

# THE ATLANTIS DIMENSION



*a graphic novel*

story and screenplay registered WGAw / artwork copyright Atlantis Rising Magazine 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999

## PART 1

First published in serial form in *Atlantis Rising Magazine* beginning with issue 1, November, 1994  
Story by J. Douglas Kenyon & Tom Miller • Script by J. Douglas Kenyon • Illustrations by Rob Rath  
Based on the authors' screenplay written in 1984



# The Atlantis Dimension

By J. Douglas Kenyon & Tom Miller

Illustrated by Robert Rath



## • POSEIDIA •

The westernmost island in the maritime empire of ATLANTIS.  
Circa. 9500 B.C.

Beneath the Temple of the Great Crystal.



Quickly.  
The sun is setting.



I never knew of this place.

No one comes here now.

At sunset the light of Helios touches the Mother's crystal and the 'night side's' power begins. We must be ready.

Have you the amethyst?



Here it is

Sumara,  
I am thy jewel

Ramnon  
I am thy Lotus



No power on earth can separate us now.





We will be together forever.  
It is written in the book of light.

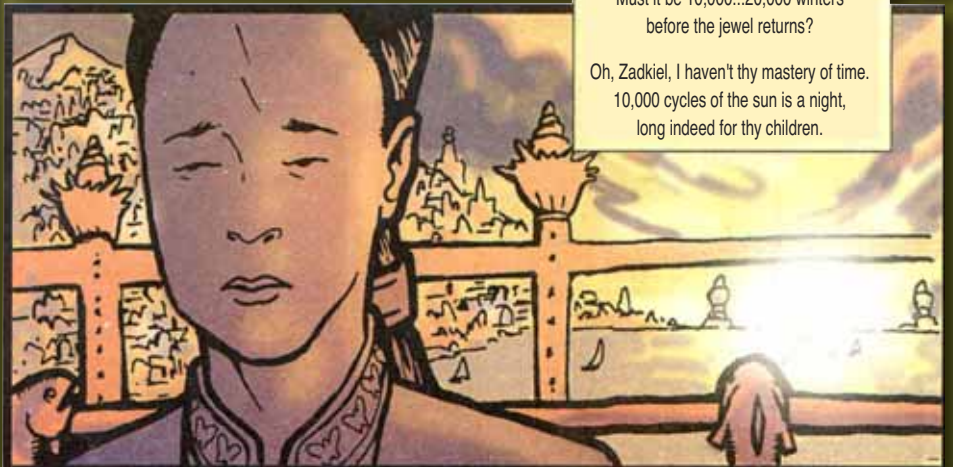
So be it



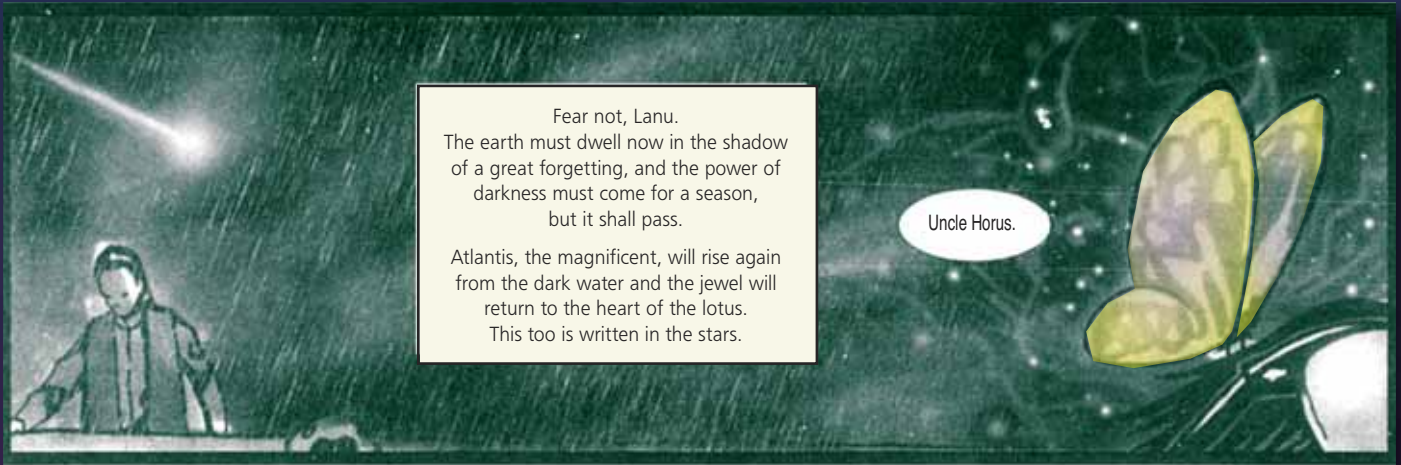
Even now the dark star approaches.

And I fear for thy children, beloved Zadkiel.  
If the moment is lost.  
Must it be 10,000...20,000 winters  
before the jewel returns?

Oh, Zadkiel, I haven't thy mastery of time.  
10,000 cycles of the sun is a night,  
long indeed for thy children.







Fear not, Lanu.  
The earth must dwell now in the shadow  
of a great forgetting, and the power of  
darkness must come for a season,  
but it shall pass.

Atlantis, the magnificent, will rise again  
from the dark water and the jewel will  
return to the heart of the lotus.  
This too is written in the stars.

Uncle Horus.



Uncle Horus.

Shhh....be quiet Keith. I am  
contacting my higher mind.

It's a butterfly, Uncle Horus.

Now, don't get smart  
or your mother will  
hear about it.

Really, there's a butterfly on your head.

• Golden Circle Bookshop •  
• Miami •  
• A Generation Ago •



What's that?...Butterfly?...

Was that your 'harmon'?

Well, what do you know.  
most unusual.

must mean something I wonder...



Know what?  
I think he likes your hair oil!



Everything means  
something. The mystery's  
not 'if' but 'what'.

Some day you'll understand.  
That's the way the gods talk to us.  
Sometimes. Now run along before  
I talk to your mother.



I'll catch that ole 'harmon' for you.



You do that.  
Most unusual.







Did your uncle send you out to play, Keith?

Yes, Ma'am.

Playing by one's self teaches self-reliance and bravery and that's good, because someday, Keith, you'll need to be very brave, and speak the truth. Can you be brave?

Yes, Ma'am. Mommy lets me go to the store all by myself.

Here is something to help you, Keith.



For me?



Just for you. Take good care of it. It is good to have, when you must use your voice to speak out.



Can I really keep it? Really?

Lady.?



Uncle Horus... Look what the pretty lady gave me.

Didn't I tell you? No shouting in here.

Look, what I have...Look!

And, how did you come by this?

A lady gave it to me.



An amethyst. Hmm...very valuable! Who would give such a treasure to a child?

A pretty lady, out in the alley!

Don't make up stories, Keith?

I'm not story-telling, Uncle Horus. Honest. She had light shining all over.

Um...hmm. Light you say? Hmm. Well I will keep your amethyst for you. Now shoo. I must think. When you wish to see it, you may.

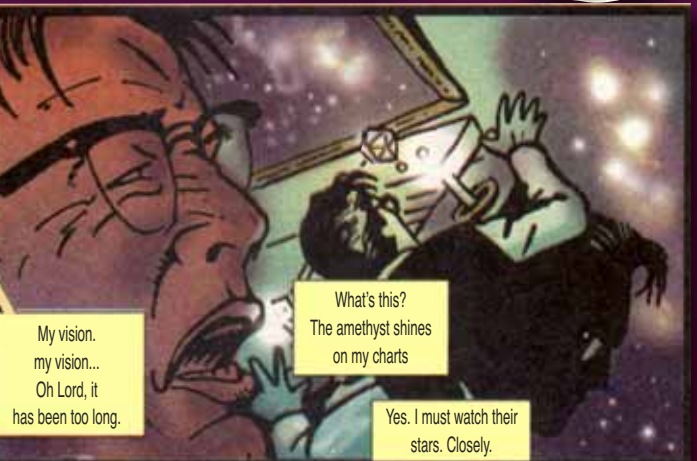


I'll find the pretty lady.



Could my sister's child be the oracle? Then the other one must be near to embodiment. I feel her presence.

Is it possible?



My vision. my vision... Oh Lord, it has been too long.

What's this? The amethyst shines on my charts

Yes. I must watch their stars. Closely.





**Near a south Florida granite jetty • a few years later**





**Somewhere in the  
Bermuda Triangle • Today**

Gully!

...Gully...  
I found another one!

Quick, hand me  
the camera

Gully!

What's happenin' mon?

Damnit Gully, I told you;  
you have to stay straight to work for me.

I be straight, mon. I be restin'.

Restin'? You ought to be arrested.

Huh?

Forget it.

I thought the Devil's triangle  
was your territory.

Nobody know dese  
waters better'n Gully.

Then what do  
you think we  
ought to do  
about that storm?

Mon...that don't look good

Well, let's get going. Get the anchor!

God, what's wrong with the compass?

Oh, Lawd! The debil gonna  
get us now for sure!

We're gonna  
capsize!

Look out!











# THE ATLANTIS DIMENSION

*from the original 1984 screenplay by J. Douglas Kenyon & Tom Miller*

## Part 1

FADE IN:

SUPERED OVER A BLACK SCREEN IS THE WORD:

PROLOGUE

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STONE CHAMBER BENEATH ATLANTEAN TEMPLE

A channel wide enough for small boats flows between stone walls rising from the water toward shadowy heights. At regular intervals, star-shaped holes pierce the stones. Moving inward, the chamber opens to include a stone floor encircling a pool from which the channel flows outward. Beyond the pool, an enshrined statue of the "Divine Mother" in lotus posture holds a crystal (about five inches in diameter) in her hands. Indistinct outlines of rusting geared wheels indicate the presence of immense, but motionless machinery. A spiral staircase winds upwards toward lofty obscurity. Through the channel passageway a shaft of sunlight reflects shimmering patterns from the gently rippling pool over walls and gears and stairs. The only SOUND is lapping water.

SUPERED OVER appear the words:

Beneath the Temple of the Great Crystal. POSEIDIA: The westernmost island in the maritime empire of ATLANTIS. Circa. 9500 B.C.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

Clad in a flowing white robe and bearing an impressive lotus blossom, SUMARA a beautiful temple virgin, carefully descends the staircase and quickly approaches the water's edge. RAMNON, her nobly attractive young lover in military tunic, follows cautiously.

Sumara pauses, studying the shaft of sunlight.

SUMARA

Quickly. The sun is setting.

RAMNON

(in wonder)

I never knew of this place.



SUMARA

No one comes here now. At sunset the light of Helios touches the Mother's crystal and the 'night side's' power begins. We must be ready. Have you the amethyst?

He opens his hand to reveal a large sparkling amethyst.

RAMNON

Here it is.

She holds up the lotus. Its petals are open.

SUMARA

(with intensity)

Ramnon, I am thy lotus.

He deposits amethyst in the center of the lotus.

RAMNON

Sumara, I am thy jewel.

Shaft of sunlight becomes horizontal (indicating sunset). Its rays touch the crystal in the hands of the statue. Suddenly the crystal flares with beams of brilliant light and slowly, the immense gears begin to turn.

Quickly Sumara stoops to the water and releases the lotus. Gently, it floats toward center. POV from water. In foreground the Jewel-laden lotus floats toward us. In background Ramnon and Sumara, suffused with light from the crystal, turn passionately toward each other.

SUMARA

No power on earth can separate us now. We will be together forever. It is written in the book of light.

RAMNON

So be it.

As the lotus approaches us, Ramnon and Sumara vanish from sight and slowly, we drift between the towering marble pillars and emerge into the gathering twilight.

EXT. BASE OF THE TEMPLE OF THE GREAT CRYSTAL - ATLANTIS - TWILIGHT

We see only the lotus, amethyst and reflected image until suddenly, a gnarled and hairy hand thrusts into the picture and seizes the lotus.

PULL BACK to reveal in the half-light a twisted masculine figure waist-deep in the water. He tears the petals from the lotus and seizes the amethyst. PULL BACK continues as the figure clumsily wades to the side and scrambles from the water revealing furry haunches and hooves. We're watching a satyr.



A wider canal is now revealed. Sloping cobblestone banks give way to bushes and willow trees. The outline of a massive pyramid, looming above and beyond the two marble pillars and framed by the strangely exotic architecture of a sub-tropical city, is reflected in the water.

On a balcony atop the pillars and illumined by the setting sun stands a lone figure in white. ZOOM in to reveal the striking, albeit androgynous figure of LANU, a temple priestess. From her vantage point, she has observed the lovers' tryst and the satyr's behavior as well. Detached and above it all, she is nevertheless moved with a certain sad anxiety as she gazes into the water below where the darkening sky is mirrored. Within herself she speaks.

LANU (V.O.)

(in her thoughts)

Even now the dark star approaches.

Reflected below, before an approaching storm, is a fiery comet.

LANU

(continuing)

And I fear for thy children, beloved Zadkiel. If the moment is lost...Must it be 10,000...20,000 winters before the jewel returns? Oh, Zadkiel, I haven't thy mastery of time. 10,000 cycles of the sun is a night, long indeed for thy children.

Raindrops shatter the images in the water. Quickly they become a torrent. Thunder rolls. Lightning flashes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STORM-TOSSED OCEAN - NIGHT

Over the storm we hear ZADKIEL, LANU'S hierophant, respond.

ZADKIEL (V.O.)

Fear not, Lanu. The earth must dwell now in the shadow of a great forgetting, and the power of darkness must come for a season, but it shall pass. Atlantis, the magnificent, will rise again from the dark water and the jewel will return to the heart of the lotus. This too is written in the stars.

Storm clouds part. Sparkling stars fill a clearing sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BACK ROOM OF A METAPHYSICAL BOOKSHOP - MIAMI - DAY

Child's POV. Ornate astrologer's chart depicting zodiac and constellations as animals and mythological creatures.

SUPERED OVER are the words:

Golden Circle Bookshop. Miami. 1956 A.D.



The dimly lit room is filled with books and occult paraphernalia. KEITH WARNER, age 6, (Ramnon, reincarnated) wonders at the chart. From his height, everything seems big, magical and mysterious.

A small man in a wheelchair, nods sleepily before a candle. HORUS FREEMAN, 40, a double amputee, Keith's uncle and shop proprietor, is a self-styled astrologer and occultist (Lanu reincarnated).

A stray butterfly diverts Keith. Lightly, it flits across the room settling on Horus' head, who seems oblivious. Keith watches solemnly and silently for a moment, but at length...

KEITH

Uncle Horus...Uncle Horus...

HORUS

(startled)

Shhh....be quiet Keith. I am contacting my higher mind.

KEITH

It's a butterfly, Uncle Horus.

HORUS

Now, don't get smart or your mother will hear about it.

KEITH

Really, there's a butterfly on your head.

HORUS

(pauses)

What's that?...Butterfly?...

He brushes, and gapes, surprised, as butterfly flits out door.

KEITH

Was that your 'harmon' (higher mind)?

HORUS

(absently)

Well, what do you know...most unusual...must mean something...I wonder...

KEITH

Know what? I think he likes your hair oil!

HORUS

Everything means something. The mystery's not 'if' but 'what'.

(remembering Keith)

Some day you'll understand. That's the way the gods talk to us. Sometimes. Now run along before I talk to your mother.



KEITH

(with excitement)

I'll catch that ole 'harmon' for you.

Young Keith runs out the door. Camera goes with him. In the B.G., Horus mutters to himself.

HORUS

You do that.

(perplexed)

Most unusual.

EXT. ANOTHER ANGLE - ALLEYWAY BEHIND THE BOOK STORE - DAYTIME

The butterfly waits on a bush, but flies as Keith nears. He chases, until suddenly, before him, bathed in light, illumining alley and his face, appears a lovely lady. Only he can see her.

LADY

(gently)

Did your uncle send you out to play, Keith?

KEITH

(unafraid)

Yes, Ma'am.

LADY

Playing by one's self teaches self-reliance and bravery and that's good, because someday, Keith, you'll need to be very brave, and speak the truth. Can you be brave?

KEITH

(very firmly)

Yes, Ma'am. Mommy lets me go to the store all by myself.

LADY

Here is something to help you, Keith.

She holds out a large, flawless amethyst.

KEITH

(in wonder)

For me?

LADY

Just for you. Take good care of it. It is good to have, when you must use your voice to speak out.

With great awe, he holds it up to the sun.

KEITH

Can I really keep it? Really?



She is gone. He looks around, then runs back into the shop.

INT. BACK ROOM OF METAPHYSICAL BOOKSHOP - MIAMI - DAY

Keith runs in excitedly, startling Horus, who drops a large volume he has been struggling to reach.

KEITH

(shouting)

Uncle Horus... Look what the pretty lady gave me.

Horus, exasperated, points at book, now beyond his reach.

HORUS

Didn't I tell you? No shouting in here.

Keith picks up book, hands it to him.

KEITH

(holds stone up)

Look, what I have...Look!

HORUS

(suspiciously)

And, how did you come by this?

KEITH

A lady gave it to me.

HORUS

An amethyst. Hmm...very valuable! Who would give such a treasure to a child?

KEITH

A pretty lady, out in the alley!

HORUS

Don't make up stories, Keith?

KEITH

(insisting)

I'm not story-telling, Uncle Horus. Honest. She had light shining all over.

HORUS

(studies the boy)

Um..hmm. Light you say?

Keith nods solemnly.

HORUS

(thoughtful pause)



Hmm. Well I will keep your amethyst for you. Now shoo. I must think. When you wish to see it, you may.

KEITH

I'll find the pretty lady.

Keith runs from the room. Horus, trembling, picks up the stone and holds it to the light. Agitated, he speaks within.

HORUS (V.O.)

(in his thoughts)

Is it possible? Could my sister's child be the oracle? Then the other one must be near to embodiment. I feel her presence.

(deep concentration;  
hands to forehead)

My vision...my vision...

(overcome by emotion)

Oh Lord, it has been too long.

With effort he steadies himself and opens his eyes. The amethyst projects a ray of violet light to the star chart.

HORUS

(out loud)

Krissie

Amethyst glistens in the candlelight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIRST STREET JETTY - MIAMI BEACH - SUNRISE

Three-year-old KRISTINE LEYERDORF (Sumara reincarnated), playing naked in the sand, builds a pyramid. Silhouetted against the sunrise, her father, BJORN LEYERDORF, clambers over jagged boulders. Thirty, sunburned, athletic, with the manner of a soldier of fortune, he has a scholar's intellect, if an unorthodox one.

SUPERED OVER are the words:

Miami Beach Jetty. 1961.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

A wave engulfs her pyramid, and she runs to her father who picks her up in his arms. Excitedly he shows her the object of his study--star-shaped holes cut into the granite blocks. He has a lot to say. Any audience will do.



LEYERDORF

Look Krissie...look. Star holes. Hundreds of them. Know what they are?

She shakes her head wonderingly.

LEYERDORF

Those are pieces of Atlantis.

KRISTINE

'Lantis?

LEYERDORF

That's right baby...'Lantis. These rocks came from under the water in the Bahamas...Under water for a long, long time. From when the Bahamas were part of 'Lantis.

She smiles understandingly. Leyerdorf holds her up oceanward.

LEYERDORF

See that ocean, Krissie. Under all that water used to be cities, just like Miami. That was Atlantis. She was great, but she's forgotten now. Your daddy hasn't forgotten though. And someday, baby, you and me are gonna find Atlantis. You believe that, don't you Krissie?

She nods gravely.

LEYERDORF

(proudly)

That's my girl.

A light breeze ruffles his hair. ZOOM slowly into his eyes' reflecting images of Kristine, sun, sea and sky.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GEOGRAPHIC AERIAL SHOT - ATLANTIC OCEAN - BERMUDA TRIANGLE -DAY

We fly through rolling banks of clouds.

SUPERED OVER appear the words:

The Bermuda Triangle. Today.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

Break through clouds to open sea, empty except for a white speck.

CREDIT SEQUENCE BEGINS

ZOOM slowly in to small cabin boat, bobbing gently at anchor. A storm brews on the horizon.



## MAIN TITLES

The craft is apparently deserted. A diver's ladder hangs over the side. Scuba gear, heavily marked charts, sonar equipment and 16mm movie camera in an underwater housing are scattered about the deck. Several neatly tagged coral-encrusted grooved blocks appear to be artifacts. The compass is spinning wildly. A scuba diver surfaces. Bjorn Leyerdorf, now in his 50's, hair considerably greyed, pushes back his mask, spits out his mouthpiece and yells.

LEYERDORF

(with excitement)

Gully...Gully...I found another one! Quick, hand me the camera.

He holds up stone block. No response.

LEYERDORF

(continues)

Gully!

(exasperated)

Gully! Damn him.

He climbs ladder and carefully places his new find.

LEYERDORF

(shouting)

Gully!

Door to cabin opens and GULLY, a black Bahaman youth, stumbles out sleepily. He is stoned on marijuana.

GULLY

What's happenin' mon?

LEYERDORF

Damnit Gully, I told you; you have to stay straight to work for me.

GULLY

I be straight, mon. I be restin'.

Leyerdorf waves him off with disgust.

LEYERDORF

(under his breath)

Restin'? You ought to be arrested.

GULLY

Huh?

LEYERDORF



(squints at the sky)  
Forget it. I thought the Devil's triangle was your territory.

GULLY  
Nobody know dese waters better'n Gully.

LEYERDORF  
(sarcastically)  
Then what do you think we ought to do about that?

He points toward the nearing storm.

GULLY  
Mon...that don't look good.

Leyerdorf springs into action.

LEYERDORF  
(shouting)  
Well, let's get going. Get the anchor!  
(spots compass)  
God, what's wrong with the compass?

GULLY  
Oh, Lawd! The debil gonna get us now fo' sho!

Leyerdorf, still in scuba gear, hurries to start the engine. Gully tugs at the anchor. Wind picks up. Rain spatters.

DISSOLVE TO:

Violent storm sequence. Leyerdorf and Gully struggle to avoid capsizing. Everything loose, including camera, charts, artifacts and gear, is swept overboard by the heavy seas. At length, the storm wins and the boat capsizes.

DISSOLVE TO:

Calm seas. Sun peaks through. Leyerdorf and Gully cling to the inverted hull. Leyerdorf's diving mask still dangles around his neck. The water is littered with seaweed and assorted debris. Leyerdorf's camera (in waterproof housing) floats nearby.

A sleek, high-powered pleasure boat speeds into view. Desperately, they wave and shout for help. The boat plows straight at them, but it is not slowing.

LEYERDORF  
(in disbelief)  
That bastard's gonna hit us!



GULLY

Oh, lawd!

At the last possible moment, the powerboat swerves, throwing its wake toward the capsized boat. Momentarily Leyerdorf and Gully go under but come up choking, in time to see two men on the boat laughing wildly at their plight. They are JOSE ALMEIDA, age 40, a Marielito Cuban drug smuggler and a 20 year-old PUNK.

GULLY

Dope runners.

LEYERDORF

(grimly)

Almeida. That bastard.

Almeida's attention is caught by Leyerdorf's floating camera. He reverses his engine, pulling up beside it. Leyerdorf sees the punk fish it aboard.

LEYERDORF

Hey...That's my camera!

GULLY

Mebbe, he put us in a movie.

Almeida, grinning, takes the camera out of the housing and holds it up to shoot. It won't run though. He fiddles with knobs and tries twice again. Still failing, he impatiently heaves the camera toward Leyerdorf. Just missing him, it hits the water and sinks.

LEYERDORF

(enraged)

My \$10,000 Eclair!

Laughing uproariously, Almeida guns his boat. In a moment they disappear.

LEYERDORF

Neanderthal...

Gully mutters a voodoo curse. Leyerdorf grimly puts on his mask.

LEYERDORF

I'm going after it.

EXT. UNDERWATER, BERMUDA TRIANGLE - DAY

Ruined camera rests on rocky bottom. TILT UP to boat, overhead. Gully's legs trail. The frustrated Leyerdorf descends.



Soon, though, his anger turns to excitement. As he picks up camera he discovers that a massive shift in bottom sand has revealed a mysterious stone pavement of obviously human construction. Schools of tropical fish dart away as he tracks it. Suddenly, mysteriously revealed in a shaft of watery sunlight, is a statue of the "Divine Mother" (larger version of the image in Scene 1). Silhouetted beyond is a pyramid. Amazed, he drinks in the tableau, but not for long. The tide is fast returning the bottom sand, and once again consigning his discovery to its ancient grave. Camera broken, he can neither film the scene nor prevent it's reburial. He is helpless.

CREDIT SEQUENCE ENDS. BLACK.