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# Barbarella

By Terry Southern

It's a wonder...  
...Wonder Woman...  
You're so wild and wonderful  
'Cause it seems whenever...  
...we're together...  
...the planets all stand still.  
SubFix by divx.NeKryXe.com  
Barbarella's psychedelia...  
...there's a kind of cockle shell  
about you.  
Barbarella... Bar...Barbarella.  
You dazzle me with rainbow  
colors...  
Fade away the duller shade  
of living...  
Get me up high...  
Teach me to fly...  
Electrify...  
A night with starry light...  
...above the stratosphere.  
Bring your dearness near  
Till the dawn comes tumbling down  
Don't make a sound.  
Every word we need  
comes from the sky.  
Can't you read my mind  
Sayin' love  
Don't you give me a cold shoulder  
Still I'm dying, girl, to hold you  
And make love...  
...love...  
Barbarella's psychedelia...  
...never can a fella name  
or clone you...  
Barbarella Bar...Barbarella  
Stand by for a message  
from Dianthus...  
...President of Earth and  
Rotating Premier of the Sun System.  
- Barbarella?  
- Mr. President.  
- Love!  
- Love!  
Just a minute.

I'll slip something on.  
Don't trouble yourself..  
This is an affair of state.  
What I must say not only is grave...  
It's a secret.  
A secret?  
Have you ever heard of a young  
scientist named Duran Duran?  
- Yes.  
- Recently en route to the North Star...  
...he vanished into  
the uncharted regions of Tau Ceti.  
But... why is that a secret?  
Because Duran Duran is the inventor  
of the Positronic Ray.  
- It's a weapon.  
- Weapon?  
Why would anyone want  
to invent a weapon?  
How should I know?  
The universe has been  
pacified for centuries, sir.  
As far as we know. Yet we know  
nothing of Tau Ceti or its inhabitants.  
Could they still be in a primitive  
state of neurotic irresponsibility?.  
Precisely. And if they learn  
from this young scientist...  
...the secret of the Positronic Ray...  
...they will be able to shatter  
the loving union of the universe.  
- That might mean archaic insecurity...  
- And war.  
- You mean selfish competition and...  
- I mean war.  
- Bloody conflict among entire tribes.  
- I don't believe it.  
Neither do I.  
But we can't take a chance.  
- Something must be done.  
- Yes. You're the girl who must do it.  
- Why me?  
- I have no armies or police.  
I can't spare the presidential band.

Plus, you're a 5-star Astro-Navigatrix.

Your mission then:

Find Duran Duran...

...and use your incomparable talents  
to preserve the security of the stars...

...and our own motherplanet.

How do you read me?

- Straight.

- Here's the one known photo of Duran.

Age 26. Hazel eyes.

A rather handsome fellow.

I don't think I'll be able  
to recognize him, sir.

Now, this is a  
portable brainwave detector.

Attention...

Set your atom transmitter at 0-3-5.

- Positive.

- Object in transit.

Object received.

In order to test for Duran Duran's  
presence, simply press this contact.

- Light will glow. The alarm will sound.

- It has a built-in tongue box.

Here is something you may need.

- It's a weapon?

- For self-preservation.

We borrowed it from  
the Museum of Conflict.

That's my good girl.

One day, Barbarella...

...we must meet in the flesh.

Thankyou. And... Iove!

Love!

Armed... Like a naked savage.

Alpha 7 to Base... Alpha 7 to Base.

We leave the Zone of Solar Attraction  
in 7 minutes. Acknowledge.

Base to Alpha 7. Acknowledge.

Prepare for acceleration  
into temporal space.

Acceleration into temporal space...

Continuum now beginning.

Alphy, when do we get to

the Tau Ceti gravitational field?

elapses Earth Time.

Right.

- Wake me up in 154 hours.

- Confirmed.

- Good night, Alphy.

- Confirmed.

De-acceleration looks in line...

Barbarella rise and shine.

Prepare to insert nourishment.

End of course in

temporal acceleration in 7 seconds.

Alphy... It's Tau Ceti.

- What's happening?

- Magnetic disturbances.

Magnetic disturbances?

Emergency systems!

All emergency systems

will now operate.

- Our magnetic screens are dead!

- Force of magnetic hurricane is 11.9.

Gyro compass is not, repeat,  
not functioning.

- You mean you can't navigate?

- That is correct.

I'll switch it to manual.

What are our chances?

Our present possibilities  
of non-destruction...

...are 0.00002 to 10,000.

My number 2 stabilizer

has been damaged.

- Where am I?

- That's what I was going to ask you.

Planet 16 in the system Tau Ceti.

Air density 0.051.

Cool weather with the possibility  
of stormy precipitations.

Analysis of the atmosphere:

terrestrial with a mild excess of oxygen.

I count 600324 molecules

per cubic millimeter.

Well, at least I'll be able to breathe.

What marvelous little girls! Hi!

Do you speak English?  
Parlez-vous franais?  
Wait, let me adjust my tongue box.  
Must be a Galactic 5 dialect.  
But I haven't skied in ages!  
But that's Duran Duran's spaceship!  
Hi!  
Listen, children, this game is amusing,  
but it's gone too far.  
I don't want to hurt you. I want to know  
some things about this spaceship.  
Come on, untie me  
or I'll call your parents.  
That's very sweet, but I...  
No!  
Help!  
Help!  
Stop!  
Hello!  
Thank you!  
No!  
I can't understand.  
Parlez-vous franais?  
Better adjust my tongue box.  
Are you all right?  
I think so... Who are you?  
I am Mark Hand, the catchman.  
And who are you?  
I'm from the Planet Earth. Tell me  
what you know of this spaceship.  
I know nothing. It was here when I  
accepted the job of the catchman.  
- Catchman?  
- Yes. Children live on icy Weir...  
...until they have reached  
a serviceable age.  
- Serviceable?  
- Then I capture them just as you saw.  
- I turn them over to the authorities.  
- I see.  
Thank you.  
Ever heard the name Duran Duran?  
I know nothing. I live alone on icy  
Weir. Such is a catchman's life.

Only in Sogo will you find  
the answer to your question.

- Sogo? Is it near?.

- It's just beyond that ice-deck.

Did I see your spacecraft  
at the far edge of this lake?

Yes, but I'm afraid it's broken down.

- Magnetic storms ruined my stabilizer.

- Perhaps, I can help.

I'm quite experienced mechanically.

I service and maintain this icecraft.

- If you wish, I'll take you to your ship.

- But there's no wind.

Hold on.

- What a lovely cabin!

- Wind.

I'm so grateful for your help.

How can I ever thank you?

I'm sure my government  
would repay you.

If there's anything I can do,  
please tell me.

You could let me make love to you.

- Make love?

- Yes.

You don't even know  
my psycho-cardiogram.

On earth people don't make love...  
...unless their psycho-cardiograms  
are in perfect confluence.

You asked me what you could do  
for me. And I told you.

All right.

But I don't see what good it will do.

- Do you have any pills?

- Pills?

- Never mind, I have some here.

- What is this pill?

An exaltation transference pill,  
of course.

- I know nothing of this.

- I see.

On earth when our psycho-cardiograms  
are in harmony for lovemaking...

...we take  
an exaltation transference pill.  
And remain like this.  
Here let me show you.  
For one minute or  
until full rapport is achieved.  
I don't care for that.  
This is what I mean...the bed!  
That?  
But nobody's done that for centuries!  
Except the poor who can't afford  
the pill or psycho-cardiograms.  
- Why not?  
- It impedes maximum efficiency.  
Also substitutes for ego support  
and self-esteem are now available.  
- So, you won't do it?  
- If you insist, I guess so.  
But there's really no point  
at all in doing it like this.  
- Without your garments, please.  
- Oh.  
Now I'll have a look at your stabilizers.  
Since your garment is torn, help  
yourself to my furs, Barbarella.  
I think I've found the trouble.  
You may proceed now to Sogo.  
It's there you will find Duran Duran Jr.  
If he still lives...  
Good.  
Now, Barbarella,  
don't you agree with me...  
...that in some things,  
the old-fashioned ways are best?  
What...? Oh, that.  
Yes, I must admit it  
was rather interesting.  
Still, it is distracting.  
- Are you coming with me to Sogo?  
- No, I prefer the tranquility of Weir.  
Sogo is too strict,  
the people too dedicated.  
Perhaps you'll stop here again...  
at the end of your mission.



Yes, perhaps I will...

Well, goodbye. And thanks again...

For everything.

It was my pleasure.

- Please advise present situation.

- You wouldn't understand.

- Stabilizer's malfunctioning.

- I've been repaired in reverse.

We're going in.

I'll activate the Terra screw.

Barbarella!

Barbarella!

Full operational power

on all subterranean systems.

Quarter-to-half for surfacing.

Got to get rid of this tail.

- I'm dead.

- No.

- Where am I?

- In the labyrinth of the City of Night.

- Are you an angel?

- I'm Pygar, the last ornithanthrope.

- How do you do?

- And you?

I'm from Planet Earth.

My name is Barbarella.

But you're soft and warm.

We're told that earth beings are cold.

Not all of us...

My poor spaceship. Look at it.

I'm so sorry.

Pygar, what happened to your eyes?

I fell during a magnetic storm

and was carried off to Sogo.

Sogo?

The City of Night ruled by the Great

Tyrant. There they blinded me.

I was left to die in the labyrinth

until Professor Ping found me.

That's terrible.

Can you really fly?.

No, I've lost the will to fly.

- How awful!

- It no longer matters. It's the past.

- Have you heard of Duran Duran?

- Duran Duran?

Yes, Duran Duran.

He's an astronaut from Earth.

I do not know of such things.

- Perhaps Professor Ping can help.

- Professor Ping?

He's very wise

and knows all about Sogo.

- Where can I find him?

- He's with the others, eating.

- He's there. Professor Ping?

- Professor Ping?

- Yes?

- My name is Barbarella.

Tell me. What is your origin?

You have the aspect of an earthling.

You are of female gender, right?

That is correct.

- Is that an orchid?

- Yes.

Orchids have very little food value  
and are hard to grow in this climate.

It amuses the Great Tyrant to resent  
the expense of feeding orchids to slaves.

- What kind of place is this?

- That is Sogo, the City of Night...

...ruled by the Great Tyrant

and dedicated to evil in every form.

And this is the labyrinth.

All that is not evil is exiled  
to the labyrinth.

Look!

- Who is that gentleman?

- That is a Grand Grotesque.

That's the classic way

of ending life in the labyrinth.

Professor Ping, have you ever heard  
of Duran Duran?

Duran Duran from Earth?

Yes, indeed.

- He's alive? Where?

- In Sogo, no doubt.

I must go there at once.

But as you've seen,  
no one may leave the labyrinth.  
- I have a spaceship, if only it worked.  
- My child, perhaps I can help you.  
If only you could...  
Let me take you there.  
Pygar, will you show us the way?.  
- What seems to be the trouble?  
- I think it's the stabilizers.  
Let's have a look.  
Pygar, pen...  
Here... Thank you.  
Thank heaven the hypodontical  
molecules are undamaged.  
- Will it take long?  
- Hours? Days? Weeks?  
Who knows?  
Genius is mysterious.  
I can't wait weeks.  
Pygar?  
- You can fly me there.  
- No, I can't.  
Atrophy of the greater alea muscle.  
The angel is aerodynamically sound.  
It's all a question of morale.  
There's nothing to do but wait.  
Pygar, where do you live?  
Come. I'll tell you how to lead me.  
- Just ahead.  
- It's a nest.  
- Why, yes. That's where I live.  
- It's marvelous.  
I'm glad you like it.  
Wait! They're coming.  
Help!  
Pygar, right in front of you.  
Pygar, no, to the right.  
Now!  
- What is it?  
- One of Great Tyrant's Black Guards.  
- There isn't anybody in there.  
- No, Black Guards are leathermen.  
They're without fleshy substance.  
Pygar, you saved my life.

Pygar?

Pygar... Oh, Pygar!

Be careful!

Oh, Pygar!

Interesting therapy!

- I've regained the will to fly.

- I know.

Oh, it was...

It was just heavenly.

- Can you take me to Sogo?

- But I cannot see.

- I will be your eyes, Pygar.

- I do not believe it is possible.

We'll be shot down

by Black Guard patrols.

Not with my mini-missile projector,  
we won't.

- Are you all right, Pygar?

- Yes, thank you.

I don't like the looks of that.

A little to the right.

Pygar, watch out!

I got him!

To the right!

Up, Pygar, up...

We can hide behind that mountain.

Pygar!

Pygar!

- Are you all right?

- Yes.

Just in time.

My energy box is completely dead.

Are we all right now?.

I think so. Excuse me.

We're there! It's right below us.

We must land in a back street,  
for your sake.

To be seen in Sogo with an angel  
would be anathema.

Pygar, keep your head down.

Oh my, we must find something  
to hide your wings.

Wait, Barbarella!

- Don't be afraid, Pygar.

- I sense danger. Guard yourself.  
There's nothing.  
I promise you. Come!  
Barbarella!  
Pygar, wait for me!  
What do you want of me?  
Oh!  
Hello, pretty-pretty.  
Hello.  
Thank you very much.  
Do you want to come  
and play with me?  
For someone like you  
I charge nothing.  
You're very pretty, pretty-pretty.  
My name isn't "Pretty-Pretty".  
It's Barbarella.  
- Have you seen an angel anywhere?  
- The strange bird?  
Yes.  
What's that screaming?  
A good many dramatic situations  
begin with screaming.  
Pygar!  
Poor Pygar...  
Pygar, back up.  
There's a room behind you.  
They're not following.  
Pygar, come.  
Tell me what that means.  
"Chamber of Ultimate...  
...Solution".  
I don't like the sound of that.  
We'd better get out of here.  
Ye who have chosen to die,  
be welcome.  
To terminate the bitterness of life,  
you may select from three exciting...  
...and surprising forms of death.  
One of each awaits behind the doors  
you see before you.  
If you fail to choose, you'll be given  
to the Mathmos. There is no appeal.  
Next solution.

Next solution.

We'd better take the chance.

Wait!

Thank you very much.

You must come with me.

What is your name?

What do you do in life?

I'm Concierge to the Great Tyrant.

- I congratulate you on your timing.

- That wasn't me.

- That was ordained by the Great Tyrant.

- I see.

What is that horrible thing  
under the floor?.

- That is the Mathmos, my child.

- The Mathmos?

You really are from Earth.

You don't understand.

- No.

- The Mathmos...

The whole city is built over a lake.

A very curious lake. Composed like  
you and I of living energy...

...but energy in liquid form.

And it watches us.

It is magnetic. Being positively charged,  
it feeds on negative psychic vibrations.

What you would call "evil".

It thrives on evil thoughts,  
deeds and flesh.

In return, it gives us warmth,  
light and life itself.

But it has a terrible appetite.

Perhaps you'll see some other time.

Pygar! Pygar!

Don't be concerned.

You'll see him again soon.

Now, if you'll just come this way.

Here, sit.

I'm afraid you must do as I say.

There, sit.

Forward... Please.

- Oh, Moxys...

- What?

Look, Moxys. The earthling.  
You get her. Get her now.  
The Concierge will never let us. He  
always spoils our fun. Let's try anyway.

- Play with us, earthling.
- You must play with us.
- We have lots of dolls.
- My God, what are they doing here?

Stomoxys and Glossina are nieces  
of the Great Tyrant.  
They're highly favored in our court.

- Why not with us?
- That's not fair.
- The Great Tyrant goes first, children.
- We saw her first.
- Be good, girls.
- Stomoxys, Glossina... stay by me.

So, my pretty-pretty,  
we meet again.  
You...! The little one-eyed wench.  
You have a good memory,  
Pretty-Pretty.  
Sometimes I like to go  
among my people... be like them.  
Ordinary. Evil, as you call it.  
So, I'm your little one-eyed wench.  
I'm also the Great Tyrant.

- Well, that's nice.
- It amuses me immensely.

Now, you want some privileged  
information about a certain man, yes?  
Yes, I'm here on the orders of the  
President of the Republic of Earth.

- I'm here to find Duran Duran.
- I don't mean him, but the angel!
- Pygar?.
- Yes, Pygar.

He has escaped the labyrinth. Crime!  
He's destroyed 12 of my Black Guards.  
Crime!  
And he dares to deprive me  
of a pleasure unique in Sogo...  
...An earthling. Crime! Crime!  
- Where is Pygar?.

- You want your fine-feathered friend?

There he is.

Pygar!

Amusing, isn't it, Pretty-Pretty?.

Don't you feel like playing?

Pretty-Pretty...

You can play with us if you want.

- Yes, why not!

- Good, Pretty-Pretty.

The Mathmos is having  
its effect on you already.

It's the fumes.

They make one want to play.

- Decrucify the angel!

- What?

Decrucify him or I'll melt your face!

My face!

My beautiful face...

- Stop or I'll shoot.

- Stop!

- My face!

- I warn you.

How dare you endanger my face!

Observe her power buckle,

Your Majesty.

Depleted. This weapon is  
as harmless as a child's toy.

So, it was a trick, was it?

You should have saved your tricks for...

- For the birds, Your Majesty?.

- Yes, the birds.

The birds.

Give it to the birds.

You must...

Tell me, my fancy, fuzzy freak.

What do you think of

when you make love to Barbarella?

Make love? I do not understand.

Don't be coy with me.

You are in no position.

If only you had one eye,  
you would see what a delight I am.

My face, my body.

All my things are a delight.



An exquisite delight.  
- What is it you want?  
- I shall share my delights with you.  
You shall make love to me.  
An angel doesn't make love.  
An angel is love.  
Then you're a dead duck.  
Guards!  
To the Mathmos  
with this winged fruitcake.  
Come along... Get inside.  
Oh, how darling. Oh, my...  
Help!  
Help!  
This is really much too poetic  
a way to die.  
- Password, quickly.  
- I don't understand.  
- You're a political prisoner?.  
- I don't think so.  
- Are you not one of us?  
- I'm from Earth.  
Earth...? Planet of the Revolutions.  
Will you join our cause?  
What cause? Who are you?  
I'm Dildano, head of the Revolutionary  
Forces. This is our headquarters.  
- Long live the Revolution!  
- The Revolution!  
Patrol report.  
Second level immediately...  
No, take the secret passage.  
The door!  
Are you typical of earth women?  
I'm about average.  
- How did I get out of the bird cage?  
- Through a secret escape chute.  
We've established secret  
escape chutes throughout the city.  
It's for the protection of our group.  
- You realize you saved my life.  
- A life without cause is without effect.  
I'm sure my government  
would repay you.

Earthwoman, shall I tell you  
what I would like?  
I think I know.  
No! Not like that.  
Like on earth... the pill.  
- I have the pill!  
- But...  
Couldn't we do it your way?.  
I don't want to change your traditions.  
I'm not a savage.  
- The pill.  
- Right.  
Five years I've waited  
for this experience.  
Wait!  
Long live the Revolution!  
My group must...  
Hello!  
Sorry!  
My group must have more...  
Where did you get those pills?  
Only Earth people know of those pills.  
You there... What news?  
My group must have more weapons  
before we can launch an attack.  
- Back to position. Await your orders.  
- Right.  
- You will receive your orders!  
- Long live the Revolution!  
The door... the door... Door!  
You must tell me! Did an earth person  
give you those pills?  
- A man called Duran Duran?  
- That's correct.  
- Where is he?  
- He gave me the pills when he arrived.  
Haven't see him since. I think  
he's alive... probably in the castle.  
- Do you have anything I can...  
- Of course, have a secret uniform.  
Thank you.  
I was sent here by my government  
to find Duran Duran.  
Your government...?

That must mean that you have  
a spacecraft and weapons.  
Yes, of course... I don't like this red.  
Would you lend your equipment  
to our cause?  
No, I couldn't do that.  
Not till I've completed my own mission.  
- Perhaps we can strike a bargain.  
- What do you mean?  
Only the Black Queen knows  
the whereabouts of Duran Duran.  
Her one vulnerable moment is when  
she's in her secret Chamber of Dreams.  
- Chamber of Dreams?  
- Yes.  
She sleeps alone in a room  
above the Mathmos...  
...surrounded by a wall of energy,  
to which she has a secret key.  
There is, however, a second key,  
which is now in my possession.  
You want to find Duran Duran.  
I want to capture the Black Queen.  
You follow my meaning?  
If you really have a second key,  
why haven't you used it already?.  
Because our forces  
are not yet strong enough.  
To capture the Black Queen,  
we need to have a military coup.  
We can do this with your  
weaponry and spacecraft.  
Get control of the Black Queen and  
you'll know where to find Duran Duran.  
- Yes, I see.  
- Good.  
I need six hours to ready my attack.  
First, we need to reach Professor Ping  
to find out if Alpha 7 has been repaired.  
Easily done.  
I have a secret radio transmitter.  
Professor Ping to Headquarters...  
Professor Ping to Headquarters.  
- Professor Ping to Headquar...

- No!

Headquarters to Professor Ping...

Headquarters to Professor Ping.

- Come in, please.

- This is Ping. I hear you loud and clear.

- I have the earthling...

- Barbarella.

...Barbarella with me. We can use her spacecraft and weaponry.

- Is her spacecraft in working order?.

- Yes, the craft is ready for flight now.

- Excellent!

- There is one danger, however.

A Black Guard patroller spotted the craft and may return to destroy it.

Good heavens!

I have programmed the craft to go to a hidden location outside the labyrinth.

- You're a wizard, Ping.

- It's taking off even now.

There it goes. Perfect flight pattern.

Our rendez-vous point is 1600 hours.

Our password is...

"LlanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwIillantysiliogogoch."

You mean the secret is...

"LlanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwIillantysiliogogoch."

Exactly!

- Right?

- Right.

Headquarters signing off.

Headquarters signing off.

The time is right. The Queen is in her Chamber of Dreams.

- What about the key?.

- The key!

- There is the secret key.

- Where?

It's invisible. Only an invisible key can open an invisible wall.

Where?

My Mathmos... the key!

The key...

I have it!  
I'll put it around your secret neck.  
Invisible.  
Now, the secret map that will lead you  
to the 12th corridor.  
What corridor?.  
Good!  
This way!  
"Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrn-  
drobwIillantysiliogogoch."  
Long live the Revolution!  
One moment.  
I'm just not the tube type.  
Excuse me. Could you tell me  
how to get to the 12th corridor?.  
I have a taste for you.  
- What is it?  
- Essence of Man.  
Essence of Man?  
So, you escaped the birds!  
Just as well.  
It is my turn for some amusement.  
Come with me.  
This way, please!  
- What is this thing?  
- You will soon see, my dear.  
"Sonata for Executioner  
and Various Young Women".  
It's... sort of nice, isn't it?  
Yes. It is nice... In the beginning.  
Wait until the tune changes.  
It may change your tune as well.  
Goodness, what do you mean?  
When we reach the crescendo,  
you will die... of pleasure.  
Your end will be swift,  
but sweet... very sweet.  
What is this? I don't believe it.  
It couldn't be!  
Wretched girl... What have you done  
to my excessive machine?  
You've undone it.  
You've undone me. Look, look!  
Energy cables are shrinking.

You've turned them into faggots.  
You've burned out the excessive  
machine. You've blown all its fuses.  
My goodness!  
You've exhausted its power.  
It couldn't keep up with you.  
Incredible! What kind of girl are you?  
Have you no shame?  
Shame! Shame on you!  
You'll pay for this.  
I've got something for you.  
You'll wish you had died of pleasure.  
Now you shall learn  
the wisdom of the lash.  
Haven't you done enough to me?  
I'll do things to you that are  
beyond all known philosophies.  
Wait until I get my devices.  
Duran Duran?  
Oh, recognized me?  
Recognized you?  
I'd never have recognized you. I thought  
you were only 25. What happened?  
- The Mathmos is not without its effect.  
- But you've aged 30 years!  
The Mathmos has its own means of  
nourishment. In return, it teaches truth.  
Dr. Duran, could you hand me  
a garment?  
The President of the Republic of Earth  
sent me here to save you.  
- And to return you to Earth.  
- Earth planet? Never!  
Shall I tell you why?.  
Because I know too much.  
Here in Sogo I have learned  
truth and essence.  
I speak of the dignity,  
the nobility of pure Evil.  
My boots, please.  
Humanism! Morals! Principles...!  
It's rubbish! Nonsense!  
I speak only of truth and of essence.  
- Where is the Positronic Ray?.

- So, that's it.

What does it do?

All persons and objects within its path  
are de-minimized to the 4th level.

- You mean...?

- That's right.

Replaced in the

- But that's monstrous!

- Yes, it is. Isn't it?

Why didn't you take power  
here in Sogo?

The Black Queen

must first be destroyed.

But as you know, she is always  
surrounded by her Black Guards.

Whoever succeeds in killing her will  
be put immediately to a horrible death.

Hence, my prudence.

I find horrible the idea that one could do  
to me that which I do to others.

But I was told the Black Queen  
is vulnerable while she sleeps.

Oh, yes. There are no Black Guards  
in the Chamber of Dreams.

That's because there's  
no access to the Chamber.

But, now's time for my pleasure...  
and your death.

Wait!

I know how you can enter  
the Chamber of Dreams.

- How?. Speak!

- I have the key.

- What does it look like?

- It's invisible.

Take me to the Chamber of Dreams.

After you, Barbarella.

To the right, Barbarella....

Now, to the left...

Stop.

Open it!

- This must be the invisible wall.

- Yes. Now, where's the key?.

- Come on, stop stalling.

- I'm trying to find the keyhole.  
You're trapped. You're trapped  
in the Chamber of Dreams.  
- The Mathmos will devour you.  
- Your Majesty!  
It's no use. I've got the two keys.  
The wall's sealed for all eternity.  
Dr. Duran, give up this madness!  
- Return to Earth with me now.  
- I'll return to Earth, but as its conqueror!  
Thanks to you, the Queen,  
my last obstacle, has been removed.  
Thank you, Barbarella.  
Nothing can stop me now.  
Today, Master of Sogo...  
Tomorrow, Master of the Earth, Master  
of the Galaxy, Master of the Universe!  
Tell me, my fine, feathered friend,  
what do you think of...  
...when you make love to Barbarella?  
An angel doesn't make love.  
An angel is love.  
Wake up, Your Majesty!  
You must wake up.  
Vade retro, Earthgirl!  
I know you don't really exist.  
That may be, Your Majesty.  
But we'd better stick to what we see.  
Wretched girl, what have you done?  
No one must enter while I sleep.  
Your Concierge is  
taking over the throne.  
- What are you saying?  
- It's true. He's taken your key.  
- We're locked in, Your Majesty.  
- The key. He's stolen the key!  
We are doomed... Doomed!  
He said the Mathmos would devour us.  
What did he mean?  
It is said that unless I am alone  
in my Chamber of Dreams...  
...the Mathmos will claim me.  
- It's the throne room.  
- I can see all of the City and labyrinth.



Unfortunately, it's a one-way screen.  
No one can see  
that bloody dog has locked me in.  
Your Majesty! We're under attack.  
The creatures in the labyrinth.  
They're revolting!  
How dare he interrupt my coronation!  
Dispatch the air armada!  
Quick, Your Majesty, the labyrinth.  
It's Dildano. He will save us.  
- Your Majesty, they're all destroyed.  
- Good.  
- Not a creature left in the labyrinth.  
- No aircraft left!  
They have Earth weapons!  
Fool! Liar! Idiots!  
Must I do everything myself?  
- I must destroy this rabble.  
- He'll use the Positronic Ray.  
It works!  
It works... It works.  
All is lost.  
I must die, very well, but it is I  
who shall have the last laugh.  
The imbecile doesn't know  
the secret of the Great Tyrant.  
The supreme weapon.  
I shall free the Mathmos.  
- Do you think that's wise?  
- Sogo will disappear.  
It will be the end. The Apocalypse!  
- Where are we?  
- In the Mathmos. And alive!  
I can see that, but why?.  
The Mathmos created this bubble  
to protect itself from your innocence.  
That's nice.  
No, no, stop! I command it.  
I'm Duran Duran.  
I'm Master of the Mathmos.  
Fall back!  
Fall back!  
I'll destroy you with my Positronic Ray.  
You're so good,

you make the Mathmos vomit.  
Pygar! What did you do to Pygar?.  
He was sent to the Mathmos, but was  
no more digestible than you are.  
You can't be dead.  
You win, Barbarella. But the earth  
has lost its last great dictator.  
The genius of the Positronic Ray...  
Why don't you give him  
a mouth-to-mouth?  
I have a better idea.  
Please... Pygar, please.  
Please wake up!  
We must fly back to my spaceship.  
Do you have the strength?  
Pygar, why did you save her after  
all the terrible things she did to you?  
An angel has no memory!