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## "TOTAL RECALL"

Screen Story and Screenplay

by

Ronald Shusett and Dan O'Bannon

Fifth Revision

by

Ronald Shusett and Steven Pressfield

## "TOTAL RECALL"

**FADE IN:**

1

**EXT. DESERT - DAY**

All we can see, filling the entire frame is a flame-orange sky...almost like the sky from the burning of Atlanta in "Gone with the Wind".

SUPERIMPOSE: Presenter credit.

PAN DOWN lower and lower until we see the terrain below... the desert. There is no vegetation whatever, just sand and odd-shaped rock formations. The air is filled with red dust, which alternately obscures and then reveals the image. CAMERA MOVES FORWARD optically - enlarging the film grain in the process.

**SLOW DISSOLVE**

**OPENING CREDITS BEGIN.**

ANOTHER SHOT of a barren landscape, once more with bizarre rocks. Dust. Sound of wind. CAMERA MOVES FORWARD again. **DISSOLVE.**

ANOTHER LANDSCAPE, but this time, in the distance are some enormous plastic domes. Sunlight striking them and reflecting causes brilliant rainbows. CAMERA optically tracks toward the dome, seen in tantalizingly indistinct fashion through the red dust. **DISSOLVE...**

ANOTHER ANGLE, and, in the distance, on the horizon of the arid landscape is a huge SPHINX-LIKE STRUCTURE. (It is reminiscent of the Egyptian sphinx, but both body and face, though gargoyle-like, are different in design.) There are some large pyramids not far from the sphinx. CAMERA MOVES optically FORWARD. **DISSOLVE.**

CAMERA is much closer to the sphinx and is directly in front. It moves (combination of zoom and optical printer move) towards the eyes, which appear to be red gems.

As CAMERA APPROACHES one of the eyes, it appears to be stained red glass, as in a temple. Suddenly there is a terrific explosion and the glass shatters into millions of fragments which hurtle toward the camera...

**2 INT. CATACOMB BELOW "SPHINX" - DAY**

A MAN wearing a LIGHTWEIGHT THERMAL SUIT is RUNNING THROUGH THIS LABYRINTH of TUNNELS. The GROUND TREMBLES under him, as if in an earthquake. We cannot clearly make out his face, especially since he wears some kind of BREATHING APPARATUS over a portion of it.

The surface of the tunnel's "walls" is curious; the walls are, again, bright reddish orange, and a composite of two different substances: rough-textured, clay-like material and red quartz, which glistens like crystal.

The man throws a backward glance over his shoulder, fearfully, as he runs. His HANDS are SPLATTERED with BLOOD. Because of this, the RED GLOW, the air of FEAR to the man, and the GROUND HEAVING and BUCKLING, there is almost a SATANIC suggestion to the scene.

Suddenly, up AHEAD of the man, there appears a BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT. He SEES IT, and runs even faster towards it.

We are ALMOST UP TO THE LIGHT, and we SEE HANDS REACHING OUT OF THE LIGHT TOWARDS US... that seem to beckon him to SAFETY.

ABRUPTLY, the ENTIRE SCREEN GOES RED, BUT IN REVERSE NEGATIVE; with YELLOW LAYOVERS. (So that all the images we see -- ENTIRE FRAME -- are small YELLOW AREAS diffused on a RED BACKGROUND.) It is much like looking at a tableau made out of molten lava.

**SUPERIMPOSE MAIN TITLE:**

**TOTAL RECALL**

**HOLD.**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**3 INT. BEDROOM IN SMALL APARTMENT - MORNING**

DOUGLAS QUAIL and his wife KRISTEN, are asleep in bed.

Gradually the room lights BRIGHTEN. The CLOCK CHIMES and begins SPEAKING in a soft, feminine voice.

**CLOCK**

(sweetly)

Tick, tock, seven o'clock. Time to rise and open your eyes.

They don't budge. Shortly, the clock CHIMES again.

**CLOCK**

(continuing)

Tick, tock, seven-oh-one. Time to get up, the day had begun.

Quail's wife stirs. Maddeningly, the clock CHIMES a third

time.

**CLOCK**

(continuing)

Tick, tock --

Quail reaches out and shuts the clock off. Then he sits up in bed.

He swings his legs out from under the covers and sits on the edge of the bed. He puts on his glasses and sits, lost in thought.

He is a good-looking but conventional man in his early thirties. He seems rather in awe of his wife, who is attractive and rather off-hand towards him.

Kirsten pulls on her robe, lights a cigarette, sits fishing for her slippers.

**QUAIL**

I dreamed about Mars again... it was bizarre, yet it was so real...

**KIRSTEN**

(casual)

It's your time of the month again.

Quail looks at her quizzically.

**KIRSTEN**

(continuing;  
world-weary air)

At least once a month. Douglas Quail's obsession. For twelve years you've been talking about Mars.

**QUAIL**

People do go to Mars, you know.

**KIRSTEN**

That's right, Douglas. But not you. Not us.

Quail looks crestfallen.

**KIRSTEN**

(continuing;  
disdainful)

As it is, we can barely scrape by on your lousy ten thousand a week.

She leaves the room. He meditates on what she said, depressed.

#### 4 INT. KITCHENETTE - MORNING

Quail and Kirsten sit at a small table, eating breakfast. On the WALL is projected the front page of a NEWSPAPER.

Drinking his coffee, Quail studies the wall with the air of a man who had his "nose stuck in a newspaper," ignoring his wife.

The newspaper headline reads: "RIOTING ON MARS OVER WATER TAX."

His wife is reading a different article: "Four Women Rape Man in Park."

**KIRSTEN**

(mumbling)

What do they expect ... the  
way men dress these days ...  
then they scream rape.

Quail is absorbed in his own paper and doesn't hear her.

**QUAIL**

You know -- let's really do it.

**KIRSTEN**

Rape men in the park?

**QUAIL**

No. Go to Mars.

**KIRSTEN**

(withering)

Go to hell.

**QUAIL**

We can pool our savings and  
I've got some sick leave  
coming, besides my regular  
vacation...

**KIRSTEN**

(interrupting;

corrects herself)

...more of a half-wit. For  
a start a war could break out  
there any day ...

She gestures toward the TV screen where Martian police  
are keeping protesters behind a barrier. Some have signs  
reading "A FREE MARS", "DOWN WITH COHAAGEN", "EARTH - OUT"  
etc.

**QUAIL**

That's just media talk. They're...

(indicating

the protesters)

...just a minority. They're  
powerless.

**KIRSTEN**

Well, there's a lot of things  
we need around here before  
we waste our money on a trip  
to Mars. We're broke. I'm  
just a slave around this dump.  
Now if you were capable of  
finding a better job....

The kitchen clock chimes and talks.

**CLOCK**

It's now eight. You'll be  
late!

**QUAIL**

I'll be late!

He jumps up quickly from the table, picks up his coat and  
briefcase, kisses KIRSTEN's perfunctorily offered cheek  
and leaves.

CAMERA TRACKS with Quail as he walks along the busy modern street towards a subway station. Modern cars (out of focus) pass noiselessly between the camera and Quail. There is a plaintive tune being played on violin. Quail pauses and gives a wad of notes to the aged violinist, then walks on briskly.

**5 INT. SUBWAY STATION - EARLY MORNING**

Quail enters the station. Everybody must pass through a weapons check before proceeding to the platforms.

TWO ARMED GUARDS stand at either side, as commuters pass through an electronic beam. On a screen, the entire body of each person is seen in X-ray. All of them are clearly carrying a gun in their inside coat pocket.

**GUARD**

No weapon again, Mr. Quail?

**QUAIL**

I keep forgetting, Herb. They frighten me.

**GUARD**

Yeah? Well, it's the law, Mr. Quail. Has been since 1990 they tell me. Tomorrow - ya carry ya gun or ya get reported.

GUARD gestures to his associate. They've obviously been through this with Quail before.

**QUAIL**

Okay. Herb, okay.

Quail walks on to the track area. The train arrives. Signs above each approaching car say "CAR FULL", "ROOM FOR 10 PERSONS", etc. Quail goes to a carriage marked "NEW CAR".

**6 INT. URBAN TRANSIT TRAIN - DAY**

The doors open and the crowd surges on. Quail grabs a seat. At intervals throughout the car are VIDEO MONITORS on which a NEWS BROADCAST is showing.

**NEWSCASTER (V.O.)**

-- more violence today from Mars's strike-torn ore colonies --

Everyone ignores the broadcast -- except Quail, who perks instantly at the word "Mars."

The NEWSCASTER is a young black man.

**NEWSCASTER**

(continuing)

...but Earth Intelligence Operations Director Vilos Cohaagen, clearly worried about the damage to Mars's all important tourist industry was today dismissive of the dissident groups....

TV scene switches to a press conference. COHAAGEN, surrounded by AIDES, steps in front of a podium packed with

news network microphones and cameras. Cohaagen is a striking, intense man with an obvious air of power.

**COHAAGEN**

We're dealing with a bunch of extremists and unrepresentative lunatics. Mars is a happy and prosperous protectorate of Earth... and will remain so.

The train stops at another station and more people pile on. Quail tries to watch the broadcast through the bodies passing in front of him and intermittently blocking the image.

**REPORTER (V.O.)**

There have been some criticisms, sir....

**COHAAGEN**

I have no further comment.

The news conference ends and a bright looking young man comes on the screen. Quail continues to watch, though not as interested, initially, as he was by the Mars story. Few of the other passengers bother looking at the screen.

**ANNOUNCER**

Good morning, commuters. This portion of your trip is brought to you by Rekall, Inc. Do you have a dream that never came true? Do you aspire - but only perspire? Has the great adventure passed you by? Then come to... REKALL, where what might have been will have been. For the memories of a lifetime... REKALL.

Quail watches the commercial through to the end, but doesn't seem to take it very seriously. He glances away as a card comes on the screen with REKALL's numbers.

**6B INT. QUAIL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Quail is seated at a computer console in a vast beehive of a room. Numerous people are typing information onto the screens. Quail pauses in his typing, thoughtful. He then types in a little more information, then pauses again. On the screen, a sentence types itself...

**WHY HAVE YOU STOPPED? REQUEST MORE INFORMATION.**

Quail read it and continues.

**9 INT. McCLANE'S OFFICE - REKALL - DAY**

Scene opens on a CU of McCLANE, a genial, bubbling, enthusiastic man.

**McCLANE**

We're all dreamers, Douglas. But here at Rekall, dreams are our business.

He presses a button on his desk and the chairs on which they are seated appear to be in outer space. Countless stars glitter all around. Startlingly, a comet whizzes by.

Quail is amazed. McClane grins and presses the button again. The scene changes to a beautiful underwater coral reef. Multi-colored fish swim around the chairs and desk.

**QUAIL**

But... is the process really that effective? A false memory!?

**McCLANE**

(shaking his head; smiling)

We prefer the term "extra-factual implant". Your memory will be complete in every way. You will have gone to Mars. We guarantee that.

**QUAIL**

Is it in any way dangerous? I mean, the medical techniques?

**McCLANE**

Not when you deal with qualified operators - like us.

He presses the button again and the normal office returns. Quail looks around, impressed.

**QUAIL**

It's just - incredible.

**McCLANE**

And look at our follow-up program!

He puts items on the desk as he talks.

**McCLANE**

(continuing)

Space-flight ticket stub... passport... vaccination certificates... matchbooks from Martian Nouvelle Cuisine Restaurants, souvenirs, post cards... even names of people you met - now back there - who you can call and discuss your trip with... by the way, we plant these things where you'll come across them at random in the future.

**QUAIL**

But... I'll know I hired you. That'll destroy the whole illusion.

**McCLANE**

(smiling; self-satisfied)

But you won't remember me, or having been here.

**QUAIL**

I won't?

**McCLANE**

Your money back if you do!

We've never paid out yet.

Quail slumps back in his chair, overwhelmed.

McCLANE

(continuing)

And we have a special this month, for only two-hundred thousand dollars more.

At the press of a button, a list appears on the wall...

**A14 MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY**

**A15 SPORTS HERO**

**A16 INDUSTRIAL TYCOON**

**A17 INTELLIGENCE AGENT**

McCLANE

(continuing)

You can have a new identity for the duration of the trip. Pick one.

Quail's eyes linger on "Intelligence Agent."

**QUAIL**

"Intelligence Agent"... wouldn't that be dangerous? I might attack....

McCLANE

(airily)

No. No. You're a retired agent. Mars was your last mission and you're never to break your cover. But you'll have got the girl, killed the baddies, and saved the Universe. Not bad, eh?

**QUAIL**

I don't know... about the whole thing... it's all such a fake. I won't really have gone. I won't really....

McCLANE

(kind but firm)

Let's face it, Douglas, you, and millions of people like you have no chance of ever getting to Mars and you'd never qualify as a secret agent for EIO. This - REKALL - is the only way to achieve your dream.

He gets up and walks around to Quail's chair.

McCLANE

(continuing)

Think about it, Douglas. Think, too, what a terrible bore a real holiday is. Lost tickets, endless arguments, lousy hotels, missed connections, rotten weather... Rekall will supply you with perfect, happy memories.

Quail is thoughtful, willing to be totally convinced.



**9A INT. QUAIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Quail is sitting, distracted, in an uncomfortable modern chair. Kirsten is watching a near-pornographic film on TV. She casually lights a cigarette.

**QUAIL**

You know that's illegal.

**KIRSTEN**

Yeah? Who's going to report me? You?... wimp....

She watches a torrid love scene on the video.

**KIRSTEN**

(continuing)  
Screwing around's illegal, too. But just give me half a chance...

Quail looks at her with distaste. His expression changes to one of resolve.

**10 INT. MEMORY STUDIO - DAY**

Quail is stretched out on a plush reclining couch, alongside some strange-looking lab equipment, wearing a hospital-type smock. In the b.g. hovers a TECHNICIAN, adjusting some instrumentation (discreet banks of computers, etc.) -- that apparently relates to the lab equipment next to Quail. The room in a dim, soothing booth, lit by indirect lighting.

Quail looks a little concerned as he studies all the instrumentation next to him -- as one always does at the dentist's, looking at the drills.

The door opens abruptly, in walks a cute-looking LITTLE OLD LADY, wearing a JOGGING SUIT. (A RUTH GORDON-TYPE.)

**OLD LADY**

Hi, I'm Doctor Sophie Lull.  
Sorry I'm late.  
(walks toward  
coat closet)  
I'll be right with you.

She dons a white medical smock that covers her jogging suit, then slings on heavy, lead-lined protective vest.

**QUAIL**

(looking at  
instrument  
console)  
This really going to work?

**LULL**

It the Pope Martian?

Lull's assistant, the TECHNICIAN in b.g., who had been steadily working on the instrumentation, now looks over at Lull.

**ERNIE (TECHNICIAN)**

(at machine)  
Okay -- that's it.

Now, Lull extends a long rubber tube, a hypodermic needle

attached to it. Quail eyes it warily. She swabs the back of his hand in preparation, notices his apprehension.

**LULL**

Now, just relax, kid. This ain't gonna hurt. Just a controlled drip of Narkadine. When you're under, I'll just ask ya a few questions, nothin' real personal, just full details of yer private life so's we can tailor the wish-fulfillment program to your needs.

She injects the needle into his hand as she speaks, tapes it down.

**LULL**

(continuing)  
See? Painless. I didn't feel a thing. Hey, you're a nice kid... you like a little somethin' extra?

Quail, embarrassed, starting to go under, nods.

**LULL**

(continuing;  
pleased)  
Good! Kid -- have I got a girl for you! She's gonna like you. You're good-lookin'.  
(beat)  
Gettin' sleepy?  
(he nods)  
Good. Now, what's the first thing you think of when you're thinkin' about Mars?

**QUAIL**

(wistfully)  
Well... I'd like to see the Martian Sphinx...

**LULL**

Okay -- you will, Dougle! I want ya to start counting backwards from a hundred for me.

**QUAIL**

(sleepily)  
One hundred... ninety-nine...  
ninety-eight... ninety-seven...  
ninety-six... ninety-five....

His voice drops off; his eyes close. Lull studies him, adjusts some instruments, then turns to Ernie, glancing briefly at a typed sheet in front of her.

**LULL**

Okay, Ernie, the trip to Mars; number sixty-two... and throw in that blonde... We'll give him a real good time.

**ERNIE**

Sixty-two... and... the blonde...

He takes two discs and inserts the first one into a machine.

**ERNIE**

Boy, is this one wild. He  
won't want to come back.

Ernie inserts the second disk.

**LULL**

Dougie? This Sophie Lull.  
Can ya hear me?

**QUAIL**

...Sophie....

**LULL**

Good! ... I'm gonna ask ya  
a few more questions now. Ya  
think you'll be able to  
answer 'em?

**QUAIL**

...Yes....

**LULL**

Attaboy! To begin with, I  
wanna ask ya; -- You sex  
life. How many orgasms a  
week?

11 INT. McCLANE'S OFFICE - DAY

McClane has several file drawers open and is removing diverse  
objects and placing them on his desk.

These items apparently are objects ReKall, Inc. intends  
to "plant" for some client of theirs to find (perhaps  
even Quail) -- as part of his fantasy.

While he is putting these things on his desk, the PHONE  
BUZZES. He answers it.

McCLANE

Yes?

**LULL (V.O.)**

(filtered;  
tense)

Howie? Listen, you'd better  
get in here.

McCLANE

(not too  
concerned)

Not another schizoid embolism.

**LULL (V.O.)**

(filtered)

You'd better get in here.

12 INT. MEMORY STUDIO - DAY

McClane come quickly in, brushing the swinging door open.

Lull and Ernie look up as he enters. Quail lies on the  
couch, breathing slowly and regularly, his eyes closed.  
McClane looks queringly at Lull, who motions him to  
silence.

**LULL**

(bends over  
Quail)  
Quail? Dougie, can you hear me?

**QUAIL**

Yes.

**LULL**

Tell McClane what you told us.

McClane glances sharply at Lull, then turns to Quail.

Quail's eyes open and scan the room. They settle on McClane. These eyes have changed: they have become cold and steely. In fact, Quail's entire personality seems to have changed -- his face has acquired a flint-edged hardness. He is chillingly menacing.

**QUAIL**

(a deadly  
voice)  
All of you in this room are  
dead.

**McCLANE**

(not quite  
taking it  
seriously)  
What's he talking about?

**QUAIL**

You've broken my cover.

**McCLANE**

What is this?...

McClane's eyes flash angrily at Lull.

**LULL**

The Narkadine cracked a memory  
cap. Mars --  
(she's scared)  
He's really been there.

There is a chilly silence in the room as McClane digests this.

**McCLANE**

Forced suppression?

**ERNIE**

With spontaneous breakthrough.

**McCLANE**

Holy shit.

They stare at Quail as if he's a ticking bomb.

**QUAIL**

(coldly)  
You've compromised the Sphinx  
Project. You'll have to be  
silenced.

Now they're all panicked.

**McCLANE**

Wait a minute. Quail --

**QUAIL**

My name isn't Quail.

McCLANE

Listen... whoever you are...  
sir....

(almost  
pleading)

...This is all an accident.  
We'll destroy all the records.  
No one will know. I swear it.  
Believe me.

QUAIL

I believe you, but that won't  
stop E.T.O. from killing you.

The Rekall people stare at each other in quiet horror.

QUAIL

(continuing)  
Killing you... killing you...  
killing you....

His voice trails off, his eyes close.

LULL

(intensely)  
He wants a false memory  
implanted -- of a trip he  
really took.  
(pause)  
Someone at Earth Intelligence  
Operations erased his memory.  
All he know was going to Mars  
meant something special to  
him.

ERNIE

What do we do? Graft a false  
memory pattern over the real  
memory of the same thing?

LULL

(shaking her  
head)  
Uh-uh... That could promote  
a partial breakthrough of  
the real trip.

McCLANE

(overlapping)  
Revive him without any false  
memory implantation and get  
him out of here.

LULL

Why don't we just wipe out  
the memory of his visit  
here?

McCLANE

(nodding;  
relieved)  
Yes. Good. I'll destroy  
his file and cancel his fee.  
I have a feeling that the  
longer he doesn't know who  
he is, where he's been,  
where he's going and who we  
are, the better off we'll  
all be. I'm taking a holiday.  
A real one.

He leaves. The others stare after him, looking very grim.

**12A INT. RECEPTION AREA OF REKALL - DAY**

A dazed and disoriented Douglas Quail comes out of an inner door and walks through the lobby towards the exit door.

An attractive RECEPTIONIST, her bare breasts visible through a clear plastic blouse, watches him; she then looks toward McClane who has half-opened the door to view Quail's progress.

**12B INT. ELEVATOR - DAY**

Quail travels down. Uncomprehendingly, he looks out at the city.

**12C INT. BUILDING FOYER - DAY**

Quail stumbles through the fairly crowded foyer, oblivious to anything around him. A red-headed man may or may not be watching him. He makes a phone call from a pocket phone.

**12D INT. ROBOT TAXI CAB - AFTERNOON**

Scene open on Quail, in the back of the cab; he looks around, slowly coming to his senses.

**QUAIL**

Where am I?

**DRIVER**

Travelling south along Third Avenue, passing Forty-third street.

Although the driver's voice is a little mechanical (flat in tone) he is filmed from Quail's POV, and it isn't obvious he is anything other than an ordinary cab driver.

**QUAIL**

Where am I going?

**DRIVER**

Thirty-three thirteen "G" Street, Sector "L", Twin Towers, Apartment six-thirty-five.

**QUAIL**

How did I get here?

Camera now cuts to a shot in front of the driver. He is a fairly human-like robot.

**DRIVER**

I don not understand the question, sir or madam.

**QUAIL**

How did I get into this cab?

**DRIVER**

You stepped into it in the normal manner, sir or madam.

**15 INT. CORRIDOR OF QUAIL'S APARTMENT - DAY**

The reception area and hallway leading to the elevators is smart and clean, though not lavish. A uniformed and armed DOORMAN is standing by the entrance door.

Filmed from the elevator end of the area, we see the cab pull up and Quail alight and enter the building. He nods to the doorman and approaches the elevators. As he reaches them a MAN steps out from behind the camera. A 2ND MAN enters from a door opposite the elevators. Quail looks at them and becomes quite panicky.

**1ST AGENT**

Aren't you the man from Mars?

He takes a modern, lethal gun from his pocket. Quail turns, but the other man is behind him.

**2ND AGENT**

Don't give us a reason to  
kill you.

Quail looks toward the doorman, who is paying little attention to the events. As the two men edge Quail towards the door, he call out...

**QUAIL**

Mr. Zimmer...Mr. Zimmer...  
help me... they're...

But the doorman turns calmly away.

**16 INT. BASEMENT CAR PARK - DAY**

The two men lead Quail past a number of cars to their own vehicle.

**QUAIL**

Where are you taking me?

**1ST AGENT**

You told everyone at Rekall  
about you trip to Mars.  
Where you went, who you worked  
for, what you did --

**QUAIL**

But I didn't... Are you telling  
me... I did go to Mars? I  
don't remember?

**1ST AGENT**

You've remembered too much.  
The Sphinx Project, for a  
start....

**QUAIL**

(confused;  
remembers only  
fragments)  
Sphinx?... No, no, I don't,  
I... What about the people  
at Rekall? I don't recall  
Rekall but you said if they  
know what I did? Why don't  
you ask them? They'll tell  
you I didn't...

**1ST AGENT**

They've been taken care of.

**QUAIL**

What do you mean?

Neither man bothers answering. They arrive at their car and open the door for Quail. He hesitates.

**QUAIL**

(continuing)

What are you going to do with me?

**1ST AGENT**

Get in the car.

He slaps Quail hard across the face. Quail is terrified. He is tearful with fear.

**QUAIL**

My God! No! You're going to kill me!

He cringes. His hands across his face.

**1ST AGENT**

No one's going to kill you if [you do what you're told.] We're visiting E.I.O. for some new tests. Now get in, or do we start playing rough?

**QUAIL**

No! It's not my fault! You can't do it!

They start to force him into the car physically.

Suddenly, Quail stops cringing. the FEAR DISAPPEARS FROM HIS FACE, and is replaced by an odd, thoughtful expression.

**QUAIL**

(continuing)

Wait a minute, I remember --

**1ST AGENT**

What, Quail? What do you remember?

**QUAIL**

On Mars... they tried to kill me... And....

**QUAIL TRANSFORMS INTO A HIGHLY SKILLED KILLING MACHINE.**

In an instant, he karate-chops both agents across the windpipe, and they crumple to the ground.

Quail steps back. He stares at the two bodies, incredulous; then stares at his own deadly HANDS. It is as though they belong to someone else.

Then, leaving the two agents sprawled across the alley, he races back into the basement door of his building.

Kirsten is watching another pornographic video when Quail



bursts in. He is still disoriented.

**QUAIL**

Did you know I've been to  
Mars?

Kirsten gets up and turns off the movie.

**KIRSTEN**

What! This stupid obsess...

**QUAIL**

(interrupting)  
I think I've been. I vaguely  
recall...

**KIRSTEN**

Doug, you've got to forget...

**QUAIL**

(interrupting)  
Forget? Remembering is the  
problem I must've been  
to one of those artificial  
memory places...

**KIRSTEN**

Oh my God...

**QUAIL**

But something went wrong...  
something about a real  
memory... and then those  
men... tried to kill me.

**KIRSTEN**

What men? Doug, you're crazy.

She starts to mix a drink from a well-stocked cabinet.

**KIRSTEN**

(continuing)  
You're here now. They didn't  
kill you.

**QUAIL**

No. That's what's so amazing.  
I killed them. I think...

Kirsten stops pouring her drink and look at him sharply.

**KIRSTEN**

Where? Where are they?

Quail points down with his finger.

**KIRSTEN**

(continuing)  
Doug! It's something they  
put into your mind at the  
memory place. Fantasies.  
That's their business.

She sips her drink.

**KIRSTEN**

(continuing)  
You're a computer operator.  
You're a bore. You're a  
wimp. You're not a killer.

**QUAIL**

I'm involved somehow with  
E.I.O. It's true. It's no  
fantasy.

He walks around the apartment drawing curtains and putting  
out the lights.

**KIRSTEN**

Doug, I want you to see a  
doctor. Now Alec and Shirley  
Turnbull have a good man. He  
helped Alec through his  
breakdown.

**QUAIL**

For fuck's sake, this is no  
breakdown!

Kirsten is taken aback at his use of language. He strides  
into the bathroom and slams the door. She turns on one  
lamp, goes to a telephone and dials.

**19 INT. BATHROOM - TWILIGHT**

Quail takes a washcloth, turns the hot water up full and  
soaks the cloth under the steaming water. Using it as a  
compress, he presses it against his face and his neck, to  
drain off some of the tension.

He turns off the water. Towelling his head dry, he opens  
the bathroom door.

The instant he does this, a blinding white BURST OF LIGHT  
comes arcing into the bathroom, and the back wall crinkles  
and CHARS into a swatch of blackness.

QUAIL DIVES OUT THE DOOR, just as ANOTHER BOLT incinerates  
the spot where he was standing.

**20 INT. LIVING ROOM - TWILIGHT**

THE ROOM IS IN TOTAL DARKNESS. The only thing visible is  
the pale rectangle of the balcony window, with the curtains  
drawn over it.

QUAIL and his ASSAILANT cannot be seen -- but they can be  
HEARD. There is the sound of a SCUFFLE -- the meaty THUD  
of a FIST CONNECTING WITH FLESH -- and a painful GRUNT as  
someone's breath whooshes out.

The LIGHT COMES ON. Quail is standing with one hand on the  
lamp, and the other twisting KIRSTEN's arm up behind her  
back. A pistol lies on the floor. Quail is totally stunned.  
He releases her arm, shoving her away from him, at the same  
time scooping up the pistol.

**QUAIL**

My God! Did you say I need a  
psychiatrist?

**KIRSTEN**

(coolly)  
I haven't seen you move that  
fast since I've known you.

**QUAIL**

(outraged)  
How could you do it? After

eight years!

**KIRSTEN**

I'm not your wife, Quail.

**QUAIL**

Not my wife! You are out of your mind.

**KIRSTEN**

(indifferent;  
nursing her  
arm)

It's a false memory implant.  
I never saw you before six  
weeks ago.

Quail is totally disoriented.

**QUAIL**

Why are you lying like this?

**KIRSTEN**

No, Quail. It's true. You  
work for E.I.O. So do I.

As she speaks, she walks to a picture on the wall and from behind it pulls out a small wallet. She flips it open to show him her E.I.O. badge. He looks down uncomprehendingly at the holographic lettering "Earth Intelligence Organisation".

**QUAIL**

(indicating their  
surroundings)

But why all of this?

**KIRSTEN**

(shrugging)

We had to watchdog you...make  
sure the erasure took. A wife  
seemed like a good idea.

**QUAIL**

But I remember it! All of  
it!... Us!

**KIRSTEN**

All implanted.

**QUAIL**

Our friends... my work...  
eight years.

**KIRSTEN**

The job's real -- you've had  
is six weeks -- since you got  
back from Mars.

He sits down, holds his hand to his head.

**KIRSTEN**

(continuing)

It's all a fabrication, Quail.  
Everything you know.

**QUAIL**

This is crazy! If all my  
memories are false, who am  
I? What am I? Jesus... it's  
like I don't exist.

**KIRSTEN**

You exist, all right.  
(very cold)  
That's the problem.

A pause as Quail mentally gropes frantically, for what to do next.

**QUAIL**

Why did you try to kill me?  
Why does E.I.O. want me dead?

**KIRSTEN**

They don't particularly. That was my idea. This assignment was boring me to death. The personality they gave you wasn't too thrilling.

**QUAIL**

Well, what did I do on Mars that they have to keep me from telling?

**KIRSTEN**

I've no idea. I just work here.

**QUAIL**

All right... I'm leaving.  
Don't try and follow me --

**KIRSTEN**

I don't have to follow you.  
You can't get away from E.I.O.  
Nobody does.

Quail looks at her as if seeing her for the first time.

**QUAIL**

No wonder you got the role as my bitchy wife -- type casting.

He leaves. Kirsten smiles secretively. She goes to a drawer, opens it and removes a tiny instrument that looks like a TV channel-changer. There is a very small light on the instrument, which begins flashing on and off, as the instrument begins to make BEEPING SOUNDS.

**21 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE QUAIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Quail walks briskly out onto the street, controlling his paces, trying not to look suspicious. After a beat, he heads for the nearest subway entrance.

**22 INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT**

Now underground, Quail tries to blend in with the other subway people. He heads toward the weapons check.

**23 EXT. STREET SUBWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

An OFFICIAL VEHICLE slams to a halt next to the subway entrance and a whole load of INTENSE MEN pours out of it.

**24 INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT**

Quail now shuffles along in a lineup of people waiting to get through the WEAPONS CHECK. He tries to control his nervousness. He passes. The guard smiles at him, pleased to see he has remembered his gun.

**25 INT. SUBWAY – NIGHT**

All the men with guns drawn come pouring down the subway stairs. The SUBWAY COPS and WEAPONS CHECK are stunned to see four large men brandishing guns push their way through the weapons check gate without seeming to notice them. One gunman flashes a HOLOGRAPHIC BADGE ENCASED IN PLASTIC at them.

The gunman reach the bottom of the stairs and race closer to the subway train, which is just departing. The men halt abruptly.

**FIRST GUNMAN**

Fuck it!

The second gunman adjusts a small plug – a radio receiver – in his ear.

**SECOND GUNMAN (EARPLUG WEARER)**

We won't be able to track him  
again until he comes up above  
ground!

**26 INT. SUBWAY CAR – NIGHT**

Quail sits in the subway car as it barrels through the night, not knowing exactly where he will go. He is confused, distraught. A commercial comes onto the video.

**TV AS VOICE OVER**

Tired? Exhausted? Need a  
vacation? Don't settle for  
memories, experience the real  
thing. Daily departures on the  
space shuttle to Mars. Visit  
the wonders of....

**27 EXT. SUBWAY STOP – NIGHT**

Quail emerges from underground and looks around. The streets are almost deserted.

**28 INT. MOVING OFFICAL VEHICLE – NIGHT**

THE GUNMEN SIT IN THE OV. The one with the ear plug  
[suddenly talks.]

**EARPLUG WEARER**

Coming in again. Loud and  
clear.

He looks down at an illuminated street map built into the car's dashboard.

**28A EXT. SUBWAY STOP – NIGHT**

A cab comes into view. Quail quickly hails it and jumps in. Cab moves off.

**28B INT. CAB - NIGHT**

Quail is still pondering what to do next. He glances out one window, though not at anything in particular. Suddenly, the silence is shattered as bullets rip through the window on the other side. Quail ducks to the floor.

**28C EXT. CAB - NIGHT**

A wide shot shows that the cab is being fired on by a man leaning from the window of an official patrol vehicle. He is aiming at the tires and driver, rather than directly at Quail.

**28D INT. CAB - NIGHT**

Bullets are still pouring in.

**ROBOT DRIVER**

(unemotionally)

You are being fired on, sir  
or madam, please leave the  
cab at once.

From the floor, Quail pushes the door handle and rolls out onto the street. The pursuing car occupants fail to notice his exit.

**28E EXT. STREETS - NIGHT**

Cars continue, as Quail picks himself up from the gutter and moves off down a narrow side street.

**28F INT. CAB - NIGHT**

**ROBOT DRIVER**

[Please....]

Bullets rip into the robot driver's neck, severing the head from the body. The head hits the window then bounces back onto the front seat. It continues talking.

**ROBOT DRIVER**

(continuing)

...leave the cab as bullets  
are hitting the vehicle in  
considerable quantities.

**28G EXT. STREETS - NIGHT**

The taxi mounts the footpath and smashes through the display window of a store. Clothes models are scattered and broken. When the noise abates, the severed head of the robot driver is lying among the dummies.

**ROBOT DRIVER**

This company, sir or madam,  
will institute legal action  
for damages...

**29 EXT. STREET - "END OF THE LINE" HOTEL - NIGHT**

Quail emerges from the side street and sees "End of the Line" Hotel. It is clean, bland, middle class. He quickly crosses the road and enters.

**29A INT. "END OF THE LINE" HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT**

The foyer is brightly lit and empty. Quail approaches the DESK CLERK, who is reading a book. "Dr. No", marked, in flowing script, "from the classic series".

**DESK CLERK**

(without looking  
up)

Help you, sir?

**QUAIL**

(handing over  
money)

A room for the night.

**DESK CLERK**

(reluctantly  
putting down  
the book)

**ID.**

**QUAIL**

(handing over  
money)

Here's ten thousand. Forget  
the ID.

DESK CLERK looks up at him, with interest. His hand hovers over the money.

**QUAIL**

(continuing)

I have a liaison with a  
lady... and I'm married...

**DESK CLERK**

I understand, sir. Nothing  
like a bit on the side, eh?  
Bit of fugitive flesh. The  
greatest aphrodisiac is a new  
body, wouldn't you say, sir?

Quail looks at him with distaste but is only anxious to be given the key to his room. He says nothing.

**30 INT. "END OF THE LINE" HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Quail unlocks the door and enters. No sooner does he relock the door than THE PHONE RINGS. He freezes, stares at it for three rings, then picks it up.

**QUAIL**

(into receiver)

I told you, I don't want to  
be disturbed.

**TELEPHONE VOICE**

(filtered)

If you want to live, don't  
hang up.

Quail is stunned. He says nothing, but doesn't hang up.

**TELEPHONE VOICE**

(continuing;  
filtered)

They've got you bugged...

They're gonna find you.  
Faster than you can say "Back  
Rodgers".

(quickly)  
And don't bother shaking down  
your clothes -- the monitor  
is embedded in your skull.

**QUAIL**

(reeling)  
Who are you? What the hell  
is this?

**30A INT. BAR BASEMENT - NIGHT**

The man telephoning Quail is calling from a bar. Occasionally people pass him on their way to the toilets. He is youngish and conservatively dressed. He speaks rapidly and urgently.

**TELEPHONE VOICE**

Take a wet towel and wrap it  
around your head. That will  
deaden the signal. It'll  
take longer for them to  
pinpoint you.

**30B INT. QUAIL'S ROOM - NIGHT**

**QUAIL**

Why should I trust you?

**TELEPHONE VOICE**

(filtered)  
There's a real old saying --  
"Beggars can't be choosers".  
Go and soak your head!

Quail puts the phone down and rushes to the bathroom.

**30B1 INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT**

The earphone wearer and driver are moving in on the signal generated by Quail's bug. Suddenly, the small illuminated cross on the dashboard map cuts out.

**EARPHONE WEARER**

Shit!

**DRIVER**

Cut the language, will ya?

**EARPHONE WEARER**

It's gone! Some...malfunction...

Unscientifically, he prod the screen.

**DRIVER**

(world-weary air)  
Toldya the Martian assembled  
[stuff don't work.]

**30B2 INT. QUAIL'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Quail rushes back into the room with a wet towel, turban-like, wrapped around his head. He rapidly picks up the phone.



**QUAIL**

Keep talking.

**TELEPHONE VOICE**

(filtered)

Head over to Skid Row -- to the Lucky Stub Pawnshop -- corner of Park Avenue and Fifty-eighth. Tell the man you're Mr. Hotchkiss; you came for your Grecian candlesticks.

**QUAIL**

(infuriated)

What do I want with Grecian candlesticks!

**30C INT. BAR BASEMENT - NIGHT**

The man on the phone looks around anxiously.

**TELEPHONE VOICE**

Just do it! This is no time for small talk.

**QUAIL (V.O.)**

(filtered; not quite convinced)

How did you know where to find me?

**TELEPHONE VOICE**

I've been tailing you since you get back from Mars.

**30D INT. QUAIL'S ROOM - NIGHT**

**QUAIL**

You're E.I.O. You're on the other team.

**TELEPHONE VOICE**

(filtered)

I'm E.I.O. But I was your best friend. Scott Stevens -- we arranged this...

**QUAIL**

(trying to recall)

I can't remember -- only bits...

**TELEPHONE VOICE**

(filtered; overlapping)

I was your fail-safe -- if and when the shooting started. Good luck. Look me up if you remember me.

**30E INT. BAR BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Scott Stevens hangs up the phone. He looks around cautiously, then walks a few steps to the mens room.

**30F INT. MENS ROOM - NIGHT**

Scott Stevens walks to the row of troughs and begins to urinate. The room is empty. He hears a noise and looks around. Two EIO men are standing there aiming lethal-looking high-velocity weapons at him. One of them is the red-headed man we've already seen.

**1ST MAN (RED-HEADED)**

Well, look at that. He's  
really got his hands full.

**2ND MAN**

Not so full, so I've heard.

Still urinating, the frustrated Scott Stevens can only look back over his shoulder. Laughing, both men open fire, riddling him with bullets. He collapses in an undignified heap, his head in the water at the base of the trough.

**31 INT. "END OF THE LINE" CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Quail, with towel around his head, glances up and down the corridor -- spots a sign that says "FIRE EXIT". He races towards it.

**32 EXT. "END OF THE LINE" FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

The OV slams up in front of the hotel and a carload of MEN tear out of it and barge into the hotel.

**32A INT. "END OF THE LINE" HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT**

The startled clerk jumps to his feet as the group of armed men enter rapidly.

**EARPHONE WEARER**

Quick. The guy who checked  
in fifteen minutes ago.

**CLERK**

(nervous)  
Room...thirty-six.

Most of the armed men instantly head off up the stairs, their weapons at the ready. Clerk watches, astonished.

**CLERK**

(continuing)  
He was only meeting a lady...  
Aren't you guys overdoing it  
a bit?

**32B EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Quail is walking along briskly, still with the towel around his head. A few passers-by look at him curiously. He puts his hand together and greets them Indian-style.

**33 EXT. PARK AVENUE - NIGHT - CLOSE ON STREET SIGN**

which reads: "PARK AVENUE / 58TH STREET".

PULL BACK to reveal "The Lucky Stub Pawnshop". WINOS lurk on the corner. Park Avenue has deteriorated into a slum.

QUAIL ENTERS FRAME, and approaching the pawnshop, stepping over a BUM in a doorway.

**34 INT. PAWNSHOP - NIGHT**

Quail is just entering; an old-fashioned BELL overhead, tripped by the door opening, announces his entrance.

At once, an immense FAT MAN emerges from the back room.

**PAWNBROKER**

You wanta camera? I got some good, top-quality ones. You want silk rugs? Handmade last century in Iran...all perfect. You want videos? Old movies... classics...all those Vietnam war ones...real quaint stuff... you want...

**QUAIL**

(interrupting;  
awkwardly)  
I'm Hotchkiss...I came for the...Grecian candlesticks...

The Fat Man studies him warily for a long moment; then he disappears through the curtain.

In a brief moment, he emerges again, carrying a small, "makeup-sized" case, as well as two large candelabra.

The Pawnbroker puts the case on the counter. Quail looks at the case with curiosity.

**QUAIL**

(continuing)  
I wonder if you could tell me...

They both look around as someone enters.

**PAWNBROKER**

I trust these will look well in you... mosque.

**35 INT. FLOP HOUSE - NIGHT - CLOSE ON HANDS**

Opening up the small case.

PULL BACK to reveal they are Quail's hands. The hotel room he's now in is obviously a different one than the last one we saw him in. The room is large but run-down, the walls are peeling, the architecture is much older, etc.

Quail examines the contents of the case: there are CREDIT CARDS and also MONEY, several stacks of bills, neatly tied -- some of it the conventional green, but most of it red.

**CLOSE ON RED MONEY**

On the face of it is printed: "MARS FEDERAL COLONY".

**QUAIL**

(mutters)

Martian money....

Quail thumbs through the money, and whistles softly to himself as he sees how much there is.

Also in the case are: TWO PASSPORTS; a small CASSETTE RECORDER; a rolled-up LEATHER POUCH and a spray can of some sort; and a strange thing that looks like a silver mask. He examines the face mask, studies BLACK LETTERS WRITTEN ACROSS IT (which we are not close enough to read) and then puts it aside. Another item now catches his eye: a wristwatch. He sees a conspicuous red button on the side of the watch, and PRESSES IT. INSTANTLY, TO HIS **SHOCK, QUAIL SEES A MAN MANIFEST HIMSELF HIMSELF OUT OF THIN AIR AND STAND THERE IN THE ROOM A FEW FEET AWAY FROM QUAIL:** he's an EXACT HOLOGRAPHIC DUPLICATE of Quail -- down to the clothes Quail is wearing now.

The image stands and watches Quail.

**QUAIL**

(continuing)

What the hell...?

Quail smiles, presses the red button again. There is a HUMMING SOUND -- and the man FADES INTO THIN AIR -- like a television set being turned off.

Quail looks bemused.

Now he unrolls the leather pouch and looks inside. There he finds what look like SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS; a sponge, a long piece of wire doubled over, with some attachments and a tiny METAL HEAD on one end, and some tubes of salve.

He turns on the cassette recorder.

The VOICE he hears on the cassette TAPE is HIS OWN!

**CASSETTE VOICE (V.O.)**

(Quail's voice)

"Hauser, this is Hauser -- or whatever you think your name is now. If you're listening to this, I'm talking to myself. Your memory's been erased and you've got a wet towel around your head.

(he does)

"The first thing you've got to do is get rid of that bug in your head."

**36 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT**

The sound of the tape continues as Quail follows instructions -- pushing the wire up into a bloody portion of his neck, just below the ear.

**CASSETTE VOICE (V.O.)**

The monitoring device is located in your left maxillary sinus cavity. Make a small incision in your neck just below the left ear, and insert the wire up into the sinus. The head is self-guiding. Just shove.

Quail makes a face.

**CASSETTE VOICE (V.O.)**

(continuing)

You won't feel a thing. The spray cartridge contains a local anesthetic and a blood coagulant. Careful, it's my neck, too.

Holding the wet towel against his neck, Quail slowly withdraws the wire. On the end of it is a tiny, metal bead, the Transmitter.

**37 INT. MOVING OFFICIAL VEHICLE - NIGHT**

The man with the ear plug suddenly reacts.

**EARPLUG WEARER**

It's come on again.

**DRIVER**

Where?

The 1st man quickly check the map-grid in the dashboard. A small bright 'x' is flashing.

**EARPLUG WEARER**

He's in that old flophouse.  
Plaza Hotel. Central Park  
South.

**37A INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Quail is anxious to get rid of the transmitter. He looks around and notices a rat trap near a rat hole in the skirting board.

He carefully - avoiding springing the trap - removes the piece of cheese and pushes the transmitter inside. He then throws the cheese into the rat hole.

**38 INT. MOVING OFFICIAL VEHICLE - NIGHT**

The car is moving swiftly through the streets.

**EARPLUG WEARER**

Boy, he's really moving  
around.

A CU of the screen shows the small 'x' moving in circles.

**38A EXT. HOTEL SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

The car pulls up. Another follows it. Armed men leap out from both. The EARPLUG WEARER indicates they should go down an alley at the side of a service door. They advance cautiously, guns at the ready. They see no one. The EARPLUG WEARER indicates another, even narrower, alley leading off to one side. Two of the men sneak cautiously up to it, their guns at the ready.

A large rat scurries out from behind overfull garbage bins. Furious, they fire. The bullets rip the bins to shreds, scattering refuse everywhere. The rat is killed. They all stare in disbelief.

**EARPLUG WEARER**

Ya dirty rat!

**40 INT. E.I.O. HEADQUARTERS - MEMORY LAB - NIGHT**

OPENING CLOSE on a MONITOR SCREEN slated "HAUSER/QUAIL" followed by a serial number and some dates. The slate vanishes, replaced by a scene of Quail -- undergoing some KIND OF MILITARY TRAINING.

PAN to OTHER MONITORS, all depicting Quail in other action scenes -- on some kind of mission, driving a car, etc.

TECHNICIANS man the monitors, scrolling through them in fast-forward and fast reverse as if searching files.

The technicians turn as Cohaagen and his aides enter.

**COHAAGEN**

(demands)

Anything?

**SUPERVISOR**

We're running every one of his memory tapes for the past fifteen years. Nothing yet, sir.

**COHAAGEN**

There must be something -- some place he would go, some friend he would run to.

The red-haired E.I.O. man joins them.

**RED-HEADED MAN**

(to Cohaagen;  
quietly)

They lost him.

**COHAAGEN**

Again?!

The red-headed man nods.

**COHAAGEN**

(continuing)

Are you sure the original suppression took?

**SUPERVISOR**

Absolutely, sir. He thinks he's Quail, a computer...

**COHAAGEN**

(interrupting)

Then how do you explain what he's doing?

**SUPERVISOR**

Just his instincts. He was well trained by E.I.O.... Maybe the memory cap's fractured. Portions of his prior identity could be leaking through.

**COHAAGEN**

(very anxious)

He'll remember Mars? The Sphinx Project?

**SUPERVISOR**

Fragments. Nothing more.  
Nothing he could piece together.  
I did advise terminating him,  
rather than implanting an  
identify alternative.

**COHAAGEN**

What do you think I am? A  
barbarian? We're not living  
in the twentieth century!

He looks at the video screen again. An image has flashed  
onto it of an attractive Eurasian girl.

**COHAAGEN**

(continuing)

Hold it there.

He studies the picture, which changes to show the same  
girl from different angles.

**42 INT. SPACE PORT - DAY**

Passengers are boarding a COMMERCIAL SPACECRAFT. In  
addition to the STEWARDESSES checking their tickets, there  
are two PLAINCLOTHES MEN checking every passenger. They  
carry some kind of small, portable ELECTRONIC DEVICE that  
they shine in the face of each passenger going through.  
(It gives off a BLUE BEAM and HUMS.)

The passengers are a diverse group - businessmen, officials,  
government people, etc. There is also a large tour group  
consisting of a predominately middle-aged and determinedly  
jolly crowd, many of them carrying duty-free bags. They  
are being marshaled by an harassed TOUR ORGANIZER, who is  
carrying aloft a hand-painted sign... "MARTIAN TOUR GROUP".

The last of the passengers board the spacecraft. The  
chief PLAINCLOTHES MAN nods to an official and the door  
begins to close.

**PLAINCLOTHES MAN #1**

If he had to travel to Mars  
with that bunch, I'd be sorry  
for him.

**PLAINCLOTHES MAN #2**

We couldn't have missed him?

**PLAINCLOTHES MAN #1**

No way. Let's get a coffee  
before the next shuttle.

**43 INT. SPACELINER - IN FLIGHT**

One of the PASSENGERS -- a middle-aged WOMAN -- unbuckles  
her seat belt and heads for the restroom, carrying her  
handbag, and some clothes on a hanger.

**44 INT. LAVATORY - IN FLIGHT**

The woman locks the door and turns to the mirror. She  
opens her bag, takes out a spray container, SPRAYS HER  
FACE with it, and takes out -- the SILVER FACE MASK we  
saw in Quail's emergency kit.

She holds the mask to her face. There is a SIZZLING NOISE, and SMOKE rises from behind the mask.

She lowers the mask. Her face is now that of QUAIL. He tears up a passport and drops it down a chute.

He reaches inside his dress, starts to REMOVE his "FALSIES."

#### **CLOSE ON MASK**

We can read the BLACK LETTERING written across it now: "LASER FACIAL".

#### **45 INT. SPACELINER - IN FLIGHT**

Quail exits from the lavatory and glances toward the ebullient tour crowd. He turns and looks in the other direction and sees a video theater advertising "ROCKY 36" with Sylvester Stallone III, Jnr. He isn't too excited, but heads towards it. He pauses a little when an announcement comes over the intercom.

A LITTLE BELL sounds, followed by INTERCOM STATIC. Quail looks up.

#### **CAPTAIN'S VOICE (V.O.)**

Ladies and gentlemen, if you'll  
glance out the starboard  
viewports, you'll behold an  
indeed awesome sight --

Quail goes to a viewport and PEERS, transfixed. He is seeing... at last... the object of his obsession.

#### **46 EXT. SPACELINER - IN ORBIT AROUND MARS**

The SPACELINER -- which we have deliberately not seen before this moment for dramatic effect -- banks and turns, suddenly bringing into view -- MARS.

AN IMMENSE ORANGE GLOBE -- so close it looks like it's going to fall on us. It dwarfs the spaceliner.

#### **CAPTAIN'S VOICE (V.O.)**

Those long gorges you see,  
clearly are the legendary  
canals of Mars....

The liner drops toward the surface of Mars. Below: a NETWORK OF INTERSECTING LINES crisscross the planet.

#### **CAPTAIN'S VOICE (V.O.)**

(continuing)

Of course, they are not manmade  
canals, but vast natural chasms  
...many deeper and larger than  
the Grand Canyon. Though  
utterly without moisture now,  
scientists have determined  
that they were formed by  
massive flooding millions of  
years ago.

#### **47 INT. SPACELINER**

Quail stares, his brow furrowing as if with some deep hidden memory he can't quite recall.



**CAPTAIN'S VOICE (V.O.)**

(continuing)

Surface temperatures at the  
Martian equator is minus  
one-hundred and twenty degrees  
Centigrade -- in winter.  
Fortunately, this time of year  
it's slightly more seasonable:  
Sixty degrees, Fahrenheit,  
outside the domes.

(beat)

Please remember, folks, that  
outside the domes you'll need  
to carry your own personal  
oxygen supply at all times.  
The atmosphere of Mars is  
almost a vacuum. Thank you  
for flying with Interstellar  
and we hope your stay will be  
a pleasant one.

**48 EXT. MARS - OUTER SPACE**

CAMERA follows the spaceliner until the ENTIRE FRAME is  
filled with the RED-ORANGE sands of MARS.

**49 EXT. MARTIAN DESERT - DAY**

An endless expanse of boulder-studded red sand, under  
a red-orange sky.

The desert is cut by a ROAD, which snakes across the  
rocky terrain. Some surface TRAFFIC moves along the  
road (all pressurized vehicles since the atmosphere  
of Mars is almost a pure vacuum) - including the  
**MARSPORT BUS.**

**PAN WITH THE BUS - TO REVEAL**

**A CITY UNDER A DOME.**

In the midst of the stark, trackless landscape -- it's  
midday, scorching -- rises a huge weatherbeaten GEODESIC  
STRUCTURE, its glass surface scarred by sandstorm damage.  
Its feeling is like an old Western, when Clint Eastwood  
rides into Tombstone -- the raw, forbidding vistas, with  
a tough town carved out of the wilderness.

**50 INT. MARSPORT - DAY**

Quail is looking out at the desolate landscape. The TOUR  
ORGANISER, an amiable middle-aged man sits beside him.  
It is possible he is not a married man.

**QUAIL**

It's no Garden of Eden.

**TOUR ORGANISER**

No. Quite a bit to see, though.  
The canyons, the old Sphinx...

**QUAIL**

What do you know about that?

**TOUR ORGANISER**

Not much, really. Millions  
of years old. Bit like the  
one that used to be in Egypt,

you know...

**QUAIL**

Yeah. Got destroyed in the Arab wars... What about this independence movement?

**TOUR ORGANISER**

(dismissive)

Not worth worrying about. Mostly descendants of the original colonists from Earth. Now they want self-rule so they can sell us all the minerals... I don't think we've met. You with our group? Takes me a while to know everyone.

**QUAIL**

Sure. Douglas Quail.

**TOUR ORGANISER**

Richard Toltz.

(they shake hands)

Well, Doug, I hope we'll see a lot more of each other.

**55 EXT. CITY (UNDER THE DOOM) - DAY**

The bus pulls up outside a modern tourist hotel. The buildings surrounding it have a much more improvised, temporary look. Most are pre-fabricated structures. The streets are crowded and there is a "frontier-town" atmosphere. Stalls sell fruit and vegetables, also water and air containers.

A lot of greenery is evident - this is to absorb CO2 and emit oxygen, thus helping with the air supply under the dome.

Some small, ragged boys look at QUAIL as he looks around before going inside the hotel. Suddenly, one of them throws a small sack at him. It hits his chest and leaves a yellow stain. The hotel DOORMAN chases the boys away....

**BOY**

Smogpsucker!

From the other side of the street, a gang of URCHINS with a harmonica start singing some kind of defiant PATRIOTIC SONG.

**DOORMAN**

You know how it is, sir. Some of these red-asses are a bit prejudiced.

**QUAIL**

Prejudiced? Against what?

**DOORMAN**

Earthmen.

The street song has swelled, adult MINERS and CITIZENS joining the belligerent chorus.

**QUAIL**

What are they singing?

**DOORMAN**

The Martian National Anthem.

Quail tips the doorman, enter the hotel.

**57 INT. MARS HILTON LOBBY - DAY**

Quail passes several kiosks -- a magazine stand, currency exchange, clothing store, shoeshine stand. A SHOESHINE BOY looks up at Quail.

Quail walks past, enters the main lobby. The atrium entryway is absolutely fabulous; a complete contrast to the dirty, Casbah-like streets. AFFLUENT-LOOKING PEOPLE in spotless linen fill the lobby.

Quail stops to examine a large ROTATING DISPLAY sitting on a table in the middle of the lobby. It is a stand-up model of a SPHINX. Across the top is written "THE FIRST WONDER OF MARS". A recorded VOICE repeats a canned speech --

**CANNED VOICE**

"...the Martian Sphinx...  
only evidence of non-human  
civilization ever discovered  
...age estimated at over  
eighteen million years...

**CLOSE - SHOESHINE BOY**

He stares at Quail.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Quail approaches the Registration Desk.

**CLERK**

Nice to have you back with us,  
Mr. Hauser.

Quail is startled to be recognized -- particularly by this name. He tries to stay casual.

**QUAIL**

Nice to be back.  
(pick up pen)  
I'm flattered you remember me.

**CLERK**

Part of my job, sir.

**QUAIL**

(starts to sign;  
hesitates)  
Do you remember my first name,  
too?

**CLERK**

Charles. Charles Hauser, right?

**QUAIL**

I'm impressed.  
(now he signs)  
Listen. I need transportation  
to the... uh... the Sphinx.  
Can you arrange it for me?

**CLERK**

I'm sorry, sir. But Earth  
government has sealed off the

excavation site completely.  
No one but survey teams and  
archaeologists are allowed  
closer than twenty miles.

The Clerk taps a few keys on a computer.

**CLERK**

Oh...

(spots something  
on the computer)  
Do you want the item you left  
with us?

**QUAIL**

What item? Oh... yes, please.

The Clerk turns to the safe, retrieves an envelope. He  
hands it -- and an ELECTRONIC ROOM KEY -- to Quail.

**58 P.O.V. - THROUGH BINOCULARS - THE SPHINX**

Far in the distance, a dusty red structure squats amid  
barren dunes. We see vehicles, scaffolding, a fortified  
perimeter.

**59 INT. QUAIL'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Quail stands at the window, looking through binoculars.  
He lowers them irritably, tosses them on the bed.

Quail tugs the envelope from his pocket, tears it open.  
Inside is a single slip of paper, on which is written  
in longhand:

**"MELINA NOEL**

Last Chance Air Station  
Kilometer 61 Gird Square T9"

**60 EXT. MARS HILTON - SUNSET**

It is now sunset on Mars and it's literally of inearthly  
beauty. The sun is bold and blood red; the foggy, drip-  
ping glass of the Dome tints the light into strange colors.

Quail emerges from the hotel, properly attired now in a  
white tropical suit, and starts for the taxi stand.

Behind him, also emerging from the hotel, is the Shoeshine  
Boy. He keeps out of sight -- but is definitely tailing  
Quail.

As Quail nears the first solar-powered taxi in line, he is  
approached by an amiable-looking CALYPSO GUY wearing a West  
Indian shirt and bright straw hat.

**CALYPSO GUY (BENNIE)**

Need a cab, boss mon?

Quail hesitates, unsure of the protocol.

**BENNIE**

(continuing)  
Mine's right around the corner.

**QUAIL**

(indicating first  
cab in line)

That one's closer.

**BENNIE**

But I out-hustle him, right?

**QUAIL**

(smiling)

Right.

TWO CABBIES exchange curses as Quail, wary, follows the Calypso Guy around a corner, climbs into the small solar car.

**62 EXT. CITY DOME - AIR LOCK - SUNSET**

An AIR LOCK whooshes open underneath a Checker Cab sign. Bennie and Quail emerge in the solar-powered car -- set off into the desert.

**63 EXT. DESERT - SUNSET**

The taxi traverses the same type desert that Quail crossed a few hours ago. Only now it looks completely different. The late light tints everything in pastel shades, Quail is awed by the grandeur of the Lawrence-of-Arabia-like setting.

**68 EXT. DESERT TRUCK STOP - NIGHT**

Quail and Bennie's taxi approaches a brightly-lit oasis in the middle of the desert. There's a cafe, repair facilities and a huge parking lot -- all under a garish neon sign: "LAST CHANCE AIR STATION AND ASLOON - EAT HERE AND GET GAS".

Quail and Bennie's taxi pulls in and parks. In the lot is a collection of strange and colorful vehicles: huge ore trucks that pull eight trailers, mountain prospecting jeeps, Grapes-of-Wrath jalopies. Quail and Bennie disembark, wearing breathing masks, and enter the main building.

**69 INT. LAST CHANCE AIR STATION - NIGHT**

The joint is a combination saloon/cathouse/casino. There are slot machines, HOOKERS, MINERS and HOMESTEADERS; it is like a Nevada brothel -- packed with wild and woolly individualists, the equivalent of Old West trappers, prospectors and cowboys -- but with a space-age look.

Quail and Bennie elbow their way to the bar. Fragments of conversation are overheard.

**MINER #1**

...if that intergalactic little Napoleon thinks I'm sellin' and clearin' outta here, he can think again!

**MINER #2**

(with a laugh)

...watcha gonna do when he cuts off the air, Luke?

**MINER #3**

...you'll be breathin' red dust and shittin' bricks.

Bennie and Quail pass another group.

**MINER #4**

...my wife ain't goin' on  
one of those space shuttles...  
she hates flyin'...

**MINER #5**

...aw, come on... flyin's  
safer'n crossin' the road...

**MINER #6**

...yeah, there ain't been a  
real disaster since that  
collision off Phobos, nigh on  
twenty years ago...

**MINER #4**

(alarmed)  
...well, that killed twelve  
thousand...

**QUAIL**

What is this, Bennie...  
Tombstone?

**BENNIE**

Sorta. Bunch of miners out  
here got their own claims, from  
way back. Coahaagen's buyin' em  
all up, says he's gonna cut off  
the air an' water if they won't  
sell...

Quail attracts the attention of the BARTENDER.

**QUAIL**

I'm looking for Melina Noel.

**BARTENDER**

You've found her.

His nod indicates an area behind Quail. He turns to see  
an attractive waitress placing drinks on tables. She  
doesn't notice Quail. He walks toward her through the  
crowd. Bennie watches, then tactfully slips away.

MELINA turns to return to the bar and runs straight into  
Quail. She stops, obviously astonished to see him.

**MELINA**

You bastard!

Almost in tears, she pushes her way through the crowd to a  
billiard room, which is separated from the main bar by  
swinging doors.

There are no occupants and it is almost in darkness. Quail,  
bewildered, follows her. Inside the billiard room he turns  
on the lights which illuminates the area of the table.

(NOTE: As Quail and Melina speak, the activity in the  
outside bar can be seen above the swinging doors.)

Melina is still fighting back tears. Quail stops in front  
of her, unsure about what to do. He has no recollection  
of how well he might have known this woman.

Suddenly, she slaps him hard across the face.

**MELINA**

(quietly)  
You bastard...

He rubs his painful cheek.

**MELINA**

(continuing)  
That's new -- the innocent  
look.

(bitter sarcasm)  
You didn't have that one  
before.

(beat)  
Well?

Quail is speechless.

**QUAIL**

Well, uh... I...

**MELINA**

All right, I'll say it for  
you.

He looks relieved (but tries to cover).

**MELINA**

(continuing)  
Don't worry. I got the note.  
You discharged your obligation.

**QUAIL**

What note?

**MELINA**

Oh, the usual one. "Must  
return immediately to Earth...  
the wife needs me..."

**QUAIL**

I don't have a wife. Well,  
I do -- but not a real wife.  
(getting  
desperate)  
Hell... look... someone else  
sent that note. Someone who --

**MELINA**

What are you here for?!

**QUAIL**

For you! I don't even know  
why --

Melina bursts into tears. Quail rather tentatively puts  
his arms around her. She welcomes this at first, but then  
pushes him away.

**QUAIL**

(continuing)  
Whoever I was, I must have  
been a helluva guy.

**MELINA**

"Whoever you were"???

**QUAIL**

Listen. I've got to tell you  
something. I beg you to  
believe me... help me --

All Melina's suspicions come rushing back.

**QUAIL**

(continuing)

Something happened to my mind.  
Memory suppression, false  
implant, I don't know  
what --

Melina backs off. Quail grows more desperate.

**QUAIL**

(continuing)

What I'm saying is... I don't  
remember you. I don't remember  
us. I don't remember me --

Melina's expression grows dead hard.

**MELINA**

[And I thought...]

**QUAIL**

Who is us?

**MELINA**

(ignoring the  
question)

Memory erasure is what they  
use on agents. Go away.

**QUAIL**

Wait... I was an agent -- I'm  
not now -- just tell me who  
I am! How did we know each  
other? Why are they trying  
to kill me?!

He takes a step toward her, nearly frantic.

**MELINA**

I'm not trusting you again.

**QUAIL**

You loved me once, you must  
have --

**MELINA**

That you was a liar. Who you  
are now I don't even know.

**QUAIL**

Please, Melina --

**MELINA**

(tears starting)

Get out!

**QUAIL**

I need your help --

**MELINA**

(crying quietly)

Get out! Get the hell away  
from me!

Quail gives up; goes through the doors and leaves. Melina  
slumps her shoulder against the table and cries.



taxi, repairing a tire. He look up, sees Quail approach.

On his right hand, Bennie has a mechanical device capable of spinning 360 degrees. He uses it to twirl a lug nut tight on his tire. As Quail approaches, Bennie removes the TOOL ATTACHMENT from his HAND, tosses it into a kit beside the taxi.

**BENNIE**

You don't look so good, boss.  
All over the Universe, women  
is an awful curse.

He opens the door for Quail, beams.

**80 INT. SOLAR-POWERED CAR - NIGHT - MOVING - DESERT BACKGROUND**

Quail still broods, Bennie tries to cheer him up.

**BENNIE**

It's a tough planet, boss.

**QUAIL**

Yeah, right.

**BENNIE**

Some guy really screwed her -  
screwed her up real good.  
Some Earthman. Just hopped  
on a space shuttle.

Bennie bright tone isn't improving Quail's mood.

**QUAIL**

Listen, Bennie. You're pretty  
well informed?

**BENNIE**

If that means I know it all,  
you're right, boss.

**QUAIL**

What do you know about the  
Sphinx?

**BENNIE**

I don't know nothin'. Not  
about the Sphinx. That's out  
of the ball park.

**QUAIL**

I have to get there. Can't  
you help me?

**BENNIE**

No can do, mon. You want  
women, cigarettes, red-market  
money, booze, even air or  
water... Bennie's your man.  
But the Sphinx... that's  
**E.I.O. --**

**80A INT. CITY UNDER THE DOME - NIGHT**

The solar car is moving through the crowd, when suddenly SIRENS approach on a cross street. Bennie brakes and stops. He and Quail watch as POLICE MOTORCYCLES clear a path for a huge, GAS-POWERED LIMO. MINERS on the sidewalks shout  
**CURSES, OBSCENITIES --**

**BENNIE**

Well... look at that one, eh?

**QUAIL**

What?

**BENNIE**

Big cheese in town. Big  
smelly cheese.

**QUAIL**

Cohaagen? But isn't he often  
here?

**BENNIE**

No way. That cat just cheat  
the Martian workers without  
ever leavin' his place in  
Beverly Hills. Somethin' must  
be cookin'.

Quail keeps his face in shadow and watches Coahaagen with curiosity as he passes. Coahaagen is lit up briefly by a street lamp. His face makes an impression on Quail, who perhaps faintly remembers him in the past.

**82 INT. QUAIL'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Quail enters, turns on the lights, locks the door. He checks all the rooms. Then he crosses to the dresser, studies himself in the mirror. He looks haggard.

Quail opens a drawer, takes out his "emergency case," sets it on top and opens it. He removes a shoulder holster and pistol, sets them aside. He takes out a tape recorder.

He sets the recorder down gingerly, as if somewhere in there were contained the answers to all his questions. He's just about to activate it, when he hears a KNOCK at the door.

Quail freezes. Another KNOCK.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

(through door)

Mr. Hauser...

**QUAIL**

Who is it?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Mr. Hauser, I want to talk to  
you... about Douglas Quail.

Quail ditches the recorder and the "emergency case" into the drawer -- everything except the PISTOL.

Quail approaches the door very cautiously (from the side -- out of the line of fire).

**QUAIL**

(tensely)

Who are you?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

My name is George Edgemar.  
I work for Rekall, Incorporated.

**QUAIL**

(stunned;  
incredulous)  
Rekall??

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Yes. It's difficult to  
explain... Could you open the  
door, please? I'm not armed.

Quail opens it carefully, his gun at the ready, but out  
of view of the person at the door.

A dignified-looking GENTLEMAN stands there, calm and  
pleasant, wearing an Earth-style business suit.

**EDGEMAR**

Hello, Mr. Quail. May I come  
in? I won't be offended if  
you prefer to keep the gun  
you're holding trained on me.

He can't see the gun, but somehow knows.

**QUAIL**

All right... come in.

Quail does keep his gun trained on the man. The man enters,  
holding in his outstretched hand -- a business card.

**EDGEMAR**

My card, Mr. Quail.

Quail frisks him, then takes the card, glances at it.

**QUAIL**

Okay -- so you're Doctor  
George Edgemar of 'Rekall,  
Inc.' So?

**EDGEMAR**

As I said... this is going to  
be very difficult -- for both  
of us.

**QUAIL**

I'm listening.

**EDGEMAR**

Mr. Quail... I'm afraid you're  
not really standing here at  
this moment.

**QUAIL**

Sat that again.

**EDGEMAR**

I said, you're not really  
here. Neither am I. We're  
both in the Memory Studio --  
in the offices of Rekall, Inc.  
On Earth.

Long pause.

**QUAIL**

Are you trying to tell me that  
this is all part of some...  
artificially injected fantasy?  
That I never really left Earth?

**EDGEMAR**

No, not quite. We didn't give you this. You're creating it yourself --

(pauses, choosing his words)

Remember the option we offered you? Intelligence agent? Something inside you liked that idea, fastened on it. What you're experiencing now is a free-form delusion that you yourself are fabricating.

**QUAIL**

What is this shit you're giving me?

**EDGEMAR**

This is not -- shit, Mr. Quail. It's the truth.

(beat)

I know it's very hard for you to accept, but you're having a schizophrenic reaction... we can't snap you out of the Narkadine. You're in a world of your own fantasy.

**QUAIL**

Then how the hell can you be in my dream -- if you know it's just a dream?

**EDGEMAR**

I've been artificially implanted -- like the first part of your fantasy. I'm actually monitoring your dream at a psychoprobe console. This is a last resort. When somebody gets stuck in their own fantasy, we send in someone after them. A specialist, like myself.

**QUAIL**

I don't believe a word you're saying.

**EDGEMAR**

I was afraid you'd think that. I'm sorry to have to do this, but you really are stuck.

(calls out)

Doctor Noel, would you come in now please?

The door starts to open. Quail pivots and points his gun at the opening door.

MELINA walks in, carrying a CLIPBOARD. She looks at Quail with professional detachment.

**MELINA**

Yes, Mr. Quail, I'm afraid it's all true.

Quail is staggered.

**MELINA**

(continuing)

I tried to break through to you earlier, but you just molded me into your fantasy. Sometimes it takes Dr. Edgemar to get through to a client as tough as you.

**QUAIL**

(wavering)

So what's supposed to happen now?

**EDGEMAR**

Just do exactly as we tell you.

**QUAIL**

(stares at him coldly)

Somehow that doesn't appeal to me.

**MELINA**

Please, Mr. Quail... try to cooperate. You're having a schizophrenic embolism.

**EDGEMAR**

If we can't get you out now... you may never come out of it. Your wife calls every day --

**CLOSE - QUAIL**

Even more suspicious.

**TWO SHOT - QUAIL AND EDGEMAR**

**QUAIL**

If this is a fantasy, there'll be no real consequences when I pull this trigger.

**EDGEMAR**

But there will be consequences inside your mind. Consequences that won't hurt me... but could be fatal to you.

(beat)

If you shoot me, you'll wipe me out of your fantasy -- I can't come back again. Because to you, I'll be dead. I can't help you get back to reality. You'll be stuck in permanent psychosis.

**CLOSE - QUAIL**

Trembling, holding the gun point blank in Edgemar's face.

**CLOSE - EDGEMAR**

Showing no fear of tension whatever.

**EDGEMAR**

You're going to lower the gun,

Mr. Quail. You're going to  
hand it to me --

**CLOSE - QUAIL**

Straining desperately to find the true "reality."

**EXTREME CLOSEUP - TRIGGER OF GUN**

Quail's finger on it.

**TWO SHOT - QUAIL AND EDGEMAR**

**EDGEMAR**

You're going to do exactly  
what I tell you --

Quail PULLS THE TRIGGER!

**REVERSE ANGLE - BACK OF EDGEMAR'S HEAD**

We SEE the results of the gunshot from this angle only,  
and so BRIEFLY as to produce an almost SUBLIMINAL effect:  
the back of Edgemar's head blows off --

He collapses to the floor.

Melina LEAPS at Edgemar's falling form and CLAMPS HER HANDS  
over Edgemar's RIGHT HAND!

**MELINA**

Watch out, Charles! There's  
more of them in the hall!

Quail spins toward the door just as it BURSTS OPEN. A man  
enters, firing, but Quail has fallen to the floor and  
returns the fire. He staggers back out into the corridor  
and slams against the wall, dead.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

(from hall)

You've had it, Hauser! Throw  
out your weapon if you want  
a past!

Melina is still crouched by Edgemar's body, holding his  
HAND for some reason. Her CLIPBOARD dangles by her side.

**MELINA**

(whispering)

There's an explosive in the  
clipboard! He has a dead-man  
switch in his hand!

Squeezing Edgemar's hand shut with one of hers, she holds  
up her other wrist -- to show that the CLIPBOARD IS BOUND  
**TO HER WRIST BY A CHAIN!**

**VOICE (O.S.)**

What do you say, Hauser? We  
haven't got all night! Hauser?

Quail (Hauser) SHOOTS OFF the chain.

**QUAIL**

What happens if I come out?

Quail takes the CLIPBOARD from Melina and eases himself to the side of the doorway.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

We'll put in a word with the big boys. Maybe you'll just get exile to Venus.

**QUAIL**

All right. Here comes the weapon.

Quail reaches around the corner and SAILS THE CLIPBOARD into the hallway. Melina lets go of Edgemar's hand --

There is a TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION in the hallway,

**83 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Quail comes out in crouch, ready to shoot. On the floor lies a DEAD MAN and the body of the Shoeshine Boy, sprawled grotesquely. The hallway is filled with smoke. The floor covered with debris. Plaster falling from the ceiling.

All over the hotel, ALARMS begin BLARING.

**84 INT. QUAIL'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Quail strides back in, icy-furious. He seizes Melina by the wrist and drags her after him into the corridor.

**84A INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Two more E.I.O. men appear but Quail shoots them while dragging Melina down the hall in the opposite direction. He pushes open the door leading to the staircase.

**84B INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT**

Quail and Melina run down the stairs. On the next landing is a service elevator, from which a waiter is emerging carefully carrying a tray with hors d'oeuvres and champagne.

**QUAIL**

Back in, quick!

**WAITER**

Wouldn't you prefer your order in your room, sir?

**QUAIL**

In!

Quail bundles the waiter unceremoniously back inside the elevator.

**84C INT. LIFT - NIGHT**

Quail presses the basement button. As he talks to Melina he opens the champagne and pours two glasses. The waiter is too frightened to protest.

**QUAIL**

Okay. Answers! Now!

**MELINA**

They kidnapped me. Said they'd kill you if I didn't cooperate. I told them I didn't care, but then when I realized they meant it...

**QUAIL**

I don't know why they're after me, but what's your connection with all this?

**MELINA**

We were together before.

**QUAIL**

Believe me, I'm really sorry I can't recall the details of that encounter.

The elevator has reached the basement. They rush out.

**85 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HILTON - NIGHT**

Quail and Melina run from a basement door into an alley.

A solar car whips out in front of them. Quail and Melina leap aboard.

**MELINA**

Go, Bennie, for God's sake!

**86 INT. BENNIE'S SOLAR CAR - NIGHT**

Bennie weaves as fast as he can in and out of the traffic, Quail and Melina ducking out of view in the passenger seat.

**BENNIE**

(glances in  
mirror)  
Bad news, boss lady.

**MELINA**

What?

**BENNIE**

Black cruiser just pull out behind us.

**86A EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

A large gas-powered official-looking car is pushing its way through the crowds and traffic behind them.

**86B INT. BENNIE'S CAR - NIGHT**

Quail is aiming his gun at the following car.

**BENNIE**

Forget the shooter, boss. I lose 'em for you.

**QUAIL**

Lose them? In this?

**BENNIE**

Hang on!



Bennie reaches down, grasps a KNOB. He yanks it, like someone starting an outboard motor -- and an ear-splitting LOUD ENGINE roars to life.

Bennie opens the throttle and the solar car HURTLES DOWN THE STREET. Quail and Melina are thrown back in the seat.

**87 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT**

GUNFIRE blazes all around the car. Quail FIRES back at the pursuing car.

**QUAIL**  
(shouts over  
**GUNFIRE**)  
You're gonna get a ticket  
for that engine, Bennie --

**BENNIE**  
Yutani 650 -- you like it,  
boss? Nothing like the old  
gas when you want a bit of  
speed.

BULLETS from the cruiser rip through the car.

**MELINA**  
You better have two aces,  
Bennie.  
(glances behind)  
There's a second cruiser --  
and it's gaining --

**87A EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

Bennie's car hurtles through the crowds with the official car gaining on it. Bennie takes a corner sharply near a huge water selling stand. The official car brakes to make the same turn, but clips the side of the water stand. The water container tips and empties water through the open roof (i.e. through which one of the Agents has been firing) so that the car completely fills. The driver continues the chase, but the occupants are now submerged. They frantically open the windows while continuing to follow Bennie's car.

**88 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

The solar car rushes down what appears to be a dead-end street, with the official vehicle (water pouring out of the windows) in pursuit.

At the end of the street, however, Bennie doesn't stop but continues going into a large opening. It is an abandoned mine. The bigger car follows him, but won't fit. The roof is smashed to pieces as the vehicle is wedged into the narrow opening.

The second official car pulls up behind. A chauffeur jumps out and opens the rear door. Cohagen steps out. He surveys the scene. The four men in the wrecked car clamber their way backwards out of the wreckage. They are covered in blood and their clothes are in shreds.

**COHAAGEN**  
I take it, then, you've failed  
to get him again.

Cohaagen turns to an associate, EMILE, a youngish, well-dressed executive type.

**COHAAGEN**

(continuing)

Proceed with Operation Sphinx.

**EMILE**

But, sir...

**COHAAGEN**

With him...

(gestures toward  
the mine)

...on the lose, I'm not  
taking any more chances.  
Operation Sphinx will flush  
him out.

**93 INT. OLD MINE - NIGHT**

The solar car proceeds along the tunnel. It enters an area full of smoke. Dozens of men are sitting around smoking cigarettes, pipes and cigars. Quail looks at them in amazement.

**QUAIL**

What's all this?

**BENNIE**

Nothin', boss. Just old  
smokies. Only place they  
can come for a puff. It's  
all banned topside.

They have now climbed out of the car. Quail looks searchingly at Melina and Bennie.

**QUAIL**

So you two are into something  
a bit more serious than the  
taxi and truck-stop business.

**BENNIE**

That's right, boss.

He unzips his jacket to reveal a T-shirt with "MARTIAN LIBERATION FRONT" (and an appropriate symbol) emblazoned on it.

**QUAIL**

My God!... T-shirts. They  
died out on Earth years ago.

**BENNIE**

(hurt)

Well, maybe we ain't fashion  
leaders, boss.

**MELINA**

No. But we still believe in  
a free Mars.

They walk as they talk - into a room off the main tunnel. It is adorned with "FREE MARS" and "MARTIAN LIBERATION FRONT" posters. A group of people are printing T-shirts and leaflets. They exchange greetings with Melina and Bennie.

**QUAIL**

So where did I fit into all this?

**MELINA**

You – when you were Charles Hauser with E.I.O – infiltrated our group. I guess Cohaagen didn't trust you any more when you and I...

Her gesture suggests their liaison.

**QUAIL**

Yeah. And I can't even remember it. We'll have to arrange a return bout.

**MELINA**

...so he had your memory wiped and fixed you up with a new identity.

**QUAIL**

But – the Sphinx. Why is that stuck in my mind? Why's it so important?

**MELINA**

I don't know.

**BENNIE**

Just an ole heap o' stone, boss.

**QUAIL**

It's more than that, Bennie, I know it's more. Somehow it's connected.

He slumps into a chair with frustration.

**MELINA**

(reflecting)

Maybe there's a way you can get your memory back.

**QUAIL**

How? What? Where? When?

**MELINA**

A bit of Martian Wisdom. We're not all stupid colonists.

**99 EXT. CITY – NIGHT**

Bennie, Quail and Melina are walking in a crowded area of town. Water sellers and food stalls are everywhere. An ARMORED LOUDSPEAKER VEHICLE appears, broadcasting to the crowd. It is also swinging a powerful searchlight along the footpaths and streets.

**VOICE FROM LOUDSPEAKER**

...all residents are to report to their nearest space-travel agent within twelve hours, all residents will be departing on shuttles

within twenty-four hours. Air and water supplies will be cut off at that time. I repeat...

**MELINA**

He's doing it!

**QUAIL**

What? Why?

**MELINA**

Clearing everyone out! It's been rumored for months...

The searchlight approaches Bennie, Quail and Melina. Bennie ducks into a doorway, while Quail grabs Melina and kisses her passionately. The light sees only the back of his head. She responds warmly to his kiss.

**QUAIL**

Wow. I can see why I was willing to betray E.I.O.

**MELINA**

I though you believed in our cause?

**QUAIL**

Yes. Of course. That, too.

They move into the crowd. The message on the loudspeaker is repeated.

**101 INT. KUATO'S SANCTUARY - NIGHT**

The interior of the room is an amazing contrast to its ghetto exterior. The decor is a baroque combination of Middle Eastern opulence and 21st century flash. It looks like something out of "The Arabian Nights".

A man enters from another room. Although the man's features are East Indian, he is very much a Peter Lorre type; he wears a small fez cap and a white linen robe with a cowl draped around the back of his neck.

**STRANGE MAN**

(nodding to Quail)

Your servant, Fahreem Kuato. I greet you by the twenty-seven names that still remain, praying that you cast jewels into the darkness and given them to glow with the colors of life.

As Kuato speaks, Quail, unimpressed, talks, sotto voce, to Melina.

**QUAIL**

What use is this weirdo?

**MELINA**

Ssssh...there are skills on mars that Earth has forgotten.

**KUATO**

No need to introduce yourself, Mr. Quail.

(smiles at Quail's

surprise)  
Tolerate my presumption, but  
it does not tax my powers to  
know that you are the most  
sought-after man on two  
worlds.

From the street the sound of loudspeakers giving information  
about Quail and Co. can be heard. Searchlight beams  
occasionally sweep past the windows.

**KUATO**  
(continuing)  
This way, my dear man. We  
have much to accomplish --  
(ominously)  
-- and very little time.

**102 INT. KUATO'S INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT**

A Byzantine salon filled with enormous Oriental pillows.

(NOTE: In the scenes inside Kuato's sanctum, the loudspeaker  
vans in the outside streets can be heard from time to  
time. They are repeating the evacuation message  
from scene 99, but alternating it with a call for the  
apprehension of Quail and Melina...)

**VOICE FROM LOUDSPEAKER**  
...for information leading to  
these arrests, first-class  
travel to Earth will be  
provided plus a weekend at  
the Leningrad Disneyworld,  
all expenses paid. I repeat,  
an Oriental girl and Earthman,  
possibly to be found in the  
company of a black taxi driver.  
These are dangerous subversives  
and sworn enemies of the  
glorious Peoples Republic of  
Mars...)

**KUATO**  
The turbulence you hear  
outside is but a reflection  
of the turmoil within you.  
You have brought it to Mars  
in your search for yourself.

Kuato takes a seat on the pillows, invites the others to  
join him. Quail hesitates.

**QUAIL**  
And you're going to help me  
by reading my mind?

**KUATO**  
Indubitably. There is only  
small matter of a fee.

**THREE RESPONSES COME TOGETHER.**

**QUAIL**  
A fee!

**KAUTO**  
Naturally.

**MELINA**

This is for our cause!

**KUATO**

(soothingly)  
Income before ideals. Shall  
we say five-hundred-thousand  
dollars?

**QUAIL**

(appalled)  
Five-hundred-thousand Martian  
dollars, that's...  
(think,  
calculating the  
exchange rate)

**KUATO**

Not Martian dollars, Mr.  
Quail - Earth dollars.

**MELINA**

That's interplanetary robbery!

**QUAIL**

With today's exchange rate...  
that's over two million  
Martian dollars!

**KUATO**

(suave)  
What price do you put, Mr.  
Quail, on the future of the  
solar system?

**BENNIE**

Aw, come off it, man. Just  
for a bit of mumbo-jumbo  
with a crystal ball.

**KUATO**

(his manner  
slipping)  
Listen, buster, we're talking  
heavy stuff here. You try  
and work out what's with this  
guy!

He jerks his thumb toward Quail.

**QUAIL**

Okay! Okay! I'll pay it,  
but the Interstellar Trade  
Practices Commission might  
be interested in this.

Everyone calms down.

Kuato smiles. He extinguishes all the lights save one  
small blue one, which illuminates the room eerily, like  
a seance.

**KUATO**

Retrieving the past is like  
walking backwards along a  
perilous road. The  
half-recalled, the  
half-forgotten, the repressed,  
the fantasies, the triumphs,  
joys, failures, betrayals...

He closes his eyes and concentrates.

**KUATO**

(continuing)

Yes... I can feel it... a  
wall. Erasure techniques are  
so brutal.

(frowns; scans  
harder)

Blocks. Side channels.  
Future and past all jumbled.  
I shall have to enter deep  
trance to break through.

(rising)

I will be scanning you through  
the Oracle Head.

Kauto turns around and sits down with back toward Quail.  
He reaches up and lowers his cowl, REVEALING:

**A TINY LITTLE HEAD GROWING OUT OF THE BACK OF HIS NECK!**

The head's eyes are closed in sleep. It is utterly hairless  
and looks like one of those dolls made from dried apples; a  
shriveled, ancient-looking yellow little ball.

The LITTLE FACE TWITCHED, YAWNS and OPENS ITS EYES, BLINKS.  
It looks at Melina, then at Quail.

It opens its toothless little mouth and SPEAKS.

**ORACLE HEAD**

Do not fear me. I need your  
openness...

**ZOOM IN ON QUAIL'S EYES.**

**ORACLE HEAD**

(continuing)

Open you thoughts to my  
presence...

CONTINUE ZOOM UNTIL ENTIRE FRAME is filled by QUAIL'S EYE.

**ORACLE HEAD**

(continuing)

Open...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**BLACKNESS BROKEN BY PULSES OF WHITE LIGHT**

The alternations between dark (ACTION) and white (LIGHT)  
are RHYTHMICAL so as to create a hypnotic, dream-like  
feeling.

**103 WHITE LIGHT**

Fades to reveal a dramatic CLOSE UP of the SPHINX. We see  
its face, shoulders and behind it the red Martian sky --

**103A PULL BACK**

to reveal the Sphinx is a PROJECTION on a screen in a  
windowless briefing room. Quail is seated across from  
Cohaagen and other SENIOR E.I.O. OFFICERS. On the walls  
are numerous satellite photos, recon maps and excavation  
drawings -- all relating to the Sphinx.

**107       EXT. MARTIAN SPHINX - SUNSET**

Scaffolding and excavation works cover a wall of the Sphinx; the Sphinx's huge CARVED FACE visible in the background.

Quail and several other E.I.O. agents stand poised, wearing breathing masks and protective gear, as a powerful excavation device prizes back a huge stone, revealing an ENTRANCE TO SOME KIND OF HIDDEN CHAMBER.

The other agents are fearful, don't want to proceed. Quail ignores them, enters the chamber --

**107A      CLOSE - QUAIL'S FACE**

As he enters. We read awe, shock and fascination on his features. He approaches something we can't see. His hand reaches out.

Suddenly, a bolt of incredible powerful energy flashes out, striking Quail like a bolt of lightning.

**WHITE LIGHT.**

**105       INT. LAST CHANCE SALOON - NIGHT**

Quail and Melina are dancing. The faceted mirror ball on the ceiling become the --

**WHITE LIGHT.**

**106       INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Melina watches from the bed as Quail dresses. She rises, with only the sheet around her, tries desperately to make Quail stay. Plainly he wants to, but he can't. They kiss lingeringly; then Quail, as if "called to duty," exits.

**WHITE LIGHT.**

**108       INT. DETENTION CELL - WINDOWLESS**

Quail alone, hands bound, in a holding chamber. Suddenly, the door opens and THREE BEEFY E.I.O. AGENTS enter. They grab Quail to haul him out. Quail battles them with amazing skill and resourcefulness. With his bound hands he SLUGS ONE MAN, hurling him into a wall; he RABBIT-PUNCHES a second man with a two-handed blow and KNOCKS HIM UNCONSCIOUS. The third man sneaks around behind Quail and DROPS HIM WITH A BLACKJACK to the back of the head.

**WHITE LIGHT.**

**109       INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - WINDOWLESS**

Quail on his back, all four limbs pinned by some futuristic version of "the rack," his head held immobile by a FEARSOME DEVICE similar to the one we glimpsed on Earth, in the van the two agents tried to shove him into.

Several DOCTORS stand over him. INTO FRAME moves... Coahaagen!

Cohaagen orders the doctors to attach electrodes to PROBES



already inserted into Quail's brain. As they turn up the power, Quail's face contorts in a grimace of agony --

**ORACLE HEAD'S VOICE**

You have seen your past.  
Now read the future...

**WHITE LIGHT.**

**110 INT. SURREAL TUNNEL - DAY OR NIGHT**

The same scene we saw during the film's OPENING SEQUENCE.

A man wearing a LIGHT-WEIGHT THERMAL SUIT races through a LABYRINTH OF TUNNELS. The GROUND TREMBLES beneath him, as if in an earthquake. EXPLOSIONS rumble deep in the ground below him. Suddenly we realize -- the man is Quail

**INSERT - CLOSE - QUAIL**

He throws a backward glance over his shoulder, fearfully, as he runs. Suddenly a BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT floods in from ahead of him; he puts up his hands to protect his eyes -- and sees his hands are SPLATTERED WITH BLOOD!

Quail runs even faster -- ahead the BRILLIANT LIGHT seems to promise safety. He battles toward it. SOUNDS OF EXPLOSIONS increase, building urgency. Up ahead, emerging from the light, HANDS REACH OUT TO HELP QUAIL. He seems almost to safety. But just as he REACHES THE HANDS --

**TWO GUNSHOTS RING OUT!**

**SHOCK CUT TO:**

**111 INT. KUATO'S INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT**

Quail awakens with a jolt. White as a sheet... sweating like he's just run ten miles. Then: a transformation seems to come over him. He LOOKS -- and SEES:

KUATO slumped across the cushions -- MELINA beside Kuato -- BENNIE standing holding a smoking GUN trained on Kuato.

**MELINA**

(rushes to Quail)  
Charles! Are you all right?

Quail stares at her, as if an entire bank of lost memories were suddenly clicking back into place --

**MELINA**

(continuing)  
He kept dragging you deeper  
and deeper into the trance!  
We couldn't wake either of  
you!

**BENNIE**

You stopped breathing!

Quail gives Bennie that same eerie look, then turns to Kuato, who is sprawled motionless across the pillows, a curl of smoke rising from two entry wounds in his spine.

**QUAIL**

Why did you kill him? It  
was the next bit I really...

**BENNIE**

No choice, boss. It was him  
or you.

Quail lunges across the pillows to Kuato's unbreathing  
form. Quail shakes the ancient mystic, trying to find a  
last flicker of life.

Kuato's body is dead white. Quail releases his grip;  
he about to give up when --

A MUFFLED CHOCKED SOUND comes from behind Kuato's neck.  
It's the Oracle Head! Quail instantly rolls Kuato's body  
over. The Head is still alive!

Quail bends closer, kneeling.

**ORACLE HEAD**

(whispers)  
-- the vengeance you seek...  
and the salvation of Mars...  
are waiting for you in the  
crown of the Sphinx.  
(sags, gasping)

The Oracle Head lets out a LONG SIGH and goes limp, a  
small trickle of blood oozing from the corner of its  
mouth.

**BENNIE**

Phobos and Demos! What was  
that all about?

Quail ignores him, still kneeling -- deep in thought --  
over the Oracle Head.

**MELINA**

Are you okay?... Charles?  
Doug? Whoever?

Quail reaches out and closes the Oracle Head's tiny  
eyelids. Melina and Bennie exchange a glance. Then:

**QUAIL**

Stands. For a moment his back is to Melina and Bennie.  
Then he turns.

He has become a different man. His eyes gleam. He is  
forceful, purposeful, contained. Once again the ace E.I.O.  
agent. Melina senses immediately that this is the man she  
knew before

**QUAIL**

(even his voice  
has changed)  
I'm fine... only I'm not  
Doug -- I'm Charles Hauser...  
and I know everything Hauser  
knew.

He turns to Bennie

**QUAIL**

(continuing)  
Bennie, where's your depot?

**BENNIE**

(working it out)

Well... you go outta here...  
take a left, then down past  
the first... no second...  
water bureau you...

**QUAIL**

(briskly)  
Can you get us there?

**BENNIE**

No problem.

**MELINA**

But why?

**QUAIL**

We're going to the Sphinx.

He strides off. The others follow, still full of questions.

**BENNIE**

Impossible, man. Guards  
everywhere.

**MELINA**

The Oracle... what did you  
learn?

**QUAIL**

Only everything. I've got  
total recall.

They are now heading down the stairs toward the street.

**114 EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING**

Quail, Melina and Bennie make their way through the crowds to Bennie's depot. The streets are even busier then before - people are now beginning to evacuate the city. Everyone is carrying their possessions - bundles, suitcases, pets, etc., etc. The loudspeaker vans are still touring and broadcasting the same message.

Bennie indicates a building on their left.

**115 INT. CAR POOL - EARLY MORNING**

Bennie and Melina follow Quail as he walks up and down the rows of vehicles in the vast building. There are bulldozers and ore haulers as well as solar taxis.

**BENNIE**

We'll never get near the  
Sphinx! They'll blow us  
apart!

Quail ignores him as he continues to mumble to himself. He rapidly but carefully inspects each vehicle as they pass. Camera tracks rapidly with them.

**MELINA**

What are we doing, Charles?  
For God's sake, tell us.

**QUAIL**

The Sphinx... it's not some  
useless artifact, it's a  
machine built by some alien  
race eighteen millions years

ago. The same race that  
built the on one Earth...  
for the same purpose.

He stops in front of a large, odd-shaped vehicle with a  
large scoop or propeller on the front.

**QUAIL**

(continuing)

This is what we need.

He begins to climb in; the others follow.

**BENNIE**

(referring to the  
Sphinx)

It's a hunk of old stone,  
man.

**MELINA**

(ditto)

Purpose? What purpose?

Bennie starts the engine.

**QUAIL**

Come on, Bennie, move it.  
(then, to Melina)  
Have you heard the word,  
"terriform"?

Melina shakes her head. The vehicle moves off.

**115A EXT. AIR LOCK - MORNING**

GUARDS are carefully checking every vehicle leaving the  
city, though this has to be done fairly rapidly because  
of the inhabitants leaving for the Space Ports.

The vehicle with Bennie, Quail and Melina arrives.

**115B INT. VEHICLE - AIR LOCK - MORNING**

Bennie is nervous. Melina and Quail are in the back, but  
cannot be seen. Guards are checking all vehicles exiting,  
looking for Quail and Melina.

**BENNIE**

(calling to  
Guards)

Just deliverin' some old junk  
to the mine out at Apidalia  
Planitia. Got them people  
you're lookin' for in the  
back as well.

The Guards laugh and signal him on.

Once through the second door of the air lock (i.e. to the  
area outside the city), Quail and Melina emerge and sit  
up on the rear seats.

**QUAIL**

The machine in the Sphinx is  
tapped straight down to the  
molten core of this planet.  
There are tunnels and ducts  
everywhere, all powered by  
fusion generators...

**BENNIE**

You sure the little man  
didn't fry your brain, Quail?

**MELINA**

(overlapping)  
For what? To do what?

**QUAIL**

To combine elements in the  
Martian core and release  
them as oxygen, hydrogen  
and nitrogen.

**BENNIE**

That's air!

**116B      EXT. DESERT - MORNING**

In a wide shot, the vehicle is traversing the desert. The domed city is some distance in the background. Voices are heard in false perspective. Emphasis is on the dry and hostile natural landscape of Mars.

**QUAIL**

That's right. Air and water.  
Terraforming will create a  
permanent livable environment  
for Mars. No more pressurized  
cities, no more containers in  
the desert. There'll be  
rivers, vegetation - life -  
the same as Earth.

**MELINA**

(baffled)  
So why is Coahaagen shipping  
everyone out?

**QUAIL**

Don't you see?! From being  
a pile of red dirt with  
minerals, Mars is going to  
change into a chunk of  
priceless real estate.

**MELINA**

And Coahaagen's going to own  
it all!

**QUAIL**

Right! He can start selling  
it off to well-heeled investors  
from Earth. Beach condos, ski  
resorts, you name it.

**MELINA**

No wonder he wanted you to...  
penetrate... out group.

**QUAIL**

(nods)  
Once word of this gets out,  
the whole planet will support  
you.

**117      EXT. DESERT - DAY**

The vehicle is now approaching the Sphinx. Both it and the pyramids can be seen some distance away.

Voice are heard in CU perspective.

**MELINA**

So what can we do?

**QUAIL**

Ruin his little scheme by  
terraforming ahead of  
schedule - while the  
inhabitants are still here.

Melina is amazed.

**MELINA**

But who'll work the machine?  
Do you know how?

**QUAIL**

I'm the only one who does.  
Why do you think Coahaagen's  
left me alone all this time?

**118 EXT. DESERT - DAY**

The vehicle is even closer to the Sphinx.

**QUAIL**

I was the first one inside  
when they cracked the riddle  
of the Sphinx. It must've  
been programmed. Some kind  
of...force...shot into me.

**MELINA**

But Coahaagen wiped your  
memory!!!

**QUAIL**

(smoothly)  
Just a way of putting me on  
ice. He'd of reversed it  
once the planet was evacuated.

**BENNIE**

Man! This is real complicated.  
Go over it again, real slow.

**119 INT. VEHICLE - DAY**

**QUAIL**

(ignoring Bennie's  
aside)  
What he hadn't counted on was  
your effect on me.

**MELINA**

(smiling)  
And all without the marvels  
of modern science!

Quail looks out the back window, his attention attracted by two patrol vehicles. They are some distance away, but approaching steadily.

**119A EXT. DESERT - DAY**

A wide shot shows a total of four patrol vehicles approaching the vehicle with Quail, Melina and Bennie. Suddenly, it stops moving.

**120 INT. VEHICLE - DAY**

The vehicle had just stopped.

**QUAIL**

Bennie, don't stop now, take it...

He turns to see Bennie is covering him and Melina with a pistol.

**MELINA**

You bastard.

**BENNIE**

Like I said. It's a tough planet. I'm a baddie, not a goodie.

**QUAIL**

I should have known, you were just too helpful.

**BENNIE**

EIO Rule One, man. Trust Nobody. Now you can do your terrorforming stuff right when those space shuttles are gone.

**MELINA**

But what about the Martian people? Our cause? I thought you believed in it.

**BENNIE**

Your cause? That bunch of dead beat radicals! When I hand in this little number...  
(flicks his gun  
in Quail's face)  
...I'll get real estate rights on the whole of Chryse Planitia...

At that instant, Melina lunges, PUNCHES A RED EMERGENCY BUTTON. The VENT beside Bennie's hand BLOWS OPEN, [causing] a powerful suction caused by Mars's vacuum atmosphere. Bennie's gun hand is PLANTED AGAINST THE VENT [OPENING.]

Simultaneously, the air in the vehicle starts rushing out! All three parties begin choking. As Bennie's mechanical hand claws for the lever that seals the vent, Quail has a moment to jump him. He pounds Bennie's gun hand, the **PISTOL IS SUCKED, CLATTERING, OUT THE VENT!**

Quail delivers a roundhouse punch to Bennie, knocking him clear across the bus.

Melina seals the vent, REPRESSURIZES THE CABIN.

Bennie gets up off the floor, shaking off Quail's punch--

**121 EXT. DESERT - DAY**

The E.I.O. vehicle are a half mile off -- and closing in.

**122 INT. SAND MOLE - DAY**

Quail glances at the vehicles, turns to Bennie -- ready to jump him. But stops short at what he sees Bennie doing.

Bennie is clipping on his MECHANICAL ARM. It sprouts several rows of vicious-looking STEEL BLADES --

**BENNIE**

This makes Bennie a cut above anyone else.

Bennie presses another button and the BLADES START SPINNING. Bennie's mechanical arm is in effect now a BUZZ SAW!

The fight begins. Bennie attacks Quail with his buzz-saw arm; Quail dodges. Bennie's arm shreds various articles in the cabin -- and keeps Melina at bay with well-timed swipes. Finally Bennie gets in a roundhouse punch to Quail's jaw with his real hand. Quail sprawls, dazed.

Now Bennie goes for the kill. But Melina leaps onto him. Bennie grabs her by the hair and moves his SPINNING HAND in for the quick kill. Melina clutches the terrifying appendage with both hands, desperately keeping it at bay. But her strength is no match for Bennie; the whirring blades are just about to bite into Melina's neck when --

Quail comes back, lands a ferocious rabbit punch to Bennie's spine. Quail lunges at him, grabs the blade weapon; he and Bennie crash into the cabin wall and --

The BLADE RIPS CLEAR THROUGH THE MOLE'S WALL! Alarms sound as a GAPING HOLE IS BLOWN IN THE SIDE OF THE CABIN! ALL THE AIR IS SUCKED OUT BY MARS'S EXTERNAL VACUUM!

Now no one can breathe. They all claw for their masks, [still] in place. Bennie is first; he recovers, lunges with his SPINNING ARM for Quail. Quail barely dodges, grabs the arm, muscles it back toward Bennie --

The SPINNING BLADES SEVER BENNIE'S OWN OXYGEN LINE! Gasping, he falters. Quail aims a titanic blow, PUNCHES BENNIE out through the hole in the mole's wall!

Quail and Melina, masks on, stare out as Bennie claws desperately at his severed air line. The Martian vacuum pulls the oxygen from Bennie's lungs, he chokes, staggers --

**122AA EXT. DESERT - DAY**

Bennie is beside the vehicle. He implodes like a balloon with all its air gone.

**122AB INT/EXT. VEHICLE - DAY**

Melina hides her face in horror. At that instant --

**122A EXT. DESERT - DAY**

Bullets dig into the sand all around the vehicle. The patrol cars are only a few hundred yards away! Loud-speakers call for Quail's surrender.



**122B INT. VEHICLE - DAY**

Quail lunges for the vehicle controls. Presses a button marked "Dive". The vehicle tilts.

**122C EXT. DESERT - DAY**

The vehicle burrows powerfully into the sand. As the patrol cars close in and rake the desert with gunfire, the vehicle vanishes from sight. In the distance, the Sphinx looms ominously.

A driver in one of the patrol vehicles (filmed from outside the windscreen) is speaking into a microphone. He can't be heard but can only be radioing a report.

**123 INT. SAND MOLE - MOVING - UNDERGROUND**

The little mining vehicle moves powerfully, propelled by its BORER NOSE.

Quail mans the controls while Melina struggles to shore up the gaping hole in the side, into which SAND is POURING as the mole moves forward. Quail looks at a compass in the control panel. He makes a correction.

**QUAIL**

(shouts over  
engine noise)

Hope I've got this direction  
right.

Sand pours over him from bullet holes resulting from the encounter with patrol cars.

CU speedometer: 22 MPH. Every other gauge is overheating, flashing WARNING LIGHTS --

**124 INT. SPHINX CONTROL ROOM - DAY**

Cohaagen and a number of his associates, plus scientists and heavily armed troops are present.

**COHAAGEN**

The air supply is off under  
the domes?

**EMILE**

Yes, sir. In a couple of  
hours it'll be all gone.

**COHAAGEN**

Any trouble with the rabble?

**EMILE**

Not much, sir. A lot of  
complaining. But they're  
all heading towards the  
shuttle areas.

On some of the video screens a number of space shuttles can be seen, ready for departure to Earth.

**123 INT. TUNNEL BENEATH SPHINX**

The Mole bores through a sand wall, emerges into a cramped horizontal tunnel. Quail and Melina leap out. The poor Mole is smoking like an overheated drill bit. Its nose is worn to a nub.

**MELINA**

We got in with this thing,  
but we'll never get back out.

**QUAIL**

A shame. Such a pleasant  
trip.

There's a lighted area at the end of the tunnel. Quail and Melina hurry toward it, moving silently, close to the wall.

**126B INT. MAIN DOWNSHAFT**

They draw up an abyss -- where their tunnel intersects the MAIN DOWNSHAFT. Melina gasps at the colossal scale of the drilling, hundreds of yards across, deeper than the eye can see, and crisscrossed by catwalks, buttresses and super-sophisticated technology.

Quail and Melina are forty feet below the upper end of the main downshaft. They can look up the shaft and see the first interior level of the Sphinx itself.

**QUAIL**

(points down  
shaft)

This is the main tap --  
straight down to the core  
of Mars. When we trigger  
the mechanism, fusion  
reactors will detonate down  
there -- four hundred miles  
deep.

**MELINA**

Remind me not to slip.

**QUAIL**

The new elements will come  
booming up through this  
shaft -- and six thousand  
others all around the  
planet.

He's right at home -- and full of confidence.

Quail climbs onto the ladder, which links various top levels.

He starts to climb. Melina follows him. They are tiny figures. The space around them plummets down to infinity.

**127 INT. CORRIDOR AT TOP OF SHAFT -- LOWEST MANNED LEVEL (LEVEL ONE)**

A patrol of NINE HEAVILY-ARMED GUARDS appear from a corridor in Level One -- directly above where Quail and Melina are climbing.

**128 ON THE WALL OF THE SHAFT**

Quail and Melina's heads inch into view at floor level. They take one peek at these formidable warriors and duck

back swiftly out of sight.

129      **INT. TOP OF SHAFT – LOWEST MANNED LEVEL (LEVEL ONE)**

**GUARD LEADER**

(to two of his  
men)

Stay in contact. I want to  
hear from this checkpoint  
every four minutes.

Seven of the Guards move off, two remain in position.

We HEAR the FOOTSTEPS of the seven guards recede.

The two remaining guards realize their isolation; they  
glance tensely to one another.

**GUARD #1**

Did you hear something?

**GUARD #2**

No. Where?

**GUARD #1**

Over there.

The First Guard points to the edge of the main shaft --  
right where Quail and Melina are hiding. The Guards  
cock their weapons, start cautiously forward. Just as  
they're about to peer over the brink, guns at the  
ready:

**QUAIL'S VOICE (O.S.)**

(from behind the  
guards)

I'm not there, boys. I'm  
here.

The guards spin around, weapons poised. Standing in the  
shadows, near the corridor, is Quail! (Still with no  
gun)

Both guards walk quickly toward Quail, covering him with  
their weapons.

**GUARD #1**

(to Guard #2)

Watch him. He was EIO trained.  
They're all full of tricks.

**GUARD #2**

Yeah? Like...who was that  
guy? -- Fred Bond??

(to Quail)

Keep 'em up, Fred, keep 'em  
up.

Quail has his arms raised high. Just as the Guards reach  
him, he fizzes electronically, emitting a humming sound,  
then disappears.

**GUARD #1**

A hologram!

Before either Guard can react, the real Quail appears --  
one foot behind them. With two LIGHTNING BLOWS, he  
dispatches the Guards. (Apparently Quail has climbed out  
of the shaft while the Guards were distracted.)

Quail snatches both Guards' weapons, grenades and ammo belts. Melina climbs out of the shaft. Quail tosses her one of the Guard's guns.

**130 INT. CORRIDOR - LEVEL ONE**

ALARMS go off everywhere. Quail -- carrying a gun and all the grenades and ammo belts -- and Melina (just carrying a gun) bolt down a corridor past a sign: "LEVEL ONE".

**MELINA**

(running)

Where'd you get that little trick?

**QUAIL**

(running)

Mail-order company. It's a great one for fooling the wife.

**131 INT. CONTROL ROOM (LEVEL THIRTEEN)**

Cohaagen and his Aides hear the ALARMS, see Quail and Melina on MONITORS as they race down the corridor on Level One.

**COHAAGEN**

How the hell did they get in?

**SECURITY AIDE**

Up the fusion core.

**COHAAGEN**

Up the fusion core??

He exhibits begrudging admiration for Quail.

**SECURITY AIDE**

(studies monitor  
more carefully)

They're on Level One.

A wall sign behind Coahaagen reads: "LEVEL THIRTEEN".

**COHAAGEN**

Seal all upper levels.

A button is pressed and huge doors slide across in front of the formidable doors already closing the Control Room off from the outside corridors.

**133 INT. LEVEL ONE CORRIDOR**

Quail and Melina are still racing through the corridors. He passes her a fresh ammo belt.

**QUAIL**

(indicates  
weapons)

Know how to use one of these?

Melina expertly ejects her spent clip (that Guards fired at Quail), slams in a fresh clip and cocks the gun.

Quail has a half-second to react, impressed, then --  
FOUR GUARDS pound into view at the end of the corridor.

Melina opens fire, nails two. Quail heaves a grenade; as it EXPLODES, he and Melina bolt down a side corridor --

**134 INT. VARIOUS CORRIDORS, CATWALKS, STAIRS**

ALARMS continue as Quail and Melina dash down the side passageway. MORE GUARDS cut them off; Melina's machine gun sends them scattering --

Quail pauses at a corner. He looks around quickly and sees that an elevator is arriving. He motions Melina back. The doors of the elevator begin to open. Very quickly, Quail bobs his head and arm around the corner. He calls out, loudly...

**QUAIL**

Catch!

He hurls something toward the armed men in the elevator. Instinctively one of them reaches for the thrown object. It is an explosive device of some sort. Quail and Melina press themselves against the wall just around a corner from the elevator. There is a tremendous explosion.

Quail, followed by Melina, rounds a corner. The elevator is in ruins; bodies are scattered everywhere.

**MELINA**

Great stuff, but how do we get up?

She points toward the upper levels.

**135 INT. CONTROL ROOM (LEVEL THIRTEEN)**

Melina and Quail can be seen on the security monitor from a high angle. Quail looks up, spots the monitor, and shoots it to pieces. The image on the screen goes black.

**COHAAGEN**

Forget them. We'll pick up Quail once the shuttles have left for Earth.

**137 INT. CORRIDOR**

Quail spots a large WINDOWED AIR LOCK at the end of the corridor. He and Melina race to it. Quail starts to open the inner door of the air lock.

**QUAIL**

If you're afraid of the heights, you better get over it real quick.

He is pulling Melina through the inner air lock door just as --

GUARDS stampede around the corner of the corridor toward them.

Quail is out of sight, but they see Melina poised near the window. She waves and smiles to them, hiding her gun behind her body. They slow down and approach less cautiously, beguiled by her manner and attractiveness. As they get close, she suddenly lifts her gun and opens fire, mowing them down.

**140 EXT. SPHINX'S FACE - DAY**

Quail and Melina climb through the outer air lock door. They are at the Sphinx's shoulder, with a dizzying drop beneath them. Melina looks down. She's sorry she did: the fall is at least 200 feet. (Both are wearing their breathing apparatus.)

Quail and Melina start to climb. Up the Sphinx's shoulder, along its Egyptian-like headdress --

**141 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY**

Cohaagen's chief aide, Emile, addresses him quietly.

**EMILE**

If Quail's the only one who  
can operate all this...  
(gestures toward  
Sphinx's controls)  
...then he can call all the  
shots.

**COHAAGEN**

We'll tell him the computer's  
worked out the operational  
details so we don't really  
need him. We're just doing  
him a favor.

**EMILE**

And if that doesn't work?

**COHAAGEN**

We offer him rewards.

**EMILE**

What if that doesn't work?

**COHAAGEN**

We'll torture him. You don't  
think I got this far by being  
a nice guy?

**142 EXT. SPHINX'S FACE - DAY**

Quail and Melina traverse across the cheekbones, haul themselves up at the base of the red translucent eyes --

**142A INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY**

The video monitors show the space shuttles. An operator, with earphones, turns to Coahaagen.

**OPERATOR**

First of the shuttles ready  
for departure, sir. Two  
minute countdown.

**142B EXT. SPHINX - DAY**

Quail jams THREE GRENADES against the glass of the eyes, pulls Melina back behind the stone cheeks --

**143 INT. SPHINX CONTROL ROOM**

A MUFFLED EXPLOSION (due to the thin Martian atmosphere) detonates overhead. THE SPHINX'S RIGHT EYE BLOWS IN a storm of shards and shrapnell.

Instantly, the room turns into a hurricane as the Martian vacuum sucks out all air! Everyone panics, grabbing their

**COHAAGEN**

Seal the breach! Repressurize!

An aide dives for an EMERGENCY SWITCH. But now --

Quail and Melina, wearing breather masks, bursts in onto an overhead catwalk. They OPEN FIRE on the Guards, who are choking, struggling with their masks.

An EMERGENCY PRESSURE SEAL powers into place, sealing the breach in the eye. REPRESSURIZATION comes up, the internal atmosphere stabilizes --

None of the men inside the control room still moves. The victors tug off their masks, spring down to the main level. Melina hurries to the main control panel.

Melina looks towards the video monitors showing half a dozen huge space shuttles lined up for departure.

**MELINA**

Those shuttles are starting up any minute. If you know how to work this thing, you better do it now.

Quail tentatively approaches the imposingly complex machinery.

**QUAIL**

Yes...

He hesitates.

**MELINA**

Don't you know how?

Transfixed, mesmerized, Quail moves closer to the control panel.

**QUAIL**

Yes... there's a vital connection missing...

He approaches even closer. He begins to raise his arm towards a blank area a little above his head.

**QUAIL**

(continuing)

...me...

**COHAAGEN**

Wait!

**MELINA**

Don't wait!

**COHAAGEN**

If you activate the mechanism you'll die...there were glimpses of it in your memory.

**QUAIL**

Wrong, Coahaagen, there's a  
long tunnel, a brilliant  
white light, hands reaching  
for me...

**COHAAGEN**

(assured)  
That's your death. That's  
what it looks like. That's  
what is always looks like.

Quail looks around him, half-convinced.

**MELINA**

(looking toward  
space shuttles  
on video screens)  
Charles - for Mars's sake....

Quail hesitates. He looks from Melina to Coahaagen.

**COHAAGEN**

It's not too late. Join us  
again. U've a lot to offer.  
A whole world.

Quail continues to look at him, thoughtfully.

**QUAIL**

You don't deserve a new world,  
you and people like you made  
too big a mess of the old one.  
Time someone else had a  
chance.

He turns back to the machine and slowly raises his arm  
again. His fingers reach towards the blank section on  
the panel. Slowly, through the panel, a luminous hand  
reaches toward Quail's fingers. Gently, the fingers of  
the two hands touch.

The entire control room begins to rumble and shudder. As  
Quail reaches for Melina, Coahaagen suddenly dives on him.  
They grapple amid the shuddering Sphinx and can be seen  
only intermittently as debris crashes around them.

The fight ends as Coahaagen is hurled backwards and  
disappears when a section of floor collapses underneath him.

**144 INT. SURREAL TUNNEL**

A reprise of the sequence that opened the movie.

Quail RUNS THROUGH A LABYRINTH OF TUNNELS. THE GROUND  
**HEAVES BENEATH HIM ... HUGE STONE BLOCKS CRASH DOWN ON**  
ALL SIDES! We hear an EXPLOSION and ANOTHER and ANOTHER,  
each one SOUNDING CLOSER than the last --

Quail clamps his breathing mask on as he runs. Is this  
his own death? Where is Melina?

The tunnel walls are just like the ones in Quail's  
original nightmare -- bright reddish-orange, clay and  
quartz.

Quail throws a backward glance fearfully over his shoulder.  
The EXPLOSIONS are closer. Suddenly --

Up ahead appears a BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT. Quail sees it,  
but it only terrifies him more. Is it death he's running



to? He hurries on with all his strength, but --

Just as he nears the white light, HE FALLS. On his knees, too weak to move. He struggles --

HANDS ARE REACHING OUT TO HIM, from out of the brilliant light. Quail stretches for them, just as --

A FINAL EXPLOSION blows him forward -- straight into the WHITE LIGHT! The HANDS SEIZE HIM, pull him upward to --

**145 EXT. MARTIAN DESERT - DAY**

The hands belong to breather-masked MINERS, dismounting rapidly from an overloaded transport vehicle which was taking them to the Space Port. Quail looks from them to Melina, who is walking towards the group.

**QUAIL'S P.O.V. - MINERS' MASKED FACES**

The miners' desert garb, shield goggles and breathers add to the surreal nightmare quality of Quail's tortured perspective --

**BACK TO QUAIL**

In terror, lost, disoriented totally.

**QUAIL**

Am I dying?

**MASKED MINER**

I won't lie to you, pal.  
You are.

**MINER (from Melina's bar)**

I'd say in about forty years...  
(he and others  
help Quail to  
his feet)

...come on, we've gotta get  
to the Space Port. That  
Intergalactic Napoleon's  
switched off the air.

**2ND MINER**

Shippin' us all out. Mars  
is finished.

A MINER'S WIFE watches them. She is crying.

Quail looks up at the sky. Melina follows his glance.  
So do the others.

Slowly, but perceptibly, the color is changing from yellow to blue.

**MELINA**

It's happening.

**MINER**

What is it?

All the miners are puzzled, apprehensive. Quail reaches toward the one who spoke to him before and pulls off his breathing apparatus. At first the man is shocked, then realizes he can breathe without it. Quail takes off his own, then Melina's

All the miners watch in amazement. They all remove their breathing masks.

**QUAIL**

That's just the start. Next  
there'll be rain and growth  
and ... life.

Melina embraces him.

**QUAIL**

(continuing)  
Rekall could never have come  
up with anything like this.

Melina looks oddly at him, smiling, mysterious.

As the sky becomes more and more blue, more of the Miners descend from the bus. Softly at first, then with more and more confidence, they begin singing the Martian National Anthem.

The music swells. Quail puts his arm around Melina. They both join in the chorus.

It reaches an impassioned crescendo as the FRAME FREEZES and the END CREDITS ROLL UP the screen.

**THE END**

## Total Recall

**Writers :** [Ronald Shusett](#) [Dan O'Bannon](#) [Steven Pressfield](#)

**Genres :** [Action](#) [Adventure](#) [Sci-Fi](#) [Thriller](#)

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