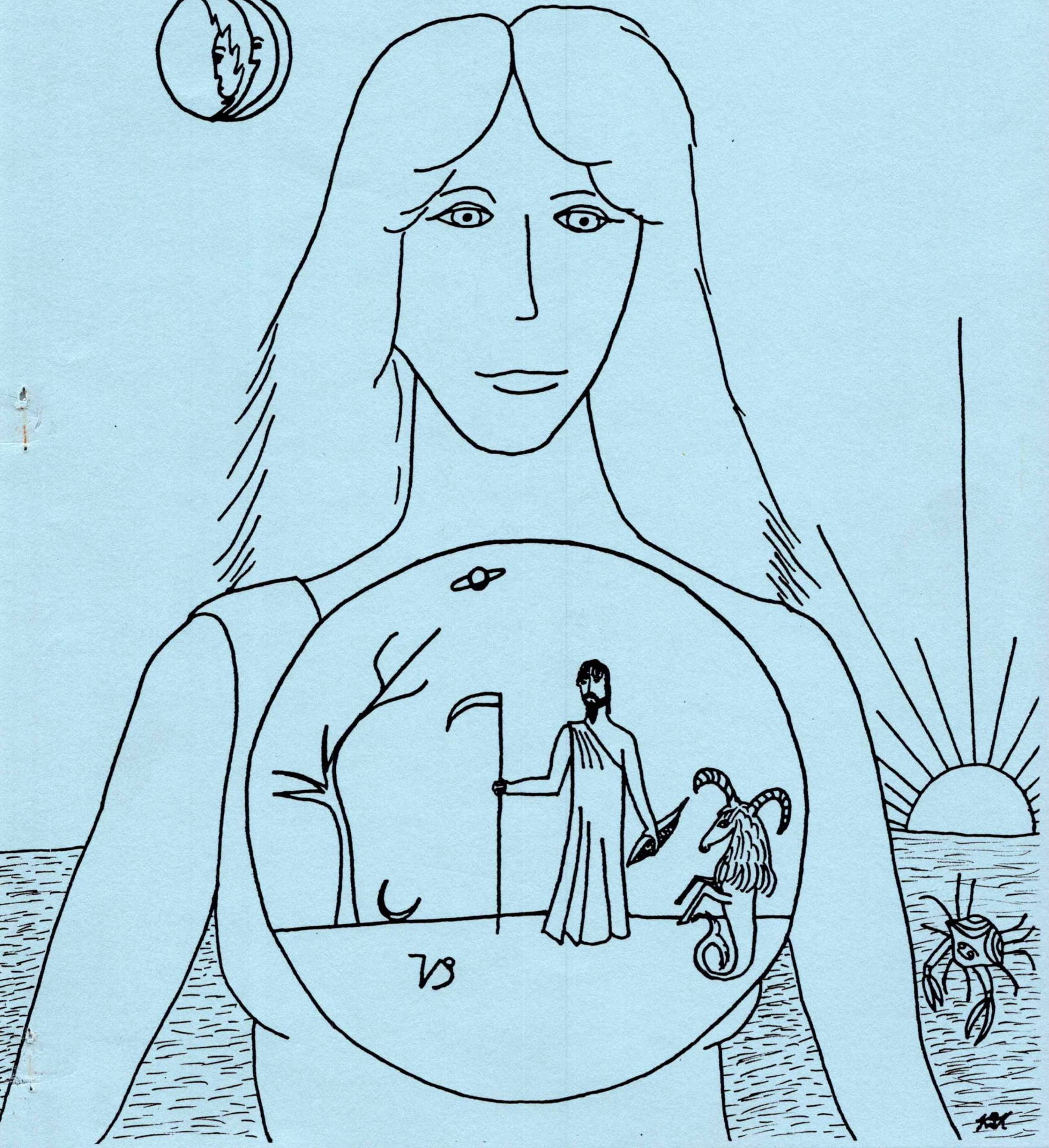
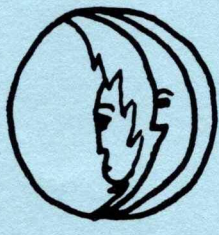


Solstice V



SOLSTICE

Issue No. 5

June, 1989

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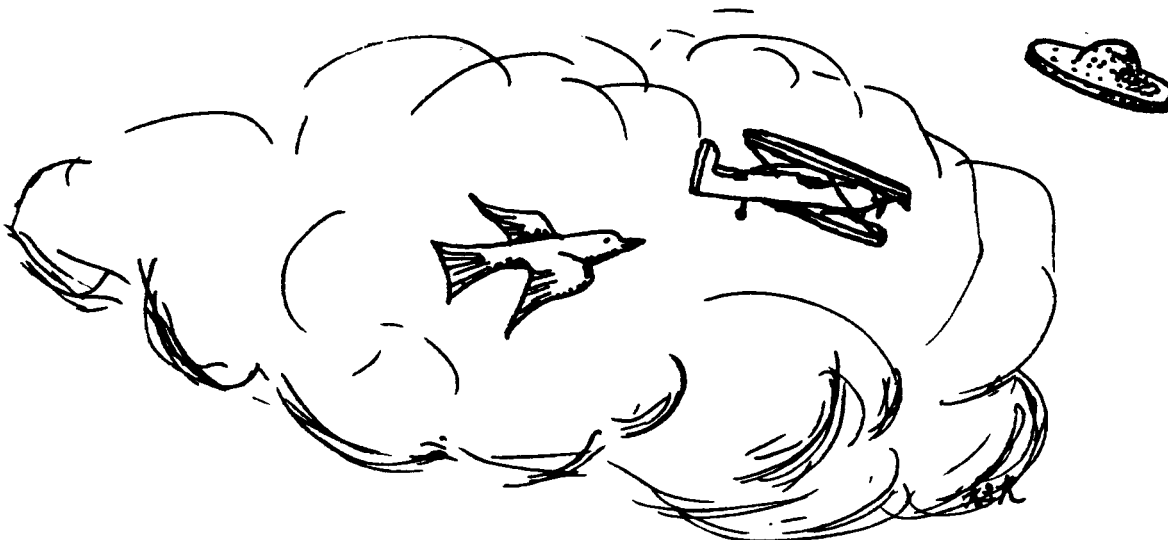
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Dedicated to all those whose imaginations soar above the clouds and beyond.



TO OUR READERS:

Now that you've recovered from the shock, welcome to Solstice 5. (Yes, I can count.)

The word Solstice, which means "sun stands still," is associated with the longest and shortest days of the year. I have taken this to heart. Inside you will find both long and short works as well as a couple in between. Also included is a bit of history and myth about those two days.

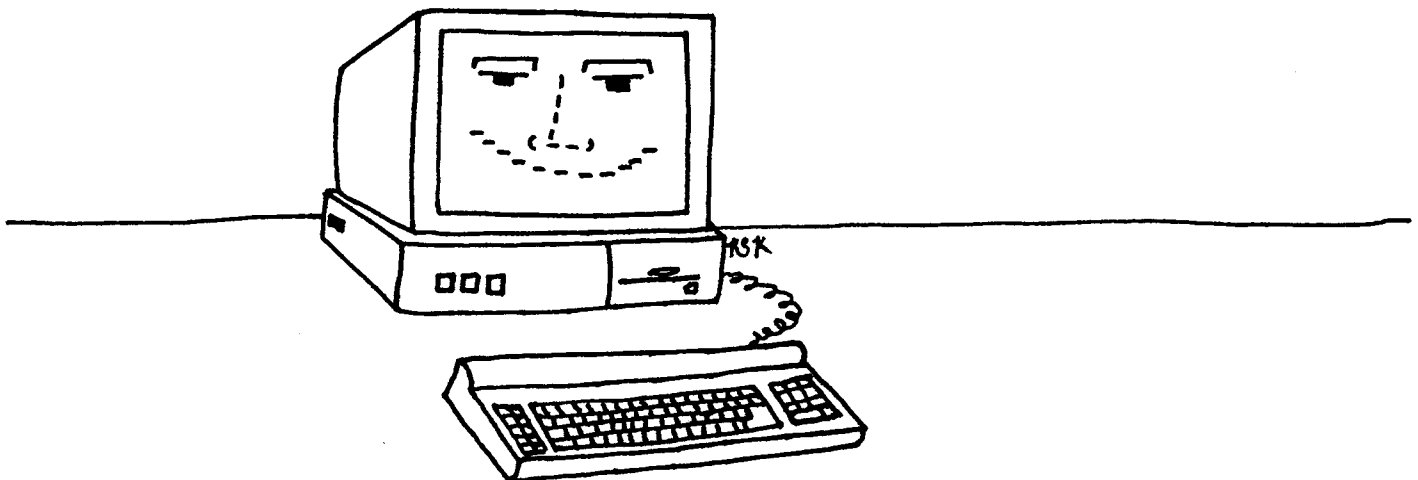
After collating Solstice 5, I can see what time and effort is involved in creating a clubzine and I am thankful to the folks for their submissions and especially for Sue Trautman's scrutinizing eyes!

Since this is about summer solstice, it seemed an appropriate time to publish these pieces. I hope they will be enjoyed as much as we have who put this together.

Enjoy!

Kathryn Klein

Now if the credits on the computer screen would stop moving ...



FLIGHT

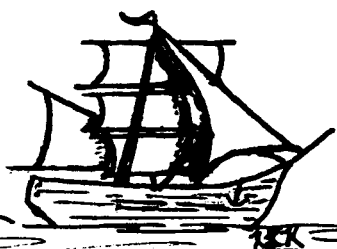
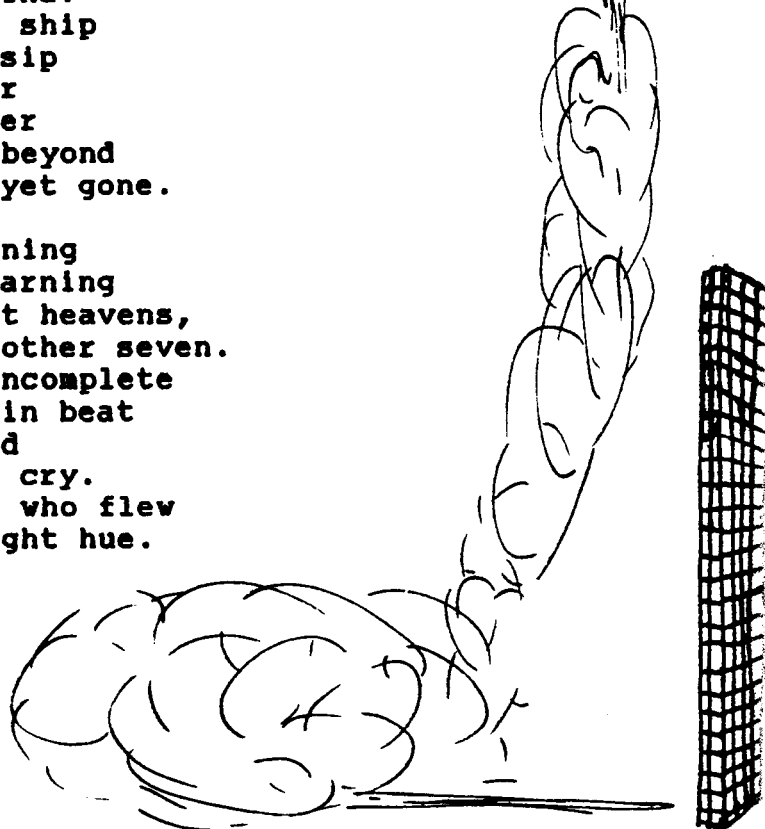
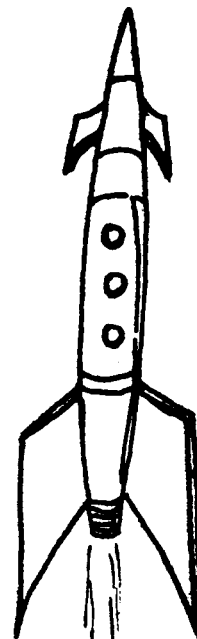
by Carol Porter
(for those who fly the Shuttle and other ships)

We are flying up into the star-filled sky
With tears and memories of those who cry
But we journey also with joy and delight.
Those below us look up and see stars at night.
Watching for the Shuttle's engines's blaze
Long into the night air they will gaze.
And we fly above many faithful to return
To tell all what we have learned.

Our engines set the sky on fire.
As we climb up higher and higher.
We look down at the earth in pride
And with our filled eyes we cried,
We felt tears in our hopeful eyes
Looking at the Florida skies
For we knew on our road to heaven,
We flew with our number and another seven.

We have seen the glory of space flight
Riding the Shuttle Discovery at its height
We fly on the fire of so many minds
Who build our craft for all mankind.
Without their love for our space ship
This glory and awe we could not sip
We fly the stars for a short hour
But others' hopes soon will flower
And follow our flight of dreams beyond
Carrying with them the past not yet gone.

But the sky is on fire with yearning
To seek knowledge and further learning
And when we fly to the star-light heavens,
We always take our number and another seven.
We remember their dreams - not incomplete
With our flight their hearts again beat
And to those others also who died
Whose names remain with us as we cry.
We carry with us those before us who flew
Into the sky's brilliant and bright hue.



IN OUR OWN IMAGE

by Richard Klein

My dear blessed students and colleagues, most of you have known me for years as being virtually pragmatic in all our mutual situations together. But there was a time in the past when this was not applicable and today it is the motivation that has contributed to my decision to resign from the University. You see I have grown weary of the process of science and wish to reunite myself with its wonder. What is this nonsense you may ask? Well excuse a little self indulgence on my part here, my own sensibility is once again stricken with grief perhaps as poetic to you as Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" or as subtly humorous as an avian's beak.

As you are aware my early career began with the tragic death of my wife. The majority of you may recall that I indeed discussed this very subject at length during our advanced unit on the carbon and nitrogen cycle. Nevertheless, as with life the pendulum has an equal opportunity to swing backwards once it no longer has a declared destination.

As with the present my mind still clings to that past sorrow. I even laughed when recalling to myself my purchasing that old cave of a trailer just to get away from the further chaos and to finally begin my preliminary studies of unusual flora in the Rockies for the university. At the time it seemed like an excellent idea. I could not wait to pack my classical hardcovers, religious research, and all the scientific gadgetry I borrowed into that clanging vehicle. It was supposed to be a gratifying adventure, however, as the journey up the bumpy unpaved road started turning, I began to undergo a process best described as a headache. Therefore, after almost swerving off a cliff I came to the conclusion that the elevation with a lake some one hundred meters away was a perfect niche for my stalling home away from home. In any event my chronographic watch indicated twenty three hours before Christmas and this was as good as any location was going to get at this time of year. As I unpacked my mini-electron microscope I realized it did not occur to me that the unusual warm winds combined with the thin atmosphere had distinctly effected my dizziness.

After mindless hours walking alone near the side of the road I was finally lured into the forest by a wooden bench. It seemed in the middle of nowhere, admittedly, as day was slowly slipping so was my normally adamant concentration. My observations were futile even the ants marching over my soiled trousers in patterns that I could not understand paid no significant attention to me. Their mission simply was to gain access to a bird's carcass left by some coyote. Their ecology indeed fascinated me yet I was acutely aware that a break from anymore hypothetically intense observations was necessary. It was quite natural at that point to relax and read one of my books. Today's choice of entertainment was either Plato's Timaeus or Blake's "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell". Fortunately, after much procrastination, I realized I

couldn't make an effective decision. It was sunset already and I apparently misplaced my attachable flashlight several meters back in the less than accurate direction of my ghostly trailer.

As darkness began to engulf the relics of the day intense stars began to pulsate upon the gloom of my mind's thoughts. There was a long silence as I waited on the bench. Only the owl and cricket could be heard in an eerie communion with the natural orchestral sounds of the night. These sounds echoed in curious fashion only vaguely familiar to my ear. Only now do I begin to comprehend their profound meaning which I am sharing with you.

It was now very dark as I wiped my sleepy eyes and squinted at my watch. Obviously, the watch was useless as with the slow rhythmic clicking that was once obscured by the day. The sheer insanity was enough to bring me to my feet. It was now long passed my time to be with the elements I thought. Yet I was running away from something that was on the edge of my reason. I ran aimlessly trying to find the road. The stars appeared to wink as my anxiety began to grow. This was quickly replaced with a dreaded feeling of helplessness. Unsure of the situation I tried grasping for my boney chest and skull, however, movement became impossible and my body began to tingle. Fortunately to my surprise I was able to close my eyes as the strange sensation numbed me.

Inquiring into this paradoxical phenomenon I questioned immediately as to how I could seem to be running while being in a state of paralyzation. It seemed unfeasible and impractical yet for the first time I felt a realistic fear of the dark akin only to all the horrific tales told to me while adjusting to a once former scoutmaster's contorted face. I could not imagine what muscular movements of his preacher-like lips and affirmative cheek bones persuaded me to be so emotional. Nevertheless, fear made its presence known once again until I began reciting the scientific method. Testing a ridiculous theory perhaps constructed so much on curiosity I quickly peeked into the pitch dark night and was very much delighted by observing absolutely nothing. The next time I was determined to be brave and concentrate. Cautiously I opened my eyes wide yet I remained motionless amongst the trees.

Unconsciously a recessive sensory mode observation did yield more valuable information than expected in the direction ahead of me. Heartless pulses, sawtooths, and sine waves irritated the air similar to the jingle sometimes produced by my wrist watch alarm awoke me to a hypothesis that someone or something was there. I tried a greeting forgetting my lack of muscular movement and obvious fear of the situation. This is when I was ironically surprised to witness a mysterious figure kneeling before me in the reflective light from a distant car.

He was a fairly young man dressed in a fur lined jacket with his face looking down at a book in his hands. As he looked up at me his hair shined in the darkness yet his

forehead was pale and weary like ancient snow. My glance was brief but eternal for as the light died the young man fell to the ground and incredulously crawled back into the earth.

Now I was truly alone not even the crickets or the owls to aid me as I pondered an unthinkable thought. I postulated several morbid and irrational questions as I realized my own sense of reality was somehow transformed beyond sight and reason. I was taken aback with memories melting away one by one. I wished to remember a prayer yet now I was relieved of that burden. The transition of the experience was so awesome that I could hardly describe the events that followed but then again discussing the implications and applications of the theory of relativity was also as difficult at that time.

Poets, ministers, and cosmologists should bear witness of my free form floating like Halley's comet accelerating at a tremendous speed passed the great red eye of Jupiter and green ice of Neptune. The distant majestic stars rushed away from me in a blur. As I glanced back at them I either had a burst of creativity or something much greater for I comprehended images of people some I thought I remembered. Their faces were serene yet lonely as they faded from view into a rainbow of light. I reached to touch them when suddenly I was thrust into a tunnel of eternal darkness.

The corridor of my heaven was cold and lifeless as the feelings of space and time no longer existed. Can you imagine being truly alone, nothing to act upon, no destination to look forward to, wavering thoughts, and no light to see. I hardly knew I even existed. When I was able to remember any of these thoughts they all began to become trivial. I ironically speculated that this was going to be the end of my journey only because it seemed pleasant if not so terribly boring. This later thought (at least I think it was) may have been my savior because if I had an inner gut feeling it was to be not this comfortable. In fact I worked harder than ever before to retain my thoughts until I commanded, "Let there be light."

Whether it took minutes, months, or millenniums, I could not begin to realize any implications to my thoughts. Fortunately, I believed that this provided me with the full awareness of an obstruction to my realm that I previously could not comprehend (and still I am baffled). The obstruction was simple; at first it was just a tiny point of light drifting aimlessly in the darkness. The light-point seemed allusive being difficult to observe based on the distance and direction from the vantage point that I called myself. In this space I could not tell if the point rotated or if I did, nevertheless, I was indeed shocked to discover that the light-point was not as it first appeared. It slowly revolved to reveal itself as a terminus to a three or more dimensional wavelike pattern. It was part of a amazing string of infinite light-points all intersecting with still other imperfect and unfamiliar wavelike strings, consuming the darkness as they interacted. Universes of wonderful and strangely appealing light-points appeared yet I felt an

attraction to only one because in some way I sensed a familiarity for it. As I actually moved towards it I became inconceivably more aware of my new genesis of being as the light-point shimmered with both the visible and invisible bands of the customary spectrum. I was very pleased to see all the colors scintillate in the distance. Their wavelike patterns reminded me of the light-point strings as they transformed and expanded to engulf me. I could almost suspect that I was entering a white hole. As I looked behind I was able to envision a single great explosion causing the creation of conceivable time and space and looking forward I saw clouds of brilliant gas. I did not understand what propelled me yet I began to feel that I was coming home, in fact, one particular section of the ever expanding cloud caught my perception. As I preceded to move towards it I realized that I was passing clouds of great suns that both appeared to be forming then just as rapidly dying in a shift of spontaneous colors. I also saw galaxies swirling like electrons around the nucleus of many atoms. The sector that I was now so near appeared to have a dimly lit red sphere. Several swirling balls of gas erupted as the sphere shrank in size, fusing all its waves of heat together. Other stars rushed passed me as I traveled closer to one of the balls of gas. However before I came too close, it seemed to become unstable perhaps by the gravity of the shooting stars yet I did not feel this force myself. As it scattered surrounding the now slightly larger red-orange sphere, I observed hidden between these fragments four semi-solid bodies like animated boulders in space spinning in elliptical orbits. I was very intrigued by the third. My acceleration slowed drastically as I entered the atmosphere consisting of clouds of methane. The landscape was at first obscured then suddenly magnificent mountains of fire towered amongst the vaporous gray sky. I was now wildly emotional and afraid as I plummeted closer to the lava below. I did not think of what could happen next and paid little attention to the sensation of hot liquid pouring on my eyes. The heat became somewhat cooler as my emotions seemed to oscillate and as much as I could begin to remember my thoughts I felt that I was just a speck in a great ocean. It was strange as I tried to imagine what was happening in fact sometimes my own ideas echoed back at me as though they were replicated exactly. It took sometime, almost like climbing stairs, to catch my thoughts and when I did I realized that I was caught in some bizarre process or was it progress. I was now imprisoned inside the nucleus of a primitive protozoan. This was a great first hand observation yet I realized later that this could not be possible being without the aid of my mini-electron microscope. Of course this did not occur to me at the time. The protozoan divided several times as I saw duplicates of my eyes drift away in the sea current. Soon I saw my protoplasm solidify imperfectly transforming myself into a sponge colony. The sea became a river as I moved closer to the shore transforming once again into an ugly brown worm. As these changes

progressed my perception of my world around me became sharper and more focused. When I crawled out of the pond I could see almost all around me. My legs were web-like and the flora that I reached for with my forked tongue was indeed quite tasty.

I was fascinated by this progression; I never knew what it was like to be a being other than human and you could not begin to understand and appreciate how it felt. I was now a bumblebee flying far above the pond seeing all the wonders of the world like a kaleidoscope of faded colors, lines, and shades. Fortunately, after the terrible frustration of being eaten by a small animal I returned to the progression. The transformations came quickly now. I remembered only too briefly that I became a stallion stampeding away from my little pool along with many of my favorite mares of my herd. The sound of this many hoofs rippled the grassy countryside like great thunderclaps from Kansas. I vaguely recall accidentally running into a tree fortunately climbing it with my front legs now transformed into the long hairy arms of a primitive primate *Dryopithecus*. The more familiar binocular vision and of course the hair-ridged eyebrows was a distinct improvement over the horse's sense. Nevertheless, the narrow line of trees ahead of me and the sunlight below obstructed my vision and consequently I squinted as I fell onto the frigid grass below.

I noticed the sun was actually rising over a nearby mountain. The glare flashed and I sat up with a sudden jolt as all my memories had returned. I remembered now that I was here to conduct research: however, what I actually learned here was much more important. As I stood up and began to walk I noticed that I did not walk like a fat pig, nor was my chest hairy or least not immensely so. For I was now once again trapped inside my own anatomic structure like a whole universe connected by a string and an envelope.

I was still quite unaware as to my location when I decided to close my eyes, smell the air, and listen to the chattering ducks engulfing the terrain. I now fully understood the imperfect pattern of the ants on the bench. What was a day compared to a lifetime or even more so, an eternity. This is when the real observations began.

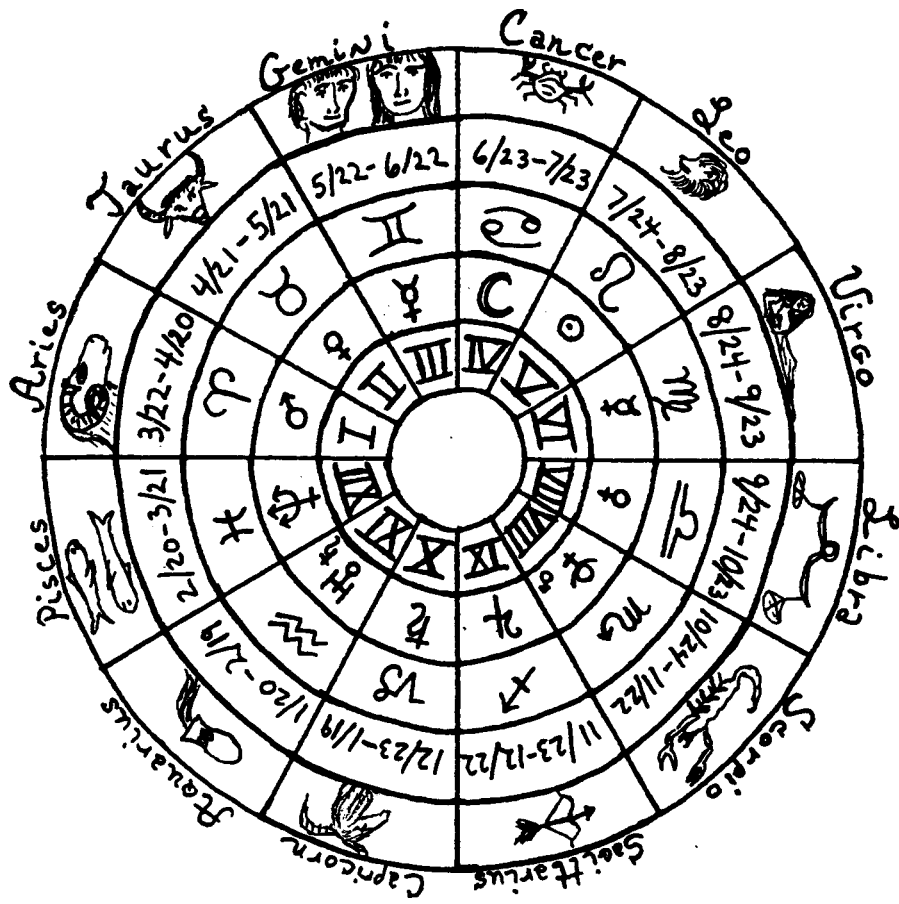
SOLSTICE

Man has had a fascination for the stars for centuries; creating myths and stories to explain the cosmic map. Two special days in the year, winter and summer solstice, have a long history dating back to early civilizations and even before that. Structures, such as the pyramids and Stonehenge, remind us of those times and how simple and complex our ancestors were. As we followed the movements, we developed names for the time one orbit of the Earth took around the sun (or as thought of at one time, the sun around the Earth). We also saw pictures in the sky, a primitive "connect the dots."

From these simple times, legends emerged about these constellations and their influences. I focused specifically on the solstices as a treat to learn about their origins. Listed are the following few facts:

1. The name, solstice, is Latin for "sun stands still."
2. The Tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, which lie at 23 degrees 27 minutes north and south latitudes respectively, were given those names because the sun entered the constellation of Cancer on the longest day and Capricorn on the shortest. The degrees the earth tilts is 23 degrees and 27 minutes.
3. Summer Solstice was a time of celebration to mark the Earth's fertility.
4. Winter Solstice was a celebration of the "waxing" of the sun. It was considered a joyous and highly social holiday since the Earth was returning from the farthest point of its tilt.
5. The sign of Cancer, Latin for "crab," comes from a myth about a crab who fought Hercules as he attacked the hydra during his second labor. It was said Zeus placed the crab in the sky. The most known features in the constellation is Praesepe or Beehive which is a cluster consisting of over 300 stars. The time the sun is in Cancer is June 21 through July 22. The sign focuses on home, family, sensitivity, fertility, clinging dependency, insecurity and vacillation. Its ruling planet is the Moon, ruler of mood and feeling.
6. The sign of Capricorn (or Capricornus) is Latin for "goat horn." The mythical deity, Pan, was often represented with a goatlike figure. He is associated with this constellation. The stars are not bright, the best is approximately third magnitude. Alpha Capricornus is a wide multiple of which two separate stars can be distinguished by the naked eye. The time the sun is in Capricorn is December 21 through January 19. The sign focuses on success, loyalty, reality, wisdom, pessimism, burdens, fear, and narrowness. Its ruling planet is Saturn, ruler of absolute reason.

** Note the dates for the sun's position is approximate.



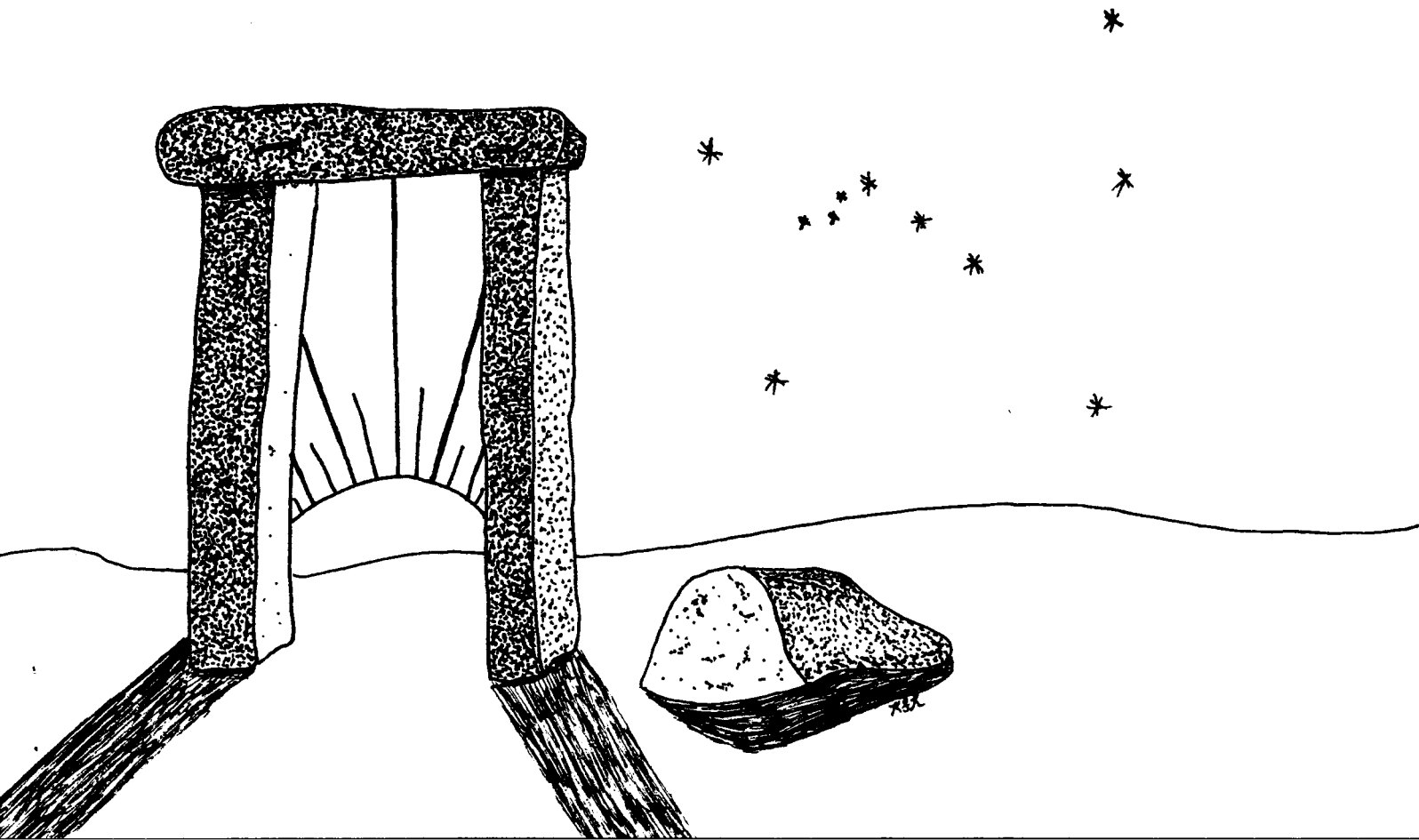
SPACE WIND FAMILY

When Mommy Nebula conceived and Poppy Space Wind begat a sufficiently massive star baby to wax and wane thru eons of time to the endpoint of the evolution, a universal Mummy was predicted. Could this be the reverse process of Russia and the U.S.A. producing gold from lead, although unprofitable? By what name is this Mummy known in literature?

Submitted by Maggie Suominen

Based on her fabric art contribution and Space Wind Family costume at Oasfis II (which placed Third in the Masquerade).

Answer on page 68.

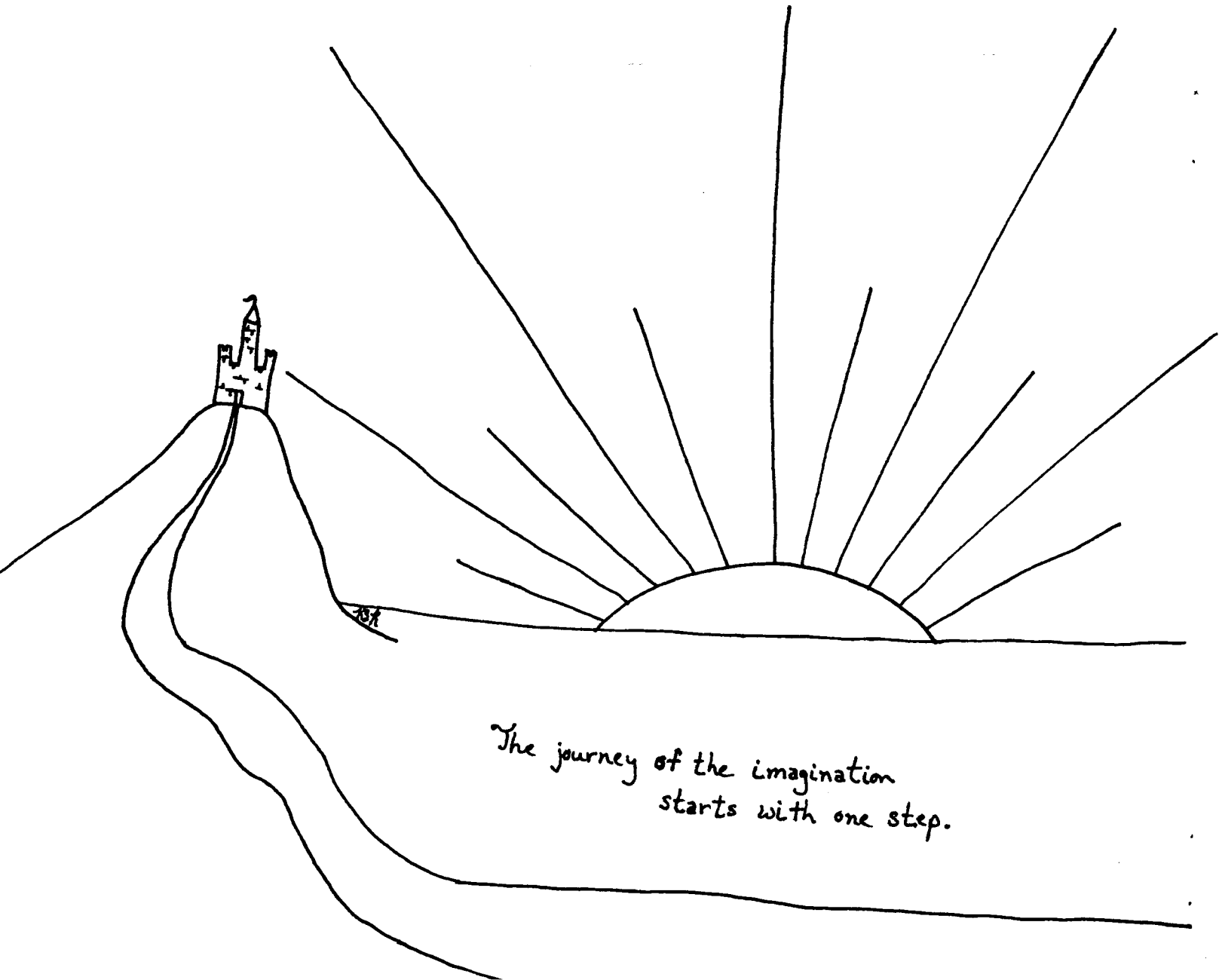


GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

A question I often run into is what different types of games are available to learn. The question can become quite complicated such as is it easy or difficult to learn, does it require any kind of experience to learn, or is it so complicated that you require knowledge about its source before playing.

This particular list is mainly role-playing and some simulation games that may cover the popular genre. These games can be based on literature, comics, media, or mythology. The list provided gives a brief description and type of game.

These are only a few of the different systems available and represent only a fraction of what is out there.



*The journey of the imagination
starts with one step.*

GAME SYSTEMS

221B BAKER STREET - (Mystery - Novel) Those familiar with mysteries or even Basil Rathbone would recognize this famous address to belong to Sherlock Holmes. The setting is Victorian England and the role-players' job is to solve a mystery. Books by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

ATLANTEAN TRILOGY - (History/Fantasy) The main focus here is on the Greek and Roman eras. It also allows for the fantasy lovers a chance to use magic. The era is not as authentic but is based more on legend.

BOOT HILL - (Western) The only western I know of for those who like to play cowboys and indians, or just explore the western culture.

BUSHIDO - (Oriental) The culture and customs of the orient are present here. Honor plays a role and so should the players. This system, I feel from those who have played it, depends far more on the role-playing aspects and looks at the logic of a character's actions as important than most other games.

CALL OF CTHULU - (Horror - Novel) This is one game for those who do not mind making up characters or trying to discover what goes "bump" in the night! These are situations where just talking may not save your neck. You may need a "love" of horror to appreciate it. Novels originated by H.P. Lovecraft.

CAR WARS - (SF) Take the name literally. Cars and wars. This is set in a future era where it's emphasized more for combat than role-playing. The styles are determined by the gamemaster and players.

CHAINMAIL - (Fantasy) The original version of Dungeons and Dragons, it is by far set up as a combat game but later developed more as a role-playing game in D & D. This is quite old and more for the simulation game fans.

CHILL - (Horror/Adventure) Much like Call of Cthulu, but also includes lost worlds (like in a "B" movie). For the fans who wish for something other than Lovecraft.

CONSULTING DETECTIVE - (Mystery - Novel) Another version of the Victorian Era and Sherlock Holmes. It always narrows down to a matter of taste in game systems to see which is better.

DC HEROS (Superheros - comic) Familiar characters come to mind such as Superman, Batman, Wonder Woman, Joker, Lex Luther, Etc. and you can meet them in this system. Created for those who want to role-play in these types of settings from their favorite DC comic.

DR. WHO - (Time Travel - TV) This doesn't limit players to an unpredictable time lord and a TARDIS that doesn't go where you want, but it does open up possibilities for players to play famous people, aliens, time lords, etc. in any time or place their imaginations take them. The only problem occurs when more than two time lords are around!

DRAGONRIDERS OF PERN - (Fantasy - Novel) Much more simulation but working on it. Novel by Anne McCaffrey.

DRAGONQUEST - (Fantasy) One of several fantasy games with differences being in the mechanics and magic spell systems.

DUNE - (SF & F - Novel) Again a simulation with hints of role-playing. Novel by Frank Herbert.

DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS - (Fantasy - Novel) One of the most popular and known of the role-playing games. Beginning as a simulation game (Chainmail), the rules for role-playing later developed. The system has expanded to cover Oriental adventures, travel to other plains, and a good reference for wilderness survival and subterranean adventures. The reference to a series of novels came after the game's creation. The latest addition is a hard cover reference book on the types of characters and history of the DragonLance series. One of the early authors is Gary Gygax.

ELFQUEST - (fantasy - Comic/Novel) Based on the two Elfquest comic series and novels with extra. The players may "send" their elves on quests to unite their race, explore their world or anything their imaginations can lead them. Comics and Novels by Wendy and Richard Pini.

GAMMAWORLD - (SF) A post-nuclear war setting allows for mutations and separate societies. It can be used with Advanced Dungeons and Dragons to a small degree.

GURPS - (All) Divided into two main sections, the first book allows for superheros, fantasy characters, psychics, detectives, spys, etc. The other book covers aspects of a fantasy world. A horror reference goes back to a bit of the Lovecraft touch. This system is similar to Hero System except for the Mechanics. It allows for more dimension in characters. The unusual name contains the simple explanation "generic." The only thing missing are the spaceships!

HAWKMOON - (SF & F - Novel) Deals with the world created by Moorcock. Can be used with the Stormbringer game system.

HERO SYSTEM - (all) Beginning with superheros (Champions), this system has expanded to cover more than one topic and allows them to be combined in games. This is one of few where a wizard can just pop in to New York City during a superhero conflict with a spy from the foreign embassy trying to recover "the lost artifact" found by an explorer! (breath)
The divisions are as follows:

CHAMPIONS - is a superhero game post World War II. Expansions on rules are up to three books.

DANGER INTERNATIONAL - For the spy and espionage fans who love being secret agents.

FANTASY HERO - The medieval characters of the system with a detailed magic system.

GOLDEN AGE OF CHAMPIONS - Set during World War II (1940's) the creation of these characters have backgrounds fitting the time in the comics.

JUSTICE, INC. - Set about 1920's-1930's, it covers topics of those times such as gangsters, lost worlds, horror, and occult.

All these games do require dimension of characters and ROLE-PLAYING! This is not, however, recommended for the unskilled beginner because of the detail and somewhat complicated system.

JAMES BOND - (spy - movie/Novel) Role-playing in the world of spys and the British Secret Service.

LORDS OF CREATION - (Time Travel) This is much different from Dr. Who. It allows for a variety of adventures. Players play ordinary everyday characters (or at least they seem to be) who travel through time, space, and alternate worlds. Usually the situations are quite extraordinary. One goal is to develop and advance in order to be able to be their own creators.

MARVEL SUPERHEROS - (Superheros - Comics) The other half of the two main superhero worlds. For fans of Spiderman, Fantastic Four, the Hulk, etc. I felt it had more superhero orgnizations than DC.

MECHWARRIOR - (SF - Cartoon) Based on the workd of Battletech. It originated as a simulation combat game. The Mechwarrior is the role-playing version.

MIDDLE-EARTH - (Fantasy - Novel) The world created by Tolkien is complete with orcs, hobbits, elves, etc. The classes and characters are represented as well as geographic references.

MIDNIGHT AT THE WELL OF SOULS - (Novel) Based on the novel of same name by Jack Chalker, it is a role-playing system. The game is hard to find.

PALLADIUM - (Fantasy) Covers a time range from the ancient Greeks to medieval time.

PARANOIA - (SF/Humor) Taking a moment to read the name, paranoid seems to be the goal. The rules of the universe would agree. The character can be confused as to what to do, if the character would survive if both choices could mean death and how to talk their way out of situations. To keep the character alive, there are clones, just in case.

PSIWORLD - (SF & F) The primary feature is psionics. Most game systems that have any reference to psionics, seem to make them secondary or even unwanted. For those who want to make it a focus, here's the game for it. Even abilities of this nature work in role-playing.

RINGWORLD - (SF - Novel) Role-playing game system based on the works of Larry Niven.

ROBIN HOOD - (Fantasy - Legend) This is more of a supplement than a game. It can be adapted to fantasy games and, of course, without the magic. It's fun to bring legends to life.

ROBOTECH - (SF - Cartoon) This game covers the aspects of robots and technology in SF role-playing games.

ROLEMASTER - (Fantasy) Includes a series of books each for a different aspect of the game. This is an excellent reference for creations since it outlines everything involved in creating a fantasy world.

RUNEQUEST - (Fantasy) Here we focus more on the Greek-Roman societies with a bit of magic thrown in. The combat system is closer to reality than others and is not a main focus at the same time.

SPACE FRONTIERSSPACE OPERA

SPACEMASTER (SF) These three games as titled are about space travel, each with a different emphasis and mechanical system. Spacemaster is from the same company (I.C.E.) as Rolemaster.

SPACE TRADERS - (SF - Novel) Is more of a simulation game based on Isaac Asimov's book.

STAR TREK - (SF - TV/Movie) If I said we don't have Vulcans and tribbles, I should turn in my pointed ears! Of course, there are Vulcans, tribbles, Andorians, etc. roaming through this game system. It even allows for background course work at Starfleet Academy and past assignments. There are campaigns written based on the series and movies to allow encounters with familiar characters. Series created by Gene Roddenberry.

STAR WARS - (SF:Fantasy - Novel/Movie) The force moved to role-playing. This is a new system (released less than a year ago) so I have little information on it. The first novel was before the movie by George Lucas.

STORMBRINGER - (Fantasy - Novel) The first of the two Moorcock series of games. It is on of the top requested games for TROPICON.

SUPERWORLD - (Superheros) And when you thout it was safe to fly again . . . Another version of a superhero game system.

SWORDS AND CHIVALRY - (Fantasy) The closest one can get to being a knight in Camelot. The background information is great for a medieval feel to the game.

THIEVES GUILD - (Fantasy) As the name suggests, we play thieves. This has a feel of tricks and traps requiring thought as well as skills. Remember an illiterate thief would rather pry off a gold plaque than read the clue.

THIEVES' WORLD - (Fantasy - Novel) It, too, deals with thieves, but a different system. The background comes from the works of Robert Asprin.

TIME MASTER - (Time Travel) This system is similar to Lords of Creation and has had modules used for each other. It emphasizes a different theme than Lords of Creation.

TOON - (Humor - Cartoons) Definately a beginner's game for kids of all ages. Remember Bugs Bunny?

TRAVELLER

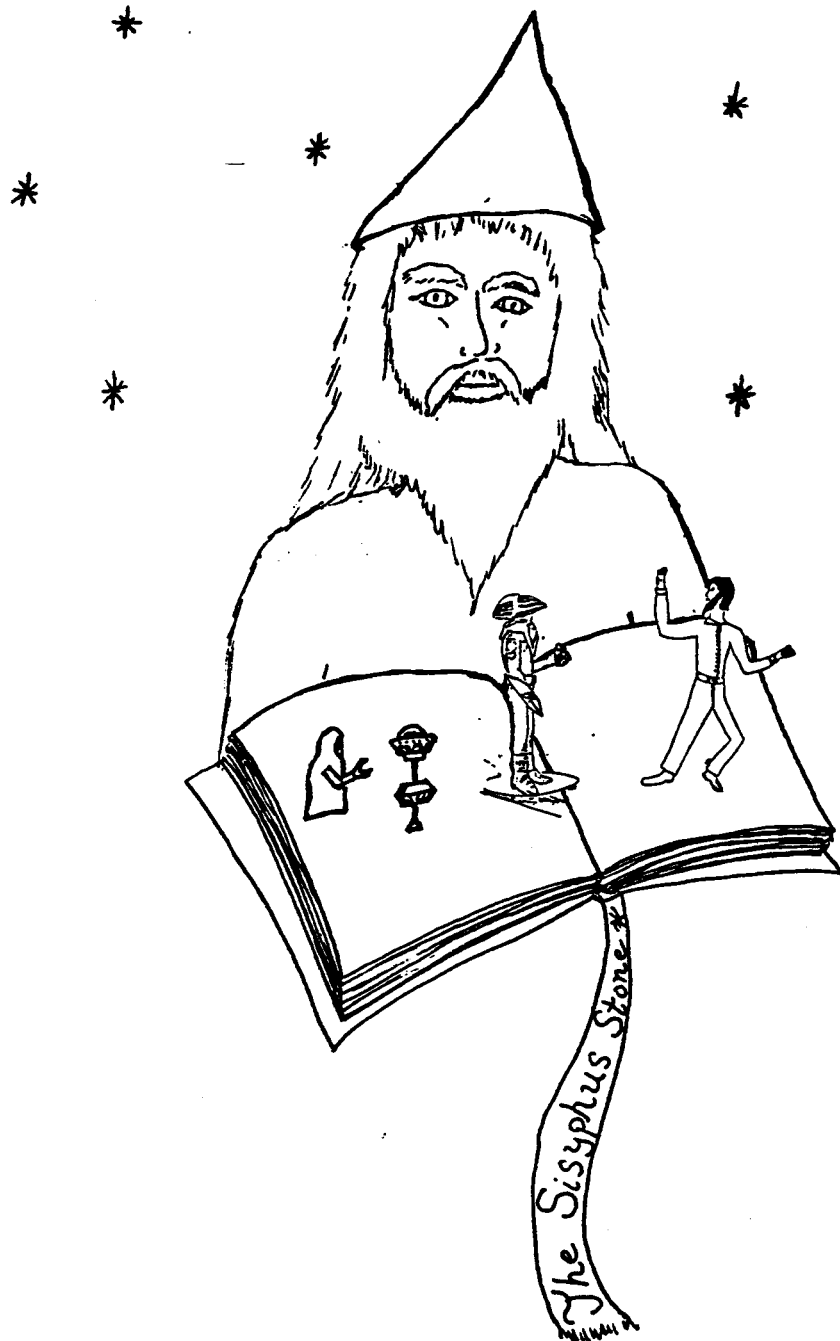
TRAVELLER 2300 - (SF) One of the most well known SF games. Traveller first started as a simulation game and later through various revisions and supplements became the most detailed role-playing of all. Their more recent sister game Traveller 2300 is said to be the most realistic of any SF game with detailed star charts, and future history based on trends of various authors. It is not, however, recommended for beginners.

TUNNELS AND TROLLS - (Fantasy) A simple fantasy role-playing game that would help beginners get use to role-playing games.

Have you ever wondered how writers got their inspiration?

One such writer was a bit more than down on his luck. Until he was given

THE SISYPHUS STONE



It worked like magic.

Only too well.

by
Richard Klein
&
Greg Spivey

THE SISYPHUS STONE

1 INT STANLEY'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING
 The scene slowly comes to a hazy focus. From the camera's POV we see an open window, then, enters; PANNING the walls of the room. The room contains several oddities: a small chair, table, several congested bookshelves and a cabinet. On the cabinet stands a miniature figure of a "blue wizard." [The OPENING CREDITS begin - coming into view at any time during the panning are: a book lying on one shelf with story title and authors, a "Get Well" card hangs from a bulletin board which states the Director.] The panning stops at a television set [featuring a World Series game, then DOLLIES BACK to reveal the rest of the room. At the center of the room sits our MAIN CHARACTER - STANLEY. His desk is cluttered with crumpled papers, old SF cut-ups, a couple of Starlogs, a small pile of bills, and a yellow legal pad on which he seems to be writing.

STANLEY

(reciting to himself)

As the purple-skinned astronaut reached to touch his face, he began...

(clenching his fist)

Nonsense...pure nonsense.

Stanley crumples the paper and tosses it near the overfilled trash can by the front door. As it arrives, we see the doorknob twitching. A moment later, someone apparently is pounding on the door.

STANLEY

(staring at the pile of bills)

No, not now! Whoever you are, go away. I already paid the past due rent.

SARA

(O.S.)

That's not very funny; it's your sister, Sara. Stanley, will you come and unlock this door?

STANLEY mouths "no."

SARA

(continued)

(O.S.)

What? I couldn't hear you.

STANLEY

Hmm. Sara, where are your keys?

SARA

(O.S.)

Why?

CONTINUED

STANLEY

Shh! You're interrupting me.

SARA

Oh, that's it. It's "guilt-trip" time again, I see. Well, if you unlock the door, I'll explain to your depreciative satisfaction.

STANLEY

Come again?

SARA

You're trying to hide something from me, Stanley. I can tell. Now open the door or I'll break it down, and that's the easy thing to do.

STANLEY

Money. (pause) Very well.

Stanley crumbles the new sheet of paper, coughs, and struggles to open the door. Sara enters conveniently with her jogging (exercise) outfit and an briefcase in hand. Stanley continues to cough as he slowly moves back to his desk.

SARA

Well, aren't you going to say "hello?." (pause) No, I guess not.

She picks up the crumbled paper, unfolds it, and throws it onto the sofa. Then, she closes the door. Stanley begins writing another page.

SARA

(continued)

Where's my kitten?

STANLEY

How do I know. Cats do what they please. Can't you see I'm busy?

Sara literally lands on the sofa, and CAT comes out from under a pile of newspapers. (or the wastecan.)

SARA

Ah, there you are.

Cat runs up to Sara.

CAT

Meow, meow.

SARA

At least, you're enthusiastic to see me.
(to Stanley)

CONTINUED

Well...

STANLEY

Hmm...What?

SARA

Well, you're expecting an explanation...aren't you?

STANLEY

No, not really.

SARA

(ignoring the remark)

It's funny...I told Joyce at the spa yesterday, about my super memory...you know, when I put my mind to it, I rarely forget the tiniest things.

STANLEY shrugs his shoulders.

SARA

(continued)

Yes, don't you remember that jai-lai game that I went to where Greg thought he lost the tickets until I reminded him he left them in the glove compartment. It was absolutely hilarious.

STANLEY shrugs his shoulders again.

SARA

(continued)

Hmm...you remember, I dragged you along, too...Anyway, I bet you can guess what happened today.

STANLEY

(thrusting his pen on the table)

Let me guess...you found the jai-lai tickets.

SARA

(frowning)

Good deduction, Sherlock. I left them in the office.

STANLEY

That's wonderful. Now for the last time...stop distracting me. I have to complete this chapter.

SARA

(grabs the crumbled paper next to her)

You mean this? "The bouncing bug-eyed Martian watched, as Johnny Rocket Speed, the purple-skinned astronaut reached up to touch his face??" Johnny Rocket Speed! This character reads like something resembling a Saturday morning cartoon. Don't you ever write real life characters...and look at this!

CONTINUED

She points to the television set featuring the World Series.

SARA
(contiued)

Talk about distracting...How can you write a novel about intergalatic space travel while watching the World Series?

STANLEY
Easy, I don't listen.

SARA
Yeah, I bet you haven't the foggiest idea who's playing.

STANLEY
Ah, that's not true...it's the Mets and the Bears.

SARA
(shakes her head)
Right...Like I said, when do you watch baseball?

STANLEY
Since you came to live with me.

SARA
Let's not be rude...You know why I'm here.

Sara stands up from the sofa and walks towards a bookshelf. She begins stacking some books.

STANLEY
Not to watch cartoons, I presume.

SARA
(frowns at a backwards glance)
So, how's your search going?

STANLEY
Slow...I was hoping to try my hand as a free-lance writer.

SARA
"Try"..."hoping"...now that's what I call real positive thinking on your part. Oh, Stanley, you can't stay home all your life. You need a real job now. Stop wasting your time day dreaming.

STANLEY
I am not day dreaming. I just knew you'd say that. When are you going to stop bothering me like Father did?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SARA

You know when, Stanley. You're my only brother, and you're making a terrible mistake by trying to become a free-lance writer, of all things.

STANLEY

(holding up an envelope of a bill)
Why? English was my best subject in high school. What else can I do?

SARA

Well...I don't know; you need to find out for yourself, but free-lance? If you can't give it your best effort, what's the point? Besides what would those "hot shot" friends of yours from your high school think?

STANLEY

I don't care what they think.

SARA

Oh, yes, you do. You competed to be in the top ten with them. And what about Mrs. Prescott, your favorite English teacher, what would she think? After what I've seen you write today, it would prove that her brightest student is just an...ordinary wimp!

STANLEY

Thanks for the compliment. I guess I won't go.

SARA

Go where?

STANLEY

The Jai-lai game.

SARA

Wait a minute! You're not paying attention. The Jai-lai game was last year and that has nothing to do with this conversation.

STANLEY

Oh...you're right.

SARA

(taping the invitation on the bulletin board)
...but now that you mention it, there is your reunion tomorrow night. I want you to go. It will do you some good.

STANLEY

Hm...maybe.

SARA

Maybe, nothing! You're going, but not as the famous Stanley Leshkowitz, author extraordinaire.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STANLEY

I'll consider it...but who? (picks up a small picture)
Doctor Leshkowitz?

SARA

(continued)

No! (SARA walks to STANLEY and shakes him.) As your
old loving self. Okay! I hate to see you boxed in
like this. I am sure you'll find the inspiration to
go.

STANLEY

We'll see.

SARA

(walks towards the door)

Well, don't procrastinate too long. You're not going
to be a deadbeat for life! Now you let me stay here
out of the goodness of my own heart, and least you
forget, it's in order to straighten you out. Toodles,
Stanley.

STANLEY

(sighs)

Oh, now she forgot her purse.

Stanley puts down the picture, gets out of his chair and places
the pile of bills in a drawer of his desk. Walks to the sofa,
grabs her purse and leaves the apartment.

2. Ext.: Car outside the BGPC. EVENING. A car drives up the
road and stops at the building. STANLEY exits the car while
speaking to his sister, SARA.

SARA

Well, here you are. It's nice that Mrs. Prescott lent
you old high schoolers her nephew's pub for the party.

STANLEY

(uninterested)

Yeah, really nice.

SARA

Oh, don't be such an ass. Say hello to Mr. Monroe for
me. I used to just love to watch his buns on the
field.

STANLEY

That long haired hippy? Don't tell me you still have a
crush on him?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SARA
(smiles)

I better be off. Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

STANLEY shuts the door.

STANLEY

I don't know if I would want to do what you'd do.

RICHARD MONROE enters from the Pub. He is wearing a suit and tie. SARA drives away.

— (continued)

Sara!

SARA
Later!

RICHARD

Ah, Stanley, my old bubby.

(shakes STANLEY's hand)

Was that your sister I just saw? It seems she's grown into a gracious woman, hasn't she?

RICHARD smiles and puts his arm around STANLEY.

STANLEY

How could you tell...

RICHARD

Hmmm...

STANLEY

(gesturing to RICHARD's hair)

Where's the...

RICHARD

Oh, the hair. Well, my hairstylist mowed it off when I made my first big step up the corporate ladder.

STANLEY
(surprised)

Oh...ah...that's nice.

RICHARD

Say, where's that old happy-go-lucky sense of humor you had?

STANLEY

Times change...just like your hair.

3. INT. BGPC EVENING. The room is filled with several teachers and graduates. Light rock music can be heard in the background at all times.

RICHARD

...and how the music has changed! First good ol'rock'n'roll. Now it's heavy metal. Next thing you know they'll call it plutonium rock or something! Well, life has its many changes. Just look...there's your favorite teacher, Mrs. Prescott. (nudges STANLEY) Boy, did she change. A little rough around the edges, as they say. I guess that's what you get after twenty-two years of teaching rebellious kids like us.

STANLEY

Yes, rebellious. Who's that with her? I don't recognize him.

RICHARD

You don't! That's Lenny!

STANLEY

Lenny?

RICHARD

Yes, Lenny, the fat slob. You know the one who once filled Mrs. Prescott's car with old newspapers?

STANLEY

Oh, yes. The class clown, of sorts. What's he doing here? Wasn't he expelled?

A waitress passes by them with drinks on a tray.

RICHARD

Not exactly. Ah, from beer to the good stuff!

RICHARD follows the waitress to the bar in the background. STANLEY seems a little abandoned and slowly starts toward RICHARD, but watches LENNY & MRS. PRESCOTT.

MRS. PRESCOTT

(to Lenny)

Yes, I remember that. It could have been a tragic incident for you. Fortunately, I contemplated your actions as contradictory to your true character. That's why when you were up for expulsion, I defended you.

LENNY

That was awfully nice of you, Mrs. Prescott. I'll never forget it, and as a token of my affection...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LENNY makes flowers appear from his cane. MRS. PRESCOTT is surprised, but admires the gift that is given to her.

MRS. PRESCOTT

It's beautiful. I see you still have not lost your flair for surprises.

LENNY

Ah, surprises are the diversion, illusion is life, and beauty is you, Mrs. Prescott.

Camera pass through. FOCUS past LENNY and MRS. PRESCOTT to RICHARD and STANLEY.

RICHARD

Wow, I didn't know the old slobber boy could be such a charmer like that. Here, have a drink.

RICHARD gives STANLEY a full glass of whiskey.

STANLEY

(He drinks, then spits it out slightly.)

That's whiskey! I hate it!

RICHARD

So?...Oh, here he comes now.

STANLEY quickly hands RICHARD his drink back as if it was the bat that hit the baseball through the window. LENNY approaches backing up.

LENNY

Thank you, Ms. Prescott. Now don't forget to water them. (turns around) Ah, Gentlemen, the winds of change have brought us back together again. So, Rich, how's your pretty little wife?

RICHARD

What did you expect; she divorced me last month.

LENNY

(surprised)

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

RICHARD

I need no sympathy; especially from you. You're a...

LENNY

...Fine, let's not take a negative attitude here. You were not very pleased with me because you hate buying those experimental products all the time. Say, how was that toothpaste, anyway. (RICHARD stares angrily) Well, I don't think this is the appropriate time to talk about it in front of all these prestigious guests.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

(to STANLEY)

Besides, I hate to interrupt our quiet friend's night.

RICHARD

Tinkering Tizil Worms!

LENNY

(pointing to STANLEY)

Oh, I can't remember where I saw that nose. It's as divine as a waterfall...Oh, yes, you're Stanley. So, how's life, Stanley, isn't it a great, wonderful folly.

STANLEY

No! You're drunk.

LENNY

Yes, drunk on happiness.

STANLEY

That's nice...can you look elsewhere?

LENNY

Yes, well, you sound depressed, I can see that. I tell you what, I'll promise to make this evening enjoyable for you. I know in the past, we had a falling out.

RICHARD

Understatement.

LENNY

Perhaps, but that was some time ago. We all change, but if it makes you happy, let's shake to a new friendship. What do you say, Stanley?

STANLEY

Well...I'll certainly give it a chance if you behave.

RICHARD

Oh, this is pathetic.

RICHARD drinks as LENNY reaches for STANLEY's hand, but instead of shaking it, STANLEY gets shocked.

STANLEY

Ouch, I though...

LENNY

It's just a harmless gag. I just couldn't resist the occasional urge for a good old surprise...you remember. Oh there's Mr. Zikes; I have to talk with him about his contribution to to my children's relief fund. I'll see you friends later.

(loudly)

Hi, my good, Mr. Zikes...

CONTINUED

LENNY leaves mingling with the other guests. RICHARD drinks STANLEY's glass.

RICHARD
Listen, I have to talk to you somewhere a little more quiescent, old pal.

STANLEY
Why?...Where? Is there something more to talk about that I have not already been aware of tonight?

RICHARD
Oh, if you mean my consumption of massive quantities of hard liquor, I doubt it. I am more concerned about your problems.

STANLEY
My problems? You have to be kidding. How could you possibly know or understand my problems?

RICHARD
Shh...Come, I'll explain it in the other room.

RICHARD and STANLEY make their way past the other reunion members (including JOYCE) until they reach the kitchen.

4. INT. BGPC-SECOND ROOM

STANLEY
Okay, Richard. What's going on?

RICHARD
Sara called about a week ago and told me you left your job and decided to go into free-lance writing. She wondered if there was a position at my company. To be frank, I told her there wasn't much call for writers there.

STANLEY
(stomps his foot)
Damm it, she had no right...I...

RICHARD
(places hand on STANLEY's shoulder)
...Cool it. She cares. You're too much in your own world you don't even know anyone else exists except your own mundane characters. You have talent. Just ask Mrs. Prescott.

STANLEY
I don't have to listen to this.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RICHARD

Well, my friend, you're going to. You're not going to let Mrs. Prescott, your sister or myself off the bus. For better or worse, we are in this together. I remember you wrote and practically produced that wonderful play based on the works of Camus. Boy, that was when you were so easy going and confident.

STANLEY
(bitterly)

Yes, as I already said, times change.

RICHARD

Well, it's your choice of what to do in life. Oh, by the way, I have a gift.

RICHARD hands STANLEY a small multi-colored stone.

STANLEY

Your pet rock?

RICHARD

No, it's the Sisyphus Stone. Let's just say it's a good luck piece. Take one week off to get your head straight; think positive and with pen in hand conquer that paper. Now let's get back to the good stuff. Come on! I feel better already.

RICHARD pulls STANLEY's arm as they move back into the main party area. JOYCE is seen following them out. Focus on Richard's empty glass.

5. INT. BGPC - NIGHT. MATCH CUT to reveal Richard with several glasses. A waitress walks by him which he ignores and he ties a ribbon around one of these shot glasses. As both men enter the room, they are greeted by LENNY, MRS. PRESCOTT, MR. SAUNDERS, and other students and teachers. JOYCE suspiciously stands behind MRS. PRESCOTT not saying a word. RICHARD (in background) takes another drink and seems to be talking to a waitress.

MRS. PRESCOTT

There you are, Stanley. Now please tell Mr. Saunders about that lovely piece you wrote for my class, about the wizard, Magisto. With the blue robes?

MR. SAUNDERS

Mrs. Prescott said it was what...a fantasy of sorts.

MRS. PRESCOTT

His father inspired him. That's what he said when he turned it in. Isn't that so?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STANLEY

I am sorry, Mrs. Prescott. I have to go. Knowing my sister, I would not be surprised if her car was outside already.

MRS. PRESCOTT

Oh, but you just got here. I'd love to hear about...

STANLEY

I know, I'm really sorry, but I can't stay. I've had enough.

STANLEY quickly walks out the door. RICHARD swallows his drink.

6. EXT. BGPC - EVENING. STANLEY continues to walk across the parking lot. He is staring at his watch.

STANLEY

(to himself)

Very unusual. Where is she? It's a bizarre night indeed. I wonder what he meant for better or for worse. Has the whole world gone crazy?

RICHARD sits outside unaware STANLEY is there.

RICHARD

(singing to the tune of "Here Comes the Sun")

Here comes the bum...do...do...do...do..

(pause, he looks at his glass, spoken)

It's all gone, gone, gone.

RICHARD stumbles off balance as STANLEY looks on in confusion. Fortunately, as RICHARD falls, he is caught by LENNY.

LENNY

Come on. Let's get you some coffee.

RICHARD

I hate coffee. No...(in accent) Irish Coffee.

LENNY

Yeah, plain black.

STANLEY stares in the distance as LENNY guides RICHARD back inside.

7. INT. APARTMENT - DAY. STANLEY is sitting down at his desk. It is cleared of the miscellaneous clutter and all that is left is a legal pad and a pen. STANLEY as if contemplating a sentence of literature moves his hand to his chin.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STANLEY
(to himself)

A choice, he said...

STANLEY picks up the pen as though writing what he has just said.

STANLEY
(cont.)

It's been a week. What other choice do I have, but to continue.

He looks up a moment. Then continues writing.

STANLEY
(cont.)

This is just the beginning of the adventure into the intricate valleys of my id on which lies a fantastic world. This is the preface to a shadow of a dream, but the dream as we shall see can sometimes be reality at its worse.

8. CUT TO CLOCK. SEVERAL HOURS LATER. STANLEY puts his pen down and opens his drawer on the desk. He takes out what appears to be a small manuscript and puts it into a mailer-folder and seals it with tape. Then he walks out of the room.

END ACT 1.

1. FADE IN: INT. OLD APARTMENT - ONE MONTH LATER - DAY.

STANLEY is sitting at his desk. The room appears bare, except for the original furniture. There are large moving boxes stacked in various places around the room. It is an organized disorder. STANLEY himself looks neatly groomed and dressed. The cat sits next to STANLEY on a box.

STANLEY

(filing through mail)

Junk mail...junk mail...what is this?

(he opens envelope and reads)

Join the navy and see the world...

(crumbles it up and throws it away)

(continues)

Trash...junk mail

(opens letter)

Thank you for paying properly. Hmm!

(throws it out)

Wait! This was mailed some time ago. Three weeks!

(opens letter and reads)

A Phoneogram?... "Attempts to contact you by phone have been unsuccessful. I have an offer that could be valuable to you. Please call me, collect, if necessary, at two, one, three..." That's in L.A. The number is 258-9262...

(turns letter over)

Hmm! Just my luck! No return address.

...Only his name...William Mayer.

STANLEY looks up and notices that the CAT seems to be taking an interest. Her purring is quite audible.

CAT

(cat F/X)

Purr...Purr...Purr.

STANLEY

(to CAT)

So, what do you think, kitten? Shall I call this clown or what...Hmm?

(he pets her affectionately, the cat's back and tail arching)

CAT

(spoken in a cooing female voice)

Purrr...Nnnooo. He's just another publisher.

Shocked, STANLEY stops petting her. The phone rings, breaking the incident. STANLEY slowly picks up the receiver, still staring wide-eyed at the cat.

STANLEY

(nervously)

...H-hello? W-what, who is this? Oh, hi there, Amy-Jo...what? My first appointment was at three? Is he there now?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The cat jumps down from the box and disappears into another room.

STANLEY

How long? Oh...er...well I've been busy.

(coughs nervously)

Yeah, let me speak to him.

SARA enters through the front door with a small bag. She notices STANLEY and hesitates. SARA's expression is of puzzlement and worry. She looks about the room, then exits to the kitchen with a small bag.

STANLEY

Ray, how are you doing? Great, real great. Yeah, she's o.k.

SARA enters once again, but, she stops, keeping a distance from STANLEY.

SARA

Stanley?

STANLEY

No, Ray. You can cut the "Mr. Leshkowitz."

(proudly)

It's Stan Lash now! It's my pen name. I thought of it myself. Exactly...now let's get down to business. I've decided to have a collection published of some of my best stories...I think I mentioned it to you earlier...Oh, has it...I thought you took care of that already...You couldn't accept that offer...Why not? I'm not going to sit here and argue. Just do as I tell you; there is a lot of money involved in that public ad campaign and their merchandising rites. You should have taken it!

(stands)

All right! I'll tell you what...I'll grab the updated portfolio and be right over. Don't do anything with them till I get there! Ok? Fine. Bye.

(slams the phone on the hook)

That moron!

SARA

Stanley!?

STANLEY

(to himself)

Where did I put it...It's here someplace.

SARA

Stanley, what are all these boxes doing here?

CONTIUNED

CONTINUED

STANLEY

You're back from the gym early.

SARA

I didn't go. You didn't answer my question.

STANLEY bustles around the room. SARA stands in one spot to avoid him.

STANLEY

(dumps a drawer on the floor)

Here it is!

(puts it on the desk with a couple of books)

There. Now I think that's it.

SARA

Stanley, for Christ's sake, answer me.

STANLEY

(turning to SARA)

Well, I've decided that this place isn't good to write in, bad memories and all, so I...

SARA

You're moving out!?!

STANLEY

Yep! Tomorrow morning.

SARA

Tomorrow?...But, tomorrow is my birthday party.

STANLEY

(picks up stray papers off the floor)

I'm sorry, Sis, but I've gotta run. It's a real nice place! Furniture and everything...

SARA

Ever since the party, you've changed!

SARA stomps out of the room and slams the bedroom door.

STANLEY

Don't get upset. I'll make it up to you. I promise. We'll have a party there!

(delighted)

Hey, I found my rough drafts from my second book! I knew they had to be here somewhere.

(reading from book)

The dark scene gave the captain an uneasy feeling with every step. "This isn't home," he mutters. Without so much as a sound, a large figure comes out from behind...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The OMNOMOZ is heard; it reaches for him menacingly.

STANLEY

Sara!!!

SARA rushes in the room with a laundry bag in her arms.

SARA

What's wrong?

STANLEY

The mutant!

SARA

The what?

STANLEY

The Omnomoz! Did you see it?...It was there a second ago!

(he points)

SARA

You scared me half to death! What's wrong with you? There's nothing there!

STANLEY

(looks to her-then the empty room)
But...I saw...I...

SARA

(sighs)

What an unbalanced imagination...

(grabs her coat and bag; then heads for the front door)

I wish you'd grow up and stop playing these headgames.

STANLEY

You don't believe me?

SARA

(without looking)

No! I don't.

(opens front door and turns)

Goodbye, Stanley.

(exits)

STANLEY stands alone in the apartment, staring at the door. A look of hurt and puzzlement is shown on his face. All is quiet. A sound comes from the kitchen. STANLEY jumps; then quickly grabs his books and places them in a small box. He picks up the box and turns to go. He notices the stone on a table and grabs it, shoving it in his pocket. STANLEY quickly exits.

TRANSITION

2. INT. STANLEY'S NEW OFFICE - NIGHT (10:30 P.M.) STANLEY is finishing arranging and organizing the office. He surveys the scene with a smile. He sits down in the chair and props his feet on his desk. A small note on his desk phone catches his attention. STANLEY reads it to himself. It says, "Well Done." Dismissing this, STANLEY drops it in the basket. With a grin, he plugs the cord into the extension outlet, and begins to randomly push buttons.

STANLEY

Hello?...Hello?...Hello?...Hello!

AMY-JO

(strong southern accent)

Hi there!

STANLEY

You still here, Amy-Jo?

AMY-JO

I was just about to go. Is there anythang that I can do for y'all.

STANLEY

No, not really...Did Ray leave?

AMY-JO

Yes, he left round ten minutes ago. Should I try to track him down.

STANLEY

No, that's all right. I'll call him tomorrow. Thanks, Amy-Jo.

AMY-JO

Ookay, you have a good evening, Mr. Leshkowitz.

STANLEY

You, too. Bye.

STANLEY sets the phone on the corner of his desk. He then leans back in the chair and yawns. After a few seconds, he turns the chair around and switches on a clock radio to a "hard-rock" tune.

STANLEY

(thinking aloud)

A rock star. Now that's a line, I've not thought of in a long time.

He grabs a small box and searches through its contents. Producing one of his old books, he turns the chair around to face the back of the office. Opening the book, he finds the chapter and reads aloud.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STANLEY

Hugo Voight...Alias, "The Mars Machine." The muscial superstar of the stars!

The music changes slightly.

STANLEY

(continues)

Once again, he steals the hearts and minds of billions in the galaxy.

As STANLEY reads the text, the Martian follows his every word while STANLEY is oblivious to HUGO. The music also changes.

STANLEY

(continues)

This slender celadon-colored Martian whose lustrous white hair would hypnotize other beings when giving performance after performance with his 'pro hyper fhalaxic stereo sound zipper booster batton' at his side.

(looks up)

What a mouth full!

STANLEY

(looks down at file again)

He needs no background players...I could say he killed off the musicians.

(Hugo smiles, holding a sonic grenade)

No. He needs no background players or speakers...For each time, he beats a chord...no...strokes...no, caresses!...Yeah!

STANLEY

(he rewrites the sentence)

...the instrument. The music produced by Hugo travels...hmm..by electró...electrified?

(HUGO recevies a shock)

Nahh...

(shock stops)

Think, think.

(unconsciously picks up the stone)

That's it! By telepathy! Brilliant idea, Stan! Brilliant idea! Since the instrument is a living being...Great, this is great!

STANLEY stops to write it down. Meanwhile, the instrument sprouts eyes.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STANLEY
(continues)

The entity is separate...no...part of the Mars Machine.
Living in a symbiotic relationship.
(HUGO's arms melt onto the instrument)
At times, they share the same mind! This ought to
knock their socks off!

HUGO's head is now the instrument. STANLEY chuckles as he
writes it down. The furious alien drifts closer to STANLEY
and emits a hissing sound. STANLEY drops the book and turns
around. No one is there.

STANLEY

Amy-Jo?

STANLEY rises and goes to the door. He looks out; then
returns to the chair. He notices another book and picks it
up.

STANLEY

||The Future Patrol"...Soon to be one of my collective
stories. Now let's see...
(opens it to read)
Chapter One, 'Good Bandits, Bad Bandits.'

A loud bang comes from the hallway. STANLEY gets up and
heads for the door. The radio stops in the middle of a song
and rings. STANLEY turns and listens.

VOICE

(OC)

In the next 72 spans, for your entertainment, we will
proudly present 'Ode to the Blue Star Bandit,' brought
to you by Orion Swift Arrow Shuttle and...

(Bongs)

...The Subetha Frequency Groups for broadcasting to
those who just happen to be listening.

Another song resumes in the middle. STANLEY is puzzled for
a moment; then heads for the door. A bandit comes out of
nowhere and runs out the door. STANLEY twirls around, not
seeing what exactly happened.

INT. THE FRONT DESK - NIGHT. STANLEY rushes in. No one else is
there.

STANLEY

(huffing and puffing)

Damn it!!!

He looks around the room, then spotting the phone, picks it
up and dials...STANLEY takes a deep breath...then exhales.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

VOICE

(operator-like)

One moment please...Our lines are busy.

STANLEY calms down. A few seconds pass...

VOICE

(low, calm hypnotic tone)

Good evening, patrol central, may I be of assistance?

STANLEY

Hello, is this the police?

VOICE

Yes, Stanley. How can we serve you?

STANLEY

(puzzled)

How did you know who this was?

VOICE

Oh, come now, Mr. Leshkowitz. How could we not know you?

STANLEY

Is this a joke?

VOICE

(vendictive and menacing)

You think it's a joke, Leshkowitz? I hardly think it's funny reducing our Patrol Master to a ball of fire. Is that your idea of a joke?

STANLEY

(reacts with a gaping pause)

Oh, no...Please forgive me. I'm sorry; I'll change it.

VOICE

Are you laughing at that, Stanley? I could forgive you, but I won't forget you.

STANLEY is frozen as if in a trance. His voice is shaking.

STANLEY

No, please, how ...did you...

VOICE

(calmer)

Steady on, now, Stanley. Are you having bandit problems?

STANLEY

Yes...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

VOICE

Okay, just sit tight, bud; we have patrol 12 on its way right now.

STANLEY

Oh, God!! No!!

VOICE

Don't hang up, Stan...

STANLEY slams down the receiver. His face is a cold stare. Unsure of what to do next, he stands staring at the phone, unmoving.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

1 INT. JOYCE'S HOUSE - DAY

The rooms are brightly lit and casually furnished with a large television centered in the room. It is decorated for SARA's birthday. Music is playing. Two party cups of punch are set on the table in front of the sofa. SARA is sitting on the center of the sofa, crouched in a fetal ball staring at the wall, with a stuffed animal under her arms. She is not in a very festive mood. JOYCE enters from the kitchen with two small plates of cake.

JOYCE

(sets cake down in front of SARA)

There you go!

(then plops down beside her)

Robin and Jean said they would be by later with a "special" gift for you.

SARA

(unenthusiastic)

Uh, hmm...

JOYCE

Come on, Sara, it's your birthday! And you're making it like it's Doomsday. You haven't even touched your punch! Tell ya what, why don't I turn on the boob-tube?

(points to t.v.)

See that new video I got ya! Better than staring at the wall!

SARA

Maybe later...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JOYCE

I'm trying to keep your mind off things. At least, try the cake.
 (picks up a forkful and offers it to SARA)
 It's your favorite. Taste it!

SARA

(looks at it)
 What are those round lumps?

JOYCE

Jellybeans!

SARA

(rolls her eyes and turns away)
 Oh good grief, Joyce!

JOYCE

You like jellybeans!
 (eats it...and puts fork on plate)
 Mmm...What's eating you, Sara?

SARA rises and crosses from sofa to t.v. and turns to JOYCE.

SARA

I just can't get my mind off Stanley. The way he has changed...just like that.
 (snaps fingers)

JOYCE

He seemed fine at the reunion.

SARA

Yes, you said...Wait a minute...

SARA jumps to Joyce's side, with a renewed vigor, and grabs her arm. SARA continues...

SARA

(continues)
 I want to know everything that happened at that reunion. Every single word Stan said.

JOYCE

Now, just a minute, Sara. You know my days of gossip are over! Besides, I was only with him a couple of times. The Coach and Mrs. Prescott are more of a story! You know they...

SARA

...Oh, come on, Joyce! What did he talk about? I gotta know! You said he spoke to that guy, Lenny?!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JOYCE

Yeah, Lenny gave out gag gifts. I got one. But Richard gave Stan a gag gift, too. Then Stan asked if it was his pet rock.

SARA

(scoops impatiently at the air with a hand)
...Yeah, what else?

JOYCE

(thinking aloud)

He called it something...reminded me of my first year of Greek Mythology...The stone of...

SARA

Wait a minute! He gave Stanley a rock?

JOYCE

Yeah!

SARA

Was it pretty and multi-colored?

JOYCE

(nods)

And he called it a Sis-i-pus Stone.

SARA

That word rings a bell...

SARA jumps up and looks through the nearby shelf. JOYCE follows.

He was a king, I think...

JOYCE

S...I...S...something like that...

BOTH

(stumbling to read it)

Ah! Here. "Sisyphus - greek myth. A cruel king of Corinth condemned to roll a huge stone in Hades only to have it roll down on him again, as he nears the top of the hill.

(their eyebrows raise)

JOYCE

Well...

SARA

(picks up phone)

I think I better call Stanley. Hope you don't mind...

CONTINUED

4. CUT TO - INT - NEW APT. - DAY

New Apartment is larger and more modern looking, containing new furniture as well as STANLEY's belongings, i.e., the couch, the desk with a computer dictating machine, boxes with books unpacked, etc. STANLEY walks in the door. He looks very tired. He pauses, looking all around the room. No one is there. Shutting the door, he wearily ambulates to the couch. He sits down with a slow droop and leans his head back on a pillow, propping his feet on the other side of him. At last, he lets out a deep sigh of comfort, then nods off. The phone rings once. (O.C.) Machine starts message.

STANLEY'S VOICE

Hello...I'm not...

5. CUT TO - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Finishing a discussion on the phone, SARA hangs up and turns to JOYCE.

SARA

Great; we couldn't find him at the office. He's not home... (fishes in pocket) And I'm out of change.

JOYCE

(shaking her head)

Sara, give it up. I won't let you waste your own birthday, looking for your brother, who obviously doesn't care that you are looking for him....FORGET IT...Come on!

JOYCE takes SARA by the arm and leads her to the car. They get in.

ACT 3 SCENE 6

CUT TO - INT - VOID - NO TIME

There is no set and no props. Dead silence. Then, a low low muffled noise. (A switch was thrown.) A spotlight illuminates STANLEY who is standing alone. His features appear distorted and without color. Bewildered, he looks around (mainly up) as if he is trying to find the source of the light.

ANDREW

(O.S.)

Stanley...

(camera profile shot at STANLEY changes focus past him to ANDREW at STANLEY'S right)

Just because you've read stories, did not mean you had to jump off the roof like Peter Pan...My son, your life has been a fairy tale. But you can't fly!

(gestures-hands spread out to his sides)

Your life might have been fulfilling. You could have been a physician. You should have been this!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ANDREW points out to his right. There is an image of himself dressed in a surgical gown and mask. The image fades into darkness. SARA's voice is heard from behind STANLEY. He turns around to face her.

SARA

(distressed)

I'm not leaving for you, but because of you...Goodbye, Stanley.

(she leaves purse and key again. STANLEY gets them.)

A younger Mrs. Prescott appears.

MRS. PRESCOTT

(speaking in past tense)

Oh how you were such a good boy. And you were such a good writer...

RICHARD strolls in quite intoxicated with the same ribbon-tied drink as from the reunion in his hand.

RICHARD

Relax, have a drink! Just 'cause big companies don't need writers doesn't mean it's the end of the world.

LENNY

(with dangling eyeball glasses and a large squirting flower
See Life's a big party; imagine the guests.

LENNY motions to Future Patrol officers, TRASK and RUDDMAN with a book in hand.

TRASK

(stepping up to STANLEY

Sir, we would like to report an inconsistency with our last adventure.

(they freeze after lines are spoken)

MONSTER

Growling, I don't like to just growl.

(freezes)

HUGO VOIGHT

(attached to instrument still)

Look at me!

(HUGO looks down at the instrument, then points at STANLEY in a hostile manner.)

Look what you've done to me.

(freezes)

A brilliant light flashes from behind them. There, the stone appears and transforms into a biped. The characters remain frozen. As the Stone speaks, he quickly walks through and around the characters.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STONE

See your thoughts; No...black and white...
(He stops, turns around, points at STANLEY)
A single sight.

STANLEY has only one eye; a "Cyclops!" STANLEY turns to face the mirror behind him. He sees himself as normal. But then when he turns back again, the camera sees the "cyclops STANLEY.."

The camera zooms in to STANLEY 's eye!

ACT 3, SCENE 7

CUT TO: STANLEY'S NEW APT - DAY

STANLEY leaps awake, screaming.

1. FADE IN: INT. - NEW APT- DAY

It is two weeks later. The apartment has a "settled in" look. As the camera pans in on the living room, everything seems tranquil and quiet until...

STANLEY

(bloodcurling yell)

Noo!!! Get away!!

STANLEY comes barreling into the room and right into the maid, who has just entered from the kitchen. Maid sets broom down, recovering from the collision and removes headphones from her ears.

JEAN

Mr. Leshkowitz! Are you OK?

STANLEY

They were after me again.

JEAN

They who?

STANLEY

The Dragon Hunters! Didn't you hear them?

JEAN

Sure didn't. I had my music on.
(points to walkman)

STANLEY

(looking around)

I don't see them anymore...

JEAN

Hey! Are these the same dragons that we saw yesterday?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STANLEY

Where did they go?

JEAN

Boy, I've always wondered how a real writer got his...you know...inspirations and stuff.

STANLEY

They seem very real...There doesn't seem to be any place safe from them.

JEAN

After that big mess I cleaned up yesterday, I would swear that there was a real dragon or somethin' in here.

(dusts STANLEY's shirt off with a feather duster)

I wish I could be a rich and eccentric dude like you! I'd bet you'd be great at a party.

STANLEY

Well...Er...I...

(regains his composure)

I think you should take the rest of the day off, Jean. If they get me...

JEAN

You mean it!! I can leave now??!

STANLEY

Yes! Go! Before you are eaten.

JEAN

Wow!! Mr. Leshkowitz!! Thanks!! You are fantastic!! A little flaky, perhaps, but in my book, you're tops!

Overjoyed, she in seconds, dashes off to the kitchen, grabs her bag, and is out again heading for the door.

JEAN

(stopping at the door)

Oh, I almost forgot! The delivery boy came by early this morning. So tell the green monster or whatever it is that keeps eating the food up here, that the Shepherds pie is almost done in the oven. Okay? See ya, Monday, Mr. Leshkowitz!

The maid smiles a big smile and quickly exits.

STANLEY

Bye!

STANLEY turns and exits to the kitchen.

ACT 4 SCENE 2

CUT TO: INT - KITCHEN - DAY

STANLEY enters, CROSSES to oven, turns oven off. As he opens it, he sniffs the air with a nod of satisfaction. Before he has a chance to do anything else, there is a knock at the door. STANLEY, pauses, undecided, looks at the oven ...then to the living room...and back again. Finally, with an annoyed look, he closes the oven door and struts out of the kitchen.

ACT 4 SCENE 3

CUT TO: JOYCE'S HOUSE - DAY

SARA is unpacking a small box and bag.

SARA
Thanks for letting us stay. Right, kitten?
(pulls CAT out of the box)

JOYCE
Is she house trained?

SARA
(coldly)
Better than Stanley.

She pets CAT as JOYCE talks.

JOYCE
It's been weeks now! I thought you'd be glad you don't have to worry about him. "The Big Writer!" Come on!

SARA
(releasing CAT)
Joyce! He was supposed to be in the real world! His fantasy stories are what he thinks is real!
(yelling)
I can't take it anymore, and that's why I'm here! OK?!

JOYCE
Sorry...

Closeup of CAT licking her paws.

ACT 4 SCENE 4

INT: STANLEY'S NEW APT.

STANLEY crosses to the front door and opens the door.

STANLEY
Jean? Did you forget something?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STANLEY steps away from the door. The maid is holding a brief case. She has a peculiar, stone, serious expression on her face. She looks to STANLEY, then enters.

JEAN/GRIFFIN

(speaking in a man's voice)

I'm glad I found you...Where are the others?

STANLEY

What?

JEAN/GRIFFIN

It's not important. At least you are here...

(crosses to center of room)

Shut the door.

The door slams shut on its own accord. STANLEY backs away from it. JEAN/GRIFFIN places the brief case on a table.

JEAN/GRIFFIN

Where are they? They should be here by now. Have they called?

STANLEY

Who?...Who are you talking about, Jean? And what's wrong with your voice?

PAUSE. Then the maid approaches STANLEY. Raising her right arm, she snaps her fingers in front of STANLEY's face, At that second, the maid's whole form instanly changes into that of a man with his entire body covered in bandages with glasses.

GRIFFIN

Amazing how easily one can forget.

STANLEY

How did you get by security?

GRIFFIN

It wasn't difficult. As you can see, I fulfilled my end of the bargain.

(holds open brief case full of money)

It's all there.

No reply comes from STANLEY as he stands there wide-eyed, and mouth agaping. GRIFFIN sets case down and produces a document folder from his coat.

GRIFFIN

I have a lot of the chemical codes used in the spectrum diffusion. I also have the lists of compatibility requirements that a few loyal friends of mine in the government have released to me...They name several key people for this experiment...one of whom happens to be you.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED
CLOSE UP OF STANLEY

STANLEY

Now I know who he is! You're Professor Lee Griffin! Had a problem with invisibility. That was one of my best novels. It was like an ailment that made him a bit crazed. Towards the end of the story, he found a cure in which he used a sort of serum to reverse the effect...

(slows down, realizing the danger he's in)
...Only...it was...deadly...to...both...of them...
(gulp)

ANGLE ON GRIFFIN holding a large hypodermic needle in his gloved hand.

GRIFFIN
(menacing)

Deadly? No!...This is my escape! My freedom! And you are my liberator!

GRIFFIN removes his bandages. CAMERA SHOT of STANLEY's feet as GRIFFIN's hat, glasses, bandages, and clothes fall just before him.

GRIFFIN
Finally! Normal contact with the world can be possible. My enemies beware! For Transformations will be split-second!

There is no one standing there...Only a voice.

STANLEY
(stutters)

Oh, No!! No, I've got to be going crazy!

GRIFFIN
Come to me, my guinea pig! Our loyal army of followers await these results!

STANLEY runs to the front door to flee. He desperately tries to open it.

GRIFFIN
Come here to me!!

STANLEY turns, like a trapped animal, he quickly dashes to the den, tripping over a broom left by JEAN. He reels to the floor and scampers to his feet.

GRIFFIN
Why do you run from me?

The hypodermic needle floats after STANLEY who pauses to look back.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STANLEY

Oh, Hell!!!

(turns and runs)

GRIFFIN

How dare you betray me! TRAITOR!!! You will not escape me!!!

ACT 4, SCENE 5

CUT TO:

INT - BEDROOM - DAY

STANLEY

I have yet to see an invisible man that can out-run me!

As STANLEY slams the door, the mirror hanging on the closet door reflects the image of Sssylor. He sees it and whirls around.

STANLEY

NOW WHAT?!

The short form of a Meturian noble rears back and studies STANLEY with its small head tilting slowly from side to side.

SSYLOR

I-I amm S-Sssylor. W-What isss thiss p-placc-ee I have comme t-tooo?

(echo-like whisper; double override)

SSYLOR

Answerr huumann on-ne! Arree y-you rressspoussible f-for brrr-ingging-gg mme heeerre?

STANLEY

No, I'm not.

SSYLOR

I doo n-not beleeeve yooouuu.

STANLEY

I'm telling you the truth! Look, I'm just an...

SSYLOR

(points a large blaster)

Perhapsss thiss will induce t-the Human One t-to rret-turrn mee. I know y-you arre not-t innocent-t. Mmy brothersss neeed mee. I do nnot-t t-t-t-trust the cunning-g and deuiousssmesss of t-the Earthh Onesss.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STANLEY

Now listen to me. I have nothing to do with you being here! This situation that we are both in is out of my control. There is a man out there who wants to kill me!

SSYLOR

(tinkering with a device on his chest)
I sense noo otherr beingsss here...

STANLEY

You can't see him because he's invisible.

SSYLOR

H-how can t-that beee?

STANLEY

Well, it's a long story. I have...

A sharp knock at the door. STANLEY moves away from it.

STANLEY

You see. I told you!

SSYLOR

(slithering to door)

Interessssting! I wish to ssspeak with thiss
invvissible huuuumann...

STANLEY

(gestures to stop him)

No! Don't let him in here!

Another knock, then a voice from the other side of the door.

TRASK

(O.S)

STANLEY, is that you? Open up! It's Patrol 12; we need your help.

STANLEY

Is that really you? You need my help? Wait a minute; what am I saying?

The door is kicked in and the chair goes flying. SSYLOR quickly draws his blaster on the helmeted officer. STANLEY is knocked against the wall and falls. STANLEY's vision is a bit fuzzy.

STANLEY

Wait! Don't fire!

TRASK enters and removes his helmet. STANLEY gets up rubbing his head.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TRASK

Stanley?

STANLEY

No. I mean yes. I'm Stan.

TRASK

Lieutenant Commander Trask. Patrol 12.

He salutes STANLEY. SSYLOR slowly exits.

TRASK-

(continues)

You did call; didn't you?

STANLEY

Ah...That was three months ago, I think.

TRASK

Couldn't be. We were on assignment for only a couple of days. Before we were teleported here, I was about to transport Zorack to med center.

STANLEY

Med center? What's wrong with him?

RUDDMANN

(enters room)

He's dead. That's what's wrong with him.

STANLEY

When did this happen?

RUDDMAN

A few hours ago, sir. It was the results of the General's evil genetic experiments again. Zorack infiltrated his biological warfare facility east of New Stalag. Come, you see the...

TRASK, RUDDMAN, and STANLEY exit the room.

6. INT LIVING ROOM - DAY

STANLEY, TRASK, and RUDDMAN enter.

TRASK

Where did you put him?

RUDDMAN

His body was there a second ago.

STANLEY

Could the Meturian have had a chance to reanimate him?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TRASK

Well, possibly. Is that what was in there with you?

CONTINUED

STANLEY

Yeah, I...ah...well, or an illusion of one...
 (turns away and says quietly to himself)
 Let's pull yourself together, Stan. Characters do not
 come to life. I need a psychiatrist or
 something...That's all.

STANLEY rolls his eyes at what he said.

TRASK

Don't worry, Stanley.
 (slaps STANLEY on his back)
 We'll find Zorack.

STANLEY looks in horror as he realized that he had been
 touched.

RUDDMAN

A real Meturian! They're telepathic, right?

STANLEY nods, not really hearing the question.

RUDDMAN

(continues)

I'm taking another look.

RUDDMAN exits to den.

STANLEY

(looks up with surprise)
 How could you know anything about a Meturian?

TRASK

We read your collective.

STANLEY

What? Ruddman, be careful!

7 INT. DEN - DAY

RUDDMAN stands in the room as STANLEY enters.

STANLEY

Now he's disappeared!

The phone rings. TRASK enters the room.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STANLEY
(continued)

Oh, great!

STANLEY sits down, trying to decide if he wants to answer it. TRASK walks up to the phone and lifts the whole device.

TRASK
An antique in this fine a condition makes big credit value back home.

STANLEY
Pick up the receiver and press the hands-free button on the corder there, Trask.

TRASK does so.

STANLEY
(continues)

Hello?

GENERAL DEGENERATE
(OC)

Greet-
(break in sound)
-pitiful little band...

Beep of machine is heard, then dial tone.

STANLEY loos concerned at TRASK. TRASK presses another button and is interrupted by RUDDMAN crossing to TRASK.

RUDDMAN
Sir, that voice sounded familiar.

TRASK
It did, indeed.

RUDDMAN
What's going on here?

STANLEY
(to himself)
Sounds unfortunately like a sequel.

TRASK
I've got a funny feeling...

STANLEY
(snaps his fingers)
Clever...very clever. Were you guys hired for this? You're quite good! Even look more like what I pictured you, rather than what the cover artist drew.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TRASK
(raises his hand)
Shhh, listen. You hear that!

MONSTER
(OC)
Someone, help!

TRASK
Set your weapon on stun, Ruddman.

TRASK and RUDDMAN start to exit with weapons drawn.

STANLEY
Wait! Let's not overdo it, guys.

STANLEY starts to run out of the den just as smoke and lights go off at the doorway. It stops long enough to see TRASK and RUDDMAN lying on the floor. STANLEY notices two figures coming out of the smoke holding nets.

STANLEY
Oh, no! GO AWAY!

Quickly, they run forward and capture STANLEY in the nets. He is pinned down with his vision blocked. He blacks out.

6 INT QUEEN'S THRONE ROOM - DAY

STANLEY wakes.

STANLEY
(groggy)
Ohhh...what a dream?

YISAN
The other villain awakes, Majesty.

STANLEY sits up and looks about the room. It is not fully decorated, but has a mixture of science and magical items. YISAN, a guard, is next to STANLEY. TRASK and RUDDMAN are nearby. Others in the room include QUEEN VEACHERATT, MIDNIGHT, TWO OTHER GUARDS, MONSTER, NUMBER 1 (reading in a corner).

YISAN
Behold, the magicians which caused these creatures to invade your beloved kingdom!

QUEEN
You have come into the kingdom of the Dragonhunters without invitation and we shall find out why.

CONTINUED

RUDDMAN

Hey, look, vicious rat, all we...

YISAN

It's Queen Veacheratt! One more outburst and it will be your last!

QUEEN

(to MIDNIGHT)

Perhaps it was to gain more powers of magic. Midnight, are they of magic?

MIDNIGHT

I do not think so, My Queen. No more than Yisan is. I believe they are of this evil they call 'science.' With your leave, I can cast my spell to be certain.

QUEEN

Yes, begin.

MIDNIGHT goes to a table of components and begins preparing her spell.

QUEEN

You!

(points to TRASK)

You're the leader, aren't you? Tell me what alchemist has sent you to my temple?

TRASK

We did not come here of our own; we were captured.

QUEEN

Yes, captured in the maze of this temple. A part that only magice or this evil science could bring you. I ask again, who sent you here and why?

TRASK

We heard a cry and were about to investigate when someone stunned us. This did not happen in your maze.

MONSTER

That was my cry. I'm so glad I don't growl.

YISAN

Silence!

He draws the rope around the monster's neck tighter.

STANLEY

Yes, I rewrote the draft...

(puts his head in his hands)

Terrific! I'm talking to the characters again. It's all these over lapping realities...or are they dreams? I can't tell which...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

YISAN

(points at STANLEY)

This one is mad. Could he be the cause of this?

STANLEY

You are all characters in different stories, and I can't believe you are all here in this psychedelic dream.

QUEEN

...Silence!

RUDDMAN

Oh, pluck off, queeny!

YISAN

(raising his sword)

And now you die!

QUEEN

Wait! A dead prisoner teaches us nothing. In Queen Veacheratt's kingdom, you wait!

YISAN

Yes, my queen, but these live ones teach us all too little as well.

QUEEN

Midnight's magic will teach us. Perhaps they are seeking my greatest treasure, the Dragon's heart, to see within themselves.

YISAN

Yes, the evil within. Should I drain their sight, then.

STANLEY

I don't believe it. Too terse!

QUEEN

Well, Midnight?

MIDNIGHT

(staring into a crystal ball)

They are of a great danger to your kingdom, my queen. The madman even more so. His powers are neither magic nor science. The other two ARE of science.

STANLEY

I definitely have to rewrite this one. It's worse than the purple astronaut.

YISAN

Your science is nothing compared to magic.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RUDDMAN

Oh, is that how you look so old?

YISAN is too furious to speak.

TRASK

Do you really believe that a few words and special effects could harm us?

YISAN

Magic is supreme!

QUEEN

Enough! Yisan, severe their tongues!

TRASK

Now, Ruddman!

TRASK and RUDDMAN pull stun bombs from their belts, and retrieve their weapons.

TRASK

Nobody move.

YISAN

Attack!

TRASK and RUDDMAN leap onto the guards. The crowd quickly runs into a panic. RUDDMAN lets out a cry of pain as a saber held by YISAN penetrates. TRASK grabs an axe from a fallen guard and goes after YISAN.

STANLEY pauses and picks up a book that is on the floor. He slowly opens it and begins to read.

STANLEY

This is just the beginning of the adventure into the intricate valleys of my id on which lies a fantastic world. this is the preface to a shadow of a dream, but the dream as we shall see can sometimes be realty at its worse. For this is my creation, my symbols, colors and words alone here on this empty paper.

As he stops, he looks forward. A flash of the reflection of the Cyclops is seen.

STANLEY

(cont.)

Id...

NUMBER 1

(with a book in hand)

This book about Meturians is fantastic! It's a perfect balance of primodal forces in balance. Very archetypical, even mythical thematically.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TRASK knocks YISAN against the wall and raises the axe to kill him, but before he can do this, YISAN and the guards fall. Everyone turns to see SSYLOR holding his blaster.

SSYLOR

All life forms in this room will remain motionless.

NUMBER 1

No, maybe not. The Omnimoz is the ingenious creation that would fit in here. The author must have forgotten this character.

The sound of the OMNIMOZ grows as it comes into sight.

STANLEY

No more! Ssylor, stop this man from reading! His interpretations are not mine. Who's more important?

MIDNIGHT

Vonmoju!

SSYLOR steps forward, then suddenly freezes.

QUEEN

We are! Midnight, destroy them all!

MIDNIGHT

At once, M'lady.

(sprinkles powder over a small cauldron)

Ne synga thu Ne bare thu on leesra, Ne his oxan ne hig gesawon tha maistan ofermettu genithem rode.

The queen throws her head back, laughing, as TRASK and RUDDMAN fall on the floor. STANLEY looks around.

STANLEY

No, you can't do that! This is my vision, my story.

MONSTER

No, it is your shadow. Look to the light.

A flash of light.

CUT TO:

9. INT. STAN'S DEN - DAY

STANLEY

Pick up the receiver and press the hands-free button on the corder there, Trask.

TRASK does this. There is a loud beep.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STANLEY

Hello?

GENERAL DEGENERATE

(OC)

Greetings! This is the Communist War Hero, General Degenerate speaking! (Heh, heh, heh.) So you and your pitiful little band are still alive, eh, Commander? Still breathing? Still capable of movement? Still able to live?...Too bad.

(laughs)

Next time you won't be so lucky. We had you once, and we can get you again! I shall and I WILL get you. Don't worry. Expect the unexpected! I will thoroughly enjoy watch you scream in agony from our tissue separator. So nice...

(laughs again)

You are all miserable, worthless, and weak.

The phone makes a click.

STANLEY

I think I'll change that. Definitely too much camp. Needs more realism.

(thinks to himself)

No, remember, it isn't real. Life is more horrifying than this.

TRASK releases the hands-free and pulls the jack from the phone.

TRASK

I think we already know the rest.

RUDDMAN crosses over to TRASK and stands next to him side by side.

STANLEY

IT THAT ALL YOU CAN SAY!! After what we just went through!

(He grabs his head)

I must be going totally mad!

TRASK and RUDDMAN fade away only to be replaced by a floating hypodermic needle.

STANLEY

NNOOO!!! Not you again!

STANLEY wakes up in the bedroom, next to the wall where he fell.

CONTINUED

STANLEY
(sudden)

No!

(exhales loudly)

Worse this time. Still a nightmare...

(pause, looks around)

Not real...

ACT 4, SCENE 10

CUT TO: INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

He walks in the bathroom. He is face to face with a laughing axe murderer. STANLEY escapes just before he is chopped in two.

ACT 4, SCENE 11

CUT TO:

INT- LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

STANLEY rushes to the front door. A voice is shouting from below him.

VOICE

I'll get you now, Stanley.

The Collective, the characters from each of his stories, are coming after him.

VOICE

Your pride and joy is comin ta' get ya'.
(grotesque laugh)

STANLEY opens the door and runs.

ACT 2 SCENE 12

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT

STANLEY fumbles for his keys to open the car and jumps in. The car is dead and won't start.

STANLEY

Damm battery!

STANLEY gets out and opens the hood. HUGO VOIGHT is on the motor!

HUGO

Going somewhere? I really doubt it in this thing!

STANLEY runs as a roar is heard. He hi-tails it past one of his neighbors, who shoots him a very confused look.

TRANSITION

TRANSITION

1 EXTERIOR-NIGHT. OUTSIDE STANLEY'S HOUSE.

The near by park is dimly lit. He runs into it continually looking behind him for the characters to follow. He slows down, panting, then stops, again looking back. As he pants, a hand comes from behind the near by bushes. STANLEY screams.

STANLEY

Oh, no! You're not real! YOU'RE NOT REAL!

MUGGER

The man is dressed a bit warm for fall, wearing gloves.
(in a calm, hypnotic voice)
Give me your money, and I'll disappear.

STANLEY hears noises, still distant.

STANLEY

No, they're coming!

MUGGER

(confused)

What? Now, don't...

STANLEY

Can't you hear them? Hugo, A queen, monsters, Sslor (mispronounced), then my father who died four years ago...

STANLEY is slowly backing up as he speaks and looks toward the sounds.

MUGGER

You're crazy!

The MUGGER looks past STANLEY, then dives back into the bushes.

STANLEY

(panting and moving backwards)

No, got to run. Run.

He turns around and faces MAGISTO. Stunned, he just stares for a moment.

STANLEY

(continued)

Please, help. They're coming.

MAGISTO

(authoritative voice)

Only, you can stop this.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STANLEY

How? They tried to kill me!

MAGISTO

You know how, Stanley.

STANLEY stares for a time, frustrated.

STANLEY

I don't understand. You have the powers, the spells...

MAGISTO

Not your conscience.

STANLEY

(angrily)

I created you! I put my vision in you.

MAGISTO

Only a small part of what I really am.

STANLEY

You're REAL!

MAGISTO

(ignoring statement)

The stone, Stanley.

STANLEY

No! I need it. This stone...

(he pulls it out of his pocket)
gave me my success.

MAGISTO

You wrote the words. It inspired you. But you drew on it too much.

STANLEY

What?!

MAGISTO

It can aid in a person's dream, but if that dream is selfish, it will turn on the person. The gifts are to be shared.

STANLEY

No!

The sounds of the characters seem to be getting closer.

STANLEY

(contined)

Please help!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MAGISTO

You must share the stone. Look towards the light

MAGISTO looks past STANLEY to a police officer walking down a path. The cop (about 35 in age) seems to be troubled, not paying attention to the pair.

MAGISTO

(continues)

Your time has come and you soon shall be free.

STANLEY looks at the stone. He is calm. Just then, a couple are heard arguing in another direction.

GIRL

(O.S.)

...And, I don't like being humiliated about how I take a bath!

STANLEY looks back at MAGISTO who nods towards the cop. STANLEY smiles and walks firmly and determinedly towards the couple.

GUY

So, who else do you know that can't decide if it should be hot, cold, bubble bath or to put a damm duck in it!

GIRL

See, who's talking! You use a handmitt with a rabbit in it!

STANLEY walks up to the guy and hands him the stone as the man spreads his arms.

STANLEY

Here! Good luck!

(starts to walk away)

Oh, and don't write any stories...the characters really come to life.

STANLEY walks away from the confused couple. He is relieved.

The GUY looks at the stone.

GUY

What?

GIRL

(same time)

(to GUY)

What did he say? Who was that man?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GUY

Stop to look at each other.

(O.S)

I don't know, honey. The heck with baths. Let's take showers.

STANLEY

(to himself, with a smirk)

Babies. Lots of babies.

A car pulls up next to STANLEY as he gets to the street.

SARA

Stanley!

STANLEY

Oh, hi. Let's get some ice cream. My treat.

SARA

(confused)

Huh? Yeah, sure. Now about Richard, I want you to give that stupid stone back and...

She opens the passenger door.

STANLEY

(interrupting)

Sara, don't worry. Richard woke me up. First, I'm sorry about the attitude problem I had lately. Second, that old rock was mental crutch, so someone else will use it, more as a paper weight. Tell you what. To make up for it, we'll go to a football game Sunday, Dolphins vs. the Raiders.

SARA

I thought you didn't like football. Why the change?

STANLEY

Past due, sis. Past due.

He gets in the car and they drive off. They pass MAGISTO who is behind a tree (or bush.) He sighs and starts removing the make up and wig to reveal LENNY.

LENNY

Whew!

He looks up at sky.

LENNY

That was close! Let's go home.

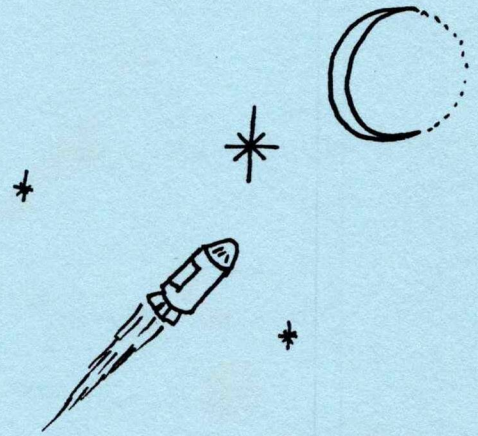
He fades as the camera pans up with a shot at the stars just above the house, a streak of light zooms away.

End credits.

Answer to Maggie Suominen's riddle: A black hole.

(Thank you, Maggie!)





To dream a dream
To see afar
To ride a beam
To touch a star.