen, motionless, staring at

**THE FRAMED PHOTO**

A studio portrait of a woman, mid-30s, Jackie O. coiffure framing a sexy, yet melancholy beauty. And if there's one thing that strikes us about her, it is this:

When she was alive, **RACHEL QUEST** had the same, soulful eyes as her son...

**EXT. BEACH - PALM KEY - DAY**

Jonny sits on a fallen palm tree, absently doodling in the sand with a stick. Dr. Quest appears from the compound, scuffs through the sand. He silently takes a seat beside his son.

**JONNY**

(not looking up)

I know you don't like to have pictures of her around, but...

(eyes glistening with tears)

You ~~never~~ go in my room.

Awkward pause. His father looks out to sea.

**DR. QUEST**

The new bodyguard's coming today...

(pause)

Maybe you'll like this one. Maybe it won't be so lonely around here for you...

Clearly uncomfortable with expressing emotion, he reaches out, and gives Jonny's shoulder an awkward pat.

**DR. QUEST**

Well... Back to work. I think this new laser could have surgical applications...

He looks to Jonny, hoping for some sign of interest. Jonny just stares at his PF Flyers®. Quest sighs. Rises.

**JONNY**

(not looking up)

Dad..? You miss her, too, don't you?

Quest hesitates, his back to us. After a beat, he trudges off without a word. Jonny hears a tiny WHIMPER, and looks down...

There's BANDIT, looking at him with big, sad, puppy dog eyes.

**JONNY**

How could I be lonely, boy? I got you, don't I?

A distant SOUND rises on the horizon: WHUP-WHUP-WHUP. Jonny looks up, squinting into the sun.

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**A SIKORSKY SH-60 SEA HAWK TRANSPORT HELICOPTER**

Flying low over the water, the words 'United States Army' emblazoned on its side.

**POV FROM CHOPPER - APPROACHING PALM KEY**

And our first good look at the compound: low slung one-story buildings surrounded by chain-link and windswept beach. Radar and reception aerials adorn the main structure.

**EXT. LANDING PAD - PALM KEY - DAY**

Dr. Quest and Jonny squint under the rotor-wash as the Sikorsky LANDS. Bandit BARKS crazily as SEVERAL MEN emerge from the chopper, ducking the blades:

Corven. Race. And a five man MILITARY CONTINGENT.

Race has changed clothes; now wears a red shirt and khaki slacks. He carries his belongings in a valise. Bandit BARKS and BARKS as the rotors WHINE DOWN.

**CORVEN**

Doctor Quest? Jonny? I'd like you to meet  
Roger Bannon.

**RACE**

(shaking hands with Quest)

Call me Race.

He and Jonny exchange stiff nods, as Bandit **CONTINUES BARKING** hysterically, **YIPPING** and **YAPPING** like there's no tomorrow.

**RACE**

You. Cool it.

Like magic, Bandit **SHUTS UP**. Even *he* looks surprised.

The **MILITARY MEN** step forward: **MAJOR HAMILTON**, the **CO**; **COLONEL MESSICK** of Military Intelligence; and three nondescript but stern-looking **ENLISTED MEN**. They stand there ominously.

Quest notes the briefcase handcuffed to Messick's wrist. He produces a key from his coat pocket, and holds it out.

**DR. QUEST**

Jonny, why don't you show Mister Bannon the  
Quest One?

Jonny **GRABS** the key, barely able to contain his excitement.

**JONNY**

You bet! Come on, Mr. Bannon!

He runs off. Race glowers.

**RACE**

Call me Race.

**EXT. QUEST JET PEN - PALM KEY - DAY**

A high, chainlink fence topped with razor wire and plastered with "DANGER!" signs. Jonny **RUNS** up to a code panel, and types in a code. A small box *springs open*.

He flips a switch inside marked 'ELECTRIFIED FENCE' from 'ON' to 'OFF,' then uses the key to open a padlock on the gate. Leading the way through the gate, he turns to see Race staring up with amazement at:

**THE QUEST ONE TURBOJET VLTO STRATOCRUISER.**

Long, sleek titanium fuselage. Delta wing, rounded tips. Faired noseboom. High ventral fin. It makes a NASA rocket look like something from "The Flintstones".

**JONNY**

(smug)

The manual says Turbojet, but it really isn't. It's got --

**RACE**

-- an F-404 vectored thrust turbofan, I know, I read the manual. Where's, uh...

(looking around)

Where's the runway?

**JONNY**

Doesn't need one.

He walks past Race, grinning with utter superiority.

**JONNY**

Guess you didn't read the manual too good, did ya?

**SLAM CUT TO:**

**A SERIES OF GRAINY, BLACK-AND-WHITE SLIDES**

**JERK** into place on a screen, one by one.

**COLONEL MESSICK (O.S.)**

These are aerial survey photos of the Amazon river basin near Obidos...

**INT. QUEST LAB - REVERSE SHOT - INTERCUT**

Quest, Corven and the Military Officers sit, faces awash in the soft glow of the screen. Cigarette smoke swims in the throw of the projector lamp.

**COLONEL MESSICK**

Apart from the river itself, and the occasional clearing like the photo you're about to see, the area's comprised of dense jungle for roughly a thousand square miles...

**COLONEL MESSICK (CONT'D)**

Last week, Station B in Bolivia spotted something strange in one of the pictures...

**K-CHUKI** A NEW SLIDE appears. Like the others, an overhead view of the jungle. Except in the middle of a clearing, unearthly and out-of-place, is --

*A black, metallic SPHERE*

CUT TO:

**INT. QUEST ONE - FLIGHT DECK - DAY**

Race sits in a high-backed pilot seat, cross-checking against the manual to familiarize himself with the controls. Jonny looks on.

**JONNY**

So what makes you think you can fly this baby?

Race scans his checklist, shrugs.

**RACE**

I drove a cab once.

**JONNY**

Betcha never flew the F-4 Phantom.

**RACE**

Well, once. But it was from the rear seat when I was a weapons sys op.

**JONNY**

Hah! The Navy F-4 doesn't have flight controls in the rear seat!

**RACE**

You're right.

Jonny crosses his arms, gloating.

**RACE**

I was on the Air Force Phantom.

**JONNY**

Oh...

Deflated, he quickly changes the subject:

**JONNY**

So, are you CIA or Intelligence One? I read your bio, it said you know martial arts. I also noticed you didn't have much luggage. How old are you, anyway?

**RACE**

Whoa, kid, you ever thought about working for the KGB?

Jonny thinks about this.

**JONNY**

Depends. How much do they pay?

**RACE**

(dry chuckle)

You remind me of an ex-girlfriend.

This seems to perk Jonny's interest.

**JONNY**

You like girls?

**RACE**

(fighting a smile)

Yeah, I like girls.

**JONNY**

Boy, me, too!

(BIG pause)

What're they like?

And now Race grins.

**RACE**

They're kinda like jets, kid. Try a tricky maneuver and you can end up in a nose dive.

He continues his cross-check, not meeting Jonny's gaze. They are both grinning.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. QUEST LAB - SAME**

Dr. Quest stands in the light of the projector screen, studying the strange sphere with a magnifying glass.

**DR. QUEST**

It appears to be some kind of high alloy metal.



CORVEN

Man-made?

Quest tosses him an ominous look.

DR. QUEST

Did the recon team take any thermograph pictures?

MAJOR HAMILTON

Thermograph?

DR. QUEST

It's an infrared camera, used to photograph heat variances. Different temperatures show up as different shades.

K-CHUK -- ! A THERMOGRAPH SLIDE shows the clearing in mosaic half-tones; the sphere bright gray, as if it's glowing.

DR. QUEST

Well, whatever it is, it's hotter than the surrounding foliage. That could mean three things. There could be mechanical parts inside that give off heat when they're activated...

(grimly)

Or it could be radioactive.

(to Hamilton)

I'll need it transferred to Coral Gables for study.

MAJOR HAMILTON

We can have it there in twenty-four hours.

COL. MESSICK

Doctor, you said ~~three~~ possibilities...

Quest frowns. Looks at the group, matter-of-factly.

DR. QUEST

The third possibility is it's alive.

INT. QUEST ONE - MAIN HOLD - DAY

Two of the ENLISTED MEN carry a heavy footlocker into the main hold, which is, essentially, a mini-version of Quest's lab. Race and Jonny emerge from the flight deck.

RACE

Set 'er down anywhere, boys.

The soldiers obey. Race goes to the footlocker. Opens it.

JONNY

Wow!

It is FILLED WITH GUNS. Rifles, pistols, full, semi, bolt-action, autoloaders -- you name it. An armory in a suitcase.

RACE

If I'm gonna be the new head of security around here --

He pulls out a vent-muzzled, British Sterling submachine gun.

RACE

-- I'll feel a lot more secure with these.

A loud THUMPI from o.s. Race SLAMS a magazine into the Sterling, and SPINS toward

A CLOSED STORAGE COMPARTMENT

The hatch sloooowly SWINGS OPEN, REVEALING:

BANDIT, of course. Lying on his back, scratching an itch. He rolls rightside-up and BARKS happily at the sudden attention. Race heaves a sigh, and UNCOCKS the gun.

VOICE

You can use your brain to solve a problem...

All WHIRL to see: QUEST, standing in the open hatch. He eyes the cache of guns with vague disdain.

DR. QUEST

Or you can use brawn. It seems Mr. Bannon is a little fuzzy on the distinction.

JONNY

It's Race, dad.

Jonny stands beside Race. As if in defiance of his father.

JONNY

He likes to be called Race.

DISSOLVE:

**EXT. QUEST COMPOUND - CORAL GABLES - NIGHT**

Security gates. Electrified fencing. Swaying palms. SOLDIERS patrol the perimeter, M-14s glinting in the moonlight. WE BOOM UP PAST A SIGN:

QUEST LABORATORIES  
U.S. GOVERNMENT PROPERTY  
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY

**INT. E-BUILDING - LAB #7 - NIGHT**

The mysterious black sphere sits ominously in the middle of a bare floor, surrounded by high tech monitoring equipment.

**AN OBSERVATION BOOTH**

Dr. Quest and Race stand behind protective, steel-reinforced glass. Race takes out his cigarettes.

**RACE**

So. When do the little green men come out..?

Quest glares. At the cigarettes, not the wisecrack. Race sheepishly pockets them, as Quest returns his attention to

**A PARTICULAR MONITOR**

A thin graph line JERKS at even intervals. Rhythmic. Unnerving. Like an electrocardiogram.

**DR. QUEST**

It appears to be some kind of electronic pulse, coming from inside the sphere.

**RACE**

Pulse, shmulse. Sounds like a heartbeat to me.

Quest smiles, amused at Race's unease. He rises, exhausted. Tugs on his jacket.

**DR. QUEST**

Well, if you think about it, what with its pump, its valves... the human heart is itself kind of a machine. Isn't it?

He shuts off the lights on the main floor. Exits.

RACE

Sounds like we've been going out with the same women.

INT. E-BUILDING - NIGHT

As Race emerges, Quest re-programs the code-box beside the entrance door. Two uniformed MPs stand by, changing shifts.

DR. QUEST

Nobody goes near lab #7 without my authorization. Is that understood?

MP #1

Yes, sir.

Quest and Race head off. The MPs watch them go.

MP #2

New bodyguard?

MP #1

(nods)

Twenty bucks he gets shit-canned before the weekend.

MP #2 chuckles, and heads off.

MP #2

I'll spot you at fourteen hundred.

As he unwraps a candy bar and rounds the corner of the building, the MP is oblivious to *two figures crouching in the shadows -- Jonny and Bandit.*

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

Walking beside Quest, Race admires the manicured lawns and sleek, modernistic buildings. The night is clear and cool. He squints curiously at a series of lit Quonset huts.

DR. QUEST

That's the army base. With some of the more... dangerous experiments, it's nice to know they're close by.

RACE

I'll bet.

They pass a particular building -- 'H' Building. Dark. Dilapidated. Doors and windows long sealed. Large signs proclaim: 'ENTRY STRICTLY FORBIDDEN'.

RACE

Don't tell me. You were breeding giant spiders and things got out of hand?

Quest doesn't smile. If anything, he becomes more terse; clearly uncomfortable:

DR. QUEST

It's been a long day, Mr. Bannon. Good night.

And he walks off. Race lights a cigarette as he watches him go. He's obviously struck a nerve.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A CIRCUIT BOX

as Jonny pries it OPEN, then uses a pocket-knife to SHAVE a wire. He takes out a pair of wire cutters...

EXT. 'E' LAB - NIGHT

MP #1 stands under the sickly glow of a sodium vapor light. Suddenly, the light flickers and *BLINKS OUT*, thrusting the area into darkness. The guard frowns, and goes to investigate.

The coast clear, Jonny emerges from the shadows, and moves stealthily to the lab entrance. He types a code into the key pad. Nothing happens.

Confused, he tries again. Zip.

JONNY

(under his breath)

Damn! He musta changed the code!

Which is when he notices BANDIT, standing by the open junction box, and sniffing it in that tentative, foreboding dog manner which can mean only one thing. Jonny stiffens with sudden panic.

JONNY

(harsh whisper)

Bandit, NO --!

Too late. Nature calls.

Except the second Bandit's pee hits the open wiring, there is a ZAP! of electricity, and a PUFF of smoke, AND --

THE LAB DOOR spontaneously OPENS; the code-box *shorted out!* Jonny gawks with appreciative surprise.

JONNY

Good dog.

INT. 'E' BUILDING - LAB #7 - NIGHT

Dark. Airless. Eerily still.

Clutching a flashlight, Jonny moves into the shadows of the main lab with Bandit at his heels. As they approach the weird sphere, Jonny shines his flashlight on it.

The light gleams off the black metal surface as Jonny and Bandit trade curious shrugs. 'What's the big deal?' Pause.

Then -- a *single, red EYE SLOWLY OPENS* -- and eerily blinks under the glare of the flashlight. Jonny's eyes widen with fear, and --

A SPINDLY SHAFT

TELESCOPES UP from the top of the sphere, extending like a thin may pole. The shaft SPLITS APART into six separate, hinged extensions. Like spider legs.

With that, the black metal orb RISES up on its newborn haunches like a giant, one-eyed BLACK WIDOW, and stares down at Jonny and Bandit, who both back away with abject terror. Can you blame them?

EXT. E-BUILDING - NIGHT

The confused MP returns to his post, clutching a bulky field-talkie.

MP #2

Rogue Seven to base. We have a power-out in range fourteen --

The words freeze in his throat, as he sees the door ajar. He goes for his carbine. A WAIL rises from the building, and --

The guard is *practically knocked on his ass*, as Jonny and Bandit EXPLODE out the door, SCREAMING and BARKING, respectively.

MP

Hey -- !

WE HEAR a bone-jarring KRNCHI and the MP turns to SEE:

**A LOADING DOOR**

with a sphere-shaped DENT in it. The MP pales. Another KRNCHI The loading door starts to give. Whatever it is... *is trying to get out.*

**INT. RACE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Race sits at an army-issue desk, reviewing a school math text.

There is a POUNDING on the door, and he SPINS, Beretta aimed. JONNY opens the door, panting excitedly. Race lowers the gun. Catches his breath.

**RACE**

Don't do that.

**JONNY**

But -- it wasn't my fault, Race! I swear! It just started -- coming at us!

**RACE**

Whoa, cool your jets, Daddy-O. What are you talking about?

**JONNY**

It's a big spider, Race! It's GIANT!

**RACE**

Giant spider, huh?

A thin smile. He sets down the gun, reaches for a black canvas bedroom slipper.

**RACE**

He'll never know what hit him.

**JONNY**

Um, Race..?

Jonny GESTURES toward the window and --

**ACROSS THE COMPOUND**

In the distance, the thing's bulbous black body gleams in the moonlight as it disappears around a corner, fifteen feet high.

**RACE**

(stunned)

Christ, I was kidding.

**EXT. 'H' BUILDING - SPIDER-PROBE'S POV**

Wide lens. Black-and-white. WE APPROACH a sealed loading door. SMASH THROUGH IT! INTO:

**INT. 'H' BUILDING - NIGHT**

A musty, long-abandoned laboratory.

The spider-like PROBE approaches a row of file cabinets. A snake-like tentacle WHIPS OUT and PULLS ONE down. CRASH! Files spill out across the floor.

The probe lingers. Scrutinizing a *series of blueprints* depicting a strange device, resembling a giant ray-gun. CAMERA PROWLs through the shadows of the lab, to REVEAL..

**A PROTOTYPE OF THE DEVICE**

mounted on rollers, and covered by a plastic tarp. Bulky. Futuristic. A weapon of unknown power.

**INT. DORM LOBBY - DUTY DESK - NIGHT**

Race and Jonny barrel toward the STAFF DUTY NCO's desk.

**RACE**

Call the Post Commander! We need a ready battalion, RIGHT NOW!

**DUTY NCO**

(confused)

Sir, I can't do that, sir. I don't have C-1 authority.

**O.S. VOICE**

I do, sergeant.

The three SPIN to see: DR. QUEST, standing in his shirtsleeves. The Duty Sergeant swallows. Hastily dials. Quest looks at Race skeptically.

**DR. QUEST**

Let me guess. Shoot it with big guns, right?

SLAM CUT TO:



**INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT - QUICK CUTS**

**SOLDIERS** pull on steel-pot helmets -- **GRAB** weapons -- **HUSTLE PAST** a just awakened two-star General as he barks into a phone:

**DIVISION COMMANDER**

I want light infantry and recoilless gunners at the south fence, this is not a drill, repeat: this is NOT a drill!

**EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT**

A line of soldiers take up firing positions as an eerie, gangly **SHADOW** rounds the corner. The men **COCK** their weapons and...

**THE MECHANICAL SPIDER** appears.

The **ONSLAUGHT OF ARTILLERY** is blistering. The thing **RECOILS**. **BLINKS** its giant red eye... **CONTINUES ON**, **PAST** the squad. Bullets **RICOCHET** impotently off its metal shell.

**EXT. COMPOUND PERIMETER FENCE - NIGHT**

An **ARMY JEEP SCREAMS** around the corner. Race, Quest and Jonny. Race **SLAMS** on the brakes and they **JUMP OUT**. The Division Commander **SLAMS** a field-phone back into its holder.

**DIVISION COMMANDER**

Damn thing eats bullets like they're Juju-fruits.  
(calls to his troops)  
Here it comes, boys! Lock and load!

Behind him, **SOLDIERS** lay highway flares around **THREE PARKED JEEPS** armed with 90 mm anti-aircraft guns.

On the ground in front of them are three tripod-mounted, belt-fed machine guns and **CREWS**. A moment of silence descends on the group, as they wait... There is a soft breeze.

The **METAL SPIDER** appears.

The Division Commander gestures for a grenade. Pulls the pin. **HURLS** it 20 yards.

It explodes.

After a moment... the **THING WALKS OUT** of the smoke.

THE MACHINE-GUNNERS OPEN FIRE -- HAMMERING the spider-thing with ARTILLERY. Again, it RECOILS. Blinks. But *keeps coming*.

THE RECOILLESS TEAMS don't need engraved invitations:

AMMO BEARERS SLIDE IN rounds. SLAM breeches and TAP gunner's helmets. BA-WHOOMM!! BA-WHOOMM!!

THE SPIDER is engulfed in flame and smoke...

The soldiers watch, breathless. The smoke clears, and...

THE SPIDER emerges. The sucker just *KEEPS. ON. COMING.*

RACE  
(unnerved)  
Baby-sitting detail. Riiiiiiight.

Jonny tugs on his father's jacket.

JONNY  
Dad..?

DR. QUEST  
Not now, Jonny --

JONNY  
But, dad -- the navy runs maneuvers at night!  
(points toward the ocean)  
*A-4 Skyhawks! They're armed!*

Race SPINS, eyes blazing.

RACE  
-- with Sidewinders, *he's right!* How tight are you with those boys, General?

The Division Commander is already cranking up his field phone.

DIVISION COMMANDER  
Let's find out.

Race has a thought. RUNS for the fence, as we --

SLAM CUT TO:

THREE A-4 "SKYHAWK" FIGHTER JETS

One of them breaks off, vectoring east over Biscayne.

**RADIO VOICE**

(staticky)

Blue Devil 211, target is ten miles, zero-two-zero degrees.

**INT. A-4 COCKPIT - FLYING - NIGHT**

**A TWO MAN CREW** in G-suits, helmets and oxygen masks.

**A-4 PILOT**

(into helmet mike)

Roger that, Big Stick. This is Blue Devil, we are expediting...

**EXT. COMPOUND PERIMETER - BACK TO SCENE**

as Race **BOLTS** to a fueling pump, and **GRABS** the gas nozzle. He turns, facing the oncoming spider-thing --

**AND SPRAYS IT WITH GASOLINE** as it strides past, heading for the fence. Quest and the General look on with confusion.

**DIVISION COMMANDER**

What the Sam Hill is he doing?

**JONNY**

(points, excited)

Don'cha get it? The electrified fence!

**CRASH!!** The spider probe **WALKS THROUGH** the chainlink, undaunted by a maelstrom of zapping, crackling electricity.

Slicked with gasoline, it instantly **BURSTS INTO FLAME.**

**INT. A-4 COCKPIT - POV**

The lab and army compound in the distance... and the now-blazing metal orb, walking spider-like across the desert.

**A-4 PILOT**

Bogie in sight at one o'clock.

**CLOSE ON TARGETING GRID**

as the gunner switches from 'TARGET ACQUIRED' to 'GROUND LOCK'.

A-4 GUNNER (O.S.)  
We have ground lock.

EXT. COMPOUND - BACK TO SCENE

Quest's brow furrows as he puts two and two together:

DR. QUEST  
Jonny? Sidewinders wouldn't be... heat-  
seeking missiles, would they?

JONNY  
(grinning)  
Mmmmmmaybe...

INT. A-4 COCKPIT - FLYING - NIGHT

as the GUNNER SQUEEZES the firing trigger, and --

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- as the SIDEWINDER FIRES -- SEEKS out its quarry at three times the speed of sound -- CLOSES IN on the walking metal ball. It HITS, AND --

SIXTY POUNDS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE

turn night into day, as a massive GOUT OF FLAME erupts two stories into the air -- ! The smokes clears, REVEALING...

A CRATER, littered with twisted metal and scattered electronics. The ground troops CHEER, waving, as the A-4 PEELS OFF into the night.

RACE, QUEST and JONNY pull up in an army jeep. Soldiers converge, congratulating each other as Quest gets out and approaches the smoking debris.

He crouches beside it. Plucks out a small device. As he studies it, we see dread in his expression. Fear.

DR. QUEST  
(a whisper)  
... Zin...

The soldiers' CHATTER dies. Race looks at Quest, confused. Quest is solemn. Unnaturally quiet.

**DR. QUEST**

Zin Yu-sen. He was a scientist. Defected from China after the war. We were colleagues briefly, at Princeton.

He rises on unsteady legs. Hands the device to Race.

**DR. QUEST**

Dr. Zin did the first serious work on practical robotics. No-one else could have built this thing.

**RACE**

You mean... this thing was a robot?

**DR. QUEST**

A robot spy, Mr. Bannon.

He takes back the tiny device. Holds it up soberly.

**DR. QUEST**

This is a transponder coupler -- *for uploading video signals.*

He **HURLS** the coupler back into the debris, emotions barely in check. Jonny watches his father with concern.

**DR. QUEST**

Don't you see? He dropped it in the Amazon to pique my curiosity. He knew they'd bring it here for study. It was *bait!*

Standing at a jeep, the DIVISION COMMANDER hangs up his field phone. Grimly addresses Quest:

**DIVISION COMMANDER**

Looks like your "robot spy" broke into 'H' Building, doctor.

The color drains from Quest's face.

**EXT./INT. 'H' BUILDING - NIGHT**

Quest stands in the misshapen hole made by the robot spy. Drawn and pale, he takes a step forward. Race starts to follow, but a SOLDIER blocks his way, rifle at port arms.

Quest looks with horror at the files splayed on the floor, and the plastic tarp now off the strange device. Race catches a glimpse of it, looming in the shadows.

Quest emerges again. Dazed. Like he's seen a ghost.

RACE

I guess I'm a little slow, doctor. What was this Zin character after?

Quest turns to him. His eyes tiny pinpoints of madness. Jonny bravely steps forward.

JONNY

Tell him, dad.

He goes to Race's side.

RACE

Tell me what?

JONNY

He's family now, dad. If he's gonna risk his life for us, he oughta know.

An awkward beat. Quest turns stiffly to the POST COMMANDER.

DR. QUEST

Seal the building. Weld it shut.

POST COMMANDER

Yes, sir.

He BARKS orders to the other uniformed men, who SNAP into action. Race looks at Quest with concern.

RACE

Look, doctor, I know being pals isn't in the job description, but it might help if I knew what was going on.

(beat)

What is that thing in there..?

Quest looks him dead in the eye. His voice is tight, controlled. But just barely.

DR. QUEST

Mr. Bannon, you've been with us less than 48 hours. So far you seem competent, and Jonny seems to like you, but do me a favor. Just do your job.

(pause; glares at Jonny)

And I'll decide when you're family.

He turns and stalks off into the night. Race looks after him uncertainly. After a beat, he reaches in his back pocket and pulls out a flask. He sarcastically salutes.

RACE

Yes, sir.

He takes a long pull off the flask. Trudges to the edge of a bluff overlooking the beach. The SOUND of the surf is soothing. Timeless.

JONNY (O.S.)

Did you ever have one of those little glass things with the snow inside?

There's JONNY, at his side. Looking out to sea.

JONNY

My mom did. It was from the 1939 World's Fair, I think. Only instead of a little town or a snowman, there was a whole little planet earth inside...

(beat)

So one night, mom's working late at the lab, and just before Dad came home, me and Bandit were kinda rough-housing. I mean, he was just a puppy and everything, and -- *smash!* So there I am looking at this little world all in pieces, and all I can think about is how mom's gonna bawl me out when she comes home. Except...

(pause)

She never came home.

(pause)

Dad said she had some kind of accident, but... I knew he was lying 'cause after that, he stopped working on the secret experiment. The army hired bodyguards and built new labs for him, and the Quest One -- and I know it was all 'cause they wanted him to finish it. But he never did. He just locked up the lab and threw away the key.

His chin starts to quiver with emotion.

JONNY

He was different before. You know? He used to play Frisbee with me, and stuff like that...

**JONNY (CONT'D)**

Now all he does is work in his lab and tell me to do my homework, and how it's up to kids like me to save the world 'cause the grown-ups are messing things up...

Tears well in his eyes. His voice breaks:

**JONNY**

I miss my dad, Race.

Race looks down. Awkwardly puts his arm around the boy. As the boy sobs quietly, Race Bannon swigs from his flask and wonders how in hell he got into this mess.

**EXT. BUILDING IN COMPOUND - THAT MOMENT**

A FIGURE stands at a darkened window, *looking through venetian blinds at the distant figures of Jonny and Race.*

CUT TO:

**A CORRIDOR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD**

A COURIER strides down a stone corridor, lined with ancient base-relief carvings. He STOPS outside a door. Shows his ID badge to TWO ARMED SENTRIES.

**INT. CHAMBER OF DEATH**

He enters. Water reflects undulating patterns across his face.

**COURIER**

The blue prints are ready for your approval, number one.

A tiny ASIAN MAN stands with his back to us.

Completely bald, with a smooth, polished skull, he wears a knee-length, gunmetal silk jacket, and stands over a pit, troweling "chum" into the inky blackness below.

**DR. ZIN**

(voice ECHOING ominously)

You do appreciate the importance of security precautions, don't you, number six?

The Technician shuffles nervously.



COURIER

Sir..?

Zin continues chumming, his back to us.

DR. ZIN

Then please cite for me the correct procedure  
prior to entering a room.

The courier peers over the floor's edge, into the shadows of

THE PIT BELOW

Something huge and gray undulates sickeningly, just under the water's surface.  
In the center of the pit is a small island... *strewn with human bones.*

COURIER

(swallows hard)

I, uh -- alert the duty officer?

Zin says nothing. The Technician breaks a sweat.

COURIER

I... show my ID to the sentries?

Zin sets down the bucket. Turns. His face is cadaverous; jet-black eyes  
sparkling in the shadows. He points a bony finger, and --

THE SENTRIES raise their weapons -- BLOWING THE COURIER AWAY where  
he stands -- BUDDABUDDABUDDA! Smoke rises from the bullet-riddled corpse.

DR. ZIN

You knock...

INT. TEMPLE LAB - MOMENTS LATER

TECHNICIANS huddle over a series of screens. TAPED VIDEO  
TRANSMISSIONS of Quest's secret weapon. One of the technicians looks up.

It is VON DUFFEL. The aging Nazi from our opening sequence.

The men SNAP to nervous attention as ZIN ENTERS and moves through the  
room, scrutinizing the monitors.

DR. ZIN

And my mechanized secret agent..?

Von Duffel steps forward.

VON DUFFEL

Regretfully destroyed, number one.

He gestures to a drafting table... and a set of fresh blue-prints copied from the video images. A thin smile.

VON DUFFEL

But as you can see, its mission has proved most fruitful.

Zin nods absently. Bothered.

DR. ZIN

He is very clever, Von Duffel. He will recognize my handiwork.

VON DUFFEL

But you have the plans at last, number one. The good doctor has, how you say, outlived his usefulness..?

Zin purses his lips. Nods thoughtfully. He starts to leave, but hesitates in the doorway -- an eerie silhouette.

DR. ZIN

Quest is a great man, Herr Colonel.

(beat)

See that his death is a memorable one...

EXT. BEACH - PALM KEY - DAY

STARBURST GLINTS of sunlight dapple the water as Del-Fi SURF GUITAR BLARES from a tinny transistor radio.

RACE suns himself on a beach towel, in a bathing suit and Italian wraparound sunglasses. BANDIT naps beside him, as Race peruses the math text we saw earlier. He jots some notes on a sheet of paper. Then stiffens. Tense.

He slowly pulls his sunglasses a few inches from his eyes, and

REFLECTED IN HIS SUNGLASSES

A GANGLY FIGURE rises from the surf, creeping up behind him. Race SPINS. THROWS the culprit with one hand, and --

JONNY

LANDS on his back in the sand -- OOF! Race glares at Bandit:

RACE  
Some watchdog.

JONNY  
(wincing with pain)  
I don't get it. You said to bring your opponent  
down, use his weight against him.

RACE  
It helps if your opponent's standing up.

JONNY  
Oh. Yeah.  
(rising)  
Boy, you're a lot easier to talk to than Dad.

He strikes a dramatic martial arts pose.

JONNY  
How 'bout showing me some more moves,  
Race? I wanna be a judo master!

RACE  
Yeah, well, if you don't do your math homework,  
*somebody's* gonna be unemployment master.

He thrusts his hand-written math test at Jonny, and his pencil.

JONNY  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
(reluctantly takes  
them; reads)  
"If Rocket A is on a parabolic trajectory at  
speed X..."  
(frowns)  
Aw, this is stupid! When am I gonna ever use  
this in real life??

Race slowly lowers his sunglasses. A withering glare.

JONNY  
Okay, okay.  
(looks back at the page)  
"And Rocket B is on an elliptical orbit at  
speed Y..."

Pause. He looks up again, bored.

JONNY

Hey, what was that girl's name again? The one who dumped you? Jade?

Race looks up from his dog-eared paperback. Coldly intones:

RACE

Math. Her name was Math.

Jonny gets the message. Grumblingly goes back to work. But not for long.

JONNY

Hey, Race -- ?

Race angrily CHUCKS his book into his beach bag.

RACE

That's it.

He rises. Gestures toward a sand dune.

RACE

I'll be over there, okay? Where I can't *distract* you.

JONNY

Aw, phooey!

Taking the beach bag, Race trudges across the sand, behind

THE DUNE

He pulls his paperback from the bag... then, after a cautious look around, his flask. He shakes it. Frowns. Pours the last few drops down his throat. It is only then that he notices:

His hand is *trembling*.

JONNY (O.S.)

Hey! Whatcha doin'?

Race WHIRLS -- SEES JONNY ten feet away. He fumbles to hide the flask. Finally SNAPS:

RACE

I told you to do your damn homework, didn't I?!

He stalks off. Jonny looks after him, heartbroken.

## INT. QUEST LAB - DAY

DOZENS OF CLASSIFIED DOCUMENTS are pinned to a corkboard. Photos. Memos. Top Secret intelligence. Like a shrine erected by an obsessive fan.

RACE

Doctor Quest, we have to talk.

DR. QUEST looks up. Haggard. Tired. Circles under his eyes. He squints, like he hasn't heard a human voice in years. Race stands bristling in the doorway.

RACE

It's about Jonny.

DR. QUEST

I'm glad you're here. I've been looking at the material on Zin.

(gestures to the  
mounds of research)

It's a little thin, but...

Race crosses his arms, not wanting to change the subject.

RACE

Look, I like the kid, okay? Don't get my wrong, it's just...

Distracted by a 3x5 PHOTOGRAPH thumbtacked to the corkboard, he leans forward.

RACE

... maybe we oughta re-think the arrangement here, that's all...

As if drawn to it, he snatches the photo. Grainy. Blurry. Black-and-white. We recognize DR. ZIN.

RACE

Is this him?

Quest nods grimly. Race sets the photo down, steering the conversation back to his personal dilemma:

RACE

Look. The point is, I have a certain lifestyle, okay? I mean --

(he looks at the photo again)

When was this taken?

**DR. QUEST**

May, '61. It was cross-referenced by the Office of Special Investigations.

**RACE**

(shrugs this off)

I just think... maybe Jonny should be spending time with, you know, kids his own age. What branch of O.S.I.?

**DR. QUEST**

Nazi war crimes. That picture was taken at the trial of an SS officer named Hans Von Duffel.

He hands Race another grainy PHOTO. Von Duffel.

**DR. QUEST**

Interpol thinks he may have worked on the V-2 program during the war.

**RACE**

You mean, those rocket bombs that blew the hell out of London?

(Quest nods)

What would Zin want with a Nazi rocket scientist?

**DR. QUEST**

That's not all. The OSS found this in Berlin, in '45.

He hands Race a photocopy.

**DR. QUEST**

It's a cargo manifest for ten canisters to be transported aboard a U-boat --

**RACE**

The U-238, yeah, I've heard of it. Friend of mine was a cryptographer during the war. He said they intercepted coded signals from this baby in the Suez canal... She supposedly went down somewhere in the Arabian Sea.

**DR. QUEST**

I've got a navy team looking for it right now.

Race looks at the manifest again. Frowns.

RACE

It doesn't say what was in those canisters.

DR. QUEST

No, but look who signed the order.

Race looks at the signature at the bottom: *Von Duffel*.

DR. QUEST

Station B says a man fitting his description was processed through Bombay customs, last week.

(hands Race another photo)

This man was with him.

### THE NEW PHOTO

It is the ill-fated scientist from our opening sequence.

RACE

Nazi?

DR. QUEST

NASA. That's Henry Schellenberg. He was head of the liquid propellant division.

RACE

What d'ya mean "was"?

DR. QUEST

(a sober look)

He disappeared, three weeks ago.

The moment is broken by the staccato CLATTER of a TELETYPE MACHINE pounding out an incoming wire. Quest crosses to the machine. TEARS OFF the hard copy to read it.

DR. QUEST

They found the U-boat. West of Kalpeni.

He goes to a roll-up wall map. Pulls down: 'ASIA'. Tracing latitude and longitude, he uses a thumbtack to mark the U-boat's location. The waters just south of India.

RACE

You think there's a connection to your pal, Zin...?

DR. QUEST

Highly unlikely.





**EXT. CARGO TRAWLER "SIROCCO" - DAY**

A pipe-smoking CAPTAIN emerges from the boathouse, watches the army chopper with curiosity. A DECKHAND joins him. Both oblivious to:

**A FROGMAN**

rising from the side of the boat behind them.

**OVER THE SIDE - ANOTHER FROGMAN**

emerges from a two-man MINI-SUB that has just surfaced, using the trawler as cover from the salvage op.

**THE CAPTAIN AND DECKHAND**

watch the chopper land, as the first Frogman sneaks up behind them, and *draws a KNIFE from an ankle sheath --*

The deck CREAKS under his step.

Deckhand turns. FROGMAN #1 effortlessly SLITS his throat -- the Captain SPINS -- GETS A DAGGER in his gut for the effort -- and they DROP to the deck like dead weight, as

**THE SECOND FROGMAN**

steps forward. It is VON DUFFEL. He raises a pair of waterproof binoculars.

VON DUFFEL

(in GERMAN; SUBTITLED)

Welcome to the funeral, Dr. Quest.

**INT. BRIEFING ROOM - FRIGATE - DAY**

The Quest Team and several NAVAL OFFICERS stand around a table, facing a khaki-uniformed LT. COMMANDER MATTHIESON.

LT. COMMANDER MATTHIESON

Woods Hole confirmed the sonar echo yesterday morning, so we sent a remote down to take some pictures.

He opens an envelope, and lays out a series of black-and-white 8 x 10s on the table. They are grainy. Murky.

We can vaguely make out a submarine's conning tower with an emblem of a black cartoon devil painted on its side, and an ominous-looking 100 mm deck gun. Race frowns.

**RACE**

What the hell was a U-boat doing this far east, anyway?

**SEXY VOICE**

Maybe we can find out.

The group turns. Cue sax solo.

**IN THE DOORWAY**

stands TRACY BRAVO, 27, a rolled-up diagram under her arm. She's blonde and gorgeous in her Navy dungarees, which somehow manage to emphasize rather than cover her... er, charms.

**LT. COMMANDER MATTHIESON**

Gentlemen, this is Ensign Tracy Bravo. She'll be in the forward sphere, navigating the DeepQuest.

Race and Jonny stare at Tracy with open mouths.

**RACE**

(sotto)

Bra-vo...

Tracy enters and shakes Quest's hand like it's an industrial crank. She positively glows with admiration.

**TRACY BRAVO**

This is a real honor, Doctor. I saw your lecture on deep submersibles at Bennington. In fact, that's what inspired me to join the Navy -- this is a real thrill, sir.

Matthieson notices Race and Jonny, gawking.

**LT. COMMANDER MATTHIESON**

Oh, this is Jonny. And Mister, uh, Bannon.

Race turns on the charm:

**RACE**

Please, call me --

She gives him the barest nod of recognition, then turns and spreads a diagram of the U-boat on the table.

TRACY

Gentlemen, our objective --

As she commences her briefing, Race stands there with egg on his face.

TRACY

-- is currently aground near the edge of a deep sea trench. It's off-trim, and listing forward at a depth of four thousand feet.

Race notices Jonny smirking at him.

RACE

(sotto; to Jonny)

Okay, hotshot, let's see you do better.

JONNY

(sotto; smug)

I couldn't do much worse.

RACE

(sotto)

Oh, this I'd like to see.

JONNY

(sotto)

Yeah, well, just you wait.

Sensing an awkward silence in the room, Jonny and Race look up. All eyes are on them.

TRACY

I'm sorry, are we interrupting you two?

Race and Jonny shake their heads and feign innocence.

RACE/JONNY

Oh. No. Sorry. Not at all. Sorry.

Tracy returns to her briefing. Points to the diagram.

TRACY

As I was saying... We thought it might have been scrubbed, but there does appear to be torpedo damage near the number two battery.

**DR. QUEST**

Any danger it could slip over that cliff and into the trench?

**TRACY**

An underwater quake might push it over, but... it's unlikely. It's been there twenty years.

**DR. QUEST**

What's our best entry point?

**TRACY**

I was thinking the aft hatch.

**DR. QUEST**

Fine.

(turns to Race)

Let's suit up. I'd like to be in the water in fifteen minutes.

Jonny sees an opportunity. Takes it.

**JONNY**

Hey, dad, can I go, too? In the front sphere, I mean. I'm little -- I wouldn't use much oxygen.

**RACE**

(firmly)

Absolutely not. It's out of the question.

Quest stares at Race, taken aback by his sudden concern.

**RACE**

That is -- speaking strictly as the boy's bodyguard. It's much too dangerous. Really.

(adding:)

Sir.

Quest studies him. Turns to Tracy.

**TRACY**

The front sphere *is* designed for two. If it's all right with Commander Matthieson, I wouldn't have a problem with it.

**LT. COMMANDER MATTHIESON**

I don't see why not.

Quest grins cautiously.

**DR. QUEST**

It's nice to see you showing an interest in historical salvage, Jonny. Just be sure and do whatever Ensign Bravo says.

Jonny smiles angelically. Bandit BARKS.

**JONNY**

Sorry, Bandit. You have to stay up here.

As the briefing breaks up, Jonny saunters past Race with a shit-eating grin.

**EXT. FRIGATE/SUPPORT SHIP - DAY**

Now in full wetsuits and carrying aqualungs, Quest and Race follow Tracy down a gangplank to the support ship -- a catamaran hull with a center platform flying an American flag.

**TRACY**

(proudly)

Well, Jonny? What do you think?

Jonny's jaw drops at his first glimpse of

**THE LOCKHEED "DEEP QUEST"**

bobbing in the water, tethered to a hydraulic crane. 50 feet long, and as many tons, it resembles a spaceship from a 1960s science fiction movie.

**JONNY**

It's bitchin'!

For the record, DeepQuest has two pressure compartments: the forward sphere, for control and navigation; the aft sphere for divers. Remember: there is no access between the two spheres.

**EXT. CARGO TRAWLER "SIROCCO" - SAME**

VON DUFFEL'S HENCHMAN watches through the binoculars. (Following exchange in GERMAN; SUBTITLED:)

**VON DUFFEL'S HENCHMAN**

The boy is with them.

**VON DUFFEL**

The boy?

He GRABS the field binoculars to see for himself.

**BINOCULAR MATTE - SALVAGE OP**

Jonny is helped into the forward sphere; Race and Quest into the rear.

VON DUFFEL

Pity he has to die so young.

CUT TO:

**UNDERWATER**

And silence.

**K-SPLOOSH!** The submersible **DROPS**, engulfed by froth as its tethers are detached. The stern propellers **SPIN** to life, and **DeepQuest** begins its sputtering descent...

**INT. FORWARD SPHERE (DEEP QUEST)**

Jonny looks out a row of eight portholes, giving him a 360° view of the world beneath the sea. Tracy raises a radio mike:

TRACY

Surface control, this is **DeepQuest**. My vents are open. All systems are nominal.

She hangs up the mike, flips an intercom switch:

TRACY

You two okay back there?

**INT. AFT SPHERE (DEEP QUEST)**

In his wetsuit, Quest hits the intercom switch.

DR. QUEST

A-OK, Ensign. Couldn't be better.

Race sits across from him, miserable.

**INT. FORWARD SPHERE**

Tracy goes down a checklist, flicking switches and checking gauges as Jonny looks on admiringly.

**TRACY**

I hope you're not in any hurry, Jonny. It's going to be close quarters for a while, just you and me. Just the two of us.

**JONNY**

(thrilled)

Oh, I'm not in any hurry.

**TRACY**

Good.

She smiles. Checks the Co2 scrubber.

**TRACY**

So tell me about Mr. Bannon.

Jonny's euphoria slips a little.

**JONNY**

What about him?

**TRACY**

Oh, I don't know.

(coyly)

Is he married?

Jonny frowns.

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

The DeepQuest SHOOTs BY CAMERA, propellers WORPLING.

**JONNY (OVER)**

Can't we go any faster..?

As the craft goes deeper, the surface light fades. Swirls of silt. A manta ray cruises by ominously, as a trail of bubbles marks DeepQuest's descent into another world..

**DISSOLVE:**

**INT. FORWARD SPHERE - LATER**

Jonny sits with his arms crossed. Bored. He looks out the portholes, the water now pitch black. An echo sounder PINGS loudly at intervals.

**INT. AFT SPHERE - SAME**

Race sits with his arms crossed. Jonny's bookend. He looks up. Exchanges glances with Quest as WE HEAR: the sonar PINGS are coming more frequently.

**INT. FORWARD SPHERE**

Tracy looks at the depth gauge. Keys the intercom.

**TRACY**

The pinger says we're in the ballpark, doctor.  
I'm going to turn on the external lights.

She reaches for a switch, and as she FLICKS it --

**A GIANT EYE**

is suddenly lit up, STARING IN through a porthole.

**JONNY**

AAaaahhh!!!!

The eye SWIMS AWAY, attached to a seemingly endless, multi-finned sea creature.

**JONNY**

What's THAT?!

**TRACY**

(trying not to smile)  
Just one of the residents.

She reaches for a row of TV MONITORS. Flicks some switches.

**TRACY**

Switching on external TV system.

**THE TV MONITORS**

Murky, snowy black-and-white VIDEO IMAGES. Silt. Seaweed. An occasional curious fish. Then... as the transponder PINGS louder.. *something else* appears out of the gloom...



**SERIES OF SHOTS - U-BOAT**

The conning tower looms eerily out of the depths... Then the deck gun, as the massive hull is illuminated in spotlight portions by the DSRV's roving xenon lights.

The DeepQuest SPUTTERS over the forward bulkhead like a firefly over a sleeping giant; the immense surface pocked by barnacles and misshapen clumps of jagged coral. A ghost ship.

As DeepQuest lowers over the aft hatch, a skirt underneath it ATTACHES with a resounding KLUNK!

**INT. FORWARD SPHERE**

Tracy reaches for a lever.

**TRACY**

This is going to suck for a minute.

A horrible SUCKING SOUND fills the cabin as the skirt is pumped dry. Tracy looks at a pressure gauge, keys the intercom.

**TRACY**

Seal engaged, doctor.

**INT. AFT SPHERE**

Dr. Quest and Race adjust their diving gear.

**DR. QUEST**

Roger. If we're not out in twenty minutes, call topside for emergency salvage.

He looks at Race. Moment of truth.

**DR. QUEST**

Well.?

Race looks queasy. Takes a breath. Then another.

**RACE**

I'm not breathing so good. Maybe the Co2 scrubber --

**DR. QUEST**

(stern)

The scrubber's fine. You smoke too much.

Race glowers. Pulls on his mouthpiece and scuba mask.

Quest does likewise, their respirators ECHOING in the small chamber. They exchange a final look, then Race reaches for the hatch in the middle of the floor... and turns the handle.

He pulls the hatch OPEN, and....

ANOTHER HATCH lies beneath it, covered in barnacles and salt water. Race tries it. It won't budge.

He gets a large WRENCH, and RAPS the hatch-handle until it loosens. He GRIPS the handle firmly. YANKS IT OPEN, and --

**A SKELETAL CORPSE**

RISES from the hatch, SCARING THE LIVING SHIT OUT OF US -- I

Bony hands clutch the hatch, as if, in his final moments, the DEAD NAZI OFFICER was trying to escape a horrible death.

Clearly, he failed.

Quest looks on, impassive. Slowly takes off his mask and respirator.

RACE

What..?

Quest takes a breath. Pause.

DR. QUEST

There's air down there.

**INT. U-BOAT ENGINE ROOM**

Cramped. Claustrophobic. Cockeyed at a twenty degree angle. Race's flashlight SPLITS THE MIST as he and Quest come down the ladder into the slanted, surreal compartment...

Grimacing at the foul air, Race takes a drag off his respirator as he shines his light across a nightmare tableau of LONG-DEAD CREWMEN in grubby reefer jackets and officer's caps.

Quest sniffs the air quizzically, as Race picks up a yellowed log book. Flips through it.

RACE

It's the U-238, all right.

Quest chuckles for no apparent reason.

DR. QUEST

That's funny.

(off Race's look)

As in Uranium 238?

Race looks at him blankly.

DR. QUEST

Don't you see the irony? If the Nazis had built the bomb first, they might have won the war.

Pause. Race slowly nods.

RACE

Mm. That is a knee-slapper.

He pulls out a diagram, and sets it on a fold-down table. Shines his flashlight on it. 2

RACE

Right now we're in the engine room.

(points)

Control room's forward. I'd like to find the navigation charts -- maybe find out where she was headed.

DR. QUEST

Where's the number two battery?

Race checks the diagram.

RACE

Amidships. Right below us.

DR. QUEST

All right, you find the charts, and meet me back here in ten minutes.

RACE

You wanna check the torpedo damage?

Quest walks away, his flashlight leading the way.

DR. QUEST

I don't think it was a torpedo...

**INT. DEEP QUEST FORWARD SPHERE**

Jonny fidgets anxiously.

**TRACY**

Relax, kiddo. They know what they're doing.

**INT. U-BOAT PASSAGEWAY**

Race moves through a cramped, misty passageway, surrounded by decayed CORPSES staring at him with hollow eyes.

**RACE**

(unsettled)

What the hell am I doing..?

**OUTSIDE NO. 2 BATTERY**

Dr. Quest approaches a darkened hold. Nudges the hatch with his foot. It CREEAKS open, and Quest shines his light INTO...

**NO. 2 BATTERY**

Listing woozily downward, the compartment is filled with sea water and charred, floating CORPSES.

Quest sucks fresh oxygen from his respirator, as he shines his light down a blackened, peeling wall. TO...

**A ROW OF CANISTERS**

with flame symbols stenciled across them, and the words:

**'FLAMME - GEFAHR'**

**INT. U-BOAT CONTROL ROOM**

Race comes through a hatch. Shines his light on the U-boat's LONG-DEAD CAPTAIN. A German Navy Eagle on his cap, his service pistol still gripped in his skeletal hand.

**RACE**

I know the feeling.

Above the corpse are several slots in the wall, filled with rolled-up navigation charts. He rummages through three or four of them, until he finds what he's looking for.

He takes a tiny spy camera from his watertight pouch, and SNAPS several pictures. He glances at the dried-up Captain.

RACE

You wouldn't have a cigarette, would ya, pal?

And his blood turns to ice, because that's when he notices -- not three feet away, a ribbon of smoke curling up from the ash remains of a *recently smoked cigarette*. He SPINS, SEEING --

A HUGE BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE

wired to an explosive TIMER with clock face and a second hand that has just TICKED PAST '5'...

EXT. "SIROCCO" - THAT MOMENT

Von Duffel eyes the sweep second hand of his Seiko diver's watch. He grins.

VON DUFFEL

Four... three... two...

INT. U-BOAT PASSAGEWAY

Race SCRAMBLES through the hatch --

RACE

DOCTOR, IT'S A TRAP -- !!

BA-WHHOOOOOMMMM!!! The BLAST THROWS RACE to the floor, AND --

NO. 2 BATTERY

DR. QUEST is THROWN into the bilgy water, as a METAL SHELF teeters -- then FALLS ON TOP OF HIM, AND --

THE DEEP QUEST

is JOLTED -- piggybacked to the sub, and --

**INSIDE THE DEEP QUEST**

**JONNY AND TRACY are TOSSED like rag dolls, and Tracy CRACKS HER HEAD on the control panel, AS --**

**EXT. THE U-BOAT**

**SPEWS bubble and flame, as its massive hull ROLLS OVER, metal GROANING, the lumbering giant awakening, AND --**

**INT. SUPPORT SHIP CONTROL ROOM - TOPSIDE**

**A frantic Matthieson YELLS into the underwater telephone:**

**LT. COMMANDER MATTHIESON**  
**DeepQuest -- ? Come in, DeepQuest!!**

**A PETTY OFFICER appears, out of breath, in the doorway.**

**PETTY OFFICER**  
**The phone cable snapped, sir.**

**LT. COMMANDER MATTHIESON**  
**What about the tow line -- ?**

**PETTY OFFICER**  
**That, too, sir.**

**The color drains from Matthieson's face.**

**LT. COMMANDER MATTHIESON**  
**Oh my God.**

**In the arms of the YEOMAN, Bandit begins to WHIMPER.**

**SERIES OF SHOTS - UNDERWATER**

**as the gigantic submarine SLIDES to the edge of the underwater cliff, rock and silt CASCADING over the side and disappearing into the depths below, as...**

**The massive hull comes to a JARRING, SHUDDERING halt, on its side, just at the very edge of the ABYSS.**

**INT. U-BOAT PASSAGEWAY**

Water RUSHES into the hold, as Race COUGHS and sputters, pulling himself painfully to his feet. He looks around. Realizes the sub is taking on water. Limp forward.

**INT. NO. 2 BATTERY**

Water SPRAYS IN. Race appears in the hatchway. He SLOGS through the bilge to Dr. Quest, who looks up groggily, wedged under the fallen metal shelf. Nods toward the canisters.

**DR. QUEST**

... the canisters... they're... liquid oxygen,  
rocket fuel...

The water is RISING all around them.

**RACE**

Sir, we've gotta get outta here!

**DR. QUEST**

One of them must have exploded... sunk the  
sub but created an air pocket --

Race GRABS Quest from under the arms --

**RACE**

We can talk about this later!

-- and GRUNTS to pull him up out of the water.

**DR. QUEST**

I don't think so.

Race tries again. But Quest won't budge.

**DR. QUEST**

The shelf crushed my aqualung... I'm afraid...  
my leg's stuck...

Race's mind reels. The water CONTINUES TO RISE around them. He looks around frantically. Fighting panic.

**DR. QUEST**

By the way... you were right. About Jonny  
needing a friend, I mean...

Just what Race needs right now: family therapy.

**RACE**

Oh, no. Don't do this to me.

The water LAPS at Quest's shoulders. Rising.

**DR. QUEST**

I know I'm... not the best father sometimes...

Race ignores him. GRABS the edge of the metal shelf. Grimaces.

It won't budge.

**DR. QUEST**

But he's a fine boy... he just needs guidance...

He SPITS OUT SEA WATER as it rises up his face. Race tries valiantly to lift the shelf.

**RACE**

Goddammit, doctor, I'm your bodyguard, understand? I am a *professional!*

He shoves CORPSES aside, YELLING over the RUSH of sea water flooding the compartment --

**RACE**

-- and you are *NOT DEAD UNTIL I SAY YOU'RE DEAD! YOU HEAR ME?!*

Quest cranes his neck, his mouth just above the waterline. Running out of options, Race GRABS his respirator.

**RACE**

Listen to me! Use my aqualung! In a few seconds, the water's gonna make that shelf lighter! Maybe I can pull you free!

**DR. QUEST**

(CHOKING on sea water)

Look after him, Race -- please --

**RACE**

*Shut up and LIVE, FOR CHRISAKE!*

He JAMS the mouthpiece into Quest's face just before the water rises over Quest's head. Then -- K-SPLOOSHI Race goes...



**UNDER THE WATER**

to check that Quest is breathing properly. He gives him a tense, hopeful thumbs-up. Quest weakly returns it.

Race **RISES** again. Dripping. Gasping for breath, the icy water up to his stomach... then his chest... then his neck.

**RACE**

God, I hate this job.

He takes a **GULPING** breath. Filling his lungs. Pulls on his scuba mask, and drops -- **K-SPLOOSHI**

**BACK UNDER THE WATER**

He swims to where Quest's leg is caught, and **TUGS** on it. Stuck, as advertised. He **SEES** a metal pipe. Wedges it underneath the shelf for leverage. He **PULLS** on Quest's leg.

It comes free.

**SERIES OF SHOTS - THE FLOODED U-BOAT**

Race **SWIMS** through a nightmare obstacle course of floating corpses, **DRAGGING** Quest through hatches and passageways that moments ago, we saw them walking through.

**EXT. THE U-BOAT**

Sitting snug at the edge of the abyss. Except it isn't snug. Because at that moment, without warning: it **MOVES**.

**SLIDING** closer to the edge.

**INT. U-BOAT ENGINE ROOM**

Just short of the aft hatch ladder, Race and Quest are **KNOCKED SIDEWAYS** as the hull settles again. Race gets his bearings. **SHOVES** Quest up the ladder.

**INT. AFT SPHERE (DEEP QUEST)**

Gasping for breath, Quest rises from the hatch and **COLLAPSES** to the floor. Race comes up next, wincing with exhaustion. He **CLOSES** the hatch, reaches for the intercom.

**RACE**  
 Ensign, it's Bannon -- get us the hell out of here,  
 will ya?

**INT. FORWARD SPHERE - CLOSE ON JONNY (INTERCUT)**

**Tense.** He reaches for the intercom switch:

**JONNY**  
 Race?! Are you guys okay?

**RACE**  
 Fine, kid, fine. Lemme talk to the Ensign.

**JONNY**  
 Um -- well...

**PULL BACK TO REVEAL:** Tracy, slumped in her seat, head down.

**JONNY**  
 ... she's kind of unconscious.

**Race's heart stops.**

**RACE**  
 What do you mean "kind of"?

**JONNY**  
 I think she hit her head when -- you know, when  
 we fell to the edge.

**RACE**  
 Edge?  
 (tense)  
 Edge of *what*, Jonny?

**Jonny looks out the portholes and at the video monitors. SEES:** rocks and mud  
 and silt **FALL OFF BELOW US** into an endless, yawning chasm of blackness.

**JONNY**  
 Um...

**Race puts his face in his hands and shakes his head slowly.**

**RACE**  
 (regaining his composure)  
 Jonny, listen to me -- there's a control panel  
 next to Ensign Bravo. On the left. I need you to  
 find the *emergency weight jettison lever*.

Quest covers the intercom mike with his hand.

DR. QUEST

Have you lost your mind? He can't pilot this craft -- the boy's *twelve years old!*

RACE

(cutting)

Yeah, well, if you don't show a little faith in him, he's not gonna live to see *thirteen.*

Tense beat. Sheepishly, Quest removes his hand from the intercom.

RACE

Jonny, listen to me. Look for the ballast pump lever, understand -- ?

Jonny looks around with panic at the mind-numbing phalanx of meters, switches and controls. He starts to lose it.

JONNY

*I don't know, I don't know, they all look the same!*

RACE

Come on, kid! Stay with me!

Trembling, mustering his courage, Jonny reaches across the unconscious Ensign Bravo.

RACE

Didn't you watch Tracy pilot us down?

In the tight squeeze, her ample bosoms jut invitingly in Jonny's face.

JONNY

*I wasn't watching her **HANDS!***  
(a sudden thought)  
*Wait.! The sucking thing!*

As he **SNAGS** the aft pump lever --

EXT. U-BOAT

Suddenly, with a metallic **GROAN**, the hull **SLIDES AGAIN**, **HALFWAY OFF THE CLIFF**, the tiny DeepQuest clinging like a parasite. The U-boat **TOTTERS** precariously on the edge.

**INT. DEEP QUEST (INTERCUT)**

The entire cabin **ROCKS VIOLENTLY** sideways, internal lights **BLINKING** on and off. We **HEAR** the familiar **SUCKING SOUND**.

**RACE**

Jonny, that's it! That's going to release the hatch seal! Now look for the *emergency jettison lever!* Hurry!

Jonny frantically scans

**THE CONTROLS**

The labels are indecipherable technical acronyms. After a brief game of "eenie-meanie-minie-moe," he arbitrarily **GRABS** a lever, **AS --**

**SERIES OF SHOTS - U-BOAT AND DEEP QUEST**

The mud cliff beneath the hull finally **GIVES WAY**, and...

**THE U-BOAT SLIDES OVER THE SIDE**, bow-first, DeepQuest still attached like a parasite, and with a great **HEAVE** and **GROAN**, the massive sub **DISAPPEARS** into the inky black void...

Pause. Pause.

Then -- like a runaway balloon, the DeepQuest **RISES OUT OF THE ABYSS!**

**INT. DEEP QUEST (INTERCUT)**

Jonny holds on for dear life, humbled by his inadvertent success.

**JONNY**

Yee-haw..?

**RACE**

Kid, you did it! *You did it!* When we get topside, remind me to buy you a drink --  
(glances toward Quest)

Hug, I mean. Give you a big hug.

Quest gestures weakly.

**DR. QUEST**

... the bends... check the oxygen...

Race turns back to the intercom. His tone turns serious.

**RACE**

Jonny, listen to me. Pull back on that lever you found. We have to take her up slowly, understand?

(Jonny obeys)

Now I need you to check the air supply. There should be a meter with a little red pie shape on it.

**JONNY**

I see it! I see it!

**RACE**

Good. That's the Co2. Now right next to that is the oxygen gauge. The needle should be at 1800 psi.

Jonny looks at the meter. Swallows. He is strangely quiet.

**RACE**

Jonny..? Tell me it's at 1800.

**JONNY**

(scared)

Um... it's at zero.

Race wipes the sweat from his upper lip. Breathing shallow.

**RACE**

Listen to me very carefully. I want you to take your finger... and tap the meter, sharply. Understand? Do it now.

Frightened, Jonny obeys. TAPS the glass once, twice.

The needle quivers and *jumps to 1800 psi*. Jonny brightens.

**JONNY**

It's okay now.

Race and Quest exchange looks -- and HUGE exhales. Race slumps back in his seat, finally relaxing.

**DR. QUEST**

(a whisper)

Race...?

Race looks at him wearily. Smiles.

**RACE**

You keep calling me that, I might get the idea  
you don't hate me.

Quest grins back weakly. Contrite.

**DR. QUEST**

Thank you...

He closes his eyes with exhaustion. Race just sits there, staring blankly.

**RACE**

Well, what d'ya know. Hell froze over...

**FADE TO BLACK.**

And a chilling, familiar **VOICE**:

**DR. ZIN (OVER)**

I want to show you something...

A **CLICK** and **CLATTER** from the Dolby® Surround speakers, then the sputtering **WHIRR** of a 16 mm projector as --

**DR. ZIN (OVER)**

I want you to witness the majesty, the  
elegance --

**AN ATOMIC MUSHROOM CLOUD** fills the screen.

**DR. ZIN (OVER)**

-- of the **GREATEST WEAPON EVER DEvised**

Zin steps into frame, **STOCK FOOTAGE** flickering across his face: The Trinity tests; Los Alamos; the devastation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, etc.

**DR. ZIN**

The atomic bomb, gentlemen. All my adult life  
I have been love in with its sublime facility for  
destruction.

**INT. 'SPECULA' LAB - TEMPLE - DAY**

As the projector **SPUTTERS** to a stop, the lights come up, and we see that Zin is addressing a row of **TECHNICIANS**, all of whom stand at military attention.

**DR. ZIN**

For a decade, mankind has held the ability to end all life on earth with the push of a few buttons..

He crosses the room.

**DR. ZIN**

Until *one man* spoiled this dream... Doctor Benton Quest. The inventor of *this* --

He gestures to a full-scale reconstruction of QUEST'S MYSTERIOUS DEVICE.

**DR. ZIN**

The Specula device. *The first legitimate threat to the purity of nuclear annihilation* --

He WHIRLS to a TECHNICIAN. Violently GRABS HIM by the lapels!

**DR. ZIN**

And now you're telling me it *WON'T WORK?!?*

**SPECULA TECHNICIAN**

Please, number one! The plans were incomplete -- !

He SCRAMBLES to the prototype, and opens a small compartment --

*Empty, except for two, unconnected copper wires on each side.*

Zin GRABS the blue prints. Sees that a small device is intended to fit inside the compartment, a device called:

**DR. ZIN**

"Deuterium Exchange Chamber"?  
What is that??

**SPECULA TECHNICIAN**

We don't know, excellence...

Zin's eyes burn with rage.

**DR. ZIN**

You *DON'T KNOW?!?*

The technician trembles, afraid to say anything that will get him shot as --

**VON DUFFEL**

appears in the doorway. Zin WHIRLS on him, expectantly. Von Duffel swallows hard, standing at attention.

**VON DUFFEL**

Quest is alive.

And just as we expect Zin to explode -- the opposite occurs. He *implodes*; voice terrifyingly calm.

**VON DUFFEL**

(to a sentry)

Three of your men. Armed. Now.

The sentry clicks his heels, and heads out. Von Duffel looks nervous. Several of the technicians trade glances.

**VON DUFFEL**

I blame myself, excellence.

Zin studies him like a lab rat in a cage.

**DR. ZIN**

Are you telling me he did not take the bait, Herr Colonel?

**VON DUFFEL**

He did, excellence, but... he escaped. The new bodyguard is better than we thought.

**DR. ZIN**

I see. And could they have found any evidence on board? Evidence that might lead them... here?

**VON DUFFEL**

If Quest is as clever as you say, that is a possibility.

The ARMED SENTRIES arrive and DRAW their weapons on the now-sweating Von Duffel. Zin smiles.

**DR. ZIN**

Congratulations, Herr Colonel. You have proven the first rule of science...  
(he leans in close)

Failure teaches success.

He turns to the armed goons. Points to the engineering staff.



DR. ZIN

Kill them.

The sentries move in, roughly MANHANDLING the technicians. Lining them up to be shot.

VON DUFFEL

(nonplused)

I... I don't understand, Dr. Zin.

DR. ZIN

They are obsolete, Von Duffel. Who better to solve our little engineering problem than *Benton Quest* himself..?

He grins malevolently.

VON DUFFEL

But -- others may try to stop him --

DR. ZIN

I have enlisted an agent to ensure that doesn't happen.

(to the sentries)

Kill them! Now!

As Von Duffel watches him go, hatred in his eyes, the walls TREMBLE with the echoing ROAR OF MACHINE-GUNS and...

THE SCREEN TURNS RED.

Gradually, a rippling IMAGE appears. The slow, chemical burn-in of a developing photograph.

It is a NAUTICAL CHART.

INT. QUEST ONE - MAIN HOLD - DAY

Race emerges from the jet's darkroom, clutching the still-dripping photograph.

He pulls down a map of Southeast Asia and the Indian Ocean, then an acetate grid. Using the photo as reference, he draws a circle in red grease-pencil: a tiny island off the coast of Sumatra.

RACE

(lighting a cigarette)

Bingo.

## EXT. CALCUTTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Laying flat on the lazy, yellow Hooghly River, Eastern India's largest city is a muggy blend of the ancient and the modern. The Quest One sits at the edge of the airfield.

SUPER: CALCUTTA, INDIA

Race emerges from the jet as a MAINTENANCE CREW finishes refueling. Jonny and Bandit play ball on the tarmac.

RACE

Hey, Jonny. Where's your dad?

Jonny shrugs toward a hangar. He pulls a small pink envelope from his pocket.

JONNY

Oh, um, this is for you.

He hands the envelope to Race, who, suddenly, looks fit to be tied. Genuinely touched by this gesture.

RACE

Gee, kid, you didn't have to get me a card, I'm just doing my job --

Jonny frowns.

JONNY

It's from Tracy. She told me to give it to you.

RACE

(abashed)

Oh.

He tears it open to find a sexy, cartoon greeting card, and, hand-written inside: *Next time we go that deep, you drive! TRACY B. (518) 396-7721.*

As Race reads, Quest steps up behind him.

DR. QUEST

Something develop, Race?

RACE

(smiles to himself)

Could be, doctor...

Quest looks at him blankly.

**RACE**

Oh, you mean the *photos* --  
 (embarrassed)  
 The photos. Right.

He stuffs the note in his pocket. Jonny rolls his eyes and walks away, snickering.

**RACE**

Well, according to the charts, that U-boat was headed for an island west of Sumatra.

Quest strokes his beard, pensive. Meets Race's eye.

**DR. QUEST**

We'll need a guide to meet us.

Race smiles.

#### **AT THE EDGE OF THE AIR FIELD**

A tall wooden fence separates the tarmac from the city. Here, Jonny watches with amusement as Bandit faces off with a local denizen -- a **MONGOOSE**.

The two mammals circle one another like western gunfighters. Bandit **BARKS**, and the mongoose **BOLTS AWAY**, through a loose board in the fence.

As Bandit **CHASES** it -- the board **FALLS** back down and Bandit **SLAMS** into it, nose first -- **THUNK!** Jonny **LAUGHS**, then peers over the fence:

#### **JONNY'S POV - CALCUTTA**

A beckoning, colorful world of exotic adventure.

A mischievous twinkle appears in Jonny's eye as he "accidentally-on-purpose" **KICKS** the loose board aside, and Bandit **RUNS THROUGH** in crazed pursuit of the mongoose.

**JONNY**

("concerned")

*Bandit, NO --!*

Quest and Race look up to see Jonny scrambling over the fence.

#### **EXT. STREET BAZAAR - CALCUTTA - DAY**

Bandit **CHASES** the mongoose through a bustling marketplace of **TURBANED MERCHANTS** hawking silks and jewels, rugs and spices. Jonny is hot on their tail(s).

**JONNY**  
*Bandit! Heel, boy -- !!*

**THE MONGOOSE RUNS** around a corner. Bandit bounds after it -- and almost runs headlong into an open basket.

A **KING COBRA** stares at him, tongue flicking in and out.

Bandit **FREEZES**. Holds his ground. Looks with terrified confusion at

**A HALF-NAKED INDIAN BOY**

sitting cross-legged beside the basket, and playing an eerie, arresting melody on a *tiktiri* (snake-charmer's pipe).

Fine-boned and roughly Jonny's age, the boy wears only a loincloth and turban, and his skin is the dark, Dravidian hue native to Southern India.

For those of you out of the loop, this is **HADJI**.

**TWO OTHER INDIAN CHILDREN** sit beside him, a boy and a girl. **JONNY** skids to a stop beside his dog. Sees Bandit and the Indian Boy sharing a look of strange communion.

**HADJI**  
Observe, little one.

He continues playing. Bandit cocks his head, mesmerized, as the cobra's head lowers out of sight, and a **COIL OF ROPE** rises inexplicably from the basket.

**RACE AND DR. QUEST**

arrive on the scene, stopping to watch, as: the rope **RISES**. When it reaches ten feet, Hadji nods to the two children, who **SCRAMBLE UP** the rope.

A small crowd has gathered, and **APPLAUD** appreciatively. Some toss Rupees at the children as they smile and wave from their perch. They **JUMP DOWN**, and the rope becomes limp.

**HADJI**  
(rising)  
Thank you very much. For my next trick, I will need a member of this gracious and venerable audience...  
(gestures to Race)  
The white-haired gentleman, for instance..?

Jonny prods Race forward. Quest smiles.

**RACE**  
 (grumbling)  
 ... Natural blonde, ya little --

He reluctantly stands before the crowd. Hadji nods to his two assistants, who stand on each side of Race, and hold up an ornate rug to cover his trousers.

**HADJI**  
 Observe. For to judge a man's worth, you must  
 have eyes that see inward.  
 (gestures)  
*Sim sim sala-bim!*

The assistants YANK the rug away, REVEALING: Race's trousers have been magically turned inside-out!

**HADJI**  
 Now your friends know you inside-out,  
 do they not?

Race turns a bright red, as the onlookers APPLAUD.

**HADJI**  
 But fear not, oh golden one --

The little assistants replace the rug.

**HADJI**  
*Bim bim bala-sim!*

And again, they YANK IT AWAY -- TO SHOW Race's pants correctly rightside-out. More APPLAUSE. Hadji bows with P.T. Barnum flourish. Even Quest tosses a few Rupees into the basket.

**DR. QUEST**  
 Not bad, Race.

**RACE**  
 (deadpan)  
 I'm playing Vegas next.

The Indian children count their Rupees as Hadji waves at the departing audience.

**HADJI**  
 Ahimsa protect you, my friends! But beware of  
 thjeves!

**EXT. CALCUTTA RIVERFRONT - DAY**

In contrast to the festive bazaar, a street choked with smoke, garbage and human poverty. Jonny points to a row of flimsy, overcrowded shanties made of bed sheets.

**JONNY**

Hey, look. A camping area.

**DR. QUEST**

(grimly)

I'm afraid not, Jonny. That's where those people live. India isn't like America -- not everyone has a home, or enough food to eat.

Crestfallen, Jonny looks back toward the marketplace.

**JONNY**

Gee, maybe we shoulda given those kids some more money...

He looks at his father and Race with sad, pleading eyes. Feeling guilty, Race reaches for his wallet.

Freezes.

**RACE**

That little rat fink.

**EXT. ALLEY - OFF BAZAAR - DAY**

Divvying up the contents of Race's wallet, Hadji pulls out a *Playboy Club* card, looks at it with confusion, and tosses it. His two accomplices JABBER in HINDI, as -- JONNY appears at the mouth of the alley, spotting the thieves.

**JONNY**

Hey!

The kids **SPLIT UP**. The Indian Boy **BOLTS** for a wall -- gets halfway there before Jonny **TACKLES** him. They **GRAPPLE** in the dirt, until Jonny gets a **JUDO GRIP** on him. Grins smugly.

But Hadji **GRIPS JONNY'S HAND**, and turns the pressure right back on him. Jonny **FLIES**, ass-over-tea-kettle. **LANDS -- OOF!**

**RACE AND DR. QUEST** scuff to a halt over the two combatants.

**RACE**

So. "Beware of thieves." huh?

Hadji hangs his head contritely. Holds out Race's wallet.

HADJI

I am very sorry, Mr. Roger Bannon of Miami Beach. But an empty stomach gives bad advice.

Quest eyes Hadji's spindly, malnourished frame.

DR. QUEST

(Involuntary smile)

Call him Race.

INT. CAFÈ SABU - CALCUTTA - DAY

Sitar MUSIC PLAYS as the Quest Team enjoy a lunch of tandoor, biryani and dal. Hadji eats with his hands, ravenously.

RACE

Stay clear of that mouth, Jonny. You could lose a hand.

DR. QUEST

You haven't told us your name, young man.

Hadji looks up, face covered with food.

HADJI

It is Khotal Bhikhadji Keshav.

The group exchange blank stares. Hadji grins.

HADJI

Hadji, for short.

DR. QUEST

Where'd you learn English, Hadji?

HADJI

Same place I learn judo. From American marina. After my parents died, he took me on many adventures.

JONNY

Your -- parents?

HADJI

My father was mahout, an elephant keeper.  
My mother read palms, and was very beautiful.

(sadly)

They were killed by the Chinese in Kashmir.  
(brightens)

But I know the city well. If you need a guide,  
you have come to the right man!

DR. QUEST

Actually, we're headed for the jungle.

HADJI

How fortuitous for you, I *grew up* in the jungle!  
Dangers you cannot see, I can smell. Or hear.  
And I work cheaply.

RACE

Pretty snappy patter coming from a con man.

HADJI

I am not a con man, sahib.

(proudly)

I am an entrepreneur.

As he says this, he sneaks a handful of food under the table to Bandit.

JONNY

What do ya say, dad? Can Hadji come  
with us? Can he? Please?

Quest glances at Race, who averts his gaze, as if to say, "Hey. Don't look at me".

DR. QUEST

Son. Where we're going, and what we have to  
do, could turn out to be very dangerous. It  
wouldn't be fair to bring Hadji along. I'm sorry.

Jonny sinks his chin into his fists, depressed.

JONNY

Aw, shhh...

(off his dad's glare)

... aving cream.

HADJI

Don't be sad, Jonny. If it is true what they say --  
that a rich man is one who has friends -- then  
you have all made me very rich indeed.



Everyone is touched by this sentiment. Well, *almost* everyone.

RACE

(under his breath)

What is this, a love-in?

The others shoot him a look.

JONNY

Hey, dad. Can I give Hadji our address in Florida? At least we could write each other.

DR. QUEST

That's a fine idea.

He hands a pen and notepad to Jonny. Quest looks at his watch.

DR. QUEST

We should be getting back. I'd like to get to that island before nightfall.

They rise to say their good-byes to Hadji.

DR. QUEST

Well... Take care, Hadji.

RACE

Yeah, don't take any wooden Rupees.

Hadji bows his head.

Jonny waves back, *sadly*. His last image: the poor, poverty-stricken Indian boy, standing alone in the overcrowded street, clutching Jonny's slip of paper...

EXT. CALCUTTA STREET - DAY

Race pulls out his Marlboros, but finds the pack empty. He crushes it. Sees a dingy tobacco shop.

RACE

I'll be right back.

INT. DINGY SMOKE SHOP (CALCUTTA) - DAY

Musty. Smoke-filled. Race approaches a ghoulish-looking CLERK at the counter. In HINDI, he asks for Marlboros. The clerk hands him a pack before he finishes the sentence --

**CLERK IN SMOKE SHOP**

No charge, sahib. Mr. Corven sends his regards.

Brow furrowed, Race suspiciously unpeels the plastic wrapping, and sees: *one of the cigarettes is hollow.* He pulls it out. Unrolls the paper. A tiny note:

**BEWARE OF A DOUBLE AGENT**

**EXT. CALCUTTA STREET - DAY**

Race emerges. Scans the street like a pro. As he rejoins Quest and Jonny, a swarthy, turbaned THIEF eyes Race's Rolex, and licks his lips.

CUT TO:

**POV - GUNSIGHT**

A high-powered sniper-scope lines up DR. QUEST in its crosshairs.

CUT TO:

**THE THIEF**

as he merges into the crowd, eyes on Race's watch. He reaches into his smelly robes, and produces... a dagger.

CUT TO:

**POV - THE GUNSIGHT AGAIN**

as it PANS OFF Quest, and lines up *dead-on RACE BANNON.* A FLASH of light glints behind him, and --

CUT TO:

**THE THIEF**

as he **MAKES HIS MOVE**, dagger up, and -- **THUPI THUPI!**

Two **SILENT SHOTS** take the thief down. **BYSTANDERS SCREAM** and scatter, as Race **SHOVES** Quest and Jonny into the safety of an alcove, and stands there, Beretta in hand, barely breathing.

**RACE**

I think we've worn out our welcome around here, doctor.

**DR. QUEST**

I warned you -- cigarettes can be dangerous.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CALCUTTA ROOFTOP - DAY**

As the prettiest damn GUNMAN you ever saw unscrews a smoking silencer from a bolt-action Ruger sniper rifle.

Her name is "JEZEBEL" JADE. I believe we've met.

**INT. TEMPLE RADIO ROOM - DAY**

A RADIO MAN finishes jotting a Morse code message. Looks up from his console.

**RADIO MAN**

Confirmation from Calcutta, sir. Arrival of Quest Team is imminent.

**REVEAL ZIN**, looming behind the man. A thin smile.

**DR. ZIN**

Poor Benton. You can't resist a trap, can you..?

**DISSOLVE:**

**EXT. BAHITI ISLAND - DAY**

A four foot KOMODO DRAGON bakes in the tropical sun as WE HEAR a SONIC BOOM, and the lizard cocks its head toward the sea.

**SUPER: BAHITI ISLAND, INDONESIA**

**EXT. MALAY VILLAGE - BAHITI ISLAND - DAY**

A row of Colonial huts with thatched, saddleback roofs separate the beach from the inland jungle. A dormant volcano looms in the distance. A JET-SOUND rises, and --

**A STRAPPING, HANDLEBAR MUSTACHED AUSTRALIAN**

emerges from one of the huts. With his tattooed arms, stubby cheroot, and Ozzie bush hat, "CHIP" BALLOO is the textbook picture of a Soldier of Fortune.

He WHISTLES to a group of BATAK NATIVES, who follow him to

**THE BEACH**

where they stand, protecting their eyes from the deafening swirl of heat and sand as

**THE QUEST ONE**

DESCENDS out of the afternoon sky. After a moment, the gantry hatch OPENS, and the Quest Team appears. As they come down the gantry, Balloo steps forward to meet them.

**CHIP BALLOO**

Dr. Quest, I presume...

(spits)

Name's Chip Balloo.

He points to a peeling remnant of officer's bars on his long-faded uniform shirt.

**CHIP BALLOO**

Colonel Chip Balloo.

He admires the Quest One.

**CHIP BALLOO**

That's quite an airplane ya got there.

Jonny steps forward, indignant.

**JONNY**

Excuse me. "Airplane"? Mister, you're talking about a continuous combustion turbofan jet aircraft with a computer-controlled thermal efficiency regulator, a fully equipped onboard lab and ~~two~~ -- count 'em two -- zero gravity toilets!

WE HEAR a crazed BARKING from inside the jet.

**CHIP BALLOO**

All that and it yaps like a dog, too, eh?

Race starts back up the gantry. Draws his Beretta.

**CHIP BALLOO**

(wary)

Big dog, is it..?

**INT. QUEST ONE - MAIN HOLD - DAY**

**Race enters the cabin. Gun up.**

**Bandit YAPS uncontrollably at a shut storage compartment. The very one he hid in earlier. Race COCKS his Beretta. Reaches for the handle with his free hand, and...**

**YANKS the hatch OPEN!**

**Crammed inside, cradling a Persian carpet bag, is HADJI. He wears a cream-colored Shirwani tunic and has a sparkling ruby in his turban.**

**HADJI**

**You mean -- this isn't the bus to Bombay?**

**Bandit BOUNDS up and licks Hadji's face. Race holsters his gun and looks to Quest for their next move.**

**RACE**

**It's your show, doctor. You want me to kill him?**

**Quest crosses his arms. Stern.**

**DR. QUEST**

**Well... we can't very well take him back to Calcutta. Not right now.**

**(to Hadji)**

**We'll discuss this later, young man. But don't think we're happy about it!**

**As Quest turns to leave, he is plainly fighting a smile. Race follows him out, watching Hadji suspiciously. Jonny stays behind with his new friend.**

**JONNY**

**So, how'd you sneak aboard, anyway?**

**They trade conspiratorial grins. Hadji holds up the slip of paper Jonny wrote for him.**

**HADJI**

**It helps when you have instructions.**

**They trade a 'high five' as we --**

**CUT TO:**

## A MAP OF THE ISLAND

as it is SNAPPED OPEN on a rattan table.

CHIP BALLOO (O.S.)

Well, boys. Brass tacks of it is, you're lookin' at a hundred square miles of tropical jungle with an island population of twenty-seven, so it *might* be a good idea if you knew what the dingus you were lookin' for.

## INT. COMMUNAL HUT - DUSK

The group stands around the map. Everyone looks to Quest.

DR. QUEST

We have reason to think there may have been a Nazi base here, during the war.

CHIP BALLOO

Nazis, eh? Kraut bastards.

He turns to the lead native guide, SAHDEP. They trade words in a clipped MALAY DIALECT. Chip Balloo translates:

CHIP BALLOO

He says the local elders remember an army of white men, who came from the sea. Says they forged a path through the Kinjai gorge...

DR. QUEST

Path to where?

Sahdep averts his eyes nervously. In the back of the hut, an ancient BATAK ELDER chatters urgently. Chip Balloo frowns.

CHIP BALLOO

Guess my Malay's a little dusty.

HADJI

It is not a Malay dialect, Mr. Balloo. It is Javanese.

Everyone looks at HADJI, impressed.

HADJI

He says the path leads to the lost city.

**JONNY**

Lost city?

**CHIP BALLOO**

Ruins. Out in the jungle. Built by the Buddhists, most likely.

Sahdep shakes his head violently. Spooked.

**SAHDEP**

Turul Turul

**DR. QUEST**

What's he afraid of? What's Turu?

The ELDER speaks again. Hadji translates.

**HADJI**

He says it is a winged monster that guards the lost city from intruders.

**RACE**

Winged monster?

(sotto; to the Elder)

I don't know what you're smoking, brother, but don't bogart it.

**DR. QUEST**

Some kind of native superstition, isn't it?

**CHIP BALLOO**

Oh, it's no superstition, boyo. They've seen it.

Sahdep nods furiously. He takes Quest's cane, and uses it to draw something in the dirt floor of the hut.

**INSERT - SAHDEP'S DRAWING**

A crude rendering of a bird-like creature with a reptilian beak, angular wing-span, and an elongated, bony crest on the back of the head.

**JONNY**

Hey, dad! That looks like a Pteranodont!

**HADJI**

A what-o-don?

**DR. QUEST**

Pteranodon. It was a flying reptile of the Cretaceous period.

**JONNY**

He means a dinosaur.

**DR. QUEST**

Precisely. Which would make it a little tricky for these people to have seen.

Chip Balloo leans forward, ready to pick a fight.

**CHIP BALLOO**

You callin' 'em liars, chalkie?

**DR. QUEST**

Not exactly. But Pteranodons have been extinct for a hundred millions years. Give or take an ice age.

A thought occurs to him. He looks at Race.

**DR. QUEST**

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

**RACE**

(nods grimly)

Somebody wants that lost city to stay lost...

**EXT. MALAY HUT - NIGHT**

Moonlight. Jungle sounds. Jonny and Hadji play cards by the light of tiki torches, as Bandit naps nearby. Dr. Quest emerges from a hut, troubled.

**DR. QUEST**

Are you boys still up? We're heading out at first light, you know.

**JONNY**

Just one more hand, dad.

**HADJI**

You are welcome to join us.

Jonny glares at Hadji. Quest notices the exchange.

**DR. QUEST**

No, but... thank you, boys.

He heads off into the night, to battle his inner demons. Jonny looks after him, concerned.



**JONNY**

(snapping out of it)

Okay. Seven card stud, nickel a hand. Threes and nines are wild, first card down. Your deal.

He PLOPS the deck in front of Hadji, then watches with awe as Hadji proceeds to shuffle the cards like The Amazing Randi.

Over. Under. Hand-to-hand. Until (thanks to the magic of digital compositing), the cards literally DANCE IN THE AIR. Eight of them flutter to the table, four each, two face down.

Jonny glares.

**JONNY**

You know what? Forget it.

**EXT. MALAY VILLAGE - NIGHT**

Quest strolls to the edge of camp, looks out into the jungle. A FIGURE appears in the shadows behind him. Quest SPINS --

**RACE**

Sorry. Just checking the perimeter.

(pause)

Listen, doctor... I'm not sure about the Indian boy. I saw a knife in his carpet bag.

His features dappled in torch light, Quest stares into the darkness as if looking into his own soul.

**DR. QUEST**

Do you know who Pandora was, Race?

Race blinks with confusion.

**RACE**

Uh... the chick with the box?

**DR. QUEST**

(nods)

The first woman, according to Greek myth. As part of her wedding dowry, she was given an ornate jar, which she was warned never to open... But as we know, she did.

**RACE**

(with disdain)

Women.

**DR. QUEST**

She couldn't have known that every evil that would ever plague mankind would spring out of that jar. Until one creature was left inside, "Hope". Mankind's last chance for redemption.

(turns to Race)

The atom bomb is our Pandora's box, Race. That's why Rachel wanted to call the device "Specula" -- the Latin word for hope.

**RACE**

(realization)

Your secret invention -- it's --

**DR. QUEST**

A radiation neutralizer. A beam of uranium hexafluoride that can render an isotope too weak to achieve fission. One shot, and the most dangerous weapon ever created... becomes a worthless piece of scrap metal.

Race pales at the implications.

**RACE**

My God. You could end the arms race.

**DR. QUEST**

(nods solemnly)

That was the idea.

He looks into the jungle. Long-suppressed emotions rippling to the surface.

**DR. QUEST**

Rachel was an undergrad at M.I.T. when she devised the theorem. It was her idea, I just made it practical... That was six years ago.

**RACE**

And Zin's wanted it ever since.

(beat)

That's why he killed her, isn't it, doctor?

After a pause, Quest nods slowly. Close to tears.

**RACE**

I guess... you must think about her a lot.

**DR. QUEST**

(fighting the emotion)

Only every time I look at my son.

**Pause. Suddenly, Race seems stiff. Cold.**

**RACE**

**Listen to me very carefully, doctor. Don't.  
Move.**

**Quest follows Race's intense gaze toward...**

**A PAIR OF EYES**

**glinting in the leafy shadows of the brush. Crouching, stripes camouflaged  
by jungle haze -- a SUMATRAN TIGER.**

**Poised to kill.**

**Race swivels his head. Looking for options. SEES:**

**A SHOTGUN**

**lying seven feet away, on a table outside a storage hut. The rifle butt hangs just  
over the table's edge. Then he eyes a bulky STICK on the ground, at his feet.**

**RACE**

**Okay, here's the plan....**

**With agonizing slowness, he crouches. Tense. Never taking his eyes off *the  
hulking shape in the shadows.* He gingerly snags the piece of wood.**

**RACE**

**When I count to three, you run. On three, got it?**

**A flicker of a nod from Quest, as...**

**RACE**

**One... two... THREE--!**

**And several things happen at once:**

**Race THROWS THE STICK through the air, AS -- Quest BOLTS, AND -- the  
sudden movement causes THE TIGER TO LEAP, AS -- THE STICK comes down  
BAMI on the rifle butt, AND --**

**The shotgun SOMERSAULTS through the air, and -- THE TIGER is ten feet away  
now, AND CLOSING, as Race CATCHES the flying shotgun -- PUMPS it once --  
SPINS, AND --**

**RACE**

**Here, kitty kitty.**

**CLICK.**

**The fucker's empty.**

**RACE**

**Oh shit.**

**As the tiger makes a FLYING LEAP -- Race thinks fast -- has no choice -- GRABS the rifle by the barrel and winds up like Hank Aaron at the plate --**

**He swings.**

**CRACK -- ! The rifle-butt SMASHES the tiger's nose -- sending it BOUNDING BACK into the jungle as quickly as it came.**

**Race stands there. Frozen. Not even breathing.**

**Like he's posing for a baseball card.**

**DR. QUEST**

**That was it? That was your big plan?**

**RACE**

**I improvised the last part.**

**Which is when -- with a deafening ROAR, the TIGER'S BACK -- POUNCING -- FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS OF FLYING DEATH, AND --**

**THREE DEAFENING RIFLE-SHOTS BLAZE from the darkness -- CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!**

**Race and Quest SPIN, AND --**

**A SHAPELY FIGURE**

**steps out of the night, shouldering a now-smoking Ruger mountain rifle. She wears a short-sleeved safari suit, pith helmet, emerald green scarf.**

**"JEZEBEL" JADE**

**I keep saving your life, Bannon. Maybe I should start running a tab.**

**Jonny BARRELS into the clearing, having heard the gunshots. He is followed by a cluster of JABBERING, frightened BATAK NATIVES. Jonny sees Jade, and his eyes light up.**

**JONNY**

**Are you -- Jade..?**

**JADE**  
 (cocks an eyebrow)  
*Someone's been kissing and telling.*

Quest looks utterly confused. Face glares at her coldly:

**RACE**  
 Let me guess. You keep me alive long enough to blow the lid off this thing -- then you sell the information to the highest bidder.

**JADE**  
 (contrite)  
 Why do you make it so hard on a girl? I already feel like a louse about Hong Kong.

**RACE**  
 Yeah, you're all torn up about it.

Jade's tone turns serious:

**JADE**  
 Look, I didn't come here for my health, handsome. All right, I've been following you. But it's because of that microfilm you intercepted.

**RACE**  
 So. You're the double agent.

A VOICE from behind them:

**VOICE**  
 Sorry, boyo. That'd be me.

Everyone WHIRLS to see -- CHIP BALLOO, a gleaming Sauer M-38 leveled at our heroes. He COCKS IT.

**CHIP BALLOO**  
 Drop it, sweetie.

Jade grudgingly drops the rifle.

**CHIP BALLOO**  
 Well, now. Seeing as the little chink only needs Dr. Q here to pull off his scheme... why don't the rest of us just drop to our knees and say "G'day" to the big guy upstairs..?

VOICE

Oh, Mr. Baboon -- ?

Baloo WHIRLS. Sees HADJI, clutching a dagger by the blade. Race DIVES into a tuck-and-roll, GRABBING Jade's rifle as -- Hadji HURLS the dagger at the same instant Race FIRES, AND --

CRACK-THWACK -- !

Baloo's face goes lax as his gunshot wound blossoms crimson. He starts to slide down the wall of the hut, but stops halfway, his shirt-sleeve pinned by Hadji's dagger. Crucified.

HADJI

Did I mention I am pretty good at knife-throwing?

Everyone catches their breath. Race gives Hadji a thankful grin, then YANKS OFF Baloo's officer's bars.

RACE

Colonel, my ass.

(he turns to Jade)

You wanna tell us about that microfilm before anybody else ends up dead?

JADE

It was specs, Race. For a warhead.

DR. QUEST

A nuclear warhead?

JADE

I'm not sure, but it was shaped like the nose-cone of a rocket.

Race and Quest trade grim looks.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. RADIO HUT - NIGHT

BAMI Race KICKS in the door, and goes to a short-wave radio set. They immediately see that the front panel has been smashed and the wiring *torn out*.

Sabotage!

JADE

I've got a radio on my junk. It's anchored in the next cove.

Race takes her by the shoulders. A hint of passion.

**RACE**

Listen to me. I want you to contact the C-in-C of the Fleet Marine Force, General Wallace M. Greene. Tell him we need a marine detachment, ASAP. That's C-1 authority, you got it?

**JADE**

I love it when you talk marine talk.

**RACE**

(affectionately)

Semper Fi, baby.

She goes for the door.

**RACE**

Hey, Toots. Why'd you change your mind and join the good guys, anyway?

Jade turns. Flashes a dazzling smile.

**JADE**

I've got a rain check to collect on, remember?

She winks. Exits.

**JONNY**

(sotto; to Hadji)

If she dumps him again, I got dibs.

Race turns to Quest. Expression grave.

**RACE**

He's waiting for us, doctor. You know that, don't you..?

The look in Quest's eyes is steely. Undaunted.

**SLAM CUT TO:**

**A BELL AEROSYSTEMS™ ROCKET BELT**

as Race SNAPS it on! It resembles a mini-jet pack, with shoulder straps, a manual control dial on the belt, and two sleek exhaust tubes on the back.

**INT. QUEST ONE - MAIN HOLD - NIGHT**

Quest pulls on his own rocket belt. Jonny and Hadji look on.

**DR. QUEST**

Don't worry about jet exhaust. It works on a variable pitch air cushion system, so we won't --

**RACE**

-- fry our butts off? Nice to know.

Jonny looks at his father with concern.

**JONNY**

Hey, dad, you don't think there's really a Pteranodon, do you?

**DR. QUEST**

Don't be silly, Jonny --

Off the **SLAM** of a storage locker, they turn **TO SEE:**

**RACE**, now gripping a 66 mm M72 **BAZOOKA**. He pulls open the telescopic launcher tube with a nasty **CLACK -- !**

**RACE**

Better silly than sorry.

Quest eyes the weapon with mixed emotions.

**DR. QUEST**

You don't have another one of those, do you?

**EXT. QUEST ONE - NIGHT**

The group step down off the gantry, bazookas in hand. Quest hands Jonny a Dick Tracy-style *wrist-video-talkie*.

**DR. QUEST**

You boys stay here and wait for Jade. We'll make contact when we reach the lost city.

**JONNY**

(ignoring this)

Can't we go too, Race?

Race is a little taken aback. He looks cautiously between Jonny and his father.



**RACE**

You heard your dad.

**JONNY**

Yeah, but... you're in charge now, right?

Race glances to Quest, who impassively SWITCHES ON his rocket belt. Clearly hurt by Jonny's words, he CALLS to Race over the ROAR of the rocket belt:

**DR. QUEST**

I'll see you up there.

He twists a dial and -- KSSSSHHHHH!!! -- RISES like a balloon. Race turns to Jonny, appalled.

**RACE**

That was uncalled for, mister.

Jonny blinks, surprised by the reprimand.

**RACE**

Now let's get something straight. I'm an employee of the United States Government -- that man is your father.

**JONNY**

(dismissively)

Yeah, right. He never lets me do anything important. Ever since mom died, he barely knows what to say to me -- why should I do what he says?

Swell. Another dangerous mission, another counseling session.

**RACE**

What am I, *Dear Abby*? We don't have time for this --

(to Hadji)

Talk some sense into him, will ya?

**JONNY**

Fine! Go ahead! Who cares what I think? I'm just a stupid kid, right?

**RACE**

I'll tell you one thing -- responsibility isn't something you get by whining for it. It's something you earn!

**RACE (CONT'D)****(angrily)**

And another thing. Just 'cause a guy  
 doesn't say how he feels doesn't mean he  
 doesn't feel it! Now stay here and wait for the  
 lady, is that clear?

Jonny is chagrined. Even a little frightened.

**JONNY**

Yeah...

**RACE**Yeah, *what?***JONNY**

Yes...

**(gulp)**

Sir.

Race shoots him a final admonishing look, then SWITCHES ON his rocket belt...  
 and LIFTS OFF with a deafening WHINE.

Hadji watches him diminish in the night sky. Cautiously glances at Jonny.

**HADJI**

There is a saying in my country. A family  
 divided against itself will perish together.

Still stinging from his fight with Race, Jonny WHIRLS angrily.

**JONNY**

What would you know about it? You don't even  
have a family!

The words hang in the air a moment, like a bad smell. The look on Hadji's face is  
 heartbreaking, but his voice remains philosophical:

**HADJI**

Well... if I did, I would have a little more  
 appreciation than you do.

**JONNY****(lashing back)**

Yeah, well, maybe we shoulda left you where  
 we found you -- in the street, *begging like a  
 dog!*

Hadji's gaze turns cool. Still, he does not raise his voice:

**HADJI**

We have another saying. It is better to be alone than have a bad companion.

(beat)

Good-bye, Jonny Quest.

He turns... and walks away.

**JONNY**

Come on, Hadji -- I was just kiddin'! Right, Bandit?

Jonny looks to Bandit for support, but his little dog only snorts and turns his back on him. The Indian boy disappears into the distance as Jonny watches helplessly. The Batak natives look on silently.

**JONNY**

Aw, the heck with all of you!

He raises a pair of binoculars, and trains them on the horizon.

**EXT. JUNGLE - AERIAL - NIGHT**

Race and Dr. Quest FLY OVER the jungle canopy, gripping their bazookas tightly as they scan the landscape below. Quest points ahead, to:

**EXT. LOST CITY - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT**

A vast sprawl of ancient ruins, bathed in moonlight. Pyramidal structures of crumbling brick. Lava stone statues of gods and demons. Race and Quest hover over it.

Suddenly, WE HEAR an unearthly SHRIEK... and a WINGED SHADOW falls over them --

**CUT TO:**

**CLOSE ON JONNY**

looking through the binoculars. He REACTS. Looks down at his

**WRIST-VIDEO-TALKIE**

A quick, nightmarish glimpse of the CREATURE, then the image BREAKS UP, and WINKS OUT with a staticky CRACKLE --

THE NATIVES all move away from the wrist-talkie with fear. The one called Sahdep looks skyward, ashen with terror.

SAHDEP

Turu...

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. LOST CITY - AERIAL FX SEQUENCE - NIGHT

Extinct? Nope.

THE PTERANODON SHRIEKS, and SWOOPS TOWARD QUEST -- who DROPS his bazooka -- CRANKS his belt control -- and ZOOMS out of its path just as the Creature FLAPS past him --

HOVERING nearby, Race shoulders the bazooka -- Quest sees him AIM, AND --

DR. QUEST  
RACE, NOT IN THE AIR -- !!

WHOMMM -- I RACE FIRES --

No time for a physics lesson, but suffice to say: Race is THROWN BACKWARD -- SLAMS into a palm tree -- rocket tanks crushed, he PLUMMETS twenty feet to the ground, AS --

THE SHELL EXPLODES in mid-air -- MISSING The Creature -- which banks -- SEES Quest -- issues an angry prehistoric CRY, AND --

RACE comes to, on the ground. Starts to CRAWL. Battered. Grunting with pain as he reaches for QUEST'S BAZOOKA...

In the air, QUEST CRANKS his rocket belt to FULL THROTTLE -- ZOOMS AWAY, skimming the treetops -- but The Creature is right behind him, talons out, swooping in for the kill, AND --

RACE GRABS the second bazooka -- ROLLS onto his back -- closes one eye to TAKE AIM, and FIRES -- WHOMMM -- !!

CUT TO:

JONNY'S POV - BINOCULAR MATTE

An EXPLOSION of sparks lights up the night sky, and

JONNY

lowers the binoculars with stunned disbelief.

JONNY

Dad...?

His eyes glimmer with tears as the reality of the situation begins to sink in. Trembling, he SCREAMS --

JONNY  
DAAAAADDDD -- !!!!

The SOUNDS of the jungle are his only response.

His world shattered, Jonny slides to the ground. Stunned. Bandit WHIMPERS. The Bataks look on, helpless. After a moment, Jonny reaches into his back pocket and pulls out

A DOG-EARED SNAPSHOT

Jonny and Dr. Quest in happier times.

CLOSE ON JONNY

as he stares at the photo. Crying softly. Finally, he wipes the tears from his cheeks and looks up, eyes fierce with determination...

CUT TO:

EXT. MALAY VILLAGE - LATER

The Bataks sit around a fire, talking in low tones. Gradually, they become aware of a figure, standing at the edge of the firelight, clutching a backpack.

JONNY  
Who's gonna show me to that damn Lost City?

The natives trade confused glances. Jonny points toward the jungle where his father and Race disappeared.

JONNY  
You know -- Turul Turul

Predictably, the natives cower with fear and shake their heads.

All but one.

The one called Sahdep sees the resolve in Jonny's eyes... and rises. He steps forward bravely. Jonny nods with gratitude.

DISSOLVE:

**EXT. LOST CITY - SUNRISE**

**THE STONE BUDDHA** looms in the dawn light, as Jonny and Sahdep emerge from the jungle. Sahdep uses a crude macheté to hack through the vines and thick brush.

He leads Jonny down a leafy incline. Then **GASPS** and stops dead in his tracks. Jonny edges past him, **SEEING**:

**THE PTERANODON**

Sprawled on the ground. Motionless. One wing is charred and black from the bazooka-fire.

Jonny inches forward. Crouches beside the thing. He reaches out tentatively. Pulls back the scorched wing, and looks into a **CHARRED HOLE** blown in the creature's side:

Metal armature. Wires. Hydraulics.

**JONNY**

Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle.  
(looks up at Sahdep)  
Turu's a robot!

Suddenly -- **VOICES** from O.S. Jonny and Sahdep **DUCK** behind some foliage. Peer through the leaves **AT**:

**A TEMPLE ENTRANCE**

several yards away. The doorway is carved in the shape of a huge mouth, with bulbous eyes above the opening. The head of the mythical monster, Makara.

**TWO TECHNICIANS** in coveralls finish sharing a cigarette.

Jonny turns to Sahdep. Speaks low:

**JONNY**

You don't have to go any further. I just wish  
I had something to --  
(a thought)  
Wait a minute.

He holds open his backpack.

**JONNY**

Anything you want... it's yours.

Thrilled by his good fortune, Sahdep examines items from the backpack, one-by-one. Canteen. Flashlight. Survival rations.

Finally, he takes out one of Jonny's Hot Wheels® cars. Looks at it with strange admiration. He holds it up.

JONNY

Hot Wheels.

(gives him a thumbs up)

Cool.

SAHDEP

Cool.

Jonny smiles. Thankfully claps the native's shoulder.

JONNY

Thanks again, Daddy-O.

Sahdep smiles back. Jonny turns back toward the temple, as

**THE TWO TECHNICIANS**

finish their cigarettes, pull on their oxygen masks, and head into the giant mouth. A hidden door **SLIDES OPEN** hydraulically.

Jonny makes a break for it, and slips in just before the metal door **SLIDES SHUT!**

**INT. TEMPLE CORRIDOR - DAY**

A long corridor. **WE HEAR** a hollow **ECHO** of **LOUDSPEAKER VOICES**, as Jonny advances, several yards behind the technicians. He moves cautiously. Toward a light at the end of the tunnel...

**INT. TEMPLE MAIN FLOOR - SECRET ROCKET BASE - DAY**

Jonny emerges into a vast, high-ceiling monastery, and quickly takes cover behind a statue of Shiva. Busy **TECHNICIANS** scurry about all around him.

**LOUDSPEAKER #1**  
Crews to stations! Prepare  
to position solid booster  
deflectors!

**LOUDSPEAKER #2**  
Manschaften zum Rangeni  
Rügefest abweicheni

Jonny cranes his neck, staring up with awe at --

## A TWO-STORY TALL V-10 ROCKET

A massive, time-worn SWASTIKA FLAG adorns the wall behind it. Plumes of liquid oxygen rise around the gantry, as --

TECHNICIANS ON FLYING PLATFORMS (the platforms we saw in our opening) hover next to the rocket, making adjustments as a hydraulic winch slowly lowers a WARHEAD onto the nose-cone.

## INT. TEMPLE BLOCKHOUSE - DAY

WE PAN ACROSS a stone floor... PAST a row of fuel canisters like the ones on the U-boat, as WE HEAR a SOUND. Persistent. Maddening. It goes: DRIP-DRIP-DRIP. Finally, WE REST ON...

## BENTON QUEST

Pale. Greased with sweat. Slumped in a chair under a naked light fixture. WE HEAR a JANGLE OF KEYS, and a door SCRAPING OPEN. Quest looks up weakly.

## BLURRY POV - A DOORWAY

And standing in it, a ghostly SILHOUETTE. A thin, reedy VOICE starts to SING:

### SILHOUETTE

*In praise of Old Nassau, my boys. Hurrah,  
hurrah, hurrah...*

The figure steps forward, INTO FOCUS.

### DR. ZIN

What's the matter, Benton... don't you remember your old school song?

Zin moves to Quest's side. Picks up a used hypodermic from a wooden table next to the chair.

### DR. ZIN

The sodium pentathol makes it all come back to you, doesn't it, Benton?

(nostalgically)

The 21 Club at Princeton... the fountain outside Wilson Hall... *the secret of the deuterium exchange chamber...*

Eyes milky, unfocused, Quest forces his mouth to form words.



DR. QUEST

Go to hell....

Zin smiles. Crosses the room.

DR. ZIN

I have a better idea.

And YANKS OPEN a set of shutters to reveal a large VIEW WINDOW looking out to the main floor and rocket gantry.

DR. ZIN

Let's go together.

Quest fights the fuzz in his mouth... and his brain.

DR. QUEST

All right, so you've got a bomb... and a rocket to fire it...

DR. ZIN

And with *your* help, my dear Benton, the means to neutralize any atomic weapon on earth.

Even in his drugged stupor, Quest comprehends the implications.

DR. QUEST

My God...

DR. ZIN

Precisely. The arms race is over. The Cold War? Over.

(an excited whisper)

And *I win*.

Quest looks at him with icy contempt.

DR. QUEST

Win what, Zin? World domination?

DR. ZIN

Spare me.

DR. QUEST

What, then? Extortion?

DR. ZIN

Is that how little you think of me, Benton? That I'm nothing more than a petty criminal?

## DR. ZIN (CONT'D)

(bitterly)

Oh, but you -- *you're* the martyr, aren't you?  
So paralyzed, so consumed by loss that you've  
alienated your own son -- isn't that right? Well,  
I was in love once, too, my friend. But a  
Chinese student in love with a *Japanese*  
fisherman's daughter..? Well, that wouldn't do,  
would it?

He looks off, the memories stabbing like knives.

## DR. ZIN

So we made a secret pact, she and I. That  
when the war was over, we would meet at her  
parents' humble jûtaku in the seaport called  
Nagasaki. Except when the glorious day  
came... I found her parents' humble jûtaku has  
been flattened into ash... in a wasteland of  
radioactive rubble... And my love -- ?

(beat)

Even though she'd been atomized in a  
heartbeat... her shadow remained, etched in the  
concrete.

He turns to Quest with an eerie grin.

## DR. ZIN

You and your lovely wife were quite right,  
Benton. Man isn't worthy to hold the power of  
the atom. Only God should have that power.

(beat)

God... or me.

Quest looks like he's going to be sick.

## INT. TEMPLE MAIN FLOOR - SAME

Jonny *slinks* between consoles manned by JUMPSUITED TECHNICIANS.  
Something catches his eye -- a huge, backlit

## MERCATOR PROJECTION

A map of the globe, with the rocket's planned trajectory. A dotted line arcs  
from their location west of Sumatra, to a spot on the U.S. eastern seaboard --  
*Washington D.C.*

The color drains from Jonny's face.

**INT. BLOCKHOUSE - SAME**

Zin stands, looking out the window; lording over his domain.

**DR. ZIN**

So. As soon as you give me the information to complete my SPECULA device, the United Nations will receive my ultimatum...

(pointedly)

If I do not receive proof within 72 hours that each country's nuclear arsenal is being systematically dismantled... I will fire my warhead on Washington, D.C.

Quest looks at him with disbelief.

**DR. QUEST**

I don't understand. You're willing to risk a nuclear holocaust... for world peace??

Zin stands lurking in the shadows, like a creature carved into the temple walls. Madness gleams in his eyes.

**DR. ZIN**

Well... we can't make an omelet without breaking a few eggs, can we?

**INT. CHAMBER OF DEATH - DAY**

The room where we first met Zin. Race is tied to a chair at the edge of the pit. Battered. Bleeding. He is surrounded by three BEEFY GOONS in black turtleneck sweaters.

Von Duffel supervises the interrogation in a double-breasted, leather SS officer's jacket.

**VON DUFFEL**

Now, then. Let's try again, shall we? What is the deuterium exchange chamber?

**RACE**

I told you. The name's Bannon, Roger L. Lieutenant Colonel, United States Marine Corps. Serial num --

CRACK -- ! A hairy-knuckled RIGHT-CROSS cracks Race's jaw. He COUGHS a bloody spittle as Von Duffel shakes his head with disappointment.

VON DUFFEL

Tsk tsk tsk. I should warn you, Mr. Bannon...

He glances down into the pit, where the sickening grey *THING* lurks just under the surface.

VON DUFFEL

(ominously)

Doctor Zin's pet has not been fed today...

He produces a cigarette. His tone is nonchalant.

VON DUFFEL

I understand you enjoy a good smoke now and again, yes?

He lights the cigarette with slow, vaguely sensuous deliberateness. Then nods to a GOON, who fills a shot glass with rum, and hands it to him.

VON DUFFEL

Your dossier also informs me you are a drinking man...

He lights another match and drops it into the glass. The rum BURSTS into flame. Von Duffel takes the bottle, and wafts it teasingly under Face's nose.

VON DUFFEL

These are very dangerous habits, yes..?

He SHATTERS THE BOTTLE ACROSS HIS FACE -- covering it with tiny sliver cuts and dripping rum.

VON DUFFEL

Now then. Since Dr. Zin's pet likes its breakfast *well-cooked*... I will not ask a second time.

He lights another match; the flame reflecting in his eyes.

VON DUFFEL

*What is the deuterium exchange chamber?*

INT. TEMPLE MAIN FLOOR - SAME

Jonny sneaks up behind a surveillance station, where a TECHNICIAN monitors a row of screens. External video of the ruins outside. A tiny red light begins FLASHING! The technician frowns, glancing at

## **THE MONITORS**

And what looks like **ARMED COMMANDOS** converging on the temple.

## **EXT. LOST CITY - DAY**

A **VIDEO CAMERA** pans electronically from the branches of a palm tree, as we **BOOM DOWN TO REVEAL.. "JEZEBEL" JADE**, wielding a 9mm M12 submachine pistol. She is leading

## **A SPECIAL FORCES RECON DETACHMENT**

Combat fatigues. M-16s. Grenade launchers. **FIFTY GREEN BERETS**, locked and loaded. The audience goes apeshit.

## **INT. SURVEILLANCE STATION - SAME**

Jonny **SEES THIS** from his hiding place. Starts to **CHEER**:

YAAA --                      JONNY

But quickly covers his mouth when he remembers where he is.

The security officer reaches for a *red lever* -- **PULLS IT**, and -- the base becomes a frenzy of **FLASHING RED LIGHTS** and wailing **ALARM KLAXONS!**

## **INT. CHAMBER OF DEATH - SAME**

Von Duffel has the match-flame inches from turning Race into flambé when -- he **HEARS** the alarm. Looks up, and...

Race Bannon knows a diversion when he sees one.

His legs **SHOOT OUT LIKE PISTONS**, sending Von Duffel **SPRAWLING BACKWARD** into the pit, as --

**CUT TO:**

## **SERIES OF QUICK CUTS - METAL DOORS**

**SHUTTING AUTOMATICALLY** all through the complex, cutting off all entrances and exits! A hapless **TECHNICIAN** stumbles and is **CRUSHED** by a hydraulic door --

**EXT. LOST CITY - DAY**

Jade and the Green Berets HEAR THE ALARM, exchange signals, and spread out with military precision.

**INT. CHAMBER OF DEATH - SAME**

As the THREE GOONS *GO FOR RACE*, but he SHOOTs TO HIS FEET, still tied to the chair, SPINNING like a human top, and --

**THE FIRST GOON**

gets a chair leg in the chin -- CRACK! -- laying him out FAST, as Race RAMS --

**THE SECOND GOON**

KICKING OFF his gut into a backward SOMERSAULT -- landing on his feet again like a cat, and facing --

**THE THIRD GOON**

who DIVES for him, but Race DROPS ON HIS BACK, Jackie Chan-style, the chair cushioning the impact, and he KICKS -- sending THE THIRD GOON straight into the SECOND GOON, and...

In seconds, all three Goons lay sprawled on the stone floor, unconscious or cradling their wounds.

He's laid them out just using his legs, all with his arms and upper torso tied to a chair. Wriggling free of the ropes, he SMASHES the chair over the last man's skull, and goes to

**THE PIT**

where Von Duffel reaches out from the tiny inlet, surrounded by human bones.

**VON DUFFEL**

Help me! Please --!

The water quivers near him. A swirling gray shadow, just under the surface. Panicking, he SPLASHES through the fetid, black water. Tries to scramble up the slimy slope, as --

A TENTACLE breaks the surface! WRAPS AROUND him. Then another. And ANOTHER. PULLING HIM BACK IN --

The water **CHURNS** violently as the thick, snake-like appendages **WRAP AROUND HIM** with pink, budlike suckers and -- a giant, **BULBOUS EYE** stares from just under the surface.

**VON DUFFEL**

**GGGaaaahhhh -- !**

As the tentacles squeeze the life out of him, the water **CHURNING** in a **FOUNTAIN OF DEATH**, the creature and its victim finally slip under the surface, and disappear...

Race looks down. Exhausted. Bloodied. Vaguely nauseous.

**RACE**

When you get to hell..? Say hi to Adolph for me.

**INT. BLOCKHOUSE - SAME**

As the alarm klaxons **WAIL**, Zin angrily **PUNCHES** a wall intercom.

**DR. ZIN**

*Who sounded a red alert?*

**INT. MAIN FLOOR - SECURITY STATION**

Standing over the console, the **SECURITY MAN** presses the intercom.

**SECURITY MAN**

Security breach, number one. We have armed intruders outside the temple.

*(he grins nastily)*

But we have the Quest boy.

**WHIP PAN TO REVEAL:** a terrified **JONNY**, surrounded by guns.

**INT. BLOCKHOUSE - SAME**

The expression on Zin's face chills the blood.

**DR. ZIN**

Did you hear that, Benton?

**DR. QUEST**

*(suddenly; urgently)*

It doesn't exist.

Zin looks at him skeptically.

**DR. QUEST**

The deuterium exchange chamber -- there's no such thing! I put it in the plans as a fail-safe, in case anyone stole them. It's a red herring! It *doesn't exist!*

Zin shakes his head sadly.

**DR. ZIN**

Your son's life at stake, and still you tell lies --

**DR. QUEST**

*Goddamn you, it's the TRUTH!*

A strange glint appears in Zin's eyes.

**DR. ZIN**

Emotion will be your undoing, my friend. When your wife didn't give me those plans, her death was... how should I say it? *Unpleasant..*

(beat)

That part can be avoided. But whether you tell me or not, you... and your boy... *will die today.*

And he leaves, closing the door with a resonant BOOM! JANGLE of keys. CLICK. Quest looks around the room desperately:

The fuel tanks. The light fixture. Then -- the source of the maddening DRIP-DRIP:

A leaking WATER PIPE.

Quickly, instinctively, Quest empties his pockets. Lint. Some loose change. A tape measure. A thought occurs to him. Vague, at first. Unformed.

He takes another quick inventory: the fuel tanks, the light fixture, the dripping water pipe...

The idea crystallizes.

**HE MOVES** to one of the liquid oxygen tanks and **TWISTS** the nozzle until we **HEAR** a thin **PSSHH!** of escaping gas.

**INT. TEMPLE MAIN FLOOR - DAY**

**THE RED ALERT BLARES!** as Zin moves to the security console. Jumpsuited **GOONS** hold Jonny tight.

**DR. ZIN**

Implement defenses!



**A HENCHMAN REACHES** for a row of toggle switches, and --

**EXT. LOST CITY - THAT MOMENT**

**HIDDEN MACHINE GUNS JUT** from the temple walls, and **OPEN FIRE** on Jade and the Marines! As they **RUN FOR COVER**, several soldiers are *caught in the withering crossfire -- !*

**INT. BLOCKHOUSE**

Quest flicks the light switch **OFF**. Moves to the fixture, and **UNSCREWS** the light bulb. **SMASHES** the top of it with his tape measure.

Filament intact, he **screws the bulb back in**.

**INT. TEMPLE MAIN FLOOR**

Zin looms over Jonny, who cowers. Terrified.

**DR. ZIN**  
We meet at last, Jonathan.  
(a sick grin)  
I knew your mother, briefly.

Jonny **SPITS** in his face! Zin **BACKHANDS** him angrily --

**INT. BLOCKHOUSE**

Quest **RAPS** on the water pipe with his tape measure -- **CLANG! CLANG!** until a thin **DRIZZLE OF WATER** begins spewing out -- *creating a growing pool of water...*

**INT. TEMPLE MAIN FLOOR**

Zin angrily **COCKS** his Luger at Jonny. Suddenly --

**A CLOUD OF SMOKE**

**EXPLODES** nearby! Everyone **WHIRLS**, watching it dissipate, until out of the mist appears...

**HADJI**

standing like a showman, a deck of cards in each hand.

**HADJI**  
Behold! The wonders of the Orient!

He throws the cards in the air, and they **FLUTTER LIKE BUTTERFLIES** into the faces of the armed goons! The jumpsuits **swat** at the cards like bees!

**DR. ZIN**  
You fools! Kill him! **KILL HIM!**

Hadji **SPINS, WRAPPING HIMSELF** in a huge silk, **AND --**  
**EVERYONE OPENS FIRE, AND --**

**JONNY**  
(horrified)  
*Hadji!*

The silk is **SHREDDED** by the **HAIL OF BULLETS -- JERKING** spastically in the air as if on strings, until -- its tattered remains flutter gently to the floor...

**HADJI IS GONE!**

Everyone blinks for a moment. So stunned that nobody notices:

**BEHIND THEM - HADJI**

sneaks up to the security console, and -- like Gunga Din sounding the cavalry advance, he reaches for the **RED LEVER -- SHOVES** it back into place, **AND --**

**SERIES OF QUICK CUTS - THE METAL DOORS**

**OPEN AGAIN** throughout the complex!

Jade and the Green Berets see the breach in the fortress -- and **LAUNCH GRENADES** into the openings for ground cover! The **CO SIGNALS** the charge, and the Marines **POUR IN**, machine guns **BLAZING --**

**INT. TEMPLE MAIN FLOOR**

Let's spend some of Ted's money, shall we?

All hell breaks loose. **GREEN BERETS RAPPEL** from the silo opening, as Zin's army of jumpsuited goons **FIRE BACK** in full complement -- | Stray artillery **RICOCHETS** off the V-10!

**JONNY AND HADJI** take cover behind a console, **GUNFIRE** and **EXPLOSIONS** all around them.

HADJI

It is no fun saving the world all by yourself, is it?

Jonny looks at him thankfully, full of remorse.

AT THE SECURITY CONSOLE

Zin WHIRLS toward the blockhouse, eyes blazing with an obsession that has but one name -- *Quest!*

INT. BLOCKHOUSE

PSSSHHH! The room continues to fill with pure oxygen, as -- Quest YANKS the metal tape out of his tape-measure case, and -- PULLS the metallic end FREE from the case, and --

*Affixes one end to the light bulb filament.*

The tape hangs from the fixture with its other end touching the stone floor. The pool of water CREEPING toward it...

INT. DOOR OUTSIDE BLOCKHOUSE

Zin fumbles with the door lock --

INT. BLOCKHOUSE

Quest looks at the door, as the water touches the bottom of the metal tape, and the door OPENS, and Quest DIVES THROUGH THE SHUTTERS fifteen feet to the floor below, as Zin YANKS the door open, instinctively reaches for the light switch, and flicks it ON, which ELECTRIFIES the wet floor, which IGNITES THE OXYGEN, AND --

The room explodes.

INT. TEMPLE MAIN FLOOR - SAME

A MUSHROOM BALL OF FLAME THROWS ZIN BACKWARD like a flaming rag doll. He CRASHES onto a console. ROLLS to the floor, and that's when WE SEE: every inch of his body has been BURNED.

His face is a red, pulpy, skull-mask, one eye literally melted shut. Yet, unbelievably... he remains alive.

As technicians look on with horror, he **CRAWLS** to a console. Reaches agonizingly under his tunic. In his shaking, peeling hand... is a **KEY**.

He reaches for a locked box. Inserts the key, and **YANKS OPEN** the box. A **LEVER** inside. And two sinister words:

### MASTER OVERRIDE

With the last strength in his body, Zin **PULLS THE LEVER...** and a blood chilling **LAUGHTER** burbles from his peeling, red skull, as he slumps to the floor, and...

The earth moves.

A **LOW RUMBLING** at first, followed by a deafening **HISS**, and a sudden, hellish **BLAST** of fiery, hot-orange flame from the bottom of the V-10 gantry as --

**BILLOWS OF SMOKE SHOOT OUT** like cloud-jets, and the **ROCKET QUIVERS --** a vibration, becoming a **SHUDDER**, as the solid booster rockets **IGNITE, AND --**

### THE V-10 ROCKET

**RISES SLOWLY** from the gantry, its lethal nose-cone **THRUSTING SKYWARD** through a hole in the bell-shaped ceiling, and as the rocket **LIFTS OFF**, its fiery tail **BLASTING** out of sight...

**JONNY**

**DASHES** through the smoke and debris to where Quest has fallen in a rain of glass and steel.

**JONNY**

**DAD -- ?!**

Quest looks up, wincing with pain. Their eyes meet.

**JONNY**

**I thought you were...**

He stands there awkwardly. Wanting desperately to hug his father, but somehow.. arrested by shame.

**JONNY**

**Dad, I --**

Then he sees something in his father's eyes: no words are required. Quest **GRABS his son**, and holds on for dear life.

**DR. QUEST**

**It's all right, Jonny. As long as we're together... everything's going to be all right.**

Hadji appears behind them, looking up through the silo opening at the diminishing rocket. They follow his gaze.

HADJI  
(ominously)

"I am become death, the shatterer of worlds;  
Waiting the hour that ripens our doom..."

(off Jonny's look)

It is from Bhagavad Gita.

JONNY

What's it mean?

HADJI

It means we are in deep shaving cream.

### JADE AND THE GREEN BERETS

efficiently round up stray TECHNICIANS and Zin's SECURITY FORCES, when suddenly --

RACE LURCHES from a doorway. Battered. Bruised. Clothes torn and bloody. The marines LEVEL their weapons -- but Jade signals for them to hold their fire. She sniffs him disapprovingly.

JADE

Smells like *someone's* been drinking.

RACE

Oh, shut up.

He GRABS Jade's machine pistol, and JAMS it in the throat of a captured TECHNICIAN.

RACE

*How the hell do we stop that rocket?*

The man sweats in the clutches of TWO GREEN BERETS.

TECHNICIAN

*Es ist unmöglich! Alles automatisch! Es ist unmöglich -- !!*

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. SKY OVER INDONESIA - DAY

Twelve tons of shuddering V-10 rocket *HURTLES PAST CAMERA* --

## INT. TEMPLE MAIN FLOOR - SAME

Our principals stand tensely beneath the giant MERCATOR PROJECTION, where a tiny BLIP charts the rocket's progress. Quest studies the map, his mind racing feverishly.

RACE

Won't air defense pick it up on radar and blow it out of the sky?

DR. QUEST

(shakes his head)

All our early warning systems are set to anticipate a communist attack -- from the *north*.

He points out BMEW air defense radar stations in Alaska, Greenland, and Northern England. Then he points to the rocket blip -- going *the opposite direction*.

DR. QUEST

Zin sent the missile *south*. At that apogee, it won't be in radar range until it's over Texas.

JONNY has been standing by, listening to all this thoughtfully. He grabs a piece of paper and pencil from a console as Quest turns to the Special Forces CO, COLONEL CANIFF.

DR. QUEST

Colonel, call the Pentagon. Tell them this is a rogue missile. If that warhead gets to Washington, the best case scenario is half a million dead.

RACE

Yeah, and worst case is someone at NORAD gets an itchy trigger finger.

HADJI

What then -- ?

DR. QUEST

(grim)

It's World War Three, Hadji.

Jonny finishes a hasty sketch of a globe.

JONNY

Hey, dad? The vector thrust on the Quest One -- we could make almost Mach 3, couldn't we?

Quest looks over Jonny's shoulder. Brow furrowed.

DR. QUEST

Conceivably.

Jonny draws an oblong dotted line around the edge of the earth's surface.

JONNY

Okay, Zin's rocket -- it's orbiting from the south for a free fall, right? Parabolic trajectory?

Quest nods. Jonny draws a second line with a different arc.

JONNY

So we could use the ramjet for booster speed, take an elliptical trajectory west -- and make up the lost time.

Quest stands, dumbstruck. He GRABS the pencil. Does some quick calculations.

DR. QUEST

My God, he's right.  
(looks at Race)  
We could intercept it.

Okay. Forget that he's been beaten, humiliated, almost drowned, nearly eaten by a tiger and practically killed by a flying dinosaur robot -- forget all that.

Race Bannon has had *just about enough*.

RACE

I hate to interrupt the Math Club here, but we are talking about an *armed nuclear warhead* traveling at the speed of sound, which means even if we *could* catch up with it, the only way to defuse it would be in mid-air with a gizmo you *never finished*, which only happens to be on the *OTHER SIDE OF THE PLANET -- !!*

Then he notices:

Quest is not even looking at him. Nor are the others. They're all looking *past* him. Through a doorway.

Into a lab.

Race turns. Follows their gaze.

Finally, he SEES IT:

**THE SPECULA DEVICE**

The group stands there for a beat. Frozen in tableau.

**DR. QUEST**  
You better get the jet ready.

**RACE**  
I'll get the jet ready.

**SLAM CUT TO:**

**INT. THE PENTAGON - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY**

**A MILITARY AIDE RUNS** down a corridor. **WHIPS OPEN** a door --

**INT. JOINT CHIEFS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

**THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF** look up from a meeting. A gruff, cigar-chomping, five-star **GENERAL** sits at the head of the table, stunned by the intrusion.

**AIDE**  
General, you've got a priority one phone call on line three -- a Colonel Caniff of the 7th Special Forces Group, near Sumatra.

**GENERAL MIKE ROAD** scowls.

**GENERAL ROAD**  
Sumatra..?  
(snaps up the receiver,  
and **BARKS** into it)  
What, are you boys **LOST?** Vietnam's north!

**EXT. LOST CITY - DAY (INTERCUT)**

**Caniff** talks into a field phone as the Marines load the Specula device aboard the **Quest One**. The jet's **TURBO-WHINE** is deafening.

**COL. CANIFF**  
Sir, we have a situation! Doctor Benton Quest needs you to authorize some airspace clearance!

**GENERAL ROAD**  
What kind of airspace clearance?

**Caniff's** voice squeaks from the receiver.



The cigar **DROPS** from the General's mouth.

**SLAM CUT TO:**

**EXT. SPACE**

The V-10 **HURTLES** out of the earth's atmosphere, **AND --**

**SLAM CUT TO:**

**INT. QUEST ONE - FLIGHT DECK - DAY**

Race, Quest, Jonny and Hadji, now in G-suits, buckle into the seats assigned to them by the original show's opening title sequence.

**RACE**

Strap in tight, boys. We're gonna be pulling a coupla Gs once we get up to speed.

He reaches for the nozzle selector lever... and **YANKS** it upright.

**EXT. QUEST ONE - SERIES OF CUTS**

**THE EXTERNAL NOZZLES** rotate into vertical position.

**INT. FLIGHT DECK - SAME**

Race reaches for the gas turbine starter. **GUNS THE THROTTLE.** The **SOUND** is deafening as he **THROWS IT WIDE**, and the cabin begins to **VIBRATE**, and --

**EXT. LOST CITY - DAY**

**JADE AND THE MARINES** cover their ears as the swirling heat beats against their faces, and

**THE QUEST ONE**

**ROCKS GENTLY** on its undercarriage, then **LIFTS SLOWLY** in vertical ascent. **THE VECTOR NOZZLES** swivel slowly toward the rear, and the jet begins *moving forward* from the hover, and --

It gathers speed with a *surge of acceleration*, and as it **STREAKS AWAY** into the cloudless horizon -- a **SONIC BOOM** rolls across the heavens like the wrath of God.

**INT. FLIGHT DECK - QUEST ONE - SAME**

The cabin **SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY** as our heroes grit their teeth, pinned to their seatbacks by G-forces. Race reaches for the *engine relight button* -- *HITS the turbofan, AND --*

**EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY**

The Quest One **STREAKS PAST US AT MACH 3 --!**

**CUT TO:****EXT. OUTER SPACE - THAT MOMENT**

The V-10 **LOBS** like a football against a tapestry of stars --

**CUT TO:****INT. FLIGHT DECK - QUEST ONE**

Race drops the air speed to a paltry seven hundred knots.

**RACE**

Okay, I'm slowing her to subsonic.  
(looks over his shoulder)  
You boys okay?

**JONNY AND HADJI**

stare vacantly; like they've been through the spin cycle. **BANDIT** pants happily, just happy to be here.

Quest reaches forward, and punches a code into a **RADAR DISPLAY** showing a grid-map of the United States.

**DR. QUEST**

Radio the tracking station at Fort Walton. Tell them as soon as they pick up that blip to bounce it off one of their Spook Bird satellites --  
(points to the screen)  
This'll monitor the signal.

He unbuckles his straps, turns to Jonny and Hadji.

**DR. QUEST**

Come on, boys. We don't have much time.

**EXT. THE IONOSPHERE - THAT MOMENT**

THE V-10 ROCKET hits apogee, and begins *arcing downward* -- its heat-shielding glowing red as it *RE-ENTERS THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE*, and --

**INT. COMBAT OPERATIONS CENTER - NORTH AMERICAN AIR DEFENSE COMMAND - CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN, COLORADO - TIGHT ON RADARSCOPE**

as a BLIP appears on the screen! A BATTLE STAFF MEMBER looks up anxiously.

**BATTLE STAFF MEMBER**

We have acquisition, sir! Eighty-five degrees, moving northeast!

WHIP PAN TO: SEVERAL NERVOUS GENERALS, overlooking a high tech control room, facing two MASSIVE DISPLAY SCREENS. A sign reads: "The Price of Peace is Eternal Vigilance."

**NORAD C.I.C.**

Shut up and send that signal!

A nervous CANADIAN GENERAL wipes his brow with a handkerchief.

**CANADIAN GENERAL**

General, we have surface-to-air missiles on standby! Why don't we --

The Commander-in-Chief WHIRLS on him angrily.

**NORAD C.I.C.**

Why don't we what, General? *Explode a twenty kiloton warhead over the eastern United States?!*

He steps forward, eyes pinned on the ominous radar blip.

**NORAD C.I.C.**

(under his breath)

Goddammit, Quest, I hope you know what you're doing.

SLAM CUT TO:

**INT. MAIN HOLD - QUEST ONE - SAME**

Quest and the boys roll the SPECULA DEVICE into position; its cannon barrel aiming at the closed hatch, as --

**INT. FLIGHT DECK - SAME**

**BLEEP!** The rocket's radar signal appears on the tracking display. Race **CALLS** over his shoulder:

**RACE**

I see the blip, doctor!

Suddenly, the **SOUND** of Bandit **BARKING CRAZILY**.

**RACE**

Knock it off, Bandit! There's no stowaways on this trip --

He glances behind him, and... his blood turns to ice. He instinctively locks in the computer override **AUTO-PILOT** because, standing in the main hold, is

**A HIDEÛOUS APPARITION**

Charred, blackened, its face a nightmarish, peeled-onion death's head; the insidious **DR. ZIN** is a virtual *walking corpse*. The infamous storage compartment stands open behind him.

In his trembling hand, a Czech-made **VZ61 Skorpion** machine pistol.

**DR. ZIN**

Step away from the device, Benton.

Quest and the boys stare with disbelief. Zin **COCKS** the gun.

**DR. ZIN**

*Now -- I*

Quest obeys as Jonny and Hadji stand by, petrified. Bandit barks insanely.

**DR. QUEST**

Zin, that warhead's going to kill half a million people if we don't neutralize it. Why would you want to do that?

(beat)

*Why destroy Washington D.C.??*

In Zin's one good eye, we see a pain beyond words.

**DR. ZIN**

*Because they destroyed her...*

Suddenly, Bandit **STOPS BARKING**. Looking *past* Zin, toward

**RACE**

who has been stealthily sneaking up behind him. Zin WHIRLS, and -- Race GRABS the gun hand, and -- BLAMI

Race's shoulder explodes. A plume of blood as a bullet goes *right through him* -- PUNCHING a hole in the fuselage, AND --

The cabin INSTANTLY DEPRESSURIZES, becoming a WIND TUNNEL, and -- everything that isn't bolted down or locked away becomes AIRBORNE -- like the inside of a tornado --

Quest LEAPS toward Zin -- GRABS the gun hand, and -- BLAMMI A second shot FIRES WILD as the two enemies lock in mortal combat --

Race and the boys hang on for dear life, as the cabin PITCHES and YAWS like an out-of-control amusement park ride.

SLAM CUT TO:

TIGHT ON RADAR DISPLAY

And the two *converging blips*.

INT. COMBAT OPERATIONS CENTER - N.O.R.A.D. - SAME

The same two blips converge on the NORAD wall display as the tense Generals look on helplessly. A BATTLE STAFF MEMBER calls from his console:

BATTLE STAFF MEMBER

ETA to impact -- one minute!

The Canadian General mops his brow, plainly terrified.

CANADIAN GENERAL

Cutting it a little close, isn't he?

The Commander-in-Chief glances at a RED HOTLINE PHONE. He wipes the sweat from his upper lip as he lifts the receiver.

NORAD C.I.C

(into phone)

Get me the President.

**INT. MAIN HOLD - QUEST ONE**

Quest **SLAMS** Zin against the hatch -- both **GRAPPLING** for control of the gun. Race looks on, wounded and powerless. Holding on to an equipment rack to keep from being airborne --

**INT. FLIGHT DECK - CLOSE ON ALTIMETER**

as the needle **SPINS**, the jet *in fast descent*, **AND --**

**INT. MAIN HOLD**

With his shaking, peeling hand, Zin manages to raise the gun again -- and **JAMS** the barrel against Quest's throat. Quest leans in, inches from Zin's melted ear. His voice is eerily calm:

**DR. QUEST**

Go ahead. Kill me. But it won't bring her back, will it? All it will do is *stop the pain....*

And for a surreal moment, Zin looks lost. Bewildered.

Which is when *Quest KICKS THE HATCH-HANDLE*, and the hatch **SHOOTS OPEN HYDRAULICALLY**, and -- *Quest SHOVES Zin with both hands*, **AND --**

**ZIN FLIES BACKWARD OUT OF THE CABIN, SCREAMING AND FIRING HIS MACHINE GUN INTO SPACE --**

**DR. ZIN**

**AAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaa!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

The madman becomes a tiny speck against the clouds as Quest **CLINGS** to the hatch, catching his breath. Jonny looks on, amazed.

**JONNY**

No offense, dad, but -- I think maybe you're a little fuzzy on the whole brains vs. brawn thing.

**DR. QUEST**

Nonsense, Jonny.

(beat)

I used my knowledge of gravity.

The cabin pressure starts to equalize, normal gravity resuming. Quest **SPINS** toward the flight deck -- then **SEES** Race bleeding, clutching his wound. His mind races. He turns to Jonny.

**DR. QUEST**

Jonny, listen to me. Race is wounded. He can't fly anymore, and I never learned how -- I just designed the turbo-thrust.

(beat)

There's only one person on this aircraft that can fly it, and that's you. You know the Quest One upside-down.

Jonny looks at him, slack-jawed. Terrified.

**JONNY**

But, I've only ever flown a simulator. Besides, I'm -- *I'm just a kid!*

Quest looks him dead in the eye.

**DR. QUEST**

Not anymore.

(beat)

I know you can do it, Jonny. Tell me I'm right.

And as years of bruised feelings and miscommunication are erased, Jonny Quest answers his father with trembling respect:

**JONNY**

I... guess so, sir.

**DR. QUEST**

Good. Then follow that bomb.

**EXT. SKY OVER NORTH AMERICA - THAT MOMENT**

The V-10 **HURDLES** through the atmosphere, **BUFFETED** by high-altitude winds, but, unfortunately, *staying its course...*

**SLAM CUT TO:**

**THE N.O.R.A.D. BATTLE STAFF OFFICER**

Uniform soaked with sweat as he **CALLS** out an update:

**BATTLE STAFF MEMBER**

Thirty seconds to impact!

**SLAM CUT TO:**

**INT. FLIGHT DECK - QUEST ONE**

Jonny at the helm. Race grips the back of the pilot's seat with his one good arm, as Hadji BUCKLES IN with Bandit. Suddenly, Race looks panic-stricken. He CALLS back into the main hold:

**RACE**  
**DOCTOR?! WHAT ABOUT THAT EXCHANGE**  
**CHAMBER?!**

**INT. MAIN HOLD (INTERCUT)**

High altitude winds RUSH THROUGH the cabin as Quest opens the exchange chamber hatch on the device.

**DR. QUEST**  
**IT'S A RED HERRING, IT DOESN'T EXIST!**  
**I MADE IT UP!**

He reaches in, and wraps the two strands of copper wire together, *connecting them*. Then pulls on a pair of protective goggles, and gives Race a thumbs-up.

**RACE**  
 Swell. I got to be a punching bag for nothing.

**CLOSE ON RADAR DISPLAY**

*as the two blips converge... Closer... CLOSER, AND --*

**JONNY**

looks out of the cockpit --

**SEES the V-10 in the near distance!**

He checks the airspeed indicator. Starts to panic.

**JONNY**  
**Race, we're gonna overshoot it! WE'RE GONNA**  
**OVERSHOOT IT!**

Race does some quick mental calculations. CALLS OUT:

**RACE**  
**Doctor, how long can your popgun stay on -- ?!**

**DR. QUEST**  
**Ten seconds! MAX!**



**RACE**  
**FIRE IT UP ON MY SIGNAL!**  
 (to Jonny)  
 You're gonna have to pull a combat yo-yo.

**JONNY**  
 A WHAT -- ??

**RACE**  
 Just listen! On three, I want you to slam the vector nozzles to ninety degrees and pull up into a G-loop, but *don't touch the throttle!* Got it? On three! **ONE --**

**EXT. SKY OVER WASHINGTON D.C. - DUSK**

The **DEADLY V-10 BLASTS** through the cloud cover, **QUEST ONE** hot on its trail in the distance --

**INT. FLIGHT DECK - SAME**

Jonny grips the steering column with sweaty hands. Scared shitless.

**JONNY**  
 This may be a bad time, but have I apologized to everybody yet?

**RACE**  
**TWO--**

**EXT. SKY OVER WASHINGTON D.C.**

**THE V-10 ARCS DOWNWARD**, close to Ground Zero as the **QUEST ONE STREAKS OVER IT, AND PAST IT, and --**

**INT. FLIGHT DECK - QUEST ONE - TIGHT ON RACE BANNON**

**RACE**  
**THREE -- III**

Jonny **SLAMS** the nozzle selector, and --

Dr. Quest **SWITCHES ON** the Specula Device, **AND --**

**THE INTERIOR OF THE JET TURNS UPSIDE DOWN, AS --**

**EXT. SKY OVER WASHINGTON - SERIES OF SHOTS**

The Quest One executes a textbook perfect, AIR COMBAT YO-YO, pulling maximum G at the bottom of its dive and *SPIRALING DIRECTLY PAST THE FLYING V-10, AND --*

**THE SPECULA DEVICE**

*FIRES* out the open hatch as it *SWOOPS PAST*, and --

**THE V-10**

is suddenly awash in an *unearthly, crackling GLOW* of atomic energy, *AND --*

**EXT. "THE MALL" - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DUSK**

For those of you at home, The Mall is not a shopping center. It is the grand courtyard of open green that connects the Lincoln memorial and the Capitol building.

Suddenly -- the V-10 *ROCKETS OUT OF THE SKY*, and *CLIPS OFF* the top of the Washington monument, *AND --*

**EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DUSK**

*CRASHES nose-first -- IMPALING* the White House front lawn.

Pause. Pause.

A lame puff of steam *CURLS* up from the battered metal hull, and wafts across the grass. *WHITE HOUSE SECURITY* and *SECRET SERVICEMEN DASH* to the spot, guns drawn. *Useless, as usual.*

**INT. QUEST ONE - FLYING - SECONDS LATER**

Dr. Quest limps onto the flight deck, lifts his goggles. The others just sit there. *Exhausted. Speechless. Finally:*

**JONNY**

Whatcha thinkin', dad?

Quest reaches out. Gently squeezes his son's shoulder.

**DR. QUEST**

I was thinking... how proud your mom would be if she could see you right now.

Jonny smiles wistfully, vectoring off into the setting sun.

JONNY  
Maybe she can, sir.

AND WE DISSOLVE:

EXT. PALM KEY - DAY

A familiar U.S. ARMY CHOPPER WORPLES out of a cloudless blue sky, LANDING on the chopper pad adjacent to the Quest compound.

QUEST, JONNY AND HADJI

watch as a CORVEN and the MILITARY CONTINGENT disembark, and approach, led by a solemn-looking MAJOR HAMILTON.

RACE AND JADE

emerge from the shadow of a palm tree. He wears a sling on his arm and a Hawaiian print shirt.

Major Hamilton steps forward. Shakes hands with Quest. He reaches suddenly into his uniform jacket, and --

Race reflexively DRAWS HIS BERETTA with his good hand.

RACE  
Slowly, Major.

The Major chuckles. Cautiously removes some papers. Race uncocks the hammer, and returns the gun to hiding.

MAJOR HAMILTON  
(to Quest; impressed)  
He's good.

DR. QUEST  
Yes, he is.

Hamilton unfolds the paperwork. Hands it to Quest.

MAJOR HAMILTON  
Well, I had to pull a few strings with the state department, but... the adoption should go through without a hitch.

**DR. QUEST**

Hear that, Hadji? How would you feel about Palm Key being your new home?

**HADJI**

(beams happily)

Home is where your family is, doctor.

Jonny scowls.

**JONNY**

Who said *that*? Gamesh the elephant god?

**HADJI**

No. Me.

Jonny laughs and GRABS him, and they start rough-housing like, well, twelve year-old boys. Hamilton smiles. Nods to his men.

**MAJOR HAMILTON**

We'd like to de-brief, if you don't mind, doctor.

**DR. QUEST**

Just a few moments, Major. I'll meet you and the men inside.

Hamilton casually salutes, and leads his men into the compound. As they go, the crowd parts REVEALING... JENNINGS CORVEN.

He drops his cigarette to the ground, and stubs it out with his heel. Approaches Race and Jade.

**CORVEN**

Listen. I know you weren't crazy about taking this detail... But you'll be happy to know, they want you back in Washington for re-assignment.

**RACE**

Yeah, well...

(smiles)

I think I'm gonna stick around here a while.

Jade snakes an arm around him, sliding her hand over his butt. She frowns, and pulls a pink envelope from his rear pocket. Race looks sheepish, as she opens it.

**JADE**

"Tracy B." huh? You wanna talk about it?

Race plucks the card out of her hand, and TEARS IT UP.

**RACE**  
Talking's overrated.

He pulls her into a hot embrace, as Hadji pretends not to look. Suddenly, an agitated **STAFF OFFICER** bolts from the compound --

**STAFF OFFICER**  
(urgently)  
*Doctor Quest! Doctor Quest!!*

Race blocks the guy expertly.

**RACE**  
Whoa, whoa. Dial it down, pal.

The breathless officer points toward the compound.

**STAFF SERGEANT**  
But, he's got a phone call, sir! It's -- it's *the President!*

**RACE**  
Take a message, soldier.

Race looks toward the beach with a wistful smile.

**RACE**  
Dr. Quest has something more important to do...

The stymied officer follows his gaze to:

### **THE BEACH**

In the distance, Bandit **BARKS** happily as Dr. Quest and Jonny sail a Frisbee back and forth, and the sun glints off the surf, and for a precious moment, all is right with world.

for



1922 - 1994



1

