

## CONAN THE CIMMERIAN

BY

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**BLACK SCREEN FOREVER****FADE IN ON:****SUPER: DISPLAY TITLE:****THE FROST-GIANTS DAUGHTER.**THE TITLE FADES AWAY AND DISSOLVE'S TO:An extremely high circling shot of a SNOW COVERED RED-STAINED BATTLEFIELD!Pan over the area as the *camera descends* --- CLOSER EVER CLOSER TO -**EXT. ESTABLISHING AERIAL SHOT - THE PLAINS OF YMIR - DAY**

WE SEE A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE SNOW-COVERED PLAINS OF YMIR.

(WE HEAR) A constant CLANGOR AND CLASH of steel.

(WIDE-ANGLE ON MEN, BOTH AESIR AND VANIR)Being cut down and blood spatters everywhere all over the snow-covered plains of *YMIR*.CLOSE IN ON:A **battle** that **rages** on and on.

It's brutal.

AMONG THEM: CONAN OF THE BLACK-HAIR(ANGLE ON CONAN)**Conan** does the *work of ten men*, piling up bodies with his relentless assault.

Conan is the one standout among the AEsir and Vanir.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

As time wears on: More and more brutality.

FOCUS ON THE RISE AND FALL OF BLOODIED WEAPONS(WIDE-ANGLE ON AESIR AND VANIR)

Men being cut down left and right.

(WE CAN HEAR NEAR AND FAR)

(MORE)

The horrible cries of the dying.

ROVING SHOT OF THE BATTLE'S CLOSE CONFRONTATION - THEN

(FINALLY, WE HEAR)

The clangor of swords *DYING* away, the *shouting* of *slaughter* HUSHING.

There is nothing but *silence* on the red-stained snow.

ANGLE ON THE PANORAMIC VIEW OF

Bleak pale sun that glitters blindingly from snow-blanketing icefields.

WE PAN OVER

Snow-covered plains striking sheens of silver from rent corselets and broken blades.

(ANGLE ON THE PLAIN)

There on that plain we see the dead lay as they had fallen.

**EXT. SNOW-COVERED PLAINS - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

(ANGLE ON CLOSE-UP OF A BLOODIED HAND)

Focus on the nerveless hand still gripping the broken handle.

**EXT. MORE SNOW-COVERED PLAINS - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

(PAN AROUND HELMETED HEADS)

Back-drawn in the death throes, red beards and golden beards tilt grimly upward, as if in last invocation to Ymir the frost-giant, god of a warrior-race.

(PANORAMIC ANGLE --- CAMERA MOVING ACROSS AND AROUND)

The red-stained snowdrifts and mail-clad forms.

FINALLY, THE CAMERA STOPS (CRANE OVERHEAD AND AROUND)

Two LARGE figures GLARING at each other.

PAN UP TO THE SKY

The frosty sky over them, the white illimitable plains all around them.

DOLLY UP AND PAN AROUND

The MAIL-CLAD dead men at their feet.

WIDE ANGLE - CAMERA CAPTURES THE TWO MEN

Slowly MOVING through the corpses, LIKE GHOSTS might come to a tryst through the shambles of a dead world.

In the brooding silence they stand face to face.

PAN NEAR AND AROUND TWO MEN:

Both are TALL men and BUILT LIKE TIGERS.

Their shields are gone, their corselets *battered* and *dented*.

Dried blood on their mail.

BLOOD-STAINED swords.

Their horned helmets MARKED WITH fierce strokes.

(CONAN)

One is beardless and black-maned.

(HEIMDUL)

(MORE)

The locks and beard of the other: red as the blood on the sunlit snow.

**HEIMDUL**

Man tell me your name, so that my brothers in  
**Vanaheim** may know who was the last of  
**Wulfhere's** band to fall before the sword of  
**Heimdul**.

**CONAN**

(growling)

Not in **Vanaheim**, but in **Valhalla** will you tell  
your brothers that you met **Conan of Cimmeria**.

SHOT OF HEIMDUL ATTACKING CONAN --- (ANGLE UP TO HEIMDUL)

Heimdul ROARING and LEAPING, his sword FLASHING in a deathly arc.

(SHOT OF CONAN --- QUICK-CHANGE ANGLE TO CONAN STAGGERING)

Barely able to stand, head swimming in a haze of confusion.

(P.O.V.: CONAN'S)

Vision FILLING with red sparks as (HEIMDUL'S) singing blade crashes on his helmet, shivering into bits of blue fire.

CLOSE-UP: ACTION SHOT OF CONAN REELING AND FALLING TO HIS KNEES --- (SWITCH TO REAR SHOT: CONAN)

*Thrusting* with all the power of his broad shoulders behind the *humming blade*.

CLOSE-UP SHOT OF - (HEIMDUL)

The sharp point (OF CONAN'S BLOODIED BLADE) *tearing* through *brass scales* and *bones* and *heart*.

(ANGLE ON HEIMDUL FALLING)

The red-haired warrior dying at Conan's feet.

PAN AROUND AND CAPTURE CONAN RISING TO HIS FEET

(CONAN)

The Cimmerian standing up, trailing his sword, a sudden sick weariness assailing him.

(CHANGE ANGLE TO CLOSE-UP: CONAN SQUINTING)

The glare of the sun on the snow cut his eyes like a knife.

CONAN SHIELDING HIS EYES

The pain is unbearable.

(ANGLE ON THE SKY)

SEEMING shrunken and strangely apart.

PAN AROUND CONAN

(MORE)

Turning away from the trampled expanses where yellow-bearded warriors lay locked with red-haired slayers in the embrace of death.

He takes a few steps-

The glare of the snowfields suddenly dims.

A rushing wave of blindness engulfs him.

SINKING down into the snow, supporting himself on one mailed arm.

He seeks to shake the blindness out of his eyes with little effect, no result.

(WE HEAR AUDIO-SFX)

A silvery laugh cuts through his dizziness; his sight clears slowly.

(CONAN)

LOOKING up.

CAMERA FOCUSES ON: CONAN P.O.V.

The strange landscape that Conan could not place or define.

He doesn't wonder long.

Before him, swaying like a sapling in the wind, *stands a woman.*

(ANGLE ON THE WOMAN: ATALI)

-Her body like ivory to his dazed eyes-

-Her garment: a light veil of gossamer.

-But for that, she's naked.

-Her slender bare feet: whiter than the snow they spurn.

(CLOSE-UP ATALI)

She laughs down at the bewildered warrior.

Her laughter: Sweet and poisonous, *mocking.*

ANGLE ON CONAN: HEAD-SHOT

**CONAN**

(demanding)

Who are you? Whence come you, girl?

CLOSE SHOT (TOE TO HEAD) OF ATALI

**ATALI**

(crane up rear shot: facing Conan)

What matter?

(CAMERA DOLLY AROUND CONAN AND ATALI)

(Her voice: musical, edged with cruelty)

Oh man, what does it matter?

(P.O.V.: CONAN)

**CONAN**

(grasping his sword)

Call up your men. Yet though my strength fails me, they shall not take me alive. I see that you are of the Vanir.

**ATALI**

(MORE)

Have I said so?

FOCUSED SHOT: CONAN STARING AT THE WOMAN'S HAIR AND BODY

(P.O.V.: CONAN)

ATALI'S LOCKS, at first glance thought to be red --- Now he sees that HER LOCKS OF HAIR ARE a glorious compound of both colors --- RED AND YELLOW.

(CONAN)

GAZING spellbound.

(P.O.V.: CONAN)

Her hair is like elfin gold.

The sun strikes it so dazzlingly that he could scarcely bear to look upon it.

FOCUS DIRECTLY ON

(ATALI'S) eyes likewise neither wholly blue nor wholly grey, but of shifting colors and dancing lights and clouds of colors he could not define.

(ATALI'S) full red lips smile, and from her slender feet to the blinding crown of her billowy hair, her ivory body is as perfect as the dream of a god.

ANGLE ON CONAN AND ATALI

CONAN'S PULSE (AUDIO-SFX) HAMMERING IN HIS TEMPLES

**CONAN**

I cannot tell whether you are of **Vanaheim** and *mine enemy*, or of **Asgard** and *my friend*. Far have I wandered, but a woman like you I have never seen. Your locks blind me with their brightness. Never have I seen such hair, not even among the fairest daughters of the AEsir. By Ymir—

**ATALI**

(mocking him)

Who are you to swear by Ymir? What know you of the gods of ice and snow, you who have come up from the south to adventure among an alien people?

**CONAN**

(cries in anger)

By the dark gods of my own race! Though I am not of the golden-haired AEsir, none has been more forward in swordplay! This day I have seen four score men fall, and I alone have survived the field where **Wulfhere's reavers** met the **wolves of Bragi**. Tell me, woman, have you seen the flash of mail out across the snow-plains, or seen armed men moving upon the ice?

**ATALI**

I have seen the hoar-frost glittering in the sun. I have heard the wind whispering across the everlasting snows.

**CONAN**

(MORE)

(sighs, shakes his head)

**Niord** should have come up with us before the battle was joined. I fear he and his fighting-men have been ambushed. **Wulfhere** and his warriors lie dead.

I had thought there was no village within many leagues of this spot, for the war carried us far, but you cannot have come a great distance over these snows, naked as you are. Lead me to your tribe, if you are of Asgard, for I am faint with blows and the weariness of strife.

**ATALI**

(laughing, voice like bells)

My village is further than you can walk, Conan of Cimmeria.

Spreading her arms wide, she sways before him --- her golden head lolling sensuously, her scintillant eyes half-shadowed beneath their long silken lashes-

**ATALI (CONT'D)**

Am I not beautiful, oh man?

**CONAN**

(muttering, eyes burning like a wolf)

Like *Dawn* running naked on the snows!

**ATALI**

(CHANTING in maddening mockery)

Then why do you not *rise* and follow me? Who is the *strong warrior* who falls before me? *Lie* down and *die* in the snow with the other fools, **Conan of the black hair**. You cannot follow where I would lead.

#### FULL-BODIED SHOT: CONAN

With an oath the Cimmerian heaves himself up on his feet, his blue eyes blazing, his dark scarred face contorts.

Rage shakes his soul, but desire for the taunting figure before him hammers at his temples and drives his wild blood fiercely through his veins.

#### FIRST-PERSON P.O.V.: CONAN SEES RED

Passion fierce as physical agony floods his whole being, so that earth and sky swam red to his dizzy gaze.

#### CONAN AND ATALI

(REAR OVERHEAD VIEW) He doesn't speak as he drives at her, fingers spread out to grip her soft flesh.

(GROUND-LEVEL VIEW) With a shriek of laughter, she leaps back and runs, laughing at him over her white shoulder.

#### REAR-SHOT: CONAN FOLLOWS ATALI

With a low growl Conan follows.

He forgets everything around him but the slender white shape which seems to float rather than run before him.

#### WIDE-ANGLE SHOT OF CONAN CHASING ATALI

(MORE)

Out across the white blinding plains he chases her.

FOCUS ON THE EXPANSE OF THE PLAINS AROUND THEM

Aerial shot of the snow-covered plains showing the expanse and desolation.

CAMERA PANS DOWN TO SHOW THE ONGOING RACE BETWEEN ATALI AND CONAN.

Zoom closer and closer.

ZOOM IN ON ATALI PASSING THE CAMERA FOLLOWED BY CONAN OUT OF BREATH.

(WE HEAR THE DOMINATING SOUND-SFX OF CONAN'S BEATING HEART AND HEAVY BREATHING)

Conan SHOWING no sign of giving up where a lesser man would've passed out.

THEN A FAST-PACED REAR MOVING SHOT BEHIND CONAN CHASING ATALI

The trampled red field falls out of sight behind him, but still Conan keeps on with the silent tenacity of his race.

THE DOMINATING SOUND-SFX OF CONAN'S BEATING HEART AND HEAVY BREATHING --- CONTINUES UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

(WE SEE) His mailed feet brakes through the frozen crust; he sinks deep in the drifts and forges through them by sheer strength.

FOCUS - ATALI DANCING ACROSS THE SNOW

(ATALI) DANCING across the snow *light as a feather* floating across a pool; her naked feet barely leaving their imprint on the hoar frost that overlays the crust.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

Despite the fire in his veins, the cold bites through the warrior's mail and fur-lined tunic;

(ANGLE ON ATALI)

In her gossamer veil RUNNING as if floating on air.

On and on she leads.

ANGLE ON CONAN

Not far behind.

*Black curses drool* through the *Conan's* parched lips.

The great veins in CONAN'S temples swell and throb and his teeth gnash.

**CONAN**

(roars at her)

*You cannot escape me!*

Lead me into a *trap* and I'll *pile* the heads of your *kinsmen* at your *feet*!

*Hide* from me and I'll *tear* apart the *mountains* to find you!

I'll follow you to hell!

(MIXING WITH SFX-CONAN'S BEATING HEART AND HEAVY BREATHING WE HEAR)

ATALI'S maddening laughter FLOATING back to him, (WE SEE) foam FLYING from CONAN'S lips.

**EXT. SHOT OF THE EXPANSE OF THE WASTES - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

(MORE)

Further and further into the wastes she leads him.

The land changes; the wide plains give way to low hills, marching upward in broken ranges.

(P.O.V.: CONAN)

Far to the north he catches a glimpse of towering mountains, blue with the distance, or white with the eternal snows.

Above these mountains shine the flaring rays of the borealis.

They spread fanwise into the sky, frosty blades of cold flaming light, changing in color, growing and brightening.

Above him the skies glow and crackle with strange lights and gleams.

The snow shines weirdly, now frosty blue, now icy crimson, now cold silver.

Through a shimmering icy realm of enchantment Conan plunges doggedly onward, in a crystalline maze where the only reality is the **white body** dancing across the glittering snow beyond his reach --- ever beyond his reach.

**EXT. FROST-GIANTS - DAY**

(REAR-SHOT OF CONAN)

Not WONDERING at the strangeness of it all, not even when two GIGANTIC FIGURES rise to bar his way.

ANGLE ON: TWO FROST-GIANTS

The *scales* of their *mail* white with hoar frost; their helmets and their axes covered with ice.

(MOVE IN FOR A CLOSE-UP)

*Snow sprinkles* their *locks*; in their beards are *spikes* of *icicles*; their eyes are cold as the lights that stream above them.

**ATALI**

(she dances between them, crying)

Brothers! Look who follows! I have brought you  
a man to slay! Take his heart that we may lay  
it smoking on our father's board!

ANGLE ON TWO FROST-GIANTS

The giants answer with roars.

ANGLE ON CONAN

(FULL FACIAL SHOT OF THE FLASH)

A frosty blade flashes before his eyes, blinding him with its brightness.

CLOSE-UP OF CONAN'S COUNTER-ATTACK

(Camera captures) *Conan* giving back a terrible stroke that shears through his foe's thigh.

With a groan the (FROST GIANT) falls.

SHOT OF: CONAN BEING STRUCK BY A BLOW

Conan is dashed into the snow, his left shoulder's numb from the blow of the (remaining Frost Giant).

The Cimmerian's mail barely saves his life.

(CONAN P.O.V.)

(MORE)



SEEING the remaining giant looming high above him like a colossus carved of ice, etched against the cold glowing sky.

ANGLE ON THE FROST-GIANTS AXE (WE SEE THE AXE FALL)

AND SINK through the snow and deep into the frozen earth as

(CONAN)

Hurls himself aside and leaps to his feet.

CLOSE-SHOT OF CONAN AND THE FROST-GIANT

The giant roars and wrenches his axe free, but even as he does,

(ANGLE ON CONAN'S SWORD SINGING DOWN)

In a deadly arc, sparks fly like blue fire, dazzling hot flames of deadly force.

SHOT OF THE FROST-GIANT FALLING

The giant's knees bend, and he sinks slowly into the snow, which turns crimson with the blood that gushes from his *half-severed neck*.

CLOSE-SHOT OF CONAN GLARING AT ATALI

Conan wheels, to see the girl standing a short distance away,

(ATALI)

Staring at him in wide-eyed horror, all the mockery gone from her face.

(CAMERA CAPTURES CONAN)

CRYING out fiercely and (WE SEE) blood-drops fly from his sword as his SWORD-HAND shakes in the intensity of his passion.

(REAR HEAD-SHOT OF CONAN LOOKING UP FACING ATALI)

(SWITCH TO CONAN P.O.V.)

**CONAN (V.O.)**

(cries out to her)

Call the rest of your brothers!

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

I'll give their hearts to the wolves! You cannot escape me-

SHOT OF ATALI FRIGHTENED AND STARTING TO TURN TO RUN

(ANGLE CHANGES TO CONAN P.O.V.)

FIRST-PERSON VIEW CAPTURES ATALI'S cry of fright, (WE SEE HER) TURN AND RUN fleetly, no longer laughing or mocking him over her white shoulder.

ANGLE ON ATALI RUNNING

As if the devil was at her back, SHE runs for her life.

(ANGLE BACK TO CONAN)

CONAN strains every nerve and muscle until his temples are like to burst and the snow SWIMS red to his gaze-

ANGLE ON REAR-SHOT OF ATALI

(MORE)

DRAWING away from (CONAN), dwindling in the witch-fire of the skies, until-  
She is a figure no bigger than a child,  
Then a dancing white flame on the snow,  
Then a dim blur in the distance.

But grinding his teeth until the blood starts from his gums, Conan chases her, until-

REAR-SHOT OF CONAN CHASING ATALI

(GROUND-LEVEL ANGLE ON CONAN)

The blur grows to a dancing white flame, and the flame to a figure big as a child;

(ANGLE CHANGES TO OVERHEAD CONAN NARROWING THE DISTANCE BETWEEN HE AND ATALI)

(ATALI IS NOW RUNNING) Less than a hundred paces ahead of him,

(OVERHEAD SHOT SHOWING HOW)

Slowly the space narrows, foot by foot.

FOCUS: ATALI RUNNING WITH EFFORT

She's running with effort now, her golden locks blowing free;

RUNNING-SHOT OF CONAN CHASING ATALI -

(SOUND SFX OF HEART PUMPING AND HEAVY BREATHING ENDS)

(WE HEAR THE) panting of her breath,

(WE SEE THE FLASH) of fear in the look she cast over her white shoulder.

(WE SEE ATALI) SLOWING down; REELING in her gait.

With an inhuman roar (WE SEE CONAN CLOSING) in on her, just as she wheels with a haunting cry and flings out her arms to fend him off.

CLOSE-SHOT OF CONAN'S SWORD

His sword falls into the snow.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

CRUSHING (ATALI) to HIS MAILED BODY.

Her lithe body bends backward as she fights with desperate frenzy in his iron arms.

Her golden hair blows about his face, blinding him with its sheen.

The feel of her slender body twisting in his mailed arms drives him to blinder madness.

His strong fingers sink deep into her smooth ice-cold flesh.

CLOSE SHOT OF CONAN AND ATALI STRUGGLING

She wrenches her golden head aside, striving to avoid the fierce kisses that bruises her red lips.

**CONAN**

(dazed and mumbling)

You are cold as the snows.

I will warm you with the fire in my own blood-

SHOT OF ATALI TEARING HERSELF AWAY FROM CONAN

(MORE)

We hear SCREAMING and (SEE) A desperate wrench, (CAMERA CAPTURES ATALI) SLIPPING from his arms, leaving her single gossamer garment in his grasp.

THEN:

(WE SEE ATALI SPRING BACK)

FACING CONAN, her golden locks in wild disarray, her white bosom heaving, her beautiful eyes blazing with terror.

CONAN

Stands frozen, awed by her terrible beauty as she poses naked against the snows.

ATALI

In that instant, she flings her arms toward the lights that glow in the skies above her.

Atali cries out in a voice that resoundingly rings in Conan's ears forever after:

**ATALI**

Ymir! Oh, my father, save me!

CLOSE-SHOT: CONAN LEAPING

(ANGLE ON) Conan LEAPING forward, (WE SEE HIS) arms spread to seize her, (WE HEAR THE SOUND-FX) OF a HUGE crack like the breaking of an ice mountain, (FOLLOW THAT SOUND-SFX WITH VISUAL-SFX) OF the whole sky LEAPING into icy fire.

(ANGLE ON ATALI)

The girl's ivory body is suddenly enveloped in a (VISUAL-SFX) OF cold blue flame so blinding that (CHANGE ANGLE TO: CONAN) the Cimmerian throws up his hands to shield his eyes from the intolerable blaze.

There's a blinding white flash and Atali is gone.

**CONAN**

(staggering, cries out)

Crom!

(CHANGE ANGLE TO)

The glowing snow (WE SEE) lay empty and bare;

(ANGLE UP - CONAN P.O.V.)

High above his head (WE GET A VIEW) of the witch-lights flashing.

CONAN P.O.V.

Then suddenly the borealis, the snow-clad hills and the blazing heavens reel drunkenly to Conan's sight; thousands of fireballs burst with showers of sparks, and the sky itself becomes a titanic wheel which rains stars as it spins.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

(VISUAL-SFX: SNOW) Under his feet the snowy hills heave up like a wave, and the Cimmerian crumples into the snows to lie motionless.

(WE SEE VISUAL-SFX) An earthquake has him in its grip and WE SEE IT shaking him about, at the same time chafing his hands and feet until he yells in pain and fury and gropes for his sword.

**NIORD (O.S)**

(MORE)

He's coming to, Horsa. Haste --- we must rub the frost out of his limbs if he's ever to wield sword again.

**HORSA (O.S)**

He won't open his left hand. He's clutching something--

CONAN

Opens his eyes and stare into the bearded faces that ARE bent over him. He's surrounded by tall golden-haired warriors in mail and furs.

(ANGLE UP TO NIORD FROM CONAN P.O.V.)

**NIORD**

Conan! You live!

**CONAN (O.S.)**

By Crom, Niord.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

Am I alive, or are we all dead and in Valhalla?

(ANGLE ON NIORD)

**NIORD**

(grunting, busy over Conan's frozen feet)

We live. We had to fight our way through an ambush, or we had come up with you before the battle was joined. The corpses were scarce cold when we came upon the field. We did not find you among the dead, so we followed your spoor. In Ymir's name, Conan, why did you wander off into the wastes of the north? We have followed your tracks in the snow for hours. Had a blizzard come up and hidden them, we had never found you, by Ymir!

ANGLE OVER TO HORSA

**HORSA**

(uneasy, muttering, glancing at the distant mountains)

Swear not so often by Ymir. This is his land and the god does bide among yonder mountains, or so the legends say.

ANGLE BACK TO CONAN

**CONAN**

(hazy)

I saw a WOMAN. We met **Bragi's men** in the plains. I know not how long we fought. I alone lived. I was dizzy and faint. The land lay like a dream before me. Only now do all things seem natural and familiar. The woman came and taunted me. She was beautiful as a frozen flame from hell. A strange madness fell upon me when I looked at her, so I forgot all else in the world. I followed her. Did you not find her tracks? Or the giants in icy mail I slew?

(MORE)

NIORD SHAKING HIS HEAD**NIORD**

We found only your tracks in the snow, Conan.

**CONAN**

(dazedly)

Then maybe I am mad. Yet you yourself are no more real to me than was the golden-locked witch who fled naked across the snows before me. Yet from under my very hands she vanished in icy flame.

**WARRIOR**

He is delirious.

**GORM**

(crying, eyes wild and weird)

Not so! It was ***Atali***, the daughter of Ymir, the frost-giant! To fields of the dead she comes and shows herself to the dying! Myself when a boy I saw her, when I lay half-slain on the bloody field of **Wolraven**. I saw her walk among the dead in the snows, her naked body gleaming like ivory and her golden hair unbearably bright in the moonlight. I lay and howled like a dying dog because I could not crawl after her. She lures men from stricken fields into the wastelands to be slain by her brothers the ice-giants, who lay men's red hearts smoking on Ymir's board. *The Cimmerian has seen **Atali**, the frost-giant's daughter.*

**HORSA**

Bah! Old GORM'S mind was touched in his youth by a sword cut on the head. Conan was delirious from the fury of battle --- look how his helmet is dented. Any of those blows might have addled his brain. It was a hallucination he followed into the wastes. He is from the south; what does he know of Atali?

**CONAN**

(muttering)

You speak truth, perhaps. It was all strange and weird --- by Crom!

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

Suddenly breaking off, glaring at the object that still dangles from his clenched left fist; the others gape silently at the veil he held up -

(CHANGE ANGLE TO)

A WISP OF GOSSAMER that was NEVER SPUN BY HUMAN DISTAFF

**FADE: TO BLACK.**

BLACKNESS FOREVER...

**FADE IN: TO TITLE.**

**SUPER -**

(MORE)

**THE POOL OF THE BLACK ONE.**

*Into the west, unknown of man,  
Ships have sailed since the world began.  
Read, if you dare, what Skelos wrote,  
With dead hands fumbling his silken coat;  
And follow the ships through the wind-blown wrack--  
Follow the ships that come not back.*

**1. SANCHA.****FADE IN:****EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE WASTREL - DECK - DAY -****ESTABLISHING FULL SHOT OF SANCHA**

ONCE OF KORDAVA, yawns daintily, stretching her supple limbs luxuriously, and composing herself more comfortably on the ermine-fringed silk spread on the carracks' poop-deck.

**(PAN AROUND THE CREW)**

WATCHING her with burning interest from waist and forecastle she is lazily aware, just as she's also aware that her short silk kirtle veils little of her voluptuous contours from their eager eyes.

**(SANCHA)**

SMILING insolently and PREPARING to snatch a few more winks before the sunrise.

SANCHA PRICKS HER EAR SUDDENLY at a REACHING sound.

She sits up, looks at the rail, over which a dripping figure is climbing. Her dark eyes open wide, her red lips part in an O of surprise.

**(SANCHA P.O.V.: CONAN)**

The intruder: a stranger to her.

Water runs in rivulets from his great shoulders and down his heavy arms.

His single garment --- a pair of bright crimson silk breeches and his broad gold-buckled girdle and the sheathed sword it supported are soaking wet.

As he stands at the rail, the rising sun etches him like a great bronze statue.

He runs his fingers through his streaming black mane, and his blue eyes sparkle as they rest on the girl.

**SANCHA (O.S.)**

Who are you? Whence did you come?

**(ANGLE ON CONAN)****(MORE)**

He makes a gesture toward the sea that took in a whole quarter of the compass, while his eyes doesn't leave her supple figure.

(ANGLE ON SANCHA)

She's confused by the candor of his gaze, though she's accustomed to admiration.

**SANCHA (CONT'D)**

Are you a merman, that you rise up out of the sea?

BEFORE (CONAN) CAN REPLY, (WE HEAR OFF SCREEN) a sound on the boards,  
(ZAPORAVO: MASTER OF THE CARRACK)

THE MASTER OF THE CARRACK now glaring at the stranger, fingers twitching at sword-hilt.

(CARRACK: A THREE-MASTED OR FOUR-MASTED SAILING SHIP FROM THE 14<sup>TH</sup> OR 15<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY, MAINLY PORTUGAL)

**ZAPORAVO**

(guttural)

Who the devil are you, sirrah?

(non-friendly tone)

Talk to me before I decide to gut you like a cod and feed you to the sharks.

**CONAN**

(imperturbably)

I am Conan.

SANCHA

Pricks up her ears anew; she had never heard **Zingaran** spoken with such an accent as the stranger spoke it.

**ZAPORAVO**

(suspicious)

And how did you get aboard my ship?

**CONAN**

I swam.

**ZAPORAVO**

(angry)

Swam! Dog, would you jest with me? We are far beyond sight of land. Whence do you come?

(CONAN)

POINTING with a muscular brown arm toward the east.

CAMERA CAPTURES THE SUN RISING.

**CONAN**

I came from the Islands.

**ZAPORAVO**

(regarding Conan with increased interest)

Oh!

(ZAPORAVO)

(MORE)

Black brows DRAW down over scowling eyes, and the thin lip LIFTS unpleasantly.

**ZAPORAVO (CONT'D)**

So, you are one of those dogs of the Barachans.

**CONAN**

(smiling)

Um-hm.

**ZAPORAVO**

(demanding)

And do you know who I am?

**CONAN**

This ship is the *Wastrel*; so, you must be Zaporavo.

**ZAPORAVO**

(vain)

Aye!

ANGLE ON ZAPORAVO

The CAPTAIN is touched.

ZAPORAVO'S tall, tall as Conan, and leaner.

Framed in his steel morion (helmet), his face is dark, saturnine and hawk-like, men called him the **Hawk**.

Zaporavo's armor and garments are rich and ornate.

Zaporavo's hand is never far from his sword-hilt.

He doesn't like Conan.

NO LOVE IS LOST BETWEEN THEM.

DIFFERENT ANGLE ON ZAPORAVO

Toys with his sword-hilt and scowls at Conan.

ANGLE ON CONAN

Giving no hint of what his own thoughts might be.

He stands with folded arms as placidly as if upon his own deck; his lips smile, and his eyes are untroubled.

**ZAPORAVO (CONT'D)**

(demanding, abrupt)

What are you doing here?

**CONAN**

(answering)

I found it necessary to leave the rendezvous at Tortage before moonrise last night. I departed in a leaky boat, and rowed and bailed all night. Just at dawn I saw your topsails, and left the miserable tub to sink, while I made better speed in the water.

**ZAPORAVO**

(growling)

There are *sharks* in these waters.

(MORE)



ANGLE ON CONAN SHRUGGINGZAPORAVO IS IRRITATED

-A glance toward the waist showed a screen of eager faces staring upward.

-A word would send them leaping up on the poop in a storm of swords that would overwhelm even such a fighting-man as the stranger looked to be.

**ZAPORAVO**

(snarling)

Why should I burden myself with every nameless  
vagabond that the sea casts up?

(Zaporavo's look and manner more  
insulting than his words)

**CONAN**

(without resentment)

A ship can always use another good sailor.

(ZAPORAVO)

Knowing the truth of that assertion.

(CONAN)

The Cimmerian is more confident than Zaporavo likes to see.

**ZAPORAVO**

(snarling)

You'll work for your keep. Get off the poop.  
And remember, the only law here is my will.

THE SMILE BROADENS ON CONAN'S THIN LIPS

Without hesitation but without haste he turns and descends into the waist.  
He DOES not look again at Sancha.

ANGLE ON SANCHA

Sancha, during the brief conversation, watches eagerly, all eyes and ears.

OVERHEAD SHOT OF THE CREW OF THE WASTREL AND CONAN

As he (CONAN) enters the waist the crew throngs about him.

(ZINGARANS)

ALL of them, half naked, their gaudy silk garments splashed with tar,  
jewels glinting in earrings and dagger-hilts.

Eager to bait the stranger.

(CONAN)

KNOWING he will be *tested* to decide his *future* with the crew.

ANGLE ON ZAPORAVO

Up on the poop Zaporavo apparently already forgot the stranger's existence,  
but-

ANGLE ON SANCHA

-Familiar with life on a ship watches, tense with interest-

-Knows the baiting would be brutal and probably bloody.

ANGLE ON CONAN

(MORE)

-Smiles faintly as he comes into the waist.

-Sees the menacing figures pressing truculently about him.

-Pauses and eyes the ring inscrutably, his composure unshaken.

ANGLE ON THE MAN CHOSEN TO BAIT CONAN THRUST HIMSELF FORWARD

A wiry brute, with a crimson sash knotted about his head like a turban. His lean chin juts out.

His scarred face is evil beyond belief.

Every glance, each swaggering movement was an affront.

His way of beginning the baiting as primitive, raw and crude as himself.

**THE BAITER**

(sneering)

*Baracha*, eh? That's where they raise dogs for men. We of the Fellowship spit on 'em --- like this!

(THE BAITER)

**Spits** in **Conan's** face and snatches at his own sword.

(CONAN)

HIS movement IS TOO QUICK for the *EYE* to follow.

His sledge-like fist crunches with a terrible impact against THE BAITER'S jaw,

THE ZINGARAN

Catapults through the air and falls in a crumpled heap by the rail.

CONAN

Turning towards the others.

But for a slumbering glitter in his eyes, his bearing is unchanged.

But the baiting's over as suddenly as it began.

THE SEAMEN

Lifting their companion; his broken jaw hung slack, his head lolled unnaturally.

**SEA-ROGUE**

(swearing)

By Mitra, his neck's broken!

**CONAN**

(laughing)

You Freebooters are a weak-boned race. On the Barachas we take no account of such taps as that. Will you play at sword-strokes, now, any of you? No? Then all's well, and we're friends, eh?

THE ZINGARANS

They unanimously agree they are all friends.

ANGLE ON BRAWNY ARMS SWINGING THE DEAD MAN OVER THE RAIL

And a dozen fins cut the water as he sank.

ANGLE ON CONAN

(MORE)

Conan laughs and spread his mighty arms as a great cat might stretch itself, and his gaze seeks the deck above.

#### CONAN P.O.V.

Looking at Sancha.

#### ANGLE ON SANCHA

(CLOSE-UP) Sancha leaning over the rail, red lips part, dark eyes aglow with interest.

The sun behind her outlines her lithe figure through the light kirtle which its glow made transparent.

Then across her falls *Zaporavo's* scowling shadow and a heavy hand falls possessively on her slim shoulder.

There's menace and meaning in the glare he bent on Conan.

#### ANGLE ON CONAN GRINNING

Conan grins back, as if at a jest none knew but himself.

#### ZAPORAVO

Makes the mistake so many autocrats make; Alone in somber grandeur on the poop, he *underestimates Conan*.

#### CONAN GIVES ZAPORAVO NO PROVOCATION

He mixes with the crew, lives and makes merry as they did.

He proves himself a skilled sailor, and by far the strongest man any of them had seen.

He does the work of three men:

-Always first to spring to any heavy or dangerous task.

-His mates start to rely upon him.

-Does not quarrel with them, and they are careful not to quarrel with him.

#### CONAN

Gambles with them, putting up his girdle and sheath for a stake, wins their money and weapons, and gives them back with a laugh.

#### THE CREW

Instinctively looks toward CONAN as the leader of the forecastle --- the crews living quarters.

#### **EXT. SHALLOW BAY - DAY**

#### AFTER MANY WEARY WEEKS

They raise land to westward, and at dawn drop anchor in a shallow bay.

#### WE ARE LOOKING AT A WIDE PANORAMIC SHOT OF A BEACH

Like a white band bordering an expanse of gently grassy slopes, masked by green trees.

#### SANCHA - FOCUS ON HER FACE AND BODY

The wind brings scents of fresh vegetation and spices, and *Sancha* claps her hands with glee at the prospect of adventuring ashore.

But her eagerness turns to sulkiness when *Zaporavo* orders her to remain aboard until he sends for her.

#### ZAPORAVO

(MORE)

Never gives any explanation for his commands.

(SANCHA)

She never knows his reason, unless it is the lurking devil in him that frequently made him hurt her without cause.

WE GET A MEDIUM SHOT OF SANCHA

Lounges sulkily on the poop and watches the men row ashore through the calm water that sparkles like liquid jade in the morning sunlight.

(LONG SHOT: SANCHA P.O.V.)

CAMERA PANS UP AND DOWN THE BEACH.

She sees them bunch together on the sands, suspicious, weapons ready, while several scatter out through the trees that fringes the beach.

Among these, she noted, is CONAN.

(LONG SHOT SANCHA P.O.V.: FOCUSING ON CONAN)

There's no mistaking that tall brown figure with its springy step.

Men say he's no civilized man at all, but a *CIMMERIAN*, one of those barbaric tribesmen who dwell in the gray hills of the far North, and whose raids strike terror in their southern neighbors.

At least, she knows that there's something about him, some super-vitality or barbarism that set him apart from his wild mates.

**EXT. THE BEACH - DAY**

(ANGLE ON THE CREW OF THE WASTREL)

Voices echo along the shore, as the silence reassures the buccaneers.

The clusters brake up, as men scatter along the beach in search of fruit.

**EXT. THE WASTREL - DAY**

(ANGLE ON SANCHA P.O.V.)

WATCHING THE CREW AND SULKING.

(PANORAMIC SHOT OF)

The crew of the Wastrel on the beach.

SANCHA

Sees them *climbing* and *plucking* among the trees, and her pretty mouth waters.

She stamps her foot and SWEARS.

**EXT. THE BEACH - DAY**

THE MEN

Ashore FIND fruit.

They gorged themselves, finding one unknown golden-skinned variety especially luscious.

ANGLE ON ZAPORAVO

(MORE)

Doesn't seek or eat fruit.

His *scouts* having found *nothing* indicating *men* or *beasts* in the neighborhood, he stands staring inland, at the long reaches of grassy slopes melting into one another.

Then, with a brief word, he shifts his sword-belt and strides in under the trees.

ANGLE ON ZINGARAN MATE

Expostulating with (ZAPORAVO) against going alone-  
BEING rewarded by a savage blow in the mouth.

ZAPORAVO

Has his *reasons* for wishing to go alone.

He desires to learn if this *island* is indeed that mentioned in the mysterious *Book of Skelos*, whereon, nameless philosophers allege, strange monsters guard crypts filled with *hieroglyph-carven gold*.

Nor, for murky reasons of his own, did he wish to share his knowledge, if it were true, with anyone, much less his own crew.

**EXT. THE WASTREL - DAY**

(ANGLE ON SANCHA)

Standing on the poop-deck, watching the beach.

(SANCHA P.O.V.)

Watching eagerly from the poop, SEEING (ZAPORAVO) vanish into the rainforest.

Presently she sees *Conan, the Barachan*, turn, glance briefly at the men scattered up and down the beach; THEN HE VANISHES.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY - CONCURRENT**

ANGLE ON CONAN

Going *quickly* in the direction taken by Zaporavo, and likewise *vanishes* among the trees.

**EXT. THE WASTREL - SANCHA - DAY**

SANCHA'S

Curiosity is piqued.

WAITING for them (CONAN AND ZAPORAVO) to *reappear*, but *they don't*.

SHOT OF THE CREW (SANCHA P.O.V.)

The seamen still move aimlessly up and down the beach, and some wander inland.

**EXT. BEACH - CONCURRENT**

(CAMERA SCANS OVER THE CREW)

Many lay down in the shade to sleep.

**EXT. THE WASTREL - DAY**

(CAMERA CRANES OVERHEAD: VIEW OF SANCHA)

Time passes and she fidgets about restlessly.

CAMERA P.O.V - DECK-LEVEL SHOT OF SANCHA LOOKING UP AT THE SKY

(MORE)

The sun begins to beat down hotly, in spite of the canopy above the poop-deck.

Here it's warm, silent, draggingly monotonous;

(ANGLE ON SANCHA)

A few yards away across a band of blue shallow water, the cool shady mystery of tree-fringed beach and woodland-dotted meadow beckon her.

Moreover, the mystery concerning Zaporavo and Conan tempts her.

(SANCHA)

Well knows the penalty for disobeying her merciless master, and she *sits for some time*, squirming with *indecision*.

At last she decides that it's worth even one of Zaporavo's whippings to play truant, and with no more ado she kicks off her soft leather sandals, slips out of her *kirtle* and stands up on the deck **naked as Eve**.

SANCHA CLIMBS over the rail and down the chains.

**EXT. THE SEA - DAY**

(CLOSE ON SANCHA)

SLIDING into the water and SWIMMING ashore.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

(ANGLE ON SANCHA ON THE BEACH)

Sancha rising out of the water, walking onto the beach.

*Sancha standing on the beach a few moments*, squirming as the sands tickle her small toes, while she looks for the crew.

She sees only a few, at some distance up AND down the beach.

(SANCHA P.O.V.)

Many are fast asleep under the trees, bits of golden fruit still clutched in fingers.

(CLOSE ON SANCHA)

She wonders why they sleep so soundly, so early in the day.

(HOVERING OVER SLEEPING CREW GROUND-LEVEL DISTANT VIEW OF SANCHA)

None HAILING her as she crosses the white girdle of sand-

(CLOSE ON SANCHA)

ENTERING the shade of the woodland.

**EXT. THE WOODLAND - DAY**

(ANGLE ON SANCHA IN THE WOODS)

The trees, she finds, grow in irregular clusters, and between these groves stretches rolling expanses of meadow-like slopes.

(CAMERA TRACKS SANCHA AT A DISTANCE MOVING AS SHE MOVES)

(MORE)

As she progresses inland, in the direction taken by Zaporavo, she's entranced by the green vistas that unfold gently before her, soft slope beyond slope, carpeted with green sward and dotted with groves.

Between the slopes lay gentle declivities, meadows.

The scenery seems to melt into itself, or each scene into the other; the view singular, at once broad and restricted.

Overall a dreamy silence lay like an enchantment.

She comes suddenly onto the level summit of a slope, circled with tall trees, and the dreamily faery-like sensation vanished abruptly at the sight of what lay on the reddened and trampled grass.

(CAMERA CAPTURES SANCHA)

Involuntarily CRYING out and RECOILING, STEALING forward, wide-eyed, trembling in every limb.

(CLOSE ON ZAPORAVO)

It's *Zaporavo* LYING there on the sward, staring sightlessly upward, a gaping wound in his breast.

His sword lay near his nerveless hand.

(SANCHA GAZING ON THE CORPSE OF ZAPORAVO)

-Has no cause to love him,

-Feeling at least the sensation any girl might feel when looking on the body of the man who first possessed her.

ANGLE ON SANCHA NOT WEEPING OR FEELING ANY NEED TO WEEP

-Is seized by a strong trembling, her blood congeals briefly,

-She resists a wave of hysteria.

(DIFFERENT ANGLE ON SANCHA)

LOOKING about her for the man she expects to see.

Nothing meets her eyes but the ring of tall, thickly leafed forest giants, and the blue slopes beyond them.

(SWITCH ANGLE TO SANCHA'S P.O.V. FINDING NO BLOODY TRACKS)

Puzzled, she sweeps the surrounding trees, stiffening as she catches a rustle in the emerald leaves that seemed not to be of the wind.

She heads toward the trees, staring into the leafy depths.

**SANCHA**

(inquiring)

Conan?

Sancha's voice sounds strange and small in the vastness of silence that GROWS suddenly tense.

Her knees tremble as a nameless panic sweep over her.

**SANCHA (CONT'D)**

(desperate cry)

Conan! It is I --- Sancha! Where are you?

Please, Conan-

(stammers)

(ANGLE ON SANCHA'S FACIAL EXPRESSION)

(MORE)

Unbelieving horror dilates her brown eyes.  
Her red lips part to an inarticulate scream.

(CHANGE ANGLE ON SANCHA PARALYZED)

Paralysis grip her limbs; where she desperately wants to run but can't move.

(FULL FACIAL SHOT OF SANCHA)

SHRIEKING *wordlessly*.

**FADE OUT:**

**SUPER:**

## **2. CONAN AT THE POOL OF THE BLACK GIANTS.**

**CUT TO: FLASHBACK**

**EXT. BEACH - DAY - EARLIER**

(WE NEED TO FLASH BACK TO BEFORE ZAPORAVO WAS SLAIN BY CONAN)

This must be accomplished starting with Conan watching Zaporavo leaving the beach after punching one of his men in the mouth.

(CLOSE-UP ANGLE ON CONAN WATCHING ZAPORAVO)

Conan grimacing and watching Zaporavo stalk alone into the woods.

The chance he had watched for had come. He had eaten no fruit, nor joined in the horseplay of his mates. All his faculties were occupied with watching the buccaneer chief.

(ANGLE ON THE BUCCANEERS)

ZAPORAVO'S MEN are used to his moods and turn to their own amusement.

(LONG SHOT OF CONAN)

Looking around. No one is watching him.

(WIDE ANGLE SHOT OF THE BUCCANEERS)

Not NOTICING CONAN when he GLIDES like a STALKING PANTHER after ZAPORAVO.

(CONAN)

Doesn't underrate his dominance of the crew.

But he hadn't gained the right, through battle and foray, to challenge the captain to a duel to the death.

In the empty seas there had been no opportunity for him to prove himself according to Freebooter law.

Conan knows the he can't attack Zaporavo openly.

The crew would stand solidly against him.

Conan knows that if he kills Zaporavo without their knowledge, they wouldn't be loyal to a dead man.

In such wolf-packs only the living count.

**EXT. THE WOODLAND GLADE - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

(CONAN FOLLOWS ZAPORAVO)

(MORE)



With sword in hand and eagerness in his heart, until he comes out onto a level summit, circled with tall trees, between whose trunks he sees the green vistas of the slopes melting into the blue distance.

(ZAPORAVO)

In the midst of the glade Zaporavo, sensing pursuit, turns, hand on hilt. The buccaneer swears.

**ZAPORAVO**

Dog, why do you follow me?

**CONAN**

(laughing)

Are you mad, to ask?

CONAN

Comes swiftly toward his erstwhile chief (ZAPORAVO), lips SMILING, and in his blue eyes dance a wild gleam.

ZAPORAVO

RIPPING out his sword with a black curse, steel CLASHING against steel.

(THE BARACHAN: CONAN)

COMES in recklessly and wide open, his blade singing a wheel of blue flame about Zaporavo's head, but ZAPORAVO'S the veteran of a thousand fights by sea and by land.

ANGLE ON ZAPORAVO

Fighting as he never fought before.

Straining every last ounce of effort to parry the blade that flickers like lightning about his head.

In desperation catches a full stroke near his hilt, and FEELS his whole arm go numb beneath the terrific impact.

ANGLE ON CONAN

CAMERA IS FOCUSED BEHIND CONAN --- plunging his sword into Zaporavo.

(CHANGE ANGLE TO ZAPORAVO)

Conan's desperate thrust (SHOW THE BLADE) GOING through chainmail and ribs like paper, right through the heart.

ANGLE ON ZAPORAVO

Zaporavo's lips WRITHING in brief agony, but, grim to the last, MAKES no sound.

Zaporavo dies.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

Shaking the red drops from his sword, grinning with unaffected pleasure, STRETCHING like a huge cat.

Abruptly stiffening, satisfaction turning into surprise.

He stands like a statue, his sword trailing in his hand.

Conan looking up at the surrounding trees, and the vistas beyond.

(CAMERA FOCUSES ON CONAN'S SHOCKING LOOK OF SURPRISE)

Seeing an incredible and inexplicable fantastic thing.

ANGLE ON CONAN P.O.V.

(MORE)

Over the soft round green shoulder of a distant slope lopes a *tall black naked figure* carrying on its shoulder an equally naked white form.

The apparition vanishes, leaving Conan *gasping in surprise*.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

STARING about him, glancing behind, and *swearing*.

THIS event confuses Conan.

In the midst of realistic, if exotic surroundings, a vagrant image of fantasy and nightmare is introduced.

Conan doubts neither his eyesight nor his sanity.

He just saw something alien and uncanny; the mere fact of a black figure racing across the landscape carrying a white captive is bizarre enough, but this **black figure's** *unnaturally tall*.

(CLOSE-UP ANGLE ON CONAN)

Shaking his head doubtfully, Conan starts off in the direction he saw the (GIANT BLACK FIGURE) go.

(WIDE ANGLE SHOT OF CONAN FOLLOWING THE GIANT FIGURE)

LONG SHOT OF A SERIES OF LOW RISE HILLS AND VALLEYS RISING UPWARDS.

The general trend SHOULD always be upward.

Conan reaches the summit on the island and halts.

**EXT. GREEN CASTLE - DAY**

(ANGLE ON CONAN P.O.V.)

Green shining walls and towers that before had appeared invisible.

(ANGLE ON CONAN LOOKING UP AT THE CASTLE WALLS)

CONAN hesitates, fingers his sword, then goes forward, bitten by the worm of curiosity.

(ANGLE ON CONAN LOOKING AROUND)

**EXT. ARCHWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

CONAN'S ALL ALONE as he approaches a tall archway in the curving wall.

There's no door.

P.O.V.: CONAN

Peering warily through (THE ARCHWAY), CONAN sees what seems to be a *broad open court*, *grass-carpeted*, surrounded by a *circular wall* of *green semi-translucent substance*.

Various arches open from it.

Advancing on the balls of his bare feet, sword ready, he chooses one of these arches at random, and passes into another similar court.

**EXT. ANOTHER COURT - WALL - DAY**

(CONAN)

Over an inner wall he sees the pinnacles of strangely shaped tower-like structure.

**EXT. TOWER - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

(MORE)

One of these towers is built in or projects into the court in which he finds himself, and a broad stair leads up to it, along the side of the wall.

**EXT. BALCONY - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

(ANGLE ON CONAN ON THE STAIRWAY)

Up this CONAN goes, wondering if it's all real, or a black lotus dream.

(ANGLE ON CONAN P.O.V.)

(Note: This could possibly be a sort of amalgam of both ledge and balcony) At the head of the stair he finds himself on a walled ledge, or balcony, he's not sure which.

(CONAN)

MAKING out more details of the towers, but they're meaningless to him.

He realizes uneasily that no ordinary human beings could have built them.

There's symmetry about their architecture, and system, but it's a mad symmetry, a system alien to human sanity.

(AERIAL SHOT OF THE ENTIRE TOWN)

As for the plan of the whole town, castle, or whatever it's intended for, he sees just enough to get the impression of a great number of courts, mostly circular, each surrounded by its own wall, and connected with the others by open arches, and all, apparently, grouped about the cluster of fantastic towers in the center.

(SNAP BACK TO CONAN ON THE PARAPET)

**EXT. PARAPET - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

Turning in the other direction from these towers, he gets a fearful shock, and crouches down suddenly behind the parapet of the balcony, glaring amazedly.

(CONAN P.O.V.)

The balcony or ledge is higher than the opposite wall, and he is looking over that wall into another grassy court.

(CAMERA CRANES OVER)

The inner curve of the further wall of THE COURT THAT DIFFERS from the OTHERS he sees.

(WE OBSERVE FROM CONAN'S VANTAGE POINT)

Instead of being smooth, (THE WALL) seems to be banded with long lines or ledges, crowded with small objects the nature of which he can't determine.

However, he gives little heed to the wall at this time.

His attention centers on the band of beings that squat about a dark green pool in the midst of the court.

ANGLE ON BLACK NAKED GIANT CREATURES

Made like men, the least of them, standing upright taller than CONAN.

Rangy rather than massive.

Finely formed, with no suggestion of deformity or abnormality.

Their great height abnormal.

ANGLE ON CONAN P.O.V.

(MORE)

But even at that distance CONAN SENSES the BASIC DIABOLISM of their FEATURES.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON NAKED YOUNG SAILOR

In their midst, cringing and naked, stands a youth that Conan recognizes as the youngest sailor aboard the *Wastrel*.

This is the **captive** CONAN saw borne across the grass-covered slope.

ANGLE ON CONAN P.O.V.

CONAN HEARS NOTHING.

ANGLE ON THE NAKED BLACK GIANTS

The (GIANT BLACK MEN) nod and gesture to one another.

They do not seem to speak --- vocally, at least.

One of the GIANT BLACK MEN squats on his haunches before the cringing boy, holding a pipe-like thing in his hand.

ANGLE ON CONAN LOOKING PERPLEXED

He is looking at something strange and confusing.

(P.O.V.: CONAN)

We see the GIANT BLACK MAN set a pipe-like instrument to his lips, and blow, but there's no sound that we can hear.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

Hearing no sound, at least none he can determine.

ANGLE ON THE YOUNG SAILOR

The Zingaran youth hears or feels and cringes.

The Zingaran youth quivers and writhes as if in agony.

The Zingaran youth's twitching becomes rhythmic.

Then the twitching becomes a violent jerking, the jerking regular movements.

CHANGE ANGLE ON THE ZINGARAN YOUTH BEGINNING TO DANCE

THE DANCE IS OBVIOUSLY PAINFUL.

The mute tune of the pipe makes *the Zingaran* dance with a secretive tortured passion.

He dances with obscene desire and lust without pleasure.

Like watching a soul stripped naked.

All of its dark and unmentionable secrets lay bare.

ANGLE ON CONAN STARING FROZEN

(WE SEE CONAN) Glaring, frozen with repulsion and shaken with nausea.

CONAN SENSING

A cosmic vileness transcending mere perverse human degeneracy outside human comprehension.

ANGLE ON THE BLACK GIANT

Suddenly the black torturer sets the pipes down and stands.

ANGLE ON THE YOUNG SAILOR

(MORE)

(SHOW THE SHADOW OF THE BLACK GIANT) Towering over the writhing white figure (we see a hand reach out and grab the young sailor).

ANGLE ON THE GIANT BLACK MAN: THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM

Brutally grasping the boy by neck and haunch, the giant up-ending him and thrusting him *head-first* into the green pool.

(Camera focuses on the young sailor as he is being held under water)

ANGLE ON CONAN

Conan sees the white glimmer of (THE YOUNG SAILOR'S) naked body amid the green water, as THE BLACK GIANT holds his captive deep under the surface.

Then there's a *restless movement* among the other **blacks**.

CHANGE ANGLE ON CONAN

Conan ducks quickly below the balcony wall, and hides.

After a while his curiosity gets the better of him.

He cautiously peers out again.

THE GIANT BLACK MEN

File out of an archway into another court.

(ONE OF THE BLACK GIANTS)

Places something on a ledge of the further wall.

It's the one who'd tortured the boy.

Taller than the others.

Wears a jeweled headband.

(ZINGARAN BOY)

Of the Zingaran boy there's no trace.

ANGLE ON THE GIANT BLACK MAN WEARING THE JEWELLED HEADBAND

THE GIANT BLACK MAN FOLLOWS THE OTHERS.

ANGLE ON CONAN WATCHING THE GIANT BLACK MEN (CAMERA REAR SHOT: CONAN)

Presently Conan can see them emerge from the archway by which he had gained access to that castle of horror.

(ANGLE ON CONAN P.O.V. WATCHING)

THE GIANT BLACK MEN file away across the green slopes, in the direction from which he had come.

They are unarmed.

But before he goes to warn the unsuspecting buccaneers, he decides to investigate the fate of the boy.

It's quiet.

(CONAN)

After a quick visual check --- IS SURE the towers and courts are deserted save for himself.

**EXT. STAIRWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

The camera follows **Conan** RUSHING SWIFTLY DOWN the stair.

**EXT. COURT - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

(MORE)

Crossing the court and passing through an arch into the court THE GIANT BLACK MEN had just quit.

P.O.V.: CONAN --- WE ARE LOOKING AT A STRIATED WALL

DOLLY IN CAMERA (CLOSE IN, AS CONAN DOES) ON THE STRIATED WALL SLOWLY --- Seeing the nature of the striated wall.

Banded by narrow ledges, apparently cut out of the solid stone, and ranged along these ledges or shelves: *thousands of tiny figures, mostly grayish in color.*

These figurines are of men Conan recognized: Zingarans, Argoseans, Ophireans and Kushite corsairs.

These last are black in color, just as their models were black in reality.

Conan's aware of a vague uneasiness as he stares at the dumb sightless figures.

There's a mimicry of reality about them that's somehow disturbing.

(ANGLE ON CONAN P.O.V.)

(CAMERA FOLLOWS CONAN'S HAND AS HE) runs his fingers over them, he can't determine what they're made of.

The figurines feel like petrified bone.

CONAN P.O.V. LOOKING UP

(ANGLE ON CONAN AS HE NOTICES) the images representing familiar types are all on the higher ledges.

CONAN P.O.V. LOOKING EYE-LEVEL

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

NOT RECOGNIZING the RACES OF THE ONES at eye-level.

THESE AT EYE-LEVEL either embody the artists' imagination or typify racial types long vanished and forgotten.

Shaking his head impatiently, *Conan turns toward the pool.*

#### **EXT. THE POOL - DAY**

The circular court offers no place of concealment;

(ANGLE ON CONAN LOOKING FOR THE BODY OF THE ZINGARAN BOY)

WE SEE HIM LOOKING AROUND EVERYWHERE BUT THE BODY IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT.

(COULD THE BODY BE) Lying at the bottom of the pool?

Approaching the placid green disk, CONAN STARES into the *glimmering surface.*

It's like looking through a *thick green glass*, unclouded, yet strangely illusory.

Of no great dimensions, the pool's round as a well, bordered by a rim of green jade.

(P.O.V.: CONAN) LOOKING DOWN SEEING A DEEP ROUNDED BOTTOM

Conan's unable to tell how deep.

It seems incredibly deep.

(THE CAMERA VIEW VISUAL-SFX SHOWS A SWIRLING DIZZINESS REPRESENTING CONAN'S VIEW OF THE POOL)

(MORE)

He looks down, as if he were looking into an abyss.

He's puzzled by his ability to see the bottom;

It lies beneath his gaze, impossibly remote, illusive, shadowy, yet visible.

CONAN THINKS HE SEES WHAT LOOKS LIKE A FAINT LUMINOSITY

That luminosity might be just his *imagination*.

He's not sure.

His *sight* doesn't focus properly.

Yet he's sure that the pool's empty except for the shimmering water.

WE ARE LOOKING UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE POOL SHOWING THE DEPTH

(ANGLE ON CONAN LOOKING PUZZLED)

Then where in the name of Crom is the boy he saw brutally drown in that pool?

Rising, Conan fingers his sword, and gazes around the court again.

His gaze focuses on a spot on one of the higher ledges.

(ANGLE ON CONAN RECALLING)

HIS MIND'S-EYE POINT OF VIEW SEEING THE BLACK GIANT place something ON THE SHELF. He breaks out in a cold sweat.

Hesitantly, yet as if drawn by a magnet, CONAN approaches the shimmering wall.

(ANGLE ON CONAN GLARING UP AT THE LAST FIGURINE)

Dazed by a suspicion too monstrous to voice, he glares up at the last figure on that ledge.

(CAMERA FOCUS ON CONAN'S EXPRESSION)

The figure on that ledge looks familiar.

(CONAN P.O.V)

Stony, immobile, dwarfish, yet unmistakable, the features of the ZINGARAN BOY stares unseeingly at him.

(ANGLE ON CONAN RECOILING)

Shaken to his very soul.

His sword trails in his paralyzed hand as he glares, open-mouthed, stunned by realization too abysmal and awful for the mind to grasp.

Yet the facts are indisputable; the secret of the dwarfish figures' revealed, though behind that lay a darker secret.

**FADE OUT:**

**SUPER:**

### **3. CONAN AND SANCHIA.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. COURT - DAY**

START WITH AN ESTABLISHING AERIAL SHOT OF THE COURT, THE TOWERS AND THE SURROUNDING AREAS.

(MORE)

Camera's panning sweep around CONAN gazing at the figurine of the ZINGARAN BOY.

(ANGLE ON CONAN STANDING MOTIONLESS)

WE CAN GET A SENSE OF HOW LONG Conan stands drowning in dizzy cogitation.

(FOCUSED ANGLE ON CONAN HEARING A SHRIEKING FEMININE VOICE O.S.)

And BEING SHAKEN OUT HIS GAZE.

THE SHRIEKING feminine voice is getting LOUDER AND LOUDER, CLOSER AND CLOSER.

(CLOSE-UP OF CONAN)

Recognizing that voice, and his paralysis vanishes instantly.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

Springing high up on the narrow ledges, where he clings, kicking aside the clustering images to obtain room for his feet.

Another spring and a scramble, and he's clinging to the rim of the wall, glaring over it.

It's an outer wall overlooking the green meadow that surrounds the castle.

(ANGLE ON THE GIANT BLACK MAN)

Wide shot of CONAN staring at the Giant Black Man.

(CAMERA FOLLOWS THE GIANT BLACK)

Across the grassy level carrying a squirming captive under one arm --- like a man carrying a rebellious child.

(ANGLE ON SANCHA BEING CARRIED)

Her black hair falling in disheveled rippling waves, her olive skin contrasting abruptly with the glossy ebony of her captor.

(ANGLE ON THE GIANT BLACK MAN)

PAYING NO ATTENTION to (SANCHA) wriggling in his grasp and crying as he heads for the outer archway.

Vanishing within the outer archway.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

Springing recklessly down the wall and gliding into the arch that opens into the further court.

**EXT. ARCH - DAY**

(P.O.V: CONAN CROUCHING)

WATCHING (THE GIANT BLACK MAN) enter the court of the pool, carrying his writhing captive.

(NOW CONAN'S ABLE TO MAKE OUT THE CREATURE'S DETAILS)

(MORE)



-The superb symmetry of The Black Giant's body and limbs more impressive at close range.

-Under the ebon skin long, round muscles ripple.

-The **nails** of The Black Giant are long like **bestial talons**.

-The face a carved ebony mask --- inhuman and transcending evil beyond belief.

-The eyes tawny, a vibrant gold --- glows and sparkles.

-It couldn't be human; it's an insane perversion of life.

CURRENTLY, THE BLACK GIANT

Casts **Sancha** down on the grass, where she grovels, crying with pain and terror.

(ANGLE ON THE BLACK GIANT)

LOOKING about as if uncertain, his tawny eyes narrow as they rest on the images overturned and knocked from the wall.

He stoops, grasps his captive by her neck and crotch, and carries her to the pool.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

GLIDING from his archway, RACING like the wind of death across the grass.

(ANGLE ON THE BLACK GIANT WHEELING, HIS EYES FLARE AS HE SEES **CONAN** RUSHING TOWARD HIM)

The Black Giant relaxes his grip-

(ANGLE ON SANCHA)

-WIGGLING from his hands

-falling to the grass.

(ANGLE ON TALONED HANDS SPREADING AND CLUTCHING AT CONAN)

CONAN DUCKING beneath their swoop and drives his sword through the giant's groin.

THE BLACK GIANT

GOING down like a felled tree, GUSHING blood.

THE NEXT INSTANT

CONAN is seized in a frantic grasp as *Sancha springs up*.

(WE SEE SANCHA)

THROWING her arms around CONAN in a frenzy of terror and hysterical relief.

CONAN

Curses as he disengages himself.

(ANGLE TO THE BLACK GIANT)

Already dead.

**SANCHA**

(sobbing, clinging to Conan)

Oh, Conan, what will become of us? What are these monsters? Oh, surely this is hell and that was the devil-

**CONAN**

(grinning fiercely)

(MORE)

Then hell needs a new devil. But how did he get hold of you? Have they taken the ship?

**SANCHA**

I don't know.

(She tries to wipe away her tears,  
fumbles for her skirt, and then  
remembers that she wears none)

I came ashore. I saw you follow Zaporavo, and I followed you both. I found Zaporavo --- was --- was it you who--

**CONAN**

(grunting)

Who else? What then?

**SANCHA**

(shuddering)

I saw a movement in the trees. I thought it was you. I called --- then I saw that --- that black *thing* squatting like an ape among the branches, leering down at me. It was like a nightmare; I couldn't run. All I could do was squeal. Then it dropped from the tree and seized me --- oh, oh, oh!

(She hides her face in her hands and  
is shaken anew at the memory of the  
horror)

**CONAN**

(growling catching her wrist)

Well, we've got to get out of here. Come on; we've got to get to the crew--

**SANCHA**

Most of them were asleep on the beach as I entered the woods.

**CONAN**

(profane)

Asleep? What in the seven devils of hell's fire and damnation--

**SANCHA**

(frozen)

Listen!

**CONAN**

(snapping)

I heard it! A moaning cry! Wait!

(ANGLE ON CONAN AND SANCHA)

BOUNDING up the ledges again and GLARING over the wall.

*Conan swearing with a concentrated fury that makes even Sancha gasp.*

(ANGLE ON THE BLACK GIANTS)

(MORE)

RETURNING. (WE SEE EACH OF THEM) BEARING a limp human form; some two.

Their captives: *Freebooters*; HANGING slackly in their captors' arms, barely MOVING or TWITCHING.

(P.O.V.: CONAN)

SEEING they ARE still alive.

(ANGLE ON THE FREEBOOTERS)

Disarmed and clothed; One of The Giant Black Men bore their sheathed swords, a great armload of bristling steel.

From time to time (WE HEAR) one of the seamen CRYING, DRUNK.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

Like a trapped wolf Conan glares about him.

Three arches LEAD out of the court of the pool.

Through the eastern arch *The Giant Blacks* left the court, and through it they would presumably return.

He enters by the southern arch.

In the western arch he hides.

No time to notice what lay beyond it.

Conan, not knowing the castle makes his decision promptly.

CONAN SPRINGS DOWN THE WALL

Replaces the images with frantic haste,

Drags the *corpse* of *The Giant Black* to the pool,

Casts the *corpse* in.

The corpse sinks instantly.

(ANGLE ON CONAN P.O.V.)

SEEING the corpse shrink and harden.

(CLOSE-UP OF CONAN LOOKING SHOCKED)

Conan turns away quickly, shuddering, seizes SANCHA'S arm, leads her quickly toward the southern archway.

**SANCHA**

(begging)

What's happening?

**CONAN**

(hastily)

They've bagged the crew. I haven't any plan, but we'll hide somewhere and watch. If they don't look in the pool, they may not suspect our presence.

**SANCHA**

But they'll see the blood on the grass!

**CONAN**

Maybe they'll think one of their own devils spilled it. Anyway, we'll have to take the chance.

**EXT. COURT - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

(MORE)

They are in the court where he'd watched the torture of the boy.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

GRABBING Sancha and CLIMBING up the stairs to the southern wall.

**EXT. SOUTHERN WALL - BALCONY - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Conan forces (SANCHA) into a crouching position behind the balustrade of the balcony.

For a hiding place it will have to do.

Conan and Sancha settle themselves.

(ANGLE ON THE BLACK GIANTS)

Shortly, FILING into the court.

(CONAN STIFFENS AND GRASPS HIS SWORD AS WE HEAR A SUDDEN RESOUNDING CLASH)

Metal clashes with metal COMING from the foot of the stairs --- As the blacks pass through an archway on the southwestern side, (CONAN AND SANCHA) hear a series of thuds and groans.

(ANGLE ON THE BLACK GIANTS)

CASTING their victims down on the sward.

(ANGLE ON SANCHA)

GIGGLING hysterically, Conan quickly CLAMPING her mouth, stifling her.

(ANGLE ON CONAN AND SANCHA LISTENING)

TO the padding of many feet on the sward below, and then silence reigns.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

PEERING over the wall.

(ANGLE ON CONAN P.O.V.)

FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT WE SEE AN empty COURT.

VIEW FROM CONAN AND SANCHA'S HIDING PLACE - CONTINUOUS

The Giant Blacks gather about the pool in the adjoining court, squatting on their haunches.

**EXT. THE COURTYARD - DAY**

(ANGLE ON THE GIANT BLACK MEN)

APPEARING to ignore the great smears of blood on the GRASS AND THE JADE RIM OF THE POOL.

TO THEM nothing unusual.

The Giant Blacks ignore the pool.

They're engrossed in some inexplicable conclave of their own; The tallest giant black plays again on his golden pipes, his companions listen like ebony statues.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

(MORE)

Taking Sancha's hand, *GLIDING* down the *stair*, stooping so that his head would not be visible above the wall.

*Sancha follows Conan*, STARING fearfully at the arch that LEADS to the pooled court.

From that angle nothing in the court can be seen.

At the foot of the stair lay the Zingaran weapons.

(ANGLE ON CONAN AND SANCHA STARING AT THE WEAPONS)

IT IS the clash heard EARLIER.

Conan draws Sancha toward the southwestern arch.

They silently cross the sward and enter the court beyond.

**EXT. COURT - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

(ANGLE ON THE FREEBOOTERS)

There (IN THE COURTYARD) the Freebooters lay in careless heaps, mustaches bristling, earrings glinting.

Here and there a Freebooter stirs or groans restlessly.

(ANGLE ON CONAN BENDING OVER THE FREEBOOTERS)

Sancha kneeling beside him, leaning forward with her hands on her thighs.

**SANCHA**

(nervous)

What is that sweet cloying smell? It's on all their breaths.

**CONAN**

It's that damned fruit they were eating. I remember the smell of it. It must have been like the black lotus, that makes men sleep. By Crom, they are beginning to awake --- but they're unarmed, and I HAVE an idea that those black devils won't wait long before they start using their magic on them. What chance will the lads have, unarmed and stupid with slumber?

He broods for an instant, focusing on a solution;

(ANGLE ON CONAN SEIZING SANCHA)

BY THE SHOULDER in a grip that MAKES her wince.

**CONAN**

Listen! I'll draw those black swine into another part of the castle and keep them busy for a while. Meanwhile you shake these fools awake and bring their swords to them --- it's a fighting chance. Can you do it?

**SANCHA**

(stammering, unfocused)

I - I - don't know!

With a curse, Conan catches her thick tresses near her head --- shakes her until the walls dance to her dizzy sight.

**CONAN**

(hissing)

(MORE)

You *must* do it! It's our only chance!

**SANCHA**

(gasping)

I'll do my best!

(WE SEE CONAN)

Grunting, slapping SANCHA on the back, nearly knocking her down, and gliding away.

**EXT. COURT OF THE POOL - DAY - ONGOING**

(ANGLE ON CONAN CROUCHING)

At the arch that opens into the court of the pool, glaring upon his enemies.

(ANGLE ON THE GIANT BLACK MEN)

Sitting about the pool, beginning to show evidences of an evil impatience.

(ANGLE BACK TO CONAN)

From the court where the rousing buccaneers lay, he hears their groans grow louder, and mingle with incoherent curses.

Conan tenses his muscles and sinks into a pantherish crouch and breathes easily between his teeth.

(ANGLE CHANGE TO THE BLACK GIANT WITH JEWELS)

Camera captures The Giant Black rising and taking his pipes from his lips.

AT THAT INSTANT CONAN'S AMONG THE STARTLED GIANT BLACKS WITH A TIGERISH BOUND

Conan leaps among *The Giant Blacks* and strikes three times before any of The Black Giants can lift a hand in defense; bounds from among them and races across the sward.

Behind him sprawls *three Giant Blacks*, their *skulls split*.

Although surprised and caught off guard, the rest of *The Giant Blacks* recover quickly.

They're at Conan heels as he runs through the western arch, their long legs sweeping them over the ground at headlong speed.

CONAN'S

Is certain he can outrun The Giant Blacks; but that's not his purpose.

(CAMERA FOLLOWS CONAN AND THE BLACK GIANTS)

Conan leads them on a long chase to give Sancha time to wake up the Zingarans.

**EXT. WESTERN COURT - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

(CONAN)

As he races into the court beyond the western arch, he swears.

This court differs from the others Conan has seen.

Instead of being round, it's octagonal, there's no exit.

(CONAN WHEELS TO FACE)

The entire band of Giant Black Men followed him into the arched octagonal courtyard.

(GIANT BLACK MEN)

(MORE)

One group of Giant Black Men cluster in the courtyard and the remainder spread out in a wide line as they approach.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

Conan faces them, backing towards the northern wall.

THE LINE OF GIANT BLACK MEN

Bends into a semicircle and spread out to hem Conan in and prevent him from escaping around the horn of the crescent.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

Conan continues to move backward slower and slower noting the widening spaces between *The Giant Blacks*.

Conan watches them like a wolf.

Conan strikes quickly at the Giant Black who bars his way.

(CAMERA ANGLE CHANGES TO THE GIANT BLACK MAN)

GOING down cloven to the middle of the breastbone.

CONAN

WATCHING them without fear or emotion.

THE GIANT BLACKS

Advancing, bunching into a mass of glistening black muscles.

CONAN

Glances around the wall and sees what looks like a ledge on the west side -- he starts backing towards it.

Sees THE GIANT BLACKS trying to back him into a corner.

THE BLACK GIANTS

Start to close in fast to pin Conan in.

CONAN

SEEING he's few yards from the wall.

THE BLACK GIANTS

At the gate hasten to join their fellows,

All of them half-crouch, golden eyes blaze like hellfire, white teeth glistening, taloned hands lift.

CONAN

Taking them by surprise, *lifts his sword and takes a step toward The Giant Blacks*, turns and races towards the wall.

Jumps high into the air and hooks his fingers over the projection.

(CAMERA'S EYE ON AND DOLLY UP)

We see --- *The jutting ledge giving away after a sudden crash and Conan falling back into the courtyard, on his back, the grass saving his life ---*

CONAN REBOUNDED LIKE A CAT TO HIS FEET TO

Face the Black Giants. Now it becomes a life and death struggle, and all of *Conan's savage nature* takes over.

THE BLACK GIANTS

Stunned by the Conan's fall, reach for him to drag him to the pool.

(BUCCANEERS)

(MORE)

Drunken and addled and bewildered, and not understanding what is going on, *grab their swords and charge The Giant Blacks.*

#### THE BLACK GIANTS

Glare in amazement ---

#### CONAN

STRIKES them down left and right with the Buccaneers right behind him.

#### THE COURT TURNS INTO A SLAUGHTERHOUSE

The Black Giants rend and tear and crush skulls of the Buccaneers too drunk to avoid them.

#### (CAMERA FOCUS ON SANCHA)

SANCHA --- sickened, shrinks in the archway, stunned fury of the battle.

#### (CONAN)

Is separated and dragged down by a bunch of Giant Blacks, and he pulls down one of them with him.

#### THE BLACK GIANTS

Attempts to stomp him, but the body of the one he pulled down protects him. They kick and tear at Conan and drag the Black Giant he has on top of him off.

#### ANGLE TO CONAN

Hanging on in desperation.

#### BUCCANEERS

Slaughter THE BLACK GIANTS and thin the number on top of Conan.

#### CONAN

Tosses aside the corps and stands up and continues his slaughter.

Conan's loud, blood-curdling war-cry causes the Buccaneers to redouble their efforts.

#### THE BLACK GIANTS

Waver and brake for the gate.

#### SANCHA

Screams and squeals when she sees them coming and gets out of the way.

#### THE BLACK GIANTS

Jam the archway and the Buccaneers hack at their blacks with abandoned glee.

The archway collapses as the remaining Black Giants break through and scatter.

#### THE BATTLE BECOMES A CHASE

When cornered, some of the Black Giants turn and fight and rend a tear at the buccaneers, but not for long as they are hacked to pieces and tossed from a parapet or roof.

#### SANCHA

Takes refuge in the court of the pool. She can hear fierce yelling rise.

She hears feet pounding the grass, through the arch bursts the Black Giant who WEARS the jewel headband and he has a sword in his hand.

#### A BUCCANEER

(MORE)



Enters next and recklessly rushes The Black Giant.

Gets his skull crushed by the blade the Giant Black is holding.

The blow causes the blade to shiver.

THE BLACK GIANT

Hurls the blade at the figurines and heads toward the pool, his face is a convulsed mask of hate.

CONAN

Bursts through the men at the gate and enters the court.

THE BLACK GIANT

Throws his arms wide and raises his head and screams an inhuman scream, the only sound made by an inhuman Black Giant.

The buccaneers freeze.

CONAN RUSHES THE BLACK GIANT POISED AT THE BRINK OF THE POOL

Camera capture The Black Giant crazily wheeling and bounding into the air.

CONAN AND THE BUCCANEERS SEE THE BLACK GIANT POISE IN MIDAIR

With an earth-shattering roar the green waters rushes up, envelopes him in a green volcano.

CONAN

Checks his headlong rush to keep from falling into the pool.

Pushes the other buccaneers back with a mighty swing of his arms.

THE GREEN POOL IS LIKE A GEYSER

Rising in deafening volume cresting at the top with a crown of foam.

CONAN DRIVES THE BUCCANEERS TO THE GATE,

Herds them ahead of him, beats them with the flat of his sword as they appear to be dazed.

SANCHA

Is paralyzed by the event.

CONAN

Screams at her to shake her out of her daze.

SANCHA SNAPS OUT OF HER DAZE

Runs to Conan and he catches her under one arm --- races out of the court.

**EXT. OUTERMOST COURT - DAY**

The surviving buccaneers gather, weary, tattered, blood-stained, gape at the unstable pillar that stretches skyward, the green trunk is laced with white and widens to a funnel straight to the top.

CONAN'S EYES SWEEP THE BLOODY GROUP OF BUCCANEERS

Stressed out, he grabs a buccaneer and shakes him so violently that blood spatters everywhere.

**CONAN**

(bellowing in his ear)

Where's the rest of them?

**BUCCANEER**

(dazed)

(MORE)

That's all. The others are dead.

**CONAN**

(roaring)

Well, get out of here!

CONAN SHOVES HIM SO HARD THE BUCCANEER STAGGERS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE OUTER ARCHWAY

**CONAN**

(screaming)

That geyser is going to burst in a moment---!

**FREEBOOTER**

(squawking)

We'll all drown!

**CONAN**

(yelling)

Drown? ---hell no! We'll be turned into petrified bone. Get the hell out, damn you all!

(CONAN)

Runs to the outer archway, one eye on the roaring tower of water that looms so terrifyingly above, the other eye on stragglers that move like men in a trance.

Grabs and kicks the straggling buccaneer and curses the buccaneer's ancestry to keep them moving along as best he could.

(SANCHA)

Tries to remain with him but he slaps her on the ass and sends her scurrying ahead.

(FOCUS ON CONAN)

Checking to be sure none are left behind, is the last to leave the castle.

(ANGLE ON THE BUCCANEERS)

FLEE down the slopes beyond the plateau.

(ANGLE ON SANCHI)

Waiting for Conan at the crest of the first slope.

(ANGLE BACK TO CONAN)

Poses for an instant to look at the castle.

CAMERA ANGLE: (VISUAL-SFX) A GIGANTIC GREEN-STEMMED WHITE-BLOSSOMED FLOWER SWAYS ABOVE THE TOWER

The jade-green and snowy pillar breaks into a thunderous noise and the castle blots out in a thunderous torrent.

CONAN CATCHES SANCHI'S HAND

They flee over slope after rolling slope.

BEHIND THEM SOUNDS THE RUSH OF A RIVER

(WE SEE CONAN)

(MORE)

Glancing behind him and seeing a broad green ribbon following them.  
Is startled into increasing his speed.

(ANGLE ON SANCHA)

Stumbling to her knees with a moaning cry of despair and exhaustion.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

Catching her up and slinging her over his giant shoulder and dashing on full speed, his breath tearing through his teeth, his chest heaving in exhaustion.

(CAMERA CAPTURES THE BUCCANEERS)

Toiling spurred on by the nightmarish terror that PURSUES them.

**EXT. THE BEACH - DAY**

(THE OCEAN)

Comes bursting into view and into Conan's swimming gaze and offshore the WASTREL floats unharmed.

(THE BUCCANEERS)

Hastily tumble into the boats, Sancha falls into the bottom.

(CONAN)

Though exhausted and the world swims red to his gaze, Conan takes an oar with the rest.

CONAN, SANCHA AND BUCCANEERS

In boats head for the ship at a breakneck pace, spurred on by the green river that comes bursting through the trees.

(THE TREES SINK INTO THE JADE-COLORED FLOOD AND VANISH)

The jade-colored tide laps at the waves that turn a deeper sinister color green.

UNREASONING, INSTINCTIVE FEAR URGES THE BUCCANEERS

Pushing their agonized bodies and reeling brains to greater effort; what they fear they know not, but they did know that in that abominable smooth green ribbon was a menace to body and to soul.

CONAN SEES THE BROAD GREEN SLIME OF TERROR

Slip into the waves and stream through the water toward them, without altering its shape or course.

(CONAN)

With his last ounce of reserve strength, he rows the boat so fiercely that the oar snaps in his hands.

Their prows bumps against the timbers of the *Wastrel*, and the sailors stagger up the chains, leaving the boats to drift as they would.

(SANCHA)

Goes up on CONAN'S BROAD SHOULDER, hanging limp as a corpse, to be dumped unceremoniously on to the deck as THE BARACHAN takes the wheel...

**CONAN**

(gasping)

Get those sails up and this rig moving like  
your life depends on it --- and I mean now,  
bullies, because it does! MOVE IT NOW, LADS!  
Let's get the hell out of this godforsaken

(MORE)

place. Don't waste time, dammit, or, by CROM,  
I'll waste YOU! Get those sails unfurled, NOW!

(THE BUCCANEERS)

Reeling about like drunken men, fumbling mechanically at ropes and braces.

THE ANCHOR CHAIN

Unshackled, splashes into the water, the sails unfurl and belly in a rising wind.

The *Wastrel* quivers and shakes herself and swings majestically seaward.

CONAN GLARES SHOREWARD

Like a tongue of emerald flame, a ribbon licks out on the water futilely, an oar's length from the *Wastrel's* keel.

It advances no further.

(CONAN)

From that end of its tongue, his gaze follows an unbroken stream of lambent green, across the white beach, and over the slopes, until it fades into the blue distance.

CONAN, REGAINING HIS WIND, GRINS AT THE PANTING CREW

SANCHA STANDS NEAR HIM, HYSTERICAL TEARS COURSE DOWN HER CHEEKS.

(ANGLE ON CONAN)

Conan's breeks hang in blood-stained tatters; his girdle and sheath gone, his sword, driven upright into the deck beside him, notched and crusted with red.

Blood thickly clots his black mane, and one ear half torn from his head.

His arms, legs, breast and shoulders bitten and clawed as if by panthers.

But he grins as he braces his powerful legs and swings on the wheel in sheer exuberance of muscular might.

**SANCHA**

(faltering)

What now?

**CONAN**

(laughing)

The plunder of the seas! A paltry crew, all chewed and clawed to pieces, but they can work the ship, and crews can always be found. Come here, girl, and give me a kiss.

**SANCHA**

(hysterical)

A kiss? You think of kisses at a time like this?

CONAN'S LAUGHTER BOOMS ABOVE THE SNAP AND THUNDER OF THE SAILS

Catches Sancha up off her feet in the crook of one mighty arm and smacks her red lips with resounding relish.

**CONAN**

(roaring)

*I think of Life!* The dead are dead, and what has passed is done! I have a ship and a

(MORE)

fighting crew and a girl with lips like wine,  
and that's all I ever asked. Lick your wounds,  
bullies, and break out a cask of ale. You're  
going to work ship as she never was worked  
before. Dance and sing while you buckle to it,  
damn you! To the devil with empty seas! We're  
bound for waters where the seaports are fat,  
and the merchant ships are crammed with  
plunder!

**FADE OUT: TO A BLACK SCREEN.**

**SUPER -**

THE END.

**END CREDITS.**

**FADE OUT.**