

AND YET A LITTLE WHILE

A Scripted Novel about Pre-Birth Planning



FRONTISPIECE

Photo taken in Nome, Alaska.

Lomen Brothers Photographic Collection – 1903 – 1921

The actual picture originally showed the steamship, S.S. Victoria, unloading passengers in the background. Most likely this is one of the Lomen brothers with his camera on a tripod. It makes a perfect illustration for our story (without the ship) proving that ice floe riding was popular, or at least possible, a century ago in the real world.

MOVIES FOR THE MIND SERIES
VOLUME ONE

AND YET A LITTLE WHILE

A Scripted Novel about Pre-Birth Planning

A fictional companion to the book,

***In Secret Diffusion: The Upper Realm Answers
Questions About Earth***

By

LINDA J. BROWN

And Yet A Little While: A Scripted Novel about Pre-Birth Planning

A Companion Fiction To In Secret Diffusion: The Upper Realm

Answers Questions About Earth

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Hey Boomers Media

Clearwater, Florida

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ISBN: 978-0-9820049-3-7

LCCN: 2010937070

Writer's Guild of America

Registration Number: 1200839

(Part I - And Yet A Little While)

Registration Number: 120840

(Part 2 - Go With The Floe)

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES

DEDICATION

*To the newly-emerging science of
Life Between Lives Hypnotherapy for
Spiritual Regression, which, through
the use of past life regression, can now
take each one of us back to the time and
place in the spiritual world where
we planned the major events of the life
we are living now.*

*To the Newton Institute For LBL
Hypnotherapy*

*To the many hypnotherapists who are
now trained by that pioneering Institute.*

*And, especially, To Michael Newton, Ph.D.
founder of this new and liberating science.*

*Also, I dedicate my Movies For The Mind
Series to the brand-new way to enjoy a
movie... while holding a book in your hand.*

May your mind soon take a liking to it!

INTRODUCTION

In the year 2000, I began a formal interview with The Holy Spirit, which eventually resulted in my non-fiction book, *In Secret Diffusion: The Upper Realm Answers Questions About Earth*. One of my topics was Reincarnation, a fairly new belief of mine, as I'd spent most of my life disagreeing with that particular teaching. I was also very curious about such subjects as pre-birth planning for a new life on Earth

That was my background when I attended the movie, "Message In A Bottle," starring Kevin Costner and Paul Newman. You might remember this 1999 movie about a young widower deeply grieving for his departed wife and isolating himself in his work of boatbuilding. A newswoman falls in love with him while covering a story about message bottles that he and his dying wife had thrown into the ocean. Then, just as the grief-stricken man seems to be opening up to a new romance, he is drowned at sea. Of course, we in the audience all felt a romantic reaction to his sudden death, which was now robbing him of another chance at happiness. Death was maligned as the usual enemy, to be avoided at all costs and not regarded simply as the mechanism by which we shift from one condition to another. Suddenly, I realized that the young widower was having a reunion with his beloved wife, thanks to that sudden tragedy. I began to ponder the two ends of physical existence and how short our earthly life might actually be, though it usually never feels that way to us. I found myself repeating the phrase, "And yet, a little while...." as if that's what I could have said to comfort the grieving husband.

Long after the story in this book was completed, I learned about the work of Dr. Michael Newton, Ph.D., author of many books, including *Journey of Souls*, and pioneer of the new field of pre-birth reincarnation planning research.

Thanks to him, hypnotic past life regression now offers people a way to witness their own pre-birth planning for the present life. Robert Schwartz, *Your Soul's Plan*; Mark Ireland, *Soul Shift*, Dr. Linda Backman, *Bringing Your Soul to Light*, and many others, make convincing arguments that we script our lives to help our souls evolve by coping with lessons which only an existence in a material realm can provide. Thus, the public is now prepared for ideas which would have sounded like science fiction even ten years ago when this book was written.

It is confirming to me to realize that this storyline fits perfectly with many things which current researchers are now reporting. Please understand that this fiction is not a serious treatise on the subject of reincarnation, religion, birth, death, heaven, or a between lives planning experience. Some angles won't fit the new theories, perhaps. That's okay; it's a miracle that they come as close as they do. This whimsical movie for the mind is simply a lighthearted attempt to imagine the many things told to me by a speaker who identified Himself as the Holy Spirit when I could suddenly hear a Voice from the Other Side. The more serious material is reported in my companion book, *In Secret Diffusion*. This book is just for fun. If you will recall that old movie, *Back ToThe Future*, that's the attitude I would recommend when reading this rather loosely-thrown-together tale.

My gratitude to my copyeditor, Ann Sargent, for her wise advice in the use and punctuation of the English language and to my son, Randy Brown, for editorial assistance... both of whom did their best to tone me down. Special thanks go to my cover artists, Richard Galvani and Gumpa Tawornprom, and to my graphic designers at Creative Graphics in Dunedin, Florida.

AND YET A LITTLE WHILE

FADE IN

EXTERIOR. EDGE OF THE ANTARCTIC OCEAN - DAY

The scene is a bleak Antarctic outpost. There's a Quonset hut of WWII vintage, set on the shore of an ocean bay. Strong currents move past loose shore ice, occasionally breaking off chunks and carrying them through a narrow channel into the main ocean. White mists swirl above the churning water. Streaks of color showing through the blizzard prove to be a group of eleven men and women, dressed in bright, fur-lined parkas trudging from the Quonset to the edge of the water. At first, they appear to be simply threads of moving color, shades of yellows, reds, and blues in vague forms. Gradually, we can make out faces as they approach the edge of the ocean.

One man, TIM GROGAN, (45), coordinates the activities of the others by chopping off ice floes for each of them, one at a time. Using a heated rod, he inserts a pole into a three-foot wide chunk of ice and helps someone to step aboard. That person then goes swirling off into the mists, teetering precariously on his shaky perch. One by one, all of the people are launched from the edge of the solid ice shelf.

MUSIC – an ethereal, but strong and hopeful farewell theme.

EXT. A MAN ON AN ICE FLOE - DAY

Before moving very far from shore and within sight of all the others, a man suddenly falls off of his ice floe. He flails for a moment and sinks slowly under the surface. Everyone watches this but does not react. Grogan, on the shore, observes the struggle placidly and turns with a slight smile to walk back towards the Quonset hut.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

As the drowned man sinks, his clothing slips off leaving him nude. Down, down, he goes as the blue water becomes black. Gradually, he turns head downward, curled into a relaxed fetal position.

GO TO BLACK

INTERIOR. INSIDE THE UTERUS - DARK

There is a transition from ocean waters to the waters of the uterus. The curled, upside-down, child floats for a moment in the amniotic fluid. Then, labor contractions begin and the child disappears, inch by inch, into the birth canal. Finally, feet and legs slip from sight. This soul has returned to Earth for another life.

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM -

A mother sees her newborn infant for the first time in the happy moments after a successful delivery.

EXT. BETWEEN QUONSET HUT AND OCEAN – DAY

RANDALL WHITEHORSE, (55), and GROGAN stand looking out over the coastline. The new departures are still visible, moving away from shore on their ice floes, and gradually disappearing into the mist. An empty ice floe bobs in the foreground. Whitehorse is distinguished-looking, and in charge of this Antarctic outpost, the re-entry point for reincarnating souls as they go back into a life on Earth. He handles the technical details while his assistant, Grogan, deals with the individuals. The setting is suggestive of the WWII era, not because it is wartime, but to indicate the “ragged edge” state of the transition between the physical world and the non-material, spiritual realm that these souls are coming from. Both men wear simple, monotone, streamlined outfits: turtleneck jerseys, stretch pants and ankle boots. Whitehorse wears deep purple and Grogan wears navy blue. When going outside, they wear parkas with fur-lined hoods.

WHITEHORSE

Well, that group went smoothly enough. How would you like to be heading down for another go at an Earth life?

GROGAN

Yeah, I’d like that. But I don’t see how I could get away from this assignment. We have it going pretty smoothly now. Do you suppose there’s any chance?

WHITEHORSE

Who knows? It’s worth a try. I just sent in a request for a *locum*

tenens to fill in for us. We could both get away for a lifetime or two. At least one, anyway. We'll see what happens. I should be hearing anytime now.

GROGAN

Whoopee, I'm going on vacation?
Some-place warm, perhaps?
But whoever they give this job to had better be good, if they're going to fill in for both of us.

WHITEHORSE

That's why I've gone right to the top of the Department of Heaven. They have some real top talent up there. I told them we needed a break if we are going to do this job for even another millennium. Gotta have a little R&R once in awhile!

EXT. ZION NATIONAL PARK LODGE – SUMMER DAY

It's mid-summer and the famous Zion National Park in Utah is at full swing. Visitors have come for a chance to explore the natural rock formations and the beautiful Western outdoor life. The park is filled with campers, hikers, kayakers and rock climbers taking part in organized activities or striking out on their own in the beautiful weather.

Zion Lodge offers comfort as well as group tours and many different activities. One of the most popular bus excursions

is a guided tour through ancient rock formations and wind-and-water-carved deep canyons. Most people note a striking spiritual atmosphere, as is often reported at vortexes in many sacred places of the world.

On this morning, hotel guests are milling about in front of the attractive rustic Zion Lodge, as the morning tour bus arrives. College students, spending the summer working at the park, organize the day's sightseers and encourage them to board the bus. People are dressed in tee shirts, shorts and hiking boots.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE TOUR BUS – DAY

As the tourists begin to board the bus, a family of four, JIM (38), his wife SUE (35), and two small children), look around calling for their daughter, SHEILA (16), who is talking excitedly with a group of youth at the hotel entrance. She runs up to them as the tour leader is trying to get everyone aboard.

EXT. BESIDE THE BUS – DAY

SUE

Let's go, Sheila. The tour's about to leave. You can join your friends tonight.

SHEILA

Mom... Dad. They're going rock-climbing now. I'd rather do that than just go sightseeing with you guys. They're all beginners so it will be an easy climb. Please.... it's perfectly safe. I'll meet you back here in time for dinner.

SUE

I don't know, honey. I'd rather we
all stay together. What if you fall?

JIM

She's a better climber than I am.
This may be her last chance to spend
time with her friends. She'll be
fine.

Sue gives in. Sheila hugs them all and darts off to join the
other group. The family boards the bus and the bus moves
away from the lodge area.

INT. INSIDE THE ZION PARK BUS – DAY

The tour guide is pointing out geological features in the
canyon wall as the bus winds through the beautiful park.
Many guests are staying at the hotel and seem to be well
acquainted, laughing and enjoying casual camaraderie with
each other.

INT. FOCUS ON OUR FAMILY – DAY

LITTLE BOY

Why didn't Sheila come with us?

LITTLE GIRL

She'll be sorry. It's so beautiful
out here. When will we see a bear,
Mommy?

JIM

Keep your eyes open. Look! There's
a mountain lion. Did you see him? We'll
soon be much higher, watch for eagles.

EXT. BUS ON HIGH, WINDING ROAD AT THE
CANYON'S EDGE. – DAY

A huge rock from above the hairpin turn, breaks loose and lands on the bus, directly above the driver. He loses control, swerves, and the bus goes off the cliff.

EXT. VIEW OF BUS FALLING END OVER END AND
LANDING ON ROCKS FAR BELOW – DAY

There is shattering noise of metal hitting rock and finally silence.

EXT. BODIES AND BUS PARTS LIE SCATTERED AT THE
BOTTOM OF THE CANYON – DAY

The sunlight is dimmed at the bottom of the canyon; it takes a moment to distinguish the shape of the broken bus from the rocks in the river. Then, the horror of the carnage settles in, as we see our family lying dead with many others. In the next moment, however, a small dot of light emerges from each body. It hovers for a moment above its body. Then, some little lights quickly begin to rise above the scene, while others seem to hang about.

Sheila's family hovers momentarily together and then the children's brilliant dots of light streak upward and out of sight. The mother's white light meanders a bit, accompanied by her husband's blue dot; until he too, moves upward and away.

In a little while, there is only the broken bus and the river and a few firefly-like light dots buzzing about in the dim light.

EXT. A CANYON WALL IN SUNSHINE – DAY

Sheila and the other youth are having a very good climb and enjoying themselves with laughter and encouragement. A tiny white light hovers close to Sheila's shoulder, but the girl is too busy to notice. Suddenly, she stops and looks around at the beautiful scenery.

SHEILA

Mom? That's funny! I thought
I heard my mother tell me she
loves me. That must mean she's
still worried about me.

A GIRL

I know. Mine does that too. But
tonight we'll all tell her what an
awesome climber you are...that
you're big enough to take care of
yourself.

EXT. WE RISE HIGHER AND HIGHER ABOVE THE
EARTH AND SOON ARE HIGH ABOVE THE PLANET IN
THE STRATOSPHERE

We join the flow of moving light dots representing the whole color spectrum. These lights are far more than the passengers of the bus and join a light stream from all over the planet rising upwards.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC – The lights move in relation to the strains of the music, which becomes fuller and richer as the brilliant, sparkling river approaches a glowing honey-combed inward-curving wall, which shimmers and moves, like a mirage seen at a distance. Like brilliant little bees, bits of light flow into various openings and disappear into

the tunnels formed by the honeycomb effect. We follow, surrounded by fellow light forms.

INT. A DARK TUNNEL WITH LIGHT AT THE END

We find ourselves moving beside the dad, (JIM), of the family in the bus. We recognize his face now as it materializes in a hazy form within his shapeless deep blue light.

EXT. EMERGING INTO LIGHT AFTER THE TUNNEL.

Jim's form quickly emerges into space from the tunnel but he keeps moving, though lights around him are drawn towards waiting groups. Then, Jim's form floats for a moment, as if remembering this as a familiar experience. A purple light is seen coming towards him. The approaching light gradually changes into the form of a sixty-year-old doctor wearing surgical scrubs, whom Jim recognizes as an old friend. The two greet each other and embrace warmly. This is Jim's spirit Guide. After the reunion, the blue light and the purple light move rapidly forward to a large crystalline building in the distance, toward which flow other rivers of light forms.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC – The connection between the sound of the music and the flow of the light beings becomes more obvious as we watch eddies and swirls created by the purposefully moving lights. Many times, groups of small, various-colored lights on the shore appear to meet the individuals who are coming in on the stream of music. They will have a brief, happy reunion before the incoming dots of color continue on their way toward the central station, which now appears to be shaped like a galaxy with a central core and bright, curving arms radiating out in all directions. Jim and his guide flow into the center of this bright, circle.

EXT. A VIEW FROM ABOVE THIS STATION – SPACE

The circular orb at the center of the radiating arms of surrounding light, changes focus for us and we become aware that this great brilliant body is the full Harvest moon, a rare but delightful and familiar scene to earthlings. After a moment of physical, three-dimensional viewing, the celestial body returns to an appearance resembling a galaxy cluster.

INT. WITHIN THE TERMINAL OF THE MOON STATION

Many lights of all colors flow purposefully around in this large main terminal. Some appear to be streaks of moving color; others exhibit an upper body representation of the body they wore in the life just exited. Some seem confused and hesitant as to their direction. Some streak through as if this is familiar to them. Many are accompanied by a Guide and are engaged in lively conversation. It is the same movement found in every train station or airport terminal on Earth. Eventually, all get sorted out and move smoothly, almost as if on conveyor belts towards the various surrounding terminal arms.

INT. MAIN TERMINAL – BRIGHT LIGHT

The members of Jim's family, his wife and their two small children, find each other within the station and have a happy reunion. Each one is now accompanied by a Guide and a few friends and relatives. Soon, each one of them glides away and travels down a different track, waving a cheerful goodbyes to each other.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC – is fuller and louder now and is obviously the power behind this dance of the dots.

Jim and his Guide move rapidly down one of the peripheral arms.

INT. VIEW INSIDE RADIATING TERMINAL ARM

As the two purple and deep blue blobs of light move along the tunnel, they appear to be standing on an airport conveyor belt. By now, they have assumed the human form that represents their life together as doctors. They talk intensely, moving their arms as they laugh and converse. This relationship between Guide and mature student is like that of best friends. Though we don't hear their words, we know that they are recapping the life which Jim has just suddenly left, as if the apparently-untimely death was very timely and just as all souls involved had planned it.

EXT. A BRIDGE ABOVE THE MOVING CONVEYOR

Beyond the terminal the view of space is seen through the transparent arms of the radiating corridor leading from the terminal. A man's figure, gigantic in comparison to Jim's and all figures on the conveyor, stands upon an arched bridge above the moving stream of light. He wears a black tuxedo and is waving a baton. We realize that he is the conductor of an invisible orchestra, which we have heard since these lifeforms rose from the planet's surface. Rather, he is the conductor for the music heard in this area, and is one of a dozen for the entire terminal.

We see that he is aware of every light being, and pulls it towards its destination by the movement of his conductor's wand. If any particles of light get caught in an eddy or happen to pause by the side, he gently coaxes them underway again, designing the music that results from his managing the flow of souls. By now, many of the moving lights are singing and joining their voices in the vocalized

choir sound which is mixed in with the musical instruments.

Beyond the bridge are light pods, which turn out to be separate rooms, clustered like grapes along the vine of light. Jim's guide drops him off at one of these circular rooms. All of the lights inside, upon Jim's arrival, assume their own sketchy human form and move happily to greet their old friend. He has now joined his primary soul group.

POINT OF VIEW OF THE MUSIC CONDUCTOR – LIGHT

This large Being is Warren Smith and he helps to administer the process of moving incoming souls to their immediate destination. He does his job with gusto, but when a fire is lit inside of a Grecian Temple opposite from his post on the bridge, his focus becomes a bit divided as he watches a scene unfolding inside of the Temple.

INT. INSIDE THE GREEK TEMPLE – LIGHT

A Council of Elders is meeting with a soul to consult about his return to an Earth life. His Guide stands some feet behind him, but ready to assist if needed. Five Council Members sit behind a table consulting with the soul who stands before them. The meeting is formal but very loving as they review the returning soul's plan for a new life on Earth.

Council members wear beautiful robes ranging in color from blue to deep purple. Nearest the window is JANE, (40), whose robe is dark blue. It is she whom Warren is watching as she participates in the meeting.

BELOW THE BRIDGE OF THE CONDUCTOR

Suddenly, it looks like a game of bumper cars as some of the movement becomes slowed and impeded when Warren's attention wanders. Discordant sounds get his attention again and he must work his wand to get the moving lights organized and flowing smoothly again. He continues to watch Jane but now sticks to his business as a Conductor, as well.

AT THE STEPS OF THE GREEK TEMPLE

Warren waits until Jane descends the Temple steps after the Council is adjourned.

JANE

I thought you had sworn off
playing bumper cars, Warren.

WARREN

Can I help it if you are ravishing?
Must you always meet inside of
that particular temple? There are
so many others around here.
Must you always distract me in
my work?

They kiss like the lovers they are.

JANE

I hope you can still come to
dinner at my house.

WARREN

I wouldn't miss it, Honey. I'll
be right there. It won't be long.

After a brief kiss, Jane disappears in a blur of color. Warren whisks off in another direction.

VIEW OF WARREN WHIZZING THROUGH THE AIR

Sound of a communication device. He pulls a very sophisticated cell phone from his pocket and reads it: "Mountaintop Meeting – NOW!"

His shape disappears as he responds to the summons whizzing away in a blur of light.

EXT. HIGH CELESTIAL MOUNTAINTOP – DUSK

Warren's Council of Elders is already waiting for him, sitting on the ground before a council fire. They are the wise ones of four American Indian tribes. Their faces are wrinkled and their blankets are woven with purple and pure gold tribal symbols. All sit in a circle indicating Warren's great favor with his Councilors.

IRIQUOIS ELDER

Your music is good. You have done well in this assignment of bringing souls back from their Earth life assignments.

APACHE ELDER

You need a change now, Warren. You are ready to move on in your work. Are you willing to take an assignment to work with a very different part of Heaven?

WARREN

Oh yes, always! I love new challenges.

Are you sending me to work in
Paradise? I have applied for that,
many times.

SOUIX CHIEF

It is true that you will help many to
achieve their greatest hopes and
dreams. This is the highest service
that you could wish for yourself,
Warren Smith.

HOPI CHIEF

You will soon be sent to your new
assignment. We now have many
truths to impart to you.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP MEETING PLACE – NIGHT

The meeting around the fire lasts into the night as the
Elders makes sure that Warren's knowledge is sufficient to
the task.

EXT. A BEAUTIFUL GLASS-LIKE HOME RADIATES
WITH LIGHT.

INT. THE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

This home is in a Heavenly Realm above Earth. It is the
residence of a high-ranking Administrator of Cosmic
Matters. Its walls shimmer and shift as if not quite solid.

JANE, (40) a beautiful, spiritually-aristocratic, woman, sits
at a small, elegantly-set dining table, obviously waiting for
someone with whom she is very much in love. She has
taken pains with the food and table decorations and is eager
for his arrival. Time passes and she becomes hungry and

nibbles a little but continues to wait.

INT. SAME DINING TABLE - LATER AT NIGHT

It's much later and the candles have burned down. Jane eats her meal alone.

INT. KITCHEN, SAME HOME - LATE THAT NIGHT

Jane has just put away the uneaten food and cleaned up. She is not happy about being stood up.

SOUND EFFECT - DOORBELL

INT. INSIDE FRONT DOOR - VERY LATE NIGHT

Jane's sheepish lover, handsome in a rumpled, casual way, and dressed informally, holds a bunch of roses.

WARREN

Oh, Baby! Oh, my sweet Jane!
I'm so sorry I couldn't get here
for dinner. I know you went to a
lot of trouble. There was an
important unannounced conference called by the my Council.
I had no idea it would last so long.

JANE

Warren! That seems to happen
every time. Why can't you let me
know? It's not as if there aren't
any telephones here in Heaven.
Well, your lobster is probably
tough by now. Do you still want
it?

WARREN

Sure! I have something to talk to you about. But, first, come here, Honey! I have some making up to do! Oh Jane, I love you so much!

JANE

Oh, Warren, I love you too, but you do drive me crazy. I thought we'd have the whole evening together. I have something to discuss with you, too.

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

As Jane prepares his food, Warren fills an ice grinder with cubes, and puts the ground chunks in his glass. Then, he throws handfuls of cracked ice into his mouth, chewing as he talks. His ice-eating habit continues in a natural manner throughout the evening, before and after eating. He always has a supply of ice to chew and somehow manages to avoid being an ill-mannered boor.

INT. THE KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT

Warren pours each of them another glass of champagne. He has finished his meal.

WARREN

Jane... will you marry me? I was planning to ask you tonight at your candlelit table. I'm sorry I missed out on that. You, Jane honey, are the only one who can put up with me. But, that's

not the reason I'm asking you to marry me. I love you, and I want us to be together, always.

JANE

Warren! You didn't give me any warning! I think it would be fun to be married to you. Unpredictable, but lots of fun. Warren, the thing that I wanted to tell you tonight was that I'm being transferred.

WARREN

They're transferring you? Me too! That's what the meeting was about tonight! Except they didn't say where they're sending me. Do you suppose they're sending us both to the same place?

JANE

I'm going to go to Kettledrum Hallows. Tomorrow! They'll move my stuff later. If we get married in the morning, you'll get moved there automatically. Do you want to? I love that place. It's a dream come true for me. Have you been there? It's like Hawaii used to be on Earth.

WARREN

I'm sure that I'm being sent to administer Paradise. Kettle-

drum Hallows is way below that level. I mean, no offense, the Islands are a great assignment, but they don't compare. It's way too tropical in Kettledrum. Too "islandy." I don't like extremes in temperature. Why don't you marry me in the morning and come with me to Paradise?

JANE

I'm committed to go to Kettledrum. So, you won't come with me? Are you sure? The Islands are breezy... not all that hot, and the best part is that it's so laid-back, you wouldn't always be so stressed out. Paradise is a lot of responsibility.

WARREN

I love responsibility! You know that. It's my high-octane fuel.

JANE

So I've noticed. But you tend to crash in over-drive. You are, probably, the most exciting man I have ever met. And that's why I love the idea of being married to you. But you live a lot faster than I do. Maybe we could make if we were both beachcombers.

WARREN

All respects, my love, but I'd

be bonkers in a week. I need the adrenaline rush of pressure.

JANE

I guess I'll never know what I've missed. I can't marry you and go off wherever you go. Whatever makes you think they'll let you administer Paradise? You've messed up so many times.

WARREN

Well, yeah....but I'm brilliant, too. They love me! I've been asking for this assignment for eons. Honey, I'll keep working on you. You can't resist me forever.

EXT. AN ANTARCTIC WASTELAND - DAY

A whiteout: wind and snow obscure everything. Gradually, moving colors can be perceived. The colors prove to be bright parkas worn by a group of eleven people, five women, six men, who pile out of a Sno Cat and cross a narrow bridge over a chasm, walking into snow and mist.

EXT. FRONT ENTRY TO QUONSET HUT - DAY

The group is greeted jovially by Grogan, who invites them to enter.

INT. ENTRY HALLWAY OF QUONSET - DAY

The entry hall is paneled in rough wood. Just the basics. However, something about it exudes warmth and welcome,

making everyone feel as if they have returned to their happy home. The new arrivals hang their parkas on wall pegs. Each person hands Grogan a rolled-up scroll about six inches long.

GROGAN

Is one of you named Warren Smith? No? That's odd. I thought he was coming in with your group. He's due in from Cosmic Headquarters.

Grogan calls into the Quonset,

Hey, Whitehorse! Our replacement must be lost. He's not with these guys. Hope he's okay.

EXT. A SNOWY, ANTARCTIC WILDERNESS - DAY

Warren Smith is riding a snowmobile. He's going very fast and looking for signs of life. He circles, stops, walks a few feet, shades his eyes and scans the horizon. Then he pulls a map out of his jacket, turns it upside down and every which way. He can't make any sense of it.

WARREN

This has to be a bad dream! No, a nightmare! I'll wake up soon. They can't have sent me out here! This is nowhere and nothing! I deserve Paradise! So, I didn't always make the grade. I'm good at what I do. I just do it with my own flair. Where am I?

He reaches for his cell phone and tries dialing. No signal.

WARREN

(shouting to the sky)
Okay! Point taken! I'll never
mess up again! At least, not
deliberately. I'm sorry I zapped
the psychics! I figured they
could take the extra decibels.
And, if I hadn't stopped traffic at
the Tibetan Tunnel of the Dead,
somebody else would have...
eventually.

He puts his useless cell phone back in his pocket, gets aboard the snowmobile and tries to figure out which way to go. Finally, he just revs up and heads out, obviously with no idea of the direction in which he should be heading.

INT. QUONSET HUT/ WOMEN'S SHOWERS - DAY

MARTHA, ESTHER, WINNIE, MARISHKA, and PENELOPE, introduce themselves to each other. Esther and Marishka are already well-acquainted. All shower and shampoo in three-sided stalls.

MARTHA (30) - Practical, but misguided. Won't stand up for herself but rescues everyone. Puts on grey sweat pants and shirt.

ESTHER (35) - Perky, cute, wildly optimistic, irrepressible, deeply spiritual. Has done this gig a million times and absolutely loves it. Wears bright green sweats.

WINNIE (20) - Athletic, attractive, black and led by her emotions. Her sweat outfit is white.

MARISHKA (40) - A deeply spiritual and highly

experienced Being, who has suffered through many challenging lifetimes. Puts on light blue sweats.

PENELOPE (20) - a beginner at life, wide-eyed and hesitant, but beautifully innocent with the hint of future wisdom. Wears a white sweat suit outfit.

MARTHA

How many times have you been around, Esther?

ESTHER

I don't know. Thousands?
Millions? I've lost count by now.

PENELOPE

Wow! This is my first time into a life on Earth. What's it like? I'm really nervous.

ESTHER

Oh, I absolutely love it! I've had so many adventures. I'm just going for a quick swing-through this time. I hope I make it!

PENELOPE

Why shouldn't you?

MARISHKA

(Russian accent)

Because she tends to get hung up. Like on that good-looking guy out there. How long has it been since you've seen him, Esther?

ESTHER

(laughing)

A whole long lifetime, Miss Marishka. Where have you been? I've looked for you before. Nobody knew where you were.

MARISHKA

I took some time off for a good long rest. That last one was tough but I came out okay. Stalin's death camps are not for the squeamish.

WINNIE

That's what I heard. I'm going Psychological this time. I've got to work it out between Butch and me. We've got to get past this. We're going to try to stay married this time.

MARTHA

Oh, I heard about last time. It's pretty famous! Are you sure it's worth it? You're willing to take the risk? What if the same thing happens again?

WINNIE

It's our last chance! Either we get it right this time, or.....

SOUND EFFECT: AN APPROACHING SNOWMOBILE

EXT. AERIAL VIEW, COMPLEX - SUNDOWN

The Quonset huts are clustered beside an Antarctic bay at the base of a steep snow slope. The land above the slope flattens into a vast plateau, stretching as a white, featureless plain for miles inland. A dark object moves rapidly towards the edge of the cliff above the Quonset huts.

EXT. THE SNOWMOBILE - SUNDOWN

Warren is driving very fast, resolutely gunning the motor. At first, we perceive Warren's figure and the snowmobile as a blurry, moving form. As he moves further away from the shimmery mountains in the background, his human form comes more into focus. We realize that this is region is a progression from an intangible realm into an ever-more tangible environment

EXT. WARREN'S POINT OF VIEW - SUNSET

The emptiness ahead is a bit different from the emptiness he has just been driving through. Of course, it is filled with a spectacular Antarctic sunset, but it's also void of anything solid. He's rapidly approaching the edge of the cliff but is distracted by reading gauges, trying to find clues to his hidden destination..

EXT. THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE - SUNSET

Warren's speeding vehicle comes to the edge of the cornice and begins its bullet ride downward towards the buildings. The vehicle gains air, lands on the slope with a whomp, and picks up downward speed as Warren reacts to sudden danger and hangs on for dear life.

WARREN
Whuuuuuuuh.....Whoa!
Yaaaaa!

INT. MAIN ROOM OF THE QUONSET HUT - SUNSET

The atmosphere inside of the Quonset sums up everything that epitomizes one's best rustic memories. The wood-paneled interior harks back to every shabby ski hut; every summer camp Great Room; every remote Alaskan fishing lodge; every wonderful memory of being warm while it's cold outside. It is a true and welcoming, wood and galvanized-tin cloister. The energy is completely male; but the best of male traits: safety, strength, wisdom, inventiveness, logic, usefulness, practicality, old-shoe, salt-of-the-earth philosophy. It is very clean. There are no trophies or decorations of any sort. The main room combines a laid-back atmosphere with a totally no-nonsense work ethic. The bunk room and showers are down the hall, along with Whitehorse's and Grogan's bedrooms. The main room contains an open kitchen, living room area and an equipment alcove for Whitehorse's workbench and bookshelves. Though it's a guy environment, every woman loves to be in it.

Randall Whitehorse sits perched on a high stool, fiddling with controls on some sort of machine. His worktable is filled with World War II communications equipment and loose-leaf notebooks. A wide window beside him reveals the lovely sunset, a little whirling snow and the coastline.

Grogan and Esther, cuddling familiarly, occupy an old recliner among well-worn easy chairs and tables circled around the little pot-bellied stove. New arrivals are dressed uniformly, in that they wear plain sweat shirts and sweat pants with flip flops. There is color variety among them, in a casual, non-fashion-statement way. Parkas, now hung on

wooden pegs in the hall, are also identical in cut using various muted tones. Still wet-headed from showers, the recruits are directed to help themselves to a big pot of chili, cold drinks, hot cider and coffee. They bring their food to balance on laps, chair arms, or little tables. There's an easy, casual atmosphere as they get acquainted with one another. It's time to start the evening session, so Esther hops up, fills a plate, and takes her place in the circle. Grogan walks to Whitehorse's workbench.

GROGAN

Any news from Warren yet?
It'll be dark any minute.
Not good to get caught outside.

WHITEHORSE

If it was anybody but Warren,
I'd be worried. Headquarters
said he left a long time ago.
Wouldn't come in the Sno Cat
with the group. Had to drive
himself on a snowmobile. Aside
from the fact that he's never
been on a snowmobile, and can't
stand snow, they thought he'd
be alright.

GROGAN

He sounds like a winner! This is
the man who's going to fill in for
us? Do you think it's a good idea
for both of us to go down at the
same time? Are you sure he can
handle it?

WHITEHORSE

Yup, I'm sure! I know this Warren Smith! He's a bit of a loose cannon but he's good, once he gets behind a job. I think he can really do something with this post. It needs a little upgrading. As wild as he is, he gets things done. That's why I specifically asked for him. By the time we get back, he'll have made a lot of changes.

SOUND EFFECT: A HUGE, BOOMING CRASH AND TEARING UP OF THE QUONSET HUT'S ROOF BY A SNOWMOBILE.

INT. INSIDE THE QUONSET HUT - NIGHTFALL

Parts of the tin roof are collapsing. People dodge falling objects.

WHITEHORSE

That'll be him now! Like I said...

EXT. THE ROOF OF THE QUONSET HUT - NIGHTFALL

The upright snowmobile (with Warren clinging for dear life) bounces off of the tin roof. After taking some metal roof slabs with it, the vehicle lands again on the snow, heading right for the water. It skids off the edge of the icy shore, knocking chunks of ice right and left. Then, it gurgles, floats for a few seconds and begins to sink. Warren rescues his cell phone from the pocket of his bulky parka and holds it aloft, while he swims awkwardly towards a floating slab of tin roof.

EXT. THE OCEAN SIDE OF THE QUONSET - NIGHT

Whitehorse and Grogan pull on their parkas as they run to the shore. Warren is trying to make a phone call when the two men reach the edge of the ice. He grins sheepishly, puts the phone safely between his teeth, and tries to paddle the tin roof part toward them, like a retriever bringing a bird to shore. Grogan grapples the tin slab with a gaff and helps him ashore.

INT. WHITEHORSE'S WORKBENCH - NIGHT

The group is reassembling the roof and getting things cleaned up. Warren, holding a steaming cup of coffee, is wrapped in a blanket, still soaking wet and shivering, and clearly upset as he talks to Whitehorse, who is fiddling with the controls of his many machines.

WARREN

This must be some mistake!
They wouldn't send me way out
here. It's a waste of my talents. I
can't stand the cold! I'm more of
an executive type.

WHITEHORSE

There was no mistake. Look,
here's your name on this order I
received this morning. You may
not think so, but you're the man
for this job! I happen to know
your reputation. You've lived
many heroic lives down there on
Earth and in the best of them
you were just a little guy doing
an unglamorous job. But you

did it so well that you always wound up being a big hero. So often, you've been the radio operator on some ship and you were the one to spot trouble and save the situation. If you had been aboard the Titanic, that vessel would have had an uneventful maiden voyage.

WARREN

You know what? Funny, you should say that. I have often thought so myself. Sometimes, though, when you're good and you do your job right, nobody appreciates it because nothing bad happens.

WHITEHORSE

This job is a lot like that. It may not look all that glamorous but, it's vitally important to everyone involved. And the guy at the controls had better know what he's doing or many people will suffer. If you send somebody to the wrong place or even if you simply make a typo when you enter their birth information, you can sentence them to a very bad experience in a new life.

WARREN

Oh boy! And time goes quickly

Up Here, but on Earth, they have to live it, moment by slow moment, day by day, year after year. I remember how long that can feel. Man, I also know how it feels to be living some fool's typographical error. I'm a very good typist, by the way!

WHITEHORSE

I know! A rotten snowmobile explorer, but pretty good at your details. But, I notice a small detail that you're overlooking now.

WARREN

(looking alarmed)

What???

WHITEHORSE

Yourself! You're shaking with cold and getting my floor all wet, to boot! Go take a hot shower!

INT. A COED BUNK ROOM - NIGHT

Looks like a hostel. Some of the recruits are sound asleep. Warren walks through to get to the shower room.

INT. THE QUONSET COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

The roof has been restored, though some scraps still dangle. Warren, Grogan and Esther, Whitehorse and Marishka, sit around a beat-up table eating chili and drinking coffee by

the light of a hurricane lamp. The open potbelly stove spreads a homey warm glow in the room. Grogan works with the life-plan scrolls while the others talk. Warren's sweat shirt and pants are blue.

WARREN

So, how come they're only sending one person to fill in for both of you?

WHITEHORSE

Because they're upgrading the equipment. Don't worry; we're not going to walk out on you right away. We'll make sure you're thoroughly trained before we take off for another go-round on the physical plane. We have to go down every so many thousand years, just to stay current. Turns out that both Grogan and I are overdue for a tour of duty down there. Who knows? They might decide to send you an assistant, anyway.

WARREN

Ohmigosh! If Jane had come with me, like I wanted her to, this is where I would have brought her for our honeymoon! A snowbound hostel! Oh, so private, and oh, so romantic. Yikes! She would have been my assistant. Why didn't I just marry her before I knew my

post? I'd be basking in the sun,
in Kettledrum Hallows, right
now!

GROGAN

You don't know how good that
sounds! Just to see clear water
without ice floating in it....

WHITEHORSE

Well, don't worry! This isn't
forever! We're coming back
sometime. It's just for a little
while. Not long.

MARISHKA

That's what life is too, or haven't
you noticed? If you don't like
the way it's going, work with
it..... make it yours, and then,
soon.... you'll be off on some
new tack.

ESTHER

Maybe one you'll like a whole
lot better.

WARREN

"And yet a little while...." That's
what Jane always used to say to
me. I never knew just what she
meant. Maybe she was trying
to give me a philosophy to live
by. Anyway, I'll try to remember
that and to believe that it won't
be so long before I see her again.

WHITEHORSE

So, you'll stay and give it a try?
It's really not as bad as it looks.

WARREN

Well, seeing as how I've just
destroyed your roof, it looks like
I owe you guys something. And
maybe being out here will give
me a few pointers, too. Besides,
challenge is the one thing I can't
resist!

EXT. A SNOW FIELD NEAR QUONSET HUT - DAY

Whitehorse leads everyone in Tai Chi, then Grogan warms them up with calisthenics and a jog before everyone bustles back inside. By now, they're loosened up and having a good time being together.

INT. THE COMMON ROOM OF THE QUONSET - DAY

Marishka races Penelope to a certain chair, closest to the pot-bellied stove. She plops down in it and Penelope cheerfully takes another chair. Warren is crushing ice in the kitchen. He walks in with a glass of ice chips just as Grogan is referring to him. He will eat the ice, in a natural fashion, through the remainder of the group discussion. From time to time, he gets up to crush some more, asking everyone with his expression if he can get them anything.

GROGAN

Okay, everybody! Time to get
started! Thanks for all the work
you did last night putting the
place back together. This Flyboy

who took a swipe at us with his snowmobile, is in training for our jobs. I know that will make all of you feel very confident!

WARREN

Well...they told me it was a Jet Ski! How was I to know?

Camaraderie and laughter as the group settles in. Grogan opens the meeting. The men are:

BUTCH - (25) black, good-looking, athletic build

MARTIN - (30) Hollywood-handsome ladies man, mother's boy.

WYATT - (45) an American Indian urban cowboy type

JOE - (21) a vapid vagabond

BOBBY - (19) clean cut kid, Asian

All of the above men wear white sweat suits.

JIMMY JOHN - (30) an Aussie adventurer, world-traveler sort. He is Jim, the father of the family back at Zion National Park. He wears deep blue sweat pants and shirt.

GROGAN

Welcome to our humble home on the "Edge of Nowhere, and the Beginning of Somewhere." Let's let the Boss start us off.

WHITEHORSE

I'll just be quick as I have to get back over to my spot. This is my busiest time, setting everything up for you. Your wishes have been entered into the cosmic transmitters and details are being worked out between here and headquarters. Grogan has your Life Plan scrolls. Any last minute kinks need to be ironed out now, so that your life has the best chance of working in your favor. I'm also watching the weather and sea currents for the right "window of opportunity." Okay! Enjoy! I'm sure you'll do just fine.

All recruits have listened eagerly, some, apprehensively.

GROGAN

Okay, introductions! Martha you begin!

MARTHA

I'm Martha and I've been around before, but I have a problem to work on. I tend to rescue folks. I save the homeless. I take on gamblers, alcoholics,... marry weak men. You name it...I'm gonna fix 'em. My kids never learn to do anything for themselves, so I produce spoiled brats. I'm going to focus

on not being a rescuer this lifetime. I'll let people sort out their own messes, and not get into any of my own... I hope. But on the other hand, I don't want to be a person who can't see the other guy's perspective, either. I don't want to become cold and uncaring. You know what I mean?

Grogan puts down her scroll, nods encouragingly and calls on Martin, sitting next to her.

MARTIN

Hi! I'm Martin, and I'm the one Martha's been rescuing. I've been very co-dependent in my past lives and I'm going to break that cycle. It's hard being a man and yet wanting every woman to rescue me. Sometimes I'm just a house husband, but in a lot of lives, I wind up being a gigolo. I do not want to do that again!

Martin looks over at Martha and she waves her hands, palms outward, as if to say: "Don't look at me, Buddy!"

MARTIN

Don't worry! I'm not going to do that in this lifetime! I mean that! No woman's ever going to have to pay my way or lead me around on a leash.

GROGAN

(referring to scroll)

So, you're planning to become a prize fighter? That's a pretty extreme jump.

MARTIN

Well, it's macho!

GROGAN

Let's talk. Next!

WARREN

I'm Warren and I'm not co-dependent!! I'm not going down with you, but I'll introduce myself anyway. I don't know what you'd call me.....

Whitehorse approaches with a paper in his hand.

WHITEHORSE

Sorry to interrupt, but this just came in. It looks like you will be going down, after all, Warren. Headquarters wants you to go through the whole process from here, before you have to run the show. Here's a blank scroll. Fill it in for me so I can get you entered with the group. Sorry for the surprise, but that's life!

To Grogan

Guess we'll have to put our plans on hold for at least one lifetime. Oh well, that's the

nature of this game!

WARREN

No problem! What's a lifetime here or there? Well, okay..... what should I put on my life plan?

GROGAN

What sort of tendencies do you need to work on? Sounds like it's been awhile since you've been in an Earth life. That's probably why they want you to go down, before you have to advise others.

WARREN

This is good! There's wisdom in it. I've been down plenty but I think I know what the deal is. We talked about my "little guy" lives.... when I saved the day and became a hero but there've been many times I was a rich bastard, throwing my weight around. Whitehorse didn't mention them.

WHITEHORSE

(calling from his bench)

Oh, I know about those too. They usually gave you a title that ended in Baron. Steel Baron, Land Baron, Railroad Baron. You got things done,

though you were fairly
ruthless. To your credit, they
never called you Robber Baron.

WARREN

Okay! Now I'm found out....
guess I do need a little polishing
up, at that. I wrote the book on
personal power! I like to be in
charge! A big executive or some
variation thereof. I always wind
up in charge.

WYATT

Were you ever a general in the
Army? I think I served under
you!

WARREN

Lots of times! Thought you
looked familiar! Anyway,
I've tried to overcome this
tendency before..... going in
as a nobody....and planning
to die young. But sometimes,
I turn into a big hero first. It's
my rich, famous, or powerful
lives that go sour. I never pay
attention to my wives; my
children turn against me. If
only I could stop alienating
everybody. But I just never
notice how self-centered I am.
It's funny that you chose to be a
Prizefighter, Martin. I wasn't a
boxer, but I was very pugilistic.

Better rethink that plan.

MARTIN

Hey, I know! How about an astronaut? Originally, my next choice was to be a big, corporate executive. You can't be a dependent personality in either of those jobs.

WARREN

Hey, Gang! Wanna hear a funny true story? This really happened to me in one of my lifetimes. I wrote on my life plan that I would be an "Executive." Well, the goofball doing the entering, mistakenly typed "Executioner" instead and I had a terrible time all of that life trying not to kill things.

PENELOPE

Oh No! What happened?

WARREN

Well.....luckily, I'd built up enough character by that time, and was incapable of killing. See, I'd been a Buddhist monk in a previous life. Talk about conflict! I went into pest control and that seemed to solve the problem but I had to stick to lawns and gardens. Couldn't kill anything bigger than a bug!

Even that was backsliding. I still
can't kill a thing.

MARTIN

So, which should I choose?
Boxer or Executive?

WARREN

What happened to the astronaut
idea? Those other two careers
can get pretty much alike. I was
always fighting to be the most
powerful player on a little ball of
dirt. Had to be ready to grab
hold of every little opportunity.
In the end, I had nothing. Life
was over so soon and all my
conquests, all those political
victories, those nasty corporate
takeovers, didn't mean a thing.
Like I say, in the end, I had nothing.

GROGAN

So, what do you want to be
when you grow up this time?

WARREN

Well, I don't know. I'll think of
something. I'm definitely going
to change, this time around.

He throws his watch in the garbage.

There! No more watching the
clock. No more questions about
"When are we going to get

going?" I am now laid back. I
won't take my bad habits back
in with me this lifetime!

MARTHA

I'll believe you when your cell
follows your watch into the
garbage.

Warren tosses the cell phone in too, but not without some
pain.

ESTHER

I know! Why don't you become a
dancer? That's a totally different
kind of timing.

Everybody good-naturedly laughs and banters with him
and he returns the jibes. They occasionally go into the
kitchen, helping themselves to drinks or food. All enjoy the
laid back, non-critical atmosphere. The skill of the two
leaders has created an excellent setting for them to look at
their own faults and then to design lives that will create
opportunities to overcome those flaws in their next lives.

MARISHKA

Is that ice cube thing Type A?
My husband used to drive me
crazy with it, in one life. That
and grinding his teeth. Do you
do that too?

WARREN

Used to! But my dentist scared
me out of it. Said I'd be
toothless.

Grogan nods to Esther to continue.

ESTHER

Hi everybody! I'm Esther! I've been through here so many times, I can't count them all. I LOVE IT! It's so good to be back! This is so much fun! I can't tell you how much I'm looking forward to my next life!

Marishka and Grogan exchange knowing glances. Marishka walks around behind Grogan's chair and peeks at Esther's scroll in his hand.

MARISHKA

Blind? A wheelchair? Die at age seven? You've got to be kidding! You're looking forward to that?

ESTHER

Sure! I've never done it before. I want to pack it all in. I'll be finished by seven. I don't think it will be so bad to be blind. I'll work on my sense of smell or hearing. Anyway, I've always been a visual artist. That's what I was in this last life, and it was so hard to die. I really didn't want to. I was having such a good time!

GROGAN

Have you forgotten that you starved to death in that life?

ESTHER

But a lot of that life in Paris was good. That's what I remember. Have you ever seen the morning light on the Seine? Or the blossoms in the Spring? I wonder how a blind girl, in a wheelchair, could get herself to France... in her first seven years? Hmmmm.....

WINNIE

But you couldn't see the Seine, not at any time of the day!

ESTHER

Oh, but the sounds! You know it's Paris by the sounds!

Esther makes a sudden grab for her scroll.

GROGAN

Oh no you don't! You've already written in so many things for that seven-year-old to do, it will be a miracle if you can get all them done. Don't saddle her with having to get to Paris, too.

ESTHER

Oh.....okay!

GROGAN

I guess I'd better explain you to the rest of the group. This young lady is attempting... and succeeding brilliantly.... to do

something that many never have the guts to do. She's always taken a difficult spiritually-developmental track when she has gone down into life and she has not been easy on herself in the pre-planning. Not ever. You know that these goals you choose for yourself are the ways that you advance from lifetime to lifetime. It's the way that you develop your character as you go along. And that's really all that counts. Character. As Warren was saying, the other stuff doesn't mean anything, once you leave the Earth behind. It's part of the Heavy Matter Realm and doesn't win you any points Up Here in the Spiritual Realms. Detachment is a big part of it. Right, Martha and Martin? Okay, so you can either go lifetime by lifetime, learning one thing at a time...or trying to learn it...or, you can pack it all, lots of lessons, into one life and advance faster and farther with each lifetime.

There's a buzz and reaction in the group, all thinking they'd better redesign their life plans to get farther and faster.

WARREN

Maybe Esther should be the one you consider for taking over this station. Sounds like she's earned a whole lot of points.

WHITEHORSE

(chiming in from his stool)
That would be like trying to get
a butterfly to settle on just one
flower.

PENELOPE

I'd like to be like Esther. But, I
didn't plan anything bad for
myself. Do you think I should
change it?

GROGAN

Sorry... it doesn't work like that.
It's not like buying an insurance
policy. Choose the big plan and
you'll get the big bucks. There's
a cost! Right? Even with insur-
ance! Okay! It's the same here.
Esther takes a huge risk every
time she goes in with one of
these very ambitious plans. If
she can't live up to what she's
planned, then she's still stuck
with it. Life on Earth can be
very hard!

MARISHKA

Like Paris!

GROGAN

Just like Paris.....with the rats
and the freezing garret. Did she
tell you it was wartime? That
her husband and babies were

killed by a bomb? She lost her leg and she lived to be old and poor. But, she could paint! Nobody bought her pictures for years. She stood on the street, on her one leg, with all of her beautiful paintings propped against the wall. At last, she got into a gallery....and the owner kept all of the money. Ahhhh, yes, Paris...she died old, sick, and alone.

ESTHER

(dreamily)

Oh yes, but the music! The air, the sounds! The lovely light....

GROGAN

(looking at her lovingly)

You see! Do it THIS WAY or don't do it at all! The risks are, that you could lose all the advancement that you've ever made.....in all your lives, if you blow a tough assignment. If you sour in a life because it's too hard...because you've bitten off too much in your planning..... because you wanted to go too far, too fast, and outstripped your own capacity.... Well, you find out when you die just how much it has cost in terms of overall advancement. In that case, Life has won the bout because it has caused you to

regress, to become less spiritual and to take on negative qualities. Okay, let's continue. Who's next?

WINNIE

I'm on a Psychological Track. Oh yes, I'm Winnie and this is Butch. We're going in together to see if we can work out our relationship problems. We sure didn't do too well last time around. We didn't meet till we were already married to other people. I guess you could call us "tempestuous."

BUTCH

We can't leave each other alone but we don't get along when we are together. You've all heard the story. So this time, we've worked together, here in pre-life, to design a lifetime we think will work. We're going to meet in college and get married right away. We'll be rich, so we won't have any economic problems. I think we stand a pretty good chance.

JOE

Okay, my turn. I'm Joe. I never fit in. Guess you could say I'm a drifter. The only thing that kept me off the streets in my last life

was that I was a trust funder. My problem is a lack of imagination. I can't even think of anything to put down here in my life plan, and when I do, it's not very exciting.

MARISHKA

What do you want to be this time?

JOE

This time, I want to be an orderly in a mental hospital. I think if I get around people who are worse off than me, I'll learn a lot. Besides, I can help people ... and those patients have lots of imagination. Maybe some of it will rub off on me.

Grogan rolls his eyes in a resigned way. Whitehorse clears his throat and peers out the window.

INT. VIEW OUT THE WINDOW - DARKER DAY

A storm is approaching and the sky fills with dark clouds. Whitehorse types a name on his machine, adjusts several dials, consults a large book and fine tunes a bigger dial. For each returning person, he fills a metal-encased packet with papers and a metal ID tag. At last, satisfied, he sorts them and inserts them into several suction tubes leading up the side of the wall and out through the ceiling. There is a stack of similar dog tags on the desk, which he'll pass out later on chains to put around each recruit's neck.

EXT. ABOVE THE QUONSET ROOF - STORMY DAY

The small metal packets shoot out of the roof hole like tiny rockets and disappear up into the stratosphere.

INT. THE GROUP THERAPY CIRCLE - DAY

BUTCH

I'm willing to try again. I think we really do love each other, though we sure do prove it funny.

WINNIE

How about the time, a long time ago, when you were my father and I ran away from home? At least, this time we'll be equals. If only I could remember all the things I know now. I mean, I wouldn't make all the same mistakes. I can stand him, Up Here, but on Earth he drives me crazy. How come we can't remember all this? All our big resolutions?

GROGAN

There's a reason you forget about this realm. Earth is a testing ground. A tough one and it won't be an open book test. You don't need memory, you need character so that these life tests won't keep on throwing you. Character helps you put up with all the nonsense that the

world ...and Butch, is going to throw at you. Not something you've memorized or heard in some group circle. You and Butch are still struggling with one of the most difficult courses that Earth's School of Life has to offer Personal Relationships 101. The closer you are the more sexual the bond..... then, the harder it is to work things out.... unless you're both committed to improving that inner core of your character. It's so easy to destroy that core in each other.

WINNIE

You got that right! I don't like to be mean and nasty. I don't want to be that sort of person, and it's really my own fault if I let him set me off.

ESTHER

See - you're not changing for his sake! You're really doing it for your own sake. Once you get this Psychological Track worked out, you can try for a Spiritual Track. But not before. And they don't give you forever!

BUTCH

I think maybe if I went in with somebody else. You know, we

just forget about Winnie and me. Start over. I know I could get it right then. Why do we always have to wear away at each other? There are so many other people in the Universe.

Whitehorse is heading towards the kitchen.

WHITEHORSE

All it takes is one lifetime in which you don't want to kill each other. That's all! Is that so much to ask? You don't have to be the world's greatest lovers! Just get along, for Heaven's sakes! Then, you can switch to somebody else, if that's what you want.

GROGAN

Moving right along. Marishka, tell us about yourself.

MARISHKA

Gang, I've gotta tell you... these few hours around this dear little pot-bellied stove with these two guys, is just about as good as it gets! No, you won't remember any of this once you're born into your new life; but something of what these characters say will stick with you, way down deep inside. My name is Marishka and I've been

right here, in my favorite chair before. That's why I raced you to it, Penelope. It's mine. See how my toes can get right next to the fire? Special! Anyway, I've spent some time asleep since I died. They let you rest awhile after a very hard life. Russia, in the 1940's, was a good choice for me. I know that some of the things that this dear friend, Randall Whitehorse, told me the last time I was here, came back to me in my dreams and made that prison a whole lot easier to bear. So, listen carefully to what they say. It will help, more than you can realize now.

GROGAN

It's good to finally meet you, Marishka. I've heard about your exploits. I've got to tell you, I'm one of your many admirers. And now, I see you have another ambitious plan. This should be a real challenge but you've got what it takes! Next. Penelope?

PENELOPE

Yes, I'm Penelope and I'm brand new. I didn't know all this. I thought you just went down there. I had no idea it was so easy to fail. I hope I don't fail. Grogan, do you think maybe I've

chosen too hard a life plan?

GROGAN

(reading scroll)

To get through high school. To marry. To get through marriage. To get through parenthood. To work until retirement. To get through old age. No Penny, I don't think that you've over-stretched yourself. Not in the least.

PENELOPE

Oh, thank you! I'm so relieved. I was scared when I started thinking about it. When you said that, about all the risks. I don't want to take any chances on bombing out. Oh, that's fine.

GROGAN

I'm sure you can handle this. Another time around, you can take on some challenges. Okay, Bobby, you're next.

BOBBY

Hey, everybody! I'm Bobby. I lost a lot of ground in my last life, and I'm gonna try to stay in this one, right to the finish. Listen! If it's any help to any of youDon't get out of your own life! You know, end it, just because you think you can't do it

any more. It's sure not worth it!
You won't like what comes next!

WINNIE

Ohmigosh Bobby! I have often
wondered what would happen if
I committed suicide. I sure have
thought about it plenty of times,
but I never did it. Never had the
guts. Was anybody mad at you
for doing it?

BOBBY

Not mad, really. More like very
disappointed. I even had a good
reason. I'd gone into that life,
planning to die as a little kid.
You know, a quick turn, like
Esther is planning now. Well, it
didn't happen. I thought I'd
written my life plan carefully
enough, so that there wouldn't
be any slip-ups. I was supposed
to get a terrible sickness and die
real fast, as a very little child.
But I hadn't planned on those
parents of mine. They hung onto
me, got all sorts of medical help,
and they beat it. I got well!
There I was, stuck in that life!
The worst part was that I didn't
have any life plan to guide me.
The one I wrote had ended
as a baby because I hadn't
expected to live on to adulthood.
Course, I didn't know anything

about plans. I was just a kid, fascinated with death. Kept running out in front of cars, bungee-jumping off of high bridges. Drove my folks crazy. Then, when I was sixteen, I just shot myself. I didn't know why. Shocked everybody! And after it happened, one of the worst things was, that I had to hang around and see what it did to my folks. They couldn't see me, but I was stuck there for a long time. Not fun! See... if you take death into your own hands, there's never anybody on the Other Side to meet you! They have no warning you're coming. It's like showing up uninvited. That's not a nice feeling. So, you have to hang around Earth, till they can cobble up a plan for you. It just makes a mess on both sides, is all I can say. Now, I'm going back down to work on suicide prevention.

On one of his wanderings to the kitchen for ice, Warren picks up an old, battered guitar. He tunes it and begins strumming softly. He thinks for a moment.

WARREN

I had no idea that these life plans were so important. It's really good for me to go through all this. I can see that

I'm not ready to advise anybody about their plans. I'd guess I'd better think about my own a little more. What would have happened to Bobby if he had stayed on in his life.... say, to an old age? Is it possible to "wing it?" Even if you don't have a plan?

GROGAN

Possible, but not easy. That's where having a good supply of character comes in handy. The chances are that he would have drifted through that life, not making much of a mark. But, he wouldn't have had to suffer "between the cracks" of these two worlds, either. Your life plan is like a kind of traffic map Or a piece of software, that helps sort out the millions and billions of choices there are, down in a physical existence. If you don't have a good plan, then you tend to sort of bop around, never settling on anything, anywhere. Okay, let's continue.

WYATT

Hey Bobby! You've sure been through it! Welcome back! You won't do that again! And I won't neither, thanks to you. But I've got a thing about death, too. I don't know what gets into me,

but when I get down on Earth, I
get all daredevil! I like to flirt
with death! Not that I want to
die. I never do. It's just that I
don't believe that I CAN die,
cause I've always got to do so
many risky, stupid, dumb and
crazy things. Like ride my big
'ol Harley across chasms; barrel
off huge waterfalls.... all that
show-off stuff...death-defying
stuff. I usually wind up working
in Hollywood as a stuntman. I
get all busted up, but I don't die.
Then, I live to this very old age,
and I'm all messed up with my
injuries. It gets so bad, I beg God
to take me....I'm so sick of my
old, broken-down body.... finally,
I die in my nineties, of old age.
Now I've found out that I was
always writin' plans to die real
late, but fillin' my life with death....
And daring it to get me sooner,
and havin' an ego about cheatin' it.
I had one foot on the gas pedal and
the other on the brake, all through
every one of those lives. Why'd I
do that?

GROGAN

You were focusing on the wrong
end of life, Wyatt. These death
plans that you have all written
on your scrolls, are pretty much
unchangeable once Whitehorse

sends them to the Upper Levels. Whatever you've chosen to be your method of death...and your time of death, that's pretty much what is going to happen. Right now, it's your birth plans that he's working on and you have outlined the general events, but you don't always get much say in where, or to whom, you will be born. You might or you might not. He's picking the right set of combinations, as we speak. So, a lot of birth details are decided for you. But death, you do have some influence over. At least, right now, you do. When you get down there, you don't. You can't change what you wrote and you don't remember that you wrote it. So, it'll come out just like you designed it. That's one thing you don't ever have to worry about.

WYATT

You sure about that? Cause, this time, I don't want to live to no ninety! I'm writin' fifty-five. Promise me, they won't leave me down there till I'm droppin' on the vine again, like all the other times. But the other thing that I'm suddenly feelin' scared about is ...what if I got in the habit of dyin' old? What if I don't want ta' go when my time

does come? I'll tell you... death
sure is a mighty big problem...
see what I mean?

GROGAN

Could be, Wyatt, because there
is one catch. You will have to
agree to die when it's your time.
They will ask you, usually in
your sleep, "Are you ready to
die and come with us?" All you
have to do is say yes. If you
say no, then you'll grow older
and older, till you just wear out,
simply because your body won't
last any longer. It's because of
the free will that we have in this
universe. Even if it's written on
your plan to die at a certain
time, They'll ask for your con-
sent sometime before it's set to
happen. It's not to your advan-
tage to refuse, but They do keep
asking you and giving you other
chances to die.

ESTHER

I love the way that we're asked
for permission on everything,
even birth. We have to volunteer
to re-enter life on Earth. We are
really looked after, if only we
cooperate.

WARREN

What happens when somebody

keeps saying “No” when they are asked? Most people are afraid of death and don’t want anything to do with it.

Martha taps Martin’s arm and pantomimes that this is her case. He agrees in pantomime.

GROGAN

Their new astral body is ready to receive them and be worn in the Heavenly world. Right then, it’s fresh, young and perfect. But it will begin to age. And the longer it’s kept waiting, the more stale and withered up it becomes, simply because they won’t agree to go at the time they’d planned to, in pre-life. All Earth people seem to think that it’s just magic Up Here, but even so, everything has a system and an optimum time frame. There are lots of dangers in going down to a physical existence and this is definitely one of them.

BUTCH

Ohmigosh! I’ve just had a breakthrough! I used to think I was afraid of death, but, I’ll bet it was really a fear of growing old. See, I would always get divorced and marry someone half my age, just to prove that I

wasn't aging. This helps me a lot! Winnie, I promise not to do that in this lifetime. And, I'm not going to refuse to die the first time they ask me, either!

PENELOPE

I'm going to start thinking about dying as a way to get out of there and back up here.

WARREN

Hey, death is like a bus. It's your ticket to ride!

INT. THE GROUP CIRCLE - NIGHT

The meeting has lasted a very long time and everyone is squirming. Warren breaks into full and loud strumming on the guitar and starts singing about getting on a bus bound for heaven. Everyone begins to sing and prance around, dancing with each other. Penelope looks surprised and pleased. But there's one more person whom we haven't heard from. The laid-back Aussie adventurer has been patiently listening for hours, responding enthusiastically to what is said. But he hasn't said a word. He politely remains sitting when the others explode into wild dance exercise, as if to remind somebody....anybody.....that he hasn't had his turn yet. Grogan notices and shouts above the din.

GROGAN

Ohmigod! Jimmy John! Quick, in ten words or less, tell us who you are and what you are!

Jimmy John grins, stands on his chair, assumes a

courageous pose and shouts:

JIMMY JOHN

Crikey, Mates! I'm Jimmy John,
and I'm going down to tame
lions!

Everybody roars with laughter at his puzzling and preposterous announcement. They start singing even louder. Esther pretends to be a lion with her paw raised against Jimmy John. He starts to crack an invisible whip, thinks better of it, and grabs her around the waist for a dramatic kiss. They bend over, like tango dancers, for the kiss, and then continue in an exaggerated tango. Martin and Martha also tango, dip, swoop, and kiss. The whole group falls all over each other, dancing, singing, whooping happily around, including Whitehorse. Grogan good-naturedly lets his girl be monopolized by the lion-tamer

INT. HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT.

Marishka and Whitehorse come, arm in arm, down the hall. She opens the dorm door, like a mother checking on her sleeping children. Both look in at the recruits tucked in their bunks, nod approvingly to each other, and then head together into Whitehorse's bedroom. All is quiet. Then, here come Grogan and Esther, kissing, necking, and laughing quietly as they tango to Grogan's door. Just before they enter, Esther pretends to be a lion and he copies Jimmy John's moves in taming her.

EXT. PATH TO OCEAN - MORNING

The parka-clad group emerges, full of anticipation. They gather around a large petrified-tree-stump table on which is a tray containing generous mugs and a large teapot. The

loving camaraderie continues in soft, quiet, heartfelt goodbyes. Some shake hands, some hug, wishing each other good luck, promising to meet again. Martin and Martha cling to each other. But, Esther is not in sight. Grogan appears with a small flame thrower and a shovel. Warren carries eleven metal poles.

MARISHKA

Grogan! May I serve the tea?

GROGAN

Be my guest, Madame!

PENELOPE

We're going to drink tea? Now?

JIMMY JOHN

It's Forget Tea. One of the very best parts of this morning's operation!

GROGAN

Yeah, everybody loves it! Hey Warren, don't drink any. I need you to be herd dog. You can take this thermos and some extra pills for later. By that time, your tea will be cold and you'll need an extra boost.

Marishka fills the mugs with steaming tea. Everyone drinks with gusto.

MARISHKA

Are you feeling good now? All warm and fuzzy inside? In a

minute, you won't remember much about your life Up Here. Your minds will begin to prepare themselves for Earth thinking. All the details and lessons will...we hope ... remain with you on a cellular level but you won't be able to recall anything about all this, even last night's get-together. And the cold, watery experience of this entry into your next Earth life will feel just fine.

JOE

Why do the good things have to be so brief?

PENELOPE

You know what? Maybe they don't! We just have to make them happen like that on Earth.

Grogan again reacts approvingly to Penelope's unexpected maturity and wisdom. Just a glance, a smile or a nod.

MARISHKA

Very good, Penelope! You will also never find any Forget Tea down there, though there are a lot of poor substitutes. Try to resist their siren song if you can.

Grogan and Warren pick up their equipment and lead the group to the water's edge. They wave goodbye to Whitehorse, smiling at them from behind the window.

INT. WHITEHORSE'S POINT OF VIEW - MORNING

He is very busy with last-minute demands of this delicate part of the send-off, but he enjoys the farewell before turning back to his desk. We see empty mugs and the pitcher on the outside table.....and then spot Martha and Martin scurrying back to pour a little more tea and chug-a-lug it before running to join the group.

EXT. AT THE WATER'S EDGE - DAY

Grogan has chopped off some chunks of floating ice and has inserted a metal pole in the center of each using a portable fire contraption, like a big barbeque grill lighter. An old-fashioned telephone receiver dangles on a cord from the top of every pole. There's a crude hook for it, midway up the pole.

GROGAN

(demonstrating)

Okay, this is your phone. You have only one call. When you pick this up, it automatically dials Whitehorse. He'll know where you are, even if you can't say a word. Somehow, you will know when you've reached your entry destination, and then, and only then, should you call in. Okay! That's about it! Ready?

While Grogan is talking about the phones, Warren, standing near the rear of the group, reaches into his parka pocket and surreptitiously looks at his own cell phone, which he has snatched back from the garbage can where he'd thrown it yesterday.

They all nod to Grogan and line up to step aboard their ice floes, with feet on either side of the slender pole, which they grip with both hands. One by one, they launch and are caught by the strong current and sent bobbling on their way. Warren is last, after a particularly-dazed Martha and Martin have set out, side by side. From the shore, the brave little party looks like a bunch of very slow, sail-less, windsurfers, heading through the narrow channel leading to the sea. Then Martin's ice floe wobbles. He gropes, loses his balance, knocks his phone off the hook, and falls into the cold water.

EXT. CLOSE BEHIND M & M'S ICE FLOES - DAY

Martha takes immediate action, holding out her hand and grabbing Martin's as it sticks up from the water. Somehow, she pulls him on board her little chunk of ice and we see them disappear into the fog, holding tightly to each other, and practically sinking her little ice floe.

EXT. BEHIND WARREN'S ICE FLOE - DAY

Warren, the herd dog, looks helplessly back to the shore, grimacing and signaling to Grogan, who gives a shrug of his shoulders and turns to go inside. Reassured that there's nothing to be done about Martha and Martin's dependency issues, Warren goes back to riding his floe.

INT. WHITEHORSE'S DESK AREA - DAY

GROGAN

Yep! She just reached out and grabbed his hand. He was glad to get it, too. So much for their grand plans. No rescuing...no

mothering...no needing all that.
Oh brother!

WHITEHORSE

Yeah, he asked me special not to make him wait too long to get into life. He was nervous about those ice floe things. I called for him to fall in almost immediately. I had such a great family picked out for him. Too bad! Another still-birth! Who knows what will happen now?

INT. QUONSET LIVING ROOM - DAY

Esther's face appears from behind a bookshelf.

ESTHER

Surprise! TWO stillbirths! I hid in the tool shed! You knew, didn't you, Grogan? I hope so! This way, we'll have a little time together. In the meantime, Randall, why can't I be a French child? Blind, wheelchair, sevenjust French!

Whitehorse sputters. Grogan whirls Esther around and escorts her, tango fashion, towards the other end of the Quonset hut.

EXT. VIEW OF OCEAN END OF THE CHANNEL - DAY

The main group of recruits has veered to the right, as their ice floes emerged into the Antarctic Ocean. But because of

the extra weight, M&M's floe is diverted to the left by a red current, running just below the blue surface riptide.

MARTHA

(a little high)

Stop wobbling! Look what you've done! We should be going that way. Help me get us turned around.

MARTIN

(also loopy)

I didn't do anything! I'm just freezing cold, that's all. You didn't get wet. Don't pick on me!

MARTHA

Well, they're leaving us behind! I think we need to stay with them.

MARTIN

Who are they, anyway?

MARTHA

I have no idea, actually. How did we get out here? It's awfully cold.

MARTIN

Maybe we fell off a boat. This is really not a very big platform here! Hey, look! A phone! We can call 911 for rescue! Shoot! No dial! What sort of a phone is this?

EXT. WARREN'S ICE FLOE - DAY

When M&M's floe goes in the wrong direction, Warren realizes something is wrong and immediately begins to wrestle with his floe to make it follow them. This is no easy task and is accomplished only with a great deal of jumping and twisting, while trying to keep his pole-phone from falling off of its cradle. But, he manages to get caught up in the reddish-blue current, at last. It happens accidentally, when his foot slips and he winds up straddling the pole with his legs dangling in the cold water, giving the lower current something to grab hold of.

So begins the slowest chase in history. Our snowmobile-revver is very frustrated and is reduced to rocking his craft to try to get some speed out of it. Of course, his feet are going numb and he loses the purple current altogether when he takes them out of the water.

INT. WHITEHORSE'S WORKBENCH - DAY

Whitehorse is working on Esther's new birth information when an alarm goes off and a red light begins to blink on his console. This gets his attention and he switches on a radar-type screen overhead.

WHITEHORSE

(muttering)

That's Martha's light, but she's
nowhere near her destination!

Oh my God! GROGAN!

GET OUT HERE! WE GOT A

CODE RED!!!

Sirens split the air. Lights begin to flash on other pieces of equipment in the alcove. There is clearly an emergency of

enormous proportions. Grogan runs out of his bedroom, shoeless, pulling his shirt on over his head, followed shortly by a tousled Esther.

GROGAN

What's happening?

WHITEHORSE

Martha and Martin have headed left. They are in the purple current and they will soon hit the Crystal Barrier Reef.

GROGAN

Oh. My. God! How can we stop them? Where's Warren?

Another buzzer alarm goes off and a second red light blinks. Another dot shows up on the screen.

WHITEHORSE

Okay! He's on it! That's him. Must be trying to follow them. Good!

GROGAN

Yeah! But what can he do? We're so close to the border and if either one of them breaches it.....I hate to think!

ESTHER

Ohmigosh! I didn't know we were that close to the cosmic anti-flooding barrier. What's the name of it? Oh yes, the

Antideluvian Border. This is a more dangerous business than any of us realized.

WHITEHORSE

Well, there's a lot we don't tell you.

GROGAN

If only we could talk to Warren! That pole-phone won't take incoming calls, will it?

WHITEHORSE

Nah! Wish it did!

ESTHER

Wait a minute! He has his cell phone! I saw him dig it out of the trash, just before breakfast!

WHITEHORSE

Now you're talking! You've just earned yourself anything you can ask for! I can pick up his signal. There!

EXT. WARREN'S FLOE BEHIND M & M'S - DAY

Warren is desperately rocking his floe, trying to gallop it like a hobby horse, extending his reddened bare feet on the backswing. He sits upon his boots. The ocean water is changing from purple to red. He gains on the other floe but isn't there yet. His face lights up when the cell phone in his pocket begins to ring! Incredulous, he pulls it from his pocket and works his stiff fingers to answer it. He is shivering by now.

WARREN

Huh-huh-huh---hullo? Jane, is that you, Honey? I've been real busy or I'da called. Little bit busy right now, as a matter of fact...What? Whitehorse? Am I glad you called! We have a bit of a problem!"

INT. WHITEHORSE'S WORK AREA - DAY

Everyone is tense. Buzzers, sirens and alarms are still going off. Red lights flash. The radar screen shows two dots approaching a large, forbidding barrier.

WHITEHORSE

Boy, are we glad to get hold of you too. Bless that little cell phone of yours! Listen! Those two are going to breach more than a Crystal Reef in just a few minutes! You ever hear of the Antideluvian Border? Under no circumstances must they be allowed to cross it!

EXT. WARREN'S FLOE - DAY

Warren struggles to a standing position, awkwardly pulling on his boots. The floe tips precariously.

WARREN

Yes, I do know the implications! It prevents our water planet from putting out the fires on Mars. They must be stopped! I've hit a

red current and I'm picking up speed. Looks like they're having problems. If I catch up with them, what shall I do?

INT. WHITEHORSE'S AREA - DAY

WHITEHORSE

You have to kill them. Drown them so we can get them to a birth. They're overdue and way off course, but I can work with that.

Grogan is twisting dials on one of the machines, trying to help Whitehorse. Esther covers her mouth with her hands in shock.

ESTHER

Kill them? Warren can't kill anything bigger than a bug!

GROGAN

Maybe he won't have to. The reef monsters will soon be out if they get any closer.

She looks at him quizzically.

GROGAN

No, no, no! They're good guys! Border Patrol! The last line of protection to keep Earthlings from crossing over the line to the birthing area for the Planet Mars.... you know, the Red Planet?

EXT. VICINITY OF M & M'S ICE FLOE - DAY

Martin is still working on placing a phone call. The rocks of the Crystal Barrier Reef are ahead with bright crimson waves crashing upon them.

MARTHA

Martin, dammit! Get off the
phone and help me! I see land.
Paddle for goodness sakes!

Now, they kneel and paddle on both sides of the ice floe. A giant squid rises up out of the red ocean water and aims a jet of black ink at the pair. It lands completely on Martin, soaking him and turning skin and clothing jet black. They are just recovering when a great red-eyed manta ray rises up, between them and the crystal rocks. He launches into the air to drive them back. They duck as he sails overhead and lands just beyond their ice floe. His sharp, poisonous tail flails around them.

Martin grabs the pole out of the floe and wields it like a weapon against the manta ray. He succeeds in whacking it enough to make it withdraw a bit. Next, a monstrous shark swims up, jaws open. Martha is frightened into paddling vigorously and landing the frozen raft on the rocks of the reef. She throws a boot into the shark's eye, which drives it off, and makes standing on the rock's surface with a bare foot very cold and uncomfortable for her.

EXT. THE CRYSTAL REEF - DAY

Warren is getting closer. He, too, has removed his phone pole from the hole in the floe and is using it as a tiller, working it back and forth to whip up some forward motion while the useless phone tangles around his legs. He speaks to Whitehorse on the cell phone. It helps that he is in the

strong flow of the current, as well. No reef monster threatens him though they swim nearby, watchfully. Martha and Martin stand defiantly on the reef. Martin's pole clatters to the jagged crystal surface when he spots Warren. Unnoticed, electrical sparks begin to arc between the pole and the crystal reef. Then, the two of them begin to call out to Warren and wave frantically.

BOTH M & Ms
Mister! Help us! We're in
trouble! You have a phone!
Please call the Coast Guard. We
need rescue.

INT. WHITEHORSE'S DESK - SUNSET

The sirens and other noisemakers are now turned off, though many red lights still flash urgently. Whitehorse is talking Warren through this.

WHITEHORSE
Okay, Warren! It's in your
hands now. Technically, they
are on Martian property. I
don't know how, but they've
just torn a hole in the upper
atmosphere of both planets.
You've got to get them under
control! If they go any further,
we're all screwed! Warren,
forget your Buddhist training!
Focus on that life as an
Executioner! Once you do get
them drowned, the sea monsters
will bring all three of you to the
correct rendezvous points for

birth. We're all counting on you,
Buddy!

GROGAN
(grabbing the phone)
I just thought of something!
Those pills I gave you! Use 'em!
That might knock them out, so
you can do the job. They won't
know a thing. I'll have more
Forget Tea and pills waiting for
you on your way back.

EXT. AT THE CRYSTAL REEF - SUNSET

Warren lands his float, places his pole back in the center
and gingerly steps over the crystal rocks to the poor,
frightened couple.

WARREN
Hey, friends! Looks like I came
along just in time! Let me help!

They fall gratefully into his arms.

Martin! You look good in black!

MARTIN
How..did you..know..my name?

WARREN
Oh...right! How about some hot
tea?

Out of a pocket, Warren removes a thermos and pours a
drink for them, one after the other. He puts a pill into the
cup each time. No one notices Martin's discarded phone

pole, with sparks sizzling like static, all along the length of it, everywhere it touches the crystal of the reef. Both Martin and Martha gratefully chug-a-lug the hot drink. Quickly, they are feeling no pain, behaving like drunks.

WARREN

Let's get that ink washed off,
Martin! And Martha, your foot
is all bloody. Let's wash it, too.

He stands between them, an arm around each, and they pass out on his shoulders. They are deeply asleep. Warren fishes for his pocketed cell phone and resumes his conversation with Whitehorse.

WARREN

I think they've overdosed.
Anyway, they're not going to run
over to the Mars' side in this
shape. What's that? The squid
will take Martin? You sure it
won't hurt him?

He wades out and the squid swims up and gently wraps the sleeping Martin with its front tentacles. This is suitable, since Martin is covered with the squid's ink. Then, the shark swims up and seems to want Warren to put Martha in its mouth. With genuine trepidation, Warren does so, surprised at the obvious "soft mouth" with which the shark holds her. The shark swims off to wait for Warren to get his transportation lined up.

Finally, the manta ray glides in and seems to suggest, with a ripple of its back that Warren climb aboard. He glances over to his ice raft, gives the animal the "wait a minute" sign and retrieves his pole with the all-important phone

attached. Now, it's the red-eyed ray's turn to look apprehensive until Warren assures the creature that he won't whack it, like Martin did. Warren climbs onto the creature's back and they are off, speeding rapidly towards blue water.

EXT. MOUTH OF THE NARROW INLET - DUSK

The strange procession comes upon a fresh ice floe, which has been sent out on the current to meet them.

WARREN

(on his cell phone)

Okay, I've spotted my new ride.
Thanks! What, you want my
cell phone? Noooooo.....I
haven't called Jane yet. Yes, I
know I have a phone on the new
floe, but that's only good for
one thing...Oh, well, all right.
Bye! It's been great working with
you, too. See you when I return
...when I'm dead again. Keep my
cell safe for me, will you? Yes,
I'm doing it right now.

He gingerly wraps his cell phone in the scarf and balances it on the back of the manta ray, then steps aboard his fresh ice floe, which carries him away on the bright blue current. There's another thermos of tea and a small box of pills lashed to the pole on the new floe. The ray glides smoothly through the narrow channel to deliver the little package to Grogan. The squid and shark carrying Martin and Martha are already well ahead, traveling rapidly and purposefully in the blue current.

EXT. UNDERWATER -NIGHT

The ocean appears very dark, at first, but the two undersea creatures carrying Martha and Martin begin to undulate and to speed very, very fast. Soon, the water becomes light and tropical and we glory in the beauty of the ocean deep, noticing that it goes from empty-of-life to teeming-with-life. We are making the transition between the two conditions, moving from non-material to material; spiritual to physical. Just at some invisible border, the sea creatures release the limp bodies and let them sink to the bottom. They watch for a moment before swimming back into the deep regions of the ocean.

INT. A MATERNITY WAITING ROOM - DAWN

A very weary extended family is clustered in the waiting room. They are noticeably beautiful people, obviously well-to-do, winners all..., the kind who succeed brilliantly in college, business, and society. The Country Club set. There is a great-grandmother, two sets of grandparents and four children of various ages.

A very Ivy League MARTIN ROLAND, “ROLLY,” BUCKMINSTER looks exhausted, as if he’s been through the wringer. He staggers happily in to join them.

ROLLY BUCKMINSTER

Guess what everybody! After the longest, hardest labor that the doctors have ever seen, she’s fine! Really tired but doing fine. I have some surprising news! We have twins!

A GRANDMOTHER

But wouldn't that have shown
on the ultrasound?

ROLLY BUCKMINSTER

One's a girl and one's a boy...
It took a long time but it
was worth it. Everybody's fine.
Come on, the nursery's down
the hall here.

Rolly runs his hand through his hair and lets out a deep breath. He's a typical new father who loves his big brood. The family peppers each other with questions as they walk to the nursery, and then wait for the nurse to bring the babies to the window.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM ON MATERNITY FLOOR - DAY

CANDICE BUCKMINSTER is sitting up in bed. Flowers fill every surface. The whole family crowds into the room, talking and laughing, and still expressing surprise at there being twins. A nurse brings the two babies and puts them in Candice's arms. She cuddles and kisses both, and everyone explores the tiny features.

A SMALL GIRL

What are we going to name
them, Mommy?

CANDICE

Well, we're going to name her
Martha Sue, after you, Grand-
mother. And, he'll be Martin,
Jr. after his dad, Martin Roland
Buckminster.

THE YOUNGER CHILDREN

Yeah! Marty and Marty!

Hey, little Marty! Hey, other
little Marty!

They're the M & Ms.

The twins squirm and wake up, squinting up at the family and peer over at each other, flailing their little hands about. The girl squints up at her mother and the boy gazes at the crowd that is his new surprise family. Everybody laughs and claps.

INT. THE QUONSET HUT LIVING ROOM - DAY

The delighted laughter of the Buckminster family blends in with soft laughter among three tired friends in the Quonset hut. Whitehorse, Grogan, and Esther are collapsed on anything comfortable around the stove. They're indulging in champagne to celebrate avoiding a major disaster. The recent launching events have exhausted them.

ESTHER

Did everybody get where
they were going, Whitehorse?

WHITEHORSE

Yep! Even our involuntary
"Mars Landing Party!"

GROGAN

I didn't think Warren was due
yet.

WHITEHORSE

Oh yeah, everybody but Warren.
He'll be pretty worried by now,
thinking we've forgotten about
him. But I had this all arranged
before I knew he'd be delayed.
It's an unusually long trip but
he'll manage.

GROGAN

I gotta tell ya! He's our man!
You were right about him! He
handled that emergency very
smoothly Thank goodness, he
went after them immediately!
That was mighty quick thinking.
It could have gotten really messy,
if those two had gone past the reef
thinking they could find land.

ESTHER

Why? What's beyond it, besides
a bright red sea?

WHITEHORSE

Well, for starters, a whole
different sub-structure
underlying every thing. Just
beyond that, our water drains
away from the Martian iron
elements. It's complicated.

ESTHER

I think we've just discovered a
tiny detail that needs tweaking,
here in this little out-of-the-way

corner of the universe. Why did they put these remote planetary birthing stations so close to each other?

WHITEHORSE

Global Warming! There used to be a heck of a lot more ice around here keeping things separate. Now, the glaciers are calving, the Antarctic is melting. Call it continental drift, if you will. We're the ones who have moved! Not the Martians!

ESTHER

Ohmigosh! We invaded Mars?

WHITEHORSE

Yep! But, luckily, they understand! Too bad the atmospheres can't be so forgiving.

GROGAN

Okay! So, in the heat of that excitement, you let slip something about the danger to Planet Earth. Did it happen? And, if so, how bad is it?

WHITEHORSE

Yes, it did happen. Eventually, we must bring all three of them back there to fix it. But we can't do that now while they're down there on Earth.

ESTHER

Did the Solar System get
endangered?

WHITEHORSE

No, just Earth's atmosphere.
They caused a rip in the ozone
layer. It'll leak and make some
changes in Earth's weather and
solar radiation, but the tear is
small, so it should be okay to
wait for a generation or two....

GROGAN

Well, that doesn't sound so
bad!

WHITEHORSE

.....Aaaannnnd.....there's a
brand new crater on the surface
of Mars! As you may already
know, they don't have much
atmosphere to damage. That's
why the population lives inside.
Mars is an eggshell planet. They
feel sorry for us Earthlings,
living like bacteria upon the
exterior of our egg. No Martian
would ever invade Earth! Too
easy to fall off! I'm not kidding.
I've had many a conversation
with them about this. In fact,
just today, my Martian counter-
part couldn't even begin to
appreciate what a tear in the
atmosphere meant to us.

GROGAN

Nor can we get too upset about
a crater.

WHITEHORSE

Exactly. But think of it as a
potential pinhole in a balloon
and you'll get an idea of their
danger with a slow but steady
leaking out of their atmosphere.
This is exactly what our ozone
hole is causing for Earth. They
don't expect their new M&M
crater to penetrate the planet's
substrata right away, so we
have time on their end, too.....I
hope! None of this is an exact
science. As we just learned
today.

ESTHER

Good thing Warren doesn't
know this! He's so conscien-
tious; he'd want to get right on
it.

WHITEHORSE

That's what I figured. Let him
enjoy a paradisiacal life while
he can. And then, we'll throw
the three of them at the ozone
holes! Time moves differently
in pre-life. Years on Earth
are just a few minutes to us.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - A UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

MUSIC: A WEDDING MARCH

EXT. - A SMALL CAMPUS CHAPEL- DAY

INT. INSIDE THE CHAPEL - DAY

There is a wedding in progress. We approach the bride and groom from the rear. When they turn to kiss, we see that it is Winnie and Butch. As they turn to leave the altar, we see that she is very pregnant and that his right foot is in a cast. He uses one crutch to make it down the aisle. But they are happy young people and very much in love. Everyone clusters around, throwing rice as they exit the chapel.

INT. INSIDE THE RECEPTION HALL - DAY

The couple cuts the cake during the joyful celebration. Two burly football players stand talking and drinking punch.

1st FOOTBALL PLAYER

Boy, it's a shame that Butch had to break his foot in last week's game. That's a bum way to go on a honeymoon!

2nd FOOTBALL PLAYER

Yeah, he was just kicking for the extra point. He's done that a million times. Don't know what went wrong this time? Just a fluke, I guess.

1st FOOTBALL PLAYER

Guess so. It's his senior year. I

know how he hates to miss any games but the doctor thinks he might be out for the season. I don't think he's told Butch yet, though. That guy thinks he's "Mr. College Football!" He's not going to like being sidelined.

INT. WINNIE AND BUTCH AND CAKE - DAY

INT. WINNIE AND GUESTS - DAY

GIRL GUEST

It was a lovely wedding, Winnie. And this is great cake. Where are Butch's folks? Couldn't they make it?

WINNIE

That's not it. When we told them about the wedding and the baby and all, they just hung up the phone. They didn't want to hear it. There was some girl back home...Serena...they wanted him to marry. You know ... the right connections, and all that. His folks are still paying his school expenses, at least what his football scholarship doesn't cover; but they let us know that was going to be all. It's not a real good scene, right now, with his Mom and Dad.

GIRL GUEST

Oh, that's awful! At least, your folks are here! How's the baby doing? A boy, didn't you say? When's he due?

WINNIE

In two months! How's that for a fast start?

INT. A STUDENT HOUSING APARTMENT - DAY

The studio apartment is simple, sparsely-furnished, married student housing. The room is cluttered with all the accoutrements of life with a baby. Winnie, still in her nightgown, studies in an old arm chair. She is a nursing student and a student nurse's uniform hangs on the outside of the closet door. The four-month-old baby starts to yowl in the bassinette. Winnie tries a pacifier, which works for a moment but not for long. She sighs and picks him up, glancing at the clock. It's 2:00 p.m.

The door opens revealing a cold, snowy day. Butch enters, struggling with crutches. He hobbles over to the bed, sits heavily on it, and puts his head in his hands. He has a cast on his foot and leg. When Winnie looks inquisitively at him, he begins to cry. So does the baby. Winnie gets the baby and a bottle and comes to sit beside Butch on the unmade bed. Her husband is a macho, university, All-Star football player. She has never seen him cry. Winnie rubs his back, puts her head on his hunched shoulder, then puts the baby back in the bassinet.

WINNIE

Butch, what in the world is the matter? I've never seen you cry

before.

BUTCH

I just came from my appointment with the doctor. I knew something was wrong because my bones haven't healed, even after all these months.

WINNIE

Yeah, but you did fall again and re-break them. That set you way back.

BUTCH

No! It's worse than that. Lots worse. I can't believe it. I'm way too young. Why me? We've just gotten married... the baby....my life's all ahead of me!

WINNIE

Honey, what are you talking about? What's the matter?

BUTCH

The doctor did another X-ray study. My foot's not healing fast enough. Oh Winnie, he showed me the X-rays. (starts to sob again) It's bad, Honey, it's real bad.

WINNIE

You mean, you're not going to get out of your cast yet? ?

BUTCH

No! Lots worse than that! He says I have bone cancer. Real bad, advanced bone cancer! It's already spread. Winnie, this means I'm going to die!

WINNIE

Oh my God, Butch! Oh my God, Honey! Oh, I love you so much! Don't worry, you can beat it. You'll be okay. We'll be okay. Are you sure that doctor knows what he's talking about?

BUTCH

(nods miserably)

It's the big university hospital. They're the best. He had already consulted with the head of the Oncology Department. I may not even make it to graduation. If I'm lucky, I might make it through the summer, but I don't have all that long. It's not fair! I'm a man! I'm a husband! I'm a father! Doesn't any of that count?

They hold each other and break down crying, as does the baby.

INT. BUTCH'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

WINNIE

The doctor says the tests will

only take a few days. You can come home on Friday. How do you feel?

BUTCH

Like I got hit by a Mack truck. Everything hurts. Do you s'pose there's something about just knowing it's cancer, that makes it hurt more? I just keep on imagining what those bones look like in there and then I think of them as crumbling... and they really start to throb. And that's with all these pain-killers in me.

WINNIE

Honey, we've got to tell your folks. They deserve to know.

BUTCH

Yeah, you're right. But they were so nasty about us, and all. About the wedding...about the baby.... about me not wanting to marry their precious Serena, the "right kind of girl!" That still pisses me off. They didn't even get to know you. They practically threw me away!

WINNIE

I know, Honey, but they love you.... they do! They just don't know anything about showing it,

that's all. They just think that life goes along in a perfect way and that nothing is allowed to go wrong. Ever! Well, it does go wrong ... all the time ...and they'd better just wake up to that fact!

BUTCH

Well, I can't call them. I can't even speak to my dad anymore. I guess I never could. I thought if I won All-Star, then maybe he would love me. But, I sure found out that wasn't true when they turned their backs on me when we got married. Just what do I expect them to do now? This is the ultimate failure!

WINNIE

I'll do it. I'll tell them. What can we lose, right? But they are your folks and they deserve to know. I've got to go to class now. Luckily, it's right here in the hospital. The baby's in the day care unit, so I'll come back to see you as soon as class is over. Don't worry, Honey, things could be a lot worse!

BUTCH

How? Just how could they be any worse than this?

WINNIE
You COULD have married
Serena!

She gives him a silly grin and ducks out the door.

INT. AN ATTRACTIVE STUDENT APARTMENT - DAY

It is early summer. The baby is nine months old and happily sitting in a playpen. A middle-aged, prosperous-looking couple, Butch's parents, sits at the dining room table with Winnie. They are talking softly. Butch's hospital bed occupies one corner of the living room. He is asleep. There are monitors and wires at the head of the bed. A nurse sits by his bedside, reading.

BUTCH'S MOTHER
We're so sorry we couldn't get here last week. It was Susie's second wedding and we thought we had better go. We've missed too many weddings. (she nods towards Butch) He's changed in just two weeks. How's his pain level?

WINNIE
They may have to put him back in the hospital. His bones are so brittle now and his pain is getting worse. They've let him stay home this long, thanks to all the home nursing care that you are providing but Dr. Sands warned me that any day now it might become too much of a job

and he'll need to go back in.
We're both so grateful that he
has had this time to get to know
the baby.

BUTCH'S DAD

And you? How are you holding
up? You can't be getting much
sleep these days. Is everything
all right, money wise? Do you
need anything else? Just let me
know.

WINNIE

No, we're good. You've already
done so much for all of us.
Thanks so much! At least
money is not a problem. That
makes Butch feel so much better
about leaving me and the baby.

Butch's Dad walks over to the hospital bed and touches his
shoulder.

BUTCH'S DAD

I wish I'd done things differently
with this boy! With all of them,
frankly. I love you, son!

Butch rouses, smiles and puts his hand over his dad's hand.
Then, he goes back to sleep. The baby reaches out his hands
to be picked up. Butch's mom immediately responds and
goes to the playpen to lift him out, cooing and kissing him.

EXT. A FUNERAL AROUND AN OPEN GRAVE - DAY

Winnie, holding the year-old baby, stands between two sets

of parents, hers and his. All are crying or holding back tears. Winnie passes the baby to Butch's mom when she goes forward to put a long-stemmed rose on Butch's coffin. All the football players and many college friends are in attendance.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT OF THE CEMETARY, THE UNIVERSITY TOWN, THE COUNTRYSIDE. A WIDER AND WIDER, HIGHER ANGLE. THEN, MOVE OUT AND AWAY, LIKE A JET PLANE, WE ZOOM FAR OUT TO SEA.
EXT. THE OPEN OCEAN SURFACE - BRIGHT HOT DAY

The water is turquoise and very clear. In the distance, a lonely figure stands, bobbing up and down on the waves.

EXT. WARREN'S ICE FLOE - DAY

Warren balances on a badly shrunk ice floe. He is crossing the Equator in the Southern seas and he is hot. His parka dangles around his waist. Finally, he takes it off and hooks it on the top of the phone pole. He tries to be relaxed but his hand often wanders towards the phone. He frequently checks his empty wrist, forgetting that he threw his watch away.

WARREN

(shouting to the sky)
Hey, Whitehorse! Grogan!
Something's wrong. You
must have forgotten me
after that little Mars detour!
Or, did you just want to get
rid of me? I'm sorry that
happened. Guess I'm not that
qualified to run things, after
all. Hey, this ice thing is
melting! (to himself) No,

I've got to just calm down! I'm
here to learn patience.

EXT AERIAL SHOT – DAY

Desolation of the vast, deep, endless ocean, with a tiny figure of a lone man on a tiny ice floe. Nothing but waves and sunshine on the water. Off in the distance, there is a fast-moving sailing vessel heading straight for Warren.

EXT. OCEAN FROM WARREN'S POINT OF VIEW - DAY

View of the yacht rapidly approaching Warren

EXT. WARREN ON THE ICE FLOE - DAY

Warren is excited; he waves and yells at the people on the yacht and his hand stays close to the phone, ready to call at the definitive moment.

EXT. YACHT DRAWS CLOSE TO WARREN - DAY

It is so close that the people on deck can easily be seen. There is a wealthy-looking couple and a five-year-old girl. The child looks just like her blonde mother. Socialites lean over the rail, drinks in hand. The crew works the sails and the wheel. They look directly at Warren, but obviously do not see him as he jumps, yells, and waves.

EXT. STERN OF RECEDING YACHT - DAY

The golden letters spell out the name:

“Cattle Call, Galveston, Texas.”

EXT. WARREN ON THE ICE FLOE - DAY

Warren's face registers shock and disbelief, as well as major disappointment.

WARREN

I don't understand! They told me to wait for "something to happen." That looked pretty good to me! Those folks were rich! I wouldn't mind that. Not one bit! They couldn't see me. I must not have entered Earth life yet. Shoot! I was almost from Texas.

SHOW THE DULL PASSAGE OF TIME: Shots of Warren trying to lie down; curling up on his parka, there is very little room on the small ice floe by now. He shifts positions frequently; lies on his back, feet dangling in the water. He checks his wrist frequently, forgetting that he no longer wears a watch. He studies the phone for long moments, then shades his eyes and checks the horizon. Finally, he removes his winter clothing and tosses parka and pants into the sea.

EXT A GREEN ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE - DAY

EXT. A HOTEL BEACH - DAY

EXT. WARREN FROM THE REAR, - DAY

Warren is standing on what remains of the ice floe. The waves bring him closer to the beach. Suddenly, he chips at the ice with the bottom of the phone pole; then finds and opens his thermos; scrapes up the ice chips and carefully funnels them in; remembers something and chips some

more ice to chew. He shakes the thermos like a drink shaker, and downs the Forget Tea and pills. We follow the floe to shore until it pitches forward on the sand. Warren falls in the shallow, turquoise water, face-down, spread-eagled. His phone pole bobs beside him. The phone is off the hook.

EXT. PARADISE ISLAND REEF HOTEL - DAY

Two men on a balcony are looking toward the place on the beach where Warren washed up. One of them points and both start running towards the spot.

EXT. TWO MEN AT THE EDGE OF THE SURF - DAY

They begin to look for the body. There is none! Then, one reaches down in the shallow water and picks up the pole with the dangling phone receiver. There's only a tiny piece of ice, about the size of an ice cube, left. One of them picks it up and turns it over in his hand. They look at each other, puzzled, still searching for the body that they had seen just moments ago. At last, they walk away, examining the pole and the strange phone. An open silver thermos rolls, undetected, a few feet underwater.

EXT. THE UPPER EDGE OF THE BEACH - DAY

A Polynesian woman and her two young sons gather shells. She is very, very pregnant. She puts her hand on her belly, obviously enjoying the feel of a kicking fetus within.

EXT. ISLAND IN SOUTH PACIFIC - SUNDOWN

TITLE: "TWENTY YEARS LATER"
TATU MORENGI ISLAND
SOUTH PACIFIC

EXT. PARADISE ISLAND REEF HOTEL - SUNDOWN

An overhead exploration of this ultimate luxury hotel reveals every amenity.

EXT/INT. INNER COURT DINING ROOM - EVENING

Open to the sky, the tropical courtyard is girdled with burning torches set in brackets on the wall and on posts in the ground. At one end is a large stage, decorated in the Polynesian tradition. A show is in progress for the well-dressed tourists who eat sumptuous meals at candlelit tables. All is the greatest luxury.

EXT/INT. THE RAISED STAGE - NIGHT

A group of Polynesian dancing girls perform a vigorous dance. Three male drummers sit behind large drums, providing strong, exciting music. The middle drummer has a distinctly Warren Smith face. They all leave the stage at the end of that act and a Polynesian, ukulele-playing, Master of Ceremonies announces the upcoming Fire Dance, performed by the island's young shaman, WARANGA TATU.

EXT/INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

WARANGA TATU, (20) the center drummer, is a handsome, well-built, Polynesian man. Though he may not look exactly the same, everything about him reminds us of Warren Smith. His mother and two older brothers help prepare his costume and torches for the Fire Dance. The three brothers are the drummers for the Polynesian show and then the two accompany Waranga for the Fire Dance.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BACKSTAGE PREPARATIONS

AND THE FRONT STAGE INTRODUCTION, USING
VOICE OVER.

EXT/INT. THE STAGE FROM AUDIENCE POV - NIGHT

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentlemen! You are
in for a very special treat tonight
here at The Paradise Island Reef
Hotel! This is the only hotel in
our whole island chain where
you can witness an authentic
Polynesian Fire Dance by a real
tribal shaman. Waranga Tatu is
the last one to have mastered
the secret language and ancient,
almost-forgotten rituals of our
culture's old religious ways. This
is no easy thing to do as the
training must be started in early
childhood. It requires a long and
difficult apprenticeship. Few
modern youth are willing to
submit themselves to such an
exacting discipline. Our Old
Religion is no longer practiced
by the people, so aside from
the preservation of age-old
knowledge, there's no appli-
cation for this learning. We are
thankful to our fine hotel for
sponsoring the nightly perfor-
mance of the Fire Dance allowing
us all to witness an ancient
ritual, practiced in these islands
since long before any white man

arrived The previous shaman
lived a long time...to the age of one-
hundred-and-one; he had always
prophesied that the sacred dance
would not continue far into the
new age. But when Waranga Tatu
was only a small boy, he decided
to train him in the Old Ways.

INT/EXT. ONSTAGE/BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

INTERCUTS FROM CLOSER RANGE

Waranga's two older brothers take their places at the drums and the mesmerizing beat begins. The crowd is very excited and applauds enthusiastically. Backstage, Waranga Tatu goes through preparatory moves, lighting, and checking the torches. The Announcer finishes his talk.

ANNOUNCER

So Ladies and Gentlemen,
please understand the rare
benefit of this opportunity
to witness the ancient
Polynesian Fire Dance! We
request that you do not take
photographs and that you
refrain from talking or
leaving your tables until the
dance is finished. Although
Waranga Tatu's skill is such
that he makes this dance look
easy, it is, in fact very
difficult to perform the
intricacies with the double-
ended torches. We are now

dousing all of the courtyard
lights so that nothing will
compete with Waranga Tatu
and his Dancing Fire!!!

INT/EXT. THE STAGE - NIGHT

Waranga Tatu explodes onto the stage as the drums reach an almost unbearable thundering pitch. The flaming dance is so skillfully performed that the audience sits stunned and in great awe. At last, the dance ends in a wild finale and Waranga Tatu exits....

EXT/INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

.....dousing his torches backstage in buckets of water while the audience responds with crescendos of applause. His family members help him remove his costume and tribal makeup.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

The sound of the continued show can be heard as the casually-dressed Waranga Tatu enters the hotel kitchen. Cooks and waiters greet him jovially and affectionately. Waranga Tatu laughs and returns their banter while grabbing a large plastic glass and filling it with small ice cubes from the *right-hand* side of the gleaming stainless steel ice bin. He stands for a moment, talking and throwing the little ice cubes into his mouth and chewing them.

EXT. LIP OF AN ACTIVE VOLCANO CRATER - DAY

Waranga Tatu is praying outdoors with his forehead to the ground. It is clear that this is his private spot for prayers, rituals and observances. Soon he puts his ear to the ground,

listening to the earth. Then he feels with the flat of his hand and finally stands to gaze into the smoking, active crater. Hands raised to the sky, facing inland toward the volcano mouth, he begins to chant.

WARANGA TATU

Oh Pele-Kali! You awaken!
I feel the stirring of your body. I
see your hot breath. One day
your fire will come again from
this...your open mouth....and we
will know that the Goddess of
Earth walks again! You are
seeking your Lover, The Sky. He
gazes down upon you watching
for your signal...your fiery call to
him. It will be soon! The Sea will
soon receive your gift, Oh, Pele-
Kali!

When he turns towards the sea, he spots a yacht under full sail approaching the island harbor

EXT. DOCK OF PARADISE ISLAND REEF HOTEL - DAY

The newly-arrived yacht is just tying up. A number of preppy, college-age kids wait to disembark. The uniformed captain and crew are busily securing the vessel before allowing the youth to leave the ship.

EXT. YACHT'S STERN - DAY

The gold letters spell: "Cattle Call," "Galveston, Texas."

EXT. ON BOARD THE YACHT - DAY

Young men and women are piling off the craft, carrying expensive luggage. All are talking and laughing loudly. Some boys have open bottles of liquor and joints of marijuana which they pass freely around. They flow in a cloud of their own noise to be greeted, effusively, by the Hotel Manager. As quiet returns onboard, two ship's officers lean on a gleaming brass railing, smoking cigarettes and watching the departing kids. They look like long-suffering hosts observing the departure of unwelcome guests.

CAPTAIN

I'm sure glad those aren't
my kids! It's hard enough
to be their captain. I wonder
if their parents know where
they are....or even care?

MATE

Obviously, they've been to
this island before!

CAPTAIN

Many times! Teeny has,
anyway. This island was a
favorite stopover of Teeny's
parents. After they died,
that little billionaire just
dove into this lifestyle with
gusto. She always did out-
party her folks and that's
saying something! She
says she never graduated
from college, she just took
it with her

MATE

Never stop partying. Nobody to tell you to go to bed....clean your roomget a job! Guess I went to the wrong school!

They laugh and go back to work.

EXT/INT. THE DINING COURTYARD - - NIGHT

The show is about to start. Teeny's group is loud and very distracting to the other guests. They act as if they own the world and are completely inconsiderate of those outside of their own close-knit group. When the dancing girls come on stage, the boys whistle and yelp at them, mocking the dance moves with innuendos and parodies.

EXT/INT. EDGE OF DINING COURTYARD - NIGHT

The hotel manager and the show announcer stand to one side, worried about the group's behavior.

ANNOUNCER

This crowd won't even listen to me, let alone be quiet for the Fire Dance What can you do to get them under control?

MANAGER

It's delicate. She spends lots of money every time that ship comes in. I don't want to send her to another hotel. I'll admit, this bunch is louder than most. They party hard but they spend a lot of money, so what can I do?

INT/EXT. ONSTAGE - NIGHT

The dancing girls leave the stage while Waranga Tatu whispers to his two fellow drummers. They nod and break into loud and violent drumming. Waranga Tatu slips backstage. The drumming stuns the loud partiers into fascinated silence. Soon Waranga Tatu returns, in full regalia, with unlighted torches, which he places in a holder. He looks magnificent, large and very strong, standing with legs apart and arms akimbo. The drumming subsides somewhat, but continues in its urgency. The show's announcer recognizes the change in routine and waits to see what the dancer is planning to do, happy to be relieved of the responsibility to quiet the crowd.

WARANGA TATU

I am the ancient medicine man
of Tatu Morengi Island! I was
born in the fire of the tall
volcano! I speak for the Fire
Goddess, Pele-Kali, who is now
hidden deep in heart of this
island! And she is also hidden
deep within my own heart! I
speak to her with my feet, with
my arms and with my torches.
Let none speak while I am
speaking! Let all listen for the
sound of her great Voice. Soon!
Soon the Fire Goddess will call
aloud with her mighty fire, to
all, once again! Listen for her
great command, hidden deep in
the fire of this island!

Waranga Tatu commandingly points his finger around the

crowd and stops, focusing on the boy who has been mocking the dancers. Silently, he summons the young man to the stage and hands him a burning fire stick. The boy is stunned into good behavior and looks small and young on the stage next to the imposing shaman, although they are exactly the same age. Waranga Tatu, using signals alone, commands the boy to light his torches. Meekly and carefully, the boy does as he is commanded and the dance begins with the powerful drumming swelling up to fever pitch. The boy barely gets out of the way and back to his seat without being swiped by one of the flying torches. The youth behave respectfully throughout the whole dance; even more so than previous audiences prepared by the Announcer.

EXT/INT. THE COURTYARD FLOOR - LATER

Waranga Tatu is dressed in white cotton pants and a flowered shirt, eating ice cubes and talking to friends on the edge of the hotel dance floor. TEENY (21) spots him and draws him into a waltz with her. He is treated like a movie star by her crowd, and he truly commands their respect.

MONTAGE OF SHORT SHOTS - DAY AND NIGHT

WARANGA TATU SOCIALIZING WITH TEENY'S GROUP;
SWIMMING IN THE SURF; SAILING FAST CANOES;
PLAYING TENNIS; SITTING AT THE HOTEL BAR;
LYING BESIDE THE POOL; DIVING FROM A HIGH
CLIFF INTO A LAGOON; DANCING TO THE BAND;

EXT. AN UMBRELLA TABLE NEAR THE POOL - DAY

A GIRL OF THE GROUP

Oh yes, we go everywhere
together. We're doing the South

Pacific now, but we'll be in all the European capitals starting this Fall. Oh, the hotels are so fancy!

WARANGA TATU
Who pays for all this?

A BOY OF THE GROUP
Teeney does! We're lucky to be in her crowd. She has so much money; she never has to think about it. We have the best. It's really a fun life.

EXT. NEARBY HOTEL GARDENS – DAY

Waranga Tatu's brothers are working in the gardens observing this conversation. They obviously disapprove.

1st BROTHER
Why does Waranga Tatu hang around with these kids all the time? Can't he see what they are?

2nd BROTHER
I don't know. He's taking some time off, I guess.

1st BROTHER
Well, they're no good! You ought to hear what my girlfriend says about what goes on at night! They sleep around, changing partners all the time.

Girls with boys, girls with girls,
boys with boys. Three, four,
at a time. She's sees a lot when
she's cleaning their rooms, and
there's always somebody else
moving in and trading sleeping
partners.

2nd BROTHER

Yeah? Really? Well, as if our
other guests are saints! But,
you're right; he hasn't been
the same since that yacht sailed
into port. I'll be glad when
they're gone.

INT. THE MAIN CABIN OF THE "CATTLE CALL" - DAY

Teen is showing Waranga Tatu around.

TEENY

This was my parents' yacht.
They bought it the year I was
born. I started sailing with
them when I was five.

WARANGA TATU

Where are they now?

TEENY

Oh, they died in a plane crash a
few years ago. Now all this is
mine. I can go anywhere I
want. I have so much money
that I can never use it up. So I
take my friends all over the

world. We sail where we like, when we like. And we also fly wherever we want to. We stay in the best hotels. Basically, we do whatever we want and there's nobody to tell us not to. It's a wonderful life! It's really a whole lot of fun! Have you ever been off this island?

WARANGA TATU

No, I never have. I can't even imagine the rest of the world. Of course, I've met people who come here on vacation from all over. And I've read about their countries....but how could I travel anywhere? It's just not possible. I earn good money but not that much.

Teeny presses close to him.

TEENY

Waranga Tatu! I'd like for you to come with us! I want you to join our group and come see the rest of the world. It won't cost you anything. I have so much money that I pay for everybody. Everything. All the plane fares, hotels, food, your clothes. You wouldn't need a penny.

Teeny takes Waranga Tatu by the arm and leads him to an available stateroom. She opens the door.

TEENY

Here! This is your stateroom.
You could have it all to yourself.
We each have our own private
room. We sleep together ...a
lot...but we do have our own
quarters. I think that's quite
important. Don't you?

She points down the hall, and leads him to a sumptuous
room.

TEENY

That's my bedroom, the master
suite. I'd love for us to sleep
together sometimes, but I
wouldn't limit you. No strings!
We all share! Maybe you could
do the Fire Dance for us once in
awhile. Some of the boys want
to learn how. But, that's entirely
up to you. It's a very free life!

They pass through to the dining hall and then the galley.
She leads him to a very large ice-maker.

TEENY

It's all yours!

Waranga Tatu says nothing. He just looks stunned as she
babbles on, trying to talk him into coming.

EXT. ON DECK OF THE CATTLE CALL - DAY

The Captain approaches Teeny and Waranga Tatu.

CAPTAIN

Teeny, I need to speak to you.
We sail tomorrow night, at
1900 and I have some details to
go over with you. Do you have a
minute?

TEENY

Sure. Just a second.

Teeny turns to Waranga Tatu and speaks softly, intimately,
to him.

TEENY

Please come with us! Don't
tell a soul. I don't think
your family would like it.
And don't tell the hotel!
You don't know how valuable
you are to them. Just be on
board before 7:00 o'clock,
tomorrow night. Oh yes,
your performance....you'll
have to cut it short. Or, better
yet, not even show up. But,
please come with us! I want
you to see the world! I can
give you everything! Will
you? Please?

WARANGA TATU

I...uh...I don't know. You don't
know what you're asking.

TEENY

Well, why would you want to stay
on this little island all your life? I

mean, it's a nice place to visit and all, but think about it...The world is so big and so different. Come on, admit it. You really do want to come with me, don't you?

WARANGA TATU
I'll have to think about it.

He sprints off the vessel, turns and waves.,

TEENY
(calling after him)
Just be here before we sail tomorrow night! That's all you have to do. Don't even bother bringing any clothes. I'll buy you new ones.

INT. AN INSIDE DINING ROOM - NOON

Teeny's group is at lunch, relaxed and noisy as usual. Waranga Tatu stands out of sight eating ice from a large plastic container, watching them. He looks thoughtful. His brother approaches.

1st BROTHER
Hey Buddy! You've been a little scarce this week! Maybe now that all your new friends are leaving, you'll have more time for your old friends.

Waranga Tatu takes a big gulp of ice, pats his brother on the shoulder and walks away.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - DAY

A new employee is told to clean the ice bin and then refill it. He does what he is told, emptying the cubes into storage pans and cleaning the parts of the machine. However, when he refills the two kinds of cubes into their respective bins, he puts them on the wrong sides, loading the large buffet, ice balls on the right side and the small drink ice squares on the left side; just opposite to the usual pattern. No one notices the mistake.

EXT. THE MARINA DOCK - LATE AFTERNOON

Teeny's group carries their suitcases and duffels to the ship, preparing for departure. Teeny looks around nervously.

INT/EXT. THE STAGE - NIGHT

Everything is as usual for the evening Polynesian dance performance, except that only two drummers are playing for the women dancers. Waranga Tatu is missing. Then, the Fire Dance is announced with a much shortened introduction. The lights go out. Suddenly, Waranga Tatu springs onto center stage and begins the most vigorous dancing of his career. His torches spin wildly, flying higher than he has ever thrown them. His movements are tightly controlled. He seems to be almost in a trance as the dance progresses. The drummers sense that this one is special and they begin to match his movements, starting a low, wild Polynesian chant. The medicine man joins the chant; at first low, then building to match his strenuous movements.

EXT/INT. EDGE OF COURTYARD - NIGHT

Hotel employees come from other areas to watch this most unusual dance. Some look at their watches and comment

among themselves. The usual half-hour dance is going overlong.

WARANGA'S MOTHER

(to someone standing nearby)

He's going longer than he's ever danced before. I hope he can stand this pace. Do you think he'll burn himself?

EXT. ON STAGE - NIGHT

The dance builds to a frenzy and is finally over. A sweating, glistening Waranga Tatu douses his torches and runs to the kitchen, scooping ice into a big plastic drinking cup from the right side of the bin, as usual. He darts for the beach.

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

Waranga Tatu wades knee-deep into the surf. The lights of the "Cattle Call" can be seen receding into the distance. He watches the ship's lights for a moment and then turns towards his island and holds his arms high in a wide embrace. His emotion spent, he picks up his ice cup from the sand and wades happily back into the surf. Looking at the disappearing yacht, he tosses a handful of ice into his mouth with great gusto.

But this ice is different! It is too big! These are the large buffet table ice balls, not the small easy-to-chew ice pieces. One large ice ball goes deep into his throat and lodges there. Others fill his mouth. He gags. He cannot dislodge the obstruction and falls, choking, into the surf and drowns. There, he floats dead, in the same position and at the very same location where he arrived in his pre-birth body, twenty years earlier. The plastic cup bobs in the water beside him.

EXT. THE FACE-DOWN, FLOATING BODY - NIGHT

A bluish astral figure separates from the body, rises; hovers just a moment; becomes a streak of bright deep blue; then disappears into the night sky.

EXT. APPROACHING A TUNNEL OPENING – SPACE

The blue light is now traveling very fast and it shoots into the black mouth of a tunnel in space.

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TUNNEL MOUTH

The exiting form is that of the Warren Smith whom we know from the Quonset hut. His body is not solid but it has human outlines and he is dressed in a finely tailored Armani dark blue suit.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC – forms a moving river of light which other human shapes ride toward the celestial central terminal with the radiating galactic arms. Warren steps aboard the conveyor belt river and is drawn towards the terminal, waving and personally greeting crowds of old friends who have come to cheer him in. Now and then, he stops for hugs and a few words; then continues on.

INT. APPROACHING THE LIGHT TERMINAL

In front of the brilliant Central Terminal is a deep blue, luminous orb of radiant light. Warren leaves the stream and begins to travel very fast to join his sweetheart, JANE. The two lights are now similar in tone and when they meet, they merge and begin to swirl around in a lovely dance of greeting.

INT. THE LIGHT TERMINAL

JANE and WARREN fly together through the center of the enormous inner space, which is always teeming with arriving souls selecting their directions and being pulled along on beams of light. Knowing the way, the two of them fly directly to one radiating arm, and pass under the bridge holding the gigantic Conductor, working in Warren's old job. They know him and exchange greetings and waves before continuing on down the vast trail of light.

EXT. A GRAND, OLD-FASHIONED, WOODEN, NEW ENGLAND HOTEL - DAY

Jane and Warren mount the steps of a lovely Maine hotel, which is surrounded by green lawns and flower beds. Nearby, is forest and a rocky cliff overlooking an ocean cove.

INT. A GRAND VICTORIAN BALLROOM - DAY

People are hugging and congratulating Warren Smith, who doesn't look Polynesian any more. Instead, he's a very elegant, laid-back version of the Warren Smith, whom we knew in the Quonset hut. In the group around him are Whitehorse and Grogan, also wearing stylish suits. There's some of the breathless excitement of a family getting their first look at a newborn, or perhaps of those who stayed on the ground welcoming an astronaut after a successful flight.

It is a very spacious, elegant ballroom in this grand, old hotel; all red velvet furnishings and deep carpet... very tastefully appointed. Through large windows, one can see a well-groomed green lawn.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

The rapid transition over, Warren looks around, as if he can't believe his eyes; as if he never expected to find Jane again, so suddenly... or the whole large crowd which has come to meet him. Indeed, only a moment ago, he was standing in the surf of a South Pacific Island. Someone hands him a steaming cup of the special Mentali Tea.

WARREN

Jane? What are you doing here? Where am I anyway? How did we get here? I'm confused!

JANE

Oh, Warren! You did it so well! You came through that life so very well! That was my island in Kettledrum Hallows. I was watching over you but I couldn't have stopped you from ruining your life if you had wanted to. I'm so proud of you!

WARREN

(still dazed)

You were there? On Tatu Morengi? Why didn't I see you? I've missed you so much, my wonderful Jane!

They kiss again.

JANE

Life has been a little dull for me

without you, but I think you felt me from your Earthly paradise. After all, you became a shaman long after that island's religion had died. Did you feel me when you prayed?

WARREN

Ooooooooookkaaaay! Now it's making sense! So, we did go to Kettledrum Hallows together, after all? Did I do good?

He says this sincerely, really wanting to know, still putting the pieces together. Jane pulls him, reassuringly, back into a tender hug and then a loving kiss.

INT. ALL WARREN'S FAMILY AND FRIENDS - DAY

At last, Warren looks around and responds to familiar faces, all of whom he knows, but may not have seen for a very long while. They come to greet him with warm embraces and words of congratulations. Greetings over, the group at last settles in for some debriefing about this latest adventure... this life well-lived. Refreshments are served and everyone gets comfortable. In a very high-class rendition of the Quonset hut, Whitehorse and Grogan informally lead this discussion, helping Warren to evaluate the life he has just left and to make the transition back to the Upper Kingdoms. Jane sits affectionately beside Warren.

GROGAN

Well, Buddy! You did it! You managed to keep your eyes OFF the prize! Congratulations!

A TEENAGER

Hi Warren! Do you remember me? I was so scared for you. I thought Teeny was going to be a really big test for you.

WHITEHORSE

Did you recognize the yacht?
“The Cattle Call?” You saw it before, you know.

WARREN

I did? I don’t know. When?

INT. A NEARBY LARGE, ORNATE WALL MIRROR - DAY

Whitehorse points to the mirror, which begins to shimmer. Soon a scene shows on its surface. There is Warren on his ice floe being passed by the yacht with the wealthy family. A little girl is sitting on her mother’s lap.

WARREN

Oh yeah! Now I remember!
I thought that was supposed to be my birth family. I was so worried.... and so hot! I thought you guys had forgotten me. That something had gone wrong.

WHITEHORSE

Well, aside from a little detour to Mars, what could have gone wrong?

WARREN
(sudden concern)
What about that?

WHITEHORSE
We'll talk later. But, back to the
Cattle Yard....I mean, Cattle
Call. We were watching you the
whole time. It sure did test your
cool... that long ride on the ice
floe, didn't it?

JANE
Do you know how many times
you checked the arm where your
watch used to be. And you practi-
cally kept your hand on that phone
the whole time. But you did resist
the urge to call and complain or
even to just check up! For maybe
the first time in your long life,
you literally went with the flow.

Everyone laughs at this unintended pun. Making comments
like:

FRIEND #1
Yeah, especially when the flow
was a strong equatorial current!

FRIEND #2
Kind'a hard not to, wasn't it?
'Specially when he's standing on
an ice floe. Get it? A floe!

FRIEND #3
Well I've known Warren to

swim upstream before, but he
knew when he had met his match!

Jane and Warren laugh at all this loving banter but Jane
won't be put off.

JANE

Okay, I guess I walked into that
one, but I'm serious. Warren, do
you realize how much you grew
during the lifetime you just left?

GROGAN

Speaking of that family on the
yacht.... Teeny and her bunch
could have become your new
"family" if you had decided to
go with them.

FRIEND #4

Why didn't you go?

WARREN

You know what? I didn't really
want to go! I realized that I was
happy on that island. I was
happy with my life. And I had
this feeling, there on the beach,
that I had just done something
heroic. I felt that I had just
escaped from some looming
danger. I never felt so strong in
my whole life. And, boom! I just
died! How come I died? I don't
even know what killed me!

GROGAN

You were finished! You had achieved your mission! That's what you wrote down for yourself. You didn't want to hang around any longer than you had to, once you had made the right decision.

WHITEHORSE

You know what killed you? A little old ice floe, like this one.

He picks up an ice ball on the shrimp buffet

It got stuck in your throat and you were dead in a jiffy. You came in on an ice floe and you went out on an ice floe. When they found you in the morning, the thing had melted.

Whitehorse waves his hand at the mirror.

EXT. A FUNERAL ON THE MOUNTAINTOP - DAY

A Polynesian funeral is in progress atop Waranga Tatu's favorite mountain. Off in the background we notice the volcano crater is now smoking and becoming active with occasional rumbling. Pele-Kali is stirring. Hotel employees, guests, and family members form a circle around the grave. All are crying. His friend, the announcer, is speaking of the mystery of his death at the prime of his life after such a dance of devotion.

POLYNESIAN ANNOUNCER

I have said this so many times,
night after night, just before our
beloved shaman, Waranga Tatu,
would come out on stage with
his great flames circling around
him. I would always recall the
prophecies that our former
shaman would tell us that the
Fire Dance would not go far into
the New Millennium. But I never
really believed that prophecy until
just now, when it has come true. I
realize that I thought that our
beloved shaman, Waranga Tatu,
was going to be an exception. But it
was true! Our tribal Fire Dance will
never again be seen! The old know-
ledge has now passed out of existence
with the death of Waranga Tatu. The
skill dies with him. He was the
last of our Holy Men.

It is evident that this young Holy Man will be remembered
for a very long time on that island. Each person brings a
rock to pile upon his grave, forming a large cairn. They pile
heaps of flowers around this. There is much sadness over
his passing.

INT. THE BALLROOM - DAY

Approaching and entering the ballroom, we pass a sign
stating: "SMITH FAMILY REUNION." Everyone is
clustered around the mirror on the wall. Nattily dressed
Warren Smith is looking sophisticated, relaxed and happy
while watching his own funeral.

WARREN

All of this wouldn't have
happened quite this way if I
had decided to go along with the
crowd on the Cattle Call, would
it?

GROGAN

Hoooo Boy! You said a mouthful
there! Look at this! Here's what
didn't show on the surface.

INT. THE MIRROR'S SURFACE

MONTAGE - Blend scenes of life aboard the yacht among the ever-changing group of youth around Teeny: drinking, debauchery, many arguments; sickness and consequent abandonment when someone becomes too strung out on heroin or becomes pregnant. Someone dies from a back alley abortion in Hong-Kong. There is public rudeness, drunken behavior, and absolutely no control except from Teeny, who proves herself to be a little dictator wielding power without any qualms. She will leave behind, with no money or transportation, anyone who falls out of her favor. Sad, lost scenes which only the young group members would ever witness.

WHITEHORSE

She called you her Pacific
Pearl and she wanted to add
you to her string. If you had ever
refused to dance for her pleasure,
you'd have been put off at the next
port. You would have been her
slave instead of the fine, proud
Medicine Man you were. You

would have disappeared to your people although they would surely have learned the story. How would you have felt about that?

WARREN

Oh my God! How would I have ever gotten out of that life then? I set my moment of death to come at the instant that I made the right decision. What if I had walked out on my family, my friends, my decent life and had wound up dumped somewhere?

WHITEHORSE

Instead, look at this.

INT. THE SCENE IN THE MIRROR:

EXT. THE MOUNTAINTOP - DUSK

The newly-erupting volcano is now belching lava which flows harmlessly down to the sea. No danger at this time, affects the shaman's mountainside worship area where an eternal flame is being lighted on the cairn of rocks on Waranga Tatu's grave. This beacon will become a place of pilgrimage on the island. The words at the base of the statue read:

“TO THE LAST FIRE DANCER”
WARANGA TATU

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN SEEN FROM THE SEA - NIGHT

The flame atop the cairn is visible from the ocean but it is

overpowered by the light of Pele-Kali's beautiful new volcano sending fire to the sky and lava to the sea.

EXT. A WATERFALL IN A LEAFY FOREST - DAY

Grogan and Whitehorse walk toward a pond while filling Warren in on the need to repair the Ozone Hole and the M&M crater on Mars. They sit on shady benches overlooking a high waterfall. Suddenly, the water turns red, remains so for a few minutes, and then returns to normal.

WHITEHORSE

We thought that there was no great emergency in waiting to send the three of you back to the Barrier Reef but things have become much more acute. Thank goodness you returned early!

GROGAN

Unfortunately, Martha and Martin are still going strong, and we don't believe we can wait for them to expire in their own timeframe.

WHITEHORSE

Do you see what's happening to the waterfall? They're trying to remind us to get you guys back to the Red Ocean... pronto!

WARREN

Fill me in on their story. How did they come out after that

impulsive rescue? Did they
conquer their co-dependency
issues?

GROGAN

Oh yeah! They turned out to be
twins. Now they're nuclear
scientists.

WARREN

Sounds like he went in on her
assignment. That was a good
solution. How old are they now?

WHITEHORSE

They'd be fifty-five now, and
they look a whole lot younger.
Something about that carbon
exchange ...the one that shorted
out the atmospheres and caused
the holes.... seems to have
bestowed health and extreme
longevity. We could be waiting
till the cows start jumping over
the moon...right through that
growing ozone hole.

GROGAN

Can you see where this is
leading?

WARREN

I have a serious case of *deja vu*
coming on! Thank goodness,
I'm safely Up Here and they are
still Down There or I'd think

that you were looking at me to
be the hit man again.

Grogan and Whitehorse look at him, steadily and seriously.

WARREN

Oh, come on, guys! No! You
can't be serious! Once is
enough! Besides, it would take
me thirty or forty years to go
from infancy to the point of
whacking them again. They'd be
dead by that time and then,
you'd have to send them down
to get me. Don't you have some
chains to pull from Up Here?
Just zap 'em! Call me when
you're ready for the three of us
to go back to the Crystal Reef. I
have some catching up to do.

The waterfall turns red again, pulsating rapidly this time.

WHITEHORSE

All in good time, Warren. We
Have this neatly figured out.
First, how about a little vacation
to France?

INT. INSIDE A SPEEDING FRENCH TRAIN - DAY

A similar waterfall of normal color cascades down a forest
cliff, as briefly seen from the train window. Though the
countryside is lovely, it's hazy with white pollution filling
the air. Soon, Warren, sees the station sign for a small
French town.

EXT. SMALL TRAIN STATION IN FRANCE - DAY

Warren Smith steps off the train, carrying an oddly-shaped piece of leather hand luggage, (long enough to hold a machine gun). He walks briskly to a taxi stand. He looks important, wealthy, no-nonsense and in a hurry. He locates a cab driver.

WARREN

Can you take me to the INTRA
Fusion Research Center?

A nod and off they go. The air is white with haze.

EXT. GATE OF INTRA NUCLEAR LAB - DAY

The taxi pulls up to the sentry. Warren passes a business card. The soldier makes a phone call and waves them through. Warren is told to exit the taxi for a pat-down search, but his long case on the taxi floor is overlooked.

INT. INSIDE NUCLEAR RESEARCH LAB - DAY

Striding to the reception desk, he brusquely announces himself.

WARREN

Warren Smith from Oak Ridge
National Lab. To see Dr. Martin
Buckminster.

He slaps his card on the desk and looks at this watch.

RECEPTIONIST

(French accent)

Is he expecting you, Sir?

WARREN

I believe Dr. Holden set it
up.

The name gets instant action.

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Buckminster is in the sub-
station. Just take the direct
elevator there, Sir. I'll let him
know you're here.

Warren strides to the elevator, punches the button and enters. Everything he does is deliberate and not to be reckoned with...because, of course, he has no business being there.

INT. NUCLEAR FUSION DEPARTMENT - DAY

A handsome man in a lab coat puts down the phone and looks towards the elevator just as Warren steps off. He walks to him with a puzzled smile. DR. MARTIN BUCKMINSTER (55) a nuclear scientist of the first order, very Ivy League. In spite of his evident maturity, he looks very young....about thirty-five. Our twin has come a long way.

MARTIN

Sorry, Dr. Smith. You just
caught me. Dr. Holden
is traveling. He must have
forgotten to tell me you
were coming. I'm on my
way to another building.
Care to come with me?

EXT. A SMALL CAR - DAY

Warren throws his leather bag in the back seat and the two travel across the complex grounds to a tall silo on the far edge. Martin reads Warren's business card as he drives.

MARTIN

Accelerator Systems Division of
Spallation Neutron Source? Oak
Ridge? You've worked with Dr.
Holden?

WARREN

Indeed! I've brought some new
material that may help you in
your current project.

MARTIN

Well, I could use some help
right about now. We're *this*
close. Something is missing that
keeps it just out of reach. I'll
show you. Is cold fusion your
specialty?

WARREN

That's why Norton asked me to
come. We may be among the
few interested in this brand of
space propulsion.

MARTIN

Tell me about it! We just lost all
our funds. Have to get the civil
uses covered first.

WARREN

Yes. Well, can you blame them?

MARTIN

No. Greenhouse gases are choking us. The ozone hole has widened considerably, which is probably why INTRA has the fast track with all the nations.

EXT. THEY PULL UP TO THE DOOR OF A SILO - DAY

Warren grabs his leather satchel out of the back seat and asks Martin to carry it as the two enter the building. He fishes around in his jacket pocket for a piece of paper.

WARREN

That reminds me. Dr. Holden sent me this article about the connection of our work and the damage to the atmosphere. Have you seen it?

INT. INSIDE THE LAB - DAY

After several security doors and clearances, they enter the spacious interior. Because Martin carries the leather bag while studying the report Warren has handed him, no one asks to check the contents. Martin sets the valise down on a chair inside the lab. This large silo-shaped building is home to a smallish rocket in launch position with nose pointing to the silo's roof doors high above. A woman, in a white lab coat, walks towards them.

DR. MARTHA BUCKMINSTER SYLVESTRI- (55) twin to Martin, is very intelligent and self-assured. She too, looks

twenty years younger than she actually is.

MARTIN

Martha, this is Dr. Warren Smith from Oak Ridge. Norton sent him. Dr. Smith, my twin sister and partner in this project, Dr. Martha Sylvestri.

MARTHA

How do you do, Dr. Smith. Why is Dr. Holton sending anyone now? This project has just been shut down.

WARREN

You're missing just one vital link before you can go operational. Is that correct?

MARTHA

Well, yes, but.....

Two men, wearing white lab coats arrive -

DR. GUIDO SYLVESTRI- (60) Italian, smooth and handsome. He looks appropriately his age. He is Martha's husband.

DR. WOLFGANG VON TRAPPE- (29) German, blond, muscular.

These men are gay but have been living straight lives. They have worked together for several years building the fusion rocket ship and this has created a tangible attraction between them. Consequently, both men treat the "wife,"

Martha, artificially as if to deny that there is any feeling between the two of them. Guido treats her with overdone affection and courtliness. Wolfgang is not at ease with her and compensates by being extra polite. They are relaxed only when working alone together, though this is the full extent to which things have developed.

MARTIN

Dr. Smith. This is Dr. Guido Sylvestri, Martha's husband, and Dr. Wolfgang Von Trappe. They constructed our rocket ship. They're hardware; we're software.

MARTHA

Just what is it that you have brought for us, Dr. Smith?

WARREN

My project at Oak Ridge is somewhat parallel to yours. We've recently had a significant breakthrough. Your Director implored me to bring this new discovery to you before you go into mothballs.

MARTHA

Well, that's tomorrow morning. I'm afraid your trip has been in vain, Dr. Smith.

WARREN

Believe me. This takes no time to install. We replace the wire

with a Deluvian Crystal and
you'll get your reaction at room
temperature, instantly.

WOLFGANG

A crystal suspended near a
crystal?

WARREN

No! A crystal touching a crystal!
That's the glitch in present-day
thinking! Metal doesn't do the
trick. It will eventually produce
either pinholes or pockmarks in
your software, as well as in any
surrounding matter.

GUIDO

Good Lord! Everything so far
has been based upon the metal
wire! What's Deluvian? Never
heard of it.

WARREN

I know. We just found it while
working with dark plasma.
Deluvian refers to the water
element, so it uses a previously
undiscovered energy in crystal
form, causing liquid fusion with-
out the need for a mineral
component. Are you interested
or not?

MARTIN

This might work! Let's do it!

Martha looks doubtful and hangs back but the men become invigorated with new hope and belief.

WARREN

I have the crystal rod and the equations to enter into your onboard computer.

Warren strides to the chair holding his leather bag.

INT. THE ZIPPER OF THE LEATHER BAG - DAY

His hand deliberately grips the zipper pull and begins to unzip the bag. His hands pull apart the sides of the beautiful, expensive, butter-colored bag, to reveal some scientific books, a presentation folder containing papers, and a padded box, within which is a sort of a watch case. He opens this to reveal a delicate crystal rod lying in the velvet custom interior.

INT. INSIDE THE LAB – DAY

WARREN

Ladies and gentlemen... the Deluvian crystal!

Warren hands the box and some papers to Dr. Guido Sylvestri.

You're hardware! I guess you get this. This Deluvian crystal rod simply fits into the same part that now holds the wire. Just place it so that it will touch the other crystal when we fire up. Here's the formula and all of your instructions.

The two hardware guys hurry to the rocket ship. Warren hands another sheaf of papers to Martha and Martin.

WARREN

Here's the data you need to enter into your computers. Martha, this material goes into the ship's computers; Martin, here's the data for your central lab computers. How soon can you have the ship ready for its first test flight?

MARTIN

We can be ready by midnight.

MARTHA

Let's make that eleven-thirty, when the project is technically still alive. They can't close us down if we come back from a successful run, now can they?

WARREN

Okay! Let's get to work!

Martin and Martha get to work. Warren finds a sofa and lies down for a nap.

INT. THE FUSION-POWERED ROCKET SHIP - NIGHT

The machine sits like a huge passenger van with its nose pointing upwards toward the silo opening. Its shape works for both aerodynamics and aquadynamics; instant and easy maneuverability. Enough room to seat six people.....pilot

and co-pilot in front; two passengers in middle bucket seats and a set of seats in third row. Large tinted windows for wide viewing.....basically, a multi-passenger test plane. Just as this design has simplified from our present-day idea of rocket ships, so has the requirement for the astronaut's clothing. Fusion power provides a smooth, shake-free ride in a more natural environment. They expect to be going up for just a short test orbit or two around the planet.

INT. THE GENERAL LAB - NIGHT

Everything is ready for launch. The four scientists secure the lab. Warren brings his leather bag closer to the rocket.

INT. INTERIOR OF THE ROCKET SHIP - NIGHT

The rocket ship has individual doors beside each seat, like a six-door car. When shut, the doors seal seamlessly into the metal skin. An assembly of steps, pulled up on either side of the ship, allows individual entry to each seat on this flying rocket car. At launch, the seats behave as recliners, in which the occupants must lie on their backs. Warren oversees the seating arrangement and then hangs back a beat...checking the contents of his bag and then, zipping it methodically, ... glancing around the facility. What is he planning next?

Warren climbs aboard. Martin is the pilot, Martha the co-pilot. Warren sits behind the pilot, with Guido in the seat beside him. Wolfgang takes a seat in the third row. Everyone straps themselves in.

INT. CONTROL PANEL AND PILOT'S AREA - NIGHT

The lighted dash is complex. The pilots go through a pre-flight check routine and then comes the moment of truth.

MARTIN

Is everybody ready? Let's hope
this works.

His finger hovers for a long moment over the button which will set the fusion process into action. The four scientists don't know what this new configuration will produce. Martin pushes the button.

SOUND - SOMETHING APPROPRIATE FOR AN ENGINE
THAT NO ONE, TO DATE, HAS EVER HEARD INSTANT
FUSION!

INT. INTERIOR OF ROCKET SHIP - NIGHT

The engine settles into a steady hum; all console lights give reassuring messages. Both pilots are busy with controls. Rocket support towers begin receding away from windows and sides. The view of the silo walls appear to move as liftoff quietly takes place.

INT. INTERIOR OF SILO - LOOKING UP - NIGHT

The roof slides open at the appropriate time and the night sky is visible, filled with bright stars cutting through the white fog of air pollution. The ship lifts towards the opening and out into the sky on a perfect trajectory

MARTHA

(voiceover)

Oh my God! Stars! I'd forgotten
what they look like! The haze
has lifted.

MARTIN

No! This baby is fast! We are

already pulling away from the
earth's surface atmosphere.

EXT. SPACE IMMEDIATELY ABOVE EARTH - NIGHT

The ship races towards the upper atmosphere. As gravity lets go of the vessel and the blue and green sphere with its white clouds fills the view from the windows, the occupants begin to look about.

MARTIN
(voiceover)

We're going to make it!
Everything is operating
perfectly! Thanks Warren!

WARREN
(voiceover)

My pleasure! This flight will
make history! You might say
you're saving the earth tonight.

INT. INTERIOR OF THE ROCKET SHIP - SPACE

Everyone looks around in wonder, awed that this is really happening.

WOLFGANG

Dr. Smith. What physics is
behind the use of the crystals?
This is something I could never
have imagined.

Warren finds a pen and paper and jots a string of physics formulae and hands the slip to Wolfgang, who reads it carefully, looks awed and hands it up to Dr. Sylvestri. Guido happens to be gazing out of the window, so Wolfgang lets his hand rest upon his shoulder, holding the note loosely in

his fingers. This is a bit of a daring move between the two men. Surely, Guido knows about the hand but takes awhile before turning his face as if to see out of the other window. This puts his cheek in contact with Wolfgang's hand. When he reaches up to accept the note, their fingers touch. Dr. Silvestri reads the physics formula and whistles respectfully, acknowledging the uniqueness of what Warren has given them.

MARTIN

Okay, let's take a few turns
around the planet before
heading home! Whooooee!
I'm on top of the world! How
about you guys?

They go into orbit, giving each other high fives amid general merriment and congratulations.

TIME PASSES

In the distance, at the upper limits of the atmosphere, there a shimmer. The screen in the ship's cockpit shows a large thinning hole - the famous Ozone Hole. Around its eyelash-like edges, there's iridescent shimmer similar to the look of gasoline on water.

MARTHA

Ohmigosh! There it is! The
fabled Ozone Hole! It's really
quite beautiful but I wish we
could fix it. It's hard to imagine
that all this beauty is so bad for
the earth. Funny, it feels as if
something is looking at us. That
hole looks so much like an eye,
as if it wants us to help. Any ideas?

MARTIN

Maybe this fusion we're working on will replace the use of fossil fuel and we can end the greenhouse effect. Then it will heal itself. Okay, I'm going to begin the descent to get us out of orbit.

WOLFGANG

Too bad, but it's time to come home from the party and make history as the first practical pioneers in the use of nuclear fusion in space. That feels so good!

The ship will not respond to the commands for descent. There is general perturbation about the "dead stick." All of a sudden, the rocket ship takes off towards the large tear in the atmosphere. All but Warren show great alarm as they fly directly through the Ozone Hole.

GO TO WHITE

ALL SOUND IS INSTANTLY MUFFLED AND STILLED,
EVEN THE ENGINE.

After a moment of silent whiteness, the engine is again heard. Fog-like shards of mist wisp in front of the windshield. Next, there are shreds of color visible between the white streaks - blue, red and purple water, in an eerie replay of the earlier scene when colorful parkas were seen through the blowing snow.

EXT. ABOVE THE PURPLE SEA - DAY

The rocket ship flies close to the surface of the sea, maintaining an altitude about ten feet above water.

INT. INSIDE OF THE SHIP - DAY

The ship is flying itself. Warren indicates the red path of water flowing toward the Crystal Reef.

WARREN

Follow that current!

MARTIN

You mean you know what's
going on? How can I follow it?
The stick is dead!

WARREN

Give it a try. See that sparkle on
the horizon? That's where we're
heading. Land us right beside
the reef. There's something we
need to do.

MARTHA

What is this, Warren? I knew
there was something fishy, right
from the start!

WARREN

Didn't I hear you say you
wanted to fix the Ozone Hole?
Well, now's your chance.

Martin has control of the ship and does as he is told,

landing on the water's surface and bringing the vessel right to the side of the reef. By strange coincidence, they are at exactly the same spot where he and his sister had stood so very long ago.

GUIDO

Where the hell are we? One minute we're in outer space, and now we're landing on a red sea. Don't tell me we're on Mars?

WOLFGANG

Can't be. Too much water. But, it does seem to be red.

The pilot's side is next to the reef. Warren opens his door.

WARREN

Martin and Martha, you guys, come with me. Guido and Wolfgang, will you stay with the ship? Make sure you don't drift away.

Guido pulls down the console on the back of Martha's seat and switches vessel command to his unit.

MARTHA

Is this atmosphere safe?

WARREN

Too late now. My door is open. Come on. Let's take a look.

EXT. THE SPACE SHIP AND THE REEF - DAY

Martin steps out of his door. Martha scrambles over his

seat and out. They look around incredulously.

SOUND - STATIC, SPARKING SOUND, COMING FROM THE POLE LYING ON CRYSTAL REEF. STEADY SPARKS CRACKLE ALONG THE POLE.

MARTIN

Look at this Warren! How could this be? Maybe an earth space ship was here. This phone looks like one of ours.

WARREN

It sure does. Just a common, ordinary "I'm-about-to-be-born" sort of a phone.

MARTIN

Huh? Look at all the sparks! But, there's no obvious electrical source. This is just plain weird. I'm going to try to retrieve it. They can analyze it back at the lab.

Martin pulls some laboratory gloves out of his pocket and slips them on, totally focused on the archeological find.

EXT - THE MARS SIDE OF THE REEF - DAY

Martha has wandered over to the Mars side of the Red Sea and is trying to take it all in. Warren follows.

MARTHA

Martin! Come and see this odd water! What could be causing

this brilliant color? Algae? I must take some home with us. Warren, do you think that would be safe? Maybe we should test it first. The under-sea is my real area of study.

WARREN

I noticed that your ship is sub-aquatic as well. Would you like to see what's beneath the surface?

MARTHA

Yes! Let's! I'll drive! I'm so glad that I insisted that we build a dual-function ship. Everybody scorned that idea. Where was I going to find any water in outer space? That's probably why they cut our funds.

WARREN

Look at it this way, Martha. You must have been very persuasive to get them to fund this project in the first place. Looks like you've been thinking very originally all your life.

MARTHA

Indeed I have and this unusual ocean proves that I was right. That's why we need to explore a bit before returning home.

EXT. THE REEF, NEAR THE POLE - DAY

Martha heads back to the vessel. Its tinted windows are a bit steamy.

MARTIN

Martha! Come help us!

Warren and Martin are trying to lift the slender pole but are having trouble breaking the magnetic connection. Martha sticks her boot under it and pops it up. Her twin examines it to see if the pole has been damaged. He listens to the receiver.

MARTIN

I would have really been freaked
if there had been a dial tone!

Back at the ship, Martha, hand on the pilot's door, calls over her shoulder.

MARTHA

You're demoted to co-pilot,
Martin. I'm in charge now! Can't
even get your artifacts off the
ground! What am I gonna do
with you?

INT. THE SPACE SHIP INTERIOR - DAY

Guido and Wolfgang are in a rather contorted position, kissing and embracing between the two seats. They pull away with shock as Martha opens the door. Martha stares in surprise for a moment and then breaks into a wide grin!

MARTHA

Good on 'ya, fellas! I wondered
when you'd figure that out.

Martin! Let me help you carry
that thing! We gotta get going.

EXT. THE REEF - DAY

Martha hurries back to Warren and Martin to give the two men in the ship time to recover. She makes a big pretense of looking at the phone. Warren bends down to examine the spot where the sparks were but there is no evidence of the pole having been there. All is back to normal. Martha herds them back into the ship, eager to explore underneath this sea. The others don't realize her plan.

INT. INTERIOR OF THE SPACE SHIP - DAY

Everyone is strapped in and ready to go. Martha is pulling levers and pushing buttons to convert the ship to an underwater exploration vehicle but the others still don't notice. Guido and Wolfgang are quiet.

MARTHA

Where to, Warren? You've been
here before, haven't you? It
must have been your expedition
that left that phone behind.

WARREN

How astute of you, Martha, to
figure that out! Actually, you're
quite right! Except it was your
phone, but Martin dropped it.

Both of them look at him as if he has spoken nonsense. Then Warren waves in the direction they are to take, and Martha starts the engine, revs it and dives deep. The male fusion scientists go white-knuckled.

EXT. UNDERSEA - PURPLE, CHANGING TO BLUE -

It's quite lovely, with the sparkling crystal reef and the bright colored water. Martha, a test pilot at heart, tries some maneuvers with her underwater space ship, starting with sideways rolls. The water suddenly fills with large dolphins, which happily join in the play. After enjoying some dolphin-dancing, Martha guns the engine and leaps above the water. When the nose cuts cleanly back under the surface, she has left the dolphins behind.

INT. INSIDE THE UNDERWATER ROCKET SHIP - DAY

They aren't alone for long. Suddenly, there's a giant squid curling itself against the ship just outside of Martin's window. Its eye peers in at him. Martin reacts with fear, at first, and then intense curiosity. The other scientists are alarmed, and even more so, when they point outside Martha's window. An enormous shark is cruising alongside, its eye fixed on Martha.

MARTHA

Oh my God! That's my
Dream Shark! I know
him! Ever since I was
a little kid, I dreamed
about him! This is so
weird!

Up in front of the ship appears the enormous manta ray leading the way with its tail swinging back and forth. The Honor Guard of the Crystal Reef monsters has come to welcome them home.

WARREN
(to Martha)
Follow that manta ray!

MARTHA
You know these sea creatures
too? We are deep in the Twilight
Zone now!

WOLFGANG
We're all going to die! Eaten
alive, under the sea of an
unknown planet! This is it for
sure!

WARREN
Nah! You already died... a little
way back. You just didn't notice.
It happened at the Ozone Hole.

EXT. UNDERSEA CHANNEL TO QUONSET BAY- DAY

The reef monsters escort them into the bay and then they
are off to return to their post in the Red Ocean.

EXT - QUONSET COMPLEX - LATE DAY

The ship surfaces and pulls up beside the landing area of
the horseshoe bay near the old Quonset hut. Things have
changed greatly. There is no snow and ice. Rather than
Antarctic in appearance, the environment is similar to the
best of the Rocky Mountains in the summertime,
somewhere around Aspen, Colorado. Thick pines,
Columbines, every mountain flower, clear rocky streams,
clean air and bird sounds. The Quonset building is still
rustic with tin roof and natural wood, befitting the setting.

EXT. SIDE OF THE DOCKED SPACE SHIP - LATE DAY

Again, the pilot's side of the craft faces the shore. Warren steps out of his door and secures the craft to the solid wharf, built along the edge of the half-moon bay. Clean blue water laps benignly. Warren evaluates, with great approval, all the changes since he was last here. Martha shuts down the engine and slides out of her pilot's door, looking excitedly around, while Martin slips over her seat to get out. He retrieves the phone pole and joins Warren.

Then Martha goes to the opened passenger door, extending her hand inside to Guido and helping him out. When he stands beside her, she gives him a big happy kiss. Then holding him around the waist, she opens Wolfgang's door. Smiling, she kisses him on the cheek when he is standing beside her. With an arm around each of the men, Martha starts walking up the path behind Warren and Martin. Shortly, she backs out from between them, securely placing the men's arms around each other and walks swiftly ahead to join her brother and Warren. The dazed party proceeds up the walk. All but one look wonderingly around them, completely unable to fit the puzzle pieces together. Warren gives a great wave of greeting to.....

EXT. PETRIFIED-TREE-STUMP TABLE - LATE DAY

.....Marishka, Whitehorse and Grogan, waiting by the big old table, grinning and waving back to Warren, who is successfully bringing home his catch. Jane and Esther sit at the welcoming tree-stump table.

EXT. BETWEEN TABLE AND WHARF - DAY

Jane jumps up and runs from behind the table, down the path towards Warren. Warren breaks into a run towards

her. They hug and kiss lovingly.

EXT. THE PETRIFIED TREE STUMP TABLE - SUNSET

At a slight distance, we observe the scene:

In the golden glow of late afternoon sunlight, our fusion scientists reach the welcoming group at the table. Whitehorse and Grogan step forward to introduce themselves to each one and to make them feel at ease. Soon, they're invited to take seats around the table which is set for a meal. Marishka and Esther are introduced. Jane and Warren walk slowly toward the group, heads together, laughing and kissing.

Marishka pours Mentali Tea into four mugs from a big teapot. She passes a cup to each of the new arrivals. The others enjoy watching them "wake up." Grogan puts steaks on the barbeque grill. Esther pours champagne into crystal goblets for a welcome home toast just as soon as they have regained their memory.

Whitehorse and Martin are now enthusiastically discussing the phone pole. When Warren draws near, Whitehorse digs in his pocket and brings out Warren's beat-up old cell phone, which he's been keeping safe for him, as requested. Warren has a laughing reunion with it. Having matured by now, he's somewhat less dependent upon any such piece of equipment but feels great fondness towards the memory it evokes. The whole group laughs and jokes like the old friends they are. We, observers are a bit left out as life goes on, and on, and on.

FADE OUT

PART TWO

AND YET A LITTLE WHILE.....

A SEQUEL
GO WITH THE FLOE...

Continued, because this book is as long
as two feature-length movie scripts

GO WITH THE FLOE

FADE IN

EXT. QUONSET COMPLEX IN MOUNTAINS - DAY

It's mid-winter in what appears to be the Rocky Mountains, though the location is on the shore of the Antarctic Ocean. This is the same complex of the previous story, "And Yet A Little While," but it has now evolved into a more pleasant and livable spot. The buildings' exteriors are still rustic, with architectural hints of the curved tin roofline. A sign at the entrance says "Welcome to our humble Quonset." Lovely pines and Aspens surround the buildings, now deep in snow. This is still a birthing station for souls who are preparing to cycle back down for another life on Earth or who go in for the first time as an Earthling. Its function is to review their life plans and to set those into motion.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE MAIN BUILDING - DAY

A new Sno Cat pulls up to the entrance and ten parka-clad recruits get out. They are greeted by Tim Grogan and Warren Smith, who also unload boxes of supplies from the Cat into a storage shed.

TIM GROGAN – (45), and WARREN SMITH (45), have worked in many important administrative capacities in the Heavenly Realms and are now charged with counseling and preparing the souls for their return to an Earth life. Warren is in training to replace Grogan and his boss, RANDALL WHITEHORSE, (55) who are returning to a life on Earth, which is a requirement for such workers, who must go in at least once every thousand years or so.

INT. FRONT HALL, MAIN QUONSET BUILDING - DAY

Parkas are hung in a closet. Some recruits begin reading and commenting upon the autograph wall, full of handwritten names. Some find their signatures from previous trips into life. The veterans are thrilled to see the changes that have occurred within their beloved Antarctic outpost. A vast spread of time has gone by since this place was established. Many lives, many adventures, many counseling sessions, have come and gone under the watchful eyes of Grogan and Whitehorse, and now will continue under Warren Smith to whom they pass the baton. The upgrades of the setting and equipment indicate the ongoing elevation in the spiritual level of the outpost.

Even the recruits look spiffier. They wear outfits similar to the monochrome turtleneck jersey uniforms of those in charge, except that theirs are of various colors. Now they hand Grogan small, hand-held computers, instead of scrolls, with their written life plans. Grogan plugs these into his notebook computer, makes a copy and sends their machines on to Whitehorse, who patches them into his equipment. Grogan wears a navy blue with silver trim uniform and Whitehorse wears one of purple pants and gold shirt. Warren now wears deep blue. The clothing design is also comfortable and informal.

[Uniform color designates the level of soul development of the person, ranging from the less mature individuals wearing white or gray, to the maturing ones in yellow, orange, or red. Advanced souls wear greens and many shades of blue. Purple designates the very advanced teachers and leaders or elders. Evidence of silver or gold is an even higher category. As souls pass through their many lives and cope successfully with the challenges they have designed, the color radiating from their aura will progress. This is best seen in the non-physical light forms, but since this story deals with souls approaching the edge of physicality, and for purposes of clarity in a movie, their station is portrayed by the simple use of costume. Once on Earth, identifying coloration no longer applies.]

INT. INSIDE THE MAIN QUONSET BUILDING - DAY

The atmosphere is like an ultra-comfortable ski lodge but without ostentation. Cozy and warm....from glowing wood paneling to attractive carpeting and beautiful modern furniture arranged in a semi-circle around the handsome fireplace. Always, there's a crackling fire giving a homey feeling to the room. The sparkling modern, open kitchen is filled with newly-showered recruits, serving themselves from a buffet-style meal laid out on the table and counter. They take plates and drinks, either to the big trestle table, or to the chairs around the fireplace. Some sit on the stone work that forms a sitting ledge along the fireplace wall and in front of the fire itself. Everyone talks happily together, like a tour group just getting acquainted.

An alcove on one end of the room is filled with equipment that would do a NASA substation proud: Screens, satellite connections, maps, navigational gadgets, TVs, radios, computers, scanners, copy machines and telephones. Randall Whitehorse sits upon an upholstered stool,

entering birthing information into his computer. A large window beside him overlooks the yard and the ocean. Nothing has changed but the trappings; the atmosphere is as warm and encouraging as ever.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM ACTIVITY AREA - DAY

The meal over, the recruits gather in the seating area for the first session. Warren is dividing his time between Grogan and Whitehorse as he continues to learn the routine of this station and to prepare for tonight's meeting.

JANE, 40, is Warren's beloved, who has been a High Heaven Administrator, most recently of Kettledrum Hallows. She is planning to revolve through the Earth Plane on an important mission. (Her clothing is deep blue with hints of purple)

ESTHER, 40, is Grogan's sweetheart, who takes on life after life, in challenging roles in order to advance spiritually. Her wholesome beauty radiates energy. (Light blue)

MIRANDA, 50, is Whitehorse's love, who now looks like a Spanish Flamenco dancer. She was the Russian, Marishka, in her last pass-through. She too, always plans hard lives but her purpose is to cleanse the world of dictators. (Deep blue)

PENELOPE, (23) on her second Earth life, already has a lovely assurance and maturity. (Yellow)

GABRIELLA, (24) is radiantly luminous, almost to the point of transparency with pale blond hair. (Purple, hints of gold.)

TEAR-CUN, (27) is a muscular, athletically-built, blond,

blue-eyed, young man. His name is pronounced tear, as in a drop from the eye, plus coon. There is no apparent meaning. (Purple with wide bands of gold at collar and cuffs)

JEROME, (27) is tall, lean, dark-haired, very serious and scholarly. (Green)

JIM, (41) is the laid-back Aussie adventurer, Jimmy John, from the first installment (Deep blue)

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EXT. SKY ABOVE THE COMPLEX - STORMY DAY

An enormous Antarctic storm bears down on the complex. Blasts of wind bring heavy snow and the sky rolls with dark clouds. A delicate electrical rod on the roof of the main Quonset building breaks in two. All lights go out.

INT. THE DARK QUONSET HUT - STORMY DAY

At first, the fireplace is the only light source until candles and hurricane lamps are found and lighted by the three in charge. Chairs have been pulled into a group circle close to the fire.

WHITEHORSE

You may as well settle in around here and take your time. We're not going anywhere until this storm passes. I've just lost my satellite feed, so I'll join you. This system could even hang around for a few days, so make yourselves comfortable.

Whitehorse takes a seat in the circle next to Miranda. Everyone gets cozy in the flame-lit atmosphere. Someone

brings popcorn and wire poppers to hold over the fire. Another person serves up hot chocolate. Even though the weather is extreme, one gets the impression that it happens with some regularity and they easily make the adjustment.

ESTHER

Oh, this reminds me of so many
of my lives when I was a Girl
Scout! So many cabins in the
woods! Just look at that snow!
I don't mind this one little bit.
I'm in no hurry to get away.

She snuggles against Grogan.

GROGAN

Maybe this time we can have a
few days together and not cause
any stillbirths!

WHITEHORSE

Yeah, I think Headquarters
always factors that in when
Esther cycles through. But, I
guess I've caused a few myself,
come to think of it.

He squeezes Miranda's knee.

INT. EQUIPMENT END OF QUONSET - STORMY DAY

Warren occupies Whitehorse's stool, working with whatever equipment is still functioning, doing the work of preparing the candidates for life. In all of their activities, the three work together, with Warren taking more and more of the responsibility. He also shares the running of

the therapy circle, since the idea is to put him in full charge of the station.

INT. GROUP THERAPY CIRCLE - STORMY DAY

During the course of this session, the available outside light changes to evening and then night.

TEAR-CUN

Every life that I have ever lived,
no matter what planet; I have
always been drawn into sports.
I'm good at it but I'm tired of it.
I've gone as far as I can in the
developing of this body all the
way to the Olympics. That's
enough! So now, I want to
develop my mind. There's so
much that I've never had the
time to do, mentally or
creatively, because I was always
snapped up, in childhood, for
sports. My parents, teachers,
coaches...they would always
catch me early, and what did
I know? I was winning games in
third grade and, from then on,
my path was set for me. The big
problem was figuring out which
sport to concentrate on. I was
so good at all of them. But,
forget an intellectual life...
forget science! This time, I want
a really interesting challenge.
One that is not dominated by
sports.

Everybody looks sympathetic. Miranda pinches Tear-Cun's muscular arm and gives the thumbs up. He flexes, and everybody claps.

MIRANDA

Do you have to go down in that same body? There's your real problem! Who could ignore that?

WHITEHORSE

It's called a "Perfected Body." Tear-Cun has advanced to the point of superiority- spiritually, mentally, and physically. One's body always reflects that. So, the trick is to take this kind of body and resist the lower road in life. Not that there is anything wrong with sports. I love all kinds of sports, but still, it's only games. The trick is to play games when it's fun to play games but to do something more singular and creative with your life, too. Warren, this will be a good test of your abilities. You see, our job is to listen to everyone's life's challenges and then try to place you in an environment where you might best be able to succeed. Warren is going to handle that for all of us this time.

PENELOPE

I have a question, speaking of

bodies. Why is Gabriella so bright? So radiant? I can barely look at her. She looks as if she's lighted from within. Is hers a Perfected Body too?

Everyone has been shyly glancing at Gabriella, who has an outline of glow around her even in the darkened room. She is pale-skinned, with long, lightest-blond hair. A lovely, ethereal sort of woman.

GROGAN

Gabriella, would you like to answer that?

GABRIELLA

Perhaps you have never seen an Archangel Gabriel! I am the female version, Gabriella. We live on a very high, heavenly, plane of existence. Sometimes, for various reasons, it is necessary for one of us to go down to an earth life for awhile. Usually, there is work for us to do of a telepathic nature. We serve, as helpers for the humans or, in a more general way, we come as energy suppliers, to Earth itself. I'm going in this time, as a helper for people who are afraid of death.

PENELOPE

But, you're so shining! Won't you stand out from the regular

population? Won't they stare?
Won't they not leave you alone?

GABRIELLA

Yes, they will stare! But they won't see my shining. And they will leave me alone because they will think that I don't have anything to contribute. You see, I will be born as a Down's syndrome child. All of them are really Archangels on assignment to Earth. They are cared for throughout life and not expected to have the normal responsibilities of jobs and family. This frees us up to do the constant mental communications with the Higher Kingdoms and to connect those Upper Realms with the life-forms on Earth. I think you already know that whales and dolphins do some similar work concerning the realm of nature. We are working in the same way for the human kingdom. Being a Down's syndrome child, or an autistic child, also protects us from the ugly and evil sides of the physical realm. We're very anonymous. Nobody would ever guess who we really are. Our lives are somewhat shorter than the expected average because it is harder for us to remain in

the lower vibrations of Earth or any other physical planet. We are excused after a reasonable tour of duty.

ESTHER

In one of my lifetimes, I was the mother of a Down's syndrome, autistic boy. Everybody felt so sorry for me but little Henry was the most loving, the most wonderful, child I have ever had. This explains it. Inside of that silence, he was really working away, doing Heavenly things. I knew it!

GABRIELLA

I probably know him. Do you have a picture?

Esther looks helpless. Grogan types on his notebook computer and passes it over to Gabriella, who studies the screen and then smiles gloriously.

GABRIELLA

I know him! Talk to me later and I'll tell you what he accomplished in that lifetime.

PENELOPE

Do you think I could work with Down's syndrome children in this next life? It would be such a privilege.

GROGAN

(typing)

You got it! But, please understand, you won't remember any of this. So, you won't know who they are. The world looks at things so differently than we do. The trick is to try to hang onto what you know Up Here, without being corrupted by what the world thinks.

WARREN

Here we are...back to the importance of "Character" again! The slow, steady buildup of character is about all that separates folks.

PENELOPE

I wish we didn't have to suffer "amnesia" every time we are born! That's a bummer! But at least, if we can keep our intentions straight anyway, that does get us through. Okay Gabriella, if I stare at you now, it's because I want to memorize your beauty so that when I work with those kids, it'll suddenly come shining through.

WARREN

Jerome! You've been quiet. Tell us about yourself.

JEROME

Well, I'm trying to think of something positive to say about why I'm going back down. I'm a "man with a mission," so to speak. I come from the moon, from First Heaven... where people go right after they die. I work with people who have been cremated to help them with the pain and then the anger they feel because of the fire of cremation. I was asked to try to bring about a change in the customs concerning the treatment of dead bodies. You see, cremation is really an awful thing to have happen to any human being.

MIRANDA

I hope you succeed! It's a risk we all face in every life. That's why I design such unusual deaths for myself. I don't want them to find my body and do such primitive things to it.

JEROME

I've been involved with whole hospitals which exist simply to help people recover from the burial practices that their loved ones have put them through... usually because that's what they requested in their will.

TEAR-CUN

I've met some who act sort of crazy. They say that they "can't find themselves." What's that all about?

JEROME

Well, that's the second symptom of cremation. Their ashes get scattered...sometimes in more than one place...and it takes awhile to get that sorted out. You see, some qualities don't leave the body right away. They need the decomposition process ...cell memories...and the like. Well, when you're turned to ashes, maybe only hours after death, you still have a lot of baggage in there within your body. And, you still have those pain cells! Believe me, you feel that fire! It's horrible! They writhe in agony and there's nothing that we can do to stop it. Then suddenly, they feel scattered and that's almost worse than the pain because it lasts so much longer. It takes a long time for them to recover and for their cellular baggage to find them. Naturally, they can't reincarnate again until all that stuff has completely processed through. The rest of the solar system is much more civilized.

Earth is in the dark ages as far
As death customs go. So, I'm
going in to try to establish
another way of doing things.

GROGAN

Good luck! We all wish you
well on that one! You've got a
big job for yourself. Esther, I
can't believe this life's plan that
you've handed me. It's certainly
not typical of you. It's so ordin-
ary and open-ended. Where's
the suffering? Where's the
deprivation? Where's the
danger? The crusade?

ESTHER

It wasn't my idea! THEY made
me do it! Now though, I'm
sort of looking forward to it. It's
the kind of life I never thought
I'd want, but now you know
what? Maybe I do!

WHITEHORSE

This kid simply looks forward to
everything under God's good
sun! Here's what happened.
"Upstairs" felt that she had
suffered enough on these Spirit-
ually Developmental lifetimes
that she's been going in on for
so long. So this time, they're
sending her in on a "Vacation
Lifetime." She'll have a good

happy life... meet the man of her dreams and have plenty of money; normal kids...as many as she wants. She's so advanced now that she doesn't have to keep making things so hard on herself. All of this came up when she turned in her usual heavy-duty life plan. They didn't accept it and gave her this one instead.

Esther shrugs happily. Grogan twists around, hugs her and gives her a big, congratulatory kiss. Then he points to Miranda to speak.

MIRANDA

Hi everybody! I'm Miranda and I've always specialized in the downfall of dictators. I've either been active in the underground, or prominent in their lives as a girlfriend or family member, working secretly against them. Sometimes, I just was a citizen in their country and I brained them with psychic bombs. I always got my man! Now I think I can finally relax since we've pretty much run out of dictators. The world has become so peaceful that there aren't as many bad guys out there any more and none on the scale that I'd been working on. I had my choice. I could retire completely and stay home up on the Higher

Levels or I could come down for one last turn and travel around to make sure that there weren't any potential hotspots. I love to travel, so how could I resist?

JEROME

I guess you're some sort of a Dictator-Minesweeper!

ESTHER

(turning to Jim)

Aren't you Jimmy John? As I recall, many lifetimes ago when we met here before, you were going down to tame lions. I still remember that sort of a roaring tango we did back in the old Quonset. How did that lion-taming lifetime go? Were you in the circus?

JIM

Better than you would ever believe! I grew up to be a medical scientist. My parents weren't thrilled about my joining the circus, so I went to medical school. I got into cancer research and discovered a breed of lions that doesn't get cancer. When this particular lion's blood is introduced to certain types of cancer cells, guess what happens.

PENELOPE

Ummmmm.....it eats it up?

JIM

That's a good guess. Sort of. It literally kills the cancer by dismantling something that it needs in order to grow. I died, though, before I could figure out what it was...what the science was behind it.

WARREN

I see here that you've been allowed to retain your memories now when you go into life again. That's a distinction. How did that happen?

JIM

It all seemed sort of suspicious to me that it was so neatly tied up with lions. So, I kept working on it from Up Here. I found out that there was a Pope, long ago who was very stern about sin and in strong language spelled out exactly what would happen to the sinner. He spoke of sin as devouring the human body, cell by cell; as capable of killing a man just as surely as a sword would kill him, only much more slowly. This powerful Pope went on and on, in pontifical statements, probably with no

idea of the long-term actual
effect he was having.

TEAR-CUN

There was once a Pope Leo!
That name means lion! Was that
the Pope?

JIM

There were actually ten Pope
Leos and yes, it was one of
them. He was a very inspiring
Pope and an excellent speaker.
He used the analogy of the lion
to tell people how to live their
lives. He always exhorted them
to be lion-like in their devotion
towards God. To be as strong as
a lion, at all times. Maybe,
symbolically, the lion tried to
devour the sin. Who knows?

PENELOPE

Our words really do come true.

GABRIELLA

Oh yes! You should see what
we see from our Level as we
observe the people of the earth.
It's so important to watch our
words...especially the strong
ones.

WHITEHORSE

I'll wager that those immune
lions whose blood kills the
cancer cells are also from Pope

Leo....like they're his symbols on Earth. I know that he's been working for a long time, from Up Above, to cure cancer.

JIM

It's been so exciting to unravel all of this. Now They are letting me go back down with more information so that, perhaps I can tackle this and some of the Other medical mysteries. Who knows? Maybe those have the same kind of origins.

Suddenly, the lights come back on and the mood is broken. Everyone is stiff and ready for a break; stretching and heading for the kitchen. Someone stokes the fire, others talk together. Some do calisthenics.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE LARGE WINDOWS - NIGHT

The sky is dark, with millions of bright stars. Snow is still softly falling but that is gradually clearing as the clouds move away. Great wet clumps of snow are piled upon the branches of the surrounding evergreens. The moon is full.

INT. INTERIOR OF THE QUONSET HUT - NIGHT

Dinner over, group members clean up the kitchen. They move in and out of the hallway, the dorm bedroom, and bathrooms, getting organized to start the next group therapy session. There's happy camaraderie and even more bonding than was evident earlier. Grogan has spent the afternoon addressing the power outage and that is under control now.

WARREN

Okay everybody! Let's begin.
Bring your coffee, or whatever,
with you.

ESTHER

Would anybody mind if we turn
off all the lights again? It's so
great with just firelight and
candles.

GROGAN

After all my hard work?

They have a little tussle and some smooching. Grogan is enjoying the chance to be simply a part of the group, rather than its leader.

INT. THE GROUP THERAPY CIRCLE - NIGHT

Warren herds everybody to the circle. Whitehorse returns to his stool. Soon everyone is settled.

WARREN

This is a powerful group! The
Earth is surely going to benefit
from you! But wait till you hear
what my Jane is being sent down
for. It blew my mind when she
told me. Tell 'em, Baby!

JANE

I'll be attempting to solve a
fairly difficult split-personality
situation concerning the shadow
selves of some people. We're

hoping for a peaceful solution to
bring unity to warring hearts
and I will attempt to do that
with love. It often works better
than using bitterness.

MIRANDA

Here, Esther and I are planning
fairly boring lives and you come
along and give it the gusto. I'm
already jealous of your adventures!
I couldn't find any causes left. How
did you?

JANE

I wouldn't have thought of it in a
million years! I didn't even
know that this was the case. The
thing was assigned to me. Let's
see if I can explain it clearly. It
has to do with alter egos. As I
understand it, everybody's
own consciousnesses have been
deciding how they want to be,
which path that they choose to
take, through all the millennia
....through all time. At first, we
all had a whole and complete
consciousness, but after a
while, a lot of them became
fractured.

PENELOPE

You mean one part wanted to
be good? Another part wanted
to be bad? Within the same person?

JANE

Yes Penelope, just like that.
One side would push the other
away until it split off creating an
alter ego. I think this really only
happened to those who didn't
learn to accept their weaker side.

GABRIELLA

This is very interesting to me.
Much of what we Archangels do
Is to help people cope with the
two sides of themselves. And we
have to help the planet cope
with the problems that this
internal warfare causes. Some
consciousnesses are, quite
literally, at war with themselves.
That puts everybody around
them off balance. I've always
worked on that angle every time
I go down, trying to calm the
atmosphere but it's still been
getting worse. I'm not looking
forward to that side of life. All
those mad, crazy people around
me.

JANE

If I succeed, it should finally put
an end to the fractured human
ego forever. This particular
millennial timeframe on Earth
calls for the alter egos to be
incorporated into their
homebodies forever. They'll

have to make peace and finally settle down.

GABRIELLA

You know what? I can see them! They look like hovering shadows that sometimes follow people around to get into their earthly body. They look exactly like the person... just angry and scared. Then, if they do succeed in getting inside.... mostly just for a little while.....the real person will suddenly act so odd. They will sound drunk or say weird things. Do you mean to tell me, Jane, that now everybody will act like that because they're going to be forced to incorporate their bad side into themselvesso that it can stay there all the time?

JANE

You may see more of that for a little while. You see, the alter ego is really a legitimate part of that human and it's being denied...maybe a little bit like a prodigal son who's been closed out and sent away. Except it wasn't exactly their fault in the first place.

JIM

Hey, that's right! The story in

the Bible has the father accepting the wastrel son...the bad side. That's what we ought to be doing.

JANE

Right! The message has been there all along but a whole lot of people think it's more biblical to shut their bad side out. So the alter ego had nowhere to go and that's caused a whole lot of havoc. Now it has to take its place within the original body. People can't avoid the issue any more. They must now get both parts of themselves into the same body.

PENELOPE

But won't that be undoing everything that the good half has built up? If the bad side gets in there permanently, won't the whole person act like a bad person?

JANE

Not really, but that fear is what causes the good side to slam the door shut so tightly. You see, the positive self has already won if it's been strong enough to keep the alter ego out. Plus, in order to be readmitted, the losing half (the negative

half) has to promise to God that it won't interfere....it won't ever try to run the body and it'll settle down inside and never be heard from again.

MIRANDA

I get it! And the people whose negative half has won....they're just happy being bad! They don't have a lot of inner turmoil and they're surely not being plagued with annoying bouts of super goodness, are they?

JANE

Yeah. That's not my area. Those folks have already lost the war.

Warren hears a message coming in on the fax machine and goes to retrieve it. He reads it as he returns to his seat.

WARREN

Well, everybody! It should be an interesting tour of duty this time. Very interesting, as a matter of fact. This just in from headquarters: *"Because of your unique qualifications and missions, this group will be the focus of a new Reality Show in the Upper Kingdoms! Your lives will be recorded and their main events broadcast throughout Heaven, the whole time that you are on Earth!"*

ESTHER

You mean, we'll be on Candid Camera? Remember that old television show from the 1950's?

WHITEHORSE

That's exactly what it means! Of all times for us to be going down, Grogan! This should make for very interesting viewing!

MIRANDA

Doesn't it occur to you, you old goat, that you two are, most likely, the ones who are making it so interesting?

ESTHER

Well, it sure isn't us, Miranda! They would pick the time when we're going in for soft, boring lives.

WARREN

Okay, there's more! Your team is just one of ten. It's a race, called "Six Degrees of Separation." Teams going to ten different planets will be followed ...and Heaven is even going to allow innocent betting.....

GROGAN

Betting? What about? We won't

be aware of the other's planets.
Heck! We won't even be aware
of each other! How can we race,
or even act like a team?

WARREN

Let me see here...Okay, what
They'll be looking for is whether
the members of each team can
manage to intersect with each
other during their very different
lives on very different parts of a
particular planet. You all know
each other Up Here. We call it
Intergalactic Friendship. Will
you know each other if you
should happen to meet in life?

JEROME

Intersect? Don't they mean
Interact?

WARREN

No, it says Intersect. That would
qualify, if even their paths cross
in some little way.... Oh...even,
if they simply read about one
another or hear them on radio
or television...that would be an
intersection. There's a whole
point structure....If two of you
actually connect personally, the
points shoot way up and if you
stay connected ...Ohmigod! You
practically win the Sweepstakes,
because the odds are against

any two out of ten specific team members, among the millions and millions of individuals within a planetary population, ever coming together in any way at all.

ESTHER

And those odds would be really astronomical against the fact that we might somehow, some way, actually recognize each other enough to bond in any way. I've heard it said that every human is separated by only six degrees from everyone else on the planet. This is a great way to find out! But I think it's highly unlikely that any of us will ever be around each other Down There. It's just not that likely to happen.

WHITEHORSE

Well, yes and no, Darlin.' They know what They're doing! This group is special, though not all of us are long-term veterans to life on Earth. You "Newbie's" have developed very rapidly during your relatively few lives and there is a very powerful quality that accrues to souls who are developing in the right direction. They begin to possess a kind of an inner radar. They

know things...without “knowing”
them

PENELOPE

Memory?

WHITEHORSE

Well, not exactly. Instinct?
Character? Even these words
don’t convey the real quality.
Maybe... you become “Magnet-
ized Toward Significance!” You
pick up on it without knowing
why.

GROGAN

They must have ten teams going
down, which reflect some of
those mature qualities! Man! I
hate to miss this show! I would
love to watch it from Up Here
I’ve often thought about that
when people I send down have
interesting assignments.

ESTHER

Miss it? You’ll be on it!

WARREN

Okay! Here’s the Biggie! Can
any team make this happen:
each one of you will have
interconnected with each team
member in some small way?
One hundred percent of the
group, overlapping lives in some

way? I can't even begin to
appreciate how remote the
chances of that are!

TEAR-CUN

I'm glad that I won't be aware of
the hidden cameras,...or the
Heavenly Audience. Can you
imagine how self-conscious we'd
be? Hey, did anybody see *The
Truman Show*? I used to think I
wouldn't want to be him! Now,
I'm going to be! We're all going
to be!

WARREN

I'll be rooting for every one of
you! This should be fun! I'll
make copies of the race rules so
you can read them over before
you turn in. Okay! That's it for
tonight. Get some sleep.

The session breaks up, with everyone buzzing about this
new information. Laughing and making jokes about the
lack of privacy of being an around-the-clock film star. Our
three couples retire to their respective bedrooms for some
last-chance loving.

EXT. THE QUONSET COMPLEX - MORNING

Deep snow is piled everywhere but the sky is clear and blue.
Whitehorse issues snow shovels to the group members.

SPEEDED UP SEQUENCE OF SNOW SHOVELING

EXT. THE PETRIFIED-TREE-STUMP TABLE - DAY

Miranda and Esther bring trays, with mugs and a large teapot, to the petrified-tree-stump table. They pour steaming tea into each cup and hand them to the grateful group members, who have just finished the snow shoveling. Jim and Warren don't have any. Warren isn't going down and Jim has been allowed to keep his memories.

MIRANDA

Okay, everybody! Time to drink
your delicious Forget Tea and
wipe your minds clean of all
memories of your time Up
Here. Besides, you won't feel a
thing when you fall into that
frigid Antarctic water waiting
for us out there. Drink up,

On the newly-cleared path, the group walks to the shoreline for departure. The waterfront has undergone an upgrade since its more primitive state. It is much more modern and rimmed with a horseshoe-shaped wharf. Circular metal forms now hold round chunks of ice, three feet across. Each is released when the cake-pan-like clip is opened. The metal pole with the phone is already frozen into it.

JIM

Now, that's a modern ice floe.
You've really come up in the
world.

GROGAN

You like them? This is one of
Warren's great changes around
here. We call them Popsicles!

WARREN

Yep! And here's the popsicle stick! This is your single-call phone. My old self would have built in a satellite, with unlimited dialing. Luckily, I saw the wisdom in this system. Back then, I'd have been on the] phone from the moment I left the shore. That's not very meditative but it's very Type A.

JEROME

And what type would you say you are now, Warren?

JIM

If you want my "expert medical opinion," I'd say that, now.....he is....(diagnosing)...STILL Type A! Type Alphabet, that is! All of the above.

WARREN

Well thanks, Doctor Jim! I love that diagnosis! Okay everybody, have you got it? Call me when you're about to reenter life.

Standing on the wharf, each person releases an ice floe into the water and gingerly steps aboard the float, holding onto the pole for balance. The three sets of lovers enjoy one last embrace. Grogan, Whitehorse, and Warren help the recruits to board their ice floe, then push them out into the ocean currents. The two men say goodbye to Warren and step aboard their chunks of ice, to whirl with the others out

of sight and into the fog.

EXT. THE LONELY SHORE AT THE COMPLEX - DAY

Warren stands alone on his first full day in charge of the whole operation. He watches until all are out of sight.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF THE FLOATING GROUP - DAY

White mist surrounds the group, sometimes interrupting our view of the individuals, leaving only glimpses of the color of their jackets. The current carries each person on their different track, eventually separating them all.

EXT. JANE'S FACE - DAY

Suddenly, something topples the floe and she falls quickly into the water.

EXT/INT. UNDERWATER SHOT - LIGHT

Jane's eyes are closed; her face is placid, as she sinks into the depths.

EXT. A MOUNTAIN RIDGE IN KENTUCKY - VERY EARLY MORNING

Thickly wooded, very beautiful Blue Ridge country in a hamlet, somewhere outside of Coalgood, Kentucky, right on the Virginia border, deep in the Appalachian Mountains.

EXT. A SINGLE, ROUGH-HEWN CABIN - DAWN

A large white refrigerator sits on the front porch of the cabin, just beside the screen door. A grizzled man in overalls emerges from the squeaking door, goes to the

refrigerator, opens it, and takes something out. We can neither see inside the icebox nor see what he removes. He sits on the rickety porch steps to pull on his boots and strides away along the footpath. Now, like a scene from a circus when an inexplicable number of clowns emerge from one small car, fifteen overall-clad boys, of descending sizes, do exactly what their father just did.

SOUND: SOMEWHERE ALONG ABOUT BOY #7, LOUD GROANS ARE HEARD COMING FROM INSIDE THE CABIN. THIS CONTINUES, AS MANY EVER-YOUNGER BOYS EMERGE

The last child, a boy of about four, steps out of the cabin's screen door alone. He opens the refrigerator but cannot reach whatever it is that he needs on the top shelf. He jumps and struggles.

EXT. BOY AND REFRIGERATOR - MORNING

At last, we see inside the Frigidaire. There's nothing within the mud-smeared ice box except one last pair of boots, stuck in the ice tray compartment, out of his reach. He is just beginning to climb up the shelves, when a woman's voice from inside calls to him. It is urgent and in pain.

MAMMA SUMMONER
(Appalachian accent, groaning)
Junior Young-un Summoner!
You come in here to me! Quick!
You hear me, Young-un? Git on
in here! HUUUUURRRRRYYY! Right
now!

Junior Young-un stops trying to get his boots and sticks his head in the ripped screen door.

JUNIOR YOUNG-UN
Mamma! I cain't git my boots!
They's too high!

MAMMA SUMMONER
Ye gotta go barefoot, then! Run,
boy! Tell yer Pa that my time
has come! Tell 'im to fetch the
mid-wife, lickety-split! This here
one's a comin' mighty fast!

The little boy runs barefoot to find his Pa.

JUNIOR YOUNG-UN
Pa! Pa! Pa! Mamma's time is
upon her! Ya gotta fetch help. Ya
gotta git the midwife!

INT. A CROWDED LOG CABIN - NIGHT

Newspaper-plastered walls, board furniture, a ladder and loft.....this is the poorest cabin imaginable. A fire burns in the mud and stone fireplace, boiling water in a cast-iron cooking pot. The place is crowded with fifteen boys, their Pa and Ma, and a new baby girl born just that morning.

ONE BOY
Hit's a girl! I jest cain't believe
that we got us a lil' sister. This
family hain't had nothing but
boys since anybody kin
recollect.

MAMMA SUMMONER
Hit's a girl, I reckon! A mighty
purty one, to boot! You boys'll

hefta look after her, now, 'n take
real good care 'a yer sister.

As Mamma unwraps the newborn to give them a look, the little girl startles and stretches, squirms, and opens her mouth. Instead of a cry, there emerges a sweet, high-pitched, little mewling baby song, like a little singing wail. Everyone is surprised and startled. Then, there is laughter and amazed comments.

A TOUSELED TEEN

My Gawd! She's a'gonna beat us
all at hawg-callin'!

MAMMA SUMMONER

That is the purtiest little cry I
ever heer'd! Must be the way
girl babies do it. Ya couldn't
prove it by me, cuz I ain't never
a'heerd one afore.

JUNIOR YOUNG-UN

She's my baby, ain't she, Pa?
Cuz, I come and gotcha. Whut
'er ya gonna call 'er?

HIRUM SUMMONER

W'all, I plumb run outta names
a lotta babies back. Started
repeatin' meself on a few a' y'all.
Hain't ne'r e'en thunk up a
girl's name afore!

The startling little cry emerges again from the swaddling clothes. It's definitely not crying....sounds more like singing and it causes everybody to laugh just to hear it. Mamma

puts the baby to her breast and there are more satisfied sounds coming from the tiny little thing.

MAMMA SUMMONER

I tell you, Hiram, this here lil'
girl baby is the sweetest chile!
Give 'er a very sweet name.
That'll be all I'll ask.

HIRUM SUMMONER

That's it Sairy! I'll name 'er
Sweet Sweet! Okay boys! Meet
yer little sister, Sweet Sweet!

JUNIOR JUNIOR

I like it Pa! It sounds a lot like
my name of Junior Junior!

MAMMA SUMMONER

Yer Pa's got a way with names,
hain't he?

EXT. A ROCKY, COLD, KENTUCKY STREAM - DAY

The changing of many seasons is illustrated by blending their effects on the surface of a rocky, fast-running stream.

EXT. THE SAME CABIN'S FRONT PORCH - DUSK

A beautiful little four-year-old girl is sitting on the swing holding her Daddy's big guitar and picking chords. She is singing an eerily beautiful Appalachian folk song, all by herself, as evening falls. She sings run-on ballads that she makes up as she goes along. The menfolk begin to filter back from the mines. The boys are all four years older. Each one sits down on the edge of the porch, pulls off his boots,

and puts them into the refrigerator. It's very clear that they admire Sweet Sweet's singing ability, though they don't comment about it.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF THE KENTUCKY WOODS

More time passes in the changing of the seasons.

INT. AN APPALACHIAN RADIO STATION - DAY

It's an old-fashioned, one-room radio station, popular all over those parts, in the small town of Coalgood, Kentucky. The DJ is Junior Junior Summoner, Sweet Sweet's big brother. Sweet Sweet is now sixteen and very pretty. She waits in the corner with her Pa's old guitar in her hand. She's nervous and obviously very proud of her older, man-of-the-world brother.

JUNIOR JUNIOR SUMMONER

Hooooowwwweeee, Folks! That
time a' the year is here agin!
Hawg-callin' Time! And that
means big money! Ever'body
interested in a' joinin' the big
contest, meet at the State Fair-
grounds, next Sati'day noon.
Jes' come try to beat my paw,
Hirum Summoner. He's still the
best hawg-caller ever was! And
now, speakin' of hawg-calling,
let me interduce y'all to my very
fav'rit ... well, my only... lil'
baby sister, Sweet Sweet! So,
here she is, folks! Sweet Sweet
Summoner, whose 'a gonna sing
ya a song she just wrote fer this

here special occasion.

INT. SWEET SWEET AT THE MICROPHONE - DAY

She sings in a most wonderful voice. Her sound is pure and haunting.

INTERCUT shots of her singing, with scenes of the radio audience, stopping what they're doing to listen carefully. Women washing dishes, men buying feed, driving tractors or cars. Everyday life suddenly interrupted.

This is the song written and sung by Sweet Sweet Summoner:

CALLIN' IN THE HOGS

Sung by Sweet Sweet Summoner

Sooooooooo! Sooooooooo! Sooooooooo!
Inta' ever' life,
there comes a time to say,
Git in here, little pig,
Ya got the Piper to pay!

Onc't wuz a gurl,
She wuz oh so sweet...
Onc't wuz a gurl,
She wuz oh so sweet...
Gurl saw a buzzard up in the sky,
Said you naughty ol' buzzard, just fly right on by.
Cain't touch me with yer ugly ol' eye.....
Cain't touch a woman makin' Huckleberry pie....!
Sooooooooooooo! Sooooooooooooo! Sooooooooooooo!

Onc't wuz a boy,
He wuz oh so fine!

*Onc't wuz a boy,
 He wuz oh so fine!
Boy saw a Black Wolf up on the hill,
Said Black Wolf, none a' my sheep you're gonna kill!
Cain't touch me with y'er ugly ol' eye,
Cain't touch a man makin' whiskey and rye!
Sooooooooooooo! Soooooooooooooo! Soooooooooooooo!*

*Gurl she wuz walkin' on top of the hill,
 Saw a Black Wolf a' gittin' ready fer the kill.
Boy, he saw a buzzard in the sky,
 Knew it meant death fer the gurl walking by.....*

*Boy, he grabbed that Black Wolf from behind,
 Tamed it right there with the power of his mind....
Gurl, she called that buzzard from the sky,
 Made it her pet and it taught 'er how to fly.....
Sooooooooooooo! Soooooooooooooo! Soooooooooooooo!*

*Inta' ever' life
 there comes a time to say....
Git in here, 'little pig,
 Ya got the piper to pay!
Sooooooooooooo! Soooooooooooooo! Soooooooooooooo!*

CIRCLE MONTAGE INDICATING INSTANT FAME

INT. A JAM-PACKED CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

A crowd of cheering fans are whistling and clapping as teenaged Sweet Sweet Summoner takes the fairground stage. She sings the same song and the crowd goes wild, dancing and singing along with her. Lots of extemporaneous arm and hand motions go along as the crowd really gets into it. The song is being broadcast live

over the same small but popular local country radio station. Transformations, as described below, are seen to be happening randomly:

INT. KITCHEN OF A SMALL HOUSE - DAY

A housewife is dealing with three naughty children. The older two have broken a glass dish all over the kitchen floor and are now squabbling about who did it. The radio is on. Baby screams in the high chair. The woman's patience snaps, and she screams at them all, slapping the nearest child. The little girl begins to cry loudly.

CRYING GIRL

Mama! Mama! Don't hit me!
You're eyes always look so
mean when you're like this! I
didn't break that dish! Mama!
That's your ugly old buzzard's
eye!

INT. CLOSEUP OF HOUSEWIFE'S FACE - DAY

The woman is stopped dead in her tracks by the child's observation. Her shocked face drains of color. Then, over the radio comes the hauntingly beautiful voice of Sweet Sweet Summoner, singing:

*"Gurl saw a buzzard up in the sky!
Said ya naughty ol' buzzard, just fly right on by!
Cain't touch me with yer ugly 'ol eye!
Cain't touch a woman makin' Huckleberry Pie!"*

We see a ghostly image of a buzzard; it's head bearing the housewife's face, hovering over her. It looks as if the buzzard is singing to the woman, as the song continues:

*“Gurl, she called that buzzard from the sky!
Made it her pet and it taught her how to fly!”*

Time is frozen for just one moment, and then the woman smiles, nods at the buzzard and starts singing along. The ghostly buzzard flies inside of her and she shakes off her bad mood. She calls her kids over so she can hug them to herself. As she kisses them and wipes away their tears, she says:

HOUSEWIFE

Kids! Mama’s sorry! I love you
all so much! How would you like
to help me make some huckle-
berry pie?

They turn the radio up loud, clean up the broken dish and get out the pie-making equipment. Everyone but the baby sings along lustily. The baby bangs his spoon on the top of his highchair.

EXT. A TRAFFIC JAM IN NEW YORK - HOT DAY

A male driver is getting road rage but as it builds up inside of him, Sweet Sweet’s song comes on the radio. It’s the sort of Kentucky bluegrass that is impossible not to sing along with. Soon he’s tapping the steering wheel and singing away. When the part about the wolf is sung, a hazy, wolfish shape bearing his face hovers in front of him. It raises its eyebrows, imploringly. He looks it in the eye, gives it a nod, and it melts into him. Then he really gets into singing the song.

MONTAGE: Music charts, records, CD’s, DVD’s, cassette tapes, TV shows, Music Awards.....the music spinning out of a video of Sweet Sweet singing her hog-calling song. It is sweeping the nation. Many men and women go through

the same transformation described here.

SOUND EFFECT - BEHIND THIS SCENE IS HEARD THE SOUND CHOSEN TO REPRESENT THE HEAVENLY REALITY SHOW'S EQUIVALENT OF "BINGO!" HERE IS AN UPCOMING **INTERSECTION**, PLUS, AN EVEN BIGGER, **PERMANENT INTER-CONNECTION**. FROM NOW ON, THERE WILL BE BELLS, BUZZERS AND APPLAUSE SOUND EFFECTS, TO INDICATE THE LEVEL OF A "SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION" CONNECTION BEING MADE, AS MORE AND MORE MEMBERS OF THE TEAM MEET ON EARTH

INT. DULLES AIRPORT CHECK-IN COUNTER - DAY

Esther, who is GINI BEGAY (27), a beautiful young Navajo woman in this life, is standing in the check-in line for a plane to Albuquerque, New Mexico. TIM GROGAN (37), an outdoorsman-in-tweeds type, is directly in front of her. Both are involved in reading their tickets and do not register each other. Their wine-colored carry-on bags are identical. As the line proceeds, he picks his bag up and puts it down. Gini kicks hers along with her foot. Once, her bag bangs into his heel and he half-turns. She says, "Sorry," and both return to their former separate concentrations.

Upon boarding the plane, Grogan takes a seat in the very last row, against the rear bulkhead. Her seat is at the front of the plane, near a window. A couple with a baby enters the plane after everyone is strapped in and they are escorted to the only two available seats. The mother and screaming child wind up next to Gini. After the seatbelt sign is turned off, the father comes to carry the baby in the aisle and it goes to sleep on his shoulder. Gini offers to trade seats so the man can stay with his wife. It turns out that the husband's seat is beside Grogan. As she puts her carry-on into the bin above the seat, she notices his identical bag. He

looks up from his newspaper when she speaks.

GINI

Is this your bag? Mine is identical. We'll have to be careful not to switch them.

GROGAN

Right! What would you do with a lot of lecture notes on esoteric subjects?

GINI

Or you, with pages of half-written poetry?

GROGAN

You're a poet?

GINI

That's my first love, though I've just started working as a comedian.

GROGAN

Funny poems?

GINI

Oh no! I'm very serious about my poetry. I only get funny when I talk about Indian Affairs.

GROGAN

And when do you do that?

GINI

Just this morning, I testified
before Congress. I tried hard not
to be funny then.

Grogan is obviously very much intrigued with this lovely
lady, and quite puzzled. She sees this and tries to explain.

GINI

Sometimes I perform at The
Comedy Club in New York,
that's all. What sort of esoteric
subjects are your lecture notes
about?

GROGAN

Cosmic subjects mostly. Life
after death; the Purpose of Life
from a Galactic Point of View;
Humanity's True Evolution
....stuff like that.

GINI

My God! How interesting!
That's what my poetry is about.
I wish I could come to one of
your lectures! Where do you
speak?

GROGAN

I teach Comparative Philosophy
at Santa Fe Junior College. My
lectures will be at 9:00 a.m.,
every Monday, Wednesday and
Friday, from next week till the
end of the school year. You are

certainly welcome to attend.

GINI

I teach there too! Creative
Writing. I'm Gini Begay!
Nice to meet you, Professor!

GROGAN

I'm Tim Grogan! Do you
have any of your poetry with
you? I'd love to read it.

Gini digs a published volume out of her carry-on and he immerses himself in reading it. During that time, she is nervous but tries not to show it. After some time, Grogan removes his glasses, wipes his eyes, blows his nose and stares out the window composing himself. She glances shyly over at him every few minutes. He puts his hand to his forehead, still overcome with emotion, still trying to regain his voice.

GROGAN

Everything you've said....
Everything you've said, in just
a few words, is what I've been
trying to come up with all my
life. Trying to find a way to
express it. You've said it with so
much beauty, May I keep this
book? I somehow seem unable
to let go of it.

Gini is very pleased and moved by his emotion...and extremely attracted to him, as well. She borrows his pen and writes an inscription on the flyleaf.

MONTAGE OF A WHIRLWIND ROMANCE AND SOON, A WEDDING, THEN PREGNANCIES, BABIES, AND A VERY HAPPY FAMILY LIFE.

EXT. SANTA FE -PATIO OF A LOVELY HOME - EVENING

Sweet Sweet's song is playing on the radio. A couple is working together in their interior patio garden, picking glorious flowers. They're singing loudly and dancing with exaggerated steps. Drawing closer: This couple is Grogan and Gini, (Esther), now married and teaching at the nearby college. A table on the patio is set for an evening meal. Three young children play together nearby. Esther and Grogan are obviously very much in love during this vacation lifetime of hers. She fills a tall vase with flowers. Grogan lights some tiki torches and then, a fire in an outdoor patio fireplace, more for atmosphere than warmth. He squats in front of the brazier, feeding small bits of wood, and staring at the flames.

EXT. CLOSEUP OF FLAMES

EXT. DRAW BACK FROM FLAMES - NIGHT

EXT. A BURNING FUNERAL PYRE IN INDIA - NIGHT

A young Indian boy (Jerome) stands solemnly watching a body burn on a funeral pyre.

EXT. FLOWER-STREWN BODY ON THE GANGES - DAY

EXT. BOY WATCHING ABOVE SCENE - DAY

An Indian youth (older now) solemnly watches a grieving family and the body, floating away on the Ganges River.

EXT. A COUNTRY CLINIC IN INDIA - DAY

The adult Jerome is examining patients. He is Dr. Sanjay Mukhati.

EXT. A QUAKE-DAMAGED INDIAN CITY - DAY

A large, agitated crowd is gathered outside of a warehouse. There has been a terrible earthquake and many people have died. There is much chaos and commotion. Red Cross trucks load blue, body-sized, thick plastic capsules. Other people carry them away on their backs or on hand-pulled carts. DR. SANJAY MUKHATI, (30), an Indian doctor, demonstrates their use for the media and the surrounding crowd.

DR. MUKHATI

Put the body in the coffin and
then put the lid on, like this.
Screw all around the sides and
seal the edges with this caulk.

Soon, the international media covering the earthquake is abuzz with the discovery of a newer, purer, and much cheaper way to be buried.

SOUND EFFECT - ANOTHER REALITY SHOW SOUND REACTION.....THIS IS A DOUBLE INTERSECTION, AS ESTHER AND GROGAN SEE JEROME AND JIM ON TV.

INT. TV SET IN SANTA FE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gini and Grogan are watching the television news.

NEWS ANCHOR

From the earthquake-ravaged
mountains of India comes one
of the simplest burial practices

of modern civilization. This is the invention of Dr. Sanjay Mukhati, , who is producing simple plastic canisters which are replacing more traditional coffins. Now that the news is out, people in many parts of the world are asking for this new burial technology. We go now to Calcutta, India, where Dr. Mukhati is explaining the new method to Dr. Jim Johnson, of Johns Hopkins University Hospital.

SOUND EFFECT - THE REALITY SHOW SOUND REACTION TO THE MEETING OF JEROME AND JIM, A GOOD SOLID FACE-TO-FACE CONNECTION.

EXT. NEAR A BURNING GHAT ON A RIVER - DAY

DR. JIM JOHNSON (38) is our Jim. The scholarly Indian doctor stands beside a blue plastic, body-sized container, which resembles a steel drum, sawed lengthwise. He places a manikin into the bottom half and then aligns the two halves, applying caulk to the rims before screwing the sides together. There's a hole on the top for a garden hose to enter so that the container can receive water once the body is inside. Then that opening is capped and caulked and the coffin lowered into the ground.

DR. MUKHATI

These coffins can be stacked,
stored, and transported easily.
They cost only a few dollars
apiece, are almost indestruct-

ible, and are leak proof. Once the body is sealed inside and the coffin placed in the ground, the canister is filled to this line with water, leaving enough oxygen to allow the bacteria to thrive. Then all that is left to do is to add a small packet of bacteria and then seal the opening. These small holes at the top allow the resulting gases to escape.

DR. JOHNSON

So the water surrounding the body simply aids in its natural decomposition and then the bacteria clean the water. That's a beautiful, affordable solution to a universal need to bury our dead. It should address many public health problems.

DR. MUKHATI

Yes. As a matter of fact, this is a very pure and spiritual way to treat a dead body. Next to this treatment, all other methods, using chemicals or any rapid burning, appear very primitive and completely undesirable. Plus, they are far too expensive and should be discontinued.

The scene switches back to the New York news studio.

NEWS ANCHOR

The Mortician's Lobby has been unsuccessful in their attempt to block the new burial method from entering the United States. It is now legal for graveyards to accept the alternative coffin as well as traditional ones. This was all brought about through popular demand by people who have long been disillusioned with the high cost of death.

LOUISIANA BAYOU WOMAN

When my Gran'pappy died, it took all a' Granny's savings to bury him proper. And it warn't no fancy funeral, neither. I sure wish't we'd 'a had one 'a them blue plastic cans fer him. H'it's a shame that our Gran'pappy missed out! Lordy, that man did love water so! He was allus a' fishin' or a' froggin or a'gatorin,' out in the bayou. Durned shame he died so soon!

NEWS ANCHOR

This little "Blue Pill" may be just the cure for the whole bloated death and burial business. It has already had an impact on the funeral home industry, which reported a dramatic downturn in earnings during the last quarter. This is one movement

that bears watching.

SOUND EFFECT - THE REALITY SHOW SOUND REACTION TO THE INTERCEPTION OF PENELOPE WITH JEROME AND JIM:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF A HOME - DAY

A television set is turned on, showing the above news program. A lovely Asian woman, in a doctor's starched white lab coat, is getting ready for work. She walks back and forth to the kitchen, grabbing a bite and drinking coffee, watching the TV news intermittently.

INT. CLOSEUP OF THE DOCTOR - DAY

Suspensions that this is Penelope are confirmed when she pins on her name tag.... "DR. PENNY WONG, Medical Director" She checks herself in the mirror, turns off the TV and exits the house.

EXT. AN OLD-FASHIONED BRICK MANSION - DAY

TITLE SIGN: *"TUMBRILLE HOUSE MENTAL HOSPITAL"*

Dr. Wong's car turns in and she is admitted by the sentry.

SOUND EFFECT - THE REALITY SHOW SOUND REACTION TO THE CONNECTION OF PENELOPE AND GABRIELLA. (THERE IS A SECONDARY CONNECTION BETWEEN PENELOPE AND THE ADMINISTRATOR, WHO WAS BOBBY, IN THE FIRST *AND YET A LITTLE WHILE* MOVIE. HE IS NOT A PART OF THE RACE TEAM BUT THIS HAS SOME SIGNIFICANCE.)

INT. ADMITTING OFFICE OF THE HOSPITAL - DAY

Several people, including DR. PENNY WONG (30) are looking through a large, one-way mirror into a room with a table and chair. Books, magazines, and other objects fill the table.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

A very blond woman sits rocking herself in a straight chair. She has the Mongoloid features of Downs syndrome. She is our GABRIELLA (23)

INT. THE ADMITTING OFFICE - DAY

In the office with Penny are two women from a group home for the mentally retarded, Mrs. Connor and Mrs. Adams. The Hospital Administrator, ROBERT STUART, (60) is also there and is our Bobby, from the first group described in this story.

ADMINISTRATOR

Mentally retarded isn't mentally ill. Why do you believe that this young woman needs to be admitted to Tumbrille House? This is a long-term psychiatric facility.

MRS. ADAMS

Gabby isn't one of our typical residents. We at the group home, are used to seeing a good bit of strange behavior. But Gabby is becoming quite a handful. She doesn't sleep much at night and often wanders

around the house all night long. Occasionally, she has been found in town after somehow slipping out. We don't have the staff to keep a person on duty all night long. Of course, my husband and I are the resident "parents," so we live right there. But we need our sleep and we don't usually hear her unless there's some kind of fuss.

PENNY

What do you mean by fuss, Mrs. Adams?

MRS. ADAMS

If she wanders into someone's room they might wake up and call out. Or she might be crying in the living room or in her own room about somebody saying *No*. All of her life, she has seemed to mourn the fact that all kinds of unknown people say *No* to her.

MRS. CONNOR

When the fact of the matter is that these handicapped clients are rarely told *No* by anyone. Their life is very nicely laid out for them. What with the group home, their work in the nearby Sheltered Workshop, and lots of excursions and parties, they

have an active, happy life with
no stress. Of course, if they
wanted to marry, then they
would get a *No* answer, but
that's not usually a problem.
And that's not Gabby's problem.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM AND GABBY - DAY

Gabby moves to the large window overlooking the beautiful
grounds and looks out.

MRS. ADAMS
(voiceover)

Gabby is the sweetest person.
She never asks for anything for
herself and she's always content.
She's one of the most loving
girls we have but she carries on
an inner life with imaginary
friends and she can disappear
inside of herself for long periods
of time. I hear that she's always
done this and it's not all that
unusual for those with Downs
Syndrome. But, she can get very,
sad about this mysterious *No*
business; very depressed.
Sometimes, many people have
said this to her, and sometimes,
only one. Or, so she says.

INT. ADMITTING OFFICE - DAY

MRS. CONNOR
But you should see her face

when she reports that someone has said *Yes* to her. She lights up! Goes around happy all day. It doesn't have any connection with what is going on in her daily life. We've tried to find one, but we can't. A lot of the time, it happens in the middle of the night when there is no one else around, or awake, to say yes or no to her.

PENNY

So, she's just become a little too much for you to handle within the group home structure? Is that why you'd like to have her admitted here? What is her history?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Show flashes of the scenes described by the voice-over.

ADMINISTRATOR
(voiceover)

(referring to a folder)
Well, Gabriella was born in Sweden to an American couple stationed there with the Air Force. Her father was a weather specialist and they were in a small town far to the north. There was an accident in the hospital a day or so after she was born. A furnace exploded,

and set fire to one of the wings.
Gabby's father was visiting at
the time, and both parents were
killed along with many others.
The newborn nursery was not
involved so Gabby survived.
She had a three-year-old sister
and both girls went to live with
grandparents, who are dead
now. The sister is grown.
Gabby has been in the group
home for about ten years.

INT. THE ADMITTING OFFICE - DAY

PENNY

Tumbrille's charter does
mention the mentally retarded.
We've just never needed to use
that provision before. But I
don't see why we couldn't take
advantage of that now. I'd like
very much to work with her.

ADMINISTRATOR

(to Penny)

Let's try it for six months and
see if we can help. Dr. Wong, I'll
just leave the rest of this for you
to handle.

He exits and the women turn to the admitting paperwork.

(TWO CHARACTERS IN THE NEXT SCENE, JOE AND
WYATT, WERE ALSO IN THE FIRST-MOVIE GROUP
WITH PENELOPE DURING HER EARLIER TIME IN THE

QUONSET. AGAIN, NOT SHARING THE RACE TEAM WITH PENELOPE AND GABRIELLA, BUT STILL SIGNIFICANT. AN APPROPRIATE SOUND ANNOUNCES THIS CONJUNCTION.)

INT. A WARD IN TUMBRILLE HOUSE - DAY

A week has passed. JOE, 65, (of the first group) is a janitor, working in the background. Penny is doing rounds, checking patients and getting ready to pass out their meds. Gabby follows her looking at everyone and everything, interestedly. Patients sit around idly or play cards, work puzzles, talk together, stare blankly into space, pace the room, etc.

Suddenly, the distinctive voice of Sweet Sweet Summoner is heard over the television. Someone turns the sound up and everyone comes to attention, listening raptly (except for a man in a wheelchair, WYATT, (55) as she sings her hawg-callin' song. There are a few patients for whom the buzzard/wolf connection occurs, but indications are that this song is now so familiar that it's already happened with most people. Indeed, everyone sings along lustily, acting out the motions to whatever extent fits their persona.

SOUND EFFECT - THE REALITY SHOW SOUND REACTION IS HEARD, WITHOUT DESTROYING THE ENJOYMENT OF THE MOUNTAIN MUSIC. GABRIELLA, PENELOPE, AND JANE ARE INTERSECTING.

Gabby breaks into delighted dance and pulls the dignified and busy Dr. Wong into a brief romp to the tune. At the end of the music, things go back to normal and the TV is returned to its quiet setting. But the withdrawn man in a wheelchair, Wyatt, (the Urban Cowboy, of the first movie) starts yelling loudly.

WYATT

Help! They're coming to get me!
I'm scared! I don't want to go
with them! Don't let them get
me! Yah! Help!!! I don't want to
go with them! Don't let them
take me away. Noooo. Not yet!

All but Gabby ignore him as if this goes on all the time.

GABBY

It's okay, Mister! I'm
coming! I'll help you!

Gabby walks quickly toward him. She stands beside his wheelchair, looking intently at his face. Then she bends down and takes his hand.

INT. CENTRAL WARD - GABBY AND WYATT - DAY

Holding Wyatt's hand, Gabby speaks to him very softly. He soon stops writhing and begins to listen. We do not hear what she says. She strokes his hand and continues to talk to him. Wyatt looks up at her with a trusting, hopeful look and then smiles back and nods his head up and down. She strokes his hair and pats the top of his head comfortingly.

GABBY

Okay?

Wyatt sits looking at his lap but continuing to nod his head up and down. Gabby runs happily back to Penny.

INT. CLOSEUP OF GABBY'S RADIANT FACE - DAY

GABBY

He said yes! He did! He said
yes!

INT. CENTRAL WARD - CLOSEUP OF PENNY - DAY

Penny is busy with her medication distribution and exams.

PENNY

(absently)

He did? That's good!

INT. MEN'S WARD IN TUMBRILLE HOUSE - NIGHT

All is quiet. Men in the lined-up beds are sound asleep. One bed has a wheelchair parked beside it. Wyatt is asleep.

INT. MEN'S WARD - BESIDE WYATT'S BED - NIGHT

Wyatt's breathing becomes difficult and more and more labored. Then, he smiles and stops breathing. In a moment, a wraith-like form rises from his body. Also there appears the bright outline of Gabriella, as we knew her up in the Quonset, accompanying him upward and outward.

INT. PENNY'S OFFICE IN TUMBRILLE HOUSE - DAY

Penny is behind her desk. A nurse enters and hands her a folder.

NURSE

We lost someone last night.

PENNY

We did? Who? No one has been sick that I know of.

The nurse nods towards the folder.

Wyatt? Hmmmm...

What was that Gabby said yesterday? "He said Yes."

Well, he sure must have been saying *No* for a long time. He's been yelling about somebody coming to get him for a year.

INT. CENTRAL WARD ROOM - DAY

The patients are gathered around the television set, watching their favorite morning talk show. As Penny approaches, Gabby comes to hug her affectionately. Penny gives Gabby a big hug and a kiss upon her forehead. Hoots and whistles by the male patients suddenly erupt from the television area. A beautiful woman is being introduced on the talk show.

REALITY SHOW SOUND: - ESTHER, PENELOPE, AND GABRIELLA ARE INTERSECTING.

INT. N. Y. TELEVISION STUDIO - MORNING

Gini Begay Grogan is the guest star on a popular morning show. She's dressed beautifully in an outfit that honors her native Navajo culture but is gloriously colorful and very fashionable.

TV HOSTESS

Gini Begay Grogan is the latest sensation in all the New York

comedy clubs. You call yourself, “Gini,” don’t you? How do you spell it? Like the guinea pig or does it have some deep Navajo meaning?

GINI

Well....if it has, I haven’t made it up yet! It’s G-i-n-i. but it does refer to guinea pigs, as well. When they brought me home from the hospital, my brother’s pet guinea pigs were running around loose. I was so tiny, he said that I was just another little guinea pig and that’s what he has called me for the rest of my life. I kinda like it. It goes with Begay, Gini Begay! See.... like a command to be happy!

TV HOSTESS

So your name is the real reason you got into stand-up comedy? Let’s talk about that. You were in college, majoring in Creative Writing at Arizona State, when it all began. Now you’re a professor, you’ve published a book, and have just finished a movie script. What was the path to fame?

GINI

It was all completely accidental!
I became an Indian Rights

protester. That was also
accidental.

TV HOSTESS

We have some tapes of the
original incident. We'll just run
them while you are talking.

GO TO TAPE. INTERCUT WITH STUDIO SHOTS

EXT. A FIELD WITH A HUGE BONFIRE - NIGHT

A crowd of Navajo Indians conduct a sit-in on a piece of
sacred land. They sit in a circle around a big bonfire.

GINI

(voiceover)

You see, I heard about this sit-
in that my people were plan-
ning back on the Rez.....The
Reservation. The BIA....The
Bureau of Indian Affairs...had
decided to build a school on our
Navajo Sacred Grounds. Nobody
wanted that. Our Tribal leaders
had protested but the govern-
ment wouldn't listen. So, the
Navajo Nation called for a Sit-In
to keep the bulldozers from
tearing up the ground. I had
never been an activist but that
school building thing made me
mad, so I cut classes, drove all
night and got there when the
sit-in was three days old. There
was going to be a confrontation.

BIA men were coming all the way from Washington. They were going to have us all arrested. We Navajos wanted that to happen because we wanted a showdown in court.

INT. N.Y. - TV STUDIO - MORNING

TV HOSTESS

Okay, this sounds familiar, sort of similar to the 1960's. But, how does this lead to comedy?

GINI

Well, these guys arrived and nothing much seemed to be happening. It looked like they were going to go home without arresting us. Then where would we be? We had all been up for about three days straight. Some of my people were getting drunk and passing out.....or just plain falling asleep.... Anyway, I had to do something so I just started making a speech to these BIA Washington bigwigs. My people let me do it because I guess they figured that I was in college and knew how to talk to white people. Well, I started scrambling around in my head to remember some traditional Indian Way kind of things to say. I didn't really even know all

the issues in this protest, but I
knew I didn't want it to fail.

GO TO TAPE:

EXT. THE BONFIRE IN THE SIT-IN FIELD - NIGHT

Gini stands in front of the bonfire looking lovely in tight blue jeans and a white shirt, tied at the waist. She is waving her hands about, speaking sincerely.

GINI IN THE TAPE

I'll tell you guys one thing! The BIA really messed me up! You people took me away from my family and my Hogan when I was only six years old. You sent me off to a boarding school on the reservation...way off from my family! I only came home at Christmas, and for the summer. I was only six, and you made me go off to college. First grade feels like college when you have to live in a dorm room. That's just not right! They wouldn't let me speak Navajo at school, only English, so I forgot my native language. Your BIA schools have been tearing up our families for years! Now you want to use a school to tear up our sacred land, too! This has just got to stop somewhere!

CROWD OF INDIANS

Yeah! That's right! You tell 'em!
Right on, little sister!

General angry comments. Gini looks around and wipes her brow. She looks confused and worried that things might get ugly.

STOP TAPE

INT. GINI IN THE TV STUDIO - MORNING

Back in the interview situation.

TV HOSTESS

Looks like you woke up The
People. What happened next?

GINI

I was getting mad! I sure woke myself up, anyway, but then I thought I'd better calm down. Here, I had all those bigwigs' attention, and I didn't know what to do with it. So, I got the bright idea to approach this from the traditional standpoint, to make a case for our side. Truth was, though, I didn't really know the old stories ... our legends. I had heard them ...my whole family was very traditional. However, I couldn't speak Navajo. That's the thing, when you get sent away at six, you forget all that. So, I had

needed a translator at home to tell me what Grandfather was saying, and I think my translator was drunk most of the time. Anyway, in front of that bonfire when I had these guys' attention, I figured I'd better not waste my chance. So, I got old Uncle Charlie Tsui to start playing his drum....

GO TO TAPE

EXT. GINI AT THE BONFIRE PROTEST - NIGHT

Uncle Charlie drums and Gini does an "Indian" dance, just making up the steps. Then, she stops dramatically and begins telling a story using exaggerated body language.

GINI

Thousands of years ago, this
was our Happy Hunting Grounds....

She sweeps her arms around widely. The Tribal members look very surprised. Uncle Charlie Tsui keeps on drumming as she weaves the story.

GINI

We hunted the buffalo, the
coyote, the lion, the fox here.
Also, WE were hunted here! You
think that we would want a
government school on this our
sacred, bloody, ground? On our
ancient, tribal Happy Hunting
Grounds? Let me tell you a
story that my Grandfather once

told me, about Rabbit and The Spider... I believe it's called Charlie's Web. Well, there was once this rabbit, called Peter, and there was B'rer Fox.....

EXT. THE NAVAJOS AROUND THE BONFIRE - NIGHT

The scene is filmed at a distance from the general crowd and drumming sounds. We no longer hear the words of Gini's story but are seeing the special effect that her performance has on those watching. All observe Gini with intense fascination....while she breaks into spontaneous dance to the drumbeat by way of illustrating her story. Soon, tribal members and BIA men alike, are hooting with laughter. Even the white men know that these stories are not the traditional Navajo Way. Even the dancing is not Indian style. They are all charmed, wondering what will come next.

EXT. THE GROUP OF WHITE BIA MEN - NIGHT

Tears of laughter run down their cheeks.

A BIA MAN
Happy Hunting Grounds?
Doesn't she even know what
that is? You've gotta give her an
"A" for trying, though. Bless her
Pea-pickin' little heart.

INT. THE TV STUDIO - MORNING

TV HOSTESS
You even got going about Kick-
a-poo Joy Juice, didn't you?. I

remember that from my own
childhood. It's from the Li'l
Abner cartoon strip.

GINI

Well, how was I to know? I was
only six...with a drunk trans-
lator! I knew I'd heard it some-
where. I thought it was Indian.
By that time, I didn't care what
it was, 'cause I was grasping for
straws to keep them there at our
sit-in till the cops came to
arrest us.

TV HOSTESS

I understand the cops never did
come. Those BIA men backed
off and let you keep your Happy
Hunting Grounds. Didn't you
know that's a reference to
"where you go after you die?"

GINI

Somebody told me later. Of
course, now I realize that my
childhood was more Anglo than
Indian and I guess that's what
makes my comments so funny.
When I try to sort it out, it's all a
big mish-mash. So, I just make
hay with it while the sun is out.
It's a lot of fun. But, it does also
serve to shine a light on Indian
Affairs and that's why I do it.
We all have a good time!

TV HOSTESS

Ladies and Gentlemen! You can catch Gini Begay's speech for Indian Rights any night this week at the Comedy Club. I highly recommend it!

SOUND EFFECT - SPECIAL REALITY SHOW SOUND REACTION. ESTHER AND WHITEHORSE INTERSECT.

INT. LOBBY OF NEW YORK TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Gini is just leaving after her interview and she steps off the elevator into the lobby. She stops at the bank of pay phones and fumbles for her change. RANDAL WHITEHORSE, (60), is just finishing a phone call. He seems to recognize her but she does not know him. Gini's change spills all over the floor and she tries to collect it. Whitehorse bends down and scoops some up for her, looking at her as he pours it into her hand. Then he gets into the elevator that she has just left. Gini makes her call and goes out the door. We watch her until she is lost in the crowd.

INT. OFFICE OF N.Y. TV PRESIDENT, LEW GOINS - DAY

Randall Whitehorse stands in front of LEW GOINS, (45), desk, speaking angrily.

WHITEHORSE

Dammit, Lew! You can't manage the news that way! You have to broadcast the truth. I don't care how much it hurts our advertisers or who else it offends. You've got to say it like it is!

LEW GOINS

Listen, I'm with you in theory.
And most of the time I keep my
hands off it. But, we can't afford
to wash the dirty laundry of
some of our major advertisers
right here, on prime time TV.
They'll walk! They'll walk right
across the street to our
competitors and you and I will
be out of a job come the next
stockholder's meeting!

WHITEHORSE

When's she coming? You know
she thinks you are bringing her
here to blow this whole thing
sky high. Not to muzzle her!

LEW GOINS

She'll be here tomorrow night. I
want you to meet her plane, take
her to dinner..... maybe, get her
a little drunk. You can even
make her think she's got the
assignment. Meanwhile, we're
coming up with ways to keep
her busy and away from that story.

WHITEHORSE

Lew, what do you take her for?
Naïve? Stupid? She has just
uncovered sweatshops all over
Eastern Europe and Asia run by
some of the biggest names in
American manufacturing. Brand

names....and yes, some of our big clients. And what's more, she's found a few dirty money connections. She believes that you want to blow the story wide open. To show the world who its biggest dlum lords are. Now, you're telling me that you are bringing her here to shut her up? To get her off the case? Well, hard journalism is my background, too and I can tell you for a fact, that we down-in-the-dirt news reporters don't take too well to squelching! You, Goins, are as much of a tyrant as those I was gunning for, down in South America! You just don't do it in the jungle!

Whitehorse stalks out, slamming the door behind him.

SOUND EFFECT - THE REALITY SHOW RECOGNITION SOUND GOES BONKERS WITH THE CONNECTION BETWEEN WHITEHORSE AND MIRANDA.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - CUSTOMS GATE - DAY

Whitehorse scans the arriving travelers. Soon, a customs official leads an attractive woman in trim business attire over to him. Her many suitcases soon follow and they head towards the exit. We recognize the woman as our Marishka. She is a Hungarian newswoman, MIRANDA MARISH (50).

MIRANDA
You must be Randall White-

horse. It is so good to finally meet you. I've heard so many stories of your investigative reporting days.

WHITEHORSE

Well, I don't tilt at windmills as much as I used to. Have you noticed? The world is calming down!

MIRANDA

Well, yes I have! But I think that my side of the world lags behind yours a bit in civilizing itself. That's why I want to get at it and be done with it! So that we can all live like ladies and gentlemen, at last.

INT. A VERY POSH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Whitehorse and Miranda sit at a very private table. A waiter clears their dinner plates and they order dessert and coffee. Miranda shows Whitehorse a stack of photos. He looks through her evidence, clearly impressed.

MIRANDA

Tell me if I'm being too personal. Do you have a family?

WHITEHORSE

I'm not married anymore, if that's what you mean. I was away too much and when I wasn't away, I was hunched

over my computer working on my stories. So she left. It was friendly. Ironically, a few years later I moved up the ranks to the central office and I was home a lot more. But we were divorced by that time.

MIRANDA

Same here. Hungary's still the Old World where wives are expected to be subservient. But I grew up with a very independent nature. I was in the underground as a teenager. Did you know that Hungary's underground continued long after the war? We sniffed out all sorts of corruption in politics and we fought against it clandestinely. I even married a rebel. But he got lured away by big money, a good job, a title, prestige. It was an American corporation. He wouldn't admit to their clay feet and he expected me to look the other way, also. Instead, it only tipped me off to more corruption to investigate. Naturally, the marriage didn't last. I guess you could say that I'm still in the underground.

WHITEHORSE

Look out, America! The Marvellous Miss Miranda Marish has

just arrived upon your shores!

They laugh and clink their glasses in a toast.

Now, I'm going to tell you something. You'd soon find it out anyway. I've decided to collaborate with you. What do I have to lose? Only my job and a fat retirement pension!

MIRANDA

Now you've got my attention!
What in the world are you talking about?

INT. WIDE VIEW OF THE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

We can see Whitehorse and Miranda at their table but we can no longer hear their conversation. She expresses surprise, then indignation. More talk. Then a plan, an agreement. They give each other a high five and get up to leave.

SOUND EFFECTS: A MEETING OF FOUR MAJOR PLAYERS: WHITEHORSE, MARISHKA, GROGAN, AND ESTHER, IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE.

As they exit, they pass a table where a family is seated. It is the Grogan family, Tim, Gini, their three children and a set of in-laws. Randall Whitehorse and Tim Grogan recognize each other and there are greetings and introductions all around. Then Whitehorse and Miranda leave the restaurant.

INT. N.Y. TV PRESIDENT, LEW GOINS' OFFICE - DAY

Whitehorse and Miranda Marish enter smiling. There is a lot of energy between the two of them. Whitehorse introduces Miranda to Goins, and after a bit of small talk, they take seats at the desk.

WHITEHORSE

Last night at dinner, Miranda came up with a wonderful plan! She has an idea for a great new show.

Goins looks nervous.

MIRANDA

Why don't you let me travel around this country, "discovering America", through the eyes of someone who grew up behind the Iron Curtain? It really is astounding! Within the past twenty-four hours, I have been absolutely overwhelmed!

Looking relieved, Goins draws out a pen and a checkbook.

LEW GOINS

That's a great idea! Great! Was it yours Whitehorse? We have never done that and you are the perfect one for a show like that, Miranda! Wish I'd thought of it myself. Now that the Iron Curtain is down, lots of people must be experiencing the same thing. The rest of us would like

to know what we look like to
you! Yes! It's a very good idea!
What do you need?

INT/EXT. MONTAGE - SHORT CLIPS OF MIRANDA AND WHITEHORSE SHOOTING MATERIAL THROUGHOUT USA. HE ON CAMERA, SHE ON MICROPHONE. AMERICAN LIFE - SUPERMARKETS, DRIVE-IN BANKS AND DRY CLEANERS, BUSINESSES, SCHOOLS, FACTORIES, SIGHTSEEING. ALL AIRED WEEKLY ON PRIME TIME TELEVISION.

SHOW PASSAGE OF TIME WITH RESULTS OF THEIR WORK ... SPUN IN A REVOLVING WORMHOLE OF PICTURES.

INT/EXT. UNDERGROUND MONTAGE - GETTING THRU DOORS OF COMPANIES ON HER "HIT LIST" - THE BIG NAMES - ON PRETEXT OF HER TV SHOW. CONDUCTING PENETRATING INTERVIEWS AND FILMING EVIDENCE OF SHODDY PRACTICES SUCH AS FLIMSY GOODS AND UNSAFE OR TOXIC MATERIALS.
INT/EXT. SHOTS OF WHITEHORSE AND MIRANDA

In private, they edit the American films with those of the overseas manufacturing plants. Every time they fit in another puzzle piece, they give each other the high five. They are sweet and enthusiastic lovers, as well.

INT. THE SAME COZY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Whitehorse and Miranda are obviously in love and very happy to be together. They are about to release the story of the sweatshops and corruption that she had come to America to cover.

MIRANDA

Are you nervous? This could mean the end of your working days. When the New York Times prints the evidence we have on these corporations, a lot of heads will roll. I don't want yours to be one of them just because you helped me.

WHITEHORSE

These days have brought me back to what I'm all about. I'm not cut out for that safe job in the home office. I need to be in the field. We have the makings of a book here. What do you say we write it?

MIRANDA

Let's do! There's way too much material for the newspapers to cover.

WHITEHORSE

There's something else.... Let's write that book as man and wife? I love you, Miranda! We make a mighty fine team!

MIRANDA

Mr. & Mrs. Whitehorse? Oh, yes! I accept!

They kiss.

You're giving me your wonderful name! Have you ever

thought of the implications of that name? Especially, in the light of what we are doing?

WHITEHORSE

Not particularly. What do you mean?

MIRANDA

“And I saw, and behold, a white horse: And he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering and to conquer.” That’s from the Book of Revelation.

INT/EXT FRONT PAGE NEW YORK TIMES - DAY

Headlines: “Corporate Corruption Uncovered”
“American Companies Are Third-World Slum Lords”

SWIRL OF MANY NEWSPAPERS

And on International papers:

“Corporate Dictators Fall”
“Big Brother Robs The Poor”
“End of American Imperialism”

FINALLY, THE BOOK AUTHORED BY THE MARRIED COUPLE, *On The Backs Of The Poor*, BECOMES A BEST-SELLER, READ BY EVERY TEAM MEMBER, AS WELL AS THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

EXT. THE OCEAN'S SURFACE - DAY

The camera moves backwards, very rapidly, over the surface of the water, faster and faster, to suggest that we are going back in time to that ice floe launch, to pick up another story.

EXT. THE OCEAN'S SURFACE - DAY

Tear-Cun sits on his ice floe, trailing his hand in the water. Everything is slow and languid. He is smiling. Tear-Cun sees something under the water and flops onto his belly to get a better look. His long legs trail behind in the water.

LANGUID MOOD CHANGES

Suddenly, in an explosion of sea foam and violence in the calm sea, a great white shark rears up with jaws wide open. It grabs Tear-Cun's legs and drags him underwater. The ice floe is left bobbing with its phone dangling on its cord around the pole.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The enormous shark eats Tear-Cun's body very quickly. There is red blood in the water around its face. Then, it swims away. The camera follows this great gray-white, streamlined body.

EXT. A BLUR - THICKNESS OF OCEAN THINS TO BECOME SPACE

The large body of the shark blurs into the large, sleek body of a great spaceship. What was once the face of a shark is seen to be the nosecone of the ship. This nosecone is made of clear, Plexiglas-like material. The lower half of the

nosecone is filled with water. In fact, the line formed by the surface of an inner pool of water, as seen from outside the ship, is reminiscent of the placement of the shark's mouth. We see that there are people swimming in this pool of water, while other people sit and socialize on the surrounding rock edge. Drawing closer to this frontal clear skin of the ship, we see the pool and its smooth rock patio. Above is a mezzanine balcony, with uniformed ship's officers looking down on the swimmers, as well as gazing out into the vastness of space visible through the entire nosecone. Lush vegetation grows around the pool and in one broad, ivy-like cascade from the balcony down to the water. A soft, golden light diffuses the interior of the ship, giving the impression of sunlight. This is, undeniably, a space ship but a most unusual one.

INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE SPACESHIP - DAY

A woman in a long white gown is holding a small baby at her shoulder. He is whimpering and fussing. She presses a button on the low, lounge-like table.

WOMAN COMMANDER
Judith, would you come and get
Terry now? He's getting restless
and I still have some work to do.

JUDITH
(voiceover)
I'll be right there, Commander!

A girl enters and picks up the child.

INT. BRIDGE - CLOSEUP OF GIRL AND BABY - DAY

The baby looks like Tear-Cun, blond with blue eyes.

JUDITH

(to the baby)

I know where you want to go.
Let's go to the chartroom! That
always makes you happy.
(to his mother)
Is he hungry?

COMMANDER

I don't see how he could be.
Here, take this, just in case.

She hands the girl a soft, pliable, breast-shaped bottle.

Go ahead and put him to bed
when he's sleepy. The Captain
and I have some more planning
to do up here. Okay, Terry.
kiss Mommy and Daddy good
night!

The Captain joins them from the wall console and takes the baby. He hums a bit of a soft lullaby, kisses his son and then hands him back to the babysitter. The girl and baby leave and the officers go back to work.

THE COMMANDER and THE CAPTAIN are referred to only by their titles. Both are 30, attractive, and convey the qualities of intelligence, skill, efficiency and comfort with command. It is as natural as breathing to them and they are a perfect complement to each other and to the ship.

THE CAPTAIN - wears a comfortable outfit of white poet's shirt and dark, form-fitting pants. He pulls on a uniform jacket for the pending conference with the ship's officers. Everyone has an insignia on the front of their jacket. His has one sun symbol. The other male officers have different insignias representing the moon, stars, or the constellations.

THE COMMANDER - Adds a white flowing jacket over her long, matching sleeveless, dress. Her insignia bears two suns, indicating her higher station as Commander of the vessel. Female officers dress as she does, though their colors are varied muted tones. Obviously, this spaceship represents a different plane of existence from the planetary life, and everything in it is markedly finer and more refined.

INT. THE SHIP'S CHARTROOM - DIM, ARTIFICIAL LIGHT

Judith enters with the baby and holds him up to look at the lighted surface of a long, suspended, transparent chart displaying many galactic formations. We hear a soothing hum coming from the center of the ship. Little Terry reacts with glee, holding out his tiny hands towards the chart's stars. Then, he grows tired and is soon sleeping soundly upon Judith's shoulder.

INT/EXT. INDOOR SHIP'S GARDENS - NIGHT

Judith carries the sleeping baby through gardens, toward a small round house, typical of others in the vicinity. The lighting is low and path lights show the way. She enters a delightfully cozy home and lowers the baby into his crib.

INT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Bridge is furnished like a comfortable lounge and is filled with sophisticated navigational equipment. A long conference table contains computer screens which can be raised or lowered into the surface of the table. This work area overlooks the clear nosecone and its balcony contains the rooted beginning of the dangling, ivy-like plants which hang over the pool below. Open space can be seen through the Plexiglas skin above. The officers are consulting at the long table.

COMMANDER

We are approaching the planet, Luriana. Have we received any new communication with details of their departure? How many will be transporting to the ship?

Someone hands her a lighted clipboard which she studies.

CAPTAIN

This is a very peaceful population. They are also very advanced, particularly in nuclear fusion. They're quite interested in the fusion that we use to drive our ship, since it is somewhat different from theirs. I believe they'll be very compatible with all the populations that we now have on board.

FIRST OFFICER

They will begin to board in three days. Cellular housing is ready

and waiting, scattered through the ship, mixed about with everyone else.

SECOND OFFICER

We have a big welcoming party scheduled for the night after their arrival. Everything is set up for that.

COMMANDER

How will they be boarding? Are we sending a ship down to the planet's surface or do you plan to bring them up molecularly, instead?

SCIENCE OFFICER

We'll have to beam them up. There are too many people for a physical transport. Anyway, they're going to need a cellular adjustment to prepare them for the ship's atmosphere and that can happen in the transfer, as well. It's no problem. We have it all worked out. Also, due to the scarcity of food on Luriana, their bodies have had to adapt to that. We'll need to help them adjust to plenty again.

ANOTHER OFFICER

How do we do that?

DOCTOR

These capsules contain high-powered nutrition. Each new arrival will take one every three hours for the first twenty-four hours. It won't be long before their bodies remember the joys of food and become able to eat normally again. That, and the changes we've designed for them during the transfer should be all they need.

COMMANDER

Well, I've been in touch with their leaders, and I can tell you they are very eager to fly with us to the new planet. They can't wait to start the colonization. So we can all look forward to seeing them in the next few days.

A baby's whimper is heard over the intercom.

COMMANDER

Okay, Terry! Mommy and Daddy are coming. Go back to sleep!

One of the officers at the table begins to sing Puccini's *O Mio Bambino Caro* lullaby towards the intercom. Others join in as the meeting breaks up. A baby's laughing coo is their reward.

EXT. IN SPACE, OUTSIDE OF SHIP

The ship hangs above a planet.

SOUND EFFECT – A HUM – THE SOUND OF THE MOLECULAR TRANSFER

Suddenly, shapes rise from the surface of the planet. These are great masses of individuals. Each mass impacts the exterior of the ship and appears to splatter. From that vantage point, it looks like great slaughter (like mosquitoes, hitting those blue, outdoor lights). As the ship moves around the planet, it sucks up the residents toward itself.

INT. CLOSEUP CROSS-SECTION OF SIDE OF SHIP

Upon examination, we see that the bodies making contact with the ship's exterior are not solid but vaporous, indicating that these are astral forms. During their movement through the layers of the space ship's wall, these shapeless clouds lose their blue coloring and become a soft golden tone. As they pass through the final wall into the large receiving room, they morph into fully-dressed people behaving as naturally as anyone else arriving at a reception in their honor.

INT. RECEIVING AREA WITHIN SPACE SHIP - LIGHT

At first, each individual's form appears transparent but it settles into itself within a moment and the person is smiling, alert, and happy to have arrived. Groups are greeted and led away to be sorted and given homes and instructions. The Commander and The Captain are on hand with the welcoming party. Little Terry is held by his Dad and is a great hit with the new arrivals.

A word about the clothing: dress is somewhat eclectic as might occur in a planetary mix. The colonists on this ship don't retain their planetary identity and all styles get intermixed.

INT. THE ENGINE ROOM - LIGHT

Curly-haired, five-year old Terry and his school class are taken into the lower portion of the engine room for a lesson on nuclear fusion, the energy that powers the ship. There are large holding tanks, similar to room-sized aquariums, filled with a clear, gel-like liquid. Many brightly colored sparks of light are flashing randomly and steadily all over the huge interior of each tank. A comforting hum and vibration fills this level of the ship.

TEACHER

Long ago and far away, as the old fable begins, people stole the energy from the atom by smashing many atoms into each other at high velocity. It was called nuclear fission. This did, indeed, cause the atoms to split open and it did supply a certain amount of energy to those people. But, it was very, very dangerous because it was obtained through a violent method. This was in a very primitive time when people had not yet learned to consult with the atom.

A child raises her hand.

GIRL

Do we consult with the atom?

TEACHER

Yes, we do. Not in words, like you and I are consulting now. Atoms are much tinier than we are. Look in here. This is their home.... Their world.....at least, aboard this ship. Of course, there are atoms everywhere around us too, making up all of the matter of our universe. But, these atoms in our ship's energy tanks, supply all of our energy needs by fusing together. See those flashes? Every time you see one of those, you'll know that a huge burst of energy has just been released. It makes light and that's the part you can see. The light happens at the moment of fusion and it fills this tank with lots and lots of power. These are very special walls. See how thick they are? That allows them to absorb this huge amount of power and to store it until the ship needs to use it. This tank is a gigantic storage battery. That way, we have all the power we need to run the ship, to provide our photon light...to do everything. It's called Photon Power, because it's light-based energy.

Little boy raises his hand.

BOY

Will we ever use it up?

TEACHER

No! We can't ever use it up because it's perpetual, eternal. It reproduces itself. These atoms in the tank are living under the very best circumstances for an atom. It's kind of like an atom paradise. They live their long atomic lives in here. Remember.... everything has its own reality and atoms are individuals, too. In their own way, they become attracted to each other and come together. The flash of light happens when the atoms act like magnets and love each other. That means they bond. Who knows what the word, "fusion," means?

Terry raises his hand.

TERRY

(smacking hands together)

It means coming together. Being one thing.

TEACHER

That's right, Terry! So, nuclear fusion means that the nuclei of the atoms have bonded

together and have become one thing - pure energy. That's what you see happening, right here in this tank. You can't see the atoms. You can't see anything except this one moment of fusion and then, that seems to disappear too and the gel looks like gel again. But some huge, invisible blast of energy has just been received by our storage tanks. And that happens again and again, day and night, all through forever.

Another little girl raises her hand.

LITTLE GIRL

Do atoms have babies?

TEACHER

Yes, in a way they do! That was a good question, Amanda. Their unity results in more atoms coming into being because over time, they become different types of atoms and that means they transform. That's true in every level of existence. So, it just goes on forever. We give them this great place to live and they give us all the energy that we need to live. We need each other and we help each other. It's called symbiosis. Can you say that?

CHILDREN

Sym-bi-o-sis!

TERRY

(speaking excitedly)

You know what? I'll betcha that our space ship is just like this tank. And that we are the atoms in some biigggg, huuggge, people's world. And we can't see them because they are so, sooooo big and they can't see us, either because we're so little. But I'll betcha' that everything that we do in here that makes us happy.....I'll betcha' it makes some bright, pretty light, and that gives them their energy!

Terry puts both hands on the window and stares inside, pressing his forehead to the glass. The teacher claps and smiles obviously choked up. The children all agree, clustering around windows and viewing ports, talking about these possibilities.

VARIOUS COMMENTS

Which one is me?

That one is you because you have on a pink dress and that light was pink.

Where's my Mom? Because she makes everybody happy!

Ohhhhh! There she is!

INT. A HUGE SPACE SHIP'S GYMNASIUM - LIGHT

Terry is twelve now. He sits high in the bleachers, reading from a pile of books spread all around him. He has come to the game early and is studying with great concentration. He will escape the emphasis on sports that his perfected body has caused before. In the ship's society, almost everyone has such a body. Games are for fun and completely optional but Terry joins in with great gusto in the very popular game of Huckey Pucket. Hilarity caused by the extreme challenges of this confusing sport means that everyone on the ship turns out to watch their champions slipping and sliding around the court.

INT. THE GYMNASIUM FLOOR – LIGHT

A combination of basketball and hockey has various team members wearing roller blade skates, shooting baskets and sending hockey pucks into goalposts all at the same time.

EXT. A CLEAR PAVILION ON THE OUTER TOP OF THE SPACE SHIP

Many people have gathered in a viewing area on the top of the ship. The popular event is Rooster Tail Challenge. A group of seventeen-year-olds, Terry among them, is enjoying the fun.

JARLON

Hey, Terry! You were great at that Huckey Pucket game last night. Boy, I never saw anybody move so fast on roller blades. It's like you were born to them.

TERRY

Thanks, Jarlon! Hey, is your dad going to let you join us in the Battle Tournament next week? It should be great. A couple of ships are diverting course, just to get into battle with us. Guess they have a few scores to settle after last time.

HOLLY

His dad doesn't mind him taking part in the Battle Tournaments. It's just that he can't stop laughing for days afterwards. I think Jarlon must be very sensitive to whatever they put in those laughter cannons. He giggles for a week. And, it's contagious, you know. Nobody in his family can keep a straight face around him.

JARLON

I don't think it's the cannons, as much as it is the laughter pistols. Somebody shot one of those things right up my nose. I think that's what did it. That ever happen to you?

SOUND EFFECT: HIGH-PITCHED, SCREAMING JET ENGINES OF TINY SPACE PLANES

Conversations are interrupted by the start of Rooster Tail Challenge, the exclusive sport of older girls and women.

Tiny one-person planes called Screamers compete in an event that might be compared to outer space barrel racing.

TERRY

Okay, okay, everybody! Don't talk to me now! These girls are my heroines! My idols! I'm in love with every one of them! And, how about those Screamers? Just look at those babies!

ROOSTER TAIL CHALLENGE takes place in the empty space beside the stationary ship. The square area is defined by beamed light boundaries and an upright pole hangs suspended in space right in the center of the empty field. Two contestants, piloting their screamers, take positions in opposite corners and hover like mosquitoes, awaiting the signal. Then they roar simultaneously towards the center pole to round it and be the first to return to their corner. This is a game of chicken as they barrel towards each other, with the advantage going to the one closest to the pole. The other must widen the circle and lose time. The big goal is for each plane to turn around the pole with such precision that it creates a rooster tail backwash, a snap, which causes a small sonic space boom. Anyone who can rock the spaceship becomes the ultimate heroine.

INT. A FORMAL BANQUET IN A CRYSTAL HALL - NIGHT

Time has passed. Terry is graduating from the Space Academy. A group of cadets, dressed in white officer's uniform, is standing at attention. They have just received their wings. Terry has graduated first in his class. He steps up to address the audience. It is a Galactic Gathering.

TERRY

This is surely the proudest day of our lives! We have all flown for so many miles, through so many years and so many vast universes to be here. Though we cadets are the ones graduating, all of us in the room have been through stringent training these past few years. Many new situations have been imposed upon all cultures in our galaxy and we have had to learn new ways and new sciences to fit the times. I believe that this is the way that progress always comes about: suddenly! And we must adapt quickly to changing situations. When I was little, I used to thank the atoms in the nuclear tank for loving each other so much that they could provide the energy for our ship. I would touch the window with my fingers and promise them that someday, I would do the same, even if I never saw the world that would receive my energy. I would still know that it was there. I would still want my love to be reaching it and warming it. Now that I am here and looking out at all of you, I know that you were the ones towards whom I have been

striving, through all of my days.

He reaches his hand toward the audience.

Now, I put my fingers on the
window of your world, this
greater world, our world... and
make this pledge to you. I give
you my life...my service....and
my heart! Thank you! All of
you! I love you so much!

All stand with thunderous applause. Many are wiping their eyes. It is the end of the Galactic Gathering for the space cadet graduation. People turn to each other, moving about, congratulating the graduates, ending the evening.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - THE CAMERA IS APPROACHING
A DIFFERENT SPACE SHIP MOORED TO A FLOATING
SPACE TERMINAL WHERE MANY SHIPS ARE DOCKING
AND DEPARTING. IT IS A GALACTIC AIRPORT.

INT. LOBBY OF THE OTHER SPACE CRAFT - LIGHT

People are arriving; checking in; going to their rooms, as if the ship were a flying hotel. This is a large and most beautiful space ship, outfitted inside like a sleek ocean liner, and more conventional than Terry's childhood ship.

There are a few people sitting in the ship's lobby. One or two of them recognize each other and express great pleasure and wonderment to be on the same ship. These are those who have passed through the Quonset hut, at one

time or another. More familiar friends stroll in and there is more hugging and surprised greeting. Frequently, someone will wonder out loud, *"What is going on here?"* Whitehorse (shining white and with gold trim uniform) walks into the room, looking happy and vibrant. All cluster eagerly around him. They all know who he is. Lots of laughter and surprised comments. Tear-Cun enters, looking some years older than we have just left him. He wears the uniform of a Senior Council Member of the Galactic Federation (deep purple and gold). Such surprise ripples through the crowd to see these two well-known men!

Then Grogan (purple with some gold) walks in, obviously not expecting to find anyone he knows. In fact, he is so busy fishing in his briefcase for some paperwork that when others rush over to greet him, he is completely unprepared to find each old friend. He spots Randall Whitehorse and it all makes sense. He goes over with a bear hug and accuses him of planning all this. Happily, Whitehorse nods, and takes all the credit. Warren Smith (purple) and Jane (silver and purple) enter in wedding garb, embarking on their honeymoon. Then come Martin (yellow) and Martha (orange), who have just discovered each other in the hall. They have had many lives since the time that they were twins. Esther spots Grogan and runs to him. When they come out of the kiss, she looks around at the clapping audience and reacts with glee. It seems like a high school reunion as characters from many Quonset hut sessions arrive in the room. Everyone is surprised to see the others.

INT. FRONT OF LOBBY - LIGHT

The captain of this luxury space ship, Captain Joiner, (bright white with silver insignia) enters and calls for everyone's attention.

CAPTAIN JOINER

Welcome aboard! I have been working for some time here with your friend, Mr. Whitehorse, to engineer this little surprise. You should all feel honored and very much loved because the string-pulling he went through to get you here was very extensive and it had to be approved and assisted by many high administrative levels. The fact that you all qualified to live in the brand-new dimension within this universe is also a big credit to Mr. Whitehorse, Mr. Grogan, and Mr. Smith. It's obvious that they did an excellent job from the outset. Now, as far as any of you knew, you had simply decided, quite independently, to travel into our newly-opened universe and settle on the splendid and rare planet, Shaleira. From all of the many millions of other good possibilities, each of you chose this ship, at this time, to travel to this one planet. Can you even imagine the improbabilities in bringing this about? Don't ever underestimate the amazing Mr. Whitehorse!

WHITEHORSE

Well, there was one lucky extraordinary thing that really made it all possible. Where's our team that went in as part of the Heavenly Reality Show, "Six Degrees of Separation?" Come on up here, everybody! These guys won the contest over nine other planetary teams. In the course of each of their lives, they all managed to either intersect, or to literally combine, with each other. Every single one of them! I must confess that I was a little worried about how Tear-Cun would fit the equation, since he grew up on a space ship, far from Earth. But, he became such a well-known figure in Inter-Space Government, that we all became very familiar with his face. Plus, in the course of his administrative work he came into contact with each team member and that made the circle complete. So congratulations to all of our champion reality show team members. Their win is really what brought this reunion about for everyone who has ever processed through our Antarctic Quonset hut. Now, are you all happy? Are you comfortable in your quarters? Any questions?

Everyone starts to talk, full of questions.

MARISHKA

I didn't expect to see anybody I knew on board. It's been many lifetimes since I was married to that fantastic man.

She indicates Whitehorse.

Okay, here's my question: I know that before we reach our new planet, we will all go to the ship's hospital section to have our consciousnesses removed from these bodies so they can be put into the newborn babies awaiting us on the planet. But how long do we have before that happens? We've all got a bit of catching up to do.

General agreement. That's what was on everyone's minds.

CAPTAIN JOINER

You don't, seriously, think that we would bring all of you here, long-lost friends, and then just snatch you away from each other, do you?

ESTHER

Well, come to think of it. That's what was always happening at

the Quonset hut! A few hours or maybe, if the weather was bad, a day or two...and then, swoosh, back out into the world.

CAPTAIN JOINER

Then I have good news for you! Much has changed since those days. Now, you go on a pleasure cruise, at the end of which is a simple procedure that feels like being put to sleep. Then, you'll soon wake up in your new body, within your new family. But this time, you will keep your memories from your past lives. You will surely remember each other and you'll be neighbors and close friends, as well as valid birth-members of the new Shaleira society. The pleasure cruise is two weeks long. There is plenty of time to dance in the evenings, swim in the pool and take lots of time to catch up on each other. Warren, you and Jane even have time for a bit of a honeymoon before you both become babies again. Of course, in this new life, you are guaranteed to marry each other.

WARREN

Well, that's a relief! I wouldn't want to have to go through all this "qualifying" rigmarole

again, to win this gal's hand!

JANE

No, Honey! We are finally married in the Eyes of Heaven! They've guaranteed us a life together on Shaleira.

CAPTAIN JOINER

Please, everyone, just settle in and enjoy the trip. A buffet dinner is now being served in the main dining room.

To Tear-Cun

Commander, I understand that this Space Segment Grid is under your watchful keeping. The ship's officers would like to meet with you, if you have a moment.

INT. MAIN DINING ROOM BUFFET LINE - LIGHT

ESTHER

(filled plate in hand)

Since when did this group have anything to do with dining tables? These two bachelors didn't know there was such a thing! Come on, everybody!

With plates held high, everyone marches single-file back into the lobby where they push the sofas and chairs into a circle around some low coffee tables and settle in to eat, with their food on their laps and their drinks balanced on the arms of the chairs.

GROGAN

Hey! This is alright! Now, all we need is the old potbelly stove to make us feel right at home.

Almost instantly, some stewards appear with a fairly large hibachi, which they set up on top of the coffee tables. Soon, a low fire is blazing and some people put their sock feet as close as they dare. Everyone is relaxing into the surprise reunion. Their talk is mellow and affectionate. The room lights are turned down low.

INT. THE GROUP CIRCLE IN THE LOBBY - LATE

People have finished eating and are holding casual conversations with each other.

GROGAN

Esther! Come with me. I think you'll love this sight.

Grogan pulls Esther up from her chair and the two walk, arm in arm, over to the large window in the side of the ship.

INT. LOOKING OUT OF THE HUGE WINDOW

Grogan points out, into the beauty of surrounding space. He indicates a small pinpoint of colored light, far in the

distance. The two of them watch it with fascination as the ship rapidly approaches. This gives us an idea of the tremendous speed at which they are traveling.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE MASSIVE SPACE SHIP

There is a gigantic, glowing nebula of many colors pulsating just off the starboard bow of the spaceship. It casts a glow against the gleaming side of the ship.

EXT. REVERSE WIDE-ANGLE VIEW OF SHIP FROM NEBULA'S POINT OF VIEW

We see the lighted windows in the side of the space ship. We see Esther and Grogan looking out, standing close together. In the background, within the room, we can just barely make out the group around the fire.

EXT. CLOSER VIEW OF THE PASSING SPACE SHIP - NEBULA'S POINT OF VIEW

We watch as the sleek ship moves past the nebula, reflecting its colors. As the tail portion comes into view, zoom in on the name:

CLOSEUP OF SHIP'S NAME -

“ICE FLOE”

EXT. VIEW OF RECEDING SHIP

We continue to watch from our place in the nebula as the

space ship passes by and travels rapidly away.

MUSIC UP – It is the same music that has always been chosen to accompany the brave ones, back at the Antarctic Complex, as they teetered away in the swirling currents, riding their tiny ice floes, alone, into their new lives.

EXT. THE GOLD AND PURPLE LUSHNESS OF THE NEBULA, THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE STARS.....

.....IS THE SAME GLOW THAT REFLECTS OFF THE SIDE OF THE SHIP, THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE HUMAN STARS!

FADE OUT

Other books by the same author:

Hey Boomers, Dust Off Your Backpacks: Travel The World On A Limited Budget – 2008 - The personal account of a year spent backpacking and hostelling during a year of solo around-the-world exploration using only Social Security, at age 68.

In Secret Diffusion: The Upper Realm Answers Questions About Earth – 2010 - An interview with the Holy Spirit covering a wide variety of questions concerning man and alien, in which clairaudient Linda Layli, Layli Linda, (aka Linda J. Brown) gets some very surprising results.

Available through bookstores and internet book sellers, as well as the author's websites:

www.insecretdiffusion.com
www.heyboomers.com

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Linda J. Brown grew up in Winter Haven, Florida, and graduated with honors from the University of Florida with a degree in Journalism and Communications. She was active in campus leadership as an officer in Mortar Board, the national college honor society; Vice President of the Women's Student Association; and statewide speaker for the University of Florida's Blue Key Speaker's Bureau. She married a physician and raised two children, later becoming involved in the Citizen Diplomacy movement during the time of the opening of the Soviet Union; planning and leading a number of grassroots tours to encourage people-to-people friendship and increase the prospects of world peace. She spent a total of eighteen months within Russia, Ukraine, Moldova and Siberia, between 1990 and 1994.

The inner life came suddenly and in spurts, fifteen years apart. Though she was always a lover of God, the opening of spiritual hearing channels, in 1980, presented a challenge for Brown and her whole family, as she was originally presumed to be losing her mind. Schizophrenia, was the considered opinion of one psychiatrist. Rather than disappoint those counting upon her to remain sane and helpful, Brown got control of her runaway inner Voices and spent many more years pretending to be normal. However, The Holy Spirit doesn't wait forever, and in 1995, He came calling once again. By this time, her children were grown and she was divorced, so she went with it. The ensuing spiritual adventure took her backpacking around the world, alone, for a year. A book resulted. Then another book came along, two years later, confessing her ability to chat at will with the Holy Spirit and record the conversations. This fiction is her third book. More are already in the pipeline.

FANTASTIC BOOKS ALONG THESE SAME LINES
These thoroughly-thumbed books are on my shelves.

- Michael Newton, PhD
Journey of Souls
Destiny of Souls
Life Between Lives
Memories of the Afterlife
- Dr. Linda Backman
Bringing Your Soul to Light
- Judith Orloff, M.D.
Second Sight
- Robert Schwartz
Your Soul's Plan
- Mark Ireland
Soul Shift: Finding Where The Dead Go
- DavidPaul Doyle
When God Spoke To Me
- K.C. Cole
Conversations with the Cosmos

