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by  
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(Based on, If Any)

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(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
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The Last Dream Hunter

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FADE IN

OPEN on a STATIC TV SCREEN. VARIOUS MOVIES and TELEVISION SERIES scenes are FLASHING BEFORE US. THE FLASHING ABRUPTLY STOPS on a TITLE of a show "GENERAL HOSPITAL LIFE"

DOCTOR (O.S.)  
You have to be kidding me...

INT. CLUTTERED OFFICE - DAY

WE MOVE ABOUT THE OFFICE. WE FOCUS IN ON A WALL MOUNTED TV. A NEWSMAN IS MID-SENTENCE.

NEWSMAN  
.. usually at this time, we hear from Jack Vincent, our resident L.A. film critic on our A.M. L.A. for the past twenty-four years. Jack's not with us today as he is undergoing open heart surgery. We wish you well, Jack. And don't watch any bad movies while recovering. (BT) We'll be right back.

WE MOVE from the TV TO the SHELF.

A DISPLAY OF PERSONAL PHOTOS shows us JACK VINCENT at VARIOUS STAGES of CELEBRITY. WE SEE many PLAQUES for "CRITIC OF THE YEAR". A NEWSDAY MAGAZINE cover shows a YOUNG JACK VINCENT in his 20'S AS 'AMERICA'S OLYMPIC HOPEFUL' donning FENCING GEAR. WE SEE A BRONZE MEDAL, a photo of SUE KOST, 20'S, is clearly visible in front of a PHOTO of SUE and JACK. WE PROGRESS from THEIR FIRST DATE to WEDDING DAY. THEN to a small MEMORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT DISPLAYING the name SUSAN VINCENT. WE STOP at a photo of the COUPLE. Written in bold ink is "OUR LOVE IS FOREVER. JACK."

INT. SURGICAL SUITE - DAY

DOCTORS and ANESTHESIOLOGIST are PREPPING the PATIENT. WE SEE JACK VINCENT on the TABLE, PARTIALLY OBSCURED BY SURGICAL DEVICES. WE MOVE IN CLOSER.

DOCTOR  
Ladies and gentlemen, it's show time. Big day ahead. Mr. Vincent is with us.

(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

He is L.A.'s favorite movie critic  
and that makes him my favorite...  
because we all hate the same crap  
that's out there.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

He once trashed a movie that my  
cousin was an extra in.

DOCTOR

Did your family throw KFC at the  
screen in disgust?

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

Hell no. That movie sucked. Failed  
story line. Nothing worth looking  
at. A film with no layers he wrote.  
(LAUGHS)

DOCTOR

My kind of guy. A man like that has  
more back story to him than you and  
I could possibly ever dream of.

(TO NURSE)

Your cue, Nurse Hobbs.

THE NURSE PRESSES THE PLAY BUTTON ON A CD PLAYER. '*SWEET DREAMS, BABY*' BEGINS TO PLAY and the STAFF CAN BE SEEN MOVING THEIR HEADS to the SOUND OF ROY ORBISON.)

WE CLOSE IN ON JACK'S SILVER HAIR. THE SCENE SUDDENLY SHIFTS TO A DESERTED BEACH. WAVES ROLL IN GENTLY ON THE SHORE. A YOUNG SUE falls into FRAME WAVING TO US.

WE ARE BACK in the SURGICAL SUITE. There is a FLASH of WHITE LIGHT and a SCREAM of the SURGICAL MONITOR. WE SEE MOVEMENT and HEAR THE SURGICAL TEAM.

VARIOUS

God damn it. We just got started.  
What the hell is happening?

Pulse is weak.

Fluid bolus. Saline s.t.a.t.

Five cc's and monitor count.

Why is he crashing?

Heart rate at 80...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERTED BEACH - DAY

MUSIC FADES, replaced by SOUND OF WAVES. A 20 - YEAR OLD JACK WASH UP ON THE SHORE, COVERED in a SHORT WHITE SHEET. HE ROLLS with THE TIDE UNTIL HE AWAKENS and NOTICES HIS SURROUNDINGS.

HE HEARS the SOUND of a CHARGING HORSE. JACK TURNS TO SEE a BLACK KNIGHT CHARGING AT HIM from what seems out of nowhere. THE BLACK KNIGHT SWINGS HIS SWORD. IT MISSES JACK because JACK TRIPS. BLACK KNIGHT TURNS and CHARGES AGAIN. JACK TURNS to run. A MAN on a WHITE HORSE BLOCKS HIM. JACK RUNS into THE HORSE.

It is the DREAM HUNTER, 60'S,. The sun glistens off his WHITE ARMOR, SHIELD and CAPE.

HUNTER

Stand aside, boy.

The TWO KNIGHTS CHARGE each other, swords drawn, their horse's hoofs ferociously SPRAYING WATER. The Hunter's sword SEVERES the head of the Black Knight. The BLACK HELMET ROLLS forward. Stops at Jack's feet.

The visor on the black helmet OPENS revealing a DEFORMED SKELETAL FACE.

BLACK KNIGHT

It's not over. It has only just begun!

The entire HELMET slowly DECAYS into ashes. The headless suit of ARMOR and BLACK HORSE then DISSOLVE.

The HUNTER reigns in his horse next to JACK. Hunter REMOVES his HELMET, revealing longish white hair and thin, neatly trimmed beard. He's immediately recognizable as the hero.

HUNTER

Pay no attention to him, Jack. He's always getting ahead of himself. He was sent by Lord Nightmare.

JACK

Who? And who are you? Where am I?

Jack SEES his REFLECTION in the knight's shield. He now LOOKS like he did in his college days. Young and virile.

JACK (CONT'D)

Why do I look so young? What happened?

HUNTER

All good questions. It is part of the process. Jack, I am known as the Dream Hunter. But first order of business, if I were you, would be more worried about what you are. And that's almost naked.

JACK CLUTCHES at the sheet around his waist. The Hunter UNFASTENS HIS CAPE, SWIRLS it around to Jack. Jack WRAPS the cape around himself.

JACK

Thank you. But this place... I-

HUNTER

(interrupting)

Ah, there you are, little Dream Keeper. Well, come on out, Morgan. It's perfectly safe now.

EXT. SAND DUNE

APPEARING, timidly from behind clumps of reeds is MORGAN 30's, a DWARF, wearing medieval garb HE SCURRIES down the slope.

BACK TO SCENE

HUNTER

As to your second question, Jack Vincent, you are in the Realm of Dreams. And this brave fellow is your guide, Morgan, your Dream Keeper. Do not go anywhere without him.

MORGAN JOINS them, HOOKING his thumbs in his vest, PUFFING UP his tiny chest as if he helped in the rescue.

JACK

Dream Realm? Dream Hunter? Dream Sweeper? I don't understand.

Morgan gives Jack a mean stare for the mispronunciation.

MORGAN

That is Dream Keeper, Sir Jack. Dream Keeper.

HUNTER

Correct. This is the Realm of Dreams.

(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

We need heroes to defend our Dream Nexus. Men of imagination and courage. Men like you, Jack.

SOUNDS of a CARAVAN, MUSIC and REVELING in the distance.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Ah, it sounds like our ride to the castle is passing by. Come, let's join the caravan, shall we?

JACK

But, I don't understand. This beach. I'm... I'm so young. Why?

HUNTER

That is how everyone sees themselves in their dreams.

JACK

Is this all a dream? It's not real?

HUNTER

No, Jack. Be absolutely sure that this is very real. If something happens to you here, there is no place else to go.

All will be explained in time, my boy. Now let's get moving so you both don't have to walk to the castle.

THEY ALL LEAVE the beach.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

They EMERGE to the roadside. EVERYONE wears brightly colored medieval garb. MUSIC PLAYS on FLUTES, ZITHERS and HORNS. CHILDREN DANCE MERRILY WAVING colored ribbons.

Jack and Morgan CLIMB in the back door of a TWO-WHEELED CART with a canvas cover, Jack tightly CLUTCHING the cape.

INT. SMALL WOODEN WAGON

The wagon is a mess, strewn with clothes, old chests, linen, pots, and pans. THEY BOUNCE along.

MORGAN

There are plenty of clothes here.  
My wife is a seamstress.

JACK

Your wife?

MORGAN

Yes, the love of my life.

MORGAN KNOCKS on the front of the wagon. A wooden slat SLIDES open. The face of a PLUMP WOMAN, 30's, APPEARS, FLASHING an almost toothless smile, she BLOWS a kiss to Morgan. He RETURNS the gesture.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Pick out the best. Here, try this burgundy tunic. And these fine leather boots. You have to look good for the King.

Jack PULLS on pants and boots.

JACK

The King?

MORGAN

The King of the Dream Realm. You are special, Sir Jack. You are the Chosen One. You will be trained and become a Dream Hunter.

JACK

But, I'm not a fighter. I don't even know where I am or how I got here? It's all so hazy.

MORGAN

I'm here to help you adapt. Every new Hunter gets a Keeper to keep reality straight around them. I am sure you will make a great Dream Hunter.

JACK

Morgan, how many Dream Hunters are there?

Morgan POINTS out the back door slats.

MORGAN

One. He's the last Dream Hunter.



JACK'S POV through the NARROW SLATS in the wagon's back door. The DREAM HUNTER RIDES along, the sun reflects off his armor. He WAVES to the CHILDREN surrounding him.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The CARAVAN continues up the road towards a MAGNIFICENT CASTLE GLISTENING atop the hill.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Hunter, Jack, and Morgan WALK down a GREAT HALLWAY LIT by TORCHES. Jack DRESSED REGALLY. Hunter wears a silver tunic.

JACK

Tell me why I'm here. And about this Lord Nightmare that you mentioned.

HUNTER

It is a battle as old as time. Light versus dark. Good versus evil. Dreams versus nightmares. About maintaining the balance in the universe.

Ah, look here. The Hall of Dream Tapestries. This will help illuminate.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - LARGE TAPESTRIES

The WALLS ARE COVERED with several GIANT TAPESTRIES hung along the corridor. All done in medieval style; flat, one-dimensional figures. But the FIGURES MOVE in a limited, stilted fashion. The FIGURES, ANGELS and DEMONS, ARMIES, VEHICLES, and PLANES are all IN MOTION. The tapestry comes alive as Hunter explains it.

INT. FIRST TAPESTRY

This tapestry is ADAM AND EVE being expelled from the Garden of Eden. Above Eden, FLOATING in a bright, green-tinted sky, is an ANGEL dressed in white armor. Directly across from the ANGEL, outside of Eden, a BLACK-ARMORED, BAT-WINGED DEMON hovers in a dark, ugly green sky.

FLOATING between their outstretched arms is a SMALL SUN with wavy sunbeams, a GOLDEN ANKH, and a PARCHMENT SCROLL.

HUNTER (O.S.)

In the beginning, well, you know that whole story. How man lost paradise. He lost all that he could ever dream of. That is where the battle began.

INT. SECOND TAPESTRY

TAPESTRY SHOWS dozens of thatched huts and sleeping figures huddled around tiny fires at night. Above each hut is a WHITE ANGEL and a BLACK DEMON, swords crossed.

HUNTER (O.S.)

Legions of Dream Hunters set out against armies of nightmare demons every night. Mankind was paralyzed by their nightmares.

INT. THIRD TAPESTRY

The LARGEST TAPESTRY is a TRIPTYCH. The first section SHOWS the ancient past, a blending of Babylonian gardens, Egyptian pyramids, Greek, Roman and Chinese temples. GREAT ARMIES on foot CLASH with racing CHARIOTS. RIVERS RUN RED with BLOOD.

HUNTER (O.S.)

Man made advances, begrudgingly, in China, Babylonia, Egypt, Greece, Rome and Constantinople. But always under kings and pharaohs, emperors and tyrants. Sometimes good dreams – most other times nightmares.

Finally, there came the nightmare of the Barbarians. In the grand design of things, the only outcome would be an Apocalypse, the final battle foretold in every religion.

So, at the dawn of the Renaissance, the King of the Dream Realm and the Dark Lord of Nightmares entered into the Pact of Dreams.

Both sides agreed to let the human race progress and advance – to dream new and wonderful things. But also in the Pact, nightmares were allowed to continue.

The MIDDLE SECTION of the TAPESTRY SHOWS great MEDIEVAL CHURCHES, OLD SAILING SHIPS, SYMBOLS of the INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION. They blend into modern day SKYSCRAPERS, LOCOMOTIVES and AIRPLANES. Then comes a dark section of WW I and WW II ARTILLERY SCENES, ending with a white atomic BOMB BURST.

JACK (O.S.)

So, that's why we still have good dreams and bad nightmares. Personally as well as historically. But how does it all end?

HUNTER (O.S.)

The ending has yet to be written. Sometimes mankind has years of brilliant dreams - sometimes a decade of nightmares.

INT. THIRD TAPESTRY

The LAST SECTION is over-crowded with FUTURISTIC BUILDINGS, FLYING CARS and SPOTLIGHTS into the SKY. There are hard to recognize dark, demonic, ANIMALISTIC FIGURES. It is a bad LSD trip. A huge, SHADOWY FIGURE LOOMS above a black, sinister, GOTHIC TOWER.

HUNTER (O.S.)

The Pact symbolically divided up the past, the present and the future. We must be ever vigilant, Jack, because the Pact said that if any side ever conquers two out of the three Dream Times, then the losing side is sentenced to oblivion.

All of man's sleeping moments - and his waking life - will be plunged into terror and fear. There would be nightmares forever if evil were to win.

JACK

So, what's stopping this big nightmare war from happening?

HUNTER

The Pact decrees that the Dream Gates to the past, present and future can only be opened if Good and Evil go through at the same time. Once the Dream Gates have been opened, the other side can follow by finding the special keys to the Dream Gates.

But that will never happen because we stay clear of each other and we stay clear of the Dream Gates.

JACK

But why me? Why am I here?

HUNTER

You have been chosen. Your dreams say that you can be a great Dream Hunter.

JACK

But, I'm not a hero. I'm not a warrior. I'm just a movie critic.

HUNTER

All I know is that you have been chosen. So, you will train.

JACK

I can't do this, Hunter. I wouldn't know where to start. Let's forget this whole thing. I'm not your chosen one.

THEY reach the end of the corridor where TWO PORTRAITS hang. The KING of DREAMS, 80's, has a long white beard and WEARS purple, royal garments. The other is the DARK LORD of NIGHTMARES, 30's, devilishly handsome in black.

MORGAN

And there is a portrait of the Dream King.

HUNTER

A great and wise man. He has been the King of the Dream Realm forever. (BT) The portrait beside him is the Lord of Nightmares, the Dark Lord.

INT. CASTLE DINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

THEY ENTER a huge DINING HALL warmed by a great ROARING FIREPLACE. Bright BANNERS hang everywhere. The room is lit by HUNDREDS of CANDLES. In the center, a ROUND WOODEN TABLE holds a large roast, fruit, flasks of ale and fine silver goblets. The KING SITS in an ornately carved, HIGH-BACK CHAIR.

A HUGE STAINED GLASS WINDOW looms behind the KING. Finely dressed LORDS and LADIES SIT around the table. Palace GUARDS STAND by each entrance.

Hunter takes his seat at the Kings's left. JACK SITS to Hunter's left. MORGAN beside him.

HUNTER

Your majesty, may I present Jack Vincent.

KING

Welcome to the Dream Realm, Jack Vincent, the Nexus of all dreams. Come, dine with us.

Hunter places his hand on Jack's shoulder to guide his attention past the King.

HUNTER

Jack Vincent, may I introduce the King's royal daughter, Princess Susan.

SUSAN is the spitting image of SUE KOST VINCENT, Jack's wife at age twenty from the earlier photos. Very beautiful with long blonde hair.

JACK IS STUNNED by the resemblance of the Princess to his wife, Sue. They are indistinguishable. He sits there, mouth agape.

JACK

(whispers to Hunter)  
She is identical to my wife, Susan. She looks exactly like her on the day we were married.

Hunter gives Jack a quizzical look.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

(to the King)  
Jack has had an arduous day. The Dark Lord had someone there to greet him upon his arrival. But Jack kept his head, as you can see.  
(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Perhaps a little ale will help to calm him.

KING

Jack, we have kept the Dark Lord of Nightmares at bay for ages. And, now, we will continue to do so with your help.

JACK STARES at PRINCESS SUSAN. The KING'S VOICE FADES into the background. Jack continues to stare. Jack hears nothing of what the King says.

KING (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(muffled in the background)

We will train you. The Dream Hunter is the best that there is. You will one day wear the Mantle of Dreams.

Susan returns Jack's stare.

KING (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(voice muffled in background)

Morgan will protect you so that Lord Nightmare and his shape shifting servant cannot play any tricks on you. Here you will train to become a strong warrior.

(King's voice now loud and strong)

There is much to learn, Chosen One. So, the sooner you get started, the better. Can we count on you, Sir Jack?

JACK

(only half hearing the King)

Ah, yes, your Majesty. Of course I'll stay. (BT) I mean, yes, certainly.

Susan and Jack continue to exchange glances.

HUNTER

Well, I'd say that calls for a toast. To Jack Vincent. And to good triumphing over evil.

Jack is still staring at the Princess, hoping that he is not dreaming all this.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
(under his voice)  
Jack, you can raise your goblet  
now.

Jack fumbles for his goblet. Susan smiles at his awkwardness.

EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS - DAY

MUSIC - "IN ANOTHER LAND" - ROLLING STONES (OR ANY SONG ABOUT DREAMS)

Jack, Morgan and Hunter PRACTISE with BOW AND ARROW. Jack AWKWARDLY LETS his drawstring go. The ARROW STAYS on the bow. The next arrow flies yards over the TARGET. He is STRUGGLING with the bow and arrow. Morgan shakes his head.

Next is KNIFE THROWING. Most of Jack's throws MISS the TARGET. Some BOUNCE on their HANDLE against the target. Jack is very inept with the knives. Morgan holds his head at Jack's futility.

Jack and Hunter JOUST with WOODEN STAFFS. Jack gets his hand WHACKED. Hunter HITS Jack's staff with a hard stroke. It RECOILS, HITTING Jack on his own head. Morgan bows his head in frustration.

Jack and Hunter RACE against each other on HORSEBACK. Jack TIES Hunter in the race. Jack seems very comfortable on a horse.

THEY MOVE to sword fighting with BROAD SWORDS. Surprisingly, Jack holds his own against Hunter. Jack is a very able fencer from his Olympic experience.

PRINCESS SUSAN watches Jack from a HIGH TOWER. Then Susan MOVES DOWN to lower balcony; then she is ON GROUND LEVEL WATCHING from the courtyard. Susan finally STANDS NEXT to Jack. She BEGINS TALKING to him m.o.s.

EXT. ROSE GARDEN - SUNSET

Jack and Susan WALK in a ROSE GARDEN HOLDING HANDS ENJOYING a LAUGH. Jack is rekindling a romance that is 40 years old. Finally, THEY KISS, silhouetted at sunset.

MUSIC FADES.

INT. CASTLE DINING HALL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

A sumptuous FEAST is served at the ROUND TABLE. The SOUND of LAUGHTER and CONVERSATION among the LORDS and LADIES. Food, ale and candles are in great abundance. Hunter and Jack ENTER.

HUNTER

The Princess is smitten with you.

JACK

Really? What did she say?

HUNTER

She doesn't have to say anything. It's in her eyes. Her smile. Her every gesture.

JACK

She reminds me of the love of my life. It's uncanny. I never thought I'd be this happy again.

HUNTER

I think you make the Princess very happy.

EXT. CASTLE WATCHTOWER - NIGHT

TWO GUARDS HOLD LANCES. In the distance, the NIGHT SKY GROWS DARKER. OMINOUS CLOUDS ROLL UP with menacing FLASHES of LIGHTNING.

GUARD #1

Rolph, did you see that?

ROLPH

Aye, a real bad storm coming. Odd looking storm. Just our luck, we're going to get soaking wet.

GUARD #1

Aw, Rolph, it could be worse.

ROLPH

How could it be worse?

GUARD #1

Well, it could be a lot colder out.

BOTH GUARDS PULL their cloaks around themselves as the WIND PICKS UP. They TURN, looking at the sinister, lightning-filled CLOUDS rolling in. THEY HEAR the SOUND of THUNDER.



EXT. SKY ABOVE THE CASTLE

Above the clouds and LIGHTNING and THUNDER, a DRAGON WINGS its way toward the castle. A BLACK RIDER in spiked armor RIDES the dragon. FIVE MORE DRAGONS and RIDERS FOLLOW. The LIGHTNING ILLUMINATES them. They remain hidden from the guards above the rolling black clouds.

EXT. CASTLE WATCHTOWER

TOP of the WATCHTOWER, TWO apprehensive GUARDS STARE intently into the approaching storm. A DRAGON SWOOPS DOWN, SNATCHING ONE GUARD in its claws. Before the SECOND GUARD CAN REACT, he is BEHEADED. The remaining FOUR DRAGONS DROP DOWN from the clouds SWOOPING toward the MAIN COURTYARD.

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD

TWO DRAGONS LAND in the COURTYARD. GUARDS RUSH OUT. The battle has begun. It STARTS RAINING HEAVILY as LIGHTNING and THUNDER FILLS the scene. A fierce battle ensues.

INT. CASTLE DINING HALL

EVERYONE at the round table REACTS to the SOUNDS of the BATTLE outside. HUNTER STANDS, DRAWING his SWORD.

HUNTER

Everyone clear this room, now! Get the King to safety!

SEVERAL GUARDS HUSTLE the KING OUT as the HUGE STAINED GLASS WINDOW SHATTERS. The FIRST DRAGON FLIES THROUGH, SKIDDING across the marble floor AND SLAMS into the long tables. The DRAGON REARS its HEAD and BELLOWS FLAME.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Jack, take the Princess to safety.  
Morgan, stay close to Jack.

HUNTER LOOKS DISAPPROVINGLY at JACK.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Where's your sword, boy?

JACK

I usually don't bring a sword to dinner.

HUNTER

Well, next time you'll know better!

Jack, Susan and Morgan RUN towards an exit.

HUNTER ADVANCES on the DRAGON. HE GRABS a long SHIELD from a wall display. He just manages to COVER himself as the DRAGON BELLOWS FIRE at him. The BLACK RIDER HURLS his LANCE. It PIERCES HUNTER'S SHIELD, STOPPING INCHES SHORT of his head.

A SECOND DRAGON FLIES IN through the broken window. IT SHOOTS a massive FIREBALL that BLOCKS the exit in front of Jack, Susan and Morgan.

MORE PALACE GUARDS ENTER, only to be INCINERATED by the DRAGON'S BREATH. The DRAGON TURNS its attention back to JACK. Jack TIPS OVER a TABLE. PITCHERS of ALE TUMBLE. A FIREBALL SLAMS INTO the TABLE and IGNITES it.

JACK

I've got an idea! Morgan, grab that flaming roast.

MORGAN

Sir Jack, how can you think of eating at a time like this.

JACK

Just do it!

JACK POURS the ALE into a WOODEN BUCKET. HE STANDS UP and SPLASHES the ale on the DRAGON'S NECK. Morgan HANDS Jack the FLAMING ROAST. He HURLS IT, HITTING the DRAGON NECK. The FLAME SPREADS UP the DRAGON'S NECK, ENGULFING the BLACK RIDER.

FOUR MORE BLACK KNIGHTS ENTER ROOM on foot and CHARGE Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

Stay behind the table, Susan.

JACK REACHES DOWN and BREAKS the WOODEN LEG OFF the overturned TABLE. MORGAN PICKS up a LEG of MUTTON. Shrugging his shoulders, he FOLLOWS behind Jack.

MORGAN

Wait for me.

The FIRST BLACK KNIGHT SWINGS an EBONY BATTLE AXE, narrowly MISSING JACK. The AXE LODGES in the TABLE. JACK and the BLACK KNIGHT LOOK at each other for a second. JACK SLAMS the TABLE LEG across the KNIGHT'S HELMET and SENDS HIM REELING.

MORGAN SCURRIES BACK behind the TABLE with SUSAN. TWO BLACK KNIGHTS APPROACH JACK. The FIRST KNIGHT SWINGS his EBONY SWORD. JACK BLOCKS IT with the TABLE LEG which gets SLICED in half.

The BLACK KNIGHT RAISES his SWORD over his head. JACK RAMS his shoulder into him, SENDING the KNIGHT CRASHING into the SECOND KNIGHT.

HUNTER MOVES STEP-BY-STEP UP an EXPOSED WINDING STAIRWAY. The DRAGON CONTINUES to BREATHS FLAMES at him. The DRAGON REARS its HEAD, SNAPS its JAWS trying to swallow Hunter, NARROWLY MISSING.

On the DRAGON'S SECOND ATTEMPT, HUNTER THRUSTS his SWORD UP UNDERNEATH and THROUGH the DRAGON'S JAW. The DRAGON RECOILS and HOWLS in PAIN as HUNTER holds onto his sword for good measure.

HUNTER  
(exhausted)  
I'm getting too old for this.

The DRAGON FLAILS about. HUNTER WITHDRAWS his SWORD and STARTS down the STAIRCASE.

JACK BATTLES TWO BLACK KNIGHTS, using anything lying around as a weapon. He THROWS silver TRAYS, GOBLETS, FOOD to keep them off balance.

Susan and Morgan PEER out from behind the BURNING TABLE.

SUSAN  
I pray that Jack will be all right.

MORGAN  
I'm sure he'll be fine, my  
Princess. As long as I'm close by  
to help him, nothing can possibly  
go wrong.

WE SEE a BLACK KNIGHT STANDING BEHIND SUSAN and MORGAN. The KNIGHT CLUBS Morgan in the head with his fist. Morgan ROLLS away like a rag doll. THE KNIGHT PICKS up Susan and DEPARTS.

SUSAN  
Help! No! No! Help!

JACK is KNOCKED to the floor by one of the BLACK KNIGHTS. The KNIGHT SAVAGELY BRINGS his SWORD DOWN. JACK BLOCKS the blow with a CANDELABRA. He GRABS a CARVING KNIFE, THRUSTS it up underneath the KNIGHT'S CHAIN MAIL TUNIC. The KNIGHT COLLAPSES as ASHES POUR OUT out of the suit of armor.

JACK TURNS as the remaining BLACK KNIGHT SLOWLY RAISES his BATTLE AXE. Jack's hand frantically SEARCHES the floor, only to FIND a SPOON. In desperation, Jack THROWS the SPOON at his attacker. It BOUNCES off the HELMET.

The BLACK KNIGHT STOPS at the highest arc of his swing, then ASHES POUR out from his HELMET. The KNIGHT COLLAPSES in a heap, REVEALING HUNTER STANDING BEHIND HIM with his SWORD OUTSTRETCHED.

SUSAN (O S) (CONT'D)  
 (voice fades with each  
 scream)  
 Help! Jack! Help! Jack!

JACK  
 Susan! Where is she?

Morgan RUBS his head and JOINS Jack and Hunter. LOOKING UP at the SHATTERED WINDOW, THEY SEE TWO DRAGONS FLYING AWAY with SUSAN HELD TIGHTLY by one of the RIDERS.

HUNTER  
 Jack, go after the Princess.  
 Morgan, take the fastest horses we  
 have. Track them. But wait for me  
 to catch up to you after I'm sure  
 that the King is safe!

JACK AND MORGAN RUN TOWARDS the HALLWAY.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
 And, Jack, remember to take a sword  
 with you!

JACK PICKS up a SWORD and SCABBARD from a fallen guard. He and Morgan HURRY OFF. Hunter LOOKS up at the BROKEN STAINED GLASS WINDOW and the dark, LIGHTENING-FILLED SKY. HE SHAKES his HEAD knowingly.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
 (sotto voce)  
 The battle has begun.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Jack and Morgan RACE through the ANCIENT FOREST on HORSEBACK. LOOKING UP, THEY SEE TWO DRAGONS lit by the FULL MOON. Morgan, on a SMALLER HORSE, has trouble keeping up. JACK LOOKS BACK at him.

JACK  
 Come on. Faster!

MORGAN  
 Don't get too far ahead, Sir Jack.  
 We don't want the Dark Lord to use  
 his nightmare magic on you.

JACK

The Dark Lord be damned. They have  
my Susan!

JACK LOOKS up to the sky. He can only SEE ONE DRAGON.

JACK (CONT'D)

Morgan, did you see where the other  
dragon went?

Suddenly, the OTHER DRAGON IS RIGHT IN FRONT of JACK. IT BLOCKS the road. A BALL of FIRE EXPLODES in front of Jack, CAUSING his HORSE to REAR UP. The BLACK RIDER FIRES FLAMING QUARRELS from his CROSS BOW at Jack at an incredible rate of speed. ARROWS RAIN down. The FOREST BURNS around Jack.

JACK'S HORSE REARS up again as the DRAGON'S CLAW SWIPES a few feet in front him. The DRAGON REARS up. Morgan SHOTS an ARROW, PIERCING the DRAGON'S NECK. The DRAGON SWAYS and TOPPLES into a ROW of tall, FLAMING PINE TREES. THEY PIERCE ITS BODY.

JACK REGAINS control of his HORSE and RIDES ON.

The SECOND DRAGON, CARRYING SUSAN, LANDS at the end of a LARGE CLEARING near MASSIVE STONES THRUST up violently from the earth. The BLACK RIDER DISMOUNTS, DRAGS SUSAN to an ANCIENT, ORNATE IRON GATE that guards the FRONT of the CAVE.

The ROCKS on one side of the entrance are CARVED with ANGELIC FIGURES. On the other side, TWISTED GROTESQUE, DEMONIC FIGURES. The DRAGON FLIES off.

EXT. DEMONIC CAVE - NIGHT

The DARK LORD, 30's, a sinister, darkly handsome man in BLACK GARB, recognizable from the portrait we saw earlier, WAITS by the GATE. DAGGER, 30's, a slender man with REPTILIAN SKIN WEARS a tight dark GREEN LEATHER OUTFIT. HE GRABS SUSAN from the BLACK RIDER.

THEY PUSH OPEN the GATE and GO THROUGH, CLOSE it behind them and DISAPPEAR into the CAVE. The CAVE GLOWS brightly in alternating shades of green for several seconds.

Jack and Morgan CHARGE across a field of tall grass. Their exhausted HORSES begin to STUMBLE.

MORGAN

The horses can't go any further,  
Sir Jack.

JACK

Then we leave them here!

THEY DISMOUNT under the FULL MOON, then RUSH through the field of tall grass which is waist high to Morgan. Jack ARRIVES FIRST at the MEDIEVAL IRON GATE. It's ornately CARVED HIDEOUS FIGURES, a cruel mixture of human and animal traits, GLOWS in the MOONLIGHT. He TUGS at the LOCKED GATE.

JACK (CONT'D)

What in God's name is this?

MORGAN

(out of breath)

It is the Dream Gate, the passageway to Dream Time. Now Lord Nightmare will bring the battle for dreams to man's past, his present and his future. That green glow means they have left this Nexus.

JACK

But why did he take Susan? What does Susan have to do with this?

MORGAN

Remember, Sir Jack, that the Dream Gates can only be opened the first time if good and evil pass through them at the same moment. That is why he took the Princess. She is goodness.

He will use the Princess as his key to open all three gates and try to change the past, present and future into a landscape of nightmares!

JACK

We've got to stop him. We've got to save Susan.

MORGAN

No, you must not go through the Dream Gate! We must wait until the Dream Hunter arrives. You cannot stop the Dark Lord. Only a Dream Hunter can.

JACK SHAKES the LOCKED IRON GATES.

JACK

We haven't got time. I'm going in there.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

I won't lose her a second time! How do I get in? Morgan, please, you've got to help me.

Morgan SIGHS and REMOVES a SKULL-HEADED KEY from around his neck.

MORGAN

Here is the key to the past. It will work now that good and evil have already gone through the gate. But this key only works on this gate. To get from one Dream Time to another you need to find a new key in that Nexus.

JACK

Aren't you coming with me?

MORGAN

No, Sir Jack, I am your Dream Keeper only here. You must find your new Dream Keeper in each Dream Nexus. And find them fast.

JACK

How will I know my Dream Keeper?

MORGAN

You will know, Sir Jack. You'll know. God speed.

Jack TAKES the SKELETON KEY, UNLOCKS the GATE and RUSHES into the dark MAW of the CAVE. The CAVE GLOWS shades of green signifying his passage to another time.

As Jack is consumed by the green light, he looks back. Morgan WAVES good-bye, then begins to SWAY. HE TOPPLES OVER, face first, into the tall grass. TWO ARROWS STICK OUT of his back.

EXT. DENSE PREHISTORIC JUNGLE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

Giant PREHISTORIC DRAGONFLIES BUZZ by huge FERNS and VINES that clog the landscape. Tiny LIZARDS scamper past.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Jack's SWORD HACKS his way through the thick FERNS. HE sweats from the labor and his heavy garments. He DISCARDS his CAPE, then his TUNIC. The thick undergrowth RIPS at his white SHIRT and LEGGINGS.

HE HEARS the SOUND of BRANCHES SNAPPING. Jack quickly HIDES. On the path there APPEARS a rotund, NATIVE CHIEF, CHE EEF, 40's, wearing a loincloth, a NECKLACE of long, jagged animal teeth, CARRYING a CLUB. He WALKS calmly through the underbrush. Jack LEAPS out brandishing his sword.

JACK

Stop right there. Who are you and where am I?

CHE EEF

What a strange question. You speak like you are lost.

JACK

Are you with the Dark Lord?

CHE EEF

No, never. But who are you?

JACK

I'm Jack Vincent. I'm here to save my Susan, the Princess. Now answer my questions or I'll...

CHE EEF

(smiling)

Or you will do what?

A DOZEN NATIVES STEP out of the bushes wearing loincloths and BRANDISHING STONE-TIPPED SPEARS and WOODEN CLUBS. Jack realizes that he is surrounded.

CHE EEF (CONT'D)

(smiling even bigger now)

You mentioned a Princess. Tell me more.

Jack lowers his sword.

JACK

Princess Susan. The Dark Lord has taken her. I'm trying to find my Dream Keeper so I can bring her back.

CHE EEF

A Dream Keeper? I am my tribe's Dream Keeper. I speak to the spirits. I am called Che Eef. Last night I had a vision, a powerful vision. A beautiful princess was in danger and she was carried off to our land.

(MORE)



CHE EEF (CONT'D)

We are going to find her and rescue her. Join us and stay close to me, Jack Vincent.

JACK

Please hurry. We must find the Princess. Where would the Dark Lord take her?

CHE EEF

From my vision, I believe that they would be up there.

ChE Eef TURNS, POINTS up to a MOUNTAIN rising up out of the jungle, SHAPED LIKE a GORILLA'S SKULL with HORNS PROTRUDING from its forehead.

THEY MOVE through the jungle and PASS a SAIL-BACKED DINOSAUR that LOOKS like an IGUANA with a FIN ATTACHED to its back like in old black and white dinosaur movies.

Further on, THEY ENCOUNTER a TRICERATOPS in mortal combat with a T-REX. BOTH RESEMBLE a STOP-ACTION CLAYMATION MOVIE SCENE. THEY CONTINUE through the jungle to the base of the mountain. PTERODONS CIRCLE overhead. THEY MOVE cautiously.

Suddenly a NATIVE'S HEAD EXPLODES as a ROCK CRASHES into his skull. The GROUP is under attack by TWENTY LARGER CRO-MAGNONS WEARING ANIMAL FURS and horrific ABORIGINAL MUD MASKS.

SIX NATIVES ARE SLAUGHTERED. JACK, CHE-EF and FIVE NATIVES are CAPTURED. Jack's clothes are torn even more. He is down to a ragged loincloth as the CRO-MAGNONS TAKE THEM away.

INT. LARGE CAVE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

The cave is lit by torches. Bizarre animal/human hybrid paintings adorn the walls. It is a nightmare of early caveman meets Hieronymous Bosch.

A huge stone throne dominates the center of the cave. Water trickles down some of the walls over the primitive paintings. Lava bubbles up menacingly in its center from a small pit.

Two tunnels exit from the main room. TWENTY MASKED CRO-MAGNONS stand guard. SUSAN is bound with vines STANDING BEHIND the THRONE, her garments torn and dirty.

JACK and the NATIVES are TOSSED to the floor in the center of the cave. VINES BIND their HANDS in front of them.

DAGGER SITS at the foot of the throne. HE WEARS an EGYPTIAN TUNIC with a GOLD COLLAR.

HIS SCALY REPTILIAN SKIN, SNAKE-LIKE EYES AND WILD MANE of HAIR APPEAR MENACING in the flickering light. Slowly, he raises his head.

DAGGER

(hissing)

You will all rise before the omnipotent, all-powerful, Dark Lord of Nightmares.

ALL of the PRISONERS are YANKED to their feet.

LORD NIGHTMARE, the DARK LORD, EMERGES from the TUNNEL. Tall, devilishly handsome, he WEARS a BABYLONIA CROWN and a CAPE with MAYAN GOLD INLAYS. He holds an intricately carved staff laced with small human/animal skulls. He casts a regal shadow.

DARK LORD

Ah, the brave forces of good? This is too easy. Has the Dream King simply given up? Where is the challenge in simply slaughtering all of you?

Amuse me, faithful Dagger. Show them that nightmares can be so frightening and mixed up. That they are whatever I choose them to be.

DAGGER MORPHS into a MINOTAUR, then into a SATYR and then BACK into his NEAR-LIZARD FORM.

Jack is startled by the hideous transformations.

DARK LORD (CONT'D)

Do you like my raiment's of power, Jack Vincent? I wore them just for you. I know how you like to watch movies for historical inaccuracies and anachronisms. But this is my nightmare, so I can wear whatever I choose.

Surprised that I know so much about you? Why, I have been in your nightmares since you were a little child. All those nights that you were afraid of the monsters under your bed. That was me! The fear was exquisite. I fed off it for years.

JACK

This can't be real. None of it. Let Susan go.

DARK LORD

Oh, it's very real. It's the last nightmare you will ever have. And you want to stop me from using the Princess as my key to the present and future. What a colossal joke.

(angrily)

Why, it is an insult.

JACK

Let her go. If it's me you want, then take me instead.

DARK LORD

Exactly what the noble hero would say. Take you? I don't want you! You are nothing to me. Nothing. Now, that I have all the bait, where is the Dream Hunter? I will not be cheated out of my victory.

DAGGER

I know not, Dark Lord. The Dream Hunter was not with them. There was only this one who followed us when we left the Dream Gate.

DARK LORD

What? This fool came through the gate first. If this is the best that the Dream King can send to defend the dreams of man then who are we to argue? The Age of Nightmares – from the dawn of time – begins here!

JACK

(trying to act defiant)

Killing me won't get you the past or anything in Dream Time.

JACK SEES Susan STRUGGLE with her ropes behind the throne.

DARK LORD

Oh, but it will, you little fool. I have fought the Dream Hunters since time began. I have filled mankind's sleep with nightmares so I might feed off of their sweet terror.

(MORE)

DARK LORD (CONT'D)

I waited until the right time to challenge the last Dream Hunter. And now all they send is you? (BT) I feel cheated.

CHE EEF

Jack, you really didn't come through the Dream Gate first?

JACK

Yes, I did. But the Dream Hunter will follow right behind me.

CHE EEF

No, it is all wrong! All wrong! The Legend of Dreams says that the Dream Hunter will come through the Dream Gate first.

DARK LORD.

Thank you, old Dream Keeper, for explaining it to our valiant idiot. Now, come up here. I want to show we can be magnanimous in victory.

Che Eef is DRAGGED up before the THRONE.

Suddenly, the DREAM HUNTER APPEARS in muddied armor next to the room's entrance. He poses in a heroic stance.

HUNTER

I suggest that you let them all go, Dark One. Your little game is over.

DARK LORD

Ah, the true hero appears. But too late. I have your little apprentice down here. The game is over... and you have lost!

The DARK LORD REACHES out for CHE EFF. SUSAN STRUGGLES against her bonds. JACK looks apprehensive as the Dark Lord GRABS both sides of CHE EEF'S HEAD. A sudden, violent TWIST SNAPS CHE EEF'S head COMPLETELY AROUND to face Jack. CHE EF'S BODY SLUMPS and ROLLS DOWN the STEPS.

DARK LORD (CONT'D)

(laughing maniacally)  
Kill them. Kill them all!

CRO-MAGNONS CLUB NATIVES, who resist the best they can.

JACK DROPS to the floor and CUTS his bonds on the JAGGED TOOTH NECKLACE of the dead Che Eef.

UNTIED, JACK STANDS up, PUSHES TWO CO-MAGNONS into each other. THEY TOPPLE into the NATIVES, who DISARM them, continuing to fight valiantly even with wrists tied.

Hunter CUTS a swathe through the CRO-MAGNONS to reach Jack. He TOSSES Jack a SHORT SWORD.

HUNTER

Sorry I took so long. Damned heavy armor. Bloody hot, too. But I told you to wait for me.

JACK

I couldn't wait. I've got to save Susan! Help me reach her.

DAGGER CUTS SUSAN'S BONDS and CARRIES her over his shoulder down a DARK TUNNEL. The DARK LORD follows.

Hunter and Jack FIGHT valiantly before the THRONE as MORE MASKED CRO-MAGNONS ENTER. THEY CUT down the number of attackers by SHOVING THEM into the LAVA. Jack starts to leave.

HUNTER

No, Jack. You've got to stay with me. You can't let them kill you back here or the Dream Quest will be over. If you die in Dream Time, then your death will be permanent.

JACK

But Susan!

HUNTER

She will be safe. He won't kill her because he needs her to open the Dream Gates into the present and the future. Stay close to me!

Susan, Dagger and the Dark Lord disappear down the tunnel.

JACK

Susan! There they go. I'm going after them!

HUNTER

Wait! No, Jack! (BT) That boy will be the death of me.

Two masked Cro-Magnons engage Hunter in battle.

INT. DARK TUNNEL

JACK HURRIES down the moss-filled TUNNEL, lit by small TORCHES. Far off, HE HEARS the CRIES of SUSAN. The tunnel splits. He pauses, goes right. The tunnel narrows and splits again. He goes left. The narrow tunnel is now only six feet high by three feet wide. SUSAN'S CRIES are fading.

HE suddenly HEARS harsh GROWLS and heavy BREATHING behind him. He realizes he is now being pursued. He goes faster.

DARK LORD (O.S.)  
(a loud and menacing echo)  
You have no Dream Keeper to protect  
you now, boy!

P.O.V. of the PURSUING BEAST moving quickly through the tunnel. WE HEAR GROWLS and heavy BREATHING.

Jack looks over his shoulder. The narrowness of the tunnel forces him to drop his small sword.

P.O.V. of the BEAST. The GROWLS and heavy BREATHING get LOUDER.

Jack continues to look back over his shoulder. HE STOPS at the end of the narrow tunnel only to find an opening about ten feet in diameter. It is a dead end.

In front of him is an ancient WOODEN DOOR covered with moss and a tiny window filled with cobwebs that lets in minimal light. HE PUSHES and SHOULDERS the door. It won't budge. LOOKING DOWN, he SEES a rusted DOORPLATE and a KEYHOLE.

JACK  
(exhausted)  
A key! Yes, a key. I need the key!

The GROWLS become DEAFENING. The BREATHING seems to be right behind Jack.

JACK LOOKS around in the dim light, SPOTS a rusted KEY on a PEG. As he GRABS for it, he HITS his HEAD on a STALACTITE. He DROPS the KEY down through a rusted FLOOR GRATE.

KNEELING down, HE frantically TUGS on the GRATE. It won't budge. HE FORCES his HAND between the bars. The GROWLING becomes EVEN LOUDER. His fingers barely touch the key.

The GROWLING becomes a ROAR. The heavy BREATHING is DEAFENING. HE CLUTCHES the key between two fingers and draws it up through the grate, JAMS it into the keyhole, and turns the key. The light beyond the door explodes in a blinding, bright green.

EXT. POSH HOTEL ENTRANCE - TWILIGHT

JACK SLAMS the DOOR SHUT. Under a wire mesh WINDOW it is marked FIRE CONTROL. There is a great THUD from the other side of the door.

Jack, muddy and wearing his loincloth, is ILLUMINATED by bright green LANDSCAPE LIGHTING. HE CROUCHES behind the SHRUBBERY to get his bearings. He's to the side of the ENTRANCE to a big, luxury HOTEL.

A procession of LIMOUSINES PULL in front of the HOTEL DROPPING PEOPLE off. The MARQUIS SIGN several yards away welcomes the "ANNUAL CELEBRITY CHARITY COSTUME PARTY."

JACK SEES PEOPLE who resemble MARYLYN MONROE, BRAD PITT, WILL SMITH, BEYONCE, HUGH JACKMAN, ERROL FLYNN, HUMPHREY BOGART, and more stars FILE out of the LIMOUSINES.

A CONVOY of BLACK HUMMERS PULL up. Several SOLDIERS in black S.S. Nazi UNIFORMS STEP OUT. One OPENS the DOOR for the DARK LORD, who WEARS a black NAZI GENERAL'S UNIFORM.

DAGGER FOLLOWS him in a black NAZI MAJOR'S UNIFORM. HE PULLS SUSAN, who WEARS a red, low-cut EVENING DRESS, from the limo. They quickly USHER her into the HOTEL.

EXT. PLUSH HOTEL - BUSHES

JACK  
(to himself)  
My God, he's already here! Susan!

A GORILLA, in an obviously FAKE COSTUME right out of a 1940's Republic jungle serial, SIDLES up next to him in the bushes. The GORILLA POKES Jack and MOTIONS TOWARD the DARK LORD. Jack is startled by the Gorilla, then HE BRUSHES it away.

GORILLA (GAIL)  
(grunting)  
Rark Rord. Rark Rord.

JACK PUTS his finger to his lips.

JACK  
Quiet. Shhhh. God, this has to be a bad dream. The one where I'm naked-at-a-party dream.

GORILLA (GAIL)  
Keeper.

JACK  
What did you say?

The GORILLA POINTS to Jack, then BACK to itself.

GORILLA (GAIL)  
You, Dream Hunter. Me, Dream  
Keeper. Follow me.

JACK  
But...

The Gorilla PUTS a finger to its lips.

GORILLA (GAIL)  
Shhhhhhhh.

THEY EMERGE from the bushes and ENTER the LOBBY.

INT. POSH HOTEL LOBBY

The LOBBY is filled with MORE CELEBRITIES MILLING about. Most are in COSTUME, portraying characters from movies or TV. The BEVERLY HILLBILLIES are FOLLOWED by the GHOST BUSTERS and BATMAN and ROBIN from the 1966 TV show. PEOPLE ARE DRESSED as the SCOOPY DOO gang, the FLINTSTONES, ZORRO, and SAILOR MOON.

JACK and the GORILLA WALK calmly across the LOBBY to the ELEVATORS. No one pays any attention to them. THEY GET in.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - SUITE

THEY EXIT on the fourth floor. The GORILLA PULLS a ROOM KEY CARD out of the costume pocket. THEY ENTER the SUITE.

JACK SITS down on the edge of the BED trying to comprehend it all. HE PUTS on a BATHROBE. The GORILLA ENTERS the BATHROOM. The door is ajar.

GORILLA (GAIL)  
I've got to take this off.

Through the open bathroom door, JACK WATCHES the GORILLA PULL the HEADPIECE off and SHAKE her long, black hair. Jack is surprised that HE SEES a shapely WOMAN, GAIL, 20's, who was wearing the costume. GAIL UNZIPS the APE SUIT and STEPS out of it, WEARING ONLY WHITE BIKINI BRIEFS. Jack quickly AVERTS HIS GAZE.

JACK  
You're a... a...

GAIL WRAPS a TOWEL around herself and REENTERS the BEDROOM.



GAIL

A sweaty mess, I know. I'm Gail, your Dream Keeper. My mission was to meet the Dream Hunter tonight at the Charity Costume party. So, here I am.

JACK

Sorry, but I'm not the Dream Hunter. The last time I saw him he was a little busy. My name is Jack.

GAIL

But, you came through the Dream Gate, not in great shape, if I may say so. Only Dream Hunters come through the Gates. (BT) This is not good.

JACK

I am catching on to that, slowly but surely.

GAIL

Well, you saw the Dark Lord arrive. Before that, I saw more evil enter this place than I could count. Our intel says that the Dark Lord will strike tonight. How did the battle go in the past?

JACK

Not too well. It was horrible. A slaughter. Poor Morgan and Che Eef, my Dream Keepers. (BT) The Dream Hunter was still there fighting and they still have Princess Susan...

GAIL

It will be all right, Jack. If we have to make our stand here in the present, then you and I will kick some major butt. We've got a lot of allies out there also. We will get the Princess back.

Why don't you lie back and get some rest. We don't have to be ready until 8 o'clock. I have our costumes in the closet. Just rest, OK?

GAIL WALKS into the bathroom, DROPPING her TOWEL. JACK LEANS BACK on the bed. He slowly closes his eyes.

THERE ARE ALTERNATING BLACK AND WHITE FLASHES.

EXT. WORLD WAR I TRENCHES -DREAM SEQUENCE - NIGHT

JACK is frightened. HE SHIVERS, HUDDLED in the MUD in a TRENCH as BOMBS EXPLODE all around, RAINING DIRT on him. The sporadic SOUND of GUNFIRE is everywhere. The only light is from the EXPLODING BOMBS and the RED FLARES PARACHUTING down from the sky. He is WEARING a WW I DOUGHBOY UNIFORM, and CLUTCHING a RIFLE. A SHRILL WHISTLE is HEARD above the din.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)  
(exhorting his troops)  
Come on, men! Let's give those Huns  
the bayonet. Forward! Over the top.

SEVERAL DOUGHBOYS further down the trench CLIMB LADDERS and CHARGE. Caught up in the moment, JACK CLIMBS the LADDER in front of him. He REACHES the PARAPET. GUNFIRE INCREASES. A DOUGHBOY TUMBLES over the top of him back into the trench.

He CONTINUES into a MUDDY FIELD littered with BOMB CRATERS, BODIES, BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS, metal TANK TRAPS, CONCRETE REVETMENTS, and a disabled British MARK IV TANK. The scene is LIT only by RED FLARES FLOATING down from above and the EXPLODING ORDINANCE.

He SLIPS several times in the mud, TRIPPING over DEAD BODIES. The GUNFIRE gets LOUDER. He TRAVERSES the BATTLEFIELD, ala PATHS OF GLORY, yet to fire his rifle.

Jack CLIMBS a small hill as GUNFIRE BLASTS into the mud around him. He CLIMBS OVER SEVERAL BODIES, then REACHES a CRATER on top of a steep hill. A GERMAN SOLDIER APPEARS at the rim. Surprised, Jack FALLS BACKWARDS, but manages to FIRE his RIFLE, and KILLS the SOLDIER.

ANOTHER SOLDIER APPEARS. Jack FIRES. The ENEMY DROPS across the rim of the crater. Then ANOTHER SOLDIER APPEARS. Jack SHOOTS him, adding another body to the crater's rim.

MORE GERMAN SOLDIERS BREECH the CRATER. Jack keeps FIRING until he is out of ammunition. The DEAD BODIES PILE up. He USES his BAYONET to kill the continual onslaught of attackers. The sky FLASHES a STROBE EFFECT between the WHITE EXPLOSIONS, RED FLARES and black night.

Jack frantically CLUBS the enemy SOLDIERS with his RIFLE, continuing to beat down the enemy. The BODIES PILE up.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that the small hill Jack is atop is an EVER-GROWING MOUNTAIN of DEAD BODIES lit by the EXPLODING BOMBS and RED FLARES. WE SEE the SILHOUETTE of UNCOUNTABLE SOLDIERS as THEY SLOWLY CRAWL up the side of the HILL.

A WHITE FLASH obliterates the scene.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR - JACK'S HOTEL ROOM

Jack WAKES up with a start, covered in sweat. GAIL RUSHES over, wearing a buckskin INDIAN MAIDEN COSTUME with a KNIFE and TOMAHAWK in her belt. Her LOINCLOTH REVEALS bare skin to her belt. Her long black hair is braided. She has a BUCKSKIN QUIVER slung over her shoulder.

GAIL

Jack, are you O.K? I just left for a second to get some ice down the hall. I'm sorry.

JACK

Just a bad dream. That's all.

GAIL

I shouldn't have left you, not even for a minute. I was too far away from you. I'm supposed to be your Dream Keeper and stay close. I'm so sorry. It won't happen again. (BT) But's time to get cleaned up and dressed.

JACK

(admiring Gail's outfit)  
Wow, you are full of surprises, aren't you? What am I going as, Jeff Chandler in BROKEN ARROW?

GAIL

(not catching the movie reference)  
Huh?

JACK

Never mind. I should have known that you are way too young for that reference.

GAIL

Your costume is laid out on the chair. The gun and bullets are real. You have ammo clips in the belt and more in the pockets.

JACK PUTS on a FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM ala GUNGA DIN. The high brown BOOTS are worn with the JODHPURS tucked in. He has a MAUSER in his shoulder holster. The Captain's CAP is too small, so he TOSSES it on the bed. He PULLS the Mauser out and STARES at it.

JACK

I don't know if I'm ready for this.

GAIL

No one knows that, Jack, until that moment comes.

JACK HOLSTERS the GUN and they leave the room.

INT. POSH HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM

The ROOM FILLS with PEOPLE DRESSED as movie and television icons: MADONNA, BEN HUR, INDIANA JONES, and LAURA CROFT. A JACKIE GLEASON DOUBLE is behind the bar serving the RAT PACK.

TWO PEOPLE RESEMBLING JOHN WAYNE and CLINT EASTWOOD, both in their classic western garb, WALK BY. A table of pin-striped GANGSTERS guard an AL CAPONE in the corner. Another section is filled with NAZI'S in black SS UNIFORMS.

JACK and GAIL STAND in the entrance, taking in the whole room. The MUMMY SHUFFLES past them. HUNTER, dressed in a black tuxedo, PLACES his hand on Jack's shoulder.

HUNTER

Well, it certainly looks like everybody made it.

JACK

Hunter! You're here. You're all right.

HUNTER

Well, of course I am. Damned nuisance getting down that narrow tunnel and slaughtering that ugly beast. Glad you left the key in the door for me. (BT) And this lovely maiden is your Dream Keeper, correct?

JACK

Yes, this is Gail. Gail, this is the real Dream Hunter.

HUNTER

(slightly agitated)  
At least better looking than  
Morgan.

Well, we bollyxed up the past,  
didn't we? So, we bloody better not  
lose the present. Any sign of where  
the Dark Lord and Princess Susan  
are?

GAIL

Nothing yet. But we have our three  
best men working on it. They are  
scouring the hotel for clues.

JACK

Gail, I'm worried about you. With  
my record, being my Dream Keeper  
seems to be extremely hazardous to  
your health.

GAIL

That's sweet. I'll be fine. Let's  
go in. The band's starting.

THEY ENTER past REVELERS costumed as movie and TV icons.

INT. BALLROOM - STAGE

The BAND on STAGE BEGINS playing an extended opening of  
SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL by the Rolling Stones (or any demonic  
hard rock song that can have a music video projected on the  
rear screen.) DAGGER, The lead singer, is center stage,  
totally unrecognizable, bathed entirely in dark shadows. He  
BEGINS SINGING. A bright red spotlight shines on him.

DAGGER WEARS a flawless WHITE TUXEDO. He DANCES a few tap  
steps as a huge MOVIE SCREEN DESCENDS behind the band.

INT. BALLROOM - STAGE

DAGGER

( (singing)  
"Please allow me to introduce  
myself, I'm a man of wealth and  
taste. I've been around for a long,  
long year. Stole many a man's soul  
and faith."

Behind DAGGER on the big MOVIE SCREEN WE SEE SHOTS of CHRIST  
PRAYING in the GARDEN, then being WHIPPED.

A SCALY HAND OFFERS PILATE a BOWL of WATER as CHRIST STANDS BEFORE HIM, SURROUNDED by an ANGRY MOB. PILATE DIPS his fingers into the bowl. When He RAISES them out of the bowl, the DROPLETS of WATER DRIP RED, TURNING the WATER in the BOWL to BLOOD.

DAGGER (O.S.)

(singing)

"And I was round when Jesus Christ  
had his moment of doubt and pain.  
Made damn sure that Pilate washed  
his hands and sealed his fate.  
Pleased to meet you. Hope you  
guessed my name. But what's  
puzzling you is the nature of my  
game."

INT. BALLROOM STAGE - MOVIE SCREEN

WE SEE black and white FOOTAGE of the BABY CARRIAGE BOUNCING down the steps from the film POTESKIN. A FIRING SQUAD of RUSSIANS, circa 1917, OPENS FIRE. WE SEE ONLY the SMOKE from their RIFLES - m.o.s. The scene continues to an EXTREME CLOSE UP on the MOUTH of QUEEN ANASTASIA, open with a silent scream, until the screen FADES TO BLACK.

DAGGER (O.S.)

(singing)

"I stuck around St. Petersburg when  
I saw it was a time for a change.  
Killed the czar and his ministers,  
Anastasia screamed in vain."

CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL the black MUZZLE of a PANZER TANK. WE CONTINUE to PULL BACK to REVEAL the sky EXPLODING SILENTLY from the war behind it. WE SEE the NAZI COMMANDER ATOP the TANK. SHELLS BURST SILENTLY. HIS FACE FLASHES from HUMAN into a SKULL and then back to human again.

DAGGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(singing)

"I rode a tank, held a general's  
rank, when the Blitzkrieg raged and  
the bodies stank."

INT. BALLROOM STAGE

DAGGER PRANCES in and out of the SPOTLIGHT.

DAGGER (CONT'D)

(singing)

"Pleased to meet you. Hope you  
guessed my name, oh yeah.  
But what's puzzling you is the  
nature of my game, oh yeah."

EXPLOSIONS go off on the STAGE AROUND DAGGER. He EMERGES triumphantly from the SPARKS and SMOKE, DRESSED in a BLACK TUXEDO. He sports a sinister white mime face.

FOUR BLACK BACKUP SINGERS ROLL into view on a raised platform. SUSAN KNEELS in front of them; HANDS BOUND behind her back, WEARING a LEASH HELD by a SINGER ala Princess Leia in Jabba's palace. SHE WEARS a LOW CUT, RED SILK EVENING GOWN.

DAGGER (CONT'D)

(singing)

"I watched with glee as your kings  
and queens fought for ten decades  
for the gods they made."

HE CARESSES the MICROPHONE, sensually DIPPING it to the floor like a dance partner. Over his shoulder on the MOVIE SCREEN WE SEE CLIPS of the assassinations of JOHN and ROBERT KENNEDY.

DAGGER (CONT'D)

(singing)

"I shouted out who killed the  
Kennedys? Well, after all, it was  
you and me."

INT. BALLROOM FLOOR

HUNTER

It's the Princess! Come on, we've  
got to get up to that stage!

THEY PUSH through the CROWD toward the stage as DAGGER CONTINUES to SING.

DAGGER (O.S.)

(singing)

"Let me please introduce myself,  
I'm a man of wealth and taste. And  
I laid traps for troubadours who  
get killed before they reach  
Bombay."

"Pleased to meet you.

(MORE)

DAGGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Hope you guessed my name, oh yeah.  
 But what's puzzling you is the  
 nature of my game, oh yeah, get  
 down, baby."

INT. BALLROOM STAGE

The STAGE slowly RISES from a five-foot height to over twelve feet high as WE HEAR the MUSICAL BRIDGE. DAGGER DANCES around demonically. SUSAN STRUGGLES to get up, but a SINGER PUSHES her back down.

INT. BALLROOM - DANCE FLOOR

A FAT LADY in a BALL GOWN DANCES WITH A MALE MIDGET who wears a TUXEDO. SHE IS SWINGING HIM AROUND WILDLY. His feet don't touch the floor.

DAGGER (VO)  
 (singing)  
 "Pleased to meet you. Hope you  
 guessed my name, oh yeah. But  
 what's confusing you is the nature  
 of my game."

On the MOVIE SCREEN WE SEE DAGGER DANCING ACROSS A LONG BANQUET TABLE, WILDLY KICKING GLASSES, FOOD and BOTTLES. SEATED AT THE TABLE are MONKS, POLICEMEN and GANGSTERS, ALL in drunken revelry.

DAGGER (VO) (CONT'D)  
 (singing)  
 "Just as every cop is a criminal  
 and all the sinners saints - as  
 heads is tails just call me Lucifer  
 cause I'm in need of some  
 restraint."

DAGGER EXPLODES out of the MOVIE SCREEN, TEARING a GAPING HOLE in it. HE LANDS CENTER STAGE. EXPLOSIONS go off on each side of the screen. DAGGER now WEARS a TATTERED, PATCHED TUXEDO. He has his old recognizable face of green scales and wild hair.

INT. BALLROOM STAGE

DAGGER GRABS the MICROPHONE. A SPOTLIGHT of SWIRLING PSYCHEDELIC COLORS ENCIRCLES HIM.



DAGGER

(singing)

"So if you meet me have some  
courtesy. Have some sympathy and  
some taste."

INT. BALLROOM FLOOR

The MIDGET BOWS to the FAT LADY, WALKS over to the TABLE, and BRINGS BACK a long, WHITE FLOWER BOX. The FAT LADY OPENS IT, FINDS BLACK ROSES INSIDE. SMILING, SHE DIGS DOWN into the BOX and PULLS OUT a 1920's TOMMY GUN. SHE BEGINS to SHOOT WILDLY at the CEILING. It SHAKES HER violently and SPINS HER AROUND in a comical circle. EVERYONE DIVES for COVER.

DAGGER (O.S.)

(singing)

"Use all your well-learned  
politesse or I'll lay your soul to  
waste, um, yeah."

INT. BALLROOM STAGE

DAGGER SWAGGERS CENTER STAGE.

DAGGER

(singing)

"Pleased to meet you. Hope you  
guessed my name, um, yeah. "But  
what's confusing you is the nature  
of my game, um, baby . . . get  
down!" Woo, who - oh yeah - get on  
down! Oh yeah! Oh yeah!"

INT. BALLROOM FLOOR

GUN FIRE ERUPTS EVERYWHERE.

HUNTER, JACK and GAIL PUSH through the CROWD to the far side of the STAGE. BULLETS TEAR into TABLES, CHAIRS and ICE SCULPTURES. GANGSTERS GO FOR THEIR GUNS and start SHOOTING, FLIPPING TABLES over for cover.

PEOPLE DRESSED LIKE COWBOY HEROES such as MAVERICK, the RIFLEMAN, PALADIN, and the CISCO KID and PONCHO FIRE THEIR SIX SHOOTERS. SOMEONE DRESSED as McLINTOCK PUNCHES NAZI SOLDIERS over tables.

SOMEONE DRESSED as DIRTY HARRY PULLS out a .357 MAGNUM and BLASTS away.

TWO GUYS COSTUMED as JOHN and PONCH from C.H.I.P.S. DIVE for cover behind a PORTABLE BAR as BULLETS RIP into the bar's black plastic exterior.

TWO PEOPLE DRESSED as JOHN STEED and EMMA PEEL use judo to fight with WHITE-HOODED KLU KLUX KLAN.

A COUPLE DRESSED as NEO and TRINITY from the MATRIX STAND back to back and FIRE away. TWO PEOPLE RESEMBLING MULDER and SCULLY FIRE at a GROUP OF YAKUZA.

INT. BALLROOM STAGE

DAGGER (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
"Tell me, baby, what's my name.  
Tell me, honey, baby guess my name.  
Tell me baby, what's my name. I  
tell you one time, you're to blame.  
Ooo, who. Ooo, who. Ooo, who. Ooo,  
who. What's my name. Tell me, baby,  
what's my name. Tell me, sweetie,  
what's my name."

The BAND CONTINUES to PLAY an EXTENDED ENDING of the song as the BATTLE CONTINUES.

INT. BALLROOM DANCE FLOOR

A WEREWOLF is SHREDDING SEVERAL POLICEMEN. The WEREWOLF SUDDENLY LOOKS UP. POV of a SIX-SHOOTER SLOWLY TAKING AIM at the WEREWOLF and FIRING. The WEREWOLF STOPS IN ITS TRACKS, GRABS ITS CHEST and FALLS OVER. WE SEE a MAN in a LONE RANGER COSTUME.

MAN IN THE LONE RANGER COSTUME  
Love those silver bullets.

HUNTER FIGHTS and SHOOTs his way towards the STAGE. He BACKS into SOMEONE. TURNING, HE SEES a MAN in an impeccable TUXEDO who came as JAMES BOND.

BOND  
Sorry, old chap.

HUNTER SMILES. THEY PART WAYS. The MUSIC PLAYS ON.

INT. BALLROOM STAGE

DAGGER GRABS SUSAN and PULLS HER off to the BACKSTAGE.

INT. BALLROOM FLOOR

JACK POINTS THIS OUT TO HUNTER. HUNTER, JACK AND GAIL PUSH their way through the BATTLING THROG and HEAD BACKSTAGE.

INT. BALLROOM - BACKSTAGE

A ROBOT resembling the BLACK ROBOT from FORBIDDEN PLANET MOVES INTO THE BACKSTAGE PASSAGEWAY BLOCKING HUNTER, JACK and GAIL. IT HOLDS TWO MACHINE PISTOLS and OPENS FIRE.

THEY ALL DIVE for cover behind stage scenery. A LIFE-SIZE CUTOUT of the TERMINATOR has its HEAD SHEARED off by BULLETS.

A ROBOT RESEMBLING the SILVER ROBOT from LOST IN SPACE APPEARS and SLAMS INTO THE BLACK ROBOT, KNOCKING IT out of the way.

SILVER ROBOT

Warning - Danger - Warning -  
Danger, danger!

HUNTER, JACK AND GAIL use this diversion TO RUN PAST the ROBOTS and continue on to an ELEVATOR that just CLOSED. THEY WATCH the FLOOR NUMBERS. IT STOPS on the SECOND FLOOR. GAIL PUNCHES the BUTTONS, but to no avail.

GAIL

They locked the elevator. Come on.  
Let's take the stairs.

HUNTER

I really am getting too old for  
this.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - SECOND FLOOR

HUNTER, JACK AND GAIL EXIT the STAIRWAY to the SOUND of GUNSHOTS.

At the end of the hallway, the MARX BROTHERS (or any other comedy duo or trio) FIRE around the corner and are being FIRED AT. The MARX BROTHERS are in their classic movie garb. GROUCHO WEARS his LONG-TAILED BLACK COAT and PITH HELMET. He has his ever-present CIGAR. Hunter, Jack and Gail join them.

GAIL

These are the three agents I told  
you about.

JACK  
 (incredulously)  
 These are your three best agents?

GROUCHO LEANS BACK against the wall and POPS another CLIP into his .45. To his side, HARPO PULLS OBJECTS out of his LONG COAT: a RUBBER CHICKEN, CONFETTI, an INFLATABLE DOLL. SHAKING his head, he DROPS THEM on the floor.

GROUCHO  
 I heard that. I've been insulted in better places than this. Keep talking that way and the secret word will be 'alone.'

HUNTER  
 What is the situation here?

CHICO  
 Well, Im'a gonna tell you. They took'a the Princess down the hall and left that bunch'a goons to stop us. We was'a this close and'a 'wham' - no cigar!

GROUCHO  
 I'll thank you to leave my cigar out of this.

HUNTER PEEKS around the corner. WE SEE FOUR GANGSTERS in pin-striped suits with old 1920 TOMMY GUNS. The GANGSTERS FIRE.

HUNTER  
 Any other way around them?

CHICO  
 Only way is to go back down to the first'a floor and fight'a your way back to the other end'a the hotel. It's'a long way around.

GROUCHO  
 (to Harpo)  
 What are you doing? Can't you be a little more helpful?

HARPO PULLS TWO UZIS out of his coat and HANDS THEM to GROUCHO.

GROUCHO (CONT'D)  
 Now, that's more like it.

GROUCHO JUMPS out into the HALLWAY, his long black coattails flailing behind him. HE FIRES BOTH UZIS. ONE GANGSTER FALLS.

When the CLIPS are SPENT, GROUCHO DIVES BACK face first as BULLETS TEAR into the walls. His PITH HELMET SPINS off.

CHICO

I don't think that's a too smart, boss.

GROUCHO

Well, I'm certainly open to any suggestions.

HARPO PULLS out TWO GRENADES from his coat.

GROUCHO (CONT'D)

Now that's why I keep you around! We'll cover you. Can you hit the end of the hallway from here?

HARPO SHAKES HIS HEAD 'yes'. Then 'no'. Then 'yes'. GROUCHO DOES a DOUBLE TAKE.

CHICO

Get'a ready. Everybody on'a three. Ready - three!

EVERYONE STEPS out LAYING DOWN PROTECTIVE FIRE. HARPO PULLS BOTH PINS with his teeth. He STEPS INTO THE HALLWAY and HEAVES the GRENADES. EVERYONE DUCKS BACK behind the corner as the GRENADES EXPLODE. THEY ALL RUSH TO THE END OF THE HALLWAY. The FOUR GANGSTERS are DEAD.

JACK LOOKS DOWN out of a WINDOW. WE SEE a PHALANX of SEVEN NAZI SOLDIERS, DAGGER and the DARK LORD WEARING a BLACK ELVIS LAS VEGAS JUMP SUIT. He TAKES SUSAN through the COURTYARD past the POOL and CABANAS. A war is raging outside.

JACK

Look, it's Susan! They're headed toward the other wing of the hotel. We've got to hurry.

GAIL

This back stairway leads directly to the courtyard below.

THEY ALL HURRY DOWN THE STAIRS.

EXT. POOL COURTYARD - NIGHT

The POOL AREA and CABANAS ARE LIT by EXPLOSIONS and GUNFIRE. WW II U. S. RANGERS FIGHT along side 1890 TEXAS RANGERS. SKINHEADS FIRE BACK along side NAZI STORM TROOPERS.

OVERHEAD, a JAPANESE ZERO STRAFES the POOL. Then a U.S. SPITFIRE STRAFES the AREA and DROPS TWO BOMBS. The night LIGHTS UP with EXPLOSIONS.

HUNTER, JACK, GAIL, AND THE MARX BROTHERS RUSH OUTSIDE. THEY SEE the DARK LORD and his ENTOURAGE ENTER the small elevator lobby at the farthest wing of the hotel. The walls have large floor to ceiling glass panels.

HUNTER

There they go. We've got to cut across quickly!

GUNFIRE ERUPTS around them. THEY DIVE for cover. GROUCHO is HIT in the leg.

GROUCHO

Owww! I'm hit.

CHICO

Boss, does it hurt much?

GROUCHO

Only when I laugh.

CHICO

Then you gonna be fine. You ain't that funny anyhow.

HUNTER

Look, you two stay with your companion. Jack, Gail, come with me. Why would the Dark Lord trap himself in there with no way out? Something is not right. I don't like it.

HUNTER, JACK and GAIL CUT THROUGH the BATTLEFIELD. THEY DROP BEHIND OVERTURNED OUTDOOR METAL TABLES, keeping the Dark Lord in sight as the VILLAINS ENTER the ELEVATOR LOBBY.

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY OF SECOND BUILDING

DARK LORD

Lieutenant, radio for reinforcements. Now! See to it that no one gets into this building.

LIEUTENANT

Heil, Dark Lord. As you command.

The SEVEN NAZI SOLDIERS TAKE UP POSITIONS behind furniture and overturned tables to defend the lobby.

DARK LORD

Come, my Princess. Your future awaits you.

SUSAN

You'll never get away with this, you, you jackal! Jack will save me. He will come for me. He'll put an end to you once and for all.

DARK LORD

He doesn't even know how to fight. (BT) Did you ever wonder why dreams can be so confusing. Reliving old memories. Talking to deceased loved ones as if they were still alive.

It is nightmares that more resemble real life. Anguish, uncertainty, fear. Your hero is gripped with fear right now. The dead that you dream about are skeletons made of rotting flesh; not someone you will stroll hand in hand down a beach with.

The ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS. The LIGHT inside has a green glow.

DAGGER

My Lord, can't we see how this battle comes out? There is so much blood and carnage.

DARK LORD

No, the forces of good are putting up a valiant fight. Much better than I thought they were capable of. There may be no clear victor here.

Such a waste. Let's leave this battlefield and set our sights on the future. We have our victory in the past and this battle is stalemated. Let's step into the nightmares of the future and then rule the Dream Realm forever.

DAGGER

But I love the smell of carnage. It's like pig's snout and spoiled milk in the morning.

DARK LORD

No, we leave now. The future will be filled with nightmares. (BT) But that's the way that the future always is! Come, loyal one, their dreams of a brighter tomorrow are history!

The DARK LORD, DAGGER AND SUSAN STEP into the elevator. DAGGER PUSHES a button. As the DOOR CLOSES, the ELEVATOR INTERIOR is FLOODED with a pulsating GREEN LIGHT.

EXT. THE COURTYARD OUTSIDE THE ELEVATOR LOBBY

HUNTER, JACK AND GAIL SEE the bright green light flash as the elevator door closes. THEY ADVANCE and TAKE COVER behind overturned lawn tables.

JACK

We've got to get in there! He's taken Susan somewhere! That's a Dream Gate. We've got to stop him.

HUNTER

He's taken her to the future. The past is already his. And we seem to be fighting him to a stand off here in the present. He must be planning to conquer the future and win this war.

JACK

So, come on! Let's follow them!

JACK RISES. HUNTER PULLS HIM back down.

HUNTER

Jack, not only do the three of us have to take on those soldiers, but we still need a key to get to the future. Do you have a key with you?

JACK

No. Morgan had a key. Gail, do you have the key?

GAIL

No, I don't. No one gave me any keys.

JACK

But Morgan had one.



HUNTER

It was Morgan's function in the Nexus to protect you and protect the key for the first gate. So, it seems that we will have to fight our way in and look around for a second key just like you did in that cramped tunnel in the past.

GAIL

Guys, I suggest that we hurry too. There's reinforcements for our friends in there coming this way.

HUNTER'S EYES go from GAIL'S EYES down to her BREASTS.

HUNTER

We need a distraction or two.

GAIL

Oh, hell no.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE ELEVATOR LOBBY

FROM BEHIND, WE TRACK GAIL RUNNING TOWARD the LOBBY, TOPLESS, HOLDING her BUCKSKIN QUIVER in her hand. SHE WAVES HER ARMS frantically over her head.

GAIL

(yelling)

Hurry, open up. Hurry, open up!

(under her breath)

Damn! Say it in German.

(yelling)

MENSCH MACH AUF! MENSCH MACH AUF!

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY

The SOLDIERS EXCHANGE bewildered looks, then grin. The LIEUTENANT SHAKES his head 'yes'. TWO SOLDIERS JUMP up, COLLIDE in their haste, then PUSH the CHAIRS AWAY that barricade the door. THEY UNLOCK the DOOR, then STEP BACK. GAIL ENTERS. Once inside, SHE POINTS her BUCKSKIN QUIVER at the TWO SOLDIERS.

GAIL

Danke Schoen.

SHE FIRES ONE SHOT and the TWO SOLDIERS FALL. The QUIVER FLIES OFF, REVEALING a DOUBLE-BARRELED SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN. She FIRES again. The LIEUTENANT FLIES OVER A TABLE.

The remaining FOUR SOLDIERS OPEN FIRE. GAIL DIVES BEHIND THE SOFA, LOSING HER SHOTGUN. BULLETS POP and TEAR up the sofa.

HUNTER and JACK APPEAR at the OPEN DOOR and FIRE, killing the remaining SOLDIERS. GAIL'S HEAD POPS up from behind the sofa. HUNTER RETRIEVES the SHOTGUN and GLANCES at it.

HUNTER

Really, remarkable double barrels.

GAIL STANDS up, COVERS her BREASTS and REACHES out to Hunter.

GAIL

Thank you. I like to think so.

HUNTER HANDS GAIL the TOP of her costume. She modestly TURNS and TIES it. A HAIL OF BULLETS CRASH THROUGH THE WINDOWS. THEY ALL JUMP BEHIND THE OVERTURNED FURNITURE AND RETURN FIRE at the APPROACHING SOLDIERS. Gail and HUNTER GRAB TWO WW II MACHINE GUNS and AMMO BELTS from the floor.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE ELEVATOR LOBBY

A DOZEN SOLDIERS CHARGE and FIRE at the lobby.

BACK TO SCENE

HUNTER, JACK and GAIL FIRE BACK.

HUNTER

Jack, you must reach the elevator.  
You've got to get into that gate so  
we can follow Lord Nightmare. We'll  
lay down cover. Ready. Now!

HUNTER and GAIL STAND and OPEN FIRE. JACK CRAWLS across the floor to the ELEVATOR. HE REACHES up and frantically PRESSES the BUTTONS. The DOOR REMAINS CLOSED. SOLDIERS FIRE as the LOBBY ERUPTS in FLYING FABRIC. Jack SCURRIES BACK to cover.

JACK

The door is jammed or something! It  
won't open!

GAIL

Guys, don't know how much longer we  
can hold out. We only have so much  
ammo. This is one time that an  
Indian gal would like to see the  
cavalry come charging up.

GAIL PEEKS over the SOFA as HUNTER FIRES.

GAIL (CONT'D)  
They're almost in!

HUNTER and GAIL CONTINUE TO FIRE AT THE SOLDIERS. THEY DISCARD the SPENT MACHINE GUNS and DROP down as the SOLDIERS RETURN FIRE.

HUNTER  
Gail, let's key our fire on the  
closest soldiers.

JACK LOOKS at the ELEVATOR DOOR.

JACK  
Wait. That's it! The key. The fire  
key. It's right there! Right before  
our eyes. Cover me. Now.

HUNTER and GAIL OPEN FIRE. JACK RUNS to the ELEVATOR. He SMASHES his PISTOL on the slim, RED "FIRE EMERGENCY ELEVATOR KEY" BOX above the panel. He PULLS out the LONG SILVER KEY. BULLETS SLAM all around him.

JACK INSERTS the FIRE KEY into the KEYHOLE, then TURNS IT. The ELEVATOR DOOR SLOWLY OPENS. HE TUMBLES into the elevator.

JACK  
(shouting above the din)  
Come on! I'm in. We have to go!

HUNTER  
No! We'll never make it to you now.  
You go, Jack. Go now. We'll hold  
them off till the doors close.  
Throw me the key. I'll follow, so  
wait for me right where you exit.  
Just wait for me.

JACK SLIDES the KEY to HUNTER. JACK HUDDLES on the floor as BULLETS RIP into the walls around him.

HUNTER and GAIL FIRE as SEVERAL SOLDIERS STORM the LOBBY. JACK PRESSES the 'UP' BUTTON and WATCHES as his PARTNERS RUN OUT OF AMMO and BEGIN HAND-TO HAND COMBAT. GAIL viciously USES her KNIFE and TOMAHAWK.

A SOLDIER RUNS PAST HUNTER and GAIL TO THE ELEVATOR and THRUSTS HIS RIFLE FORWARD. JACK SCURRIES BACKWARDS like a crab. HE HITS the BACK WALL as the BAYONET MOVES CLOSER. The ELEVATOR DOOR SNAPS the RIFLE IN HALF; the BAYONET IS ONLY INCHES FROM HIS FACE.

The ELEVATOR ERUPTS in GREEN FLASHES for several seconds. IT SHAKES VIOLENTLY and MAKES A LOUD RUMBLING NOISE.

INT. FUTURISTIC SUBWAY STATION - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

THE SUBWAY TRAIN COMES TO A GRINDING HALT IN A FUTURISTIC GRIMY STATION. GRAFFITI on the CAR'S SIDE READS "DARWIN YOKITO SUCKS".

WE SEE a SUBWAY STATION SIGN that READS "SIC TRANSIT MUNDI - MIDTOWN STATION". THERE ARE LARGE ADVERTISING POSTERS for "DARWIN-YOKITO". POSTERS of SENSUAL HALF-HUMAN, HALF-ANIMAL FACES and BODIES. SLOGANS - "BLESS THE BEASTS AND THE CHILDREN" - "NEW DNA FOR A BETTER WAY" - and - "RETURN TO THE GARDEN OF EDEN."

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

JACK IS THROWN to the floor, BATHED IN FLASHES of GREEN and WHITE NEON. HE LOOKS AROUND at the unfamiliar ADS ABOVE HIM along the ceiling of the car. Most are for DARWIN-YOKITO. Suddenly, the CAR is RIDDLED with BULLETS. The DOOR SLIDES OPEN. JACK ROLLS AROUND the FLOOR like a rag doll.

LOOKING OUT, WE SEE a YOUNG ASIAN GIRL, CHRISSY, 16, HUDDLED behind a PILLAR. She FIRES a FUTURISTIC UZI. She has SHORT PINKISH HAIR, BLACK LEATHER JACKET, TIGHT CAMOUFLAGE SHORTS, and TORN FISHNET STOCKINGS. Futuristic punk.

INT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM

CHRISSY IS PINNED down by GUN FIRE from SEVERAL LARGE SWAT COPS in BLUE OUTFITS, BROWN BODY ARMOR and BLACK HELMETS resembling horned boars and apes. THEY FIRE futuristic M-16s. ONE COP ADVANCES, but is SHOT down by Chrissy.

SWAT OFFICER

(to Jack)

You there - in the car. Drop the gun. Put your hands up.

Jack realizes that he is still holding his MAUSER. He hesitates, unsure of what he should do. Chrissy TURNS HER GUN on Jack.

CHRISSY

You an undercover SIC-TRANSIT Cop?

JACK

No! No! I don't know where I am!  
This has got to be a bad dream.

CHRISSY

Did you say dream? It's about time you got here.

JACK

Where am I? If this is real, I need  
to find a Dream Keeper - fast.

Chrissy cocks her head towards the wall. Next to a VENDING MACHINE for "HAPPY HORMONE SODA" is GAWAIN, a three-foot tall and two-feet wide robot. It resembles a tarnished brass cappuccino maker with futuristic attachments and tank treads. A machine pistol extends from its side.

CHRISSY

Well, you found one. That's Gawain.  
I'm Chrissy. Now, Mr. Dream Hunter,  
wanna help us all get out of here.

JACK

I'm not the Dream Hunter. He's back  
in the past. I mean present.

CHRISSY DUCKS as BULLETS ZING past her.

CHRISSY

Hey, Gawain, you know you can help  
anytime you feel like it, you  
refugee from a junk yard.

TWO SWAT COPS MOVE up together, FIRING as they go. THEY take cover behind a WHITE-TILED PILLAR.

GAWAIN POPS out a foot-long BLUE MISSILE LAUNCHER. The MISSILE FIRES, ZOOMING directly into the pillar. It EXPLODES. The TWO COPS DROP to the floor. ONE COP'S HORNED HELMET ROLLS FORWARD, STOPPING OUTSIDE THE SUBWAY CAR DOOR.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

(exuberantly)

Way to go, Sir Gawain!

THE SWAT TEAM RETURNS HEAVY FIRE.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

Really pissed them off. Hey, Dream  
Hunter, does that antique pea  
shooter work? If it does, use it!

JACK

Sorry, it's empty. And my name is  
Jack. I'm not the Dream...

BULLETS INTERRUPT him as he is SHOWERED by FLYING PLASTIC.

CHRISSY

Whatever. That makes two old fossils over there.

(to Gawain)

Hey, metal midget, you got a Big Bertha left? I'm about ready to break for those stairs over there. It's getting too hot down here.

GAWAIN SWITCHES the BLUE LAUNCHER for a LARGER RED LAUNCHER with a bigger RED MISSILE that has "BERTHA" STENCILED on its side.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

(enjoying this way too much)

All right! Ready, Jack-Man. We head for those stairs when the Bertha goes boom.

A HAIL of BULLETS RIDDLE the SODA MACHINE. Its CONTENTS SPEW out. GAWAIN FIRES the BERTHA MISSILE. It SPIRALS in a wobbly trajectory and EXPLODES. SWAT COPS ARE SCATTERED EVERYWHERE BEHIND A CLOUD OF THICK RED SMOKE.

CHRISSY, JACK and GAWAIN BOLT for the stairs and up to the STREET LEVEL.

EXT. FUTURISTIC CITY - STREET LEVEL - DAY

THEY EMERGE from the SUBWAY onto a FUTURISTIC DOWNTOWN STREET CLOGGED with TRAFFIC. The grey sky is smoggy. Thirty yards above them another lane of traffic floats in one direction. Thirty yards above that is another lane of airborne traffic.

Jack is awestruck. Chrissy LOOKS frantically about. She SPOTS a POLICE CRUISER at the curb; a convertible hovering above the pavement. There is a roll bar across the top supporting its flashing police lights.

A HALF-HUMAN, HALF-BABOON TRAFFIC COP WRITES a ticket on an I-POD-LIKE DEVICE. The DRIVER, a HALF-HUMAN, HALF-RAT FACED CREATURE, unsuccessfully PLEADS his case.

CHRISSY

I hate monkeys. There's our ride. Come on.

THEY RUN towards the POLICE CAR. No one on the sidewalk pays any attention to them.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)  
 Hey, Monkey-boy. Heads up!

SHE SWINGS her UZI UPWARDS and KNOCKS OUT the COP.

                  CHRISSY (CONT'D)  
                   (to the rat-faced man)  
 Consider that a warning. Don't  
 speed.  
                   (to Jack and Gawain)  
 Get in. We gotta go, Joe!

Chrissy PICKS up Gawain and SETS HIM in the back seat. An automatic shoulder harness slides over him.

                  GAWAIN  
 This is a little too tight, your  
 wonderfulness!

Jack STANDS there, surprised that Gawain can speak. Chrissy HOPS into the driver's seat. A SHOULDER HARNESS automatically secures her.

                  CHRISSY  
 Then I suggest you go on a diet  
 next week, tubby. Hey, Jack, get  
 in! We haven't got all day here.

Jack CRAWLS over the door. The shoulder harness tightens around him. Chrissy FLIPS ON the SIREN and PULLS AWAY from the curb. BEHIND THEM WE SEE the SWAT COPS EMERGE from the SUBWAY.

                  CHRISSY (CONT'D)  
 Hold on. Rush hour traffic's a  
 bitch!

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - FIRST LEVEL OF TRAFFIC

The STOLEN COP CAR SWERVES through traffic. Suddenly, THREE COP CARS APPEAR in pursuit. THEY ALL WEAVE through traffic.

                  GAWAIN  
 We have company, Miss Speed Racer.

                  CHRISSY  
                   (frustrated)  
 Tell me something I don't know.  
 We've got to break out of this  
 local lane and get up on top.  
 Where's the next mag-up ramp,  
 Jackson?

Jack stares at her blankly, not comprehending the question.

                  CHRISSEY (CONT'D)  
                   (frustrated with Jack)  
 The next damn magnetic up ramp!  
 Look for a blue access ramp. Look  
 at that readout on the dashboard.  
 There. Tell me where the next blue  
 up ramp is!

INT. STOLEN COP CAR DASHBOARD

Many colored lights flash on a small panel. Above that is a SMALL MONITOR SCREEN that SHOWS a horizontal white line on the bottom – a yellow line in the middle – and a green line on the top.

A BLUE LINE APPEARS on the SCREEN at a 45-degree angle between the white line and the yellow line. GREEN L.E.D. NUMBERS RAPIDLY COUNT down from 10.

INT. STOLEN COP CAR

                  CHRISSEY  
                   (shouting)  
 I gotta do everything. There! That  
 blue line! Tell me when that hits  
 zero!

                  JACK  
 O.K. O.K. Almost there. Ready? 3-2-  
 1-zero!

CHRISSEY PULLS BACK on the AIRPLANE-LIKE STEERING WHEEL.

EXT. FIRST/SECOND LEVEL OF TRAFFIC – STOLEN COP CAR

The CAR VEERS SHARPLY up from the street level into the SECOND LEVEL of traffic. The THREE PURSUING COP CARS FOLLOW. CARS AHEAD OF THEM CAREEN TO GET OUT OF THE WAY as THEY HEAR the SIRENS' WAIL.

INT. STOLEN COP CAR

                  CHRISSEY  
                   (shouting)  
 Well, this sure bites the big one!  
 Let's see if a little boomer will  
 slow them down. What you got,  
 Gawain?



GAWAIN

I've got nothing left. I shot my wad back at the station saving your little butt, girlfriend.

CHRISSY

Oh, that's just great. Now I got an empty tin can with me!

Chrissy LOOKS around the COP CAR and SEES a FUTURISTIC SHOTGUN SECURED between the seats.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

Sweet! Some fire power. Here, Jack, take the wheel.

CHRISSY FLIPS A SWITCH. HER SHOULDER HARNESS RETRACTS. SHE PUSHES TWO BUTTONS on a KEYPAD SENDING the STEERING WHEEL SWINGING OVER TO JACK. SHE CRAWLS OVER THE FRONT SEAT. JACK, STUNNED, GRABS THE STEERING WHEEL IN A DEATH GRIP.

JACK

(in a panic)

I can't drive or fly this thing!  
What am I supposed to do?

CHRISSY

Simple. Just don't hit anything.

From the BACKSEAT, next to GAWAIN, SHE PUMPS THE SHOTGUN AND FIRES OFF TWO LOUD SHOTS.

EXT. SECOND LEVEL OF TRAFFIC - TWO PURSUING COP CARS

SHOTS SHATTER THE WINDSHIELD of the FIRST COP CAR CAUSING IT TO SWERVE MADLY SIDE-TO-SIDE. IT DOES A COMPLETE LOOP-THE LOOP AND SMASHES VIOLENTLY INTO THE SECOND COP CAR. BOTH CARS CRASH into the side of a BUILDING with a LOUD EXPLOSION. That leaves one cop car in hot pursuit.

INT. STOLEN COP CAR

CHRISSY

Wowza! Who says you can't fight the law and win. There's a new sheriff in town.

JACK

Chrissy, you might want to look at this. What do I do now?

EXT. SECOND LEVEL OF TRAFFIC

SEVERAL COP CARS ARE LINED UP AS A ROAD BLOCK HALF A MILE AHEAD. THEY ARE ALL POINTING IMPRESSIVE WEAPONS. The magnetic roadway is clear of all cars between them.

BACK TO SCENE

CHRISSY

Pull up! Pull up! We gotta hit a  
mag ramp to the upper expressway!  
Look for another blue ramp!

GAWAIN

Oh joy, this should be fun.

JACK

Where? Where?

JACK SCOURS the MONITOR SCREEN. HE SEES A FLASHING RED LINE GOING FROM THE YELLOW LINE TO AN UPPER GREEN LINE AT A 45 DEGREE ANGLE.

JACK (CONT'D)

I see the line! I've got it! I've  
got it!

CHRISSY LEANS OVER THE SEAT. SHE SEES THE FLASHING RED LINE. Panic sets in.

CHRISSY

No, Jack, no! Not that ramp. Don't-  
take- that- ramp!

EXT. THIRD LEVEL - WIDE ON STOLEN COP CAR

IT SHAKES VIOLENTLY AS IT ASCENDS TO THE TOP LEVEL OF TRAFFIC. They are now going against the flow of traffic. ONCOMING CARS CAREEN WILDLY INTO EACH OTHER to avoid them. WE HEAR the SOUND of their POLICE SIREN, HONKING HORNS and TREMENDOUS CRASHES. An ONCOMING CAR SIDESWIPES THEIR DOOR.

Jack is steering for his life. ANOTHER CAR FLIES OVER THE TOP OF THEIR CAR and SHEERS OFF THEIR FLASHING POLICE LIGHTS AS THEY ALL DUCK. CHRISSY IS TOSSED ABOUT THE BACK SEAT AS THEY ZIG-ZAG WILDLY THROUGH ONCOMING TRAFFIC. MORE CARS SLAM and EXPLODE into SURROUNDING BUILDINGS.

INT. STOLEN COP CAR

GAWAIN EXTENDS HIS TELESCOPING POINTER BETWEEN THE SEATS. IT SNAKES FORWARD and PRESSES A BUTTON ON THE DASHBOARD, INSTANTLY STOPPING THE POLICE CAR. CHRISSY TUMBLES FORWARD BACK INTO THE FRONT SEAT.

CHRISSY AND JACK BOTH CATCH THEIR BREATH. GAWAIN SHAKES PERCEPTIVELY. The ordeal is over.

CHRISSY

(angrily)

What in Bob's name were you trying to do! Kill us all so the cops won't have to?

JACK

(angrier)

Hey, I didn't ask to fly this thing!

GAWAIN

Children, children, might I suggest that we move along quickly and argue later. The police will have more squad cars up here in minutes. And we do seem to be holding up traffic.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - WIDE ON THIRD TRAFFIC LEVEL

Crashed cars are piled up behind and in front of them. Flaming wrecks protrude from surrounding buildings. All traffic has come to a standstill. WE HEAR their COP CAR'S SIREN END with a SAD WHIMPER.

INT. STOLEN COP CAR

CHRISSY ANGRILY SLAMS the KEYPAD. THE STEERING WHEEL SWINGS BACK TO HER.

CHRISSY

And I'll drive!

JACK

Fine!

CHRISSY

Let's take this baby down to the alleys behind the docks and ditch it.

EXT. LARGE WAREHOUSE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

An old three-story building that has seen better days. Tiny slivers of light leak out from boarded up windows.

INT. LARGE ROOM OF WAREHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR

The room is LIT BY CANDLES, casting flickering shadows. Windows are boarded up. This crumbling tenement is the safe house for a band of freedom fighters. The sparse, torn mid-century modern furniture makes it look like a George Jetson-crack house.

POSTERS OF DARWIN-YOKITO with the half-human, half-animal faces and bodies with their catchy slogans paper the walls. Some are torn and others have the international 'NO' symbol spray painted across them.

TWO BOYS in OVERSIZED COMBAT FATIGUES light a single cigarette. One is normal looking. The other has tufts of facial hair resembling a spider monkey. A GIRL with aquatic features and long greenish hair boils soup in a dented pan on a dirty old stove.

Over in the corner, SEVERAL NORMAL KIDS CLEAN FUTURISTIC HANDGUNS AND RIFLES. More guns and gas masks lie on the old formica kitchen table. It is a tiny arsenal.

JACK and CHRISSY SIT ON THE FLOOR LEANING AGAINST THE WALL NEXT TO A BOARDED UP WINDOW. GAWAIN STANDS across from them. The light from between the slats illuminates their faces. They are obviously exhausted.

JACK

So, this is your secret headquarters?

CHRISSY PULLS ON a pair of camouflage pants.

CHRISSY

(still pissed)

Hey, we do what we have to - to survive. At least, I didn't try to kill us all by driving against traffic. What a great escape that was. The big Dream Hunter doesn't even know how to drive.

JACK

I told you, I'm not the Dream Hunter. He'll be here soon. I hope.

CHRISSY THRUSTS HER FINGER IN JACK'S FACE.

CHRISSY

Listen, Jackson, you came through the Dream Gate ... not exactly on time, mind you... but I waited.

Now you tell me you left the Dream Hunter fighting for his life in the past and you expect him to come soon. We are running out of time to stop the damn Dark Lord from taking us all to hell in a handbag.

JACK

Look, I'm sorry. But what is going on here? It's all so confusing. What are all those gorilla and pig cops? What happened?

GAWAIN

Allow me to explain.

CHRISSY SLUMPS BACK, PULLING ON BLACK BOOTS.

GAWAIN (CONT'D)

Several years ago, the Darwin-Yokito Corporation made a great scientific breakthrough. Artificial bonding nucleotides and enzymes.

They began offering gene splicing therapy for all sorts of medical purposes. It came from combining human and animal cells to overcome debilitating diseases.

At first, it was a godsend for the human race. Miracle cures and great strides in medical therapy were made.

JACK

What's so bad about that?

CHRISSY

(still pouting)  
What a screw doofus.

GAWAIN

Humans, being essentially a narcissistic species, found a new way to exploit this medical wonder.

(MORE)

GAWAIN (CONT'D)

Soon it became fashionable for the rich to obtain exotic appearances, skin of a leopard or tiger. Gene splicing for fashion's sake.

Then, vanity gave way to performance enhancement. Athletes began gene splicing to gain speed, strength, and agility.

JACK

Then it was all good, right?

GAWAIN

Well, the next step was painfully obvious. If the rich and the athletic icons did this, then everybody else must follow suit to be like their idols.

JACK

Then everybody...

CHRISSEY

Not everybody, Jack!

GAWAIN

No, not everybody... yet. Those police we fought are in the employ of Darwin-Yokito. They are more animal than human. Everybody...

CHRISSEY

NOT EVERYBODY!

GAWAIN

Almost everybody, when it became law. It is being done to all new borne babies. Almost everybody has been gene spliced by Darwin-Yokito in the past few years.

JACK LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM AT THE EXOTIC POSTERS ALL DURING GAWAIN'S EXPLANATION.

GAWAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But once people were gene spliced, the nightmares began. Savage, horrible nightmares. It seemed that nightmares were the side effect of the procedure. Not too small a price to pay - initially.

(MORE)

GAWAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But, as the nightmares finally became public knowledge, some people tried to resist. People who resisted are now hunted down and brought in for the procedure. It was eventually discovered that Darwin-Yokito was really run by the Dark Lord of Nightmares.

JACK

So the Dark Lord is responsible for all those monsters out there?

GAWAIN

What you see here is part of the Resistance, small pockets of fighters holding onto their humanity at all costs. Ironically, they are hunted like animals by animals so that they can be processed into animals. The Dark Lord is close to ruling the entire earth. And destroying all of mankind's dreams.

JACK LOOKS around the room at the RAG TAG GROUP HUDDLED IN THE DARK. It doesn't look good for humanity.

JACK

Chrissy, thank you for saving me back there.

CHRISSY TOSSES HIM A BROWN LEATHER BOMBARDIERS JACKET.

CHRISSY

You're welcome. Here, take this. It gets cold here at night. It should fit you.

JACK

I can't take someone's jacket. Won't they need it?

CHRISSY

(subdued)

He won't be needing it. We lost him last week.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE

The three-story safe house looms in the distance. A flicker of light emanates from the second floor.

WE SEE THE BACK OF A HELMET MARKED "DARWIN-YOKITO SPECIAL FORCES" MOVE INTO THE FRAME. THE HELMET SLOWLY TURNS, REVEALING A HALF-HUMAN, HALF-GORILLA COP.

SWAT GORILLA

Ready? We go on my signal.

SEVERAL COPS WEARING HELMETS RESEMBLING SHORT HORNED BULLS MOVE FORWARD, THEIR FACE SHIELDS DOWN, FUTURISTIC ASSAULT RIFLES AT THE READY. THE GORILLA COP MOTIONS WITH HAND SIGNALS. TWO BOAR COPS ADVANCE CARRYING A BAZOOKA. THE STANDING COP TAPS THE KNEELING COP ON THE SHOULDER. HE FIRES. THE SHOT EXPLODES A FEW FEET BELOW THE SECOND STORY WINDOW WITH A BANG.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR

A RAGGED BOY STANDING BY THE BOARDED UP WINDOW IS THROWN BACK BY THE EXPLOSION. Plaster falls as the room is rocked.

RAGGED BOY

Look out. The cops are out in the street.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE

THE STANDING BOAR COP SLAPS THE KNEELING COP ON TOP OF THE HELMET. THE KNEELING COP TAKES AIM AND FIRES AGAIN.

BACK TO SCENE

A BOARDED UP WINDOW EXPLODES. WOOD AND GLASS SHOWER THE ROOM. ANOTHER SHOT BUSTS THROUGH A SECOND WINDOW WITH THE SAME RESULT. A GAS CANISTER ERUPTS, SPINNING ON THE FLOOR. THE OCCUPANTS SCRAMBLE TO THE TABLE AND GRAB GAS MASKS AND GUNS. THEY RUN TO THE BLOWN OUT WINDOWS AND FIRE DOWN TO THE STREET. THE COPS BELOW RETURN FIRE. CHRISSY PRESSES JACK TO THE FLOOR AS GAWAIN SCOTS OFF.

CHRISSY

Stay low. Forget about the gassy masks. I've got to get you out of here. Follow me.

THEY CRAWL THROUGH THE SMOKE TO THE BACK WALL WHERE GAWAIN IS WAITING. CHRISSY OPENS A SMALL DOOR MARKED "LAUNDRY". SHE PICKS GAWAIN UP AND DROPS HIM DOWN A CHUTE. BULLETS RICOCHET ALL AROUND.

JACK

Down a laundry shoot?



CHRISSEY

Better than being in this fire fight. It's our emergency escape plan. All the way down to the basement. It's well padded and almost perfectly safe.

JACK

Almost!

CHRISSEY

(shouting)

Look, you wanna die? Now go! Get in there!

JACK LOWERS HIMSELF INTO THE LAUNDRY CHUTE. CHRISSEY WAITS A SECOND, THEN DIVES HEADFIRST INTO THE CHUTE.

INT. BASEMENT LAUNDRY ROOM

The room is lit by dim bare light bulbs. Broken laundry machines line the walls. A giant pile of old towels and sheets are stacked up three-feet high underneath the laundry chute.

JACK LANDS ON HIS BACK. As he is about to get up, CHRISSEY BARRELS FACE DOWN ON TOP OF HIM. THEY ARE BOTH MOMENTARILY STUNNED, THEIR FACES ONLY INCHES APART. They realize the awkwardness of the situation.

GAWAIN

We really don't have time for that, your worshipfulness.

CHRISSEY

Stuff it, you rolling can opener.

CHRISSEY ROLLS OFF JACK, accidentally kneeling him in the groin.

JACK

Owww.

CHRISSEY

(snickering)

Oh, sorry about that.

THEY HEAR GUNFIRE and COPS as they storm the building above them.

GAWAIN

Might I suggest we move quickly through the exit tunnel?

(MORE)

GAWAIN (CONT'D)

This basement is walled off from the outside. The chute is the only way in. An old underground tunnel behind the last washer connects this building to another one two blocks away.

CHRISSY

Fine! But first we arm ourselves.

JACK

With what? Wash clothes?

CHRISSY WALKS OVER to a LARGE FIRE EXTINGUISHER CABINET. The glass has been tagged with spray paint so you can only SEE the "BREAK IN CASE OF EMERGENCY" sticker. CHRISSY LOOKS AROUND, FINDS A BRICK AND SHATTERS THE GLASS.

Inside are two assault rifles, several handguns, ammunition, and a grenade. SHE PUTS THE GRENADE IN THE POCKET OF HER JACKET, TOSSES A RIFLE AND HANDGUN TO JACK. He puts the gun in the holster inside his jacket.

CHRISSY

Load up your pockets with ammo. We're gonna need it to stay on the run for a while.

JACK

No, wait. I'm tired of running. This is like a dream where you're running and running in place and you never move or get anywhere. And the evil shadow that you are running from is still there - right behind you.

It's time to take the fight to him - to the Dark Lord. He's got my Susan. I won't lose her again. If I must face my nightmares to live my dream, then I will.

CHRISSY

Jack, what are you saying?

JACK

Not everyone gets a second chance to make his dreams come true. I've got one. The chance to be with the only woman I've ever loved. I wouldn't dream of wasting that chance.

Jack places both hands on Chrissy's shoulders.

JACK (CONT'D)

Look, maybe I can do this without you. You don't have to go. Just show me where I can find him. I'd hate to lose another Dream Keeper like you.

CHRISSEY

(with a slight giggle)

Oh, Jack, you really need me. I ain't afraid to face that Nightmare Creep. So don't you worry about me. (BT) But, I'm not your Dream Keeper. Gawain is.

Jack's face twists in surprise.

GAWAIN

For once, she's right. I, Gawain, your humble servant, am your Dream Keeper.

JACK

But you can't be. When I got here, back in the subway, I asked Chrissy about finding a Dream Keeper and she said that I found her.

CHRISSEY

No, Jack, I said you found one and pointed to the old teakettle there. And he is a damn good one.

GAWAIN

Why, your greatness, I didn't know you cared?

The SOUNDS of the BATTLE get LOUDER above them.

GAWAIN (CONT'D)

I suggest a hasty retreat now that you are both loaded for bear... and boars. The exit tunnel is this way.

A powerful flashlight POPS OUT of Gawain's shoulder.

GAWAIN (CONT'D)

I assume that the next stop will be the Darwin-Yokito building?

CHRISSY

Nope. First we have to stop at the paper mill. Then we can move in and wipe them out.

EXT. DARWIN-YOKITO BUILDING - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

The dark, futuristic building eerily resembles the black tower seen on the last Dream Tapestry. It looks impenetrable as it looms menacingly over everything. The streets around it are heavily patrolled by half-human, half-animal armed guards. Armored vehicles drive past the front entrance.

EXT. DARWIN-YOKITO LOADING DOCK

A "MILLS PAPER" DELIVERY TRUCK PULLS UP TO THE LOADING DOCK. There are TWO BULL-FACED GUARDS LEANING UP against the wall. A PIG-FACED DRIVER UNLOADS A PALLET of large boxes marked "MILLS PAPER-2 PLY SOFT TOILET TISSUE."

INT. DARWIN-YOKITO STOREROOM

The DRIVER DROPS the PALLET in an open slot down the first aisle, then LEAVES. The GUARD STEPS OUTSIDE AND PUSHES A BUTTON ON THE WALL. The steel shuttered door lowers.

The storeroom is dimly lit. On close examination of two boxes, there are scores of holes poked in the sides. KNIVES EXTRUDE THROUGH THE SIDES, CUTTING THEM OPEN. A SMALL BUZZ SAW CUTS A HOLE ON THE THIRD BOX.

CHRISSY'S FOOT BURSTS THROUGH HER BOX. JACK PUSHES THE SIDE OF HIS BOX OUT. CHRISSY PULLS GAWAIN OUT OF THE THIRD BOX AND SETS HIM ON THE FLOOR. TOILET PAPER ROLLS SPILL OUT onto the floor with each escape.

CHRISSY

Damn! I thought that I was gonna sweat to death in there.

GAWAIN

I didn't know that divas could sweat.

CHRISSY

Just because you don't sweat, Mr. Machine.

JACK

Whew, I never thought that was going to work.

CHRISSEY

You gotta trust me, Jack. Just think, what is the one thing that even a fortress can't do without? Toilet paper. He who controls the toilet paper controls the world. They get deliveries every night, same time, like clockwork.

JACK

How did you know?

CHRISSEY

Little Mouseboy used to work in accounting here. He downloaded a whole lotta stuff and snuck it out to us before (BT) well, before. I've got this whole building memorized. Well, at least the important parts memorized.

JACK

Can we find Sue through the loading dock computers?

CHRISSEY

Nope. No can do. We need to access the mainframe. That's on level 65.

GAWAIN

Ahem, Little General, I believe it's on level 66.

CHRISSEY STICKS HER TONGUE OUT AT GAWAIN.

CHRISSEY

O.K. What's one floor, give or take two. Gawain has the plans downloaded into his system, in case we ever need a backup.

GAWAIN

You're welcome, Miss Manners.

JACK

How many people will be guarding the mainframe? Ten? Twenty?

CHRISSEY SHOOTS A QUICK GLANCE AT GAWAIN.

CHRISSEY

On the midnight shift. Let's see. One guard and two techies, I believe.

GAWAIN

Correct. Just three people. One for each of us.

JACK

But what are we going to do? Just walk in there?

CHRISSY

You got it. We use the service elevator. Just trust me.

Chrissy turns to Gawain.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

Makeup!

A small door opens on Gawain's side. A tray slides out with make up in it.

INT. 66th FLOOR ELEVATOR DOORS

THEY EXIT THE SERVICE ELEVATOR on the 66th floor. Chrissy has orange and black makeup smeared like tiger stripes on her face plus two strips of light brown hair tracing her jaw line. SHE KEEPS PRESSING on the left strip of hair. THEY MOVE DOWN THE HALLWAY. They reach a sign that reads "MAINFRAME - TOP CLEARANCE ONLY."

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

Damn this fuzzy piece! How old is that glue, anyway? This is gonna fall off my damn face!

GAWAIN

It only has to stay in place for a few minutes, my ferocious feline. Unless you plan to wear it permanently. Which might be an improvement.

CHRISSY

Go stuff yourself with motor oil.

JACK

You look fine. Let's do this.

THEY PEEK AROUND THE CORNER AND SEE ONE HIPPO-GUARD SITTING IN A CHAIR, his back to the glass door. He is half watching TWO TECHNICIANS SEATED AT COMPUTER TERMINALS. The room has a myriad of computers lining the walls. The etched glass doors read - "MAINFRAME SECTION #666."

INT. MAINFRAME ROOM

Through the glass WE SEE CHRISSY POUND HER FIST on the glass doors. SHE IS HOLDING JACK WITH HER FREE HAND. JACK'S HANDS ARE BEHIND HIS BACK, APPARENTLY BOUND.

THE HIPPO GUARD, STARTLED BY HER SUDDEN APPEARANCE, SPILLS HIS COFFEE IN HIS LAP. HE DRAWS HIS HANDGUN AND APPROACHES THE GLASS DOOR AS CHRISSY CONTINUES POUNDING.

CHRISSY

(shouting)

Open the door, you moron! This place is under attack by a bunch of rebels! I've got one here! There is another one right down the hallway!

Hurry up, get off your lazy, fat ass or this will go in my report to Special Secret Operations.

THE HIPPO GUARD TRUNDLES TO THE DOOR WHILE WIPING COFFEE FROM HIS PANTS.

HIPPO GUARD

Who are you with? What's going on?

CHRISSY

I'm with Special Secret Operations. We are under attack. Now, open this damn door.

THE HIPPO GUARD SWIPES HIS I.D. CARD. The glass door slides open. CHRISSY ROUGHLY PUSHES JACK INTO THE ROOM.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

Well, what are you waiting for? There's another rebel running down the hall that way! Go get him!

THE HIPPO GUARD JOGS PAST HER AND DOWN THE HALL. The TWO TECHNICIANS SWIVEL in their chairs. One is a DROOPY DOG-FACED MAN. The OTHER is A FELINE-FACED WOMAN wearing pointy black glasses.

MALE TECHNICIAN

Wait a minute. You can't bring him in here. This is highly irregular. You don't have clearance to be in here.

FEMALE TECHNICIAN

He's right. Who are you, anyway?

MALE TECHNICIAN

You're not in uniform. I've never heard of Special Secret Operations. I'm alerting the Night Supervisor.

WE SEE THE HIPPO GUARD FLY BACKWARDS behind Chrissy and Jack ACCOMPANIED BY A LOUD ELECTRICAL ZAP. BOTH TECHNICIANS REACH FOR ALARM BUTTONS. CHRISSY AND JACK FIRE THEIR PISTOLS. WE HEAR A WHIZZING SOUND. DARTS IMBED THEMSELVES into the necks of both technicians. THEY DROP OVER INSTANTLY.

CHRISSY

Tranquilizer darts. Works every time.

CHRISSY glances back as Gawain enters the room. HE has a still sparking cattle prod extended in front of him.

GAWAIN

Rather shocking, wouldn't you say?

CHRISSY

Don't even start that.

THEY MOVE TO THE COMPUTERS AND STARE AT THE CONSOLE. Its large keyboards are covered with hundreds of keys each. Some are simply colored. Others are Greek symbols, Roman numerals or Egyptian hieroglyphics.

JACK

Damn! Now what?

GAWAIN

If you will permit me. This is more my field of expertise.

GAWAIN EXTENDS A COPPER ROD WITH A COMPUTER JACK ON ITS TIP AND PLUGS IT INTO THE CONSOLE. Computer TAPES WHIRL and CPU's DIAL up data. On one of the over-sized monitors directly in front of them, the IMAGE OF SUSAN APPEARS in a SMALL ROOM.

JACK

There she is. There's Sue! Where is that?

GAWAIN

One second and I'll have the location.

On the screen WE SEE SUSAN PACING like a caged animal in an elegant ROMANESQUE ROOM. SHE IS WEARING A SHORT, WHITE TUNIC AND AN ELABORATE GOLD NECKLACE WITH A LARGE GOLD ANKH. The NUMBER 99, followed by hieroglyphics APPEARS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN.



GAWAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It is the 99th floor.

JACK  
How do we get up there?

CHRISSY SWINGS HER ASSAULT RIFLE IN FRONT OF HER.

CHRISSY  
We find the restricted elevator to  
the top and shoot our way in.

GAWAIN  
Oh joy, Annie Oakley got her gun.  
Into the valley of death rode the  
three.

HUNTER APPEARS in the doorway WEARING A LONG BLACK TRENCH  
COAT, HOLDING TWO ASSAULT RIFLES with a KATANA STRAPPED  
BEHIND HIM. HE WEARS A SMALL HEADSET.

HUNTER  
Better make that four.

JACK  
Hunter! Thank God, you've made it.  
What happened back in the present?  
How did you find us?

HUNTER  
We are doing fine back in the  
present. That battle is a  
stalemate. So, the battle for the  
future will decide the fate of the  
Dream Realms.

HUNTER PATS GAWAIN ON THE TOP OF HIS HEAD.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
As for how I found you, good old  
Gawain has been broadcasting your  
location all the time so that I  
could catch up. And I followed your  
plan to get in. Well, I basically  
followed it.

HUNTER POINTS to a monitor. WE SEE the TWO GUARDS on the  
loading dock SLUMPED against each other.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
They look so peaceful, don't they?

Hunter places his headset down.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Too much interference on the top floors for this. So, are we ready to go after the Dark Lord?

JACK

I'm going to free Susan. I watched her die once... years ago. I won't stand by and watch again! I'll free her or die trying.

HUNTER

Let's leave the dying part out of it, all right, Jack? We should all stick together. That way we...

JACK

No! I'm not leaving without Susan! You said that Lord Nightmare needed her to pass through the Dream Gates. Well, he's done that. He doesn't need her anymore.

You can go shut this nightmare factory down. But I am going for Sue. Now, how do I get to the 99th floor?

HUNTER

Fine. Fine. You take Gawain and stay close to him. You'll need your Dream Keeper. We'll go after the Dark Lord. (BT) Where is the Dark Lord right now?

CHRISSEY

He would be on the top floor. On 100. The entire floor is where he rules the world from.

HUNTER

Then, that is where his world will end. How do we get up there?

CHRISSEY types on the keyboard.

CHRISSEY

Let's hack this baby and find the password for the elevator to the top floors.

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)

Enter user code. Enter user code.

CHRISSEY

User code? User code? That would  
be...

SHE SNEAKS A LOOK DOWN AT GAWAIN.

GAWAIN

Bad Moon Rising, my verbal vixen.

CHRISSEY

Bad moon rising. Right, I knew  
that.

On the monitor in a colored bar WE SEE "USER CODE"-  
"RESTRICTED ELEVATOR ACCESS" and "0-6-6-6."

CHRISSEY (CONT'D)

At least, he's a consistent little  
devil.

INT. 66TH FLOOR HALLWAY

THEY ALL MOVE DOWN THE HALLWAY. At the end is an ornate  
elevator framed with brass ceremonial masks and etchings. It  
is both foreboding and sensual. A brass sign above the  
elevator buttons and keypad reads "RESTRICTED ACCESS  
ELEVATOR."

THEY approach the elevator and find a keypad with 'up' and  
'down' arrows. JACK REPEATEDLY PUNCHES THE 'UP' ARROW on the  
brass plate. CHRISSEY gently pushes his hand away and punches  
in the code. SHE SMILES AT JACK as the ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN.  
THEY ALL STEP IN.

HUNTER

Are you ready for the battle of  
your life, little girl?

CHRISSEY

I was born ready, old man.

The elevator door closes. HUNTER leans in close to JACK.

HUNTER

Jack, I think I know why you are  
the Chosen one. It is your love for  
the Princess Susan. How you are  
willing to go through hell to save  
her.

JACK

I couldn't dream of being with  
anyone else.

HUNTER

And that dream is what makes you so special.

The elevator door opens on the 99th floor. JACK AND GAWAIN GET OUT.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Good hunting, Jack. Go rescue the Princess.

CHRISSY

(for the first time  
sincerity in her voice)

Take care of him, Gawain. And come back in one piece.

GAWAIN

You, too, little warrior.

The elevator door closes.

JACK

Which way, Gawain?

GAWAIN

Mister Jack, I was built with limited G.P.S. not E.S.P. I only have an outline of this floor downloaded. We will have to just search room by room.

JACK

But that could take forever!

GAWAIN

Then I suggest that we start right away.

A directional sign on the wall reads "99th FLOOR". Underneath "ARCHIVES, BLUE DISC STORAGE" and "LAB" with an arrow and more hieroglyphics.

SUSAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Help. Help. Help me!

JACK AND GAWAIN RUN TO THE END of the corridor. Reaching the corner, THEY SEE THREE GUARDS with horned helmets PULLING SUSAN. SHE IS IN A RED EVENING GOWN. THE GUARDS PULL HER AROUND THE NEXT CORNER.

JACK

Hurry, Gawain. We've got to catch them!

JACK RUNS. An EXTRA WHEEL EXTENDS ON BOTH OF GAWAIN'S TREADS. HE SHOOTS DOWN THE CORRIDOR AT HIGH SPEED. As they reach the next corner, THEY ARE GREETED BY A HAIL of BULLETS. THEY PULL BACK BEHIND THE CORNER just in time.

GAWAIN

Well, that was close. If you'd let me by, I'll assess the situation.

JACK STEPS BACK. GAWAIN extends a thin robotic arm with a small camera on its end. HE PEEKS AROUND THE CORNER. A tiny monitor POPS UP from Gawain's top for Jack to view.

WE SEE ONE GUARD HOLDING A PISTOL TO SUSAN'S HEAD. SUSAN STRUGGLES. THE OTHER TWO GUARDS KNEEL, AIMING THEIR RIFLES TOWARD JACK AND GAWAIN.

SUSAN

Help me! Help me! Please don't let them kill me!

STANDING GUARD ONE

Throw down your weapons and come out or I will kill the girl. You have ten seconds or she's dead

JACK STARES AT THE SMALL MONITOR SCREEN. His worried expression is replaced with a smile of recognition and then resolve.

JACK

Gawain, are you fully loaded?

GAWAIN

Yes, I restocked when we first arrived at the safe house. I haven't fired any of my arsenals yet.

JACK

O.K. Listen to me. I want you to fire off a rocket and take them all out. All of them.

GAWAIN

But, you'll kill the Princess, too.

JACK

No, we won't. You have to fire one of your rockets and blast them all. Right now. Please, I know what I'm doing. Trust me on this.

GAWAIN SWITCHES THE ROBOTIC CAMERA ARM FOR A BLUE MISSILE LAUNCHER. JACK AND GAWAIN STEP OUT INTO THE HALLWAY, ARMS ABOVE THEIR HEADS IN SURRENDER.

JACK (CONT'D)

All right, we're coming out. Hold your fire.

STANDING GUARD ONE

Now drop your weapons and lie down on the floor.

SUSAN SPEAKS - BUT IN DAGGER'S VOICE.

DAGGER

Oh for God's sake, shoot them both.  
(BT) NOW! Just shoot.

JACK

NOW, Gawain.

GAWAIN LOWERS THE LAUNCHER AND FIRES THE MISSILE. JACK DROPS TO THE FLOOR. THE MISSILE SWIRLS DOWN THE CORRIDOR TRAILING BLUE SMOKE AND EXPLODES IN FRONT OF THE GUARDS. BODIES FLY AGAINST THE WALL. THREE GUARDS LIE DEAD.

As the smoke clears, SUSAN RUNS DOWN THE HALLWAY. AS SHE RUNS, SHE TRANSFORMS INTO DAGGER. HE WEARS HIS TORN PINK JACKET AND LEATHER PANTS.

JACK (CONT'D)

Damn! We missed him. How do you kill that thing?

GAWAIN

How did you know we weren't shooting at the Princess? How did you know it was Dagger?

JACK

Remember when we saw Susan on the monitor on the mainframe? She was wearing a white tunic. Now she was wearing the red dress from the ballroom. You get an eye for continuity errors when you watch as many movies as I have.

I knew it had to be the shape shifter. He was just far enough away from you to be able to shape shift. Come on, we've got to catch him and force him to tell us where Susan is.

THEY PURSUE DAGGER DOWN THE HALLWAYS, turning several corners. THEY SEE DAGGER PUNCH A KEYPAD AND ENTER THE LAB. The lab doors are plastered with biohazard warning signs and hieroglyphics. The doors slide shut behind him.

JACK AND GAWAIN RUSH UP TO THE METAL DOORS.

JACK (CONT'D)

How do we get in? Do you know the code?

GAWAIN

No, but I can try to short out this door lock.

GAWAIN EXTENDS A ROBOTIC ARM WITH A SMALL WELDING TORCH. SPARKS FLY.

GAWAIN (CONT'D)

This is not as easy as I assumed. It seems to be an mattanium reinforced octa-metal system.

JACK

(impatiently)

Come on, Gawain. Open the door.

GAWAIN

Mister Jack, I'm a Dream Keeper - not a welder.

SPARKS FLY. Then METAL DOORS SLIDE OPEN AND JACK BOLTS INSIDE. THE DOORS SLAM SHUT - LEAVING GAWAIN OUTSIDE.

GAWAIN (CONT'D)

Wait for me... Oh my, this isn't good!

GAWAIN continues to work on the keypad.

INT. LAB

The lab is lit in soft blue with rows of dozens of beakers bubbling with different colored liquids. Over to the side are two parallel sparking rods-right out of FRANKENSTEIN. JACK MOVES CAUTIOUSLY, HIS RIFLE EXTENDED.

DAGGER (O.S.)

(with a heavy echo)

Oh, Jack. Welcome to my playground.

JACK WHIRLS, trying to locate the voice. HE SEES only bubbling beakers, blinking lights, and glass tubes.

DAGGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You're all alone now. Your hunting  
 days are over. You are the hunted  
 now.

A SNAKE SLITHERS ACROSS INTO THE SHOT. JACK REACTS, AIMING  
 HIS RIFLE DOWNWARD. But the snake is gone.

DAGGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You really didn't think you had a  
 chance, did you? No one can escape  
 his nightmares.

INT. 100th FLOOR

HUNTER AND CHRISSY MOVE STEALTHILY DOWN A BLACK AND WHITE  
 DISORIENTING HALLWAY OF ODD ANGLES, a German Expressionistic  
 style ala DR. CALIGARI. THEY ENTER a small rotunda etched  
 with massive scenes reminiscent of Fritz Lang's METROPOLIS.  
 The DARK LORD'S IMAGE TOWERS ABOVE the monochromatic,  
 futuristic cityscape.

CHRISSY  
 He really likes himself, doesn't  
 he? You think he's overcompensating  
 for something?

HUNTER  
 He'd better enjoy it while he can,  
 because it all ends here tonight.

There are two doors leaving the rotunda.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
 Which one, little girl?

CHRISSY  
 You pick one, old man. I'll take  
 the other.

HUNTER  
 We are not splitting up.

CHRISSY  
 Don't worry about me. And we're  
 running out'a time. He can go kill  
 the Princess at any moment. You  
 know that. So, stop being all macho  
 and busta move.

Chrissy takes the door on the left. Shaking his head, Hunter  
 goes through the right door.



CHRISSY MOVES CAUTIOUSLY DOWN a long marble hallway lined with columns supporting busts of Alexander, Caesar, Genghis Khan, Napoleon, and Hitler.

A DOOR OPENS AHEAD OF HER AND THREE SMALLISH MANDRILL-FACED GUARDS in black fatigues LEAP OUT. THEY SHRIEK LOUDLY AND OPEN FIRE WITH THEIR RIFLES. CHRISSY DROPS TO THE FLOOR, ROLLS OVER BEHIND A MARBLE COLUMN. BULLETS RIP into the columns and into the BUSTS SENDING CHIPS FLYING EVERYWHERE. SHE RETURNS FIRE, KILLING ALL THREE ATTACKERS.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

Oh man, they're not gonna make this easy. God, I hate monkeys.

A door opens behind her. TWO MANDRILL GUARDS LEAP OUT. THEY SHRIEK LOUDLY AND POUNCE ON HER.

CUT TO:

INT. 100TH FLOOR ORNATE HALLWAY

HUNTER approaches huge gold double doors. The relief on the doors show the DARK LORD STANDING ATOP A GLOBE with his arms outstretched. There is the SOUND of SOMETHING BIG CHARGING AT HUNTER FROM BEHIND. HE TURNS AND SEES AN EIGHT-FOOT TALL RHINO-MUTANT LUMBERING TOWARDS HIM - more rhino than man. HE FIRES BOTH RIFLES, MOMENTARILY STUNNING THE RHINO.

HUNTER STOPS FIRING, WAITING FOR THE RHINO TO FALL. IT SHAKES OFF THE EFFECTS OF THE FIRST VOLLEY AND LUMBERS FORWARD AGAIN. HUNTER FIRES again. Ten feet in front of him, THE RHINO RAISES ITS MASSIVE FISTS - STOPS - THEN TOPPLES OVER.

HUNTER

So much for the element of surprise. I guess this must be the place.

HUNTER opens the large doors and enters the control room.

INT. DARK LORD'S CONTROL ROOM

HUNTER ENTERS the enormous room, a mixture of ultramodern office combined with Egyptian pieces. To the side is a bank of dozens of huge computers against the wall, DATA TAPES SPINNING. Endless tables in front of every computer are stacked high with reams of computer paper and print outs.

At the far end of the room is a HUGE, ORNATE DESK; its Egyptian carved legs support a black marble top, empty except for one laptop computer.

The wall behind the desk is all glass looking out over the lights of the city. A high-backed black chair faces the window. HUNTER WARILY APPROACHES THE DESK.

ABRUPTLY, THE DARK LORD STEPS OUT of the shadows by the window. HE STRIDES CONFIDENTLY AND STANDS BEHIND THE DESK. HE IS DECKED OUT in a deep red MILITARY DRESS JACKET AND SHINY BLACK CAPE. He is a dramatic and striking figure.

DARK LORD

Bravo. I really must congratulate you. You are very persistent. And it is obvious that I took the security of this building too lightly. I shall attend to that after I kill you.

HUNTER

Where's the Princess?

DARK LORD

The Princess? She's perfectly safe, for the moment.

THE DARK LORD SPINS THE CHAIR AROUND to face Hunter. SUSAN SITS BOUND AND GAGGED wearing her short, white tunic dress.

HUNTER

Let her go, madman!

DARK LORD

Oh, and why would I? I'm in charge here. In charge of the whole world. And it was so easy. This was all it took.

THE DARK LORD SPINS the LAPTOP around to face HUNTER. On the screen WE SEE A SPINNING DOUBLE HELIX OF DNA and the WORDS "DARWIN-YOKITO".

DARK LORD (CONT'D)

First it was the unlocking the DNA code. Finally, all I had to do was prey upon man's foolish dreams of perfection. (BT) All dreams of perfection are really nightmares in disguise.

Even I couldn't imagine how quickly they would rush to their own destruction. They followed like lambs to the slaughter when I offered them a perfect life.

The DARK LORD STEPS around the desk, drawing his BLACK SABRE.

DARK LORD (CONT'D)  
Just think, old foe, you will be  
the last Dream Hunter I kill.  
People would have dreamt great  
dreams about you. But now, all they  
will dream are my glorious  
nightmares.

THE DARK LORD LUNGES AT HUNTER WHO DRAWS HIS KATANA. The  
sword fight begins.

INT. LAB

A WOLF RACES two aisles over. JACK HEARS IT, SPINS AND FIRES.  
Slowly Jack continues into the lab.

DAGGER (O.S.)  
(with heavy echo)  
Well, looky here. You have traveled  
way too far away from your Dream  
Keeper. Are you ready to rumble in  
the jungle?

A CHEETAH RACES ACROSS THE AISLE IN FRONT OF JACK. HE FIRES A  
SHOT AT THE CAT, BUT IT HAS VANISHED.

DAGGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Now, that wasn't very sporting. I  
thought you wanted to come in and  
play with me. Just stay where you  
are. I can kill you any time that I  
choose.

DAGGER'S REPTILIAN HAND OPENS A CABINET MARKED "SECURITY  
ONLY." HE TAKES OUT A RAIL GUN AND COCKS THE BOLT.

DAGGER (CONT'D)  
Time to die!

DAGGER FIRES THE RAIL GUN. The SOUND is deafening.

JACK DROPS TO THE FLOOR AS BULLETS SHATTER THE VIALS AND  
CONTAINERS. CAUGHT IN AN AVALANCHE OF GLASS SHARDS, HE  
CRAWLS DOWN THE AISLE AS BULLETS SMASH THE GLASS BEAKERS.

DAGGER, STILL FIRING, WALKS ACROSS THE AISLES to get a better  
shot. SPENT CARTRIDGES FLY. GLASS SHATTERS.

DAGGER (CONT'D)  
 (laughing maniacally)  
 Come out, come out, wherever you  
 are.

Jack crawls faster as the GLASS AVALANCHE grows heavier. He huddles against a computer station. Across from it is an operating table in the upright position with fifty large needles protruding from the table's back. Plastic tubes run from the table to the control station.

The NOISE from the BULLETS and the BREAKING GLASS STOPS.

DAGGER STANDS IN THE AISLE THIRTY FEET IN FRONT OF JACK.  
 DAGGER'S THIN REPTILIAN TONGUE SLITHERS ACROSS HIS LIPS.

DAGGER (CONT'D)  
 (with no echo)  
 And they wanted you to be a Dream  
 Hunter. Good night! (BT) And sweet  
 dreams.

INT. 100TH FLOOR - MARBLE HALLWAY

TWO MANDRILL GUARDS PUMMEL CHRISSY. THEY PIN HER TO THE FLOOR, SAVAGELY PUNCHING HER.

CHRISSY  
 (screaming in panic)  
 Get off! Get off me!

SHE PUNCHES ONE GUARD IN THE EYE, SENDING HIM STAGGERING BACKWARDS HOLDING HIS FACE. SHE THEN KICKS THE SECOND GUARD IN THE GROIN. HE HOWLS IN PAIN AND GRABS HIS CROTCH. THE FIRST GUARD RETURNS AND SLAMS HIS FIST INTO CHRISSY'S HEAD. HER NOSE BLEEDS. THE GUARD HOPS UP AND DOWN, KICKING HER IN THE SIDE. SHE CURLS UP IN A FETAL POSITION. Her worst nightmare has come true.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)  
 Stop! Please stop! Please...

INT. 100TH FLOOR DARK LORD'S CONTROL ROOM

The sword fight rages. HUNTER AND THE DARK LORD DESTROY PRICELESS PIECES OF ANTIQUITY around the room. THE DARK LORD DRAWS FIRST BLOOD WITH A CUT ACROSS HUNTER'S SHOULDER.

DARK LORD  
 You have grown slower, old man. I  
 will miss you. But with you gone,  
 what a glorious world this will be!

HUNTER PUSHES THE DARK LORD BACKWARDS. HE SLASHES THE DARK LORD'S CHEST. The Dark Lord is stunned and furious.

DARK LORD (CONT'D)  
Damn you! This was my favorite uniform!

HUNTER  
Then I'll see that you are buried in it.

The sword fight continues around the room. Unexpectedly, the DARK LORD BEGINS TO LIMP.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
What's wrong? Having trouble keeping up?

DARK LORD  
It's an old injury. But old injuries are the best. It won't stop me from killing you.

Suddenly, the DARK LORD GRABS HIS LEFT LEG AND DROPS DOWN TO ONE KNEE. HUNTER HESITATES FOR ONE SECOND. THE DARK LORD THRUSTS HIS SWORD UP - DEEP INTO HUNTER. THE DARK LORD SLOWLY STANDS UP, FORCING HIS SWORD DEEPER INTO HUNTER.

DARK LORD (CONT'D)  
It's really a very old trick. And it works every time. Farewell, old fool.

HUNTER DROPS TO THE FLOOR - DEAD.

INT. 100TH FLOOR - MARBLE HALLWAY

CHRISSY ROLLS OVER. THE TWO MANDRILL GUARDS CONTINUE TO PUNCH HER. Her pain is obvious. THE FIRST GUARD KNEELS, STRADDLING HER, AND DRAWS IN CLOSE TO HER FACE.

FIRST GUARD  
Not so tough now, are you, little meat? Before we kill you, I think we'll have some fun first.

HE begins unzipping his pants.

FIRST GUARD (CONT'D)  
You like to have fun, right, little meat?

CHRISSY'S ARM IS NOW FREE AS THE GUARD RELEASES IT TO UNZIP HIS PANTS. SHE REACHES INTO HER JACKET, PULLS OUT THE GRENADE, AND FLIPS THE PIN OFF. SHE THEN SHOVES IT DOWN THE GUARD'S PANTS.

CHRISSY  
Go play with this!

THE GUARD LOOKS DOWN and realizes what is jammed in his pants. JUMPING UP, HE DANCES WILDLY AWAY FROM CHRISSY AND TRIES TO FISH THE GRENADE OUT. The EXPLODING GRENADE KILLS HIM.

CHRISSY forces herself into a crouching position, then fires herself forward and tackles the SECOND GUARD. SHE SLAMS HIM HARD INTO THE WALL. THE GUARD LETS OUT A FURIOUS SHRIEK. HE BENDS OVER AND ATTEMPTS TO PULL HIS KNIFE FROM HIS BOOT. To his surprise, the sheath is empty. HE LOOKS UP AND BARES HIS FANGS WITH A GROWL. CHRISSY has the knife.

SHE LUNGES FORWARD AND BURIES THE KNIFE INTO THE GUARD'S THROAT. THE GUARD TRIES TO SCREAM, BUT NOTHING COMES OUT. HE SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR. SHE WIPES THE BLOOD FROM HER NOSE ON HER TATTERED SLEEVE.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)  
Please, God... no more monkeys.

INT. LAB

DAGGER POINTS THE RAIL GUN AT JACK. There is no escape.

DAGGER  
Sweet dreams.

The GLASS VIALS around DAGGER SHATTER with the SOUND of a rapid-fire MACHINE GUN. DAGGER STAGGERS BACKWARDS AS BULLETS BREAK THE GLASS BEAKERS AROUND HIM. LIQUID SPRAYS.

GAWAIN MOVES DOWN THE AISLE, BOTH ARMS EXTENDED WITH AIR-COOLED BARRELS FIRING RAPIDLY. THE FIRING STOPS.

DAGGER SHIELDS HIS FACE FROM THE EXPLODING GLASS. HE STUMBLES FORWARD. JACK LEAPS UP AND LANDS A SOLID PUNCH TO DAGGER'S STOMACH. DAGGER DROPS THE RAIL GUN.

JACK  
This is for me! (BT) This is for Susan! (BT) And this is for being so damn ugly!

DAGGER STUMBLES BACKWARDS AND IMPALES HIMSELF ON THE OPERATING TABLE COVERED WITH EXTENDED NEEDLES. HE LETS OUT A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM.

DAGGER  
(SCREAMING IN PAIN)  
Get me off of this! Please have mercy! I can't move!

GAWAIN JOINS JACK in front of DAGGER. DAGGER continues to writhe in pain.

GAWAIN  
Are you all right?

JACK  
Yes, thanks to you. Nice shooting.

DAGGER  
For God's sake, get me off this!

JACK  
Sorry, God's not on your side. I want to know where the Princess is. And I want to know now.

DAGGER  
Knowing won't help you, you fool!

JACK  
(his anger building)  
And being uncooperative won't help you. One last chance before I kill you. Where is Susan?

DAGGER  
Kill me? You haven't got the guts, you phony Dream Hunter!

GAWAIN EXTENDS A SWIRLING MINI-BLADE.

GAWAIN  
But I do.

DAGGER  
All right. All right. Just get me down from this thing. The precious Princess is with Lord Nightmare on the top floor. He took her there for safekeeping. Now, get me off of this thing!

GAWAIN

Let's go. We have a Princess to save. As for this scum, let him hang around here for a while. That way we'll know where he's at.

JACK

Good idea, Gawain.

DAGGER

Wait! You agreed you'd get me down!

JACK

Yes, we did. But we didn't say when. Come on, we have to save my Susan.

JACK MOVES AWAY. GAWAIN TURNS TO FOLLOW, PAUSES, THEN SPINS AROUND TO FACE DAGGER. GAWAIN MOVES OVER TO THE CONTROL PANEL AND EXTENDS HIS ROBOTIC ARM. There is a robotic hand on its end. HE EXTENDS ONE FINGER AND PUSHES A LARGE RED BUTTON MARKED "AUTO INJECT."

The plastic tubes attached to the table flow with colored liquids. The table slowly lowers into a reclining position.

DAGGER ARCHES HIS BACK AND SCREAMS IN PAIN. HE SHAKES VIOLENTLY. HIS LIZARD FORM MORPHS INTO A FURRY EXTERIOR, THEN A FEATHERED BODY, THEN A GILLED FORM. HE RETURNS TO HIS REPTILIAN EXTERIOR AS MULTI-COLORED LIQUID Oozes FROM HIS MOUTH AND EARS.

GAWAIN

That's so you get the point, snake boy.

GAWAIN TURNS and FOLLOWS JACK out of the lab.

INT. 100TH FLOOR HALLWAY - OUTSIDE DARK LORD'S CONTROL ROOM

JACK and GAWAIN ARRIVE and FIND CHRISSY surrounded by FIVE DEAD MANDRILL GUARDS. Her lips are bleeding.

JACK

Chrissy, are you all right? You're bleeding!

CHRISSY

(putting on a brave face)  
Yeah, in places that I didn't even know I had.



GAWAIN

You really do look terrible.

CHRISSEY

Nice to see you too, you oversized toaster.

GAWAIN

My, my, we certainly did a lot of damage up here, didn't we? And I know how much you like to monkey around.

CHRISSEY

Don't even start with me. No more monkeys!

CHRISSEY WOBBLER SLIGHTLY. JACK GRABS HER TO STEADY HER.

JACK

Are you going to be all right?

CHRISSEY PULLS AWAY SHARPLY.

CHRISSEY

I'm fine... O.K? I'm just fine!

GAWAIN

If I may interrupt this tender scene, the schematic for this floor shows that this corridor joins up with the hallway to the control room.

CHRISSEY

I'll bet the Dream Hunter must have gotten there before me. I had a little roadblock here.

JACK

Yeah, I'll say. Are you sure...

CHRISSEY

Yes. For the last time - Yes. I'll pick up one of those monkey rifles. Let's go.

CHRISSEY MOVES DOWN THE HALLWAY AND PICKS UP A RIFLE.

JACK

(to Gawain)

Is she always like this?

GAWAIN

Oh, no. You should see her when she's really mad.

INT. 100TH FLOOR - DARK LORD'S CONTROL ROOM

JACK, CHRISSY AND GAWAIN ENTER THE CONTROL ROOM.

JACK

Did you see the size of that monster-rhino thing in the hall?

CHRISSY

Told you that Hunter beat us here. The rescue is probably all over.

JACK

It looks like quite a battle took place there.

GAWAIN MOVES OVER TO THE ENORMOUS BANK OF COMPUTERS.

GAWAIN

Do you know what this is? It's the Dark Lord's nightmare machine. It is an endless loop of millions of nightmares that are fed to the poor souls who have been changed.

Abruptly, THE DARK LORD STEPS OUT FROM BEHIND A PILLAR, SUSAN IN TOW, hands bound in front of her. HE IS BRANDISHING HIS SABRE.

DARK LORD

Mustn't touch. It is way beyond your feeble comprehension.

SUE

Jack! I knew you'd come for me! I knew it! I never gave up hope.

JACK

Sue! Has he hurt you? Let her go!

CHRISSY AIMS HER RIFLE AT THE DARK LORD.

DARK LORD

Or what? You'll shoot me? Drop the guns or I will slit her throat.

JACK LOOKS AT CHRISSY, his eyes pleading. CHRISSY STARES STRAIGHT AHEAD, concentrating on her aim.

CHRISSEY

Just one shot. That's all I want.  
One shot.

SHE WOBBLER SLIGHTLY BUT STILL DRAWA A BEAD ON THE DARK LORD.

JACK

No, Chrissy. You're injured. We  
can't take that chance. We've come  
this far. We can't lose her now.  
Please. There's still the Dream  
Hunter.

CHRISSEY DROPS HER RIFLE, mostly out of sheer exhaustion. JACK  
SLIDES HIS RIFLE ACROSS THE FLOOR.

DARK LORD

(with a slight laugh)

Oh, yes, the Dream Hunter. I'm  
sorry to tell you that he won't be  
saving you this time.

THE DARK LORD HOOKS HIS SABRE ONTO A SILK DRAPE BUNCHED NEXT  
TO HIM ON THE FLOOR. HE FLICKS THE DRAPE BACKWARD, REVEALING  
THE DEAD BODY OF THE DREAM HUNTER. THE DARK LORD PUSHES SUSAN  
DOWN ONTO AN EGYPTIAN CHAIR AND WINDS THE LOOSE ENDS OF A  
CORDS AROUND THE CHAIR'S ARM. With an air of triumph HE WALKS  
OVER TO THE DESK.

DARK LORD (CONT'D)

I just realized something. With  
that knight dead, that sort of  
makes you the last Dream Hunter.  
What supreme irony. I've killed  
Dream Hunters for many a  
millennium, and now, the last Dream  
Hunter I kill will be pitiful,  
little you.

JACK

(quietly to Chrissy)

Now would be a good time to come up  
with a plan.

Chrissy is still shaky on her feet. Her face lightens up.

CHRISSEY

Gotcha, Jack. I got one.

She winks at gawain.

CHRISSEY (CONT'D)

Nice computers you got here, Spook  
Show.

(MORE)

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

I like the cute little one that you have on your desk. What version of Windows do you use on it?

Instantly, GAWAIN EXTENDS A BLUE MISSILE AND FIRES AT THE DARK LORD. THE DARK LORD DUCKS BEHIND THE DESK AS THE MISSILE NARROWLY MISSES HIM. THE MISSILE SHATTERS THE LARGE WINDOW BEHIND HIM. THE ROOM BECOMES A MAELSTROM OF FLYING DEBRIS, TONS OF PAPER AND TAPES. It is a blizzard of spread sheets.

CHRISSY PICKS UP HER RIFLE AND FIRES AT THE DARK LORD. BULLETS RICOCHET OFF THE MARBLE DESK. JACK RUNS TO SUSAN AND UNTIES HER.

Chrissy's rifle is empty. SHE LOOKS DOWN AT THE RIFLE, SWEARING UNDER BREATH. LOOKING UP, SHE SEES THE SWORD OF THE DARK LORD ARCHING DOWN AT HER. SHE HOLDS THE RIFLE UP TO BLOCK THE BLOW, THE SWORD NEARLY SLICING THE RIFLE IN HALF. SHE STUMBLES BACKWARDS with a cut on the shoulder.

JACK

Hey, quit picking on defenseless girls! Why don't you try me?

DARK LORD

You? The girl would probably give me a better fight.

JACK PICKS UP THE KATANA.

JACK

Not with this in my hands.

THE DARK LORD ignores CHRISSY AS HE STRIDES OVER TOWARD JACK. Swirling papers continue to fill the room.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sue, get over to the door as quickly as possible.

GAWAIN NOW HAS BOTH BARRELS EXTENDED, TRYING TO GET A CLEAR SHOT.

GAWAIN

I'll never get a clear shot in this windstorm.

(sarcastically)

Great idea, - the window.

CHRISSY

Hey, blowing out the window was my only idea at the time! But I got another idea.

(MORE)

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

Let's rig Big Bertha up on a timer  
and blow up this nightmare machine.  
Come on.

The sword fight begins. Initially, JACK REELS UNDER THE RELENTLESS ASSAULT. THEY PASS BEHIND A PILLAR, THE DARK LORD'S FACE CHANGES INTO THOTH, the long-beaked ibis. THEY PASS BEHIND A SECOND PILLAR WHERE HIS FACE MORPHS INTO HORUS, the hawk god with an Egyptian headdress. THEY PASS BEHIND A THIRD PILLAR AND HIS FACE CHANGES TO ANUBIS, the jackal god with long, pointed ears. WHEN THEY PASS BEHIND THE FOURTH PILLAR, THE DARK LORD CHANGES BACK INTO HIMSELF.

THEY APPROACH THE DESK WHERE THE WIND WHIPS THE LONG CURTAINS madly about. JACK STOPS RETREATING AND HOLDS HIS GROUND. THEY CROSS SWORDS AND ARE FACE TO FACE.

DARK LORD

I was going to kill her, you know,  
as soon as we arrived here. But I  
thought, what great nightmares you  
would have knowing that I had her  
and I could do anything to her that  
I wanted.

JACK

Go to Hell!

DARK LORD

This is hell, you fool. And you can  
kiss your dreams good-bye!

THE DARK LORD ELBOWS JACK IN THE HEAD AND THEY SEPARATE.

By the computers, CHRISSY RIPS A CPU OUT OF THE COMPUTER BANK AND JAMS BIG BERTHA INTO THAT SPACE. GAWAIN HANDS HER A TIMING DEVICE.

The sword fight begins to favor Jack. THEY CROSS SWORDS AND ARE FACE TO FACE AGAIN.

JACK

(yelling over the wind)  
I don't know why I was ever afraid  
of you! Nightmares are just tricks  
of the mind! Little night games,  
that's all.

DARK LORD

I don't play games! I am all  
powerful. I inspired dictators and  
kings!

JACK

Wrong! Some nights you're nothing more than indigestion!

JACK ELBOWS THE DARK LORD IN THE HEAD AND THEY SEPARATE.

GAWAIN WELDS A TRIGGER SWITCH ON THE BOMB AND ACTIVATES THE TIMER. The red l.e.d. readout counts down from 10:00.

GAWAIN

The good news is that Big Bertha is armed, my little mad bomber. The bad news is that the timer is set for ten minutes.

CHRISSEY

What? You only brought a timer for ten minutes?

GAWAIN

I have a short fuse. So sue me. It was the best that I could do.

CHRISSEY

(to Susan)

Come on, Princess. We have to get out of here.

SUE

No, I can't leave without Jack! I feel deep down that I've left him once before. I could never dream of leaving him again.

CHRISSEY

Sorry, sister, but this train leaves in ten minutes.

THEY SEE JACK AND THE DARK LORD SWORD FIGHTING.

The fight continues. THE DARK LORD IS BEING FORCED BACK. Suddenly, THE DARK LORD DEVELOPS A LIMP. He is visibly slower and favoring his left leg.

JACK

You can't keep up, can you? It'll all be over in a short time.

DARK LORD

It's over when I say it is. And what do you know of time? I've had this injury for thousands of years. I will fight through it.

(MORE)

DARK LORD (CONT'D)

And I know you would never take  
advantage of it.

Jack's superior skill with a sword FORCES THE DARK LORD BACK. Abruptly, the Dark Lord uses his trick. HE GIVES OUT A YELL, GRABS HIS LEFT LEG, AND DROPS DOWN TO ONE KNEE.

JACK HESITATES. THE DARK LORD LUNGES FORWARD. Skillfully, JACK BLOCKS HIS THRUST. THEN HE SWINGS HIS KATANA DOWNWARD. THE HEADLESS BODY OF THE DARK LORD SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR. JACK staggers backward, exhausted.

JACK JOINS THE OTHERS by the computers. The WIND ROARS around the room. SUSAN HUGS JACK.

SUE

Jack, I was so afraid I'd never see  
you again.

JACK

It's all over now, Sue. It's all  
over. You're safe.

CHRISSY

Ah, Jack, I hate to be the bad news  
gal, but we got less than ten  
minutes to get out of here before  
this whole floor explodes!

GAWAIN

Make that seven minutes and fifty -  
eight seconds.

JACK

I've got to find the Dream Gate and  
get Sue back to the Dream Nexus.  
This is the only place that the  
last Dream Gate back to the Nexus  
could be.

CHRISSY

You can't run around searching for  
a Gate!

GAWAIN

I'm afraid that Jack is correct.  
The Gate must be here to complete  
the circle.

CHRISSY

(to Gawain)

O.K. So, turn off the Big Bertha.

GAWAIN

Not possible, my female fury. I suggest that we use an express elevator and let the explosion take care of this nightmare machine.

INT. 100TH FLOOR - COMPUTER BANK - TIMER ON BIG BERTHA

The LED TIMER READS 7:15 and CONTINUES TO COUNT DOWN.

BACK TO SCENE

JACK

Go, Chrissy. I'll find the Dream Gate. I promise. And thanks for everything.

JACK KISSES CHRISSY on the forehead.

CHRISSY

Hey, save the mushy stuff for the Princess. (BT) And, Jack, you're one hell of a Dream Hunter.

CHRISSY AND GAWAIN LEAVE THE CONTROL ROOM.

INT. 100TH FLOOR - HALLWAYS

JACK AND SUSAN RUN DOWN THE HALLWAY, past the fallen rhino guard. Past doors marked with different hieroglyphic symbols and numerals.

JACK

None of these doors feels right to me. There is no green glow or any key hanging anywhere.

INT. 100TH FLOOR COMPUTER BANK - TIMER ON BOMB

The TIMER READS 5:40 and COUNTING.

BACK TO SCENE

JACK TRIES TO OPEN THREE CONSECUTIVE DOORS, but they are locked tight. THEY CONTINUE TO RUN DOWN THE HALL.

BACK TO TIMER

The TIMER READS 4:35 and COUNTING.



INT. 100TH FLOOR - VESTIBULE

JACK AND SUSAN REACH A DEAD END VESTIBULE with no doors, just a bench in the middle of the room. The walls are a fresco, the exact copy of the three tapestries hanging in the castle. Intricately carved in relief and beautifully painted with the same story in the Hall of Tapestries.

JACK LOOKS AROUND at the carved figures.

JACK  
Damn! It's a dead end!

BACK TO TIMER

It READS 2:45 and COUNTING.

BACK TO SCENE

JACK LOOKS UP AT THE GARDEN OF EDEN SCENE on the fresco. Then POV of JACK. It is the ANGEL and the DEVIL.

JACK  
Wait a minute. Look at the angel  
and the devil in the first scene!

CLOSE ON SUSAN

SUE  
What? It's the garden scene like in  
the Dream Tapestry.

JACK  
No, something's wrong with it. Look  
at their hands.

SUE  
I don't see anything wrong, Jack. I  
really don't.

INT. 100TH FLOOR VESTIBULE - GARDEN OF EDEN SCENE

CLOSE ON THE OUTSTRETCHED HANDS OF THE ANGEL AND DEMON. THE ANKH SPACE IS RECESSED. THE SUN AND PARCHMENT ARE RAISED.

JACK  
There, where the ankh is supposed  
to be. It's empty.

BACK TO TIMER

It READS 1:55 and COUNTING.

BACK TO SCENE

SUE

So they carved it out. Jack, we've got to hurry.

JACK

No, Sue, I'll bet it was done on purpose. And I will bet that the Dark Lord was egotistical enough to place the key to it right around your neck.

SUSAN GRABS THE ANKH NECKLACE AROUND HER NECK.

SUE

This - this is the key?

JACK

Yes, an ankh is a symbolic key in Egyptian mythology. I'm sure of it.

SUE REMOVES THE ANKH AND HANDS IT TO JACK. JACK PUSHES A BENCH over to the wall.

BACK TO TIMER

It READS 1:25 and COUNTING.

BACK TO SCENE

JACK STANDS ON THE BENCH, STRETCHES UP. The ankh indentation is just beyond his reach. HE STRETCHES FURTHER.

SUE

Hurry, Jack. Hurry.

BACK TO TIMER

It READS :55 and COUNTING.

BACK TO SCENE

JACK HOLDS THE ANKH at its bottom and STRETCHES ON TIP TOES trying to push it in place. HIS FINGERS TREMBLE. THE ANKH FALLS TO THE FLOOR. SUE HANDS IT BACK TO HIM. Finally, the ankh fits perfectly into the indentation. The entire wall scene of the Garden BEGINS TO GLOW GREEN.

BACK TO TIMER

The TIMER COUNTS DOWN TO 0:04 - 0:03 - 0:02 - 0:01 - 0:00.

INT. 100TH FLOOR - CONTROL ROOM

The WIND STILL BLUSTERS. A one second pause, then a tremendous EXPLOSION ERUPTS from the computers.

INT. 100TH FLOOR - VESTIBULE

THE WALL TURNS a brilliant green. WE HEAR EXPLOSIONS. JACK AND SUSAN STEP THROUGH THE GREEN DOORWAY. EXPLOSIONS continue. The scene turns green.

EXT. CASTLE DRAWBRIDGE - NIGHT

Billowing mist slowly comes into clear focus. A white fog envelops a drawbridge. SUSAN AND THE KING STAND on the left several yards back ON A DRAWBRIDGE. BOTH ARE DRESSED in royal finery.

To the right, JACK STANDS AT THE OPPOSITE END OF THE DRAWBRIDGE, in silver armor and white cape. The drawbridge continues to be enveloped in a thicker fog.

KING

Congratulations, brave knight. Evil has been halted for the time being. And now, you are the last Dream Hunter. Come take your place with us.

JACK

With your permission, your majesty. There is one thing that I want to ask. I would ask for your daughter's hand so Susan and I-

The screen flashes white for a second.

BACK TO SCENE

Jack obviously felt the flash. Shaken, HE GRABS HIS CHEST.

JACK  
 What I would ask for, your majesty,  
 is that Susan -

The screen flashes white again.

BACK TO SCENE

JACK SWAYS from the two flashes that he obviously felt. The fog is now noticeably thicker on the ground.

JACK  
 (bewildered)  
 I want to stay... forever... with  
 Susan. I -

INT. SURGICAL SUITE - SURGICAL TEAM - DAY

DOCTORS WORK feverishly. THE ANESTHESIOLOGIST BAGS THE PATIENT, the ELDERLY JACK VINCENT. THE DOCTOR ADMINISTRATES C.P.R.

FIRST DOCTOR  
 Another amp of epi.

SECOND DOCTOR  
 Still in v-fib. Get the paddles to  
 defibrillate him. Move, people.

BACK TO SCENE

SUSAN AND THE KING SLOWLY RETREAT into the castle. Their feet don't move, they simply glide backwards through the fog. Overhead, the portcullis cranks downward to close off the castle entrance at the drawbridge.

SUE  
 Jack, Jack, I've been waiting for  
 you. Jack. Please. I love you.  
 Don't go away. Stay with me.

Fog continues to swirl thicker, obscuring the ground around Jack. HE REACHES OUT.

JACK  
 Susan, I'll stay. Sue, I love you.  
 I want to stay.

The screen flashes white again.

INT. SURGICAL SUITE - SURGICAL TEAM

THE DOCTOR HOLDS THE PADDLES AS THE NURSE CHARGES THE DEFIBRILLATOR.

FIRST DOCTOR  
Stay with us, Jack. O.K. Keep  
bagging the patient.

NURSE  
We've got a weak pulse. Wait, no  
pulse now.

The HEART MONITOR ALARM RINGS.

SECOND DOCTOR  
Damn! Paddles again. Come on, Jack,  
stay with us. Come back. Clear!

The screen flashes white.

BACK TO SCENE

SUSAN AND THE KING DRAW BACK inside the castle as the portcullis descends half way down. JACK REELS from pain at the far end of the drawbridge. The fog, swirling madly, is now waist high.

SUE  
Jack, come back!

The screen flashes white.

INT. SURGICAL SUITE - SURGICAL TEAM

FIRST DOCTOR  
Let's bring him back, people. Still  
v-fib. Another amp of epi. Let's  
try an amp of mag. Defib 360.  
Clear!

The screen flashes white.

BACK TO SCENE

JACK TRIES TO MOVE, but his feet won't budge. The fog swirls heavier. HE STRUGGLES as if in quicksand, trapped in place. HE WATCHES SUSAN DRAW AWAY FROM HIM. The portcullis descends.

REVERSE: SUSAN AND THE KING SLIDE FURTHER BACK away from Jack. The portcullis slowly drops down to head height.

SUE

Jack, I love you. Don't leave me.

JACK LEANS FORWARD, STRAINING with all his might to move.

JACK

I don't want to lose you.

The screen flashes white.

Continuous SOUND of the HEART MONITOR ALARM. The machine registers a flat line.

DOCTOR

Damn! We lost him. We've done everything we can. Call it.

BACK TO SCENE

JACK AND SUSAN EMBRACE AND KISS INSIDE THE CASTLE as the portcullis closes behind them.

SUE

I'll never leave you again. Ever.

JACK

I'll never let you. We'll be together, forever.

THE END

END CREDITS MUSIC: DREAM A LITTLE DREAM OF ME, MAMA CASS;  
HOLD ON TIGHT TO YOUR DREAMS, E.L.O.; SWEET DREAMS, BABY, ROY  
ORBISON; IF I CAN DREAM, ELVIS PRESLEY; DEATH IS ONLY A  
DREAM, CLINCH MOUNTAIN BOYS; DREAMING WITH MY EYES OPEN, CLAY  
WALKER; THE DREAM IS STILL ALIVE, WILSON PHILLIPS; THE EDGE  
OF A DREAM, JOE COCKER; HOLD ON TO YOUR DREAM, MIKE GIBBONS;  
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DREAM, EVERLY BROTHERS; LIFE IS BUT A  
DREAM, THE CLASSICS; MANY DREAMS AGO, JAN HOWARD; MEMORIES  
LIVE LONGER THAN DREAMS, VERA LYNN; SAVE A LITTLE DREAM FOR  
ME, MOON MULLINS; SH-BOOM, LIFE COULD BE A DREAM, THE  
CREWCUTS; SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS, THE EURYTHMICS

JACK VINCENT WILL RETURN IN: DREAM HUNTER II - DAUGHTER OF  
DARKNESS.