

A PRINCESS OF MARS

Adapted by David Cortesi

From the novel by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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David E. Cortesi

INT. THE OFFICE OF THE PROFESSOR OF ASTRONOMY - DAY.

(Until noted, this is framed 4:3 with a suggestion of TV raster - we are watching perhaps a PBS documentary.)

A modern faculty office furnished by the lowest bidder. Desks and shelves overflow with books, journals and paper. Schedules and old cartoons are taped to the walls.

The PROFESSOR leans on the front of his desk with false-folksy casualness. Visible on the desk: a globe of Mars with its canals as drawn by Percival Lowell, and copies of Lowell's books e.g. "Mars as the Abode of Life".

PROFESSOR

In the eighteen-hundreds, the head of the observatory in Milan, Dottore Schiaparelli, turned his state-of-the-art telescope on the planet Mars, then close to the Earth.

INT. MILAN OBSERVATORY - NIGHT.

DOTTORE SCHIAPARELLI in a suit of 1870's cut applies his eye to the eyepiece of a huge telescope. The apparent light is an oil lamp with a red glass shade (to avoid spoiling dark-adaptation). At the Dottore's right hand, a work table with an open notebook.

PROFESSOR (V.O.)

Night after night, Schiaparelli strained to pick up features of the Red Planet and drew what he believed he saw...

C.U. SCHIAPARELLI'S HAND

Schiaparelli sketches in his notebook. The pages are preprinted a circle several inches in diameter. It has been filled in with a web of lines and blobs in heavy pencil. Under the blood-red light of the lamp, Schiaparelli's hand shades in another.

PROFESSOR (V.O.)

...streaks, lines, linear features that Schiaparelli called 'canali,' meaning 'channels.' English speakers who heard of his work assumed he meant 'canals,' artificial waterways.

ON THE PROFESSOR IN HIS OFFICE

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR

A young American astronomer, Percival Lowell, studied Mars obsessively for years. He was so sure he could see the Martian canals that he mapped them, as on this globe.

C.U. THE LOWELL GLOBE OF MARS

The Professor's hand rests almost erotically on the globe and turns it so we can appreciate the graceful skein of canals, each with its name.

PROFESSOR

Lowell convinced himself that Mars must be home to an ancient race of intelligent beings -- a race that could build engineering works visible thirty million miles away.

ON THE PROFESSOR

The Professor picks up from the desk an unframed photograph, one of the familiar mars-rover panoramas of rock-studded orange dirt, and displays it in front of his chest like a shield.

PROFESSOR

Of course, when we reached Mars, we found only an arid, frigid wasteland.

PAN SLOWLY DOWN TO PHOTO

PROFESSOR (CONTINUED)

Clearly, Schiaparelli and Lowell were self-deluded dreamers who saw more with their hearts than with their telescopes. After all, if Mars had intelligent races and vast canal systems...where did they go?

The photo of dirt and rock now fills the frame. We glide into it, moving smoothly a few inches above a desert. Simultaneously the frame widens to 16:9 and the suggestion of TV scan disappears. The soil color morphs from the orange of Mars to the gray-brown of the Sonoran desert. Little sage plants appear.

Clop! the front right hoof and fetlock of a plodding horse drop into frame and rise out again, puffing dust. We draw back as the horse's rear hooves pass, look up to discover JOHN CARTER in dusty garb of 1866, riding away from us across a desert landscape.

EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CLASSIC WESTERN TOWN - DAY

SUPER: Arizona Territory, 1866

Carter passes the first buildings of the town and glances around. He is handsome and athletic, but weary and dirty from days in the saddle. The horse carries well-worn packs; projecting unobtrusively from one is the hilt of a cavalry officer's sword. There is a rifle in a scabbard behind the saddle; other than these, he is not armed. We follow as he rides down the Classic Western Main Street.

He pulls up at a sun-bleached hitching rail and boardwalk in front of the entrance to the The Classic Western Saloon. A Classic Old Coot sits on a bench outside the saloon.

Carter tethers his horse to the hitching rail. He nods in civil fashion to the Old Coot; the Old Coot stares at him.

Carter crosses the boardwalk and enters the saloon through Classic Swinging Doors.

INT. THE CLASSIC WESTERN SALOON - DAY

Behind the bar is the Classic Western BARKEEP. Leaning on the bar are several idlers including SLOANE and RANKINE, all by dress and manner plainly Layabouts and Ne'er-do-wells. Carter enters, glances about, crosses to bar.

BARKEEP

Good day, sir. What's your pleasure?

CARTER

A tall glass of well water, if you please, and bourbon after.

In the background, Sloane reacts to Carter's Virginia drawl, shares a significant look with Rankine. The Barkeep dips water from a barrel.

BARKEEP

Been long on the trail, have you?

Carter drinks deep of the water with evident enjoyment.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

All the way from the land of death
and carpetbaggers. I am seeking a
place where I can settle and forget
war.

SLOANE

Don't be seekin' in this town,
then. This here's a solid Union
town and we don't welcome rebel
scum.

CARTER

Are you still fighting the war,
sir? It's been over for ... eleven
months and eight days now.

Rankine and Sloane move in to encroach on Carter's space,
threatening and challenging him.

RANKINE

It's over and your side lost, reb.

SLOANE

(To Rankine)

Not before the scum shot two of my
kin.

(To Carter)

So you will settle noplac I can
smell you on the wind.

CARTER

Good men died on both sides, sir.
But...

(downs his bourbon)

...it's a big country. I'll move
on.

Carter slides a coin across the bar and moves toward the
door. Rankine, Sloane and others follow him.

SLOANE

Right, you rebs are good at
retreatin'.

Carter, nearing the door, turns toward his tormentors,
registers gentlemanly contempt, turns back and reaches for
the swinging door.

EXT. THE CLASSIC WESTERN MAIN STREET - DAY

Carter steps through the swinging doors, crosses the boardwalk, approaches his horse as if to mount. Rankine and Sloane continue to follow closely; others emerge from the bar and watch from the boardwalk and the street.

CARTER

Back off! My war is done. I will not begin it again for anyone.

Rankine reaches toward the cavalry saber.

RANKINE

Yeah? If you're stood down, why you carrying this pig-sticker?

Carter interposes his body and touches the hilt.

CARTER

This? This is the sword of an officer and a gentleman.

SLOANE

(convulsed by his own wit)

Yeah? Yew musta stole it off his corpse!

Carter's hand closes tight on the hilt of the sword.

CARTER

Sir, my honor is all that war has left me. You will not spit upon it. Apologize, or draw!

SLOANE

Draw whut?! You ain't armed!

CARTER

Armed enough for you, coward! Draw, or back down. Which will it be?

Sloane wavers, then goes for his gun. As it clears the holster, Carter with startling grace and speed brings the sword out in a quick, circular sweep and lunge.

Time slows to a crawl as the tip of the sword chops into Sloane's neck and jaw, cutting the carotid; blood sprays in an arc; Sloane, his face a mask of shock and rage, spasms backward and begins to fall; his right hand, holding his gun, flails upward; the gun jumps and spurts smoke as Sloane blindly, spastically jerks the trigger. One of the bullets hits Carter; we see a flap of fabric of his sweat-stained shirt twitch and a hole appears in it.

(CONTINUED)

Time returns to normal as Sloane topples. Vocal reactions from the shocked onlookers: "My God!" "Whoa!" and etc.

Carter spins and mounts his horse. One onlooker moves as if to seize the reins. Carter raises the sword in threat. The onlooker staggers back in fright. Carter gathers the horse and forces it into a gallop away down the street.

Rankine, slow to react, brings up his gun and fires several shots after Carter who is diminishing in the distance.

RANKINE

Get some horses! Let's get after
him!

The crowd disperses variously to form itself into a posse.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY OUTSIDE TOWN - DAY

The roofs of the town are visible in the far distance. Carter gallops. He is trying to deal with the galloping horse, the sword, and a wound. He reaches under his arm, draws out a hand slimed with blood.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

Low sun casts long shadows. Carter droops over the reins. His horse plods wearily uphill through rough terrain. In the far distance a plume of dust marks the pursuit.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY (LATER STILL)

Sunset light paints boulders and a butte of distinctive shape that rises beyond. Carter is pale and sweating. His clothes are saturated with blood from the middle of his right rib-cage down his right leg. He has abandoned his horse and is hauling himself up a steep slope, keeping to cover, apparently looking for a place to make a stand. He carries a rifle, but stumbles and uses its butt to avoid falling.

A bullet tosses dust from a rock near Carter's head and we hear the distant rifle shot echoing off the canyon wall.

RANKINE

(far off, slight echo)
You're a dead man, reb!

(CONTINUED)

CARTER
(to himself)
I fear you're right. What a foul
joke.

Carter continues to stagger upward.

EXT. A ROOM-SIZED CLEARING AMONG BOULDERS - DAY (SUNSET)

Sunset paints the rocks above and behind. Where the sky is visible it is deep blue. Overhead is a single red star: Mars.

Carter half-sprawls into the space. Trying to pick himself up, he notices the MEDICINE MAN who sits, comfortably cross-legged, against a rock. Streaks of sunset illuminate his forehead and bare shoulder. He regards Carter with serene compassion.

A rifle cracks in the distance, a bullet spangs off rock. Carter attempts to rise from his knees but cannot.

MEDICINE MAN
Where you go now, warrior?

CARTER
Go? I am at the end of my trail,
friend. I survived three wars
but...
(grimace of pain)
...this last one... is not letting
me go.

MEDICINE MAN
A trail ends. A trail begins. I
know a place a brave warrior is
needed. Will you go?

CARTER
All my life I sought honor through
bravery. I think my seeking days
are done.

MEDICINE MAN
I can send you where the brave have
honor. Will you go?

CARTER
Is there such a place? If there
were, yes, gladly.

The Medicine Man moves close to Carter and extends a beautifully-beaded medicine pouch.

(CONTINUED)

MEDICINE MAN

Hold this.

The Medicine Man slides his arms under Carter's head and shoulders, cradling him gently.

CARTER'S POV

The Medicine Man's calm face bends over; around it, sunset-lit rocks frame an inky sky. Centered in the blue: the brilliant red pin-prick of Mars.

We hear another rifle shot, closer now, and in the distance:

RANKINE

We're comin' for yah, reb. Layin' low won't help yuh.

The Medicine Man's arm makes a dismissive gesture--or is he casting a spell?

MEDICINE MAN

They are nothing. Watch the red star.

(Carter groans)

Rest. Watch the star.

Deep-blue sky fills the frame, with the red dot of Mars in the center.

Smoothly, the blue turns black while the orange-red dot flares bright. Faintly and fading we hear:

RANKINE

Hey! Where is he? The blood leads right here.

TITLE/CREDIT SEQUENCE

The red dot of Mars in the center of the frame blurs and splinters, as if seen through half-closed, tear-wet eyelashes.

TITLE DISSOLVES IN

Behind the title and credits, the background fades slowly from black to a carpet of out-of-focus forms slowly rolling in dark orange and umber.

As credits continue the backdrop remains out of focus but develops motion, suggesting the unrolling of a vast carpet of pink/orange/yellow/brown.

EXT. THE AIR ABOVE BARSOOM - DAY

The moving background snaps into focus: it is a Dead Sea Bottom as seen looking down from a few hundred feet and 90 miles an hour. Orange-yellow turf and sharp stony outcrops roll smoothly away below us.

Pan up to reveal the breadth of the landscape to the horizon. Blue in the distance is a mountain of peculiar shape. Perhaps once an island in the long-dead ocean, but its shape is just like the butte that rose behind Carter's last stand in the prologue.

Hanging in the air ahead of us is the AIR-YACHT of DEJAH THORIS, seen from the rear. Its brightwork and varnished panels gleam; its twin fans are a blur in their ducts.

We follow the yacht, looking onto and across the deck so we can see its motion relative to the ground. Dejah Thoris stands at ease on the afterdeck of her yacht watching her crew at work, her raven hair blowing in the wind.

The crew numbers five. A helmsman is at the wheel; the others are working within an open hatch in the forward deck. Tools and parts clutter the otherwise-immaculate vehicle.

The yacht's captain JARL THON comes away from the work carrying a burned-looking mechanical part. He approaches Dejah Thoris and salutes. (Note: for dialog convention see sidebar "How to Speak Barsoomian")

JARL THON

doi noltruti'u ga'i nai le vi
nenli'i cupra cu facyspofu

SUPER: O Princess, this ray generator is truly broken.
.i. ma'a na ka'e ca'o cupra lo
lafti

SUPER: We cannot keep generating lift.

DEJAH THORIS

ma se ranji lo zu'o vofli?

SUPER: How long can we stay aloft?

JARL THON

cacra li me'i pa .i.

SUPER: Less than an hour. And...
ti ru'u tutra lei ri'opre

SUPER: These are Green Man lands.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JARL THON (cont'd)

.i. e'u .ei ma'a carna fi le berti
.ibabo ma'a sraku le dertu

SUPER: We should turn North before we scrape dirt.

DEJAH THORIS

.ie nai cai! La Eliym se rurgunta
.i. ki'unai

SUPER: No! Helium is besieged. Even so,
piro La Barsum se ckape .ije ei la
.eliym djuno

SUPER: All Barsoom is in danger. Helium must know.
.i. ai sirvoi ca'o lo li'i ma'a
kakne .ijebabo ai cadzu

SUPER: We go straight while we can. Then walk.

JARL THON

doi noltruti'u e'unai lei ri'opre
ba kavbu do

SUPER: Princess, the Green Men will take you!

DEJAH THORIS

cumki fa le nu lo vinji pe ma'a cu
me'imoi facki ma'a

SUPER: Our own ships may find us first.
ko kurji lo pluta poi mi minde

SUPER: Set course as I said.

Jarl Thon salutes and turns toward the helmsman. The ship turns through a small angle and draws away from us. Evidently it will pass close to that peculiar mountain.

EXT. BARSOOM, INCUBATOR VALLEY - DAY

John Carter sleeps peacefully, pillowed on moss-like turf below a round structure crudely built of stone. The mound against which he rests consists mostly of crumbling shards of large shells.

We hear the wind in the grass, and also faint shouts and a sound of rapping, as of a child yelping and beating with bare knuckles on the other side of a thick pane of glass.

Carter wakes easily, then registers dawning amazement at the change in his surroundings. He sits up and discovers he is naked. We look with him as he surveys the scenery:

(CONTINUED)

He is in a tilted, bowl-shaped valley. To the south turf falls to a plain that stretches away, broken only by occasional outcrops of rock, to the pinkish sky.

To the left, the ground sweeps steeply up to a ridge beyond which rises the dramatic face of a high mesa, recognizable as the same mountain seen from afar in the previous scene.

To the right the turf also rises up, but nothing is visible beyond that ridge but sky.

In the center of the bowl is an Incubator of the Green Martians: a beehive dome, 40 feet in diameter and 15 feet high, dry-laid from unshaped stones. Slabs of transparent material are set like huge gems around it near Carter's head-height. Projecting at intervals from the perimeter are lance-like poles with tattered, sun-faded banners with clan symbols of the Green Men.

We are again aware of the faint yelping and hammering, and now can tell it comes from within the Incubator.

Carter takes a step toward the wall of the Incubator and bounces much higher than he expected. He stumbles and catches himself against the Incubator, ending up with his face almost against one of the slab-like windows. This puts him nose-to-nose with the green face, white tusks, and pop eyes of a juvenile Green Martian.

After an instant of frozen shock, both Carter and the Green Martian child yelp and leap backward.

Carter's leap sends him a yard in the air and several yards backward. When his feet touch down he stumbles backward and sits heavily on the turf. He is puzzled and tries again to walk, and again finds that his feet come several inches off the turf. This time he manages to land on both feet.

Carter experiments with a tentative hop which lifts him a foot off the ground. He hops again, a little harder. This time he pedals his feet playfully in the air before landing. A broad grin breaks over his face.

Carter bounds up to the edge of the incubator, looks in another window -- nothing. He then leaps high to touch one of the banners; and leaps again to seize it. The fabric tears under his weight and he comes down with a couple of yards of coarse material in his hands.

Carter considers the cloth, gets an idea, and begins to tie it around his waist and between his legs as a loincloth.

From a distance we watch as Carter, now modest in his ad-hoc loincloth, begins to leap and skip in a circle around the Incubator, going higher and higher, trying to touch the tips of the poles, chuckling and whooping in delight.

Directly above the tip of a pole we look down as Carter leaps to touch it; he's grinning with the joy of life and motion.

Carter steps back from the South side of the Incubator, bends into a sprinter's start position. He dashes toward the Incubator and leaps like a broad-jumper. He passes completely over the structure, landing on the other side and doing several forward rolls.

Carter, breathing deeply from the exertion, stands, and then freezes as his eye is caught by: the ridge before him, now lined with a row of Green warriors astride thoads (see sidebar "Burroughs' Barsoom" for descriptions of these).

EXT. THE RIDGE ABOVE INCUBATOR VALLEY - DAY

The warrior DOTAR NORS on his thoad leans to speak to the leader TARS TARKAS.

DOTAR NORS
ue xunpre .i. le go'i ba catra loi
sovcifnu

SUPER: A Red One! He will kill the hatchlings!

Dotar Nors urges his thoad down the hill with his lower hands on the reins, drawing a sword from over his shoulder with his upper right hand and a dagger from his harness with his left upper hand. Tars Tarkas extends a lower hand to restrain him.

TARS TARKAS
ui ko denpa .i. no xunpre ka'e du'i
plipe

SUPER: Wait! No Red One jumps so!

Dotar Nors plunges away down the slope toward Carter.

EXT. INCUBATOR VALLEY - DAY

Carter watches his assailant thundering toward him, sword raised. Carter crouches, waits until the last possible instant, then leaps straight up.

(CONTINUED)

The sword-cut of Dotar Nors passes far below Carter, indeed in a moment of confusion Dotar Nors panics and shields his face with his upper arms as Carter passes over his head.

When his feet touch down, Carter runs up the curving side of the Incubator, wrenches out the lance-like flagpole from which he earlier took his loincloth, drops to the ground.

Dotar Nors gets his thout stopped and turned--it tears up clods of turf and pants like a steam train--and starts another charge.

Carter embeds the butt of the lance in the soil and awaits the oncoming charge like a medieval pike-man.

Unwilling to charge into the face of a pike, Dotar Nors pulls the thout to a ground-tearing halt, leaps down, and approaches Carter on foot, waving his sword and dagger.

The rest of the Green Martian party -- two dozen warriors on thouts, followed by a huge, two-wheeled cart drawn by a zitidar -- have thundered down from the ridge and form a loose arc around the combatants.

Afoot, Dotar Nors easily sidesteps the end of Carter's pike. He seizes the end of it with his lower left hand and begins to walk up it toward Carter with his sword in his upper right hand. Carter steps back and holds his arms out as if to show harmless intent.

TARS TARKAS

o'anai le xunpre cu jgari no xarci

SUPER: Shame! The Red One has no weapon!

DOTAR NORS

ko dunda

SUPER: Give him one!

Tars Tarkas shrugs. He takes a sword from the warrior next to him and flips it so it stabs into the turf beside Carter. Carter looks at it in surprise. He picks up the sword, hefts it. Carter and Dotar Nors circle each other.

Dotar Nors swings once and Carter deflects the blow with his blade, although the weight of the cut staggers him. Another cut, again barely deflected. Carter's face reflects a realization that this is no dream, and no game.

(CONTINUED)

Dotar Nors pulls back for an irresistible swing that will cut Carter in two. While his sword is still going back, Carter hops up, thrusts his blade through Dotar Nors's throat and springs back, aided by a bare foot on the chest of his victim.

Dotar Nors drops both weapons and clasps his throat in both upper hands. Copious yellow blood pumps out between the fingers and runs down his chest. He falls backward and strikes the ground like a felled tree.

Carter spins toward the other Green Men and drops into a guard position. Tars Tarkas, in the center of the semicircle of riders, raises his upper right hand, about to speak.

WHUMP! The hull of the air yacht of Deja Thoris caroms off the top of the ridge behind the Green Men. Soil and turf spray out. A crewman flies off, his body spinning through the air to thud on the slope behind the incubator. The yacht, props screaming, careens through the air above the heads of the Green Men and Carter.

FARTHER OUT ON THE PLAIN

The air yacht again touches the turf, throwing up soil. The helmsman wrestles the wheel. The props wail. The yacht veers left, veers right, slowly turns broadside to its line of travel and rolls up on its side, the deck toward us and away from the incubator in the distance. The lower railing gouges up turf as the wreck stops. Crewmen and Deja Thoris tumble onto the turf.

BACK AT THE INCUBATOR

Some Green Men are already starting to ride toward the downed yacht. Tars Tarkas grabs one and waves at Carter with both right arms.

TARS TARKAS

ko fanta lo nu ta rivbi

SUPER: Don't let him get away!

(to the rest)

ko kankla .i .ei damba

SUPER: Come! Battle calls!

All but the one warrior ride madly toward the downed yacht in the distance, leaving Carter standing, sword in hand.

Carter looks around, shrugs, and sprints after the riders. He takes great bounding leaps and covers ground almost as rapidly as the running thoats. The warrior appointed to guard him hastily turns his animal to follow.

The two female Green Martians, sitting on the back of the zitidar that draws the cart, look at each other. One shrugs.

THE UPTURNED HULL OF THE YACHT - DAY

Carter approaches the wreck. His hapless guardian trails. The rest of the warrior band are out of sight around the far side. Yells and the clang of weapons can be heard.

The upended hull is a 20-foot curved wall. Rather than run around the end of the vessel, Carter leaps up, but slides off the curving edge of the hull.

LOOKING DOWN FROM ABOVE THE YACHT

Carter leaps again up toward the edge as his guard runs up behind him. This time Carter gets his arms over the curve of the hull. He pulls himself up. The frustrated guard glares.

Carter peers down the perpendicular deck of the yacht. Below him, Dejah Thoris and her crew are huddled in the angle formed by the deck and the prop ducts. (The lower duct is crushed into the ground; the upper prop is still twirling.) Two crewmen are down. Dejah Thoris and the remaining two crew are fending off the attack of the two Green Martian warriors who can reach them in the angle where they shelter.

The rest of the Green warriors cheer on the two who are fighting. Tars Tarkas watches from the back of his thout.

Carter suddenly focuses on Dejah Thoris as she parries a sword thrust.

CARTER

A woman?!?

Carter runs to the rear of the hull, seizes a line that trails from a railing, slides down to ground behind the Red Martians. Reaching over their heads he thrusts at a Green Martian warrior.

The fight rages for another half-minute: swords swinging and thrusting; grunts and sweat and blood; incoherent shouts and screams. At one point Carter leaps vertically to hang by his left hand from the top of the prop-duct while swinging at a Green Martian with the sword in his right. One of the remaining crewmen is cut down; then the last. Carter moves up beside Dejah Thoris.

Tars Tarkas fires his rifle into the air, an extremely loud, sharp report.

(CONTINUED)

TARS TARKAS
ko rinju .i. ko sisti

SUPER: Hold! ... Stop!

Reluctantly, the attacking warriors back off. One warrior, wounded, crawls away.

Carter and Dejah Thoris are sweat-streaked and gulping air. Dejah Thoris looks quizzically at Carter. Carter looks at Dejah Thoris and likes what he sees; though still panting, he essays a Virginia gentleman's courteous bow.

Tars Tarkas muscles his thout toward the air-yacht, pushing warriors aside.

TARS TARKAS
doi xunyni'u .i do na'eka'e snada
lo nu viljivna

SUPER: Red woman! You cannot win this fight!

DEJAH THORIS
(between gasps)
.iapei .ienai .i ko ganse levi
kilja'u

SUPER: Think you so? Come try this blade!

TARS TARKAS
.au ma cmene do

SUPER: I would know your name.

DEJAH THORIS
(Proudly)
mi'e deija toris. noi noltruti'u la
eliym

SUPER: I am Dejah Thoris, Princess of Helium.
La mors kajak. nolpatfu mi

SUPER: Mors Kajak is my father.

TARS TARKAS
mi djuno ledu'u se ricfu be ra

SUPER: I know of him -- and his wealth.

DEJAH THORIS
xu do curmi lo nu zifle'i

SUPER: Will you permit a ransom?

(CONTINUED)

TARS TARKAS

mi na ba'ukrati la tal xajys. noi
te bende be mi

SUPER: I cannot speak for Tal Hajus, chief of our band.
ko randa .isemu'ibo mi ba stidi le
nu zifle'i

SUPER: Yield, and I will speak for a ransom.

DEJAH THORIS

(gestures toward Carter)

mo sera'a .y. ti

SUPER: What of ... this one?

TARS TARKAS

ta jinga le jinme be re bilda'a .io
.i ma ta cmene

SUPER: He took the metal of two warriors! What is he called?

Dejah Thoris looks expectantly at Carter, sees he is
baffled; touches her chest.

DEJAH THORIS

mi'e deiya toris. noi noltruti'u la
eliym.

SUPER: I am Dejah Thoris, princess of Helium
do cmene ma

SUPER: You are called what?

Carter pauses as he works out what she must mean. Touching
his own chest:

CARTER

John Carter, Captain, of Virginia.
(he bows)

DEJAH THORIS

(to Tars Tarkas)

la jan carteir be...
(glances at Carter)
be la vyrdjenias

TARS TARKAS

ma stuzi la .y. vyrdjenias

SUPER: Where is ... verji-nia?

(CONTINUED)

DEJAH THORIS
 (beat; an impatient wave)
 vu sai .i. le'i xabju na te tavla
 le fadbau

SUPER: Far away. They do not speak the common tongue.

TARS TARKAS
 xu lafpi'e tai ti fa ro xabju la
 veirdjynias

SUPER: Do they all jump like him, in verji-nia?

DEJAH THORIS
 ju'osai .i. lemi patfu ba pleji tu'a
 ti ji'a

SUPER: Of course. My father will ransom him also.

TARS TARKAS
 ko randa .i. le re do'o ba selpai
 la tal xajys

SUPER: Yield. You both go to Tal Hajus for judgement.

Deja Thoris thinks; sighs; decides; puts down her sword.

DEJAH THORIS
 ei. aunai.

SUPER: It must be.

Carter is nonplused. He looks at Dejah Thoris for a clue. She lightly touches his sword-hand, points to the ground where she laid her sword. He lays his down.

EXT. THE WRECKED AIR-YACHT - DAY

Carter and Dejah Thoris are led away separately. A Green warrior picks up Dejah Thoris (like an adult picking up a large child, a hand under each armpit) and heaves her onto the back of a thout.

Carter sees this treatment. When another warrior reaches to hoist him, he nimbly hops up and swings a leg astride the thout. He examines the animal and its trappings with a cavalryman's professional interest .

Two Green warriors are stripping the metal (decorations and weapons) from the bodies of the fallen Red and Green Martians. The metal from each body is respectfully heaped on its own brightly-colored cloth. The bodies themselves are left where they fell.

(CONTINUED)

The hands of a Green warrior tie one of the cloths into a neat bundle. The warrior hands the bundle to Tars Tarkas, who stows it in a saddlebag.

A Green warrior leans head and shoulders into the hatch on the deck of the yacht. He rummages around, throws objects back over his shoulder: seat cushions, a metal vase, a tool. Tars Tarkas puts a halt to this looting.

TARS TARKAS
banzu .i ma'a cliva

SUPER: Enough! We go!

As the warrior steps back, Tars Tarkas raises his rifle and lets off three quick shots into the hatch of the yacht. The reports are painfully sharp and loud. Each produces an explosion where it hits. Flame blossoms inside the yacht.

A warrior rides up beside the thout carrying Dejah Thoris, leans down, takes the trailing reins, and rides on. Her thout starts with a jolt; she nearly falls off.

EXT. THE PLAIN LOOKING BACK AT THE WRECK - DAY

The warrior band straggles away from the wreck. As the thout bearing Dejah Thoris passes us, she looks back at the yacht. A column of black smoke rises and flame erupts from it. She registers loss and fear.

EXT. BY THE INCUBATOR - DAY

The warrior band arrive at the Incubator. The cart, which has a flat bed and staked sides, has been backed up to one of the windows in the side of the incubator. Warriors climb down from their mounts.

Carter swings his leg over and makes as if to hop down, but a warrior makes a warning gesture: stay there.

Tars Tarkas climbs laboriously over the rail into the cart. It leans and rocks under his weight. The two females move aside as he faces the Incubator wall. Using all four arms, he pulls and lifts out the slab of clear material and hands it over the cart rail to a warrior. The noise level of confused yelping rises sharply, the hatchlings are kicking up a fuss.

Tars Tarkas waves the females into the Incubator. They climb through the opening and clamber inside, out of our sight.

(CONTINUED)

The upper hands of a Green female reach out of the hole, presenting a struggling juvenile. Tars Tarkas takes the juvenile in his upper arms and inspects it clinically, like a farmer examining a chicken. The juvenile kicks vigorously with its feet; Tars Tarkas casually blocks the kicks with a lower arm.

Tars Tarkas sets the first hatchling at his feet and reaches for the next. This one has blotchy color and a malformed arm. Tars Tarkas touches the malformed hand, then hands the struggling, wailing juvenile over the rail to a warrior.

TARS TARKAS
ko catra ti

SUPER: Kill it.

The warrior takes the juvenile and swings it out of our sight. Its wail cuts off abruptly. Tars Tarkas reaches for another.

EXT. NEAR THE INCUBATOR - DAY

The cart has been pulled away from the Incubator. It is full of hatchling Green Martians; they clutch the stake sides and peer out, pointing and reaching at things. Warriors look in over the sides, reaching to play with the juveniles.

One of the females leans out of the opening with an armload of broken shell pieces, which she tosses onto a pile of such pieces below. (We remember that moss-grown shell pile on which Carter awoke.) The female steps out and down, and reaches back to give a hand to the second female.

EXT. HELI VIEW OF A DEAD SEA BOTTOM - DAY (AFTERNOON)

The warrior party rides in good order, Tars Tarkas center in the front rank. In the midst of the formation the cart with the juveniles, pennants on lances at each corner, and warriors lead the thoats bearing Dejah Thoris and Carter.

CUT TO

Dejah Thoris rides erect, her face tear-streaked and grim. Behind, Carter is watching her with curiosity and concern.

RETURN TO HELI VIEW

We pull back to see the party in context on the vast plain. Miles behind, a plume of smoke rises near the familiar shape of that mountain. We rise and circle to see miles ahead the abrupt escarpment of the ancient shore.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO HELI VIEW

The ruined city of Korad rises at the edge of the old shoreline. We sweep over it, noting the grand plaza; the truncated towers; traces of ancient docks at the old water's edge; the trail up a canyon from the sea bottom. As we circle to take in the sea-bottom, the warrior party can be made out far off.

EXT. THE GRAND PLAZA OF KORAD - NIGHT (TWILIGHT)

Green Martians apply a torch to a pile of fuel in the center of the plaza. Fire blazes up. The sky is now dark; the apparent light sources are the fire and torches tied on what may once have been lampposts. The light reveals a crowd of Green Men in the plaza to welcome the returning party.

LORQUAS PTOMEL, the chief of this band, has supervised the lighting. He waits with other important warriors. All face across the plaza to where the road from the sea bottom enters.

The incubator party enters the plaza and parts the crowd; the volume of babbling voices rises as the Green men and women move back reluctantly to let the leading thoats approach the Jed and his retinue. The mounted warriors surround the cart with the juveniles and the thoats bearing the prisoners.

Tars Tarkas descends from his thoat. He approaches his chief and salutes. He is reporting, gesturing toward the cart.

Carter leans from the back of his thoat, reaching to touch the shoulder of Dejah Thoris, but at that moment Lorquas Ptomel waves "come here," wanting to see the captives.

The thoats bearing the captives are drawn forward through the crowd and up to the fire to face Lorquas Ptomel, who glances at Carter and then addresses Dejah Thoris.

LORQUAS PTOMEL
doi xunyni'u xu do se vamji li so'i

SUPER: Red Woman, you are worth much ransom?

DEJAH THORIS
lemi patfu ei jdice

SUPER: That is for my father to say.

(CONTINUED)

LORQUAS PTOMEL
mi djica lo volcarce

SUPER: I want a flying-cart.

DEJAH THORIS
mi djica lo nalci mu'i le nu
volyli'a ti

SUPER: I want wings to fly away from here.

LORQUAS PTOMEL
(laughs at this sally)
ma'a klama la tark. co'a le dunra

SUPER: We move to Thark at winter-start.
.i la tal xajys. va jdice tu'a le
do dimna

SUPER: There, Tal Hajus will decide your fate.

DEJAH THORIS
ganai morsi gi se vamji li no

SUPER: Dead I am worth nothing.

LORQUAS PTOMEL
ma'i la tal xajys la'a lo nu marxa

SUPER: For Tal Hajus, to smash the egg
le sovda pe la mors kajak ba banzu

SUPER: of Mors Kajak may be enough.
ju'i la sarkojas

SUPER: Hey, Sarkoja!

Sarkoja, with difficulty, squeezes through the crowd into the firelight.

LORQUAS PTOMEL
ko pifku'i ti. i tezu'e ti snura

SUPER: Watch her. Keep her safe.

Sarkoja bows, then turns and unceremoniously plucks Dejah Thoris from the back of the thout.

CARTER
Hey! You can't...

Carter reaches toward Dejah Thoris as Sarkoja pushes her roughly away through the crowd. He slides down from the

thoat as if to pursue, but that puts him nose-to-navel with Tars Tarkas. He leans to peer around Tars Tarkas, but that proves futile, so he starts hopping up and down, trying to see over the crowd, like a person jumping vertically on an earthly trampoline.

LORQUAS PTOMEL
(chortles in glee)
ui plipe ... plipe

SUPER: Wow! Jump! Jump!

Other warriors in the claque surrounding the Jed take up the chant in rhythm:

SUB-CHIEFS
plipe ... plipe ... plipe

Carter stops jumping. Nettled, he pushes toward Lorquas Ptomel.

CARTER
I am Captain John Carter of
Virginia, and I am nobody's monkey!

And I'm well past hungry and dry as
a boot.

This outburst gaining nothing but goggled-eyed curiosity, Carter resorts to gestures: he broadly mimes hunger and thirst, pantomiming drinking, eating, rubbing stomach. Lorquas Ptomel looks around, then roars:

LORQUAS PTOMEL
ju'i la Solys!

SUPER: Hey! Sola!

Sola presses through the crowd.

SOLA
mu'o lo ralju

SUPER: My Chief?

LORQUAS PTOMEL
la dotarnors morsis

SUPER: Dotar Nors is dead.

(gestures at Carter)
.i le jinme be ri pu seljinga ti

SUPER: This one took his metal.

Sola does a double-take and looks down at Carter. Ptomel gestures "gimme" at a warrior carrying a bundle wrapped in bright cloth: the metal of Dotar Nors. He takes the bundle and shoves it into Sola's hands.

LORQUAS PTOMEL
do selpose ti .i ko djadu'a gi'e
ku'i pifku'i ti

SUPER: You are his. Feed him. But watch him!

SOLA
mi tinbe .i be'e lo ralju

SUPER: I obey. My Chief?

LORQUAS PTOMEL
gau ko pilno le gerku lo nu pifku'i

SUPER: Use that dog to guard him.

SOLA
e'osai xu do curmi le nu mi rirni
lo sovcifnu

SUPER: Please, may I have a hatchling to rear?

LORQUAS PTOMEL
(grandly)
ko dunda lo sovcifnu la solys

SUPER: Give Sola a hatchling.

Tars Tarkas leans over the railing of the cart, grabs a juvenile at random, and holds it out to Sola.

Sola takes the struggling juvenile (her upper left arm wraps around it; her lower left arm controls its flailing legs).

SOLA
ki'esai doi pemi ralju

SUPER: Thank you, my chief.

Sola clutches the child in her left arms, the bright cloth bundle in her upper right, and with her lower right arm urges Carter forward through the crowd and away from us.

INT. HALLWAY OF A BUILDING IN KORAD - NIGHT

Sola walks toward us up a curving ramp, preceded by Carter, who is looking up, down, at everything.

The floor is deeply-worn stones. The outer wall is a curving line of colonnaded windows opening on a now-dark sky. The inner wall bears murals but the lower third has been worn to greasy invisibility and the rest has faded.

Translucent globes in wrought metal clamps are spaced high along the inner wall. Many are dark; some are shattered or missing; a few glow with creamy light and provide the apparent light source.

FARTHER ALONG THE HALL

Sola and Carter approach a doorway in the inner wall. There is no door, only broken ends of primitive hinges. Light spills out. Sola's lower arm urges Carter to the doorway, but as he faces it, there is a BLOOD-CURDLING GROWL. The head of WOOLA emerges from the doorway on a level with Carter's chest, rows of sharp teeth bared. Carter backpedals into Sola's midriff.

Sola's lower left arm pulls Carter back and her lower right hand takes a grip of loose skin on Woola's neck. She shakes the animal's head with each command:

SOLA
la uulys. pinfu .i la uulys. catlu
.i la uulys. ralte

SUPER: Woola, prisoner. Woola, watch. Woola, keep.

Woola sniffs heavily at Carter's chin.

INT. SOLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sola, outside the doorway, hauls Woola away from the door by the scruff of the neck. She urges Carter through the door ahead of her. She ducks to enter the high, spacious room. Her head just clears the ceiling.

The light comes from a single globe high on the wall. The walls bear murals but again the lower parts have been worn away. There is no furniture, but piles of well-worn sacks and baskets. One wall is all pillared window openings; below these windows are deep stone seats heaped with robes (ERB's "sleeping silks and furs").

(CONTINUED)

Woola comes behind, flops down across the doorway and takes a watch pose. Now we can get a full look at a Martian calot: bear-sized, lean and muscular, six-limbed, the feet equipped with long claws, a huge mouth with a double row of sharp teeth; the sleek coat dark brown shading to cream below.

Sola sets down the juvenile, hunkers down, holds the juvenile at (upper) arm's length and looks it over.

SOLA

ju'a do selcme lu dotar nors li'u

SUPER: I name thee Dotar Nors.

a'o le do selcme temci ba zmadu le
da pa selcme temci

SUPER: May you bear the name longer than the last one to have it.

caca'a ko citka

SUPER: Now you must eat.

Sola picks up the juvenile and sets it on a window seat. She gestures for Carter to sit nearby and turns to the baskets and urns in a corner.

Sola's hands pour a thick, somewhat clotted liquid from an urn into two broad mugs.

Sola serves one mug to Carter. Stooping, she holds the other to the lips of little Dotar Nors, showing him how to drink.

Carter watches them for a moment. He cautiously tastes the liquid; masticates the flavor; registers surprise and approval. He drinks deep.

CUT TO

Sola pours more into the mug in Carter's hands. Beyond, Dotar Nors upends his mug and watches with interest as the liquid pours out. He looks up in glee and makes a happy, wordless exclamation.

CUT TO

Sola's hands undo the bundle of the late Dotar Nors's metal in the middle of the floor. Armbands, chains, anklets, buckles, shoulder and waist belts, a wicked-looking dagger spill onto the stones. Sola's hand rummages in the heap; pulls out a sandal.

CUT TO

Sola kneels before Carter and with her upper left arm clutches his calf; with her lower left, holds a sandal against his foot, trying it for size. In her upper right arm, a gleaming knife; in her lower right, the mate to the sandal. Scattered on the floor, scraps of leather.

DISSOLVE TO

Carter now wears those sandals, and decorative leather straps decorated with metal studs (reminiscent of a Roman soldier's gear, a skirt or kilt of studded straps). He bends and turns trying to examine himself.

CUT TO

Carter is ostentatiously inspecting the murals but sidling toward the door. As he takes a step too near, Woola sits up and growls. Carter takes a respectful step back. Beyond them, Sola tucks Dotar Nors into his sleeping furs.

Carter hunkers down, looking to open communication with Woola. Sola turns from the juvenile and spreads the furs on the adjacent window-seat. She pats the sleeping robes.

SOLA

doi djan karteir tcika lo nu sipna

SUPER: Jon Carter, time to sleep.

CUT TO

Carter is tucked in. Sola's furs are laid out on the floor at the foot of the window-seats. Sola holds a fur pelt and with practiced ease, flips it over the glow-globe on the wall, making the room almost dark.

INT. SOLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (JUST PRE-DAWN)

We look across the sleeping Sola on the floor to Carter in furs on the window seat. The empty window frame is no longer black, but shows silhouettes of other buildings against a pearly-apricot predawn light.

Carter stirs lightly, then raises his head.

EXT. A STREET IN KORAD - DAY (DAWN)

From just outside the window we see Carter cautiously sit up and look at his roommates. He reaches out and hauls his upper body across the eroded stone of the broad sill. He leans out and peers left and right.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO

From across the street we look up to Carter's third-floor window. He crawls out onto the broad ledge, gets his feet under him, and squats with his back against the window-frame.

CUT TO

From above we look across Carter's building back toward the central plaza of Korad. Beneath us Carter turns slowly, surveying the sleeping city. Nothing moves. Down the street is the great cart of yesterday, some sleeping thoats, a wisp of smoke from the great fire. Cool light and deep silence convey pre-dawn peace.

CUT TO

From below we watch Carter as he climbs down the fluted columns and age-worn statuary on the facade of the building. His sandals are draped around his neck. He looks down and jumps the last 6 feet.

FARTHER ALONG THE STREET

Carter walks easily, rubbernecking the ancient ruins. The tops of the tallest broken towers are lit by rising sun.

INT. SOLA'S APARTMENT - DAY

From outside the doorway we see over the sleeping Woola and Sola to empty furs on the window-seat. Woola suddenly twitches and sits up. Sniffs. Her head swings as she surveys the room. Emits a low growl, turns, and shoots through the doorway. We hear her claws clicking away down the hall. Sola turns in her furs.

EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF KORAD - DAY

Carter walks; we hear the faint pads of his sandals on the stones. As he passes a wall of rubble between two buildings, there is a snort. Jumping easily to get a hand over the wall, he discovers a pen of thoats, one of which sniffs curiously at his extended hand. Carter is opening friendly relations with the huge beast when he hears something.

Looking back the way he came, he sees Woola in full gallop toward him. Jumping down, he runs further out of town. At the outskirts are no more buildings but heaps of rubble, broken columns, etc. The ubiquitous moss softens the rubble like a fall of yellow-orange snow.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO

Carter runs toward us, Woola barrelling after him, growling. Carter looks over his shoulder, slows, times Woola's charge, and springs vertically so that the calot passes directly under him. She turns her head and snaps at his feet like a dog who just missed the frisbee.

Woola gets stopped and turned. Carter, back on ground, leans forward and reaches out, trying to charm the animal.

CARTER

Woola! C'mon Woola...

Woola starts another run at Carter, who again springs over her, although this time she manages a leap and a snap that just misses.

Again Carter attempts to open communication with the animal, talking softly, reaching out.

CARTER

Nice Woola... Good beastie...
that's right... come on...

Woola walks stiff-legged and head down, but not growling, toward Carter until

C.U. CARTER'S EXTENDED HAND

Woola's snout enters the other side of the frame, not quite touching the hand, sniffing.

And suddenly Woola ROARS.

Looking over Carter's bent back we see Woola has drawn back and is roaring, growling, jumping in place in agitation.

CARTER

NOW what?... what has gotten into
you?

The wild calot lands on Carter's shoulders, knocking him down. Carter writhes in the animal's grasp, momentarily beats aside its jaws from his head, turns so they are belly-to-belly, but cannot get out of the grasp of the six clawed feet, which rake his skin.

Looking down on Carter beneath the animal: he uses both arms to force its head away from his face; the calot roars; Carter's face strains with effort; he gets enough leverage with his legs to heave the two of them on their side.

(CONTINUED)

The talons of the calot's forefeet clamp in Carter's delts, blood welling around them. There are deep triple scratches across his shoulders; one is interrupted where the talons raked across a strap, leaving grooves in the leather before reentering his skin. The calot's mid-leg talons tear into his flesh above his hips.

Looking down on the heads of Carter and the calot in the moss of the street: Carter has both hands on the calot's head and jaw. His face is a rictus of effort and pain. Screaming, he forces the snarling animal's head farther and farther around until it reaches an unnatural angle; there is a wet popping sound and the calot shudders and goes limp.

Carter's head falls back on the moss; he is breathing in great sobs.

Carter tries to roll free of the dead animal and gasps with pain; its claws are still embedded in his flesh. Wincing, he lifts its upper leg away from his shoulder and starts to roll free when Woola suddenly roars and leaps over him right at us.

Woola engages a second wild calot in the mother of all dogfights. Like an earthly dogfight there is violent, quick motion, snapping teeth, and snarling. Compared to Woola the wild calot has a broader front and a spotted pelt but the two animals are matched in size and ferocity.

The animals meet; snarl and snap and claw; break apart; jump at each other's throats again. Beyond them Carter staggers to his feet. The wild calot suddenly bears Woola backward with its jaws clamped in Woola's throat.

Carter's right hand (slimed with dog saliva and streaked with blood) closes on a carved stone.

Looking up past Woola's head, past the head of the wild calot that's tooth-deep in Woola's throat, to Carter, silhouetted against the apricot sky, who raises the stone in both hands and brings it down.

Carter, kneeling, copiously streaked with blood, heaves the corpse of the second calot off Woola's body. He rolls Woola's head gently over. Her eyes open and her tongue comes out and licks Carter's hand.

Carter chuckles, reacts to the sound of nearby applause.

There are a half-dozen Green warriors, including Tars Tarkas, watching and applauding.

Carter, with obvious pain and difficulty, stands up and makes an ironic bow. Tars Tarkas strides forward and the others follow.

TARS TARKAS
mi na kakne lo nu talsa le cilce
kalexota gi'e ji'a renvi

SUPER: I could not face the wild calot and live.

Tars Tarkas takes off one of his armbands.

TARS TARKAS
ti pu selji'a mi fo lo ka virnu

SUPER: This was mine for bravery
do semau mi cu jerna ti

SUPER: You deserve it more than I.

One of the other warriors is looking at Woola, and casually moves the animal's head with his foot. He unslings his rifle and prepares to administer a coup de grace.

Carter doesn't understand Tars Tarkas's speech but can hear respect. He reaches out to accept the armband. As his fingers grasp it he notices what the other warrior is doing.

CARTER
No!

He lunges and swings an arm out just in time to knock the barrel aside as the gun goes off. The bullet strikes a moss-grown rubble mound a yard away; moss and stone fragments explode in all directions.

CARTER
No! The beast saved my life!

Carter realizes they don't understand. He registers frustration, then kneels beside Woola and slides the armband onto the beast's upper foreleg. Carter looks up at Tars Tarkas to see if he understands. Tars Tarkas nods.

Carter starts to stand up, wobbles, and passes out completely, sprawling full length beside the dog.

INT. THE APARTMENT OF DEJAH THORIS - DAY

A room in an ancient building, differing from the apartment of Sola/Carter in its shape and murals. Dejah Thoris sits on a window-seat facing in, sorting through Green Martian loot, perhaps looking for something she can alter to wear. Sarkoja hurries in, awkwardly ducking the low doorway.

SARKOJA
u'i le cilce kalxota pu catra le
natmi mintu be do

SUPER: Hah, the wild calots have killed your countryman.

DEJAH THORIS
ii. ki'a

SUPER: What?!

SARKOJA
ko catlu po do lo mroxadni

SUPER: See his corpse for yourself.

Sarkoja waves at the window. Dejah Thoris hurries to lean out. Over the shoulders of Dejah Thoris and Sarkoja we see a little procession of Green warriors, carrying the bleeding bodies of Carter and Woola on two makeshift litters.

Carter, born along on his back on the swaying litter, opens his eyes. He sees Dejah Thoris peering down at him.

CARTER
Hullo! Uh - Dejah Thoris! Hail! Oh,
you don't under... Damnation!

As the litter turns a corner carrying him out of sight he is still trying to communicate.

CARTER
Hello! Greeting? Oh, hell!

Dejah Thoris grins gleefully at Sarkoja.

DEJAH THORIS
na frili lo nu catra leva nanmu

SUPER: That man is not so easy to kill.

SARKOJA
(ominously)
ri morsi baza

SUPER: He will die soon.

INT. THE APARTMENT OF SOLA - DAY

In a series of fades we establish passage of time by changes in Carter's bandages; hatchling Dotar Nors's growth, and Woola's increasing health.

At the start of the sequence Carter and the two Green Martians speak in Barsoomian, with subtitles. Carter's growing fluency is established in the final cut, after which the subtitles vanish. From then on the Martians speak grammatical high English, and Carter speaks broken English that improves in fluency as time passes.

DISSOLVE IN TO:

Carter sits up in the window seat, partly wrapped in sleeping robes. His shoulders and waist are heavily bandaged. Dotar Nors, about 4 feet tall, stands near. Sola faces both. Sola pronounces words slowly. As she does so, Dotar Nors and Carter echo her.

SOLA
(points up and out the window)
solri
(waves upward)
.i tsani

SUPER: Sun. Sky.

Carter & dotar Nors echo her. She points to her own limbs to demonstrate each word:

SOLA
ui xangu .i tuple .i stedu .i
galbirka .i mijbirka

SUPER: Good! Leg. Head. Top-arm. Mid-arm.

Carter & dotar nors copy her, pointing to their own bodies. Carter has no midarm but he points to his ribcage where one should be; then mimes confusion and pretends to look for a missing arm. Dotar Nors cracks up in giggles; Sola smiles.

EXT. THE ROOF OF A BUILDING IN KORAD - DAY

Sola, Carter, and Dotar Nors are seated on the crumbling parapet of their building. In the distant streets, Green Men, thoats, etc. Carter's bandages are smaller. Dotar Nors is five feet tall. Woola lies nearby, half-healed scars at her throat can be seen.

Sola touches her chest with upper right arm:

(CONTINUED)

SOLA
 mi'e solys
 (To Carter)
 ma cmene do

CARTER
 (with a tiny hesitation)
 mi'e jancarteir .y.
 (to Dotar Nors)
 ma cmene do

DOTAR NORS
 mi'e dotarnors
 (points to Woola)
 ma cmene leta kalxota

CARTER
 (stumbling slightly)
 lu Uulys li'u cmene leta

At the sound of her name, Woola sits up and looks alert.

SOLA
 doi jancarteir uicai xamgu

The following with the Barsoomian salute: Carter's right hand slaps on Dotar Nors's left shoulder, and vice versa:

CARTER
 Kaor, Dotar Nors!

DOTAR NORS
 Kaor, Jon Carter!

WOOLA
 (Harsh bellow of pleasure)

EXT. THE MAIN PLAZA OF KORAD - DAY

Carter stands before a straggle of young Green Martians, each holding a sword. The tips of the swords are bound in rags for safety. Dotar Nors in the center is taller than Carter. Carter has only a couple of small bandages. Some of the claw wounds around his waist and on his shoulders are visible as scabbed-over welts (these heal further to pink marks in subsequent scenes, and remain visible as faint scars from then on).

A few adult warriors look on as Carter forms his pupils into opposing pairs, himself facing Dotar Nors, and with very few words and lots of body language, directs them in a weapons drill.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

One, two, out... straight! No, like this:

(and etc., details TBS weapons director)

INT. THE APARTMENT OF SOLA - NIGHT

Carter still occasionally stumbles and gropes for a word but mostly speaks with confidence.

CARTER

Sola, I speak now well, yes?

SOLA

Yes, you have learned quickly.

CARTER

Good! Now I want, uh, ask: where is the she called Dejah Thoris? All days I have seen her one time, in ... window.

SOLA

She is a prisoner. She does not go out.

CARTER

I am prisoner... both? Also! I go out.

SOLA

Yes. No. It is difficult.

CARTER

(waits for more...)

I am a prisoner? Or not?

SOLA

(turns away)

You ask Tars Tarkas.

EXT. A COURTYARD IN KORAD - DAY

At the wall surrounding a thout corral Tars Tarkas leans on his upper elbows, watching two warriors working with a thout. Carter approaches. The top of the wall is above his head. He sizes it up, then jumps up to pull himself onto the wall, which he straddles facing Tars Tarkas.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

Kaor, Tars Tarkas.

TARS TARKAS

Kaor, Jon Carter. You are well? I regret, here are no wild calots for you to play with.

CARTER

I am well. In... future... I play with calots with ...sword in hand.

TARS TARKAS

You are still too brave. I want my calots over a rifle, a long way off.

Carter nods rueful agreement, then has a thought:

CARTER

Rifle -- yes. Tars Tarkas, may I ask a question?

TARS TARKAS

Ask; I will answer if I can.

CARTER

The day you captured me, there was... fighting? With swords?

TARS TARKAS

Yes. All fought well, even the female.

CARTER

Yes, but why... you not shoot? With your rifle, you could end the fight...

He pantomimes two quick shots.

TARS TARKAS

Am I an animal? Or are you? You must be from a clan of no honor!

CARTER

Wait! Sorry! I do not know your ways.

TARS TARKAS

The way of civilized beings! To fight with equal weapons is honor. Sword to sword; hand to hand: the outcome shows who was the better.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

Yes, this is true.

TARS TARKAS

To kill with a weapon the other does not have -- that is how to treat a wild calot. Killing with unequal weapons is murder, and brings shame. Say it is thus also in Ver-gi-nia.

Carter grimaces, perhaps recalling scenes of the Civil War.

CARTER

It is how it should be. It will be my way now, and forever.

TARS TARKAS

When we first saw you, Dotar Nors thought you were killing hatchlings, and tried to ride you down. But you faced him, and for honor he chose to fight you with equal weapons. You won, and thus you took his metal.

Carter touches the metal and harness he wears.

CARTER

This was the metal of the one I...?

TARS TARKAS

(touching one ornament)

I was there when he won this, besting Tarden Ptal with knives. Now it is yours... until someone can take it from you.

CARTER

You, Tars Tarkas?

TARS TARKAS

There are some foolish enough to challenge you, Jon Carter. But I have seen you fight.

CARTER

Good. I would be your... your... agh! I need more words! What is the word for... a warrior you ... think well of? Like to spend... days? no, time! time with? In a fight, you guard his back, he guards yours?

(CONTINUED)

TARS TARKAS

I do not understand. I know all these warriors, know what each can do, but in a fight, each takes care of himself.

CARTER

If you are attacked, none of these come to help you?

TARS TARKAS

They would watch to see who wins most honor. To help would steal honor from that one.

CARTER

Huh. Well, someday I will teach you a new word: 'friend'. It means, between friend and friend, to take honor from helping.

TARS TARKAS

Honor from helping. Strange.

CARTER

Strange to me that when I kill a man, I get his goods.

TARS TARKAS

Who else?

CARTER

Oh, his... uh, his female?

TARS TARKAS

Yes, you get his female too.

CARTER

No, I... what female?

TARS TARKAS

Sola. Is she not good? I thought she was useful to you.

CARTER

Uh, yes... she does... she makes good care of me.

TARS TARKAS

If you do not like her, you can trade her. For another female, or for a thout.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

I will keep her, I think. Did I win anything else that day?

TARS TARKAS

Both men you slew had rifles and thoats. But those, our council says you may not have.

CARTER

Because I am a prisoner?

TARS TARKAS

Lorquas Ptomel has sworn to take you and the Red female to our capital city to be judged by our chief, Tal Hajus. We who saw you fight say, give Jon Carter a rifle and a thoat, and he will escape us.

CARTER

(bitterly)

Escape? Escape to what? Tars Tarkas, I have no tribe, no place. Give me a rifle and a thoat, I can be a warrior beside you.

TARS TARKAS

Never in ten thousand years has a Red Man fought beside the Green Men. But you are different. Who can say?

CARTER

A Red man? Is that how you call my kind?

TARS TARKAS

You were taken along with a Red female. Like her, you are small, you lack mid-arms, your skin is like theirs, but paler. Are they not your people?

CARTER

My people... my people are so far you cannot imagine. But maybe... Yes. Maybe. Tars Tarkas, I need to speak to Dejah Thoris.

TARS TARKAS

So that you can plot an escape?

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

Tars Tarkas, I have no place to go. I want to ask about her people. If your people will not have me, it may be I can take a place among hers.

TARS TARKAS

Our council meets tonight. I will tell Lorquas Ptomel you ask this. Maybe he will hear you.

EXT. A RUINED AMPHITHEATER IN KORAD - DAY (SUNDOWN)

The Jed's council of the Korad tribe of Green Men gathers on the stage of an ancient amphitheater. Broken columns are silhouetted by the amber afterglow of sunset in a sky of mauve shading to ink. Warm light comes from glow-globes and a fire burning in an iron basket below the stage. Members of the tribe take places up the tiers of cracked stone seats.

Tars Tarkas leads Carter down a central aisle, waves him to a seat in the lowest row, and moves to his place at the right hand of Lorquas Ptomel.

At the upper end of an aisle, Sarkoja clenches Dejah Thoris's right arm in her lower left hand, and speaks earnestly in the ear of ZAD DAVAK, a warrior with many bands, medallions, and scars.

ZAD DAVAK

Tars Tarkas says this one is deadly.

SARKOJA

Tars Tarkas is getting soft. I have wondered why you have never challenged Tars Tarkas yourself.

ZAD DAVAK

I have thought of it. One day I might.

SARKOJA

This pale Red one has fooled Tars Tarkas and all of them with his tricks. He is half your size. Less than half.

Zad Davak nods thoughtfully.

(CONTINUED)

SARKOJA

Kill him and everyone will fear
you, even Lorquas Ptomel our Jed.

ZAD DAVAK

I will look at how he moves.

SARKOJA

Looking will not make you a Jed.
Killing him might.

Sarkoja exchanges a meaningful look with Zad Davak,
then they separate and take seats. Sarkoja and Dejah
Thoris move to the front row, near Carter.

Lorquas Ptomel and his sub-chiefs including Tars Tarkas have
assembled on the ruined stage. Tars Tarkas steps forward.

TARS TARKAS

Lorquas Ptomel, Jed of this people,
sits in council. Who wishes to be
heard, come forward.

Carter gets up from his front-row seat and steps to the
center.

CARTER

I come to ask the Jed and the
council: in what way have I harmed
them?

A moment of puzzlement and whispered conferences among the
Jed and this counsellors.

LORQUAS PTOMEL

You have done no harm, and we have
done no harm to you. You are
strange, yet we have fed you and
healed your injuries.

CARTER

This is so. I would be dead without
your help, and I thank you. Yet I
say, where are my rifles and my
thoats?

LORQUAS PTOMEL

You were found alone, with no
weapon, far out on the sea bottom.
I had not heard you had rifles or
thoats.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

Is it not true that I took the metal of two warriors in combat? Did not these warriors have rifles, thoats, and women? I claim what is mine.

LORQUAS PTOMEL

We took you wandering on our lands, near our hatch. It is law: a captive must be judged by our Jeddak, Tal Hajus. When we move to Thark, Tal Hajus will say what is to be your fate.

CARTER

Until then, may I have what I have won?

LORQUAS PTOMEL

You think I am a hatchling? If a prisoner is given a thoat, the prisoner will make dust to the horizon.

CARTER

Here is my word, and what I say, I do: give me what I have won by arms and let me speak to who I wish, and I will make no plot or attempt to flee until I stand before this Tal Hajus.

Treat me as a slave, and I will do whatever I must in order to escape.

LORQUAS PTOMEL

So: I can treat you as a warrior, or I can have you tied in many ropes.

CARTER

If you think that is possible, come and try.

Zad Davak rises from his seat.

ZAD DAVAK

I will tie you.

Zad strides down into the arena, talking.

(CONTINUED)

ZAD DAVAK (CONT)

You have talked enough. I will pull
out your tongue and use it to tie
your feet.

With three hands, Zad draws a sword and two knives from his harness, holds them out, and drops them on the sand. He means this to be a bare-hands match. Carter backs away and holds out his arms to show he has no weapons. The spectators are electrified. They elbow each other for better views.

Zad advances crouching, arms out, looking to catch and crush. Carter crouches and waits, balanced and alert. Zad nears, lunges forward and reaches out. Carter dives toward him, somersaults through his legs as Zad's arms close on air. Coming up, Carter manages a kick to Zad's backside before dancing away. Zad roars, spins, charges, reaching out; Carter leaps in and locks his legs in a scissors around one of Zad's thighs; wrapping one arm around Zad's lower-left wrist, with the other hand he bends a finger back, breaking it. Zad roars in pain; Carter unlocks and rolls hastily away as Zad connects with an awkward swing of a right arm.

Carter ends up on his back on the sand near the bottom tier of the amphitheater, where Sarkoja is avidly watching, Dejah Thoris beside her. Zad is gathering himself, nursing his broken finger. Carter starts to get up but Sarkoja sets a foot on one of the straps of the kilt of his costume, causing him to sit again heavily. Carter struggles to regain his feet as Zad approaches. Dejah Thoris manages a backward kick that connects with Sarkoja's ankle.

DEJAH THORIS

Lift thy foot!

Sarkoja lifts the foot. Carter hurls himself aside from Zad's rush. Zad manages to get a hand on Carter's foot. Now Carter wrestles with a being almost twice his height and weight, but one less agile and less determined to do damage. Zad wants to envelop Carter in three of his arms (the lower-left one, with a conspicuously broken finger, he holds clear). Carter wriggles like an eel and does damage with every limb. The overall choreography is like an adult human trying to control a completely out-of-control 6-year-old, but Carter is a whip-strong and determined man, kicking, biting, striking with his fists whenever he has an arm free.

The whole Green Martian tribe shrieks like spectators at a boxing match. Lorquas Ptomel and the elders on the dais are on their feet yelling and waving. The two wrestlers gasp and grunt. Zad tries to fling Carter down but Carter, upside down, gets both arms around Zad's leg and his legs around

(CONTINUED)

Zad's waist, and hauls back, causing Zad to reel and fall backward, letting go of Carter to fling his arms in an attempt back to break his fall. He hits heavily but struggles to rise; Carter, free of his grasp, scrambles to his feet, closes in, and while Zad is still half on his knees, with his head in Carter's reach, Carter swings a left-right combo that snaps Zad's head back and forth. Zad's eyes cross and he collapses to the ground, quivers, and expires. There are three seconds of dead silence.

Tars Tarkas steps down from the stage and inspects Zad.

TARS TARKAS

He is dead.

He strips a decoration from Zad's harness and extends it to Carter.

TARS TARKAS

His metal is yours.

Tars Tarkas ponderously resumes his position on the dais behind Lorquas Ptomel. Carter looks briefly around at the assembly, then faces the dais across the body of his latest conquest. Still panting,

CARTER

O Jed, I have said what is right,
and I say again: give me the
rifles, the thoats, all that is
mine under your law, and I will
ride beside you to meet your ruler
and hear his judgment. Let me be as
if one of you.

I will not be a prisoner.

(glances at Zad's body)

I want not to be your foe.

LORQUAS PTOMEL

So let it be. But Jon Carter, know
this: if you are false, and because
of it I fail to deliver you and the
Red Woman to Tal Hajus, my life
will be forfeit. I bind all these
here to take my vengeance on you,
then.

CARTER

I bind all here to witness that I
speak truth and do what I say.

(CONTINUED)

LORQUAS PTOMEL

We leave for Thark in two days. All should go and prepare.

The elders stand and begin to leave the dais. The crowd starts to disperse. Carter steps toward Dejah Thoris but Sarkoja puts her body between them.

SARKOJA

Carter. You have women now, thoats, much metal. Go and put your gear in order.

DEJAH THORIS

Jon Carter is one of you now, Sarkoja. He will do as he likes.

CARTER

I have studied speech for many days to speak properly to the Princess of Helium, and today I will.

DEJAH THORIS

I have waited many days to learn where Vergi-nia might lie. Today, perhaps...?

Carter, plainly ignoring Sarkoja, politely ushers Dejah Thoris out to the plaza.

CARTER

We will walk here, and I will tell you what I can.

EXT. THE GREAT PLAZA OF ANCIENT KORAD - NIGHT

The plaza is littered with broken columns and slabs of stone, and with heaps of gear, carts, cook-fires of the nomadic Green Men. Around the perimeter, Green men and women walk, converse around fires, pack gear and load carts. Heads turn to watch Carter and Dejah Thoris as they stroll and sit ad lib. Sarkoja suspiciously hovers near. Woola trails Carter, and when Carter stops, takes a guard position between Carter and Sarkoja.

CARTER

Virginia, Princess, is... a sweet, green place that is far, far from here. So far, I do not know if the Princess will believe it.

(CONTINUED)

DEJAH THORIS

Jon Carter, every tribe and people on this ancient world speaks this same language. You appear suddenly, with pale skin and no speech -- the more incredible your story, the easier it will be to believe it.

CARTER

Virginia, then... is on the planet you call the Blue Star.

DEJAH THORIS

The Blue Star! For centuries our scientists in Helium have studied the Blue Star in telescopes while our world dries up around us. The astronomers say it has seas of open water...

CARTER

It does...

DEJAH THORIS

Have you seen one?

CARTER

One edge of Virginia is on the sea, as one edge of this town is on a cliff. But take me to a telescope and I will show you Virginia.

DEJAH THORIS

Oh, I wish I could. It is in Helium.

CARTER

Well, tell me of Helium, where you are princess.

DEJAH THORIS

It is the greatest city of Barsoom -- nearly half a million people! Broad streets, graceful white buildings...

(she is seeing it)

There are two sky-piercing towers at the center, where the airships come and go.

(she tears up)

There are people of dignity and people who laugh... there is beauty and joy...

(CONTINUED)

She drags a deep breath, shakes her head roughly to break the mood.

DEJAH THORIS

And by now, it may all be in ashes.

CARTER

Ashes? How?

DEJAH THORIS

Zodanga! Another city, a third of the way around the world. Zodanga declared war on Helium a hundred days ago. I was trying to get home before fighting began when my airship could not stay aloft. I was caught... you saw. My city may be under siege, it may have fallen! And I can only wait and chew my liver until the Green Men decide how to release me: by ransom, or by death.

CARTER

Wait, this is... Release you by death!? They would kill a prisoner who surrendered?

DEJAH THORIS

Tal Hajus, their Jeddak, may so rule. Or not. He is said to be capricious.

CARTER

You surrendered, knowing this?

DEJAH THORIS

(shrugs)

I could fight and die at once, or I could surrender and live a while. Also I could keep alive the peculiar stranger who dropped out of the sky to help me.

CARTER

Help you he will! You must be returned to your city, your people -- whether the Green Men agree or not.

DEJAH THORIS

Careful, Jon Carter! Tonight you swore to make no plots or escapes. Do you break your word so soon?

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

I will keep my word until I have faced this Tal Hajus. Then I will be free to go wherever--

DEJAH THORIS

(interrupting)

Wherever Tal Hajus and several thousand Green warriors say you may go. Which might be into an arena to fight animals for their amusement.

CARTER

There are not enough Green men in all Barsoom... My Princess, I will see you safe in Helium.

DEJAH THORIS

(shocked, touched, amused)

'My' Princess? Jon Carter, you are an alien, and I forgive you for I see you mean well. But the daughter of a line of a thousand jeddaks is owned by no one. Only one man besides my father will ever call me 'his' -- and I have not decided who the man will be.

CARTER

I am sorry for saying the wrong words. Whoever that most fortunate man is, THIS man will help you back to your city.

DEJAH THORIS

Oh? And how will you do that, when you are also a Green warrior riding beside Tars Tarkas? Jon Carter gives his promises lightly, I think.

CARTER

I did say that.

(laughs remorsefully)

I said worse! I said I would teach Tars Tarkas a word I still do not know in this speech -- to take honor from helping and being helped?

DEJAH THORIS

You undertook to teach a Green Man -- friendship? Wonderful! After you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEJAH THORIS (cont'd)
 have done that, Jon Carter, you may
 show us all how to fly by waving
 our arms.

CARTER
 Before all, Princess, I will see
 you in Helium, or die on the way.

DEJAH THORIS
 For now it is enough to stay alive
 from day to day. Look, Sarkoja
 glares, and will say that Jon
 Carter breaks his oath and plots
 escape.

CARTER
 (to Sarkoja)
 Sarkoja, I do not forget the print
 of your great foot on my leather.
 Treat the Princess any way but well
 and you and I will exchange more
 than words.
 (to Dejah Thoris)
 Kaor, Princess. To Helium.

DEJAH THORIS
 Kaor, Jon Carter. To Helium!

EXT. THE GREAT PLAZA OF ANCIENT KORAD - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

The plaza is jammed with Green Martians preparing to migrate. We glide among them watching: females load bags and bundles into the clumsy carts; warriors back groaning zitidars into the shafts and harness them; others harness thoats, compare weapons, challenge each other to impromptu contests (double arm-wrestling?).

Sarkoja, leading Dejah Thoris, shoves imperiously between warriors to a roofed wagon. She half-lifts Dejah Thoris into the carriage with two hands. With a third hand she takes down from the roof a pair of manacles connected by a chain.

Several curious warriors watch as Tars Tarkas, carrying a rifle in each lower hand, and a bundle of swords and "metal" in an upper arm, with a fourth arm leads a thoat up to John Carter. He thrusts all four arms at Carter.

TARS TARKAS
 These are yours. We wait to see you
 ride.

(CONTINUED)

Carter ignores the bundles, reaches to grab the reins and draws the thot's head down to him. He talks softly to it as he carefully, delicately examines it, stroking it. His fingers find a sensitive spot and the thot partly closes its eyes and turns its head to get more.

A WARRIOR

You make it soft. It will not obey you unless you beat it.

CARTER

(wonderingly, pleased)

It knows me. And I know it.

(to Tars Tarkas)

I felt this same... connection?
With the, uh, thots of my own world. A little. But this!

His fingers never stop exploring, touching the thot's body through its short sleek coat.

CARTER (CONT.)

It is as if I were in its mind and it in mine...

Carter suddenly crouches, leaps smoothly up to straddle the thot. It responds by rearing to its full height; Carter throws his arms around its neck behind its head to keep from sliding down. He is cheek to jowl with the thot, 20 feet in the air, looking down on the warriors below.

Carter whispers softly and touches the thot's cheek. It hisses like a steam train and slowly lets itself down to all six feet. Carter settles onto its back and beams.

Now with his head slightly above Tars Tarkas's, Carter reaches for one of the rifles.

CARTER

My rifle, Tars Tarkas.

He test-aims it out over the crowd, and smiles.

CARTER

Shall we go and hunt the wild calot?

EXT. HELI SWEEP UP TO KORAD - DAY

The leading elements of the migration spill out of the city and down the steep road toward the dead sea bottom: warriors on thoats, three abreast with banners; then carts drawn by zitidars, packed with a barrels and bundles. More warriors surround Lorqas Ptomel and his council. Carter rides in this group, Woola at the heels of his thoat. Then several roofed, open-sided carts with the females of the Jed and his council. One of these is the cart of Dejah Thoris and Sarkoja. Then a troop of half-grown hatchlings march on foot, guarded by older warriors on thoats. Back in the plaza more baggage carts jockey to get in line.

FURTHER ALONG THE LINE OF MARCH

The caravan passes us. It is hours into the day and some of the zest has gone out of the riders. Tars Tarkas dispatches single warriors to ride out as scouts on the flanks.

FURTHER STILL ALONG THE TREK

Carter on his thoat draws level with the open-sided, flat-roofed carriage of Dejah Thoris and Sarkoja.

CARTER

Kaor, Princess! Are you well?

DEJAH THORIS

A little stiff from so much riding, but well. This mount you won, is it good?

Carter reaches far out to pat the thoat's cheek.

CARTER

A wonderful beast! She almost reads my thoughts, and I, hers. But if you are stiff, you should move. Ride, or at least walk.

DEJAH THORIS

Our hosts do not want me to do that, I think.

SARKOJA

She stays with me.

She raises her arm to show Carter that she and Dejah Thoris are linked by heavy manacles. This move yanks the arm of Dejah Thoris up as well.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

No! This is -- there is no need for this.

SARKOJA

It is my life if she is not brought to Thark. I say we ride thus.

CARTER

We will see. Where is Tars Tarkas?

But Tars Tarkas is riding up looking for Carter.

TARS TARKAS

Jon Carter! Come! We are at the edge of stream of life. Come and see.

CARTER

Tars Tarkas, I must show you...

But Tars Tarkas ignores him, turns his mount away toward the front of the train, waving:

TARS TARKAS

Come!

DEJAH THORIS

Go with him, Jon Carter, he will show you a great sight. Do not worry,

She raises her arm to show her and Sarkoja's manacled wrists.

DEJAH THORIS (CONT.)

I will keep Sarkoja safe here.

Carter wheels his thout away and urges it after Tars Tarkas and a few others who have ridden ahead of the caravan. All pull up in a line at -- the crest of a rise?

From below the lip on which they stand we look up at them, painted in warm color by the lowering sun. Some point excitedly out into the distance.

From above we look over their shoulders into a canal: from a cliff as straight and perpendicular as if cut with a knife we look down a thousand feet at a mile-wide flat-bottomed channel that extends, without a hint of curve, to the horizon. The bottom is filled with cultivated fields in shades of ocher, pink, and deep red. A braided stream threads the bottom catching light from the sky. However, there are bald, sandy patches everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

Wonderful! How far does it go?

TARS TARKAS

From the ice at the furthest North,
around the curve of the world to
the bottom of the oldest dead sea
of the South. This is one of many
that were cut in the deep past when
the seas were drying.

CARTER

Cut? This was made? By whom?

TARS TARKAS

Who knows? It was long ago.
(considers the view)
When I was young, the plants were
thick. There were not those empty
spots.
(to the other warriors)
We rest until sundown. Then we
cross in the night.

Another warrior points out toward the far rim. Something
shiny in the sky is catching the sunlight.

A WARRIOR

A sky ship. It turns this way.

All watch intently for a moment, variously shading eyes,
pointing, checking weapons.

TARS TARKAS

It comes.

ANOTHER WARRIOR

They will see this Red one and
wonder.

TARS TARKAS

Jon Carter, you come. Now!

Tars Tarkas herds Carter's thout at a trot back to the
milling crowd of thouts and wagons. At the wagon bearing
Dejah Thoris, Tars Tarkas un-gently pushes Carter under the
roof of the wagon.

INT. THE WAGON - DAY

Carter half-clambers, half-falls into the confines of the wagon. It is crowded with him, Sarkoja, Dejah Thoris and assorted bundles.

The THRUM OF THE APPROACHING AIRSHIP'S ENGINES rises slowly in volume in the next seconds.

DEJAH THORIS

(amused)

Did you not like the view of the water-path, Jon Carter? It was made by my distant ancestors in the depths of time.

CARTER

(dusting himself off)

It is amazing, Princess, but I could not linger. Our hosts saw an airship coming, and cut the viewing short.

DEJAH THORIS

A ship? What colors does it bear?

CARTER

It was far off. I will look.

Carter makes as if to lean out of the wagon, but the flank of Tars Tarkas's thout moves in to block the side of the wagon. The lower left arm of Tars Tarkas reaches under the roof to push Carter back.

SARKOJA

It matters not. Sit, and be still for your life.

Sarkoja's upper right arm pulls Dejah Thoris close; with her upper left arm she draws a knife from her harness and presses the blade to the throat of Dejah Thoris, who must hold her head back to avoid it.

ABOVE THE CARAVAN

We look down on the milling caravan from a hundred feet up. Off center is the roof of the wagon containing Carter and Dejah Thoris. Tars Tarkas on his thout is beside it, his upper left arm resting easily on the roof. Near center, warriors holding rifles form an arc around Lorquas Ptomel. All stare up as the shadow of the air ship falls over the group. The bow of the ship comes into frame.

(CONTINUED)

SOUND: we hear the fans changing pitch, some winding down, some reversing to bring the machine to a halt.

AMONG THE WARRIORS AROUND LORQUAS PTOMEL

We look up at the airship. It is the size of an earthly naval destroyer. The bottom and top hulls are gently rounded like turtle shells (to deflect shot). The bottom is marked by retracted skids and gangways. Gun turrets are set into the top and bottom hulls and studded along the sides. Many ducted-fan props are gymballed top and bottom, fore and aft; these continually swivel and rev up and down to hold the ship stationary.

Around the bow is an apparent bridge or conning area with windows. A narrow, railed veranda fronts it. HOR VASTUS, a Red Martian in naval gear, steps out on it, leans over, and shouts down at the Green Martians below.

HOR VASTUS

Kaor, Jed. I am called Hor Vastus.
I command this ship in the service
of Helium.

INSIDE THE WAGON

Dejah Thoris soundlessly mouths the word "Helium" and closes her eyes in frustration.

AMONG THE WARRIORS AROUND LORQUAS PTOMEL

LORQUAS PTOMEL

Kaor, Hor Vastus. I am called
Lorquas Ptomel, Jed of the clan of
Korad.

HOR VASTUS

You are far from Korad, Jed.

LORQUAS PTOMEL

You are far from Helium, Red Man.
Why does a great ship concern
itself with my clan and our yearly
trek to Thark?

HOR VASTUS

O Jed, we have searched for weeks
for any sign of certain folk who
are lost to us. Your people range
wide over these empty sea-bottoms.

INSIDE THE WAGON

(CONTINUED)

Sarkoja has pulled the knife so tight under Dejah Thoris's throat that Dejah Thoris is bent far backward over Sarkoja's arm. Even so the blade is biting and a drop of blood forms, runs across the steel and down her throat. Carter is enraged; his hand twitches.

SARKOJA

(a hissing whisper)

One sound and I lop this head like fruit from a branch.

HOR VASTUS (V.O.)

Have you seen anything of a small air-ship, much smaller than this, with a few people, one a woman?

LORQUAS PTOMEL (V.O.)

I have seen no ship.

CARTER

(whispering)

Your Jed lies!

SARKOJA

(whispering)

He did not see the ship.

HOR VASTUS (V.O.)

Have you seen no folk like me travelling on foot, then?

LORQUAS PTOMEL (V.O.)

I have seen no Red Men alone on the bottoms.

SARKOJA

(whispering)

True again. He saw you in Korad.

ON THE AIRSHIP BRIDGE LOOKING DOWN

HOR VASTUS

Jed -- all of you -- my Jeddak in Helium will pay well for any sign of these lost folk. A very great reward is there for the woman especially.

LORQUAS PTOMEL

At Thark, where our clans gather, we will make this known. If we bring some token of them to Helium, you will pay?

(CONTINUED)

HOR VASTUS

Yes, Jed, but know this: just now our city is surrounded, under siege from an enemy. They of Zodanga will take and kill anyone coming by land and you would have nothing. Come to the hills south of the city and light a signal fire. One of our air patrols will find you.

LORQUAS PTOMEL

Perhaps there will be no Helium to pay us.

HOR VASTUS

There will always be an Helium, Jed, and Helium will always be the best of friends to her friends and the deadliest enemy to her enemies. Tell your clans to think well which they would be. Kaor, Jed of Korad.

Hor Vastus does not wait for a return "Kaor" but turns away to enter the bridge of the ship.

SOUND: the ship's motors rev up.

The ship begins to slip ahead, accelerating as it passes between us and the Green Martian clan migration on the ground.

INSIDE THE WAGON

Sarkoja holds Dejah Thoris under her knife, and Carter watches tensely, while the shadow of the airship passes and its sound begins to dwindle. Sarkoja's arm releases Dejah Thoris but presents the point of the knife toward Carter who has started to rise from the floor as if to attack.

SARKOJA

I could not let her call out. But see, she is not hurt.

Dejah Thoris is dabbing blood from the minor cut under her chin with a rag. Carter takes the rag from her and moistens it from a leather bottle that hangs from the wagon roof.

DEJAH THORIS

I am not hurt. And my city lives!
John Carter, my city still lives!

He gently dabs blood from her throat.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

And searches for you...

DEJAH THORIS

They should not; Hor Vastus is an admiral! That ship must be needed to fight.

CARTER

(to Sarkoja)

But they will pay a large ransom.

SARKOJA

All for Tal Hajus to say.

CARTER

(impatiently)

Then let us get to this Tal Hajus. Why are we sitting here? I will...

(remembers his manners)

With your permission, Princess, I will go and try to get us moving.

DEJAH THORIS

(smiles)

Please do. I will continue to manage this wagon.

EXT. THE RIM OF THE CANAL CANYON - DAY (SUNSET)

The depths of the canal are in shadow. The upper half of the cliff face is in warm sunlight. The sky is darkening. The caravan threads its way down a broad but steep trail cut in the canal wall: jingling, clanking, creaking and the soft shuffle of the padded feet of animals.

Lorquas Ptomel, Tars Tarkas, and a group of warriors on thoats lead the way and have almost reached shadow. Carter is at the rear of this group, shading his eyes and trying to see details in the canyon ahead.

From the back of the caravan comes a confused shouting; then a warrior rides out from the wagons and pounds down toward the lead group, gesturing toward the sky and shouting:

WARRIOR

Jed! Jed! Another air machine!

The lead group stops and all turn to look up and back above the rimrock. Lit by the sun against the dark sky is a sliver of metal, a small airship perhaps a thousand feet above the plateau.

(CONTINUED)

LORQUAS PTOMEL

I tire of looking up at Red Men.
Dak Kovas, you boast of skill with
a rifle. Bring that thing down.

The addressed warrior slips off his thout and uses it as support: bracing his lower two arms widely against the animal's back, spreading his feet, sighting his rifle with his upper arms.

Carter looks back and forth between the marksman and the slowly-moving airship. His lips move; he is whispering

CARTER

Hurry... hurry... get out of
there...

The rifle fires; and again; and again--the shots spaced as the shooter recovers from the recoil and sights again. Carter winces with each report. An instant after the third shot there is a puff of smoke around the rear of the airship and it tumbles wildly. The warriors yell and cheer wildly.

The airship steadies in a tail-down attitude: the bow tanks retain lift but cannot keep it aloft, and it drops like a leaf toward the canal-bottom.

All the warriors begin to gallop down the trail toward where the machine will reach ground. Carter at first trails the crowd of huge animals but as they pelt down the trail, he passes one, then another, another, takes the lead. As they pour out onto the flat Carter has broken away and the rest string out behind him.

THE LUSH CANAL BOTTOM

The canal's floor is carpeted with beds of varied crops in different stages of color and growth, divided by shallow ditches with only open water yet seen on Barsoom. The damaged one-man flier slides out of the sky and crunches, ruined tail-end first, into one of these canals. KANTOS KAN is thrown into the shallow water. He stands, shaken, dazed, and angry, as the string of Green Warriors on thouts gallops toward him, making a trail through the crop-plants.

Carter is first to reach the spot, the rest of the warriors seconds behind. Kantos Kan is puzzled as well as upset.

KANTOS KAN

Who are you? Why do you ride with
the savages? Why did you shoot at
me?

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

I'm their prisoner. Yes, I am, but never mind, tell me quickly: are you of Helium?

KANTOS KAN

I am called Kantos Kan. I am a padwar in the navy of Helium.

CARTER

Good! You must trust me. Tell them
(waves at warriors arriving)
you yield and you want to be
ransomed along with your Princess.

KANTOS KAN

Princess? Dejah Thoris is here?

TARS TARKAS

Jon Carter, stand aside, he is
ours!

(to Kantos Kan)

I am called Tars Tarkas of the band
of Korad. Who are you?

KANTOS KAN

I am Kantos Kan, padwar in the navy
of Helium. Why did you shoot at me
who did you no harm?

TARS TARKAS

Because we tire of being spied on
from the air. Do you yield or will
you fight?

KANTOS KAN

I yield, my city will ransom me as
it will ransom the Princess you
hold.

TARS TARKAS

Jon Carter, I have said and said,
ransom is in the choice of Tal
Hajus.

KANTOS KAN

Tal Hajus leads these? Jon Carter,
whoever you are, you have killed us
and the Princess too!

EXT. THE APPROACH TO THARK - DAY

We wheel above the ruined city of Thark. Like Korad it is on the scarp of an ancient shore but Korad is a village compared to this.

Conspicuous on the far side of the city are two flying ships. One is a yacht like Dejah Thoris's. The second is a floating metal raft the size of a football field, moored 100 feet above the ground on a couple of anchor ropes. At one end is a tiny control cabin with faceted windows. Ducted-fan props line the sides.

Passing over the city we find the road up the cliff-face. The Korad band rides up the last slope. It has put out all its pennons. Just behind the leading detachment of warriors is a wagon pulled by two zitidars, and on it, the shot-down flier. The bow end still has some bouyancy; it stands a bit clear of the wagon bed and bounces. The Korad hatchlings -- who are now all nine feet tall or so, but skinny -- ride on it, whooping and making triumphal gestures.

DISSOLVE TO:

The Korad band parades up a broad avenue bordered by broken columns and towers. Many Green Men are socializing, leaning out of windows, tending animals or fires, and eyeing the newcomers, calling good-natured insults at them. Ahead, the street opens into a plaza.

DISSOLVE TO:

The Korad band parades in from the far side of the plaza; on the near side is a broad set of steps, once the front of a magnificent palace, now backed only by broken columns and moss-grown rubble. A line of grandly be-metalled Green Men wait on the steps; at their center, taller, uglier, and more scarred than any, stands TAL HAJUS, jeddak of all bands.

Near him, conspicuous by his smaller size and different style of garb, waits SAB THAN.

ON CARTER RIDING IN THE TRAIN

Tars Tarkas pushes his thout up beside Carter's and take's Carter's arm.

TARS TARKAS
Jon Carter, stop.

They slow; the rest of the train surges around and by them. The wagon carrying Sarkoja, Dejah Thoris, and now Kantos Kan as well, catches up and stops.

(CONTINUED)

TARS TARKAS
Give me your rifle.

CARTER
What? Why?

TARS TARKAS
Ahead is Tal Hajus. Your promise is
at an end. Give me the rifle and
get down from the animal.

Carter is surprised, then exasperated; starts to protest;
then sees Dejah Thoris being handed down from the wagon by
Kantos Kan.

CARTER
Yes. I will not ride when Dejah
Thoris must walk.

He tosses his rifle to Tars Tarkas and hops nimbly down from
the back of the thout and joins the other humans. The three
walk, Dejah Thoris in the center, surrounded by a crowd of
Green Men, behind Tars Tarkas toward the steps.

EXT. CENTRAL PLAZA OF THARK - DAY

Lorquas Ptomel, backed by his main warriors, stands at the
foot of the steps; Tars Tarkas and the three captives just
behind him; in the crowd behind them, the hatchlings on the
wagon. Tal Hajus and his retinue wait at the top of the
steps.

LORQUAS PTOMEL
(loudly and formally)
Kaor, Tal Hajus. We of Korad have
come.

TAL HAJUS
Kaor, Lorquas Ptomel. How fared the
band of Korad this year?

LORQUAS PTOMEL
Korad fares well. We hatched three
hands of healthy hatchlings...

He indicates the hatchlings on the wagon; they whoop and
cheer.

LORQUAS PTOMEL (CONT)
We bring a Red Man flier...

(CONTINUED)

The hatchlings set up a metallic drumming on the hull of the flier. Lorquas Ptomel raises his voice yet further to be heard.

LORQUAS PTOMEL (CONT)
 which will make many swords and
 other tools. And we took three Red
 Men who yielded to us on condition
 of hearing your judgment.

TAL HAJUS
 (projecting to the crowd)
 We welcome the new hatch. May they
 be bold and strong as their clan.

Hatchlings continue cheerful ruckus.

TAL HAJUS (CONT)
 Now be silent and learn from your
 elders...
 (hatchlings subside)
 This machine is good. Our smiths
 will make tools, blades,
 decorations for ALL.
 (general huzzahs from crowd)
 Now, these captives. Who are they
 and how did you take them?

LORQUAS PTOMEL
 This one
 (pushes Kantos Kan ahead)
 is of Helium, spying on us from
 above, after we gave fair answer to
 his Jed of the air.

KANTOS KAN
 ...gave lying answer!

LORQUAS PTOMEL
 I told no lies. I led your Jed
 astray -- but to lay a false trail
 is a hunter's right.
 (to Tal Hajus and the crowd)
 He flew above; Dak Kovas picked him
 off.

Dak Kovas waves his rifle and, embarrassed, acknowledges a general cheer; the hatchlings whoop.

LORQUAS PTOMEL
 This one
 (Carter is pulled forward)
 is a stranger and a dire fighter,
 taking the metal of three of my
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LORQUAS PTOMEL (cont'd)
 band -- one, bare-handed -- and
 fought two wild calots alone and
 lived.

General oooooh-ahhhh. The hatchlings take up a chant:

GREEN HATCHLINGS
 Car-tair! Car-tair! Car-Tair!

Lorquas Ptomel waves for silence.

LORQUAS PTOMEL
 Yet we have not learned where his
 tribe is or where his loyalty lies.

CARTER
 My tribe lies so far you have never
 heard of it. But my loyalty is to
 the Princess of Helium.

TAL HAJUS
 Princess of Helium? It true, then?
 You have a hatchling of Helium, of
 the egg of Tardos Mors?

Lorquas Ptomel starts to reply but Dejah Thoris pushes
 around him.

DEJAH THORIS
 Kaor, Jed. I am called Dejah
 Thoris. Mors Kajak, Jeddak of
 Helium, is my father, Tardos Mors
 my grandfather.

TAL HAJUS
 You know, then, that for countless
 generations your city has been the
 bitter enemy of the Green Men, and
 Mors Kajak the worst of all. Here I
 have the chance to smash the egg of
 Mors Kajak. Can you tell me a
 reason why I shall not return you
 to your city one small piece at a
 time... a finger, then an eye,
 perhaps?

DEJAH THORIS
 Jed, I can only die once, and that
 will be with sword in hand, for...
 (appeals to crowd)
 ...by your own law you cannot take
 my life without honoring me with a
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEJAH THORIS (cont'd)
fight. What you do with my fingers
after that will not concern me.

General crowd murmur of respect for this.

DEJAH THORIS (CONT.)
But listen and I will say why this
enmity between our people must end.

Jed, you say we have been enemies
for ages. I say, the truth of which
of us first attacked the other is
buried in the moss of history. I
care not; let it be our fault; say
we attacked first, then you in
revenge and we again -- and on in
further bitterness. I say, none of
that matters any more, for this
reason: Barsoom dies -- yes, this
whole round world is dying -- and
we all, Red men and Green together,
are dying with it.

Lorquas Ptomel, when my ship failed
and dropped me into your hands, you
never asked the purpose of my
journey. I will tell you. We of
Helium have bases around Barsoom
where we study the air, the soil. I
visited those bases and was going
home with the worst of news: our
great round world is drying up
faster than we ever imagined. And
when the water goes, the plants
will go, and then the very air will
die.

You are proud of your hatchlings? I
say before they are old, there will
be no water in the canals -- none!
The hatch out of their egg will
scratch the dead moss looking for a
seep of moisture. When that one's
egg breaks, the hatch will choke
for lack of life in the air.

My ancestors built the canals in
the time of our greatness, and for
centuries, we of Helium have
maintained the air and water that
give life to all of us -- with
little thanks and no help from any
other city.

(CONTINUED)

The scientists of Helium might act to save us, but they do not know the danger. And they are not free to act because my city is besieged in a foolish, costly war started by the men of Zodanga. Yes, I see you have a man of Zodanga among you.

Return me alive to my city, Oh Jed, and you will have a reward. Metal in plenty, of course. But a greater reward: I promise you peace between our people. And a greater reward still: I promise that Helium will do what only Helium can do: get water to drink and air to breathe for all of us, Red and Green -- air and water for our hatchlings and for yours, forever.

TAL HAJUS

I am a simple warrior. I do not understand this talk of science. That is for Red men to play with, not for warriors. The canals have always been there -- yes, I have heard the tale that people made them, but I heard many tales as a child. Now I am a man and I see what I see and I know what I know -- and I know the words of the Red man are always slippery.

Sab Than, what say you of this?

SAB THAN

The men of Helium have always been proud, oh Jed. They claim to know better than any how the world works, but they keep the best for themselves. That is why my father, the Jeddak of Zodanga, declared war. We will take the secrets of Helium and make them free to all. If their scholars know something useful about the water and air, we will know it also when we take their city. And we will share all with you, as I have promised, after you help us to take it.

(CONTINUED)

DEJAH THORIS

Your father knows, and you know, that Helium has never made a secret of the sciences of air, of water, of life. How often have we asked Zodanga to help us in the weary and costly work of setting out the square karads of air-making plants, yet no help came? You want only to loot us. Share our science? I doubt you can read.

SAB THAN

Oh Tal Hajus, I have a thought on what you can do with this woman.

TAL HAJUS

My mind is to put her in our arena to fight, as she asks, for the sport of the bands.

Tars Tarkas urgently pushes to the front.

TARS TARKAS

Oh Jed, when I took these two they yielded on my promise to speak for ransom. They have done no evil to any of us in Korad. Let me take them secretly to Helium and come back with metal to share, weapons, perhaps even an air machine.

TAL HAJUS

Before you could reach Helium Zodanga, with our help, will conquer it. There would be no ransom. Her death tonight can amuse us for a few minutes.

SAB THAN

Wait, oh Jed! There is a better use for her. When we have taken Helium we must hold it. The people there are fond of this one. If they hear she is dead, they will be hard to hold.

TAL HAJUS

Who will care? We will have our loot and ride away. Let them fume.

(CONTINUED)

SAB THAN

The Green men may ride away. We of Zodanga must stay and govern both cities. That will be easier if this woman lives -- in my control. Give her to me. I will keep her. Perhaps her grandfather will see her with me before he dies. You would like that.

TAL HAJUS

Ha! That will be good. Very well, you take her.

DEJAH THORIS

Yes, Sab Than. Come and take me. Come within my arm's reach.

TAL HAJUS

Go on, Sab Than. Green men brought her here. Let me see a Red man take her away.

Sab Than makes to step toward Dejah Thoris. Both she and Carter have eager expressions, wanting nothing more than to have him in reach. Sab Than hesitates. Suddenly, Sarkoja bursts between Lorquas Ptomel and Tars Tarkas and snatches Dejah Thoris up with all four arms. Dejah Thoris shrieks in shock and frustration but can only struggle.

SARKOJA

I have guarded her a hundred days;
I will guard her more. Lead where
you want her.

Both Carter and Kantos Kan make to leap toward Sarkoja but green arms reach to hold them.

TAL HAJUS

Hold those two! We will have them,
at least, for amusement tonight:
they can be meat for our banth. It
has not eaten in some days; I
wonder how long these mighty
warriors can delay its meal? Sab
Than, will you watch?

SAB THAN

Oh Jed, it is best I take this
woman to my flier and go to Zodanga
now. You and your boldest warriors
board the carrier vessel tomorrow,
and next day we will meet at Helium
for the final attack.

(CONTINUED)

TAL HAJUS

Go, then. Put those two in the deep hole until we need them.

Several Green warriors bear Carter and Kantos Kan away; they struggle but without effect. Meanwhile, Sab Than, staying a careful distance ahead, leads Sarkoja carrying Dejah Thoris, away -- toward the side of the city where the great carrier ship floats against the sunset sky.

INT. A DUNGEON UNDER THARK

A dim glow filters through a barred opening high above. Kantos Kan slumps in dejection. Carter prowls the space, feeling the walls.

CARTER

Do you understand what is to happen to us?

KANTOS KAN

They will put us in an arena and loose a banth upon us. Soon after our worries will cease.

CARTER

And what is a banth?

KANTOS KAN

A deadly animal. A big, dangerous hunter that normally preys on calots, sometimes on young thoats.

CARTER

Is it quick?

KANTOS KAN

Quick enough, but once it has a scent it never stops until it makes its kill.

CARTER

It hunts by scent, then?

KANTOS KAN

Yes. Its sight is weak, but that is its only weakness.

Carter, prowling and rummaging in the gloom, has found something.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER
An old cloth...

He is towelling himself with the square of old material (it might be a threadbare banner or pennon).

CARTER
Here, rub this on yourself.

KANTOS KAN
This rubbish...?

CARTER
Under your arms, all over. Go on...

A faint, hoarse whisper from far above:

SOLA (V.O.)
Jon Carter! Do you live?

Carter looks up and spots the opening far above.

CARTER
Yes! Sola? Wait a bit...

He positions himself carefully at the center of the space, bends his knees and springs upward. Offscreen his hands SLAP ON STONE but find no grip. He falls back painfully to the littered stone floor.

CARTER
Ow! Blast. Almost. Well,...

Again he takes stance for a leap.

CUT TO

Sola, amid a jumble of fallen walls and pillars, looks into a dark barred hole in a near-horizontal slab. We hear the distant, echoing sound of Carter's GRUNT. After a second of silence, the SLAP of hands frantically grasping stone. Carter's fingers lace through the bars. Carter draws his face to them. He holds himself up with effort.

CARTER
Kaor, Sola! What news?

SOLA
Folk are gathering at the arena.
Now they do contests of strength
but later they will come to bring
you to the banth.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

What of the Princess?

SOLA

The Prince of Zodanga took her away in his flier hours ago. Jon Carter, I can do little to help, except this.

She holds out a small dagger to the bars; with effort he frees a hand and with two fingers draws it through.

CARTER

That is much. There is a little more you could do.

SOLA

Yes?

CARTER

Tell Dotar Nors and the other hatchlings of our band to stay together in a group. And tell them...

He momentarily slips and has to scramble for a handhold before he gets his face back to the bars.

CARTER (CONT.)

...tell them to remember what I often said in their training: "be ready for anything."

SOLA

I will tell them. But it will be sad for them to see you become a meal for a banth.

CARTER

Very sad. One last thing. Where are the thout pens?

SOLA

The south side, beyond a great gateway.

CARTER

If somehow tonight the pen were to be open and the thouts wandering free...

(his sweaty fingers are slipping on the bars)

Sorry, I must go now.

Carter drops away into the darkness.

EXT. A GREAT ARENA IN RUINED THARK - NIGHT

The arena of Thark is a sandy oval bordered by a wall just under a Green Martian's height. Partially-ruined stone bleachers surround the arena. These are filled with cheering Green men. Where the bleachers are gone, the wall is lined with spectators leaning over or sitting on the stones. Apparent light is from fires in chain-suspended baskets and a few functioning glow-globes.

Tal Hajus and his retinue, now including Lorquas Ptomel and Tars Tarkas, are grouped in the best section, centered on one side of the arena. Ninety degrees around, arrayed on a broken floor with no seats, is the group of Hatchlings of Korad. On the arena floor opposite Tal Hajus is a huge, sturdy cage. In the arena wall to one side of the cage is a small doorway closed by a clumsy wooden hatch.

This hatch is pulled away. Carter and Kantos Kan are thrust through. The hatch is hastily closed behind them. The crowd roars.

Carter and Kantos Kan walk together toward the center, Carter glancing alertly around. He spots the group of hatchlings, points them out to Kantos Kan, and waves to them; they respond with enthusiasm.

Carter puts an arm around Kantos Kan's shoulders and leans to his ear.

CARTER

Remember what I told you. That is our way out after we deal with the banth.

KANTOS KAN

I hear you, but...

CARTER

Give me the cloth now.

Kantos Kan surreptitiously hands him the bundled rag. They reach the center of the arena and turn to watch two very nervous Green warriors who hop out from the wall to the roof of the large cage. They cautiously reach over the near edge of the cage to wiggle out big pins that hold the front of the cage to the sides. They retreat to the edge of the wall from where one of them clumsily reaches out with a pole and attempts to push at the top edge of the front of the cage.

(CONTINUED)

The front of the cage slams down flat and the BANTH moves out "its tail erect, its tiny ears laid flat, its great mouth with its multiple rows of sharp and powerful fangs already yawning for its prey, its ten legs carrying it forward..." (ERB, Chessmen of Mars)

The banth slinks, holding its body and nostrils close to the ground casting for a scent. Carter kneels, scoops a handful of sand into the tattered cloth and wraps it in a wad. Still watching the animal, he jabs the ball of his left thumb with the point of Sola's knife and smears blood on the wadded cloth before throwing it over and beyond the animal.

The banth wheels at the motion and faint sound; it is snake-quick. It sniffs the cloth; tastes the cloth; discards the cloth; wheels again. Carter indicates the mob of hatchlings to Kantos Kan.

CARTER

Remember, that is our way out.

(loud, to the banth)

Animal! Over here!

The banth's head comes up. It emits its purring roar and begins to quest toward him, sliding faster and faster on its bent legs that keep its belly always close to the ground. Carter trots, then runs, keeping ahead of it as the animal becomes more and more concentrated on him. He leads it in an arc around one end of the arena and along the side toward the cage -- and clears the cage in a leap.

The banth is momentarily baffled. The crowd roars in delight. The banth finds its way around the cage to the center of the arena. Carter taunts it until it charges, then leaps to the roof of the cage. The banth rears and claws at him, then claws at the roof of the cage and begins to haul itself onto the cage. Carter retreats and waits for the animal to fully gain the top before hopping down and jogging backward away. But the banth surprises him: it launches itself in a great leap from the top of the cage and Carter only just dodges the swing of its outstretched claws.

He runs again, the inflamed animal close on his heels, to the wall below which Tal Hajus and retinue are watching, and leaps up.

Carter's bleeding left hand leaves a noticeable bloody print on the wall.

Carter leaps again and is among the Green courtiers.

His left hand slaps hard against the midsection of one of Tal Hajus's retinue, leaving a smear. The warrior, shocked, pushes him away. Carter rolls to the side.

(CONTINUED)

The banth is coming over the wall. Its claws rake the bloody print. It gains the dais as Green men scatter in all directions. Carter leaps again to regain the arena wall.

The banth buries its fangs in the trunk of the marked courtier and bears him backwards, rolling over, knocking down Tal Hajus and others of the retinue like bowling pins. The crowd of thousands is roaring.

Carter bounds across the arena toward Kantos Kan who is waiting at the wall below the hatchlings. Some of them are leaning over, reaching out.

CARTER

Up! Up!

Kantos Kan reaches up and seizes an arm and is hauled up the wall. Carter jumps and scrambles up. The two of them are surrounded by the hatchlings. Dotar Nors hands Carter a sword. Another holds a weapon for Kantos Kan to take. Amid the group,

CARTER

Let's go! To the thot pen!

The group splits the crowd, the hatchlings throwing football blocks left and right to clear a path.

ABOARD SAB THAN'S FLIER - NIGHT

On the exposed deck the HELMSMAN stands behind a windscreen. Sarkoja sits stoically on the deck only partly sheltered from the wind. The THRUM of the fans and RUSH of the wind fill the air. Sab Than, very much on edge, addresses the helmsman.

SAB THAN

Is that it? Is that the best you can do?

He reaches past the Helmsman and bangs on a lever that is already full-forward. The crewman makes a minute adjustment of the same lever.

HELMSMAN

Yes, my Prince. There is no more speed to be had. We will see Zodanga not long past dawn.

SAB THAN

(to Sarkoja)

You put her in the cabin?

(CONTINUED)

SARKOJA

I did.

SAB THAN

But you bound her?

SARKOJA

You did not say to bind her.

SAB THAN

But -- you are not watching! She could be up to anything!

SARKOJA

I cannot fit in your tiny spaces. I put her where you said. I cannot watch her there.

SAB THAN

I will see to her.

He starts for the narrow stairs down to the cabin, hesitates, turns back, turns again. Sarkoja shrugs.

JUST OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF THARK - NIGHT

Carter and Kantos Kan are in tandem on the back of a galloping thoot. Carter controls it easily with a hand on a light harness. Shouting and rifle shots echo, fading, behind them as they open distance from the ruined walls and pass under the floating air-raft.

CARTER

Kantos Kan, what IS that thing?

KANTOS KAN

What is what?

CARTER

That thing like a roof over our heads?

KANTOS KAN

A carrier float. To take men into battle. It can carry several utans -- 500 men easily -- and their arms.

CARTER

Ah, so that is how that weasel means to take Tal Hajus and his warriors to Helium.

(CONTINUED)

KANTOS KAN
What is "weasel"?

CARTER
No matter. What crew would it have?

KANTOS KAN
Perhaps three men. Four. Why?

CARTER
Look back and tell me, how close is
the pursuit?

KANTOS KAN
They do not pursue. They do not
like the dark. Tomorrow those who
do not go to war will search.

CARTER
So we are clean away?

KANTOS KAN
Yes, but there is nowhere to go for
hundreds of haads in any direction.
And no water.

The thoat begins a sweeping turn.

KANTOS KAN
Why do we turn? Where are we going?

CARTER
Could you fly that thing?

KANTOS KAN
The two of us could, perhaps. If we
had time I could coach you.

The thoat stops. The torch-lined broken walls of Thark are
less than a mile off. Here is only faint silver light of one
of the small moons. Carter hops down.

CARTER
Come on, we are better on foot.

As Kantos Kan awkwardly drops to ground, Carter pulls the
thoat's head down toward his own and stands cheek-to-cheek
with it for a moment; then he steps back and slaps its
flank. The thoat springs away and off into the night.

CARTER
It will run for a day and lose
itself with a wild herd. You have a
sword? Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

KANTOS KAN

Go where?

Carter waves at the carrier floating over them like a roof.

CARTER

To take that ship, of course.

INT. THE CABIN OF SAB THAN'S FLIER - NIGHT

Dejah Thoris is leaning wearily at the front of the cabin, peering out a porthole at the darkness. As Sab Than enters she starts and comes to full, wary alertness.

SAB THAN

Kaor, Princess.

DEJAH THORIS

(long pause)

Kaor, Prince.

SAB THAN

I apologize for this poor hospitality. Last time we met was nicer.

(pause -- no response)

Do you remember?

DEJAH THORIS

A gala reception. My father entertaining your father, showing him the best hospitality Helium could offer.

SAB THAN

You and I danced together, do you remember that?

DEJAH THORIS

What I remember is that six months later your army dug in on the slopes around our city, and people began dying.

(pause)

Where are we going now?

SAB THAN

First, to Zodanga. Think, you will be able to clean up, eat decent food -- we'll get you some good clothes instead of those rags. You've been a prisoner of the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAB THAN (cont'd)
Greens for -- how long? Months?
You'll be glad to live like a
civilized person again.

DEJAH THORIS
When will I see my city? My people?

SAB THAN
Oh, soon. Soon. We must discuss a
few things first. But business can
wait until you're rested and fed.

DEJAH THORIS
What business? About ending the
war? That's all the refreshment I
would need.

SAB THAN
End the war? Yes, you and I can do
that.

DEJAH THORIS
YOU can do that. Just give the
word, come home; the army comes
home, war over.
(snaps fingers)

SAB THAN
Oh, yes? We retreat from Helium and
what happens? In six months your
father has his fleet patched up,
and Helium attacks Zodanga, and MY
city begins to burn. No, Princess,
we started the war, yes, and now we
have to finish it for our own
survival. And when late tomorrow
that carrier of Green warriors
reaches our lines, we will attack
and this time we will sweep over
the defenses and we will OWN
Helium. We will pour over your city
and loot it and sack it and burn it
and make sure it will never rise to
threaten us.

He pauses for effect; she is rigid, barely containing her
emotions.

SAB THAN
It has to be so because I cannot be
sure of ruling those stiff-necked
Heliumites. I would always fear
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAB THAN (cont'd)
their plotting. It has to be total
ruin. Unless...

DEJAH THORIS
(a whisper)
Unless?

SAB THAN
They love you. Everyone knows that.
Any man in Helium would cut off an
arm for you. And maybe -- maybe --
they would abide my rule if --
if you were beside me... if you
were my wife...

DEJAH THORIS
(with shocked loathing)
Your wife?

SAB THAN
You would still be Princess of
Helium. The towers of your city
would stand. I could restrain the
troops, no looting, no needless
killing. Stand at my side and your
city can live.

DEJAH THORIS
And my father? And grandfather?

SAB THAN
Yes, alright, but they will have to
be exiles. Yes, if they stay in
Zodanga, where their lives stand
surety for your good behavior. Yes.
They can live.

DEJAH THORIS
And for this I would be your
wife... in every way?

SAB THAN
You can take a little time. It will
be a formal marriage at first. But
you'll get to know me. I'm not such
a bad fellow when you know me. And
think about this: when we produce
an egg, that egg -- your egg --
will be in line to rule Helium.
Just as you always expected. The
future of Helium will come from
you.

(CONTINUED)

DEJAH THORIS
(suddenly)
I cannot. I cannot do this.

SAB THAN
(angrily)
You must. Think: no one in the world knows you are alive except some Greens, and me.

DEJAH THORIS
Kantos Kan knows, and Jon Carter.

SAB THAN
What, your fellow captives? Did you have fun with them? Well, by now a banth is cracking their ribs for its supper in Tal Hajus's arena. Forget them; they are dead.

Nobody knows. You are alone and I am your only hope. Say no -- and convince me you mean it -- and before dawn you will be off the deck of this flier on the way to being a small crater in the sea bottom, and nobody the wiser. And your city burns.
Or you can again be the Princess of Helium, with wealth, power, respect, and your city alive.

DEJAH THORIS
And my father.

SAB THAN
Yes. Your father. As a hostage, but alive.

A long pause while we are aware of the drone of the fans and the rush of the wind.

DEJAH THORIS
Yes.

SAB THAN
Yes? You will do it?

DEJAH THORIS
I said yes. Go away, I need to...

(CONTINUED)

SAB THAN

Yes. Alright. You need to rest.

DEJAH THORIS

I need to weep.

EXT. THE EDGE OF THE FLOATING CARRIER NEAR THARK - NIGHT.

The carrier floats on anchor cables outside the broken wall of Thark, dimly lit from beneath by light from the city, and from above by the pale light of one of the moons.

Kantos Kan is laboriously climbing one of the anchor cables farthest from the city, nearing the top. It has been a long rope-climb; he's sweating and panting and perhaps apprehensive at his height above ground. He reaches up and gets a hand on a railing at the lip of the carrier -- and stops because a Zodangan CREWMAN rises over the railing and points the tip of a sword at his face.

CREWMAN

That's far enough. Climb back down now. Or fall down, I don't care.

He pokes the sword menacingly; Kantos Kan leans his head back to avoid it and nearly slips.

CREWMAN

I could hear you coming for ten xats. You pant like a winded thoat. Now, down.

KANTOS KAN

I didn't have to be quiet.

CREWMAN

Huh? Why not?

KANTOS KAN

Because my partner was quiet. And faster.

CREWMAN

Your pa... oh, no, you don't trick me that way. Start cl--

He is interrupted by Carter's arm closing around his neck from behind, and emits one last grunt as Carter stabs him, then lays him out of sight behind the rail. Reaching over to help Kantos Kan,

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

Come on, show me how this thing works.

KANTOS KAN

Isn't there more crew?

CARTER

All taken care of. But there must be a hundred levers in that cabin! How do you know which to pull?

KANTOS KAN

Don't worry, it all makes sense when you know it.

They disappear through a hatch into the control cabin of the carrier.

EXT. DOCKING TOWER AT ZODANGA - DAY (DAWN)

We wheel above an airship docking tower in Zodanga. The tower rises from the palace of the Jeddak. Visible just below is the Great Hall which fronts on a large plaza, with the city wall just beyond.

Sab Than's airship nuzzles up to a landing stage on the tower and a crewman secures it with a short line.

INSIDE THE DOCKING BAY

Sab Than strides off his ship. Dejah Thoris follows slowly. DROR VULKAS is waiting; Sab Than takes his arm and speaks urgently in his ear as he strides down the short hall to the elevator at the center of the tower. Halfway along he looks for Dejah Thoris and finds her lagging.

SAB THAN

Come along, Princess. This is Dror Vulkas, my major-domo.

Dejah Thoris nods, mouths an inaudible "kaor."

SAB THAN (CONT)

He will see to your needs. Food, clothes, a little rest. I must talk to my father but I think he can officiate at a ceremony this afternoon.

(to Dror Vulkas)

Just a small ceremony, closest friends and important officials. A couple of hundred at most.

(CONTINUED)

DROR VULKAS

And a formal dinner to follow,
Prince?

SAB THAN

No, we've not the time. The
Princess and I must fly immediately
to the front lines where her
presence will have a major impact.
A word from her and, I hope, Helium
will agree to a peace on our terms.

They have reached the elevators. One door opens.

DROR VULKAS

That is good news, Prince.
Princess, if you will come with me?

But Sab Than steps in front of them to take the elevator.

SAB THAN

Get the next one, like a good
fellow. I've things to do.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF THARK - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

The carrier has grounded and the anchors have been stowed.
It stays down because a few of its numerous ducted-fans have
swivelled to blow softly upward, keeping it on the ground.

The carrier is a flat raft with rounded walls. At the end
opposite the control cabin, a wide ramp is now down. A
couple of hundred warriors with a herd of thoats and piles
of gear crowd around the ramp. Tal Hajus, roaring and
gesturing, is trying to sort out the confusion.

Tars Tarkas leading a contingent of warriors from Korad is
on first. He disposes his group, including young Dotar Nors,
near the front of the raft.

INSIDE THE CONTROL CABIN OF THE CARRIER

Carter is peeking out a small porthole in the hatch that
leads back to the carrier deck.

KANTOS KAN

Careful, they'll see you.

CARTER

They don't know me anyway.

(CONTINUED)

KANTOS KAN

The ones that do know us are just out there.

He waves toward where Tars Tarkas set up on the other side of the wall.

CARTER

They'll have to see me shortly.

KANTOS KAN

Let's wait until there's a haad of open air beneath us.

ON THE CARRIER DECK

The last warriors are on. The tailgate rises and locks into place with a clang. The FANS ROAR and ponderously the great raft rises from the ground. The warriors all yell and beat weapons on the metal. Still rising, some fans swivel and the raft begins to accelerate away.

EXT. THE AIR ABOVE AN EMPTY SEA-BOTTOM - DAY

The carrier is zipping along a haad (2,339 feet: see Thuvia, Maid of Mars) above the ground. Warriors are rubbernecking the scenery over the rail; some are tending thoats or sharpening weapons, etc. The hatch at the back of the control cabin slams open. Some warriors turn to look. Carter clambers out and onto the roof of the cabin. He turns, the wind ruffling his hair, and addresses the startled troops.

CARTER

Warriors, hear me!

He pauses for attention, then continues in a measured, oratorical manner:

CARTER (CONT.)

I am called John Carter. I wear the metal of three warriors won in single combat. Some of you
(nods at Tars Tarkas)
saw me earn these scars when I fought the wild calot and lived. All of you saw me play with a banth and escape.

He pauses for effect, surveys his audience.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER (CONT.)

Last night I took this air ship.
Its old crew are dead and I carry
their metal.

He holds aloft a sword-belt and sword taken from a Zodangan crewman.

CARTER (CONT.)

This is my air ship now. It goes
where I will. If I say up
(stamps once on cabin roof)
it goes up.

Several fans dip and the ship's bow turns up; "oooh" from some in the crowd.

CARTER (CONT.)

If I say down
(stamps twice)
it goes DOWN!

The ship takes a sickening drop; warriors yell and grab for support, several lose their footing; thoats vocalize; piles of weapons shift and clatter. The ship levels out.

CARTER (CONT.)

Now I say that this man Sab Than of
Zodanga means to trick you. He told
you there was glory and loot to be
won by helping him take Helium. But
the walls of Helium are high and
Zodanga has not broken them in
months of siege.

I say, Sab Than means to put you at
the front of his assault, let you
be the targets for the gunners of
Helium, and when your bravery makes
a breach, his men will enter the
city walking over your corpses.

You say, well, some would live and
gain much metal and loot. I say,
there will be no looting. The Red
men of Helium will make peace with
the Red men of Zodanga, and all of
them would say -- to those of you
that still lived -- Green men, we
don't need you now, enjoy your walk
home to Thark.

(CONTINUED)

Some growling reaction to this bit of deliberate race-baiting. But Tal HAJUS (wearing some bandages from last night's banth fiasco) thrusts through the crowd.

TAL HAJUS

Stranger, you are as full of wind as this sky. You try to frighten us but we are not afraid, of you or of Helium, or of any Red men. What would you have us do, turn back to Thark and say we were afraid to go on?

Crowd reaction.

TAL HAJUS (CONT)

We do not turn back from war. Come down from there and fight me, see if I turn back from you.

CARTER

O Jed, I do not want you to turn back to Thark. I want you to go on and fight, but where you can win a real prize:

(louder, to the crowd)

A whole city -- lightly defended -- and no sharing your victory with another army. Jed, this ship goes to Zodanga!

Crowd reaction. "Zodanga? Rhubarb, rhubarb."

CARTER (CONT.)

Their army is away at Helium, waiting for help. Their city is ripe for taking.

TAL HAJUS

Zodanga has walls, too.

CARTER

Yes, but we have an airship! What is a wall to an airship?

(looks around, shakes head in mock despair)

Well, never mind. This ship will go over the walls of Zodanga and I will get off, and I will attack the city because it holds that which I must have. After I am off it, you may take this airship and go to Helium to be the fools of Sab Than,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARTER (cont'd)
 or back to Thark to play with your
 banth, or to the Valley of Dor with
 the dead, or wherever you wish. I
 will fight Zodanga alone if I must
 -- but is there no warrior who will
 come with me?

TARS TARKAS
 I will come.

DOTAR NORS
 And me! I will go where Jon Carter
 goes!

More of the Korad hatchlings step forward, and other Korad warriors, and then slowly, but with gathering momentum, more warriors yell approval and wave swords in support: "Carter!" and "to Zodanga" etc.

But Tal Hajus seizes a sword and beats it on the hull and roars over the crowd,

TAL HAJUS
 You will not! I told Sab Than we
 would come to Helium and my word as
 Jed must be obeyed!

Stepping toward him, dropping his sword belt,

TARS TARKAS
 Then it is time you were no longer
 Jed. I challenge you!

TAL HAJUS
 Challenge taken!

Warriors draw back to make a ring of space around them. The two four-armed tusk-toothed twelve-foot warriors crash together in a titanic no-holds-barred wrestling match. It ends as ERB described a similar fight, "Bar Comas slipped in breaking away from a clinch. It was the one little opening that Dak Kova needed, and hurling himself at the body of his adversary he buried his single mighty tusk in Bar Comas' groin and with a last powerful effort ripped the young jeddak wide open the full length of his body, the great tusk finally wedging in the bones of Bar Comas' jaw."

Tars Tarkas steps away from the body of Tal Hajus, shaken, weary, bloody, victorious. A chant starts,

WARRIORS GENERALLY
Tars Tarkas Jed! Tars Tarkas Jed!

Tars Tarkas raises his arms to silence them.

TARS TARKAS
I am Jed! Jon Carter: We go to
Zodanga!

As the warriors exult, the great airship zooms away from us, dwindling in the sky.

INT. THE GREAT HALL OF ZODANGA - DAY (LATE AFT)

Indirect light floods in through a great window in the east wall, opposite the dais with throne. THAN KOSIS, Jeddak of Zodanga, stands centrally below the dais, with his son Sab Than at his right. Nearby waits a page carrying, on a velvet pillow, the symbol of matrimony, a heavy gold chain with large, matching neck-collars at each end.

A crowd of Zodanga's elite have gathered and in a babble of excited voices talk about the hastily-arranged ceremony and the notorious Princess of Helium. Sab Than is fidgeting; his father is icily calm.

SAB THAN
What delays her? This needs to be done!

THAN KOSIS
Calm yourself, my son. When you seized this chance to turn the war our way it was a master stroke. Do not taint it now by bluster or nerves.

SAB THAN
(through his teeth)
I do. not. bluster.

Dejah Thoris enters flanked by women who more resemble prison matrons than royal handmaids. The spectators hush suddenly, then begin whispering with new urgency. She is cleaner than we have seen her in some time, and better dressed. Her hair has been tormented into an elaborate and unsuitable style. She walks like one going to the gallows but determined to go with dignity.

(CONTINUED)

Than Kosis with a sweep of his arm waves her to a spot facing Sab Than. Sab Than smiles at her. She ignores him. Than Kosis steps back and up one level to address the couple and the crowd and speaks with the easy confidence of a politician.

THAN KOSIS

My son... My soon to be new daughter... Citizens of Zodanga... welcome! Today we celebrate an occasion that is rich with joyous meaning for all of us: for me, the joy of seeing my son unite with a most worthy and beautiful wife; for my family, the honor of linking through marriage with the other great family among the Red Men of Barsoom; and for all of us, and possibly the most important joy of all...

SAB THAN

(sotto voce)

Would you get ON with it?

THAN KOSIS

...this day marks the beginning of the end of a war that, although it was essential for the survival of our way of life, has strained our city to its limit...

EXT. THE AIR APPROACHING ZODANGA - DAY (LATE AFT.)

The carrier slants down toward the walls of Zodanga not far ahead. Carter confers with Tars Tarkas.

CARTER

We should have complete surprise. But they might bring some small airships against us. Be ready to shoot them down.

Tars Tarkas nods.

CARTER (CONT.)

In any case, have rifles ready to reply to any guards on the walls as we come over.

Kantos Kan leans out of the hatchway to the control cabin.

(CONTINUED)

KANTOS KAN

Jon Carter! Come now. I need you to handle some of these levers!

Carter waves apologetically to Tars Tarkas and hastens to the cabin.

INT. THE GREAT HALL OF ZODANGA - DAY (LATE AFT)

THAN KOSIS

...and so with great joy and renewed hope for the future of our city, our family, and my son and his affianced...

SAB THAN

Yes! We get to it!

Sab Than impatiently seizes the coiled chain from the page and pushes it into his father's hands.

The distant THRUM of an airship's fans is just audible and grows through the next seconds.

SAB THAN

Do it!

Than Kosis, with a stern look of reproof, takes the chain, opens one neck-ring, and holds the open ring against Sab Than's throat.

THAN KOSIS

Sab Than, do you agree to be wed to this woman?

SAB THAN

Yes!

Than Kosis snaps the ring closed and opens the other ring. He holds it out to touch Dejah Thoris's throat. She brings up a hand and for a second it appears she is going to push it away, but she lowers the hand.

THAN KOSIS

Dejah Thoris, do you agree to be wed to this man?

A long beat, during which the SOUND OF THE AIRSHIP is much louder. A few heads turn in the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

DEJAH THORIS

Yes.

Than Kosis snaps the ring closed and stands back. As he does so the aircraft sound becomes overwhelming. Suddenly the great east window of the hall shatters and cascades down in a shower of glass, swept inward by a ducted fan at one corner of the carrier. Pandemonium erupts.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE PLAZA

The carrier is settling awkwardly into the plaza. One corner of it brushed the front window of the palace; glass is still falling. People are running to avoid being crushed. (Note that some fans are set vertically so as to blow UP, forcing the lighter-than-air craft DOWN -- unlike a helicopter that must blow down to resist gravity. No wind-blowing-hats-off effects!) Green warriors around the railings begin shooting, picking off guards on the walls.

INTERIOR OF CONTROL CABIN

Kantos Kan and Carter, busy as one-armed paperhangers, are manipulating the levers that control angle and speed of a dozen fans.

CARTER

Sorry, I think we hit something.

KANTOS KAN

Six off! Three to half!

Carter looks frantically for lever six.

INTERIOR OF GREAT HALL

The wedding party has been pushed back up onto the dais by the force of the panicked crowd retreating from the shattered window, through which the edge of the descending carrier can be seen.

THAN KOSIS

What is it? It must be a crash!

SAB THAN

Yes, but who is shooting? I hear shots!

The upper edge of the carrier drops below the top of of the empty window frame, revealing the Warriors on the railings.

(CONTINUED)

THAN KOSIS

Those are Green Men...?! Guards! To me! We are attacked!

SAB THAN

(not wanting to be left out)
Guards! Alarm! Attack!

ON THE DECK OF THE CARRIER

With a nasty crunch the carrier grounds, taking up most of the plaza. One corner is hung up on the sill of the now-empty great window. Carter slams through the hatch onto the deck, Kantos Kan close behind.

TARS TARKAS

(pointing through the empty window into the great hall)
Look, Jon Carter, they have all gathered to greet us! Shall we go and meet them?

CARTER

(to all the warriors)
Remember your orders! Clear every building! Get on the roofs!
(to Tars Tarkas)
Yes, those are plainly worthy folk; let us go and salute them!

Carter, Tars Tarkas, Kantos Kan, Dotar Nors, with a hundred Green warriors close behind, swarm over the rail of the carrier and through the open window-frame into the great hall of the palace, shouting:

INSIDE THE HALL

CARTER

Yield and you will not be hurt!

TARS TARKAS

Raise your swords and you die!

Other warriors: whoops and shouts ad.lib. The glittering crowd is pressed back in an arc by the invasion: all is chaos. Some Zodangans engage the invaders, some struggle back to reach exits, others push forward to fight, etc.

On the dais, Than Kosis is trying to organize some guards and guests as a defensive line, Sab Than assisting. Dejah Thoris, still connected by the chain, follows him willy-nilly. Than Kosis seizes Sab Than's arm and yells into his ear over the cacaphony.

(CONTINUED)

THAN KOSIS

Go! You must go to Helium!

SAB THAN

Helium?!

THAN KOSIS

We are lost here! Take her, use her, settle with them somehow! Get our army free! Come back to retake our city!

SAB THAN

Retake! We have not lost!

THAN KOSIS

Stop being a fool! We will spend our lives to buy you time to get away! Now, GO!

He shoves Sab Than hard back toward the exit at the rear of the dais, and just at that instant, Dejah Thoris recognizes Carter at the head of the approaching wave of warriors.

DEJAH THORIS

Jon Carter!

She moves toward him and is yanked back by Sab Than going the other way. He recognizes Carter. Across the room Carter, in the midst of deafening confusion of fighting and panicked people, sees both of them.

Carter is electrified, and tries to fight toward the dais, but there are dozens of people between. Sab Than begins to haul Dejah Thoris toward the exit.

Carter, frantic, wrests a javelin from one of the guards lined up to face him, leaps on a piece of furniture, and hurls the spear straight at Sab Than. Dejah Thoris sees it and, getting her body between Carter and Sab Than, manages to shove Sab Than aside. The javelin thunks into the wall just missing her. She screams loud enough to be heard through the din,

DEJAH THORIS

Jon Carter, no! You must not!

Carter is stunned; Sab Than regains his wits, opens the door and pulls Dejah Thoris through it after him.

Carter, bemused, steps down beside Kantos Kan who shouts in his ear,

(CONTINUED)

KANTOS KAN
You lucky calot! She loves you!

CARTER
What? She protected...

KANTOS KAN
She...

TARS TARKAS
(leaning over and yelling)
Talk later! There is a city to win!

With a quick exchange of glances, Carter and Kantos Kan rejoin the battle at the foot of the dais.

INT. THE DOCKING TOWER - DAY

The elevator door slides open. Sab Than hustles Dejah Thoris out onto the docking bay and toward the tied-up airship. Sarkoja is still patiently sitting on the aft deck. He yanks at the gold collar on his neck.

SAB THAN
(angrily flourishes the ring)
This is official! We are wed!

DEJAH THORIS
I saved your life.

SAB THAN
And I know why! You needn't pretend
it was love for your new husband!

Dejah Thoris steps onto the deck of the airship.

DEJAH THORIS
I said the word. We are wed.

Sab Than follows her.

SAB THAN
(to his crew)
To Helium with all speed!

He looks over the rail. Many stories below, Green warriors have fanned out from the carrier in the plaza and are driving Zodangans down the streets. Smoke has started from several points. The fans come up to speed and the airship moves away from the tower.

(CONTINUED)

SAB THAN

Look at them! They are wrecking my city!

DEJAH THORIS

Not yet a tenth of the damage to MY city!

Frustrated and raging, he slams his end of the wedding chain into the lower hand of Sarkoja and turns away. Dejah Thoris yanks the chain from Sarkoja's hand as it is closing. She tugs and frees the collar from her own neck.

DEJAH THORIS

I said the word. I need no jailer to hold me to a sworn path, and no chain!

She hurls the heavy chain away from her. It flies into the ducted fan on that side of the ship. Snatched up by the fan, it makes a catherine-wheel of sparks inside the duct; METALLIC SHRIEKS AND BANGS on a descending rhythm are heard as that fan scrapes to a stop. The airship, barely past the city wall, begins to veer toward that side.

CREWMAN

Prince! We have lost a fan!

Sab Than runs to him at the control bridge. The crewman is wrestling the wheel to full lock to hold the ship straight.

SAB THAN

Keep her head toward Helium!

CREWMAN

It is hard. We will be slow.

SAB THAN

We go to Helium. We all go to Helium or we all go the valley of the dead. Do it!

CREWMAN

It will be dawn before we see Helium. Maybe midday.

SAB THAN

As fast as it will go.
(slaps crewman on back)
Now...

He returns to the main deck and Dejah Thoris; takes her by the arm.

(CONTINUED)

SAB THAN

Princess, we have a long flight ahead. After a day of disasters we can at least celebrate our marriage...

He tries to draw her to the cabin steps; she resists with stony expression.

DEJAH THORIS

A formal marriage, you said. If you want me to stand before my father and support you...

SAB THAN

Your father? He's a man. I think he will understand a man's desires...

Two-shot: He crushes their lips together in an angry embrace; their bodies jerk as she slams her knee (out of frame) up into his crotch. He grabs tighter in agony.

Tight on his face resting on her shoulder, clenched in pain.

Tight on her face as she murmurs in his ear,

DEJAH THORIS

Do not whimper. Your crew is watching.

(beat; then, louder)

Go rest in the cabin and practice your diplomacy. I will watch on deck.

Sab Than, moving very carefully, turns and starts down the cabin steps. Pulls the door open. Looks back at her at the top of the steps, outlined by sunset glow.

SAB THAN

You won't have him. I'm going to kill him yet. You won't...

He shuts the door.

The airship moves away from us. One end of the gold wedding chain dangles from the back of the port fan duct and reflects sunset light.

EXT. THE PLAZA OF ZODANGA - NIGHT.

The streets and buildings of Zodanga are lit by rows of the glowing globes, and by a few burning buildings. Light pours out through the broken window of the great hall over the plaza and the grounded carrier, near the bow of which Carter and Tars Tarkas have set up a command post. Tars Tarkas confers with a Green warrior who is draped with weapons and loot; then says to Carter:

TARS TARKAS

All the walls are secure. The people who have not fled are huddling in their houses and are not fighting. The city is ours.

CARTER

Tars Tarkas, you are Jeddak in Thark and now, Jed in Zodanga: you are a great leader. What next?

TARS TARKAS

You pile responsibility on me like baggage on a wagon, Jon Carter, with your ideas. I cannot rule a city of Red Men! We will take what we want from this place, what we can carry on our thoats, and go back to Thark. You may rule here if you like. I give it to you.

CARTER

This is not the prize I want. I want only...

(Kantos Kan hurries up)

Kantos Kan, what news?

KANTOS KAN

Great news: We found hundreds of men of Helium here, prisoners. We have freed them; they are arming themselves.

CARTER

Can some of them fly airships?

KANTOS KAN

Of course; many.

CARTER

Then they must commandeer every ship and come after us to Helium. But you and I must leave now.

(CONTINUED)

KANTOS KAN

Jon Carter, they are hours ahead of us.

CARTER

She will find a way to slow them down. Anyway, I will not wait. Pick the fastest ship Zodanga has and let us go!

EXT. ABOARD A FAST TWO-MAN FLIER - NIGHT

Carter and Kantos Kan recline behind the windshield in the shallow cockpit of the flier. Four massive fans whir behind them. Their faces are lit by the glow of a compass and other simple dials.

KANTOS KAN

At this rate we will raise Helium not long after dawn.

CARTER

While we fly, you can explain what you meant about Dejah Thoris. She protected that scum, why?

KANTOS KAN

Do you think we are savages like the Green Men? They say if you slay a man, you get his woman along with his metal. In our law, a widow may never marry, nor even speak to, the man who makes her a widow.

CARTER

So... if that spear had gone home...?

KANTOS KAN

You would never be close to her again.

CARTER

And she risked her body to prevent that...

KANTOS KAN

So it is obvious to me: she loves you.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

Hmmm. Oh! Obvious also to Sab Than?

KANTOS KAN

Of course. He will know you want him dead, and also that you dare not be the one who kills him.

CARTER

Splendid.

Carter buries his face in his hands as the ship moves away from us into the night.

EXT. THE AIR ABOVE BARSOOM - DAY (DAWN)

The color palette for the following action: Dawn over Barsoom; open sea-bottom unrolling far below; indigo sky in the west shading to pearly-apricot in the east; warm dawn sunlight; long shadows; high contrast of polished wood and metal against sky and ground. In the far distance, the walls and twin towers of Helium draw slowly closer like a mirage.

In their airship, Kantos Kan nudges Carter, who wakes. Kantos Kan points ahead.

KANTOS KAN

Look just to port of the sun, in the air. See it?

CARTER

A spark... is that them?

KANTOS KAN

I think so. We are catching up quickly.

EXT. THE AIR ABOVE BARSOOM A BIT FURTHER EAST - DAY (DAWN)

On Sab Than's flier two weary crewmen man the helm. Dejah Thoris and Sarkoja huddle out of the wind as far apart as they can get in the crowded space. One crewman nudges the other and points ahead at the horizon. The other crewman calls into a speaking tube:

CREWMAN

My prince! Are you awake?

Out of the speaking tube comes the sleepy voice of Sab Than.

(CONTINUED)

SAB THAN

Yes? What?

CREWMAN

The towers of Helium have broken
the horizon.

SAB THAN

I'll be right out.

Dejah Thoris has heard as well; she is up and eagerly looking over the rail forward. Sab Than, looking dishevelled, comes up the cabin steps. Since that puts him facing aft he is first to notice the airship overtaking them.

SAB THAN

What in the name of Issus... Is
this your idea of keeping watch?

Everyone comes alert. Sab Than half-draws his sword. Sarkoja stands. Dejah Thoris wheels from contemplating distant Helium.

The other ship is coming in fast, fifty feet higher. Someone is moving, climbing out of the cockpit: Carter, with a coiled rope.

CREWMAN

Prince, shall I try to evade?

SAB THAN

With this wounded ship? Pointless.
Let him come. Princess, we are
going to settle many things today.

ON CARTER'S SHIP

KANTOS KAN

Are you sure about this? They
cannot get away from us. We can
wait...

CARTER

And they will be with his army, or
they will go into the city and
break out a white flag to dicker.
No, I will make something happen
now. At the least, I'll make her
free of him. What else happens,
happens. Steady as you go... now!

ON SAB THAN'S SHIP

(CONTINUED)

Carter drops down the line to dangle a few feet below his ship and a few feet above Sab Than's as the ships close. He is aiming his feet, looking for a spot, when Sarkoja rears to her full height, grabs his ankles with her upper hands, and pulls him down. Carter struggles upside down, trying to come to grips with her. She adjusts her footing and heaves him away toward the port side of the airship. Carter, flailing, slams into the top of the shiny metal of the port fan duct. He scrabbles for a grip, almost gets one, has an instant of despairing eye contact across the width of the ship with a stricken Dejah Thoris, and slides out of sight over the duct.

Kantos Kan's airship abruptly pulls away and dives, presumably to look for the fallen Carter.

Sab Than and Dejah Thoris rush to the side to look over. Sab Than is almost giddy with relief.

SAB THAN

Green Woman! That was-- You shall have-- much! A reward! Princess, did I say we would settle many things? Hah! Settled!

ON THE BACK OF THE PORT FAN DUCT

Carter dangles by both hands from the hoop of the gold wedding chain. He lifts his feet toward the duct, muscles bulging like a gymnast on the rings. He gets a foot hooked around a blade of the stationary fan, and reaches to get an arm-hold.

ON THE DECK OF THE SHIP

SAB THAN

(shouting to the crew)
Straight on to the tower! Get out the diplomatic flag!
(to Dejah Thoris)
Princess, you will introduce your new husband to your father; he and I will settle a truce; we will retake Zodanga, and you and I will rule there too. You will be Princess of Zodanga! Not such a bad prospect, is it?

CARTER

(climbing onto the fan duct)
In truth, I believe I am Jed of Zodanga. Tars Tarkas, who took it, gave it to me. The place is a mess

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARTER (cont'd)
just now, but I think I can tidy it
up...

Sab Than has drawn his sword and is moving toward him.

CARTER (CONT.)
...put up your sword, Prince, my
quarrel just now is not with you
but with your Green servant there.
Sarkoja! I have not forgotten thy
foot on my leather, nor thy knife
at the Princess's throat.

SARKOJA
You want to fight me? How?

CARTER
However you like -- if the Prince
and Princess will give us room?

Carter makes a shooing gesture. Sab Than looks between Carter and the much larger Green Woman. He laughs, bows to Carter, and retreats to one railing. Dejah Thoris goes to the railing opposite. The helmsman and other crew abandon their posts to watch.

SARKOJA
Knives. Knives and hands.

She draws two knives from her harness, one in the upper right hand, one in the lower left.

CARTER
More room, please; Prince, you are
in danger...?

He gestures again, and Sab Than climbs over the railing to stand on the outer hull. Dejah Thoris does likewise on her side.

SAB THAN
This is how the primitives settle
things, I suppose. Sarkoja, a great
reward to you for quickly ending
this nuisance.

CARTER
And what if I quickly end it? Will
you reward me?

He feints, leaps as Sarkoja reacts, rolls away, and there is a wound on Sarkoja's shin.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

Sarkoja, I think you bleed a little.

From Sarkoja's POV we look down on Carter as she feints with the upper-right and simultaneously stabs with lower-left. He barely writhes out of the way of that blow, but manages to sweep his blade-tip across her thigh.

CARTER

Another!

(aside to Dejah Thoris, just above him on the railing)

But that's nothing to what she deserves, is it? Oops!

Sarkoja has lunged at him. He flees, dodging her flailing blows around the deck area. Each time he dodges, it seems, he manages to threaten, or actually strike his blade somewhere on Sarkoja's limbs. She is streaked with several rivulets of yellow blood and panting hard. Carter is panting too, but in high spirits.

After one duck, dive and roll he ends up just below Sab Than; hooks his free hand on the rail and pulls himself up to be cheek-to-cheek with Sab Than and just in front of him.

CARTER

Sarkoja, you tire!

(aside to Sab Than)

I think she's tiring, don't you?

Sarkoja makes an indecipherable howl of rage and lunges at him. Carter flips his body aside and Sarkoja's knife sinks to the hilt in Sab Than's belly. A momentary tableau as everyone freezes around that hilt and Sarkoja's hand. Sab Than says "oop?" and slowly falls backward, Sarkoja releasing the knife so it goes with his body as it tumbles backward into the air and away.

CARTER

(to the crew on the bridge)

You saw! You are witnesses! I did not strike that blow!

Sarkoja is stunned; Carter winds up to finish her, but

DEJAH THORIS

John Carter! Wait!

Carter pauses and then has to leap, stumble and fall to avoid a swing from Sarkoja, who has recovered herself.

(CONTINUED)

DEJAH THORIS

Sarkoja!

She takes a sword from the belt of a crewman and swings over the railing into the railed deck. With the affronted dignity of a hundred generations of proud nobility:

DEJAH THORIS (CONT.)

You insulted me a thousand times.
Now you have killed my husband. I
will be satisfied.

SARKOJA

I meant no... I had to... I have no
sword!

DEJAH THORIS

Give her one!

CARTER

Princess, is this...

DEJAH THORIS

Silence!

She waves him back as a crewman tosses his sword toward Sarkoja, who, almost automatically, snatches it from the air and takes guard stance.

Sarkoja and Dejah Thoris fight a classic, balletic duel with swords. Dejah Thoris is clearly an athlete and trained swordsman; Sarkoja although much taller and stronger, is clumsy, inexperienced, and weakened by many small bleeding wounds. There is no doubt it is serious; the Princess barely escapes being skewered at least once. At one point, Carter would leap to help her but one of the crewmen leans over the rail and holds him back.

Finally, Sarkoja slips and stumbles and Dejah Thoris steps in and brings her sword edge to Sarkoja's throat. They lock eyes for a moment, and

SARKOJA

Finish it, red woman.

DEJAH THORIS

You were obeying your jed.

SARKOJA

You are too soft. I have lost. I
will finish it.

Slowly she hauls herself erect against the railing; swings a leg over; the other; and casts herself away into the air.

(CONTINUED)

From ground level looking up into the morning sky we see the shape of the airship, and a splayed six-limbed body turning, plummeting. The silhouette grows and in an instant fills the screen with black.

On the deck of the ship, Dejah Thoris hurls the sword away and turns to embrace John Carter. After a moment, over the top of her head, Carter tells the helmsman,

CARTER

To Helium now. With a white flag.

EXT. THE GREAT CENTRAL PLAZA OF HELIUM - DAY

Helium is to Zodanga as Thark was to Korad: it makes the smaller place look like a village. The plaza lies between "two immense towers, one of vivid scarlet rising nearly a mile into the air... the other, of bright yellow and of the same height..." (ERB) and all other appointments are similarly grand.

A huge marquee, colorfully striped and decorated with flowers, has been set up. From it a happy crowd of Heliumites spills outward, all enjoying refreshments at dozens of tables and stands. On a dais, the wedding party: TARDOS MORS, grandfather of Dejah Thoris; MORS KAJAK, her father; her mother (to whom ERB never gave a name!); Kantos Kan; and John Carter and Dejah Thoris, who are linked by the Helium version of a wedding chain: thin, jewelled platinum collars with a fine platinum chain between them.

The venerable TARDOS MORS rises, and the chatter of the crowd dies away.

TARDOS MORS

People of Helium: We have known dark times of late. Not only did we face the dying of our great world of Barsoom, we were besieged in our homes by the army of our jealous neighbors -- and then, when it seemed that things could be no worse, we learned that our jewel, my granddaughter that is loved as a daughter by every one of you...

He has to pause while the crowd applauds; Dejah Thoris blushes.

TARDOS MORS (CONT)

...our jewel was lost, and very probably dead.

(CONTINUED)

And then, in a day, it changed: our enemies, we learned, had been conquered in their home and are retreating from our borders. That would be joy enough -- but who was it brought us that news? Our own Dejah Thoris -- not dead but radiantly alive!

The crowd goes seriously nuts, and he has to shush them.

TARDOS MORS (CONT)

And bringing with her the man who -- and I would not believe this if I had not learned it from a respectable young officer of our own navy, Kantos Kan...

Polite applause; Kantos Kan waves shyly.

TARDOS MORS (CONT)

...a man who, it seems, single-handed brought all this about, and who has it seems even gotten us peace with the Green Men, just by the way, as it were.

Given his accomplishments, it would only be reasonable for my very sensible granddaughter to admire this man, to respect him, to be pleased that she had enlisted him in the cause of Helium. But she went further than that; she decided she loves him and wants him for her spouse -- and I and her parents could not but think she had done as well in that as she does in everything else. I give you, then, Dejah Thoris, Princess of Helium, and her consort, Jon Carter of Verji-nia!

The newlyweds stand to acknowledge thunderous applause that goes on and on. He turns to smile fondly at her. She, grinning wickedly, hooks a finger in his wedding collar and pulls his lips to hers.

INT. A ROOM IN THE JED'S PALACE IN HELIUM - DAY.

It is a quietly sumptuous room, well-lit from high windows. Below one of the windows is a Red martian incubator: an elegant octagonal wooden stand, trimmed with gold, with fine faceted glass windows allowing a clear view of a large egg.

Carter stands near the incubator gazing out the window. Dejah Thoris enters, sees him, smiles.

DEJAH THORIS

Do the all the men of the Blue
World make as much fuss over their
eggs?

CARTER

Well. It is our first, you know.

DEJAH THORIS

I know. I worry too, really. I
almost wish there was more to DO. I
just keep it dry and warm... dust
it... I almost wish there was more
trouble to having a child...
something more personal.

CARTER

Oh, no you don't. This is just how
it should be, believe me. But...

DEJAH THORIS

What?

CARTER

I'm worried about the future. The
world drying up, and all. Will
there be a world for our child?

DEJAH THORIS

Ah! That's why I was looking for
you. There's news. My father wants
us to come to a meeting.

INT. A SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY BELOW HELIUM.

In the midst of a complex clutter of apparatus stands a little group: Mors Kajak, Tardos Mors, Carter and Dejah Thoris, and DALAT PTOR, chief scientist.

TARDOS MORS

Explain again; this is too much for
my old ears. You have found water?

(CONTINUED)

DALAT PTOR

We have found a world of water, in fact an infinity of worlds of water. All congruent with our own Barsoom--

CARTER

I'm sorry, congruent? How can worlds be congruent?

DALAT PTOR

We have always known that at every instant the universe divides to account for every possible outcome of every sub-atomic event.

MORS KAJAK

We have?

DEJAH THORIS

Shush, father. They teach the mathematics in school. But Dalat Ptor, I thought it was just theory that the universe splits.

DALAT PTOR

Not just a theory; there has always been subtle evidence in sub-atomic experiments. But the other universes, parallel to our own, have always been seen as unreachable.

CARTER

And now you can reach them?

DALAT PTOR

Yes. Not all, just a few that are congruent, that is, closely aligned.

CARTER

So there's another Barsoom?

DALAT PTOR

There are infinitely many of them. And some, due to accidents of history, have water, plenty of water.

TARDOS MORS

So, can we bring the water here, to our canals?

(CONTINUED)

DALAT PTOR

No. But we could send ourselves there, to one of those Barsooms that are still wet.

DEJAH THORIS

Just ourselves? That's no answer; there's a world of people, animals...

DALAT PTOR

That's right; every living thing. We would have to build engines spaced every degree around the planet, it would be a huge work but we could do it in a decade. And then we would throw a switch and every living thing, right down to the moss, would transfer to the congruent Barsoom.

DEJAH THORIS

Leaving behind...

DALAT PTOR

...a rusty desert. But we would be safe, and our hatch and theirs forever.

A moment of silence as they ponder this, then

TARDOS MORS

Let's start!

EXT. THE GREAT CENTRAL PLAZA OF HELIUM - DAY

On a dais before a vast crowd, Tardos Mors stands before a simple knife-switch.

TARDOS MORS

To a new future...

He presses the switch.

Our POV does a rocketing pull-back, hundreds of feet, thousands of feet, hundreds of miles, thousands of miles, to an outer-space view of the globe of Mars, its outlines softened by moss and a thicker atmosphere. There is a brief, electrical flicker emanating from many points around the equator; and then a blink; and the arid globe of Mars as we know it hangs before us.

(CONTINUED)

We reverse our pull-back and zoom in toward the wrinkle of Valles Marineris; deeper, faster, down to the dry, barren, red soil... a dusty little rover slides out of frame. We hold a second, then and pull back slowly to find the borders of the picture held by the Professor of Astronomy. He is still talking.

PROFESSOR

Great works of engineering, ancient wise races... all these proved to be figments of the overworked imaginations of some dedicated, if deluded, astronomers. Today our view of Mars is clearer, and more accurate, if less romantic.

After a pause, he tosses the picture on his cluttered desk.

PROFESSOR

Is that it? Cut? OK! How about lunch? Does PBS have a budget for lunch?

(indistinct reply from
offscreen)

Oh, you guys are so generous...

SNAP CUT TO BLACK WITH AUDIBLE CLICK

CLOSING CREDITS

EXT. THE WALLS OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF THARK - DAY

(These wordless scenes can run alongside the closing credits.)

An air-yacht grounds smoothly outside the walls of Thark. Carter and Dejah Thoris are on the deck. Along with them: the young CARTORIS, shoulder-high to his father but very thin. Carter assists Dejah Thoris off the deck. Tars Tarkas and some other Green Warriors come out through the city gates to greet them.

Carter introduces Cartoris to Dotar Nors, who is now full-grown but still visible younger than Tars Tarkas.

Carter assists Dejah Thoris to mount a thout.

Woola bounds up and knocks Carter to the ground.

Carter introduces Cartoris to a thout; the thout licks Carter's face, then Cartoris's face.

(CONTINUED)

Carter, Dejah Thoris, Cartoris, Tars Tarkas, Dotar Nors and others ride off across the moss. We spiral up into the sky watching them shrink to dots on the vast sea-bottom.