

Tales of the Dying Earth:
Mazirian the Magician

Based on the stories by Jack Vance
Adapted by George Booe

SUPERIMPOSE: 1 - TURJAN OF MIIR

INT. TURJAN'S WORKROOM - DAY

A middle aged wizard with long black hair, TURJAN OF MIIR, sits in his workroom, legs sprawled out from a stool, back against and elbows on the bench. He is staring angrily across the room at a creature which sits in a cage. It has a great big head on a small spindly body, with weak eyes and a flabby button of a nose, and pink skin.

Turjan stands up and grabs a bowl of pap and a long-handled spoon. He attempts to feed the creature, but it doesn't even move its mouth as Turjan prods it with the spoon of mush. Some of the mush slides down its lips and falls on the cage floor. Turjan sets down the bowl and spoon, and sits back down himself. The creature slumps over, its limbs become relaxed, and dies. Our disappointed wizard sighs and exits the room.

EXT. CASTLE MIIR ROOF - DAY

Turjan climbs a stone staircase and comes out on the roof of his castle Miir, high above a river. In the west, a feeble red sun is setting. Surrounding Turjan's castle is an archaic forest.

We enter Turjan's mind to see the cage of his workroom filled with different organisms from different past experiments. A thing that is all eyes, a boneless creature with the pulsing surface of its brain exposed, the beautiful female body whose intestines trail out into a nutrient solution like seeking fibrils, and some inverted inside-out creatures.

Darkness washes over the castle as the sun sinks below the horizon. Again we enter Turjan's mind to view more memories: Turjan is with an old sage-man on his castle roof.

SAGE

In ages gone, a thousand spells were
known to sorcery and the wizards
effected their wills. Today,
as Earth dies, a hundred spells remain to
man's knowledge, and these have come to us
through the ancient books. But there is one
called Pandelume, who knows all the spells,
all the incantations, catnaps, runes,
and thaumaturgies that have

ever wrenched and molded space.

TURJAN
Where is Pandelume?

SAGE
He dwells in the land of
Embelyon... but where this land
lies, no one fucking knows.

TURJAN
How does one find Pandelume, then?

SAGE
If it were ever necessary,
a spell exists to take one there.

A beat.

SAGE
One may ask anything of Pandelume,
and Pandelume will answer...
provided that the seeker performs
the service Pandelume requires.
And Pandelume drives a hard bargain.

INT. TURJAN'S STUDY - NIGHT

After re-living this memory, Turjan descends to his study, a long low hall of stone, with a large russet rug running through it. Turban's tomes of sorcery lie on a long table of black steel or are thrust helter-skelter into shelves. In a musty portfolio Turjan finds that ancient spell of which the Sage spoke: The Call to the Violent Cloud. The mysterious marking on the page under the title of the spell seem to glow slightly. After staring at it for a bit, Turjan closes the book. He has memorized the spell.

He then robes himself with a short blue cape, tucks a blade into his belt, fits an amulet onto his wrist. Then he sits down to read a different book of spells. He memorizes the following spells: The excellent prismatic spray, Phandall's Mantle of Stealth, and the Spell of the Slow Hour.

EXT. CASTLE MIIR ROOF - NIGHT

Turjan climbs back to the roof, ponders the landscape for a

moment, then squares himself and utters the Call to the Violent Cloud. All was quiet, then comes a whisper of movement swelling to the roar of great winds. A wisp of white appears and waxes to a pillar of boiling black smoke. A voice deep and harsh issued from the turbulence.

VOICE OF THE VIOLENT CLOUD

At your disturbing power is this
instrument come; whence will you go?

TURJAN

Four directions, then one. Alive
must I be brought to Embelyon.

The cloud whirls down, far up and away he is snatched, flung head over heels into incalculable distance.

INT. VIOLENT CLOUD - NIGHT

Turjan tumbles through a whirling, cloudy, wormhole.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMBELYON - DAY

Four directions he is thrust, then one, and at last a great blow hurls him from the cloud, sprawling him into Embelyon. Turjan stands up and totters a moment, half-dazed. He's on the bank of a limpid pool. Blue flowers surround him, and a forest of peculiar colors. There is a blurring quality of the air here, the sky is a mesh of vast ripples and cross ripples, and these refract a thousand shafts of colored light, mid air rays weaving laces and rainbow nets in all the jewel hues. Turjan observes as beams of color sweep over him, and the flowers and trees change color. Farthest in the distance, encircling the land in all directions, rising high into the murk, hangs a black curtain.

TURJAN

(sotto) The land none knows where.
Have I been brought high,
low, into a pre existence?
Or into the afterworld?

We hear galloping hooves approaching. Turjan spins around to find a black horse coming. A young woman rides it, T'SAIS, long black hair, wearing a yellow cape. She's holding the horse reins in one hand, the other, a sword. Turjan steps aside just out of

her reach as she attempts to slash him. Turjan pulls out his own blade.

T'sais slashes at him again, he fends off her blow, and strikes her arm. She sheds a bit of blood.

T'sais whips out a bow and arrow, shoots one at him, he deflects it with his sword, then seizes her around the waist, and drags her to the ground. She tries to fight him with a crazy violence, screaming, and in an effort to subdue her without harming her any further, Turjan struggles with her in a manner not entirely dignified. Finally he pins her arms behind her back, her face thrust into the rainbow grass.

TURJAN

Quiet, vixen! Just I loose
patience and stun you.

T'SAIS

Do as you please.
Life and death are brothers.

TURJAN

Why do you seek
to harm me? I have given
you no offense.

T'SAIS

You are evil like all
existence.

TURJAN

What the hell are
you talking about?

T'SAIS

If power were mine, I would
crush the universe to bloody gravel and
stamp it into the ultimate muck.

Turjan loosens his grip and she almost breaks free, he tightens again.

TURJAN

All right, tell me this,
where may I find Pandelume?

T'sais stops writhing and twists her head around to stare, as

well as she can, directly into Turjan's eyes.

T'SAIS

Search all Embelyon. I will assist you
not at all. Faggot.

TURJAN

Tell me where I may find Pandelume.
Else, I find other uses for you.

A beat. Her eyes blazing with madness.

T'SAIS

Pandelume dwells beside the stream
only a few paces distant.

Turjan releases her but takes her sword and bow.

TURJAN

If I return these to you,
will you go your way in peace?

She glares at him for a bit, then mounts her horse and rides
away in the direction she came from, disappearing through the
shafts of jewel colors, leaving her weapons behind.

TURJAN

What the fuck.

Turjan makes his way along the stream in the direction she had
indicated.

EXT. PANDELUME'S MANSE - DAY

Turjan arrives at a long, low manse of red stone, backed by dark
trees. As he approaches, the front door swings open. Turjan
halts mid-stride. A strange booming voice is heard from within
the manse.

PANDELUME

Enter.

A beat.

PANDELUME

Enter, Turjan of Miir.

Turjan does so.

INT. PANDELUME'S MANSE - DAY

Turjan enters a tapestried chamber. Bare of furniture except for one settee. The front door closes behind him. At the opposite wall is a closed door. Turjan approaches it. Again the thunderous voice is heard, its source unknown yet it is heard all around.

PANDELUME

Halt, Turjan. No one may
gaze on Pandelume. It is the law.

TURJAN

This is my mission, Pandelume.
For some time I have been striving to
create humanity in my vats. Yet always I
fail from ignorance of the agent that binds and
orders the patterns. This master matrix
must be known to you. Therefore
I come to you for guidance.

PANDELUME

Willingly, will I aid you. There
is, however, another aspect involved.
The universe is methodized by symmetry and
balance. In every aspect of existence is
this equipoise observed.
Consequently, even in the trivial
scope of our dealings, this
equivalence must be maintained.
Thus and thus, I agree to assist you.
In return you will perform
a service of equal value for me.
Might be sexual, might not be. We'll find out.
When you have completed this small work,
I will instruct and guide you to your complete
satisfaction.

TURJAN

What may this service be?

PANDELUME

A man lives in the land of Ascolais.
Not far from your castle Miir. About
his neck hangs an amulet of

carved blue stone.
This you must take from him and bring to me.

A beat.

TURJAN
Very well, I will do what I can.
Who is the man?

PANDELUME
(softly) Prince Kandive, the Golden.

TURJAN
Ahh... You have gone to
no pains to make my task
a pleasant one, but I will
fulfill your requirement as
best I can.

PANDELUME
Good. Now, I must instruct you.
Kandive wears this amulet hidden below his singlet.
When an enemy appears, he takes it out
to display on his chest. Such is the
potency of the charm. No matter what
else, do not gaze on this amulet either
before or after you take it,
on pain of most hideous consequence.

TURJAN
I understand. I will obey. Now, there
is a question I would ask, providing the
answer will not involve me in any
undertaking to bring the moon back
to Earth or recover an elixir you
inadvertently spilled in the sea.

Pandalume cackles.

PANDELUME
Ask on, and I will answer.

TURJAN
As I approached your dwelling, a woman of insane
fury wished to kill me. This, I would not permit
and she departed in rage. Who is this woman and
why is she thus?

PANDELUME

I too have vats where I mold life
into varied forms. This girl, T'sais, I created,
but I wrought carelessly with a flaw
in the synthesis. So she climbed from the vat
with a warp in her brain in this manner:
What we hold to be beautiful, seems to her,
loathsome and ugly. And what we find ugly, to her,
is intolerably vile in a degree that you
and I cannot understand. She finds the world a
bitter place. People with shapes of direst malevolence.

TURJAN

So this is the answer. If she were
more amiable, she would be a creature
of remarkable beauty. Pitiable wretch.

PANDELUME

Now, you must be on your way to Kaiine;
The auspices are good.
In a moment, open this door,
enter, and move to the
pattern of runes on the floor.

INT. PANDELUME'S CIRCULAR ROOM - DAY

Turjan opens the door finally and enters a circular room, high
domed. The colored lights of Embelyon pouring down through sky-
transparencies. He stands upon the pattern on the floor.

PANDELUME

Now, close your eyes, for I must
enter and touch you.

Turjan raises an eyebrow.

PANDELUME

Heed well, do not
try to glimpse me!

Turjan closes his eyes. A footstep sounded behind him. An
elderly naked man, PANDELUME, creeps around Turjan.

PANDELUME

Extend your hand.

Turjan does so, and Pandelume places a small hard crystal in Turjan's hand.

PANDELUME

When your mission is accomplished,
crush this crystal and at once you will
find yourself in this room.

Pandelume places a cold hand on Turjan's shoulder. Turjan shivers.

PANDELUME

An instant you will sleep. When you awake
you will be in the city of Kaiine.

Pandelume removes his hand from Turjan's shoulder. Darkness washes over the room, a beat, then the room fills with sound: clattering, a tinkling of many small bells, music, voices. Turjan frowns and purses his lips. Unlike the violent cloud that crazily transported Turjan to Embelyon, Pandelume's transporting method is instant. As soon as his hand left Turjan's shoulder, he was transported.

EXT. CITY OF KAIINE - NIGHT

A woman's voice is heard.

RANDOM WOMAN

Look, O' Santanil! See the man-owl
who closes his eyes to merriment!

A man's laughter is heard, then suddenly hushed.

SANTANIL

Come. The fellow is bereft
and possibly violent. Come.

After a bit of hesitation, Turjan opens his eyes. He is surrounded by white walled structures, and a festival is taking place. There are orange lanterns floating through the air, cages of blue fireflies dangle from balconies. Many people surround Turjan, he has spawned in the middle of the street, but most of the people around him are frolicking, drinking wine, wearing bizarre costumes. One of them passes by Turjan and yells at him gayly:

RANDOM FROLICKER

Infinite night is close at hand!
The red sun shall finally
flicker and go black!

Turjan melts into the throng.

CUT TO:

INT. KAIINE TAVERN - NIGHT

Turjan refreshes himself with biscuits and wine, then leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. KANDIVE'S PALACE - NIGHT

Turjan approaches a grand palace, people everywhere partying. Uttering the spell: Phandaal's mantle of stealth, Turjan fades from sight of the people and enters the palace. Within, the upper class partied just like the throngs of the streets outside. Some people stand on a terrace looking into a sunken pool where a pair of captured deodands(vampiric humanoids) writhed around. Others are throwing darts at the spread-eagled body of a young witch. In alcoves beflowered girls offer synthetic love to wheezing old men, and elsewhere others are lying around in a daze, dreaming, tripping out, their faces covered in some sort of powder. After wandering around invisible for a while, Turjan finally comes upon, in an upper chamber, a tall, golden bearded, blue eyed, PRINCE KANDIIVE, THE GOLDEN. He's lolling on a couch with a masked girl-child with green eyes and hair dyed pale-green.

Even though Tarjan is invisible, somehow Kandiive senses him, as he enters through some purple hangings and he gets up.

KANDIVE

(to the girl) Get the fuck out of here!
Mischievous moves somewhere near, and I must blast
it with magic! Ima blast my magic all over this place!

The girl runs out of the room. Kandiive pulls out his hidden amulet. Turjan shields his own gaze of it with his hand. Kandiive utters a spell, after which Turjan's invisibility ceases.

KANDIVE

TURJAN OF MIIR SKULKS THROUGH

MY PALACE, BRO!?

TURJAN

With readied death on my lips. Turn your back, Kandive,
or I speak a spell and run you through with my sword.

Kandive makes as if to obey, but then quickly shouts a spell
which creates a transparent sphere around him. (The omnipotent
sphere)

KANDIVE

Now I call my guards, Turjan, and you
shall be cast to the deodands
in the tank.

Turjan steps inside Kandive's sphere.

TURJAN

Call the guards. They will find your body
riddled by lines of fire.

KANDIVE

Your body, Turjan!

Kandive babbles the spell of the Excellent Prismatic Spray,
which sends fire-darts from all directions at Turjan. However
just before reaching his skin, they dissolve into puffs of
smoke.

TURJAN

Turn your body, Kandive. Your magic is
useless against Loccodel's rune.

Kandive takes a step toward a spring in the wall.

TURJAN

Halt! One more step and
the spray splits you
thousandfold!

Kandive halts and turns his back enraged. Turjan steps to him
quickly, reaches over Kandive's neck, seizes the amulet and
raises it free. It seemed to crawl in his hand and glow a
glimpse of blue through his fingers. For a moment Turjan was
dazed and we hear a murmur of avid voices only Turjan hears.
Turjan backs away from Kandive, stuffs the amulet in his pouch.

KANDIVE

May I now turn about in safety?

TURJAN
When you wish.

Kandive turns around, sees that Turjan is clasping his pouch, distracted by it. Kandive steps to the wall and places his hand on a spring.

KANDIVE
Turjan, you dumbass motherfucker,
you are lost. Before you may utter
a syllable, I will open the floor
and drop you a great dark distance.
Can your charms avail against this?

A beat.

TURJAN
Ah, Kandive, you have outwitted
me. If I return the amulet, may I go free?

KANDIVE
Toss the amulet at my feet. Also
Laccodel's Rune. Then I shall
decide what mercy to grant you.

TURJAN
Even the rune?

KANDIVE
Or your life.

Turjan reaches into his pouch, pulls forth the crystal Pandelume gave him and holds it against the pommel of his sword.

TURJAN
Ho, Kandive you cunt, I
have discerned your trick.
You merely wish to frighten
me into surrender. I defy you!

Kandive shrugs.

KANDIVE
Die then.

Kandive pushes the spring, the floor jerks open and Turjan

disappears into the gulf. Kandive races out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. KANDIVE'S TRAP DUNGEON - NIGHT

Kandive races into the bottom of his trap dungeon to find no trace of Turjan.

CUT TO:

INT. PANDELUME'S CIRCULAR ROOM - DAY

Turjan reappears in Pandelume's circular teleportation room. Turjan moves away from the rune in the floor, looking uneasily at the door.

TURJAN

Pandelume! I have returned.

Deep quiet. Turjan studies the two doors, then grabs the handle of the door on the right. His back to it, he swings it open.

TURJAN

Pandelume!

Along with Turjan, we heard a labored breath coming from behind him. Turjan hurries back into the circular room and closes the door, then sits on the floor.

PANDELUME

Turjan, you are there?

TURJAN

Yes, I have returned with the amulet.

PANDELUME

Do this quickly. Guarding your sight,
hand the amulet over your neck and enter.

Turjan closes his eyes and arranged the amulet on his chest, then gropes the door and flings it wide. Silence, then we hear an appalling, wild, demoniac screech, a hiss, the scrape of metal, the air seemed to stand still. Then an icy wind bites Turjan's face. Another hiss, then all is quiet.

PANDELUME

My gratitude is yours. Few times have

I experienced such dire stress, and
without your aid might not have
repulsed that creature of hell.

A hand lifts the amulet from Turjan's neck. We CLOSE IN on
Turjan's eyes.

PANDELUME
You may open your eyes.

Turjan does so.

INT. PANDELUME'S WORKROOM

We are now in Pandelume's workroom. There are vats here similar
to Turjan's back home.

PANDELUME
I will not thank you, but in order
that a fitting symmetry be maintained,
I perform a service for a service.
I will not only guide your hands as
you work among the vats, but also
will I teach you other matters of value.
Working under my unseen tutelage, you
will learn the secret of renewed youth,
many spells of the ancients, and a
strange abstract lore I term: Mathematics.
Within this instrument resides the Universe.
Passive in itself and not of sorcery,
it elucidates every problem, each phase
of existence, all the secrets of time
and space. Your spells and runes are
built upon its power and codified
according to a great underlying
mosaic of magic. The design of this
mosaic we cannot surmise; our
knowledge is didactic, empirical,
arbitrary. Phandaal glimpsed the
pattern and so was able to formulate
many of the spells which bear his
name. I have endeavored through the
ages to break the clouded glass, but
so far my research has failed. He
who discovers the pattern will know
all of sorcery and be a man powerful
beyond comprehension.

Through the solitary window we can see, in the distance, T'sais riding her horse.

PANDELUME
Or woman. Or whoever. Whatever.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PANDELUME'S WORKROOM - NIGHT

Hours have passed and Turjan now sits with many papers filled with mathematics.

TURJAN
I find herein a wonderful beauty.
This is no science, this is art,
where equations fall away to
elements like resolving chords,
and where always prevails a symmetry
either explicit or multiplex, but
always of a crystalline serenity.

CUT TO:

Turjan at the vats, pouring in a purple potion into one of them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EMBELYON/PANDELUME'S MANSE

TIMELAPSE - The stunning day turns to opalescent night then back to day and so forth a few times.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PANDELUME'S WORKROOM - NIGHT

TIMELAPSE - A human embryo forms in the vat, and grows into a young adult human woman.

END TIMELAPSE. Turjan pulls the wet, naked woman from the vat: FLORIEL. Her hair is the same pale green as the girl-child from Kandive's palace, her skin a creamy tan, wide emerald eyes.

TURJAN
I shall call you Floriel.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EMBELYON - DAY

Turjan follows Floriel through the meadow where she wanders among the flowers.

CUT TO:

Floriel sits silently by the river.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMBELYON/PANDELUME'S MANSE - DAY

Floriel is lying in the meadow amongst the flowers just outside Pandelume's manse. T'sais rides her horse into the meadow, slashing at flowers with her sword. Floriel stands up to view this. T'sais rides right up to Floriel.

CUT TO:

INT. PANDELUME'S MANSE

Turjan hears the hooves of T'sais' horse and runs outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMBELYON/PANDELUME'S MANSE

T'SAIS
Green-eyed woman, fuck you!
Your aspect horrifies me,
it is death for you!

T'sais slices Floriel's head off, then rides away.

TURJAN
You fucking bitch!

We ZOOM IN on Turjans furious face, then ZOOM IN on T'sais' furious face as she looks at Turjan. He lets her ride away, out of sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PANDELUME'S WORKROOM - NIGHT

Turjan studys the endless papers of mathematics.

PANDELUME

Yes, good. Carry the four.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PANDELUME'S WORKROOM - DAY

Turjan has grown a beard. He raises his head from his work.

TURJAN

Pandelume! Are you near?

PANDELUME

What do you wish, Turjan?

TURJAN

You mentioned that when you made
T'sais, a flaw warped her brain.
Now I would create one like her,
of the same intensity, yet sound
of mind and spirit.

PANDELUME

As you will.

Another paper with a long complex mathematic pattern appears
before Turjan, on top of his other papers.

TIMELAPSE - Another human develops in the vat, this time, an
identical twin of T'sais.

END TIMELAPSE.

Turjan helps her from the vat. Instead of having an angry
expression like T'sais, this twin has a cheerful one. He brings
a large towel about her.

TURJAN

Beautiful. Your name shall be T'sain,
and already I know that you will
be part of my life.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EMBELYON - DAY

Turjan and T'sain sit by the river.

TURJAN

Presently we return to Earth, to
my home beside a great river in the
green land of Ascolais.

T'SAIN

Is the sky of Earth filled with
colors?

TURJAN

No. The sky of Earth is a fathomless
dark blue, and an ancient red sun
rides across the sky. When night
falls the stars appear in patterns
that I will teach you. Embelyon
is beautiful, but Earth is wide,
and the horizons extend far off
into mystery. As soon as Pandelume
wills, we return to Earth.

T'sain dives into the river, swimming with glee. Turjan skips
some stones across the water, then begins to walk back towards
Pandelume's manse, but turns back toward T'sain.

TURJAN

Oh yes, by the way, watch
out for this bitch, T'sais, who
looks exactly like you.
She might try to kill you.

Turjan starts walking away again.

T'SAIN

What?

Turjan keeps walking.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EMBELYON - DAY

T'sain strolls through a more distant meadow, across some low
hills and into a dark forest where she finds a brook. She drinks

from it, then walks along the bank and soon finds a wooden hut. She opens the door and goes inside. Not much inside but a grass bed and a basket of nuts. T'sain begins to leave and we hear approaching hooves. T'sain stands in the doorway and T'sais brings her horse to a halt and dismounts, raises her sword to strike, halts, lowers it. They both wear the same white breeches.

T'SAIS

How is this, bitch? You bear my
semblance, yet you are not me.
Or has the boon of madness come
at last to dim my sight of this
world?

T'SAIN

I am T'sain. I think that you are
my twin. My sister. For this I
must love you and you must love
me.

T'SAIS

Love? I love nothing! I will kill
you and so make the world better
by one less evil.

T'sais raises her sword again.

T'SAIN

No! Why do you wish to harm me?
I have done no wrong!

T'SAIS

You do wrong by existing, and you
offend me by coming to mock
my own hideous mold.

T'SAIN

(laughs) Hideous? No. I
am beautiful, for Turjan
says so. Therefore you are
beautiful, too.

T'SAIS

You're fucking with me.

T'SAIN

Never. You are indeed very

beautiful.

T'sais drops the point of her sword to the ground.

T'SAIS

Beauty! What is beauty? Can
it be that I am blind, that
a fiend distorts my vision?
Tell me, how does one see
beauty?

T'SAIN

I don't know. It seems very
plain to me. Is not the play of
colors across the sky
beautiful?

T'SAIS

The harsh glaring? They are
either angry or dreary, in
either case detestable.

T'SAIN

See how delicate are the flowers,
fragile and charming.

T'SAIS

They are parasites, they smell
vilely.

T'SAIN

I do not know how to explain
beauty. You seem to find joy
in nothing. Does nothing give
you satisfaction?

T'SAIS

Only killing and destruction.
So then these must be beautiful.

T'SAIN

I would term these evil concepts.

T'SAIS

Do you believe so?

T'SAIN

I am sure of it.

T'SAIS

How can I know how to act?
I have been certain, and now
you tell me that I do evil!

T'SAIN

I have lived little, and I am
not wise. Yet I know that everyone
entitled to life. Turjan could
explain to you easily.

T'SAIS

Who is Turjan?

T'SAIN

He is a very good man and
I love him greatly. Soon
we go to Earth, where the
sky is vast and deep and
of dark blue.

T'SAIS

Earth... If I went to Earth,
could I also find beauty and
love?

T'SAIN

That may be, for you have a
brain to understand beauty,
and beauty of your own to
attract love.

T'SAIS

All right, fuck it then,
I kill no more, regardless
of what wickedness I see.
I will ask Pandelume to send
me to Earth.

T'sain hugs T'sais and kisses her.

T'SAIN

You are my sister and I will love
you.

T'SAIS

Then... I love you, my sister.
I kill no more, and I will find
and know beauty on Earth or die.

T'sais gets on her horse and rides away. Turjan, beard shaven
off, enters this part of the forest.

TURJAN

T'sain! Has that frenzied bitch
harmed you? I'll kill her!

Turjan raises his hand and in it a fireball begins to form.

T'SAIN

No, Turjan. She has promised
to kill no more. She goes
to Earth seeking what she
may not find in Embelyon.

A few beats.

T'SAIN

Turjan?

TURJAN

What is your wish?

T'SAIN

When we come to Earth, will
you find me a black horse
like that of T'sais?

TURJAN

Indeed.

Turjan laughs, and they walk back towards the house of
Pandelume.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE: 2 - MAZIRIAN THE MAGICIAN

FADE IN:

EXT. MAZIRIAN'S GARDEN - DAY

A middle aged, cloaked magician with black slippers, MAZIRIAN, walks through a garden of exotic trees and plants. Flowers bow as he passes them. There are transparent trunks with red and yellow veins within, trees with foliage like metal, each leaf a different kind of metal. There are shrubs with pipe-shaped blossoms that release soft whistling music. We hear an animal-like scream.

Mazirian quickly finds a mole chewing the stalk of a plant-animal hybrid with furry leaves and red mouth, the screamer. Mazirian kills the mole with his foot. The screamer gasps with relief. Mazirian strokes one of the screamer's leaves, and the red mouth hisses in pleasure.

PLANT-ANIMAL
k-k-k-k-k-k-k

He stoops and feeds the dead mole to the screamer. It sucks the rodent in and gulps it down into its underground bladder with a gurgle and a belch. Mazirian stands up and looks around, squinting, then shouts a spell. The plant-animal becomes immobile, as does a large green moth which wafts to the ground. Mazirian spins around to see, at the edge of the forest outside his garden, T'sain on a black horse with golden eyes. Mazirian walks toward her, but after a few paces she rides her horse back into the forest, gone. Mazirian flings his coat down in rage, then returns to his house beside the garden, entering his workshop.

INT. MAZIRIAN'S WORKSHOP - DAY

On a table sits a clear crystal cube glowing red and blue. He grabs a bronze gong and silver hammer from a cabinet, then taps the gong with the hammer over and over until the agonized face of a man, AZVAN, appears in the cube.

AZVAN
Stay the strokes, Mazirian!
Strike no more on the gong
of my life!

MAZIRIAN
Do you spy on me, Azvan?
Do you send a woman to
regain the gong?

AZVAN

Not I, Master, not I.
I fear you too well.

MAZIRIAN
Bring that bitch back
here, Azvan. Right now!

AZVAN
Impossible, Master!
I know not who or what
she is!

Mazirian makes as if to strike.

AZVAN
Oh fuck, no, no,
please, don't!
Don't! No!

Mazirian throws the hammer to the ground and puts the gong back in the cabinet. Azvan's face fades away. Mazirian strokes his chin, then walks across the room to a long vat, with a green light projector shining down on it, containing a handsome blonde man. Mazirian presses a button on the vat which drains the liquid, then he grabs a nearby syringe containing a bit of liquid which he injects into the neck of the vat-man. The man twitches and his eyes open squinting. Mazirian pulls away the light projector, and the vat-man clumsily moves his arms and legs around.

MAZIRIAN
Sit up!

In Frankenstein style, vat-man roars and springs from the vat, seizing Mazirian by the throat and shakes him. One of Mazirian's hands is just in reach of the neck of a lead bottle, which he grabs and hits the vat-man in the head with. Vat-man falls down unconscious. At a table Mazirian mixes a white potion and pours it into the vat-man's mouth, and he becomes conscious again, but not angry.

Mazirian goes to a window to view his post sunset garden. White blossoms open and gray moths fly out. Mazirian enters a trap door in the floor of his workroom and descends deep down some stairs lit by yellow lamps.

INT. MAZIRIAN'S DUNGEON - NIGHT

Eventually he comes to some fungus beds, an oak and iron door with three locks. The stairs continue down into blackness. Mazirian unlocks the locks, and enters a room containing only a glass box on a pedestal. Within it is a small, scary, six legged dragon chasing around an even smaller, naked Turjan. They keep going around in circles. Mazirian picks up a nearby glass block which he slides snugly into the middle of the box, separating Turjan from the dragon. Turjan slumps to rest. Mazirian gives both box dwellers meat and little cups of water.

MAZIRIAN

Ah, you are fatigued. Do you
desire rest?

Turjan is silent, eyes closed, panting.

MAZIRIAN

Think of the blue sky,
the white stars, your
castle Miir by the river
Derna. Think of wandering
free in the meadows. Consider,
you might crush the little
dragon under your heel.

Turjan looks up.

TURJAN

I would prefer to crush your
neck, Mazirian.

MAZIRIAN

Tell me, how do you invest
your vat creatures with
intelligence? Speak, and
you go free.

Turjan laughs with madness.

TURJAN

Tell you? And then? You would
kill me with hot oil in a moment.

MAZIRIAN

Wretched man, I know how to make
you speak. If your mouth were

stuffed, waxed and sealed you
would speak! Tomorrow I take a
nerve from your arm and draw
coarse cloth along its length.

Turjan is silent.

MAZIRIAN

Tonight I add an angle and
change your run to a
pentagon.

Turjan sips his water while the dragon devours its provisions.

MAZIRIAN

Tomorrow you will need all
your agility.

A beat.

MAZIRIAN

Yet even this I spare you
if you assist me with another
problem.

TURJAN

What is your difficulty,
febrile magician?

MAZIRIAN

The image of a woman-creature
haunts my brain, and I would
capture her. Late afternoon
she comes to the edge of
my garden riding a great
black horse... you know her Turjan?

TURJAN

Not I, Mazirian.

MAZIRIAN

She has sorcery enough to ward away
Felojun's Second Hypnotic spell...
Or perhaps she has some protective
rune. When I approach, she flees
into the forest.

TURJAN

So then?

Turjan nibbles the meat.

MAZIRIAN

Who may this woman be?

TURJAN

How the fuck can I say?

MAZIRIAN

I must capture her. What
spells? What spells?

TURJAN

Release me, Mazirian, and
on my word as a chosen
Hierarch of the Maram-Or,
I will deliver you this girl.

MAZIRIAN

How would you do this?

TURJAN

Pursue her into the forest
with my best Live Boots
and a headful of spells.

MAZIRIAN

You would fare no better
than I. I give you freedom
when I know the synthesis of
your vat-things. I myself
will pursue the woman.

TURJAN

And as for me, Mazirian?

MAZIRIAN

I will treat with you when
I return.

TURJAN

And if you do not
return?

MAZIRIAN

The dragon could devour

you now, if it were not
for your cursed secret.

Mazirian exits and ascends his stairwell.

INT. MAZIRIAN'S WORKROOM - NIGHT

Mazirian brings forth some books from a shelf and flips through them, among the writings we see "Phandaal's Gyrator, Felojun's Second Hypnotic Spell, The Excellent Prismatic Spray, The Charm of Untiring Nourishment, and the Spell of the Omnipotent Sphere." Mazirian sips upon some wine.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAZIRIAN'S GARDEN - DAY

Mazirian again walks through his garden. This time he is wearing some large boots that rise up just past his knees. T'sain soon arrives on her horse at the forest's edge.

MAZIRIAN

Ho, girl. You have come again.
Why are you here of evenings?
Do you admire the roses? They
are vividly red because live
red blood flows in their petals.
If today you do not flee, I will
make you the gift of one.

Mazirian plucks a rose from a rosebush which then shudders.
After taking a few steps towards T'sain, she flees.

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

Mazirian chases after T'sain and her horse, each stride bringing him many feet forward and upward due to his "Live Boots". Eventually the horse leaves Mazirian's sight, but he soon catches up to it at a meadow. Here we see the horse is riderless. Mazirian stops for a moment, glancing around, then tries to chase the horse again, but his boots are dead, no more super leaps and bounds. He takes them off, now bare-foot. He returns the way he came. On a rock sits a tiny green man mounted on a dragon-fly, TWK-MAN. He holds a lance twice his length.

MAZIRIAN

Have you seen a woman of my

race passing by, Twk-man?

TWK-MAN

I have seen such a woman.

MAZIRIAN

Where may she be found?

TWK-MAN

What may I expect for
the information?

MAZIRIAN

Salt. As much as you
can bear away.

TWK-MAN

Salt? No. Liane the
Wayfarer provides the
chieftain Dandanflores
salt for all the tribe.

MAZIRIAN

A vial of oil from my
telanxis blooms?

TWK-MAN

Good, show me the vial.

Mazirian pulls out the vial.

TWK-MAN

She left the trail at the
lighting-blasted oak
lying a little before you.
She made directly for the
river valley, the shortest
route to the lake.

Mazirian puts the vial on the rock, then makes his way past a charred oak and into a glade before a river. Some trees here have blood on them. A handsome, black skinned man with long slit eyes and fangs, a DEODAND, lunges at Mazirian from the dark shade. Mazirian spins about to face him, and the deodand sits down on a fallen tree.

DEODAND

Ah, Mazirian, you roam the
woods far from home.

MAZIRIAN

I come seeking, Deodand.
Answer my questions, and
I undertake to feed you
much flesh.

DEODAND

You may in any event,
Mazirian. Are you with
powerful spells today?

MAZIRIAN

I am. Tell me, how long
has it been since the girl
passed? Went she fast,
slow, alone or in company?
Answer, and I give you
meat.

DEODAND

Blind magician! She has
not left the glade.

The deodand points behind Mazirian, who turns to look, and the Deodand lunges at him again. Mazirian jumps back and speaks a spell, sending the deodand high into the air, spinning, then low to the ground, then back up again. Mazirian puts out his hand and causes the deodand to come low to the ground, still spinning head over heels but slower now.

MAZIRIAN

Will you die quickly
or slow? Help me and
I kill you at once.
Otherwise you shall
rise high where the
pelgrane fly.

DEODAND

May dark Thial spike your
eyes! May Kraan hold your
living brain in acid!

MAZIRIAN
Well fuck off then.

Mazirian waves his hand up and the deodand soars up past the tree tops, soon attacked by a flying humanoid bat beaked creature. (pelgrane) Several more of them approach.

DEODAND
Down, Mazirian! I tell
what I know!

Mazirian brings him back to the Earth.

DEODAND
She passed alone before
you came. I made to
attack her but she
repelled me with a handful
of thyle-dust. She went to
the end of the glade and took
the trail to the river. This
trail leads also past the lair
of thrang. So is she lost,
for he will sate himself
on her till she dies.

MAZIRIAN
Had she spells with her?

DEODAND
I know not. She will need
strong magic to escape
the demon thrang.

MAZIRIAN
Is there anything else to
tell?

DEODAND
Nothing.

MAZIRIAN
Then you may die.

Mazirian waves his hand and the deodand is sent revolving fast into the air, not as high this time, but he spins so fast that his body parts fly off in all directions, his head shooting off

like a bullet down the glade. Mazirian departs as the sun sets.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Mazirian walks downstream along a river leading him to a lake. Here at an alcove in the rock we find the lair of THRANG, a ghoulish bear with a gray-white human head. There is a couch of grass and skins, and a rude pen caging three women, bruised and horrified. Thrang is struggling to subdue T'sain, tearing her jerkin. She is able to keep him away somewhat.

T'SAIN

See, Mazirian has come to
kill you!

Thrang twists around and charges on all fours at Mazirian. Mazirian winces for a moment, unable to cast a spell, then shakes it off and utters one. Multi-colored darts of radiant fire from all directions come to split Thrang's body into pieces, purple blood flowing out of him. T'sain has fled toward the lake, Mazirian chases after her, heedless of the cries of the caged women.

The water is still, tideless. There is no moon in the sky. Mazirian comes to the edge of the river just before the lake. Across the river is the pale white form of T'sain.

MAZIRIAN

Ho, girl! It is I, Mazirian,
who saved you from Thrang.
Come close, that I may speak
to you.

T'SAIN

At this distance I hear you
well, Magician. The closer
I approach the farther I must
flee.

MAZIRIAN

Why then do you flee? Return
with me and you shall be mistress
of many secrets and hold
much power.

T'SAIN

(laughs) If I wanted these,

Mazirian, would I have fled
so far?

MAZIRIAN

Who are you then that you
desire not the secrets
of magic?

T'SAIN

To you I am nameless,
lest you curse me. Now
I go where you may not come.

T'sain runs downstream and wades into the water of the lake, and sinks down out of sight. Mazirian utters another spell and enters the water, plunging down to stand on the bottom.

EXT. UNDERLAKE - NIGHT

Green light glows here, lake flowers of red, blue and yellow drift by, as do big-eyed fish of many shapes. There are also trees down here bearing purple fruits. T'sain half swims, half runs across the lake floor, Mazirian chases her.

They come to a ruined white temple. There are many columns, some still upholding the pediment. Mazirian follows her inside, then, just after losing sight of her again, the temple begins to tumble upon him, and he jumps back. Two columns crash to either side of him, and a slab protects his body from the blocks. Through a chink he can see T'sain far above him, looking down at the rubble. Mazirian utters another spell and a sphere of force forms around him, pushing aside the stones. Once he is free of the objects, he waves the sphere out of existence and sees T'sain in the distance moving behind a brake of long purple kelp and climbing the slope to the shore.

EXT. LAKESHORE - NIGHT

T'sain drags herself up on the beach. Mazirian still follows her, ascending through the water. T'sain runs up the slope and carefully gets herself behind a large patch of pale grass. Mazirian exits the water, striding up and through the grass, its blades becoming sinewy fingers and twine about his ankles, holding him. Other blades of this grass move to find his skin. Mazirian chants one last spell, and the vampire grass becomes limp. He then follows T'sain.

MAZIRIAN
Bitch, come here!
I must punish you
for leading me so
far!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

T'sain runs into the dark woods, and here we find more deadly vegetation. A multitude of plant thongs whip her, she falls. One whip causes her to twist around to find Mazirian behind her. He himself is struggling with the plant whips. She gives up trying to fight it, but Mazirian does not. He foams with fury as he struggles to combat the whips, and so they all concentrate on him, and T'sain is able to crawl to the edge of the grove. She gets up eventually and looks back at Mazirian who struggles in a cloud of vampire weed whips. They hold him down and coil around him, others strike at him, thrashing him, killing him. T'sain is bleeding badly, but she is able to trudge away.

EXT. MAZIRIAN'S GARDEN - NIGHT

T'sain makes it back to the beautiful nighttime garden. There are night-blooming flowers, half-vegetable moths flying around, phosphorescent water-lilies floating in a pond. As T'sain stumbles through, some flowers awaken and regard her curiously. The half-animal hybrid chitters at her in its sleep. There is faint music coming from blue cupped flowers. She enters Mazirian's house.

INT. MAZIRIAN'S WORKROOM - NIGHT

Mazirian's vat-man sits up to stare at T'sain blankly. She finds a key ring with a bunch of keys in a cabinet and opens the trap door in the floor. She then slumps down on floor beside it, falling asleep, seeing visions of Mazirian coming for her. She awakens to find the vat-man fumbling with her hair. She half walks, half falls down the stairs of Mazirian's dungeon, unlocks the thrice-bound door, enters. Turjan and the dragon are playing their desperate game, and T'sain flings the glass top of the box away, shattering it. She lifts Turjan out and sets him down. As she does so, a rune on her wrist touches Turjan, and he grows back to regular size. T'sain, still bleeding a lot, slumps down on the ground again.

TURJAN
Oh, sweet honey!

Baby! Yes! Yes!

T'SAIN
You are free.

TURJAN
And Mazirian?

T'SAIN
He is dead.

TURJAN
T'sain, dear creature of
my mind, more noble are
you than I, who used the
only life you knew for
my freedom. But I shall
restore you to the vats.
With your brain I build
another T'sain, as lovely
as you. Hell, I'll make an
army of T'sains. Its going
to be awesome. Bunch of
beautiful nymphs hanging
out at Castle Miir!
We go!

Turjan bores her up the stone stairs.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE: 3 - T'SAIS

