

INT. COLEMAN'S STATIONARY STORE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

ERB comes out of his trance, looks at Coleman, smiles when he sees that his brother is nodding his head in agreement.

COLEMAN

That is certainly what you would call an indictment of of world-wide ritualistic religion, Eddie. Do you think you might have gone too far?

ERB

What do you think, Coleman?

Coleman nods.

ERB

(continuing)

Aren't you glad you got to hear the uncensored version?

COLEMAN

Yes, but would Ma say?

ERB

She ain't here.

They LAUGH at the old Texas Pete joke.

COLEMAN

Be honest with me now, Eddie; Thuvia is patterned after the waitress at the diner down on the corner, isn't she?

ERB

What gave it away?

COLEMAN

Your description of her breasts. All of your women have large uplifted breasts, yet Thuvia's are pear-shaped and pointed, just like the girl at the diner. That means you're describing the real thing here, Eddie. If Emma ever goes to that diner your goose will be cooked.

ERB

Wait till you see my solution, Coleman. In the very next chapter, John Carter meets his son, Cathoris, who has also been captured by the First Born. He is exactly like Carter in every way except he has a light red tint to his skin. Through him I can be free to pursue Thuvia without Emma having a clue.

COLEMAN

But she will realize that your real son, Hully, is way too young to be a full grown Martian able to pursue women. Emma will eventually see through your ruse to use an imaginary son as your doppelganger; she knows how you love mystery and false and assumed identities. She will eventually realize Thuvia is someone you know and will track her down relentlessly like the bloodhound that she is.

ERB

At least my imaginary son won't be directly associated with myself, allowing me to return to some semblance of artistic freedom without some damn person trying to identify this character or that with this person or the other.

(smiles)

To be safe, I'll marry him off at the end of the book, and that's the last we'll ever hear of him. At least I will have had one adventure where my imagination was free to wander.

COLEMAN

And surely you intend to tone down the graphic sexuality before submitting it for publication?

ERB

Of course, I will tone it down for publication, but as you can plainly see, I've done all the work necessary to set the scene for the reader's imagination. I tell of a naked man and beautiful naked woman tied together, three feet of slack between them, left in a room alone, the woman in love with the man, the man infatuated with her beauty. Later they are alone, unbound, in a submarine. I trust that the minds of my readers will take care of the rest.

ERB

(continuing)

That's exactly what I did in A Princess of Mars; I got away with the Martians being naked because I claimed that all Martians are chaste.

(CHUCKLES)

That way the censors were forced to imagine the Martians with limp dicks; whereas every red blooded American male reader would know better. That's how you get around the censors in pulp fiction. They can't censor a reader's imagination; all they can do is try and make you feel guilty about it.

COLEMAN

I would never argue with you on that, Eddie; no wonder you have so many readers. But I will confess I found Carter's copulation with the black girl to be offensive; even more so than when Tarzan did the same. It made feel real dirty.

ERB

Welcome to pulp fiction, Coleman.

INT. THE HOME OF MAJOR BURROUGHS, CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 1913 --  
DAY (FLASHBACK)

ERB, Coleman, and their mother, MARY, 72, gather around THE BODY OF MAJOR BURROUGHS, laid out in full uniform in an open coffin on top of a large table in the living room of his house.

Mary CRIES, ERB and Coleman comfort her.

MARY

He was so proud of you before he died, Eddie. He just loved the Tarzan story. He was so looking forward to reading the sequel.

ERB

Yes, and it would have been ready in time, but Metcalf pretended to act uninterested. In the end, I outplayed him. Without him knowing, I sent it to A.L. Sessions of New Story Magazine. He gave me a thousand dollars for it without a second thought.

MARY

Oh, Eddie, you were always so good at that kind of thing. Your father knew it. It kept him hanging on during all of your failures.

ERB

Well, if I hadn't learned all of that discipline at military academy, I would never have survived the long ordeal.

MARY

Someone had to rescue you from that old scalawag, Texas Pete, corrupting you at the Bar Y, Eddie.

COLEMAN

That's for sure.

ERB turns and walks into the parlor where Emma is waiting with the children.

INT. PARLOR OF MAJOR BURROUGHS'S HOUSE - DAY

A very pregnant Emma talks with another VERY PREGNANT WOMAN, 35. JOAN, almost 5, plays with the woman's DAUGHTER, 9. HULLY, 3 1/2, mopes in the Old Major's big stuffed chair. He looks up as his father enters.

HULLY

Can I have Grandpa's chair,  
Daddy?

ERB

Not now, Hully. Be respectful of your grandfather's memory.

EMMA

(to woman)

I'm five days past my due date. This is the last time I'm going to suffer childbirth.

PREGNANT WOMAN

(looks at ERB)

And is this your husband,  
Mrs. Burroughs?

Emma is perturbed over the woman's obvious awe of her husband. She clears her throat, tries to keep her composure.

EMMA

Yes. Mrs. Gilbert, I'd like you to meet my husband, Edgar Burroughs. Eddie, Mrs. Gilbert.

ERB takes her hand.

ERB

Glad to meet you, Mrs. Gilbert. You can call me Ed.

MRS. GILBERT

Call me Maude. That's my daughter, Florence, over there with your daughter. We're both huge fans. Florence is convinced she's Dejah Thoris, Princess of Helium.

ERB

How charming.

MAUDE

We've just read the second installment of Gods of Mars they're running in All-Story. Florence is certainly jealous of Phaidor.

Maude reaches into her large handbag, pulls out a copy of All-Story containing "Under the Moons of Mars", by Norman Bean, a pen name.

MAUDE

(continuing; to Florence)

Flo, come here and meet Mr. Burroughs. I'm sure he'll autograph your magazine for you.

(to ERB)

Won't you please, Ed?

Florence runs up, takes the magazine from her mother, holds it up for ERB to sign.

FLORENCE

Glad to meet you, Mr. Norman Bean.

Everyone LAUGHS at Florence's joke.

ERB

Glad to meet you, Dejah Thoris, Princess of Helium.

Florence turns red, scowls at her mother. ERB takes the magazine from Flo, scribbles his signature across the front page.

ERB

(continuing)

Actually, the name was originally Normal Bean, but Metcalf's proof-reader didn't get the joke and assumed I meant Norman.

He hands the magazine back to Florence, she beams in joy.

FLORENCE

Oh, thank you, Mr. Burroughs. I will treasure this moment forever.

EMMA

The Gilberts live in the neighborhood and dropped by to pay their respects. Don't you think that Florence is a dead-ringer for Mary Pickford?

ERB stares at Florence, she strikes poses for him, as if being photographed, her mother has trained her well.

ERB

Yes, I can see it now. I just saw "America's Sweetheart" in D.W. Griffith's Conscience. That's the one where her husband jokes about shooting her and then she accidentally gets killed in a hunting incident and everyone believes the husband murdered her. A very disturbing moving picture.



ERB

And unlike Frisco and Los Angeles, San Diego is not known for earthquakes. I don't need that kind of nightmare right now, nor another freezing Chicago winter. I wrote over 200,000 words last year and I need all the peace and quiet I can get. My goal this year is to reach 500,000 words.

COLEMAN

The Old Major is gone now, Eddie. It's great to finally see you working so hard with such enthusiasm, but if you're not careful, being paid by the word will be the death of you.

ERB

Mark my words, Coleman, when I return in six months, I'll be trading that old clunker in for a Packard and moving to Oak Park. I've gotten Metcalf to agree to pay five cents a word for the right of first refusal. And even then, he's only getting the first serial rights. I'm keeping the rest for myself. In time, it will add up.

COLEMAN

Well, Eddie, I guess Texas Pete was right after all, "When yer on a roll, yer on a roll." I wish you the best of luck.

INT. TRAIN CAR TRAVELLING WEST -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

ERB and his family sit in the club car. Outside the windows the great American prairie spreads out in all directions as far as the eye can see, in the background, the constant CLICKETY-CLACK, CLICKETY-CLACK of the wheels on the rails.

Emma holds baby JACK, 6 months old, sits next to ERB on the aisle, across from Joan, 5, and Hully, 4.

ERB works on his new story, scratches away with pen and notepad. Joan reads Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island, Hully peruses a primer like the one Tarzan used to teach himself to read and write.

Across the aisle sit FRED REYNOLDS, 35, his wife ELIZABETH ("LIZZIE"), 31, a beautiful red-head, and their young son, TOM, 5. Fred reads a newspaper, Lizzie reads the new Theodore Dreiser novel, The Financier. Tom is bored, stares at Hully. Fred looks up from the paper.

FRED

It says here, Lizzie, that the "Unsinkable" Molly Brown is running as a Senator from Colorado on a Democratic-Progressive ticket, championing the cause of maritime reform, women's suffrage, and improved mining conditions.

(raises voice)

Good God; one damn iceberg ends up changing everything. Please don't tell me that this is the shape of things to come!

LIZZIE

I know that you're a good Republican, dear, but what kind of civilized country does not allow women to vote?

EMMA  
(butts in)  
I agree. We're worse off  
than colored people.

Joan raises her head, in her best pirate accent, blurts out:

JOAN  
Harr! Them's that die'll be  
the lucky ones!

HULLY  
Pirates, yippee!

TOM  
(to Hully)  
Let's play!

Hully and Tom take off down the aisle, pretending they are pirates.

EMMA  
Honestly, Eddie, why do you  
let Joan read those kinds of  
books?

ERB leans back in his seat, puts down pen and paper,  
stretches his arms and yawns.

ERB  
It's a classic, Emma, be  
reasonable.

FRED  
I agree. It's on a list  
I've made for our son, Tom,  
when he's old enough to  
read. I'm impressed that  
your daughter is reading so  
well. By the way, my name  
is Fred Reynolds and this  
is my wife, Lizzie.

ERB notices Lizzie for the first time, an electric current  
seems to pass between them as their eyes meet.

ERB  
I'm Edgar Rice Burroughs  
and this is my wife --

FRED  
The author of Tarzan!

ERB turns red in embarrassment.

EMMA  
I'm Emma, and this is Joan  
and our new baby, Jack.  
That's Hully with your son.

LIZZIE  
How wonderful it must be to  
be married to such a  
talented writer. We just  
returned from New York and  
Tarzan is just the rage all  
over the East Coast.

Emma smiles politely.

EMMA  
How interesting. What do  
you do?

Lizzie stares open-eyed at ERB, takes a moment to regain her  
composure.

LIZZIE  
Fred works for the Pullman  
Palace Car Company. They  
made the sleeping coaches on  
this train. We've just  
returned from a whirlwind  
tour of Europe, wining and  
dining the train barons.  
Next stop, the West  
Coast, from San Diego to  
Seattle.

ERB smiles, equally entranced with Lizzie.

ERB

I couldn't help but notice  
you're reading the new  
Dreiser novel, Mrs. Reynolds.  
Is it as good as Sister  
Carrie?

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LIZZIE

Call me Lizzie, please, and  
no, it isn't as good.  
Unless, of course, you  
prefer unscrupulous and  
successful business-men  
over fallen women making  
good. Fred believes the book  
is patterned after Charles  
Terkes, the rail-road magnate.

ERB

I really liked Sister Carrie.

EMMA

It's immoral to write a story  
about a fallen woman becoming  
successful. Society will be  
corrupted if people believe  
evil goes unpunished.

ERB

You've hit a sore spot with  
us, Lizzie. I was writing a  
story a few months ago about  
a fallen woman from the red  
light district called The  
Girl from Farris's, but Emma  
disapproved of it so much,  
I never finished it.

---

Emma scowls at ERB.

JOAN

Watcha' writing, Popsy?

ERB

It's a story about a mucker,  
one of the most evil and  
vile creatures who has ever  
lived. His education begins  
on the streets of Chicago  
when he is just a little  
older than you are now.

JOAN

Is he worse than Long John  
Silver?

ERB

Oh, much worse. "The wust  
of the wust," as Texas Pete  
used to say.

EMMA

Edgar Burroughs, that's  
far enough! She's not old  
enough for that kind of  
story and you will cease  
this minute!

Her raised voice upsets baby Jack, he CRIES HYSTERICALLY.

JOAN

Aw, Mom, I'm not a kid any  
more.

Emma tries futilely to calm down the baby, gives up, excuses  
herself.

EMMA

See what you've done, Edgar  
Burroughs! I'm taking Jack  
to the Pullman. Just you  
watch yourself while I'm gone!

Emma disappears with baby Jack. Fred and Lizzie exchange a  
knowing glance, Lizzie makes eyes at ERB.

LIZZIE

You should finish The Girl  
from Farris's, Mr. Burroughs.  
It sounds fascinating.

FRED

See here, Mr. Burroughs, do  
be kind enough to share the  
mucker story with us. It  
would truly be an honor,  
something we can boast about  
in our old age.

JOAN

Yes, Popsy, pleeeeeease!

ERB smiles, looks at Lizzie, she smiles back.

LIZZIE

We'll never forget it, Mr.  
Burroughs.

ERB

Please call me Ed.

ERB puts his pen down. He removes a pocket flask from his  
vest, takes a long pull, offers it to Fred.

FRED

Don't mind if I do.

He takes a long swig, offers it to Lizzie, she takes a good  
solid slug. ERB is impressed. Lizzie hands the bottle back  
to Fred, he takes another swig, passes it on to ERB.

FRED

(continuing)

You cannot believe what the  
Europeans think about us  
Americans and alcohol. The  
idea of it being evil and  
sinful is totally foreign  
to them.

ERB

If people were taught how to hold their liquor, the Anti-Saloon league would lose its steam.

LIZZIE

Is that an issue in your mucker story, Mr. Burroughs?

ERB

Hardly.

(winks at Joan)

However, the story does begin with our young hero, Billy Byrne, delivering pales of beer from a nearby saloon to the Kelly Gang on Chicago's great West Side. In this manner young Billy goes through his kindergarden.

ERB takes another pull, passes the flask.

ERB

(continuing)

His higher education begins when he is ten, at which time he commences to swipe brass faucets, selling them to a fence who runs a junkshop on Lincoln Street. As he grows, he enjoys nothing more than feeling a human face against his brutal fists.

(smiles at Joan)

He also receives a strong personal joy when he insults and terrorizes innocent women and children.

He reaches over and tickles Joan, she GIGGLES hysterically, ERB lets up, leans back in his seat.

JOAN

Does he kill anyone, Popsy?

ERB

Not until later, after he becomes a pirate, like Long John Silver. But first he learns how to prize fight in Chicago, he becomes a contender.

(makes fighting jabs)

But he gets into trouble, takes a train - just like this one - to Frisco, but when he gets there, the crew of a pirate brigantine shanghai him. When he awakens, he is at open sea. They capture a rich man's yacht and kidnap his beautiful daughter, Barbara Harding, but get ship-wrecked on a mysterious island of samurai headhunters.

The boys hear "samurai headhunters," calm down, gather around, listen.

ERB

(continuing)

It is only after the samurai headhunters capture Miss Harding, with whom Billy has begun to fall in love, that he kills his first man....

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAMURAI HEADHUNTER ISLAND, JUNGLE TRAIL -- NIGHT

BARBARA HARDING, 19, a beautiful buxom blonde, her dress dirty and tattered, and two of her pirate captors, MILLER and THE SWEDE, both in late 30's, are attacked by A ROVING PATROL OF SAMURAI HEADHUNTERS.

They are small brown men, descended from 15<sup>th</sup> century Japanese samurai, dressed in the traditional samurai manner: medieval arms and armor, a short and long sword, a spear, ancient helmets and hairdressing.

But there the resemblance ends. They have interbred with the local headhunters, adopted their grisly culture.

The samurai spear to death, SQUISH! behead, PLOP! Miller and the Swede. Two samurai hang their bloody heads from belts around their waists.

Barbara is force-marched down a jungle trail. The moonlight streams through the forest canopy, reveals the bloody heads swinging back and forth in front of Barbara, she SHUDDERS!

The march is long, the men shove, strike Barbara with the sides of their spears, make her keep up with their hurried pace.

They march most of the night, reach a small village set in a valley, nestled among lofty mountains. The dwellings are cavelike, half burrowed in the earth, the upper walls and thatched roofs barely rising four feet above the ground. Granaries on stilts rise here and there among the dwellings. They drag Barbara up to the entrance of one of the dwellings, shove her inside, THE LEADER follows her in.

INT. YORIMOTO'S PALACE -- NIGHT

Barbara is in a room filled with FEMALE NATIVES, HALF-CASTES, DIRTY YELLOW CHILDREN, DOGS AND PIGS, all sleeping on the floor. The leader speaks to her in JAPANESE, a language that Barbara understands.

LEADER  
(ENGLISH SUBTITLES)

I am Daimio ODA YORIMOTO,  
Lord of Yoka. This is my  
palace. Come!

He leads her to a sleeping mat on top of a raised platform at one end of the room. ONE OF THE WOMEN in the room awakes and looks evilly at Barbara in sullen hatred, enjoying her discomfort. Barbara is horrified.

BARBARA

I am Barbara Harding. What do you want of me?

YORIMOTO

I am the Daimio! These are my wives. Now you are one of them. Come!

He RIPS! the blouse from her shoulders, reveals her breasts, they are large and upright, tipped with large hot pink nipples, he shoves her towards the sleeping mat.

BARBARA

Not yet -- not here! Wait, if you do not harm me, my father will reward you fabulously. A hundred thousand koko he would give to have me returned safely.

Yorimoto is angered. He shakes his head, GROWLS!

YORIMOTO

Silence! What are even a million koko to me who only know the word from the legends of my ancestors. We have no need for koko here. No! You are my woman. Come!

He RIPS OFF her clothes, she stands nude, shivering, her vagina covered in a lush golden bush, she tries to cover her privates, he shoves her to the mat.

Barbara spots an adjoining doorway.

BARBARA

Not here! Not here! There is another room -- away from all these women.

Yorimoto shrugs, leads her to the doorway, they enter into a dark room.

INT. YORIMOTO'S BEDCHAMBER -- NIGHT

Yorimoto shoves Barbara into the center of the room, molests her with his hands, fingers her vagina.

CLOSE on Barbara's right hand, it feels for the short sword in Yorimoto's belt, slides it out, hides it behind her back. Yorimoto takes off his armor, his clothing, he is fully erect.

He shoves her to the floor, kneels between her legs, inserts his penis into her vagina, copulates her.

YORIMOTO

Here!

Barbara holds him tight with her free hand, brings the sword from behind her back with the other, slides the blade between them, thrusts the tip through his breast, SQUISH! whispers softly:

BARBARA

Here yourself!

Yorimoto emits a HIGH SHRILL SHRIEK, rolls off her, dies in silence on the floor.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The SHRIEK HE MAKES IS LIKE THAT OF A WOMAN IN PAIN, it arouses a devilish grin from the EVIL WIFE in the room as she turns in her sleep.

INT. YORITMOTO'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

Barbara plunges the sword into Yorimoto again and again, SQUISH! SQUISH! collapses exhausted, trembles next to his naked corpse. She almost falls asleep, shakes herself out of it, forces herself to her feet.

She creeps to the doorway, peers into the adjoining room. CLOSE on her clothes on the other side. No one is moving.

INT. MAIN ROOM -- NIGHT

Barbara takes a step into the room, the Evil Wife stirs, rises to start a fire for the morning meal.

Barbara slinks back into the bedchamber.

INT. YORIMOTO'S BEDCHAMBER -- NIGHT

Barbara slowly closes the door. There is no lock. She drags Yorimoto's body out of a pool of blood, leaves a bloody trail, jams it against the door. Her blonde hair is matted and streaked with blood, her whole body covered in it.

The chamber begins to lighten from the morning sun, it streams in from a small square window set high in the far wall.

On the other side of the door, the NOISE OF WAKING WOMEN, CHILDREN AND ANIMALS.

Barbara goes to the window, stands on tiptoe, pulls herself up to look out. It is too small for her to crawl through. On the other side, the jungle, a hundred yards away.

A KNOCK on the door.

Barbara jumps down, grabs the sword, holds it over her head with both hands, waits by the door.

EVIL WIFE

(OFF SCREEN)

Daimio Yorimoto, your morning meal is prepared.

BARBARA

Hush! Oda Yorimoto sleeps.  
It is his wish that he be  
not disturbed.

A GRUNT on the other side of the door, silence. Barbara SIGHS in relief, takes the sword to the window, chips at the mud, begins to enlargen it, she works as silently as she can.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL -- DAY

BILLY BYRNE, aka the Mucker, 20's, and his partner, the Frenchman, THERIERE, 30's, seek Barbara. They stumble upon the headless bodies of their two dead shipmates.

Billy is a large, brutish man with massive fists. He is so strong and muscular he can send most men to Davy Jones's locker with a single punch.

BILLY

Here's Miller an' the Swede,  
Theriere, an' they sure have  
mussed 'em up turrible.

THERIERE

Mon Dieu, Byrne! Malaysian  
headhunters. What an awful  
fate for poor Miss Harding!

BILLY

We gotta find her, bo. We  
gotta find the skirt.

THERIERE

(points)

Here's their trail. If it's  
as plain as this all the way  
we won't be long in  
overhauling them. Come along.

The Mucker sprints ahead on the well-marked trail, Theriere follows.

INT. YORIMOTO'S PALACE -- DAY

Barbara keeps working on the window, she still has a long way to go.

Another KNOCK at the door, the VOICE OF A MAN SPEAKS on the other side in JAPANESE: ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

MAN (OFF SCREEN)

Daimio, are you awake?

Barbara rushes to the door with the long sword raised overhead, WHISPERS to the speaker.

BARBARA

Oda Yorimoto still sleeps.  
Go away and do not disturb  
him. He will be very angry  
if you awaken him.

MAN

(OFF SCREEN)

You will awaken the Daimio  
at once! He has ordered  
that there shall be a great  
hunt today for the heads of  
the sei-yo-jin who have  
landed on the island of Yoka.  
He will be angrier if we do  
not awaken him in time to  
accomplish the task today.  
Let me speak with him, woman.  
I do not believe that Oda  
Yorimoto still sleeps. Why  
should I believe one of the  
sei-yo-jin? It may be that  
you have bewitched the Daimio.

The man pushes on the door. The corpse gives away enough for there to be a crack in the doorway, the man peers through it. Barbara puts the sword behind her, leans against the door with her shoulder.

BARBARA

Go away! I shall be killed  
if you awaken Oda Yorimoto,  
and, if you enter, you, too,  
shall be killed.

LOW MUMBLES on the other side as the man steps away from the door, discusses the situation with the women.

The man throws his whole weight against the door, BAM! CRASHES! through. He stumbles on the corpse, Barbara swings the sword down, WHACK! lops off his head, it hits the floor, SPLAT! rolls away.

Barbara SLAMS! the door shut. The women and children flee the palace, they SHRIEK and SHOUT in rage and fright, raise an alarm throughout the village.

Barbara HEARS THE DIN of the entire village gathering outside the palace.

She drops the long sword, piles both bodies against the door, picks up the short sword, places its sharp point between her full breasts, dripping in fresh blood, waits until the last moment before ending her short life.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL -- DAY

Billy races through the jungle with reckless abandon at breakneck speed. Theriere has a hard time keeping up with him. They are both near exhaustion, sweating profusely and breathing hard. They come within sight of the village.

Billy begins to run headlong into the village, Theriere grabs his arm, stops him. THREE SAMURAI stand guard around a dwelling in the center.

THERIERE

Hush, Byrne! Drop down  
behind this bush. Someone  
is approaching to our right.

He drags the Mucker down beside him, they wait as an almost nude YOUNG BOY, 7, passes by, bearing upon his head a bundle of firewood. Theriere springs upon the boy, claps a hand over his mouth, speaks to him in JAPANESE.

THERIERE

(continuing; ENGLISH SUBTITLES)

We shall not harm you if you  
keep still. Answer us  
truthfully. Whose village is  
that?

BOY

It is the chief city of Oda  
Yorimoto, Lord of Yoka. I am  
ODA ISEKA, his son.

THERIERE

And the large hut in the center is the palace of Oda Yorimoto?

ODA ISEKA

It is.

THERIERE

Does Oda Yorimoto intend on slaying the white woman that was brought to his palace last night?

ODA ISEKA

How should the son know what the father intends?

(shrugs)

I only woke up long enough to know that he took her into the bedchamber to be his wife. Then she screamed.

Billy is impatient, unable to understand JAPANESE.

BILLY

(in ENGLISH)

Wot's de Chink sayin'?

THERIERE

He says, in substance, that the girl is still alive and in the back room of that large hut in the center. Oda Yorimoto, the Chief, is with her.

Theriere and the Mucker exchange a look of sorrow.

The Mucker springs to his feet, starts for the village, Theriere stops him.

THERIERE

(continuing)

Don't be foolish. It's too late to save her honor, but if we are cautious, we may be able to save her life. Let us act coolly and form a plan.

BILLY

Well, wot's de word?

THERIERE

(points)

Over there the jungle is closest to the rear of the Chief's hut. We'll take the boy with us.

BILLY

Why not croak 'em?

THERIERE

He may come in handy, and we'll have all the killing we want before we are through.

The boy shows them a path to a point just behind the hut, where they hide behind some dense foilage.

BILLY

Dere's a little winder in de back of de house. Dat must be where dem guys cooped up de little broiler.

Nodding, Theriere binds and gags the boy with a grass rope, turns to the Mucker.

THERIERE

One of us should go to the window while the other covers with a gun. We'll flip a coin for it. Heads you go, tails I go.

He pulls out a dime, flips it: heads! A TERRIBLE RACKET in the village, they look, a JABBERING MOB of half-caste Japanese rush towards the center hut.

BILLY  
Somepin doin', eh? Well,  
here goes -- s'long.

He breaks from the cover of the jungle, rushes through the clearing to the rear window of Yorimoto's hut.

INT. YORIMOTO'S BEDCHAMBER -- DAY

Barbara hears the samurai storm inside the palace. She braces herself, the point of the sword almost piercing the skin between her heaving blood-spattered breasts. At the last second, a NOISE at the window.

CLOSE on her look of surprise.

The Mucker's head and shoulders are in the broken square of the much-demolished window.

A HEAVY KNOCK at the door.

BILLY  
Cheer up, kid! I'll be wid  
youse in a minute.

Barbara turns towards door, speaks in JAPANESE, ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

BARBARA  
Wait until I move the dead  
men, then you may come in.  
Their bodies are blocking  
the door.

The samurai rush the door. Barbara throws her weight against it, Billy TEARS! KICKS! his way through the mud wall, BREAKS! through, picks up the long sword, joins Barbara, throws his huge body against the door; they speak in ENGLISH.

BILLY

Make for the winder.  
Theriere's out dere waitin'  
fer ya. He'll see youse de  
moment yeh reach it, and  
then youse'll be safe.

She is reluctant to leave, he gives her a rough shove.

BILLY

(continuing)

Youse jes' do as I tells ya.  
Now, beat it!

Barabara stares at him in anger, he stares at her raw naked  
body, her large breasts streaked with blood.

The combined pressure of the samurai on one side and Billy  
on the other is too much for the door, CREAK! it BURSTS!  
from its rotten hinges, falls to one side.

Billy goes into action, CLEAVES! the first samurai from head  
to breast bone with a mighty swing of the sword, WHACK!  
punches the next one, POW! with a left hook to the jaw, is  
swarmed by the rest.

Barbara springs to the window, sees Theriere in the nearby  
jungle.

BARBARA

Mr. Theriere! Quick! They  
are killing Byrne.

She turns back into the room, joins the Mucker with her  
short sword. He bleeds from numerous wounds, three  
dead samurai lay at his feet, another crawls away with his  
bowels trailing in the dust.

Together they put up a bloody fight, CLANG! CLANG! SQUISH!  
SQUISH!.

The Mucker holds at bay three samurai at once, Barbara  
THRUSTS, CUTS! those who try to press beyond them.

INT. YORIMOTO'S PALACE -- DAY

The room is jam full of samurai pressing to gain entrance through the small doorway into the back room.

INT. YORIMOTO'S BEDCHAMBER -- DAY

A vicious battle of awful carnage at the doorway. A spear thrust from the doorway takes down the Mucker, SQUISH!

A pistol shot, BANG! from the window, a samurai drops dead. The rest of the samurai draw back temporarily in terror from the NOISE of the gun. Theriere rushes inside, into the main room, fires point blank into the crowd, BANG! BANG! BANG! chases the remaining samurai outside the palace.

He returns to Barbara, they drag the Mucker to the window. He is too big to lift up. Billy opens his eyes, murmurs:

BILLY  
Who hit me? Jes' show me  
the big stiff.

He rises, blood flows from his wound, spreads across his shirt. The men lift Barbara's slippery body through the window, join her on the other side.

EXT. OUTSIDE REAR OF YORIMOTO'S PALACE -- DAY

A dozen samurai charge around the sides of the palace. Billy prepares to meet them.

THERIERE  
(to Billy)  
You go first with Miss  
Harding. I'll cover our  
retreat with my revolver,  
following close behind you.

Billy throws Barbara over his shoulder, dashes for the jungle.

BILLY  
Hang tight, kiddo.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRAIN COACH -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

ERB comes up for air, takes another long pull from his pocket flask. He passes it to Fred, he takes a long pull, hands it to Lizzie, who does the same, she holds on to the flask.

ERB  
That's as far as I've  
written.

JOAN  
What happens next, Popsy?

ERB  
I'm not exactly sure.

JOAN  
Does Billy give her his  
clothes?

ERB  
Then he would be naked.  
(pauses)  
On second thought, Joan,  
maybe she still had her  
underwear on.

JOAN  
I like that better,  
Popsy.

LIZZIE  
Come now, Mr. Burroughs,  
surely you have some kind  
of ending in mind?

ERB pauses, intrigued by her subtle flirting.

ERB  
I'm afraid I have a very  
short attention span,  
Lizzie. I never really know  
what is going to happen next  
in my stories as I am writing  
them.

ERB

(continuing)

Sure, I have a bare outline,  
but that's all. For example,  
I know that Theriere will die  
a hero, and that the Mucker  
and Barbara will fall in  
love on a small hidden island  
in the middle of a jungle  
river.

TOM

Mushy-mush. Let's play  
samurais!

The boys take off down the aisle pretending they are  
samurai, the adults chuckle.

FRED

Please continue, Ed.

JOAN

Pleeeeeease!

ERB

All right, sweetie. Well,  
it seems that Barbara,  
with little else to do until  
they are rescued, teaches  
Billy how to speak English  
like a gentleman and schools  
him in the finer arts of  
social intercourse.

Lizzie CLAPS! her hands.

LIZZIE

Why, Fred, that's just like  
Pygmalion, the new George  
Bernard Shaw play we saw on  
the London stage. Except  
only -

FRED

Backwards! Yes, by Henry  
Higgins, it surely is!

ERB is stunned by the coincidence.

ERB  
I guess it's true, then.  
Great minds do think alike.

They LAUGH. Joan gets up to use the bathroom, the boys are playing at the opposite end.

LIZZIE  
(suggestively)  
I noticed that whenever you came to a sexually explicit part, you played it down in front of the kids with winks to us. So, now that the coast is clear, tell us: Does Barbara eventually lose her honor to the Mucker?

ERB raises his eyebrows, Fred smiles deviously.

ERB  
Well, she had been a rich party girl; I'm sure she lost her honor long before being raped by Yorimoto. The rich as a class seem to have a different kind of morality than the rest of us normal working stiffs.

FRED  
But, Ed, surely you realize that you are about to enter that class?

Fred nods to Lizzie, she stares lustfully at ERB.

FRED  
(continuing)  
Mi casa, su casa. Look us up when you return. We live in Oak Park.

INT. SAN DIEGO BUNGALOW, 4063 THIRD STREET, JANUARY 1914 --  
DAY (FLASHBACK)

ERB sits across the breakfast table from Emma in their rented bungalow in the hills above San Diego, he reads the newspaper, eats his ham and eggs.

EMMA

What are you working on now,  
Eddie? There's not much  
money left in the bank.

ERB swallows a bite, chases it down with a cup of coffee.

ERB

I'm burning out, Emma; I'm  
running out of ideas. Give  
me a break, will you?

EMMA

The way we are right now,  
if you fail to sell a  
single story, we'll be in  
the poorhouse before we  
return home. We can't afford  
you wasting all that time  
like you did last year on  
that awful story of the  
prostitute from the South  
Side.

ERB

I wrote The Girl from  
Farris's for a contest to  
break into the slicks, Emma.  
It had a ten thousand dollar  
prize. It was a good try at  
gritty social realism. I'll  
finish it before we return  
to Chicago.

EMMA

The deadline for the prize  
has long passed. You should  
stick to writing another  
Tarzan or John Carter of Mars.

ERB

I've just begun a new Tarzan. Besides, I can always jot out sequels to The Mucker, The Cave Girl, The Mad King, The Eternal Lover, and Warlord of Mars, all books I finished right here in San Diego. Good God, Emma, I wrote over 413,000 words last year!

EMMA

You set a goal of 500,000. You were 87,000 short.

ERB

I'm not a machine!

EMMA

You're the one always telling me that we're moving to Oak Park and buying a Packard when we move back to Chicago, Eddie. You only got \$500 for The Outlaw of Torn.

ERB

\$500 was a steal. He originally offered me a hundred for someone else to write it under my name. Besides, I only took it as a favor to sweeten the pot for my next Tarzan. Sessions mentioned a possible figure of \$3,000 for it. I'm sure if I put it out to bid, I'll get at least that amount.

EMMA

You've got to finish it first.

Emma sighs, looks out the window. Hully and Joan play in the backyard, JACK, 10 months, crawls, tries to walk.

EMMA

(continuing)

I'm so glad we moved up here  
in the hills from Coronado.  
Those damp mornings and  
evenings were miserable.  
Just look at it outside, all  
bright, warm, and sunshiny,  
and it's only January.

ERB

Yes, it'll be hard moving  
back to Chicago in March.  
It's so much easier to write  
when it's warm.

Emma looks out the window, stiffens.

EMMA

Oh, Eddie, Joan is feeding  
that feral cat again! You  
said you would talk to her  
about it. He keeps  
defecating in my flower  
garden and makes a mess of  
things when he tries to  
cover it up.

ERB

Relax, Emma, that cat keeps  
the rat population at bay.  
Don't you remember how that  
big one in the fruit tree  
scared you the other day?  
You have to be reasonable  
about nature. What's the  
lesser of the two evils:  
the cat-shit in the  
flower garden or big tree  
rats roaming freely?

EMMA

Don't you dare talk to me  
in such a vulgar manner,  
Edgar Burroughs! A promise  
is a promise! Were you just  
leading me on?

ERB, upset, puts down his paper, rises from the table  
without finishing his breakfast.

EMMA

(continuing)

Aren't you going to finish  
your breakfast?

ERB

Don't have time, Emma.  
Someone has to keep us out  
of the poorhouse.

INT. BUNGALOW STUDY -- DAY

ERB sits down at his desk, stares at his Underwood  
typewriter, experiences the writer's horror of the blank  
page, picks up a stack of freshly written pages, reviews  
them.

He stretches his arms, starts the painful process of typing  
the end of The Girl from Farris's.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY VILLAGE STREET, ILLINOIS - DAY

A CHAUFFEUR, 20, drives JOHN SECOR, 60, in an expensive  
automobile down a country village road, it stalls in front  
of a country house, pulls over with smoke coming out of the  
hood. The chauffeur gets out, tinkers under the hood, John  
gets out, goes to the front door of the country house.

A very beautiful young woman, JANE LATHROP, 18, answers the  
door. She has blue-eyes, brown hair, is slim and sexy.

SECOR

I'm sorry, miss, may I have  
glass of cold water to  
quench my thirst. My  
automobile is acting up.

The young woman's MOTHER, 40's, comes to the door next to  
her daughter. She sizes up the man's expensive suit, watch,  
car, and chauffeur. She adjusts her hair.

MOTHER

Please come in. I guess  
you've already met June,  
my daughter.

SECOR

Yes, she's very beautiful.  
My name is John er - Smith.

June blushes, steps aside as John enters.

MONTAGE: John makes weekly visits from Chicago, always  
driven by his chauffeur. He brings June beautiful gifts,  
candy, flowers, jewelry, slips a ring on her finger,  
proposes. They get married under the name of Mr. and Mrs.  
Smith by a justice of the peace.

MONTAGE: They drive straight from the justice of the peace  
to Chicago, arriving at Twenty-fourth and Dearborn just  
after midnight. They are in the infamous red-light  
district. They stop in front of Farris's, a seedy hotel-  
bar-bordello.

EXT. FARRIS'S - NIGHT

JUNE

Gosh, I've never been to the  
Big City before. Is this a  
good part of town?

SECOR

You bet. Only the best for  
my little bride.

INT. LOBBY OF FARRIS'S - DAY

John and June enter, register with the CLERK at the front desk. In the adjoining bar and parlor, a BAND PLAYS, partially dressed WOMEN frolic with MEN, sing ribald songs.

JUNE

What kind of place is this,  
John? What can all these  
people be doing here at  
this time of night?

SECOR

It's a family hotel. People  
are either from out of town  
or they come here to get  
away from their kids for  
awhile. It's the way of  
the Big City.

They walk up the stairway from the lobby to their room on the second floor, Room 211.

INT. ROOM 211 - NIGHT

John leads June inside, a lustful grin on his face. June is very nervous. John starts to take his clothes off.

JUNE

Be gentle with me, John.  
I'm a virgin.

SECOR

I figured as much. Don't  
worry, you'll take to it  
like a duck in water.

Slowly, June disrobes, stands naked before John, she is proud of her body, stares in desire at his erect penis. John takes her into his arms, French-kisses her, rubs his hand between her legs, inserts a finger. She MOANS.

JUNE

That feels so good, John.  
I love you so much.

She grabs his penis, masturbates it. He picks her up, carries her to the bed.

JUNE

Oh, my husband, make love to me.

SECOR

No, my little chicken, I'm going to fuck you like a whore, and you're going to love it.

He tosses her onto the bed, kisses her breasts, works his way down between her legs, licks her vagina.

JUNE

Stop! What are you doing? I've never heard of such a thing. Please....

Her protestations die in place of MOANS, rising in volume until she SCREAMS in orgasm.

SECOR

Now that you've learned a little Latin, you're ready for some English.

He crawls up on her, she is ready for him. He enters her, she CRIES again.

JUNE

Oh, love me, John. I want to have your baby.

John takes her slowly, then pounds her.

SECOR

Say, "Fuck me, John"!

JUNE

Love me, John, please don't make me say that awful word.

He grabs her hair, twists her head to the side.

SECOR

Say it, Goddammit!

Her honeymoon has turned into a pornographic nightmare. She  
CRIES.

SECOR

(continuing)

Say it!

Between SOBS and GROANS, she speaks:

JUNE

Fuck me, John.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF DOOR 211 - NIGHT

John stumbles down the hallway with a fresh bottle of  
whiskey in hand. He is in his socks, shirt untucked and  
partially buttoned.

It takes him a long time to get the key into the lock. He  
opens the door, then drops the bottle, puts his hands over  
his chest, without a word, drops dead from a heart attack on  
the floor with a loud THUMP!

June, dressed only in a short low-cut silk slip with thin  
spaghetti straps, jumps out of bed, rushes to John's side.

JUNE

Oh, somebody please help  
me! John, John, oh, please  
wake up!

ABE FARRIS, 45, and TWO BROTHEL BOUNCERS, 20's, answer her  
call for help. Abe is well-dressed. He kneels down and  
puts a hand on June's bare shoulder.

FARRIS

He's dead, Mrs. Smith. Wait  
inside until I take care of  
the police. There's some-  
thing you don't know and you  
could be arrested.

JUNE

What do you mean?

FARRIS

Just shut your trap and wait  
inside and I'll do what I  
can to keep you safe.

(to bouncers)

Okay, boys, call the cops.

He escorts June into the room, looks around, then goes back  
into the hallway, closes the door.

INT. ROOM 211, AN HOUR LATER - NIGHT

June sits distraught on the bed, still in her slip. A KNOCK  
on the door. Farris enters, closes the door.

JUNE

My husband is dead. What  
will become of me?

FARRIS

The bulls want to talk to  
you but I kept 'em at bay  
for now. We had to move  
the body to a more respect-  
able place.

JUNE

Why would you do that?

FARRIS

Surely you have figured it  
out by now? This is a house  
of ill-repute.

June goes into shock.

JUNE

Oh, my God! Why would John  
bring me to a place like  
this for a honeymoon?

FARRIS

That's just it, lady, your husband wasn't really your husband. John's real name was Secor, one of the richest men in Chicago. He already had a wife and it wouldn't have looked proper for him to have died here.

Farris sits next to her on the bed, puts his arm around her.

JUNE

You mean, I'm not -

FARRIS

That's right, you're not legally married.

June covers her face with her hands, her body shakes.

JANE

Oh, my whole life has been ruined!

She breaks down in anguish, CRIES. Farris holds her tightly in his arms in false comfort.

FARRIS

Listen, you've got to pull yourself together and figure out how you're going to pay your bill. John Secor owes me three hundred clams.

JUNE

What are you telling me?

FARRIS

Only I can protect you from the police, kiddo. You've engaged in adultery, and even if you didn't know it, you're damaged goods from now on.

FARRIS  
(continuing)  
What kind of man would ever  
marry a woman in your  
condition?

June stiffens in his arms.

JUNE  
What are you proposing?

FARRIS  
You can work for me. You  
still have some tricks to  
learn. You can be top  
broiler in this coop with  
enough practice.

June stares ahead in wide-eyed disbelief as the full weight  
of Secor's deception comes home to her.

JUNE  
Oh, I am destroyed!

She cries, his eyes narrow in evil contemplation.

FARRIS  
What would happen if your  
mother were to know about  
your shame and disgrace?

JUNE  
It would kill her!

FARRIS  
Then you can save her life  
by working here. I won't  
tell her if you'll cooperate  
freely.

He disengages from the embrace, holds her by the shoulders,  
looks her in the eye.

FARRIS

(continuing)

Look, John said you had a  
natural ability for fucking.  
Show me.

He pulls the slip over her head, tosses it aside, kisses her, squeezes her breasts. June is indifferent, all resistance gone. Farris stands, strips naked, gets in bed with her, copulates her.

FARRIS

(continuing)

Look, honey, it's no good  
playin' possum in my house.  
Show me that you like it.

She MOANS, has an orgasm, moves her hips to his rhythm.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF ROOM 211 - NIGHT

The two bouncers stand, wait outside. The door opens, reveals June, still naked in bed. Farris steps into the hallway.

FARRIS

(looks at June over shoulder)

You're a whore now, June,  
and it's time I gave you  
a whore's name. From now  
on you will be called  
Maggie - Maggie Lynch - with  
a pussy tight as a noose!

He laughs at her, she looks at the bouncers, expects the worst. He motions for the bouncers to enter the room.

FARRIS

(continuing)

Okay, boys, she's ready to  
be broken in. She's got a  
knack for it, but don't  
leave any bruises. She's  
going to be our main ticket.

FARRIS

(continuing)

When you're through with her,  
take away all of her clothes  
so she don't get any bright  
ideas.

Farris closes the door, inside the bouncers disrobe.

FIRST BOUNCER

Smile, honey, you're about  
ta meet the Duke 'n Earl a  
Sandwich.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAN DIEGO BUNGALOW OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

ERB pulls the last page out of the Underwood, leans back in  
his chair, he is satisfied, another story finished.

ERB

(to himself)

That's the way I like it,  
save the best part for last.

He places the last page on a large stack, rubs his hands,  
his creative juices flow.

He looks at another, shorter stack. It is his new Tarzan  
story. He reviews what he has written so far.

His face lights up. He rolls a fresh page into the  
typewriter.

EXT. JUNGLE ISLAND -- DAY

Nikolas Rokoff seeks revenge, he has shanghaied Tarzan,  
Jane, and what he believes to be their baby boy, JACK,  
aboard the tramp steamer, Kincaid.

Rokoff takes Tarzan to Jungle Island, west of equatorial  
Africa, strips him naked, has him rowed ashore by a FEW  
MEMBERS of the Kincaid. Rokoff hands Tarzan a note.

## ROKOFF

I shanghaied you and Jane after kidnapping your baby for this very reason, Ape-man. You have truly crossed the wrong man. Read this and the full extent of my fury will be revealed.

Rokoff and the crew row back to the steamer, Tarzan reads the note.

CLOSE on note: This will explain to you the exact nature of my intentions relative to your offspring and to you. You were born an ape. You lived naked in the jungle -- to your own we have returned you; but your son shall rise a step above his sire. He shall be no naked beast of the jungle for he is to be reared by men -- a tribe of savage cannibals! You shall suffer worse than death for all the years of your life in contemplation of the horrors of your son's existence. The balance of your punishment has to do with what shall presently befall your wife -- that I shall leave to your imagination. NIKOLAS ROKOFF

Tarzan looks up at the Kincaid, Rokoff stands on deck, holds a baby up for him to see.

ZOOM on porthole: Jane presses her face against the glass, looks out in horror.

Tarzan alerts to a SLIGHT SOUND behind him. He whirls around, is confronted with a HUGE BULL APE charging straight at him, a DOZEN OTHERS gathered on the beach just behind.

With a LOW SNARL, the beast hurls himself at Tarzan, who jumps out of the way, delivering a mighty sucker punch, POW! to the pit of the ape's stomach. The beast HOWLS IN RAGE, doubles up, sinks to the ground, tries to regain its feet. Tarzan leaps on its back, sinking his teeth into the ape's hairy throat.

They THRASH AROUND on the ground, the other apes gather around in a circle, MUTTERING LOW GUTTERALS, flesh is torn, RIP! blood SPATTERS! Tarzan, unable to be shaken off, bends the ape's neck back until it SNAPS! The ape collapses dead at Tarzan's feet.

Tarzan places a foot on the carcass, raises his head, gives the VICTORY CRY of the Great Apes.

A YOUNG, SPLENDIDLY MUSCLED APE, standing over seven feet tall, challenges Tarzan, emitting a SLOW SNARL through his bared fangs. Tarzan stands perfectly still as the ape approaches, turns slowly as the ape circles, each time moving closer and closer, until his long and sharp fangs are inches from Tarzan's face. Tarzan speaks to the young ape in the TONGUE OF THE GREAT APES, requiring ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

TARZAN

Who are you? Who threatens  
Tarzan of the Apes?

YOUNG APE

(surprised)

I am AKUT. MOLAK is dead.  
I am king. Go away or I  
will kill you.

TARZAN

You saw how easily I killed  
Molak. So could I kill you  
if I cared to be king. But  
Tarzan of the Apes would  
not be king of the tribe of  
Akut. Let us be friends.

TARZAN

(continuing)

Tarzan of the Apes can help  
you, and you can help Tarzan  
of the Apes.

AKUT

You cannot kill Akut. None  
is so great as Akut. Had  
you not killed Molak, Akut  
would have done so, for  
Akut was ready to be king.

Tarzan hurls himself at Akut, leaps on his back, pins him in the same neck-lock he used to kill Molak. At the snapping point, there is a noticeable CRACKING! sound.

Tarzan whispers in Akut's ear the ape-word for "surrender."

TARZAN

Ka-goda?

AKUT

Ka-goda!

TARZAN

You may still be king, Akut.  
Tarzan told you he did not  
wish to be king. If any  
doubt your right, Tarzan of  
the Apes will help you in  
your battles.

Tarzan releases Akut. GROWLING ANGRILY, Akut shuffles away towards his tribe, challenges anyone who dares doubt his authority. None dare, slowly, they amble off, leaving Tarzan alone on the beach.

Tarzan looks at the sea. The ship is almost out of sight, a thin line of steam curling on the horizon.

EXT. INTERIOR OF JUNGLE ISLAND -- DAY

Tarzan, armed with handmade bow and arrows, spear, rope, stone knife, has fashioned the skin of a deer into a sheath and belt for his knife, a quiver for his arrows, a loin-cloth for his nakedness.

High in the trees, he stalks Sheeta, a panther, on the jungle floor. The panther also stalks prey, suddenly taking to a large tree, looking down.

Tarzan gets closer, realizes that the panther is stalking the tribe of Akut, lolling in a natural clearing. Some of the apes are dozing, others are grubbing under rocks and bushes, unaware of the mortal danger lurking above them. Akut moves close to the panther's tree.

Silently, Tarzan climbs into the same tree, just above the unsuspecting cat, which is spread out on a limb covered in dense foilage. Akut wanders directly below.

ZOOM on Tarzan's left hand as it removes the stone knife from the leather sheath.

The panther slowly extends his hind paws, then, with a HIDEOUS SHRIEK, pounces.

At the same time Tarzan leaps on its back.

Tarzan and the panther HIT the ground, Akut jumps out of the way. Tarzan sinks his teeth into the panther's neck, and, as it SCREAMS, SNARLS and ROARS, he STABS! it again and again with his stone knife just behind its left shoulder.

The cat SHRIEKS! makes one final agonized lunge, rolls upon its side, makes spasmodic jerks, dies.

Tarzan places his foot on the dead beast, raises his head, gives the VICTORY CRY of the Great Apes.

Akut and the rest of his tribe slowly approach Tarzan and the dead panther in startled wonder.

TARZAN

I am Tarzan of the Apes.  
Mighty hunter. Mighty  
fighter. By the great water  
I spared Akut's life when I  
might have taken it and  
become king of the tribe of  
Akut. Now I have saved Akut  
from death beneath the  
rending fangs of Sheeta.  
When Akut or the tribe of  
Akut is in danger, let them  
call to Tarzan thus:

Tarzan gives the HIDEOUS CRY of the Great Apes. The yell frightens the Apes.

TARZAN

(continuing)

And when they hear Tarzan  
call to them, let them  
remember what he has done for  
Akut and come to him with  
great speed.

TARZAN  
 (continuing)  
 Shall it be as Tarzan says?  
 Those that agree, say "Huh!"

AKUT  
 Huh!

WHOLE TRIBE  
 (in unison)  
 Huh!

The tribe goes back to what it had been doing before, as if nothing had happened.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAN DIEGO BUNGALOW OFFICE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

ERB looks up from his typewriter as his excited daughter rushes into his office. He has been deep in his story, her words confuse him.

JOAN  
 Popsy! Popsy! Sheeta's  
 caught under a log!

ERB  
 Sheeta?

JOAN  
 My kitty-cat! Hully was  
 playing on the flower-garden  
 wall and it fell on Sheeta!

ERB  
 Oh, the feral cat, Sheeta.  
 Let us have a look.

He rises from his desk, follows Joan out of the room, she takes him by the hand.

EXT. BACKYARD OF BUNGALOW -- DAY

Emma's flower garden is in a raised area against the rear backyard fence, supported by a log restraining wall.

One of the top logs has dislodged, beneath it a large black feral cat HOWLS in pain. ERB and Joan enter the backyard.

Hully cowers in the background, hopes he won't get in trouble. ERB smiles at him. Jack crawls towards the cat.

ERB  
 (to Joan)  
 Grab Jack, sweetie, before  
 he gets any closer. Then  
 don't make any sudden  
 movements.

Joan picks up Jack, presses him tightly against her chest.

The cat HISSES as ERB approaches, stops as he lifts the heavy log. The cat crawls away, when clear, stops and stares at ERB. Cautiously, ERB crouches down, makes a soft PURRING sound, he has the witching way, extends his hand.

JOAN  
 He won't allow anyone to  
 touch him, Popsy. I can  
 only feed him at a distance.

ERB  
 Shhhh!

The cat slinks forward, rubs his side against ERB's extended hand, PURRS. ERB strokes the sides of the cat's head.

EMMA (OFF SCREEN)  
 Edgar Burroughs! What  
 in the name of heaven do  
 you think you are doing!

The cat takes off like a black bullet, leaps the back fence in a single bound. ERB looks up at Emma. She stands in the kitchen doorway, hands on hips. ERB bites his tongue. Hully slouches away.

JOAN  
 Mommy, Mommy! Popsy rescued  
 Sheeta!

EMMA

Look at my flower garden!  
 What have you done to it?  
 Hulbert Burroughs! Where do  
 you think you are going,  
 young man?

INT. BUNGALOW OFFICE -- DAY

Excited with a new idea, ERB returns to his typewriter,  
 pecks the keys with relish.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EASTERN SHORE OF JUNGLE ISLAND -- DAY

Tarzan comes to the island's eastern shore. It is early  
 morning, the sun comes up over the far distant mainland on  
 the edge of the eastern horizon.

TARZAN

(to himself)

Just as I expected, I'm on  
 an island. If Rokoff has  
 taken Jack to live with  
 cannibals, it must be over  
 there.

(pauses)

But not even I can swim that  
 far.

A LOUD SCRATCHING NOISE from the interior of the jungle.  
 Tarzan takes to the trees, discovers a huge panther trapped  
 beneath a fallen tree.

Tarzan DROPS to the jungle floor, approaches the cat. It  
 struggles to free itself, SNARLS and bares its massive fangs  
 at Tarzan. One great limb of the tree has fallen on its  
 back, smaller entangling branches pin its legs, preventing  
 it from moving more than a few inches in any direction.

Tarzan pulls the bow from his shoulder, fits an arrow to its  
 string to put the animal out of its misery.

CLOSE on Tarzan's face as he stares down the arrow shaft.  
 He stops, lowers the bow. He has a new idea.

Tarzan replaces his bow and arrow, moves close to the cat to inspect the tree, the whole time MIMICKS the DEEP PURRING sound of the cat.

TARZAN

Calm, Sheeta. I mean you no harm.

The panther stops SNARLING, eyes Tarzan with suspicious green eyes. Tarzan approaches within inches, steps into the tangle of branches without fear.

Putting his massive shoulders against the trunk, Tarzan expands his muscles. He adjusts his weight, moves his leg against the soft silky side of the panther.

GRUNTING, Tarzan lifts the trunk a few inches, high enough for the cat to crawl free. Tarzan lets the trunk fall back, turns, faces the cat, his feet stuck in the branches.

They stare at each other.

Tarzan smiles, tramps out of the branches, the cat making no move, watching, with open dripping mouth.

Tarzan walks at the cat, it moves aside, Tarzan passes within inches of his fangs.

PAN up until the eastern shore is visible.

ZOOM on war canoe as it is paddled ashore by TWENTY BLACK WARRIORS, all large men, with feathered headdresses and belts, wearing war paint and metal ornaments, armed with spears and war clubs.

PAN back up and then down to jungle floor.

Tarzan hunts, Sheeta lurking, invisible, in the background. He smells a deer, takes to the trees. He climbs onto a branch above the deer, lowers the noose of his rope over its unsuspecting head, pulls, SNAGS it. He tugs hard, SNAP! breaking its neck.

Tarzan MIMICKS THE LOUD PURRING sound of the panther. It comes CRASHING out of the jungle, feasts its eyes on the kill. They devour the deer.

INT. INTERIOR JUNGLE, TRIBE OF AKUT -- DAY

Tarzan brings Sheeta into the clearing where the tribe of Akut lounges. He leads the panther by a rope around its neck, carries a large wooden cudgel to keep it in line. At sight of the panther, the entire tribe panics, takes to the trees.

TARZAN

Akut, I am Tarzan of the Apes. This is Sheeta, my friend. Do not fear Sheeta. He obeys Tarzan the mighty hunter.

The apes return. Sheeta GROWLS at one of the apes, Tarzan raps the cudgel smartly on his snout, WHACK!

TARZAN

(continuing)

No, Sheeta!

The cat lowers its head, sees another ape, GROWLS, makes a move towards it. Tarzan pulls back on the rope, WHACK! lets him have it. Sheeta now understands, PURRS, rubs against Tarzan's side.

Tarzan lets go of the rope, pats Akut on the back. Slowly, Sheeta approaches, rubs its side against Tarzan's hip, then Akut's, PURRS contentedly.

Tarzan walks around the tribe, lets Sheeta know that no member of the tribe is to be harmed. He points to the east.

TARZAN

Tarzan of the Apes is hungry.  
Let us hunt together.

Tarzan and the tribe take to the trees, Sheeta follows on the jungle floor.

EXT. EASTERN SHORE OF JUNGLE ISLAND -- DAY

Tarzan leaves the tribe of Akut foraging at the edge of the jungle, walks down to the beach, sits down to catch some sun. He stretches out in the sand, dozes.

ZOOM to a small ridge above the beach where the black warriors have gathered, staring down at Tarzan as he snoozes on the sand. They CONVERSE among themselves. Slowly, they move down the ridge, bent over double, holding beautifully carved war clubs in their hands.

They make their way towards Tarzan, they are almost upon him. Tarzan awakes.

Tarzan jumps to his feet, turns, faces his enemies, holding his cudgel menacingly. The fierce warriors attack with LOUD WAR CRIES, Tarzan takes down the nearest one with a single blow, BAM!

He rushes them, is in their midst, swinging his club in all directions with such fury, WHAM! power, WHAM! and precision, BAM! the warriors panic, retreat.

They regather, form a semi-circle, cut off Tarzan's retreat to the jungle. With their spears extended, they slowly advance making a FRIGHTFUL DIN WITH SAVAGE CRIES, POUNDING THE SAND RHYTHMICALLY WITH THEIR FEET, leaping up and down in a fantastic war dance.

Tarzan lifts his head, MAKES A SERIES OF WILD WEIRD SCREAMS, the savages halt, look at each other questioningly.

Nothing changes. They start their dance, stop again, listen. A sudden CRASHING OF THE JUNGLE behind them.

Sheeta leaps out of the dense foilage, eyes blazing, fangs bared, behind him twenty mighty, shaggy apes of the tribe of Akut.

They charge the warriors.

As the Beasts of Tarzan close on the warriors on one side, Tarzan closes on the other, wielding his stone knife.

A fierce battle ensues.

ONE BLACK WARRIOR, 25, survives, he runs off over the ridge, down the beach on the other side, Tarzan hot on his heels.

The warrior makes for the war canoe, it is pulled up onto the beach well above the high tide surf.

The warrior is a magnificently muscled black man, the same size as Tarzan.

Tarzan catches up to the warrior, grabs him by the arm, throws him on the sand, pounces on his back, puts the edge of his knife to his neck.

Tarzan eyes the canoe over his shoulder.

TARZAN

Who are you?

WARRIOR

Mugambi, Chief of the Wagambi.

TARZAN

I will spare your life if you will promise to help me leave this island. What do you answer?

MUGAMBI

I will help you but your beasts will kill me.

Tarzan releases his grip.

TARZAN

I think not. They are mine. Come!

Tarzan leads Mugambi to the beasts, feasting on the grisly remains of his warriors, CRUNCH! CRUNCH! Tarzan gets Sheeta and the tribe of Akut to accept Mugambi as a friend.

EXT. WAR CANOE ON OPEN SEA -- DAY

Tarzan's hideous crew mans the war canoe. Sheeta is at the bow, sniffing the wind. At the stern, Tarzan controls a bark sail. At the sides, in paddle position, Mugambi, Akut, TWELVE HUGE MALES from his tribe. Only Akut has mastered the art of paddling, the other twelve apes are terrified, they GRUNT and SHRIEK in near frenzy.

Mugambi points to a cove on the shoreline. They are very close now.

MUGAMBI

Right there, the Ugambi River  
drains into the sea. Up the  
river is a cannibal village.  
Perhaps it is the same one  
where your son has been taken.

TARZAN

Paddle faster! We are losing  
our wind.

EXT. MOUTH OF THE UGAMBI RIVER - DAY

Tarzan and his hideous crew paddle furiously up the Ugambi River, battle against the strong current of the river emptying out into the ocean. The Apes are getting the hang of the paddles, Tarzan seeks more men for his army as he journeys up the river into the heart of darkness.

A NAKED SAVAGE concealed in the branches of an overhead tree spies the war canoe, the man jumps down out of the tree, runs to his village upstream.

EXT. NATIVE VILLAGE - DAY

The runner rushes into the village, reports to the Chief, KAVIRI, squatting before the entrance of his circular hut.

RUNNER

Another white man is coming!  
Another white man, and with  
him are many warriors.  
They come in a great war  
canoe to kill and rob as  
did the black-bearded one  
who has just left us.

KAVIRI

Assemble the warriors!

War drums beat, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM! they call in the hunters from the forest and the tillers from the fields. THE WARRIORS assemble, fill seven war canoes, they are launched, the warriors paddle downstream to meet their enemies, cut them off from the village.

EXT. UGAMBI RIVER - DAY

Kaviri's canoe is a short distance ahead of the six other canoes, the swift current bears them rapidly downstream, they soon come upon Tarzan's hideous crew.

The two canoes almost collide, Kaviri's crew stands, jabs their spears at Tarzan's crew, realize too late that they are not up against other men.

Akut rises, SNARLS, GROWLS, BARKS, grabs the menacing spears from the hands of Kaviri's warriors. His Apes attack the warriors, there is a vicious fight.

The other canoes are now upon them, they swarm around Tarzan's canoe, see the Apes, one touches Tarzan's canoe, Tarzan makes a hand signal, Sheeta and Akut hurl themselves into the canoe, Sheeta makes a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM, pounces on a warrior, RIPS his throat out with his large fangs, CRUNCH! Akut RIPS and TEARS his way through the canoe with his mighty talons and long sharp fangs, throwing dead and wounded warriors overboard, works himself toward the center of the canoe.

Tarzan wrests the great spear from Kaviri, bends him back into the bottom of his canoe, he feels a great pressure on his chest, loses consciousness.

He comes to, his feet and legs are securely bound, Sheeta stands guard over him. He looks around, Tarzan is inside his canoe paddling with several of his surviving warriors, behind them squat several of Akut's Apes. Tarzan notices that Kaviri has regained consciousness.

TARZAN

Your warriors tell me that  
you are the chief of a  
numerous people, and that  
your name is Kaviri.

KAVIRI

Yes.

TARZAN

Why did you attack me?  
I came in peace.

KAVIRI

Another white man "came in peace" a short while ago, and after we had brought him presents, of a goat and cassava and milk, he set upon with his guns and killed many of my people, and then went on his way, taking all of our goats and many of our young men and women.

TARZAN

I am not as this other white man. I should not have harmed you had you not set upon me. Tell me, what was the face of this bad white man like? I am searching for one who has wronged me. Possibly this may be the very one.

KAVIRI

He was a man with a bad face, covered with a great, black beard, and he was very, very wicked - yes, very wicked indeed.

TARZAN

Was there a little white child with him?

KAVIRI

No, Bwana, the white child was not with this man's party - it was with the other party.

TARZAN

Other party! What other party?

KAVIRI

With the party that the very  
bad white man was pursuing.  
There was a white man, woman,  
and the child, with six  
Mosula porters. They passed  
up the river three days ahead  
of the very bad white man.  
I think that they were  
running away from him.

The canoes pull up near the village. Tarzan surveys his crew, he has lost three Apes in the encounter, has eight remaining including Akut; Sheeta and Mugambi are fine.

Tarzan and Kaviri go inside his hut to negotiate, Mugambi lags behind, talks to Kaviri's naked young daughter, he fondles her small hard breasts, she masturbates him.

INT. KAVIRI'S HUT - DAY

TARZAN

Chief Kaviri, you shall feed  
my crew and arrange for twelve  
warriors to man the paddles of  
my canoe.

Kaviri nods, goes outside to comply, discovers that, with the exception of his young daughter, his whole village has fled in fright of Tarzan's hideous crew.

EXT. KAVIRI'S VILLAGE - DAY

TARZAN

They do not appear anxious to  
accompany us, but just  
remain quietly here, Kaviri,  
and presently you shall  
see your people flocking  
to your side.

Tarzan motions for Mugambi.

TARZAN

(continuing)

Mugambi, you stay here with the Chief. I will take Akut, his Apes and Sheeta. We will be back shortly.

Tarzan takes his beasts into the surrounding jungle.

INT. KAVIRI'S HUT - DAY

Kaviri, his daughter, and Mugambi sit in the Chief's hut, the jungle remains silent, Kaviri motions to his daughter, she sits in Mugambi's lap, kisses Mugambi, reaches behind her, feels for his penis, she inserts it slowly, GROANS, tears come to her eyes.

KAVIRI

My daughter's virginity is my gift to you.

Out of the jungle comes A HIDEOUS SOUND, THE CRY OF THE APE-MAN, from all around the village, SHRIEKS AND SCREAMS, the BLOOD-CURDLING CRY OF A HUNGRY PANTHER.

KAVIRI

(trembles)

What is it?

MUGAMBI

It is Bwana Tarzan and his people. But what they are doing I know not, unless it be that they are devouring your people who ran away.

Kaviri sits and shakes in fear, waits; Mugambi copulates the girl, the SOUNDS OF THE JUNGLE DISTURBANCE come closer and closer, suddenly the village is flooded with most of its previous inhabitants, they race toward the shelter of their huts, Mugambi disengages with the girl, they all exit the hut.

EXT. KAVIRI'S VILLAGE - DAY

Tarzan strolls into the village, stands before Kaviri.

TARZAN

Your people have returned, by  
brother, and now you may  
select those who are to  
accompany me and paddle my  
canoe.

Kaviri assembles the village, chooses twelve men for  
Tarzan's canoe, Tarzan, his hideous crew, and the twelve  
paddlers, board the canoe, push off, paddle up the Ugambi.

ON SCREEN: TO BE CONTINUED.....

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PART TWO