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The Ship of Myth at Forgotten Dawn
Continuing Pilot Screenplay

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THE SHIP OF MYTH AT
FORGOTTEN DAWN
CONTINUING
PILOT SCREENPLAY

The Ship of Myth at Forgotten Dawn

Pilot Screenplay

Part 1

Setting: The explosives of nuclear cartridges, refilled with toxic waste from black water, filtered out rusty barrels. A man uncovered them with sharp presentation of induction to initiation.

The sunset had foggy vapors from boiling earth, upsetting the horizon. Mucky, dark clouds formed as smog.

He wore a nonsense suit, of loose baggy jeans and a sophisticated tuxedo jacket, showed a sadistic persona, multiple personalities disorder. The spark of his attentions, SKERDORA. The Barrels, uncovered and the excite in the presentation of both but none for himself.

2074, found media broadcasting screens, from the back yard of his office. Outside with two smaller men, all younger than, Dia Lite. Pillars shone, like football pitches.

Fizvic: "Something big is happening, isn't it?" The Man said, and walked up to the Captain, leaving the fired match in the hand of his associates.

"This has been amazing for you. 'A miracle.' I can recall you, described yourself. Captain, Dia Lite. Honorary Yacht Master, Successor of a Zeitgeist restoration before a planet true, to ruin itself, before finding, you. Then your engineering contributions to the, modern world."

Dia Lite: No one has done anything to me, Fizvic. This is the first time I've met you looking, more or less, like the first person to take responsibility for that oversight.

If my mother was any less a luster for finding me..."

Fizvic: "A diamond in the rough, Dia Lite. You don't need to keep a grudge."

Dia Lite: "I haven't, and I'm no rough. Looking at yourself for a reflection."

Narrative:

Fizvic, took a lit fire from his associate and threw it into the uncovered pile of barrels..

Fizvic: “Run!”

Narrative: Fizvic, screamed. The fire electrified like a trail of acidic drips until the barrels exploded. Hurling them down into the earth.

Fizvic: “Now you know what it feels like to hunt someone before their blown out of the water, Captain.”

Dia Lite: “Fizvic, are you endorsing my hybrid yacht because someone hurt you? I’m not a mercenary. The Black Dragon, is not your enemy and I can’t tell whether you want to kill us or stop the United World Armies from blocking the evolution that can save humanity after the, White Dragon.

Scene 2

Setting:

Klara, TV, Bremen. The audience was scarce, scattered into runners and the press. The stage is held under soft lights of calm ambience, communicating. The viewer ratings were rising like an erupting volcano.

The viewers watched with stoic attitude, forseeing the end of the world from the new identity of the, Black Dragon. The united forces heaped into piles of hope for the, White Dragon, to prevail, even at the weakness for saving themselves after.

Dialogue:

“This is Klara, from Bremen. Our guests today: Liz Mitchell, Lead singer of Boney M, and the lieutenant from the Arcadian God Ship, for the, United World Nations Army.”

Lientenant: “Hello, Klara.”

Liz Mitchell: “Hello.. Klara, again.”

Klara: “This is so shocking the death toll after, Lord Crumpetbed.”

Liz Mitchell: “It’s not surprising really, to me. I was a scapegoat for the past 100 years and now my son is; If you see where he is.”

Klara: “But, the only surviving proof of Atlantis, is found dead, outside, King Graffiti’s, palace in, India. Of course we can see, King Graffiti, did not kill her and would not care of the divine values ...

Liz Mitchell: “He is a pig! He is a pig and it should have been him and not her. I’m so sad for the loss of, Malika. There was so much we could have learned.”

Klara: “Yes and now, King Graffiti, is, how shall we say : Caput. In discovered of the the Black Dragon. The ambassadors of the, UK, have reinstated human identity after themselves and that is beyond the supremacy of, King Graffiti, before it, over the current occupation of men.”

Narrative:

Th casino halls of, Las Vegas, have filled with costumes and drinks ladies. The table maids have rested sandwiches on the counters of the bars and pushed in the bellows of laughter, from the customers on the tables.

Stroking his chin, Diego, is waiting with a tequila for, Bell, to hurl the dice.

Bell: “1 – 7”

Diego: And 8 is all, baby. There’s no sin deadlier. And you win every time.”

Klara: “Malika did give us this piece of divine wisdom. That King Graffiti, in all his elitist power, could not control the natural direction to a real woman.”

Diego: “What’s this baby?”

Bell: “My deluxe, Diego. Stop watching T.V.!”

Diego: “No Who’s Malika? What power is that?”

Klara: “And now, Dennis, is assisting your son, Liz. To discover the creature that killed, Lord Crumpetbed. A scientific hybrid developed by, Phoenix Ionian, who was killed in 2014, at the explosion of her home, in Greece.”

Liz Mitchell: “Not even after my music could I have imagined such development to occur. Exposing the real dangers to be ourselves as my son endeavors to hold his own humanity, with some reservation, for what could not recognize themselves at all.”

Klara: “The Black Dragon might kill him for the same reason, if it has also lost identity of itself from the neurologist, Phoenix Ionian, who is dead, already, also.”

Lieutenant: “May I re affirm. This storybook of circumstantial development is not integral to the success of the, Arcadian Godship, under Mido. The, SKERDORA, does not have a direct involvement in the our occupation of the Ocean to capture or kill this creature.

Humanity, has no threat.”

Liz Mitchell: “Oh Really? I feel I’m about leave, already..”

Klara: “No, please. It’s not even commercial, Liz.”

Diego: “Bell, my dear.”

Bello: Winner on 5, Sin, staying alive.”

Diego: “Now, my darling, what if I showed you, 9.”

Bell: “There is no number, 9, Diego.”

Diego: “There are 7 deadly sin and I occupy the secret activity of them all under a coterie, you, that is 8 and I see 9; to occupy reveling in sin, eternally, in bliss.

Bell: “Where, Diego? I killed the cam model already.”

Diego: Atlantis, is real. The boy star can show it to me, on his divine comb for a Black Dragon, invented to it. A monster surpassing the limits of human moral, back unto primal image of human reasoning. Un-pained, un-moderated, unquestioning to itself. You can’t imagine, how I’ve waited for my ticket to Shangri la, The garden of Eden.

Bell: Was that just a tequila, Diego?

Diego: “You bitch!”

Narrative:

He slapped her round the face in the corner of the table and smiled at the other players discreetly.

Diego: “You bitch you will kill, Dia Lite. The son of, Boney M, will not deter me. I don’t care about a, Black Dragon. Atlantis, to which they heed it, will not escape me.”

Klara: The Princes fleet for the World United Nations has deployed to secure the White Dragon, after, Lord Crumpetbed’s death, in, Greece.

If the armies will destroy the, Black Dragon, to secure the infrastructures which are the humanity we are now, this hope to survive may be lost. There is not more we can do. I am, Klara, from, Bremen. Good morgen.”

Act 2

Scene 1

Narrative: King Graffiti, waited as slipping wet beads fell over the pads projecting his power to form. The cyber being, closed, like a hiding toad in a cave, sensing the caving changes less and less, until he was more and more.

Rolled out arms and sprouted root to kneel, as legs, unaided and unable to stand.

King Graffiti: “If I cannot have the means of men, the extraordinary forces of their orders, the divine evils of their venial, existing. I will rule and control the flaws, exclude me from them, until to greater than, I.

I will find the, Atlantis, directed itself before me and, I will End it, with, the direction of what has made me here.

Narrative: Krish and Dennis were standing in the ruined home occupied 90 years ago, before Phoenix Ionian died. The rocks were fresh rubble, pounded out from the water. Debris, left from the, Black Dragon, emerging the day before, after dusk.

The morning in, Koronisia, now, was deaded, with still ambience of ruined trees and bushes, between the house’s stone.

Dennis: “Forensics will see, Malika’s, human. Atlanteans use the forces of ascension, to reside with senses, we, are not controlling. Malika, met me at the point of visualizing the turn of humanity, on the turn of parallel and paradox axioms, ascending or katabasis, directing their existence.

Then my own ascension, propelled me away from the place in Atlantis, were I resided for over 60 years, after, Phoenix was killed, here.”

Krish: “Was, Phoenix, from, Atlantis, Dennis?”

Dennis: “She was all Greek, Krish and Goddess changed the fate of men and I. She asked for something more than self-concern and desire to decadence. Until, I agreed to reform and raise her ascension from the Earth itself, The Black Dragon.”

The forensics teams will likely find more mystery in, Lord Crumpetbed's body outside my gates, than, Malika's, out the gates of, King Graffiti's Palace, in, Delhi.

Krish: It was my home, Dennis. More than a palace, more than a murder scene."

Dennis: "What do you know of the seven deadly sins from mantras and Krishna, Krish? You have such an empowering spirit about you, flawless and seducing. I've done something for you I would not do for, Malika. She was more adventurous and bold than, we. I was reduced by her and it was a mistake, when possessed by the values to keep you safe under, King Graffiti."

Krish: "Don't apologize. Don't confess, don't say it again, Dennis."

Dennis: "We can't run forever, Krish."

Krish: "We are running forever, Dennis. My father is not dead. The girl which berated him to an inconsiderate factor of life to us as humans, is."

Dennis: "Yes, she wasn't controllable even under all, Kings Graffiti's, powers which left me an involuntary murderer. Well, I will confess: I chose to be where you were. I chose to sit with, King Graffiti and did not listen when, Malika, warned me to leave. I feel ..."

Krish: "Seven deadly sins have no harbour in me, Dennis. Not Pride, not greed, not wrath, not envy, not lust and not the masked regimes of gluttony and sloth. Where these fleets will berth and my father will keep them all. Not in the vie of their evils. That is why I am not angry with you. You have rescued me, from the truth that has made me sad, until I chose to leave. The 8th deadly sin which no mortal man can recognize to survive. A sin that controls all seven before 1 of those seven has rooted itself to end us, in damnation until their evil."

Dennis: "You talk like the swami priests you scorned and wished dead on the plane. You are a beautiful hypocrite, but that's not a deadly sin, Krish."

Krish: "Yes, they did stink but I was startled, I did not mean to gash his eye."

Narrative: They laughed.

Scene 2

Narrative:

The time is mid-day GMT, UK. The Helicyber arrived over the pads on, Sudley Palace. The daytime haze was typical of Spring in, 2074, moving like cumulus clouds of vapor on the earth.

Rose, walked out the helicyber, unassisted, marched with avenging strides into the palace doors on a wall, like a turret. She briefed the waiting escorts, handling, Lord Crumpetbed's, death.

Rose: "At every junction, he had an assurance. One that came from the timidity of followers after his title. I was a praised servant, yet a servant needs no praise. The trickeries in the designs of an infrastructure to suit the people, unfree for the end of free men.

If, I was nearer to his antagonists, which have caused his death. I would call myself his killer. Do you understand?!"

Assistants: "Yes miss."

Rose: "How does that make you feel?"

Narrative: The assistants cried.

Rose: "Alright then, lets clear this up and protect the departure of a man that has guarded our residing until now."

Assistant "Rose, The Princes fleet of the United World Army has, sent a departure date to engage the, Labour Machine Mercenaries. They are calling this an act of direct provocation away from the other territories."

Rose: "It wasn't them. The Labour Machine Mercenaries, didn't do this. The Earl, was looking, for what killed him, but we didn't know it was there. It's something else. Something I don't know enough about. He called it: The Black Dragon. When I saw it, Lord Crumpetbed, was already dead. It came out of....Never mind. Schedule the departure rendezvous and prioritize finding, Dennis Titan. He was there, on the island in, Greece. The Earl, knew him. The Earl, knew he would be there.

Scene 3

Narrative:

SKERDORA, has disengaged from the, South of Spain. A complement of new batteries, and nuclear torpedoes, has increased her performance to maximize her speed at 173 %. The sea is stirring in turbulent hot skies from the setting sun in the afternoon, GMT +1.

The iron hull, has new coating rushing off the water like a wet balloon, lowering the waves to circle under the aerodynamic designs of the hybrid build it submerges on.

Dia Lite: “The Heart of SKERD...”

J.W.: “Sorry Captain?”

Dia Lite: “It’s what I use to call it, J.W.. When I first invented it and functioning, on SKERD. It’s ironic a machine I invented to direct our development by type to save our lives and the future of humanity, recognizing others besides ourselves, has: somehow, become the device that might direct this crew to its doom in, acting on military protocols with it.

J.W. : “I bet the, Black Dragon, wished he could buy one, Sir.”

Dia Lite: “That’s not funny, J.W.. in fact, it emphasizes my point, before we approach it, to find out.”

J.W.: “Why do we need to do this? There are so many ships, Sir.”

Dia Lite: “None with, Cherylton, The Medium Monitor Control, on, SKERDORA. When I built the device with an existing function, its dominion of value could not be interpreted or quantified in range of, military behavior.”

J.W.: In English, please, Captain?”

Dia Lite: “Soldiers do not afford to see who they are blowing up. They follow orders from, who, cannot afford to share, why, they are alive.”

J.W.: “So.. Cherylton, has found her perfect date. A deep creature that won’t release her until one of us is standing. That’s like marriage.”

Dia Lite: “How poetic, J.W..

Dennis Titan, is the creator of this monster we are being endorsed to contain and research. The coordinates for where the monster hurled our ship, is the near location of his home.”

J.W.: “Don’t you have a house in, Greece?”

Dia Lite: “The batteries might get us there in less than 7 days this time.

It’s in Italy. My holiday home. I’m never there.

Fizvic, exploded an entire pier, to boast his convictions.”

J.W.: “He owns more than one beach, Sir. Unlike some of us. No former contraventions before leaving New York Montgomery Island for a transatlantic pursuit, with, SKERDORA.

Dia Lite: Yes, J.W.. And with two ballistic nuclear torpedoes, worth more than the ship.

Can't we implement an immediate power discharge from the batteries instead. A cross polarity, contained, submerged flare.

J.W.: Captain, we would have to eject the batteries to do it, but the effect would be harmless fireworks turned the sea to the sky on the 4th of July.

Dia Lite: "Prepare it, J.W.. And I'm going to run a full diagnostic on Cherylton. I have a feeling our new endorser is not who he appears to be. A fractured personality so faint. I'd rather my mother, the lead singer of Boney M, in all this chaos to hysteria, be endorsing me, instead."

Narrative:

The Medium Monitor Control, glowed with a stand by operating helix diagram, copyright to, Dia on SKERD, that accounted for the entire crew on, SKERDORA. Stabilizing knowledge of their cast, religion, class and other behavior affecting values, until their emotional and physical abilities to perform near or far from them. It would also assess their position and affect in the indeterminable situation of other orders, in, mistaken or the purposeful act, of, destruction of human values in the attention to their own.

Flashes on the device showed cracks of danger arriving, even as cowardliness was soon to be stripped in line of bravery and cunning. To the match of the nuclear weapons, Cherylton, could activate, itself, and the batteries it would use in case the crew are rendered helpless, by, their invading to meet an unknown threat. One which might save, to greater humanity, or end humanity itself, to save it.

Scene 4

Narrative:

The evening in India was like a wax lake of melting waterfalls. The darkest colours ran from the top of their sky, into white vast openings of emptied rocks and dried rivers.

King Graffiti's Palace, was cracking through the quickly passing time. It was almost 24hrs, and the, Black Dragon, had appeared to humanity, already.

King Graffiti: "It vexes me. Such infuriating responses that are not a kin to my own. Harboring a sentiment for a wretch I raised to repel you. How should, Krish, find me again as, the, Black Dragon, has found him a, King, rising, already. I will not be ruled!

There are: every unethical and immoral insecurity on them all. I am the proof of what they have made themselves, hidden my eye, to the sight of their blindness's. Expected my body, in the ravage of their crippled history. Paintings of mistakes and ineloquence, I, am, King Graffiti for. An advocate leader, a supremacy rising, for, securing the worlds.

They can see me now. Even not seeing themselves and they wait for me to answer. To take them to every darkness; plummet, abandoned their purity and innocence into rages, titillation and wars I will determine, alone.

This bitch, Malika, I will start with her carcass. I will see to her bible of barriers and integirties, which have defied my own.

She defied me, now she is dead. And mine.

Narrative:

Men in white coats walked toward the dripping curves of the shape, King Graffiti, emanated in the undisturbed toxicity he could draw, removed life out to. The men, in cadaverous shades, brought wet books and data banks besides them. They laid them on the table of the massive laboratory, where, he took shape and ruminating.

Malika, lay, dead, on an operating table.

King Graffiti: Now you have the body, cut her open. I want a clone immediately. Better in every way and with no resistance to my own!

Scene 5

Narrative: The Ritz Hotel in London, was decorated with lights, on, the touch of dusk. It shimmered like petrol vapors bathing off the road which led to the Palace and London City.

The tables inside were decorated in blue tones of ambiance, washed with dim light and cool, striding characters. They weighed over high glasses, with shallow cups; watching themselves. A waiter carried a bubbling ice cocktail to the table, where, Fizvic had arranged a surprise check and bon voyage, for, his newly found investment.

Fizvic: "How is your new submarine? Are you making progress onto my mission?"

Dia Lite: “Fizvic!?! I wasn’t expecting your call. I was running diagnostics but I guess, via satellite GPS, you’ll already know that.”

Fizvic: Yes, I can see you’re sparing my new batteries, on separation channels in the South of Europe.

I’m sorry you can’t stop at, Montecarlo, to find the, Black Dragon. I’ve taken an intellectual celebration champagne from, Trade Vics, the, Ritz, to wish you a good journey, instead.”

Dia Lite: “How about a research center on the, Cote d Azur, Fizvic.”

Fizvic: “Captain, are you implying I blow up my, French Riviera, peers to get its attention? Cause I can do that. There are no research centers on the Riviera for nuclear shells, though. Their beaches are sandy!”

Dia Lite: “I don’t want you to worry about that. It didn’t make a difference in a World War 2.”

Fizvic: “Mmmm, should you attract it in Fra....”

Dia Lite: Auh .. Fizvic, you know the, Labour Machine Mercenaries, have lined the entire coastline of, Sri lanka, theres no explosion the Riviera can boast to subtract from their offensive on it and the, World United Army.”

“Fizvic: “I have a surprise for you, Captain. It will cheer you up.”

Dia Lite: What is it? Air support? A tour bus with convey, for the shows after?”

Fizvic: “You’re, mother is with me.”

Dia Lite: “The French Riviera, explodes.”

Liz Mitchell: “Hi Aaron, I mean, Captain.”

Dia Lite: The entire South of the Mediterranean and Costa Blanca!”

Liz Mitchell: “Oh, this is so exciting. You know he’ll sell out, Fizvic.”

Dia Lite: “This is not a gig mother!”

“Liz Mitchell: “Oh relax, it will be. Klara, wanted to say hi this morning, but the Lieutenant briefing for the Prince’s fleet of the, United World Army, obstructed her communicating with you.”

Dia Lite: “Mother I need to do diagnostics on Cherylton. I don’t trust ‘Fizvic,’ with her when she’s armed.”

Fizvic: “Why would I blow up the French Riviera, Lite? In fact: I made you. I’ll blow up the hybrid yacht first. Wherever you are!”

“Dia Lite: Mother about these diagnostics, I need to complete them before, Cherylton, configures to quantify an existing, Black Dragon, in the water.

I’ll trust, Fizvic, cannot blow her torpedo bays from his mobile phone on a whim. What colour trousers is he wearing?”

Liz Mitchell “Pink, why? He said he chose them specially to spoil me. Even your father liked them and he hates every design but his.”

Dia Lite: “I just wanted to know how fractured, a clash it was, from his black jacket.

Well, all of you have a good evening. Please, let me get on with my work here. The crew are watching. It’s pretentious.”

Liz Mktchell: “Mmmm, alright, my son.”

Fizvic: “Don’t ruin my torpedoes! And come on,.. put a power serge into those new batteries.”

Dia Lite: “No!!!! We are leaving now!”

Liz Mitchell: “Good bye, Aaron”

Fizvic: “Hurry up, Captain!!!

Liz, would you like to go to the, French Riviera, for breakfast?”

Liz Mitchell: Klara, had the lieutenant explain that: between the world armies, The Labour Machine Mercenaries and The Black Dragon, we might not be alive, for breakfast.”

Scene 6

Narrative: extract from : The Ship of Myth at Forgotten Dawn book : ‘It was another type of, Natural Phenomena, Never before occurred and an impossible event before the end of humanity itself. That was, The Labour Machine Mercenaries, 2074. It was never imagined their armies of reviled workmen and religious scapegoats would guard the last sacred lines of holiness for all mankind.

Dugri Guru: First, SKERDORA...

Henchman: Dugri Guru, It is not the industrial and climate solution vessel. No orders to the control of humanity after, Boney M, have been effecting these events here, Sir.

If you are reckless enough to continue to allow your hatred of gods image after Boney M, this monster will make you an image on a tombstone.

Dugri Guri: What is it!! What creature has taken the confound form of our extinction before we do, ourselves?!”

Henchman: Dugri Guru. It has been reported as a, Black Dragon. It has moved out from the, Mediterranean, into the, Indian Sea. Bear casualties, on both sides. The Labour Machine Mercenaries and the The United World Armies.

Dugri Guru: How many casualties?

Scene 7

Mido: What have you been doing for so long Lieutenant?

Lieutenant Har: “Klara, needed her luggage found before screening at the airport. I couldn’t leave. Unless I bought her a new wardrobe for her show in the evening on, Lord Crumetbed’s, death in the, UK.

She said: ‘She would for all the fish in, Rome.’ I think she’s a very strange women.”

Mido: “He isolated a reservation stratagem that is intended to revolutionize the fishing trade in the same way as it was in 1772. Josiah Wedgewood, implemented it through economy collapse, and struck immediate regrowth. Our entire infrastructure was resolved in a single county bank.

A week ago, Lord Crumetbed, passed an identical policy to reserve the ships and re-farm the fish.”

Lieutenant Har: “How many supporting groups have we lost, Captain?”

Mido: “The Black Dragon, doesn’t stop coming, Lieutenant. The fleet will not be functional in a few hours. It has decimated three grids in defensive positions against the, Labour Machine Mercenary, lines of attack.

The bad news, after supporting our own inadequacies. Is the Labour Machine Mercenaries, have been crippled already but this thing, is not after them. It just pushed them out the way. I’m sad to the affect, I think I understand why.”

Part 2

Scene 8

Narrative:

Gone the world, thee, to every buttress plea. Every new way, see. Gone the world to me, Every pillar, free. Every evil about on, T.V.. Gone the world to a prison be! Took my wrath, killed all for all, now to decree.

Bleeding, again, from the elitist walls.

Shabtai: “His home is haunted with himself now, Wu Jin.”

Narrative:

Cold unuttered on the windows of the armory room, viewing out to the guests on the pavilions, with people, paying their respects in the gardens. They roamed as opaque shards, luffing through jaded green triangles. The armory room stiffened to unused air. Time was clenched into the dead recall of the weeks and the centuries they had seen. Shabtia, wore a suit and had lessened his rough masculinity, to an acutely shaved beard. Wu Jin, carried himself with nimble boldness, holding a cane in his left hand. Wu Jin, wore silk covers on the center buttoned jacket, holding his, Chinese, tradition and respect.

Their novelty was without words, until tapping drew out the armors, like, in crumbling and yawning through ice.

Shabtai: “There was not even the, Triad, to save him this time. A brave fool.”

Wu Jin: “A ghost cannot be stopped by my, Triad, anymore than, A hybrid yacht, for industrial and climate solutions, SKERDORA, can inhibit the, White Dragon.”

Shabtai: “But a scapegoat with no real identity is..... “

Wu Jin: “Dia Lite, is not a scapegoat, Shabtai and his identity is now disclosed from Iran at the religious orders, which the forces of industry they were iconographic to, had, secretly, obstructed to terrorist and criminal regimes. As, you, are trying to do, now.

He’s out there doing his job, while we are in here, looking for a ghost that does not exist.”

Shabtai: “We cannot control the, Black Dragon, now it is released, Wu Jin! This is a scheme with relation implicating us to murder, espionage, treason and defamation, before slander, libel and negligence to our duties for our organizations to have let it happen.

Wu Jin: My only escape is knowing: in control, I did not allow it to happen. It was happening of its own will. I will not be compromised by stealing the identity of a vessel that has the will of itself, despite what we have witnessed from the effect of being without it.

Shabtai: The Black Dragon, has no instincts for the fine and decorum, to stand, support and be disciplined to men. What were we thinking!?! We should have made sure it was dead! Blowing up the research laboratory and Phoenix, was reckless.

I might have prepared the creature myself, if there was a better minded grip of Phoenix’s development. It’s too late now. Even I, unstirred by the Sahara itself, am discombobulated, not realizing before, how right, Lord Crumpetbed, was to verify its survival, even at the cost of his life.”

Narrative: The armor he stood beside started to move. It was the same, in silver beaming colours, glaring the sun until blinding and causing them to glint. The steps from the corridor outside washed in like the door opened, they turned, to see who was there.

Rose: Are you alright gentlemen? Lord Shabtai, the Prince of Tel Aviv. Master Wu Jin, Ku Lotus reserve ambassador for, China.”

Wu Jin: You are, the servant of, Lord Crumpetbed.”

Shabtai: “Can we have some, Baklava?”

Rose: “From, Iran, Shabtai. Or are you more familiar with the, Greek version of the sweet. Prince of Tel Aviv? The sexiest place on Earth.”

Narrative:

Rose walked out the room. The doors sealed in removing the light from the palace ceilings, until frozen sunlight, as glaciers captured them in ice.

Wu Jin: Was she flirting with you, Shabtai!?

Narrative: Flushes caused a chaffing, under the collar, as whispers from the walls began to return, like, caves emptying of their dwellings:

'Gone the world, thee, To every buttress plea. Every new way, see. Gone the world to me, Every pillar, free. Every evil about on, T.V.. Gone the world to a prison be! Took my wrath, killed all for all, now to decree.'

Bleeding, again from the elitist walls.

Wu Jin: "Shabtai!"

Shabtai: "I was being interrogated. She knows."

Wu Jin: "She knows what!? That you've less control of your cock than the revolution started 100 years ago, finally in our hands.

What? I beg you, tell me. What does she know?!"

Shabtai: That I was in, Greece, with, Lord Crumpetbed 60 years ago. To end, The Black Dragon."

Wu Jin: "Really? Does that make you a friend with benefits or something. I don't see how that effects the events I've perfected, to sustain the, White Dragon, to, now?"

Shabtai: "It's not dead and I'm the only one left to identify the ghost, left in my shoes, killed him, and everyone is going to die, because of me."

Wu Jin: "Shut up! You keep talking about, Ghost. This is the real world. Phoenix, killed, Lord Crumpetbed."

Shabtai "I killed Phoenix. To stop the black dragon affecting the future to mankind for itself. 60 years ago. She was not the murderer. We were!"

"You think an entourage of 50 armed men, with black belt training and abiding above the laws and boundaries of military, political orientations, will stop to hear you confess: you are putting me under arrest!?"

I suggest you forget about, Rose, in whatever position she might support for you, and secure your loyalties where they might save your life. Even, if you cannot control, yourself, to the orders of the people like her, anymore."

Scene 9

Narrative:

The light outside was a misty haze, burning out of rays from the spectrum colours on the window, until trapped scratches, clawing onto the ledges and

panes. Making rot crinkle to quick crumble. It snapped like popping cinders, as, the people halted from focus.

It raised, like, a flame, weathered the steely hall, into sweating humid bursts of paranormal elements. It was a ghost, real, residing, awaking there to the characters lost onto the tiles of the floor.

Talons of sharp gripping, drove through their heads in wondering to themselves. Their inequities, their self-PRIDE, LUST. The rage in fortunes fighting until WRATH and ENVY, GREED and the infection to their GLOTTUN and SLOTH. Accepted onto designs of bodies changing and aging, showed out.

The vision of the future, was in the lines of scorned alternatives. Faulted into other forces of men, conditioned and active to relentless. Washing and freezing, like snow men, washing and freezing like, ice men, washing and freezing like, sculptures, washing and freezing, like armor, alive.

Shabtai: “Wu Jin, You, mustn’t! Phantom exorcist! Somebody!! Help me!!”

Rose: “The Baklava, Gentlemen?!”

Narrative: Wu Jin, was dropping a sword from a disintegrated suit of armor, now, lying on the floor.

Shabtai: “Rose, thank God. The Palace, is haunted. I will confess to you. There is a ghost, that is going to kill us all, that, I, prevented from saving us.

It was, The Black Dragon. 60 years ago, in, Greece.”

Rose: Why thank you, Prince of Tel Aviv. I imagine we’ll start looking at once before blowing up, SKERDORA or the Labour Machine Mercenaries, in, provoked retaliation, from the, Prince’s Fleet.

Would you like a Swayze, Wu Jin?”

Wu Jin: A, Ku Lotus!... I, was never there or here, for a, Swayze or Baklava.”

Scene 10 - 06:00am, Las Vegas

Narrative:

Sunrise had lifted like a single light, on a flat valley, of empty cells. In the space of moments, they began to charge, like protons, buzzed to car lights, kitchens and homes awakening.

The pace was arrived with newspapers and milk, shuttled to the doors. Dogs barked, summoned outside the houses. The frequent activities of the week were starting, as, they usually do.

Diego, flashed up from his sleep in a penthouse above the casino, where they played during, last night.

Diego: “The White Dragon!”

Bell: “What, Diego?”

Diego: “These people who have the girl. Atlantis; the indeterminate nature without the, White Dragon, to, Shangri la. I will end the Industrial and Climate solution, to, finding Atlantis with her transporter, after, King Graffiti. Dennis Titan, to the, White Dragon, regime, will show me, Atlantis, instead, to be, undisturbed.”

Bell: Didn’t we make enough of a fortune last night!? You could build a new Casino, Palace. A new Cam model bridge! After I killed, the faggot walking out on you for a, Little Italian, pimp.”

Diego: Your sins will never be forgiven. Malice, will never pass the gates of true bliss.”

Bell: “What?! What are you talking about!”

Diego: “I want the girl’s presence of piety and power. The immortal icon that sat with, Graffiti, to shock its monopolizing values into an obscure deficit order, until she ran out the King’s house to be found dead, by the transporter identified to, The White Dragon and their elitist infrastructure.”

Bell: “What are you going do baby? Call him?”

Scene 11 - King Graffiti’s Palace, India, Delhi, Early Evening.

Narrative:

There were no sounds from the operating tables. The room was dimly lit under blue table light, for operating on. The sterile oxygen sparked pulses to puerile looks of dispassion.

The Drs made organized positions, their apparatus, and the room.

Dr: “Make sure we are not disturbed. Not even by, King Graffiti. If I inhibit her count and development of, Gaba Neurons. The collapse of her personality and traits to develop her growing character, will be blocked.”

Dr: “Dr, you are making a robot in a human body. It will not interact with other people. It will be an isolated.....”

Dr: “.....Slave. A mindless ascending slave, with no will more than what is driven empathically into her synaptic behavior. Free from depression, regression and the fleeting apathy to fits of titillation. She will be, perfect, to, King Graffiti, and he will call his daughter. K10.”

Scene 12 – The Arcadian God Ship

Lieutenant: “The Labour Machine Mercenaries, are regrouping. By night fall on the mark of war with the Prince’s fleet, they will have a strike force, Mido.

If, The Black Dragon, is still of offensive against our ships. They will have the advantage. I suggest we amalgamate what is remaining of our forces and disrupt the track of the creature with everything we have, to give them a clear passage into, The Labour Machine Mercenaries.”

Mido: “Where is, SKERDORA, Lieutenant? This isn’t as simple as it appears. I’ve sat many strategic hours; behind the com, at the wheel and yes even in school; to recognize a suicide trip that isn’t necessary.

Isolate our objectives here. To prevent, The Labour Machine Mercenaries, from disturbing the, White Dragon, reformation to the new world. Then, to identify, SKERDORA, from its undisclosed behavior to Zeitgeist Industrial and Climate Solution, before it disturbs the reformation.

Now, look at which party here is out of our protocol analysis to engage with.”

Lieutenant: “The Black Dragon, Mido.”

Mido: “That’s right because: SKERDORA, has been endorsed to identify it. The Labour Machine Mercenaries are being guarded by it to secure their sacred lines of holiness for all mankind. Then, The Prince’s fleet! Engages them directly on a mission of provoked retaliation.”

Lieutenant: “We are killing ourselves, Mido.”

Mido: In the list of priorities to the objectives at hand. We’re not doing ourselves any favours. Now, where is, SKERDORA?!”

Scene 11 – Amalfi Coast, South West Italy. Early evening

Narrative:

SKERDORA, has swallowed deep drafts away from her transom. Jets of white horses waved over in curling crests. The iron hybrid hull engulfed the crew, off the bridge into the research centers on the ship.

The bubbles floated like glaciers, chilled within the pressure cabins to dim white glints appeared like ice for the eyes on the shore.

Dia Lite: “A Presa Canario.”

J.W.: “Captain? Are you referring to the sea gulls off our port bow. They are not canary birds.”

Dia Lite: No, I’m referring to the guardian often symbolized as the three headed pet of, Hades, Cerberus. The dog on the cliff with the coast guards. They are, Presa Canario’s; massive things, more visible than the coast guards, somehow.”

J.W.: “Are they going to board us, Captain?”

Dia Lite: “Not from this distance. If there’s not a ship here already, then, they are guarding themselves, from, The Labour Machine Mercenaries, who are flanking to engage the Princes fleet, before the, United World Army, or...”

J.W.: “The Black Dragon, Sir.”

Dia Lite: “Yes, but. It’s not here. I’m certain of that by the tranquility of the water and its last sighting coming through the, Suez Canal to the battle line on, Sri Lanka. Its not even 16:00pm here and we’ll be another 2 days getting to, Greece to collect, Dennis Titan, before pursuing through the Canal, after it.”

J.W.: “Even the humpback whales are calm. Its hard to believe we are at war.”

Dia Lite: “It’s harder to believe we are not expected to survive it more than 12 hours, J.W.. But that is the most real prediction in the collapsing infrastructures of the, White Dragon, now, to, mis targeted descriptions of our most sacred orders and then the primal offensive against a creature we’ve lost ourselves to, until that also might be destroyed.”

J.W.: “If this is Hell, or Hades I think your machine paints a brighter outcome for our detached bodies. Perhaps, my soul, can rest at the end of the world, at least.”

Dia Lite: “You know I was so busy with ESPs to quantify functioning on the values of life, which had no sense unfreed for living through this; I didn’t think about my soul.

Now, that I've run a diagnostic. Are the Nuclear weapons prepped, J.W..."

J.W.: "Captain?"

Dia Lite: "I'm joking, J.W.. Have you not got a sense, of, humour?"

Scene 13 – Las Vegas Conference room 11:00 am.

Narrative:

Casino managers had sat down at a wide executive table. The iron and gold plated boarders, had a flat glow under soft comfort lights. They replace the sun, which, was behind veils of the window shutters.

Many secret vents and blowers, fogged the outside world. A crystal sparkle, ching rang, from the canteen glass's being served with cognac, for, warmed digestion of cold breakfasts.

Their heads were clouded within the purified air, by tabaco smoke layering their coloured vision out soft tinted shade spectacles. They had oblivious concerns, finding, T.V. catastrophic broadcasts, shuttled on the display channels.

The first attention on their private looking; was the next available slot of land from a dead benefactor to utilize. The next: was the family to hide from, for, the events they were controlling to happen in the room. By swiping their messages and calls to mute, after texting them a lie, about getting groceries or looking for a puppy.

The third and trivial self-centered accomplishment they prioritized as a goal: was who to kill for obstructing them from happening and how, whether by embezzling from the face of existence or putting them in a grave of soldiers, with para-psychosis cases, to replace the real world, which after being reborn they would never conceive, in military psycho active reception of inconceivable ruin, forever.

All these directives they privately kept were a crime, which, they bear to call themselves:

Diego: "Criminals, my fellow Gangster's and Gods. Our absolution has been brought to my attention. Our complete removal of every transgression and inequity."

Man: My wife is finally dead."

Diego: “Yes, every mistake you ever made, will be forgiven by what I’ve found.”

Bell: “The Princes fleet, has warned their territories to head for high land or fallout shelters, Diego.”

Diego: “Turn that crap off, Bell!”

Greece, Koronisia, 19:00 pm

Narrative:

Dennis and Krish, had been activating the house’s A.I. , to start rebuilding. The power generators were gone, but the power supply was active to make a direct connection.

The system motherboard was burnt out and the shell for the A.I. and house for the management system was destroyed, but the hard drive with the A.I. data within it, might have been salvageable. Dennis, managed to remove it and run a cable to it from a lap top in his case.

Dennis: “It’s all here.”

Krish: “Lights, Air conditioning?”

Dennis: “The Black Dragon, Krish. The log books from our work here, not just my back up files from the ship.”

Krish: “But, what can we do with that now. It’s useless. Humanity is already destroying itself and the development of its evolution to that. It won’t protect them.”

Las Vegas, 11:00am

Diego: “Where was I? Our salvation. Atlantis, Gentlemen. The only land no man can possess. Priceless to who it possesses, but if we take it. I, will be perfect without, it, and you will all share my perfection to control, Heaven on Earth.

Man: I saw it. The girl’s death outside, King Graffiti’s, palace, in, India. What if I already claimed it to acquire. A, secret embezzlement, that has no listing of territorial claim to rights or reserve. In other words, Diego. I might kill you for it. I don’t do business with dead men.”

Diego. You won't get there without me. I, know where it is. All you know, is that it's there."

Man: "How do you know where it is? No one knows the existence of, Shangri la, especially not a God, in, Las Vegas, who replicates itself to substitute."

Diego: Because I substitute as nothing, I am real and Atlantis is more real than me to possess. It is not the woman that can take us there. She only harbours genetics in make up of existence we cannot sustain for the urges, which, placate to spoil our nature after ourselves.

The real ascension to divine perfect rule, is through the one that met her with, Graffiti. The one I know we can visit, together. We can ambush as, villains, to be power in line of divine reuniting, over and over, and over, forever, and ever.

We, will kill, Dia Lite, remove his life and ship, until he cannot separate from us what will take us there, to build an infrastructure for supporting this crippled world of united chocolates."

Bell: Try the truffle, it's Turkish, Diego."

Diego: Get that out of my face!

No, Wait, Bell! Box a gift from downstairs , we'll, leave immediately and use the artillery to make sure he is persuaded. A Turkish delight indeed, will you agree, Gentlemen.

Narrative:

They nodded with removed disdain and sparked with excited proclaim.

Scene 14 (Climax)

Narrative: The Indian Ocean, was white with salinity from the, Pacific and Atlantic. Fervent in waves, onto the night, rolling with spite of invasion and war. The dark crashed over the giant rigs of, Air Carriers and Cruisers, until Submarines, droned, into the over spraying waves.

Under the waters, the approaching, Goliath, was with agile flowing, moved in immense lengths to the control of smooth making. Cracked, split in two, a flag ship thrown, at, its reception. Sank with immediacy, undramatized. Until the sirens and war cries emanated from the, Prince's fleet, in approach.

Mido: "How long before we can engage to prevent the battle, Lieutenant Har?"

Lieutenant: “The flag ship has been destroyed, Captain. We are too late.”

Mido: “Stay on course, overtake the fleet to rapidity for intervention.”

Lieutenant: “Yes, your Highness.”

Narrative:

Labour Machine Mercenaries, watched with their last missiles targeted on the, Prince’s fleet.

Dugri Guru, looked away from the small girl, pouring water into the cups of wounded men.

Dugri Guru: “It was never imagined their armies of reviled workmen and religious scapegoats, would guard the last sacred lines of holiness for all mankind. “ (Whispered.)

“Prepare to fire.”

Mido: Dugri Guru. This is, Mido, of the Arcadian Godship, for the, UWA, United World Army, request you do not fire.

I repeat: cease fire, all channels. All channels, cease fire.”

Dugri Guru: “Fire!”

Narratives:

The rockets roared, to tension in the air, while the fleets last ship deployed anti air missiles scattered less than a line, to the sunk and sinking vessels.”

Screams on the decks bellowed in chaos. Thunder was dimmed to baby cries in the pain of burning water and drowning bodies, to be rescued and rescuing.

Lieutenant Mar: There’s nothing left, Your highness. The Labour Machine Mercenaries, are depleted, and the United World Army, are now crippled unable to apprehend, even ourselves, from the grids hit.”

Mido: “This isn’t over, Lieutenant. Look at that.

That must be, The Black Dragon.”

Greece, Koronisia, The Next Day

Krish: “This doesn’t look like that house on your computer, Dennis.”

Dennis: It used to, Krish.” (Pause)

Diego: "It looks just right to me."

Narrative: A convoy of helicybers lowered over the island. Diego, spoke through a microphone onto the loud speaker.

Dennis heard, tilting his head up besides, Krish, to see who they were. The water was rocked by the thrusts to spray ,off the rubble at the boat shed. SKERDORA, appeared. The vehicle boot raised to release the 4x4 vehicle.

J.W.: "What have we here? Captain."

Dia Lite: "That's not, Dennis. J.W.. Prepare the men on code yellow.

Diego: "Dennis Titan."

Dennis: "Who are you?"

Diego: "We, are here to help you. To bring you back."

Dia Lite: "Dennis, don't listen to them. They've nothing to do with our mission to research and preserve the..."

"That's, Dia Lite, Kill him!" Diego, shouted.

Narrative: The Helicybers fired a barrage of chain guns and lasers.

J.W.: Take her down! Prepare for Emergency dive. Now!"

Narrative:

The 4x4 collected Dennis and Krish, moving them from the line of fire. The helicybers flew back around, like bees, until the boot of the Hybrid yacht was sealed, and they were submerging. Bullets bounced ricochet off the iron hull, delivering to the, White Dragon, support.

Diego: "Nooooo!"

They're getting away. My divine key to Atlantis, is getting away."

Bell: "Don't worry baby, relax. I always get what I want. We'll find them, lucky number 9. From 1 – 7 and 8 is all."

The End.

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