

ERB

The Epic Parallel Universe Life
of Edgar Rice Burroughs
the
King of Pulp Fiction

as imagined by

Woodrow Edgar Nichols, Jr.

PART THREE:
ABRA KADABRA

Woodrow Edgar Nichols, Jr.
2141 Tuolumne St., Ste. "O"
Fresno, CA 93721
E-mail: woodrownichols@aol.com

FADE IN:

EXT. JUST OFFSHORE JUNGLE ISLAND - DAY

The tramp steamer Kincaid sails away from Jungle Island leaving Tarzan stranded on the beach. ZOOM on ship: Rokoff stands on the deck, holds a baby in his hands, waves it at Tarzan, he watches as Tarzan is attacked by a tribe of Great Apes.

ROKOFF

(to himself)

May they rend him to pieces.

INT. JANE'S CABIN INSIDE THE KINCAID - DAY

Jane stares out the porthole as the Apes attack Tarzan, she looks away. She is dressed only in a blouse and skirt, no shoes or underclothes. The cook, SVEN ANDERSEN, a big ugly Swede with a long stringy neck and long straggly yellow mustache, brings Jane her food. Jane looks from the porthole at Sven, the top buttons of her blouse are missing, Sven stares at her cleavage.

JANE

What is the name of the shore
where they abandoned my
husband?

SVEN

Ay tank it blow purty soon
purty hard.

Sven leaves without saying another word.

EXT. MOUTH OF THE UGAMBI RIVER - DAY

The Kincaid drops anchor at the mouth of the Ugambi River.

INT. JANE'S CABIN - DAY

Jane sits, broods on a couch, Rokoff enters, he looks at her skirt, it is hiked up, he can see her blonde bush and vagina, she makes no move to smooth down the hem.

ROKOFF

We have arrived, my dear.
Once again, let me apologize
for kidnapping you out of
your bed with no time to
dress properly. I trust you
have been otherwise
comfortable?

JANE

How dare you talk to me
in such a matter of fact
manner after you have
condemned my husband to
a horrible death.

ROKOFF

Your husband was a brute -
you know that best who found
him naked in his native
jungle, roaming wild with
the savage beasts that
were his fellows.

(pauses)

I have come to offer you
safety, liberty, and ease.
My heart has been softened
toward you in your
suffering. But your
husband was not worthy of
it. After all, he was not
faithful to you in Paris;
the beast savagely raped my
sister in front of her
husband, Count de Coude.

Jane stares wide-eyed in shock.

ROKOFF

(continuing)

Now I am a gentleman, not
only born of noble blood,
but raised gently as befits
a man of quality.

ROKOFF

(continuing)

To you, dear Jane, I offer the love of a cultured man and association with one of culture and refinement, which you must have sorely missed in your relations with the poor ape that through your girlish infatuation you married so thoughtlessly.

(pauses)

I love you, Jane. You have but to say the word and no further sorrows shall afflict you - even your baby shall be returned to you unharmed.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE JANE'S CABIN - DAY

Sven holds Jane's noonday meal in his hands, pauses outside of Jane's cabin door, presses his ear against the door, eavesdrops on Rokoff's proposal, he gets a troubled expression on his face.

INT. JANE'S CABIN - DAY

Jane SHUDDERS at Rokoff's proposal.

JANE

I would not have been surprised, Monsieur Rokoff, had you attempted to force me to submit to your evil desires, but that you should be so fatuous as to believe that I, wife of John Clayton, Lord of Greystoke, would come to you willingly, even to save my life, I should never have imagined.

JANE

(continuing)

I have known you for a scoundrel, Monsieur Rokoff; but until now I had not taken you for a fool.

Rokoff takes a step towards Jane, his face red with fury.

ROKOFF

We shall see who the fool is at last, when I have broken you to my will and your plebian Yankee stubbornness has cost you all that you hold dear - even the life of your baby - for, by the bones of St. Peter, I'll forego all that I had planned for the brat and cut its heart out before your very eyes. You'll learn what it means to insult Nikolas Rokoff.

Jane turns wearily away.

JANE

What is the use of expatiating upon the depths to which your vengeful nature can sink? You cannot move me either by threats or deeds. My baby cannot yet judge for himself, but I, his mother, can foresee that should it have been given him to survive to man's estate he would willingly sacrifice his life for the honor of his mother. Love him as I do, I would not purchase his life at such a price; he would execrate my memory to the day of his death.

Rokoff CONVULSES in rage and desire, like a wild beast he springs on Jane, with one hand GRASPS her neck, with the other RIPS open her blouse, exposes her large heaving breasts, her pink nipples hard in fear and arousal, he pushes her back onto the berth.

ROKOFF

And now, I avenge my sister.

Jane GAGS, KICKS as Rokoff CHOKES her, he reaches down, lifts her skirt, feels between her legs, slips a finger inside her vagina.

ROKOFF

(continuing)

See, my little whore, you are wet for me. You like that, do you not?

He fingers her, she BEATS him on the face with her fists, he struggles with her, manages to unbutton his trousers with one hand, keeps his hand on her neck with the other, he pulls out his penis, he sucks her nipples, probes between her legs, she tries to hump him off, his penis penetrates her, plunges inside, she GASPS!

He copulates her in a frenzy, he lessens the grip on her neck, she MOANS, has an orgasm, he GRUNTS, ejaculates, she stops beating his face, he stays hard, slow-copulates her, she MOANS, has another orgasm, moves her hips to his rhythm, wraps her arms around him, he picks up the pace.

JANE

Fuck me, Nikolas; fuck me harder!

They move together as one, as old lovers, Jane MOANS, has an orgasm, wraps her legs around him.

Sven opens the door, enters with the tray of food, his jaw drops when he sees Rokoff and Jane copulating. Rokoff pulls out of Jane, jumps to his feet, turns in amazement, his penis sticks straight out.

ROKOFF

What do you mean by entering
here without permission?
Get out!

Sven turns his blue eyes at Rokoff, smiles vacuously.

SVEN

Ay tank it blow purty soon
purty hard.

Sven arranges the dishes on the table.

ROKOFF

Get out of here, or I'll throw
you out, you miserable
blockhead!

Rokoff takes a threatening step towards the Swede, the Swede moves his hand down to the hilt of a long slender knife protruding from a greasy cord supporting his soiled apron.

Rokoff sees the move, backs off, looks over his shoulder at Jane.

ROKOFF

I will give you until
tomorrow to reconsider
your answer to my offer.
All will be sent ashore
on one pretext or another
except you and the child,
Paulvitch and myself.
Then without interruption
you will be able to
witness the death of the
baby.

(to Sven)

The whore is all yours.

Rokoff puts his penis back inside his trousers, rebuttons them, leaves, SLAMS the door behind him. The Swede no longer has a dumb look on his face, it is now full of craft and cunning.

SVEN

Hay tank Ay ban a fool.
Hay ban the fool.

Jane leans up on an elbow, makes no move to cover up, her breasts heave, her thick pink nipples are hard in arousal, the Swede stares at them, his eyes move lower, to her blonde fur, her wet pinkness.

Jane is under the hypnotic sway of Eros, she spreads her legs, offers her vagina to him.

Sven tears off his apron, unbuckles his belt, unbuttons his trousers, pulls out a formidable uncircumcised penis, masturbates it, walks to Jane, she takes his penis, strokes it.

JANE

What a magnificent penis you
have, Sven.

She licks it, fellates it, places it between her breasts.

JANE

Put it in me, Sven.

Sven mounts her, inserts his penis, Jane MOANS, has an orgasm, he copulates her slowly, stares into her beautiful face, her ice-blue eyes, he cups her breasts, squeezes them, licks, sucks her nipples, she MOANS, has an orgasm, she pulls him close, rubs his back, raises her legs, humps him back, she MOANS again.

JANE

Oh, Sven; did you come to
protect me?

SVEN

You bane good to me. Hay
treat me like darty dog.
Ay help you, lady. You
yust vait - Ay help you.

JANE

But how can you help me,
Sven, when all these men
will be against us? Oh,
unhh, you feel so good,
so good. Fuck me, Sven!
Fuck me harder!

Sven increases his pace, his buttocks tighten, he GRUNTS,
ejaculates.

SVEN

Ay tank it blow purty
soon purty hard.

Jane holds him tight, he stares with love into her face;
slowly, he disengages, pulls up his trousers, smiles, leaves
the room.

Day turns into night, then midnight.

INT. JANE'S CABIN - MIDNIGHT

A KNOCK at the cabin door, Sven enters with a bundle of
blankets and a pair of boots, Jane is waiting by the berth,
her blankets are rolled and tied with a cord. Sven places a
finger to his lips, hands the boots to Jane.

SVEN

Put these on.

Jane puts on the boots, Sven hands her the bundle.

SVEN

(continuing)

Carry this. Do not make some
noise when you see it. It
ban your kid.

Jane holds the bundle to her breast, tears of joy run down
her cheeks, she SHAKES with emotion.

SVEN

Come! We got not time to
vaste.

He looks out the door, the coast is clear, they leave.

EXT. MAIN DECK OF THE KINCAID - MIDNIGHT

It is dark, overcast on the deck, Sven, Jane, and the baby, climb down the ship's monkey-ladder to the rowboat tied up at the steamers's side. They are not detected. They cut the rope, row up the Ugambi.

EXT. UGAMBI RIVER - NIGHT

The full moon breaks through the overcast, they see a tributary running into the Ugambi, turn left up the tributary, giant trees grow on either side into a giant arch overhead, enormous creepers grow from the ground to the loftiest branches, fall in curling loops almost to the river's placid breast.

The river's surface is broken ahead by a crocodile startled from the paddling of the oars, a herd of hippos SNORT, BLOW dive from the sandy bar to the cool depths of the river.

Animal noises of all kinds pierce the thick jungle darkness: the MANIACAL VOICE of the hyena, the COUGHING GRUNT of the panther, the DEEP AND AWFUL ROAR of the lion, the INCESSANT CHATTERING of monkeys.

Hours later, Sven brings the boat to shore before a clearing; just ahead, a Mosula village, a cluster of native huts encircled by a thorn boma dimly in the distance.

SVEN

You wait here. Ay talk to
the Mosula Chief.

Sven goes ahead, Janes waits, Sven comes back, they enter the boma, spread out their blankets outside the huts.

SVEN

(continuing)

We sleep out here; the huts
are full of rats.

They spoon together for warmth, go to sleep.

The baby CRIES in the middle of the night, Jane wakes up, fumbles with her blouse buttons, pulls out a breast, gives the baby suck. Sven lifts the hem of her skirt, Jane lifts her leg, gives him access, he slides in her vagina, rubs her other breast, copulates her.

JANE

Oh, yes, fuck me, Sven!

He kisses her cheek, her neck, the baby SUCKS, she MOANS in orgasm, he copulates her harder, GRUNTS! ejaculates, they fall asleep.

Morning breaks, the baby CRIES, Jane awakens, sits up to give the baby suck, her blouse is still unbuttoned, her heavy breasts exposed, she unfolds the blanket, she looks at the baby's face, her eyes widen in wonder, she SWOONS, sinks to the ground.

Jane comes to, Sven is standing over her, he holds the baby.

SVEN

What is the matter? You ban sick?

JANE

Where is my baby?

Sven holds out the baby to her, Jane waves it away.

JANE

(continuing)

It is not mine! You knew that is was not mine. You are a devil like the Russian.

SVEN

Not yours! You tole me the kid aboard the Kincaid ban your kid.

JANE

Not this one. The other.
Where is the other? There
must have been two. I did
not know about this one.

SVEN

There vasn't no other kid.
Ay tank this ban yours. Ay
am very sorry.

The baby CRIES OUT, reaches out its little hands for Jane,
she cannot resist, springs to her feet, takes the baby in
her arms, gives it suck.

JANE

Have you no idea whose
child this is?

SVEN

(shakes head)

Not now. If he ain't ban
your kid, Ay don' know
whose kid he do ban. Rokoff
said it was yours. Ay tank
he tank so, too.

Jane contemplates the situation.

JANE

(to herself)

Rokoff stole the wrong
baby. Oh, God, please let
baby Jack be safe!

SVEN

What do we do with it now?
Ay can't go back to the
Kincaid. Rokoff would have
me shot.

JANE

No, let us press on and take this poor little creature with us. If God is willing we shall be saved in one way or another.

They recruit a HALF DOZEN OF THE MOSULA NATIVES to carry the provisions and the tents Sven took from the ship, march in a column up a trail, three days pass, at the end of each day's march, the natives set up a camp.

A MOSULA NATIVE rushes into camp in the morning, talks to Sven, he relays his message to Jane.

SVEN

Rokoff is just a march away!

JANE

The baby is ill with the fever. We cannot move him now.

The Mosula natives become frightened that Rokoff is near, slowly, one by one, they abandon the camp.

SVEN

We must go. The kid can take his chances.

They take off alone down a jungle trail, close behind they hear the NOISE OF A SAFARI clearing trail, Sven hides Jane behind a great tree, covers her and the child with brush.

SVEN

(continuing)

There is a village about a mile further on. The Mosula told me the location before they deserted us. Try to lead the Russian off your trail, then you go on to the village.

SVEN

(continuing)

Ay tank the Chief ban
friendly to white men -
the Mosula tal me he
ban. Gude-bye and gude
luck!

JANE

But where are you going, Sven?
Why can't you hide here with
us?

SVEN

Ay gotta tal the Russian you
ban dead so he don' luk for
you no more. Think of the
kid, lady, and what it be for
you both to fall into
Rokoff's hands. For his sake,
you must do what Ay say.
Here, take my rifle and
ammunition; you may need them.

Sven stuffs the rifle and ammo into the shelter, leaves.
Jane glances at the baby's face, it is an unnatural red
color, Jane panics, rushes from the shelter with the dying
baby, runs down the trail to the village, leaves the rifle
and ammo behind.

To her rear, the sudden SHOUTS of men, BANG! BANG! BANG! the
sound of shots, then silence.

EXT. UGAMBI RIVER - DAY

Tarzan and his hideous crew paddle up the Ugambi, stop at a
native village. Tarzan goes into the village, comes back,
talks to Mugambi and Akut.

TARZAN

The Chief says two parties
have passed this way. The
first were three whites - a
man, woman, baby - and a
half dozen native bearers.

TARZAN

(continuing)

The second was Rokoff and his men. Continue to paddle up the river. I will join you again in a few days. Now I go ahead to learn what has become of the very bad white man whom I seek.

They part, all of Akut's Apes have become expert paddlers.

EXT. UGAMBI RIVER JUNGLE - DAY

Tarzan swings through the trees, passes several deserted villages, finally comes to a large occupied village.

The CHIEF, a naked wicked-looking fellow with the filed teeth of a cannibal, receives him with open arms.

CHIEF

The bearded white man you seek left my village one day past. I have not heard of another party. You will be able to catch up to them easily. But you are very tired, rest here. You will be safe.

Tarzan finds a place beneath a tree, falls immediately asleep in advanced exhaustion.

As soon as Tarzan is asleep, the Chief calls TWO WARRIORS, gives them orders, they take off down the trail that follows the Ugambi River.

Three hours later, several canoes filled with a DOZEN WARRIORS, Rokoff, and FIVE SAILORS, approach, pull up to shore on the trail just outside the village.

They join the Chief, he takes him to where Tarzan is sleeping.

CHIEF

Is this the man you described
as the one you left on Jungle
Island?

Rokoff smiles as he sees the ape-man sleeping.

ROKOFF

(whispers)

Yes, that is him. You shall
be rewarded amply with rifles
and ammunition.

The Chief makes hand signals, A DOZEN NAKED WARRIORS pounce on Tarzan, he is helpless, becomes fully awake after he is already bound, left prostrate before the Russian.

ROKOFF

(continuing; sneers)

Pig! Have you not yet
learned sufficient wisdom
to keep away from Nikolas
Rokoff?

Rokoff KICKS Tarzan full in the face, POW!

ROKOFF

(continuing)

That for your welcome!
Tonight, before my
Ethiopian friends eat you,
I shall tell you what
has already befallen
your wife and child,
and what further plans
I have for their futures.

INT. VILLAGE HUT - NIGHT

Flickering light illuminates the inside of Tarzan's prison hut, there is MUCH ACTIVITY in the village as it prepares for the feast.

Tarzan is bound, prostrate on the dirt floor, haunted by the idea of Jane and his son, Jack, in the hands of Rokoff.

Suddenly, a familiar scent, Tarzan SNIFFS, smiles, his ears prick to the soundless presence outside the hut, he purses his lips, makes an almost IMPERCEPTIBLE SOUND.

The SOUND OF PADDED PAWS scale the outer wall, then a TEARING at the poles which form the wall of the hut, a hole is created, through the hole a slithering form enters the hut, it is Sheeta. He presses his cold muzzle to Tarzan's neck, SNUFFS around, WHINES, not knowing what to do, he LICKS Tarzan's arms and wrists.

The SOUND OF APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS, Sheeta gives a LOW GROWL, slinks to a dark corner. A TALL NAKED SAVAGE WARRIOR enters the hut, PRICKS Tarzan in the side with his spear.

Tarzan makes a WEIRD UNCANNY SOUND, Sheeta pounces from the darkness, a bolt of fur-clad death, he lands full upon the breast of the painted savage, buries his talons in the black's flesh, SQUISH! sinks sharp fangs into his ebon throat, CRUNCH!

A FEARFUL SCREAM of anguish and terror, GROWLING, then silence. Sheeta eats the man, CRUNCH, CRUNCH!

Sudden quiet in the village, then HIGH PITCHED FEARFUL VOICES followed by the SOFT SOOTHING VOICE of the Chief.

Sheeta stops eating, slinks out of the hut through the hole he has made, after a second, the SOUND OF HIM SCALING THE WALL.

Many warriors approach the hut, two in the lead with lighted torches and spears, they peer inside, see it empty but for Tarzan and the terrible rent body of Sheeta's victim, his throat and breast horribly mangled.

They turn, SCREAM from the hut.

TWO WHITE SAILORS enter the hut, they carry torches and guns.

SAILOR 1

What happened here?

Tarzan smiles, shakes his head. Rokoff appears, his face turns white as he sees the dead man, the Chief joins him.

ROKOFF

Come! Let us get to work
and finish this demon before
he has an opportunity to
repeat this thing upon more
of your people.

The Chief orders men to carry Tarzan to the stake.

EXT. THE STAKE, CANNIBAL VILLAGE CENTER - NIGHT

The stake stands in the center of a circle of burning fires
and boiling cooking pots. SCORES OF NAKED CANNIBALS OF ALL
AGES AND SEXES fill the village center.

Tarzan is secured fast to the stake, a six foot pole crowned
with the skulls of many victims. A thin trickle of blood
flows down his side from the spear wound, he makes no sound.

Tarzan's smile of contempt infuriates Rokoff. With a volley
of OATHS, he leaps on Tarzan, BEATS him with his fists, BAM,
BAM, BAM! KICKS him in the legs with his feet. He grabs a
spear, raises it, Tarzan smiles in contempt.

The Chief springs upon Rokoff, takes the spear from his
hands.

CHIEF

Stop, white man! Rob us
of this prisoner and our
death dance, and you
yourself may have to
take his place.

Rokoff takes the hint, stands back, shouts to Tarzan.

ROKOFF

I will eat your heart and
turn your son into a
cannibal. I will fuck your
wife again like the cheap
whore that she is, and then
all of my men will enjoy her
blonde bounty until they tire
of her.

ROKOFF

(continuing)

I have already given her a taste of my proud Russian cock, and she loved every inch of it. In the end, I will give her as a bride to a cannibal chief. Imagine if you will what they will suffer before you die.

The death dance commences, the village cannibals jump and writhe in savage frenzy, the warriors leap into the inner circle, the flickering firelight illuminates their painted bodies, they circle Tarzan, stamp their feet, jab their spears at him, with each revolution around the circle, their spears jab closer, PRICK Tarzan in multiple places, he is soon covered with blood.

A SHRILL SCREAM from the jungle, Tarzan replies with the FIERCE CRY OF THE BULL APE.

The cannibals freeze, hesitate to proceed, Rokoff intervenes, urges them forward to finish off the ape-man, the warriors move forward, before they can reach him, the green-eyed hate and ferocity of Sheeta slinks into the circle, stands by Tarzan's side, bares his fangs, GROWLS.

ROKOFF

Kill them both with your spears, you cowards!

The cannibal warriors collect themselves, the Chief looks up in the trees, SCREAMS, flees. Everyone looks up, flees in fear. Akut and his Apes leap GROWLING from the trees.

Tarzan once again gives the CRY OF THE BULL APE, Sheeta and the Apes attack the villagers.

Some of the warriors turn and fight, are torn apart, eaten by the fierce beasts, RIP, CRUNCH!

The village is soon empty, Tarzan recalls his hideous army, tries to get Akut and his Apes to untie him, but the concept is beyond them.

He spends the night lashed to the stake. The natives make several counter-attacks, the animals hold them at bay.

They can only last so long without direction. The natives get ready to make one last attack, an Ape glares at a hut, Mugambi appears, breathes heavily, unties Tarzan just as the new attack begins in earnest.

Tarzan grabs a spear and knob stick from one of the corpses, leads his army against the attackers. A FIERCE AND SAVAGE BATTLE ensues, they rout the villagers, take a prisoner.

Tarzan questions him, discovers the location of Rokoff's camp; he reports the intelligence to his army.

TARZAN

Rokoff's camp is a few miles
up the river. Follow me up
the river trail as fast as
you can. I will take to
the trees since time is of
the essence.

They part.

EXT. UGAMBI RIVER TRAIL - DAY

Jane runs the mile down the trail with the baby in her arms, she approaches a little thatched village, is immediately surrounded by SCORES OF NAKED VILLAGERS OF ALL AGES AND SEXES.

She cannot understand them, points to the baby, repeats over and over:

JANE

Fever - fever - fever!

The blacks look at the baby, a YOUNG WOMAN pulls her into a hut, with SEVERAL OTHERS tries to calm the baby, allay its suffering, it CRIES HYSTERICALLY the whole time.

A WITCH DOCTOR appears, builds a little fire for the baby, he boils a strange concoction in a small earthen pot, makes weird passes above it, MUMBLES STRANGE, MONOTONOUS CHANTS.

He dips a zebra's tail into the strange brew, drips a few drops on the baby's face. It does no good. Soon, Jane is left alone with some women and the baby.

The baby slowly dies, breathes its last.

M'GANWAZAM, the Chief, enters the hut. He is a large evil-appearing savage, every mark of brutal degeneracy writ large upon his bestial countenance, he almost looks like a gorilla, has an enormous penis, it swings between his legs. He tries to communicate, is unable, calls in ANOTHER BLACK MAN, a much smaller man with a much smaller penis, obviously of another tribe.

INTERPRETER

M'ganwazam, the Chief, would like to know what your plans are? What is your intended destination?

JANE

I plan to find my husband, return to the sea and find passage back to our own country.

INTERPRETER

I have just learned from some men who live by the side of great water, that your husband followed you up the Ugambi River for several marches, when he was at last set upon by natives and killed. Therefore I have told you this that you might not waste your time in a long journey if you expected to meet your husband at the end of it.

JANE

Thank the Chief for his kindness.

The Chief makes a hand signal to the interpreter.

INTERPRETER

The Chief says that you are to be his wife. He wishes to see what he is marrying. Stand and remove your clothes.

Jane stares wide-eyed in disbelief, the chief CLAPS, the women rise, drag Jane to her feet, strip off her clothes, the Chief smiles when he sees her blonde bush, he gets an erection, it is at least ten inches long and over two inches wide. Jane GASPS at its size.

The women fondle Jane, one cups her breasts for the Chief to see how full they are, lets them drop, they jiggle, it delights the Chief and the interpreter, he too has an erection, it is half the size of the Chief's. The woman rubs Jane's belly, her blonde fur, fingers her, first with one, then two, then three fingers, pulls them out, they drip with Jane's juices.

The Chief CLAPS, the women grab Jane by the arms and legs, extend them, lift her off her feet, hold her at waist level, spread her legs, the Chief CLAPS, the interpreter walks forward.

INTEPRETER

The Chief wishes me to prepare your vagina for his great size.

He presses the outer edge of his penis between her labia, waits for the signal, the Chief CLAPS, the women STAMP their feet, CHANT, the interpreter inserts his penis, Jane GROANS, he copulates her in a frenzy, the women CHANT, he GRUNTS, ejaculates, he pulls out, spreads her labia, opens her vagina for the Chief to see his semen, the Chief nods, the interpreter steps away.

The Chief walks between her legs, Jane stares at his hideous face, at his filed teeth, his savage demeanor, his painted body, his large menacing uncircumcised penis, the huge tip appearing out of the foreskin.

JANE

Oh, God; please deliver me
from this nightmare!

The Chief slides the tip of his penis inside her, she MOANS, it is a very tight fit, the Chief forces himself inside inch by inch, Jane GROANS, the Chief only gets three quarters of the way in.

Jane stares at the sight of his huge black penis inside her vagina, she's under the sway of Eros, she humps up, takes him in another inch, he copulates her, the women CHANT, the Chief MAKES ANIMAL NOISES, reaches forward, squeezes Jane's breasts, sucks her nipples, she lactates, he sucks the milk out, the women CHANT, the Chief copulates her harder, Jane moves her hips against him, she MOANS, has an orgasm, the Chief GRUNTS, ejaculates, Jane MOANS, has another orgasm.

The Chief pulls out, stands back, nods his head.

INTERPRETER

The Chief is pleased. He
will have you for a wife.

The Chief CLAPS, they lower Jane to the dirt floor, the Chief and interpreter leave.

A NOISE at the entrance, someone enters, a woman throws a faggot upon the dying embers of the fire, it flares up, reveals Nikolas Rokoff, he walks to Jane.

ROKOFF

How does it feel to go native,
whore of the jungle? Did you
like your first taste of
black cock? There will be
more to come.

(LAUGHS)

You have gone to a great
deal of unnecessary trouble
to bring the child to this
village. I should have
brought him here myself.
This is the village the child
was destined from the first.

ROKOFF

(continuing)

M'ganwazam will rear him carefully, making a good cannibal of him. Now, surrender him to me, that I may turn him over to his foster parents.

Jane bends down, picks up the bundle, without a word, hands it to Rokoff.

JANE

Here is the child. Thank God he is beyond your power to harm.

Rokoff stares at the lifeless form, gets enraged, almost throws the dead child at Jane, STAMPS up and down, POUNDS the air with his clenched fists, SWEARS profusely, he brings his face close to hers.

ROKOFF

(shrieks)

You are laughing at me!
You think you have beaten me - eh? I'll show you, as I have shown the miserable ape you call "husband" what it means to interfere with the plans of Nikolas Rokoff. You have robbed me of the child. I cannot make him the son of a cannibal chief, but - I can make the mother the wife of a cannibal! How do you like your new husband?

Rokoff LAUGHS; Jane realizes that he believes the child to be her real baby Jack, goes along with the fiction.

JANE

(continuing)

My son is dead. Do with me as you please. Go away! Go away and leave me at peace with my dead. What wrong have I ever done you that you should persist in persecuting me?

ROKOFF

You are suffering for the sins of the monkey you chose when you might have had the love of gentleman. But what is the use in discussing the matter. Tomorrow, after I have had my fill of pleasure, I shall bring you back and turn you over to your new husband - the lovely M'ganwazam. Come!

Rokoff grabs Jane's arm, wrenches her to her feet, leads her outside the hut.

EXT. UGAMBI RIVER TRAIL - DAY

Tarzan comes across a YOUNG NATIVE stalking a wounded man in a nearby bush, the man readies his spear to hurl at the wounded man, Tarzan dimly remembers the wounded man's drooping yellow mustache from the Kincaid.

Tarzan leaps upon the native, KNOCKS the spear from his hands, the native WHIPS out a knife, attacks the ape-man, a fierce battle ensues, Tarzan breaks his neck, SNAP! stands on his victim, gives the GREAT VICTORY CRY OF THE BULL APE.

Tarzan turns on the Swede, his eyes burn with fury.

TARZAN

Where is my wife? Where is the child?

Sven tries to reply, a sudden fit of COUGHING chokes him. He has an arrow sticking from his chest, blood pours from his wounded lung. The COUGHING eventually stops. The Swede tries to speak, Tarzan puts his ear near the Swede's mouth.

TARZAN

My wife and child - where
are they?

The Swede points down the trail.

SVEN

(whispers)

The Russian - he got them.
His men get me when Ay ban
wounded. Rokoff he say
leave me here for the hyenas.
That vas vorse than to kill.
He take your wife and kid.

Tarzan kneels by the Swede, realizes he tried to help Jane escape.

TARZAN

I am sorry. I had looked
for none but knaves in
company with Rokoff. I
see that I was wrong. We
must have you on your feet
again as soon as possible.

Sven smiles, shakes his head.

SVEN

Ay ban gude as dead already,
but Ay hate to tank of the
hyenas. Von't you finish
up this job?

Tarzan SHUDDERS, lifts the man up higher to ease his COUGHING, he has another fit more terrible than ever.

Sven closes his eyes, goes silent for a moment, he opens his eyes, looks into the ape-man's eyes, SIGHS, speaks in a very low weak whisper:

SVEN
 (continuing)
 Ay tank it blow purty soon
 purty hard!

He dies.

EXT. ROKOFF'S JUNGLE CAMP - NIGHT

Rokoff drags Jane into his camp, SEVEN SAILORS stand around a fire, stare at Jane's raw nakedness. He takes her to the outside of his tent, SLAPS her into submission, the sailors HOWL IN LAUGHTER.

ROKOFF
 You can have her when I'm
 through, men!

Rokoff grabs her arm, JERKS her toward the tent entrance, she resists, he punches her in the face, POW! the sailors LAUGH.

Jane wobbles on her feet, Rokoff punches her in the face again and again, POW, POW, POW! knocks her senseless, her mouth bleeds, the men HOWL IN LAUGHTER.

Rokoff drags her inside his tent, shuts the tent flap, carries the staggering woman to a cot, throws her on it, takes his clothes off, he is erect, he squats over the cot between Jane's legs, cups her buttocks, lifts her legs over his thighs, moves the tip of his penis through her rich wet fur, her pink petaled labia, against her clitoris, Jane MOANS, opens her eyes, looks at Rokoff's face.

ROKOFF
 Do you wish me to fuck you,
 whore of the jungle?

She MOANS.

ROKOFF
 (continuing)
 I'll take that for a yes.

She hunches up her pelvis, Rokoff eases inside her, she MOANS, Rokoff ravages her body, bites her nipples, SLAPS! her across the face, takes her like an animal, Jane MOANS, has MULTIPLE ORGASMS, Rokoff GRUNTS, ejaculates, collapses on top of her.

ROKOFF

Revenge was never as sweet.

Jane slowly comes out of her erotic reverie, is repelled by Rokoff's penis inside her, sees his revolver in the pile of clothes at the foot of the cot, reaches for it, retrieves it from its holster, brings it above Rokoff's head, he is still weak from orgasm, reacts too late, Jane crowns him over the head with the butt of the revolver, BAM! he is knocked out cold.

She rolls his body off her, rises, snuffs out the lamp, in the darkness, she fumbles through Rokoff's clothes, finds a long hunting knife, cuts an opening in the far wall of the tent, escapes into the darkness of the jungle.

She finds her way back to the trail, finds the shelter where the rifle and ammunition are stashed, retrieves them, climbs into a tall tree.

She finds a crotch in the branches like Tarzan taught her, falls asleep.

EXT. ROKOFF'S CAMP - MORNING

Rokoff wakes up, has a splitting headache, feels the bump on his head, the blood, becomes enraged, rushes from his tent, tries to shoot THE NATIVE SENTRIES who let Jane escape, THE SAILORS fear retaliation, jump Rokoff, seize his revolver.

A RUNNER from M'ganwazam's village enters the camp.

RUNNER

Bwana, the white devil comes!

Rokoff's natives run in fear of Tarzan, take everything of value with them. Rokoff and the sailors are left alone with nothing.

Rokoff vents his rage at the sailors, one of them pulls out a revolver, shoots it at Rokoff, BANG! he misses, Rokoff panics, flees to his tent, before he enters, he sees Tarzan approach.

He closes the tent flap, sees the opening Jane created to escape, climbs through, follows the trail to the river.

EXT. UGAMBI RIVER TRAIL - MORNING

Jane climbs down from the tree, takes off down the trail, comes to the river, sees a dugout canoe halfway out of the water tied to a tree. She puts her rifle and bandolier in the dugout, tries to dislodge it, it won't budge.

She gathers driftwood, piles it into the rear of the dugout, its weight makes the end of the dugout dip in the river, it becomes dislodged, she gets inside the dugout, grabs a paddle, sees Rokoff, he stands beneath a great tree, stares at her nakedness, her hair is disheveled, her body covered in sweat and blood.

Rokoff runs at her, reaches for the bow, the dugout takes off in the current, pulls away, Rokoff reaches for it in vain, Rokoff falls down, reaches in the water, finds the rope that is tied to the tree, grabs it, pulls it in.

JANE

You will never fuck me again,
Nikolas!

Jane picks up the rifle, aims it at Rokoff, he sees the murder in her eyes, drops the rope, the force of the current, the weight of the canoe, SNAPS! the rope in half, the canoe pulls away, Jane is knocked back just as she pulls the trigger, BANG! the bullet misses, WHIZZES over Rokoff's head. The river current takes Jane downstream towards the mouth of the Ugambi.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ERB'S SAN DIEGO OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

ERB reviews what he has written, CHUCKLES.

ERB

(to himself)

Let's see if Emma still
thinks of herself as Jane
after she's been raped by
everyone in the jungle.

He SIGHS, realizes the sun has gone down, reaches into a drawer, takes out an envelope, opens it, takes out a letter, reads it.

CLOSE on letter: The Burroughs Family: Merry Christmas! We had such a marvelous time on the train getting to know you, Emma, and the kids. I do hope you take advantage of our open invitation to visit us on your return to Chicago. We hope you all have a Happy New Year. Just think, it's almost 1914! All our love, Fred, Emma, and Tom.

He YAWNS, looks at the clock, SIGHS, opens a letter he has received in the mail from Maude Gilbert, inside is a courtesy note from Maude attached to a hand-written letter from Florence.

The courtesy note reads: She's serious, Mr. Burroughs. Maude.

CLOSE on letter: Dear Mr. Burroughs: How is San Diego? I have just finished reading the second installment of "Warlord of Mars" in the January issue of All-Story.

I am very frustrated that John Carter is making so many stupid mistakes that constantly allow others to keep Dejah Thoris from him. I really hate Phaidor and her evil father Matai Shang. I am so glad that John Carter broke up the stupid religion of Mars, but if he does not get Dejah Thoris back, what difference does it make?

I am going crazy not knowing how this will end. I wonder if you would do me the great favor of telling me how the story ends. I cannot sleep at night not knowing what will become of Dejah Thoris - I fear what may happen to her if it weren't for Matai Shang and the Black Pirate Dator Thurid fighting over her all the time. Oh, Mr. Burroughs, will you please free me from this dread? Yours truly, Florence. P.S. I'll be ten years old next month.

ERB smiles, takes a fresh sheet of paper, inserts it into the typewriter, types:

My dearest Florence: Happy Birthday, my Princess. I have decided to give you a special present and tell you how the story ends. You will be the only reader on Earth who will know this, except for my children.

I am really sorry about your frustration over all the stupid mistakes John Carter is making, but that is the nature of the cliff-hanger; when you get older, you will understand. You may not know it yet, but people like to be scared and held in suspense. So, here is the ending: John Carter has joined forces with Thuvia's father, Thuvan Dihn, Jeddak of Ptarth; they have followed Matai Shang to the North Polar region of Okar...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE LAND OF OKAR JUST OUTSIDE THE CARRION CAVES - DAY

John Carter and THUVAN DIHN, Jeddak of Ptarth and father of Thuvia, exit the Carrion Caves, the maze of tunnels winding through the Great Ice Barrier that surrounds the North Polar regions and the Land of Okar.

The Land of Okar is occupied by a race of Yellow Men; they are exactly like the Red and Black Men, they have black hair and eyebrows, but have large cat-like oval eyes and their skin is ripe lemon-yellow in color; the men wear their hair long and have thick black beards.

Carter and Thuvan Dihn shiver in the cold, they wear inadequate silk and fur robes, good for the normal chill of the Martian night, but not good enough for the North Pole. The surrounding country is boulder-strewn, they find a well-worn path and set out.

THUVAN DIHN

No wonder no one ever invades this country! The Great Ice Barrier virtually makes it impossible to enter by land, except through these wretched caves.

CARTER

The Green Men will make short work of that, my friend. As for the rest, that is why I sent for the fleet of Helium. They will have little trouble crossing the Ice Barrier in their great Battleships.

THUVAN DIHN

You may want to reconsider that opinion over time, John Carter. It is believed that Than Kosis, Jeddak of Helium, and his son, Mors Kajak, Jed of Lesser Helium, were last seen heading toward this region when they disappeared off the map.

CARTER

(points)

What do we have here?

In the distance SIX YELLOW MEN - dressed in the yellow and black-striped furs of the orluk, an Arctic monster - huddle behind a large boulder, wait for their prey. Carter and Thuvan Dihn, using another boulder for cover, watch.

ANOTHER YELLOW MAN dressed in the pure white fur of the apt, another Arctic monster, walks down the path toward the six men in ambush.

The six ambushers are each armed with two swords, a short javelin is slung across their backs, they wear a cuplike shield no larger than a dinner plate on their left arms, the concave sides of which turn outward toward an antagonist.

One of the swords the men carry has a sharp-edged blade with a complete hook at the far end, the other is straight and two-edged, about half way in length between a long and short sword.

The six men withdraw their swords silently from their scabbards as their prey approaches, they hold the hooked sword in their left hands, the regular sword in their right.

The man in white walks right into the ambush, the six rush out SHOUTING LIKE WILD APACHES.

The man in white whips out his two swords, SCHWING! meets his attackers, CLANG! CLANG! each trying to hook the other's sword, each blocking the hooking attempt with their cuplike shields, the concave curvature deflects the hook.

The man in white hooks one of his attackers, draws him close, runs him through with his other sword, SQUISH!

THUVAN DIHN

What do you make of that?

He turns to Carter, he is not there. He looks back at the battle, Carter has joined in on the side of the man in white. Thuvan Dihn shakes his head, smiles, draws his sword, runs into the thick of the battle.

Carter and Thuvan Dihn quickly adjust to the new style of fighting, CLANG! CLANG! their superior swordsmanship soon makes quick work of the remaining five aggressors, SQUISH! SQUISH! SQUISH!

The man in white turns to Carter, takes off his cuplike shield, presents it to Carter, Carter refuses to take it.

TALU

Then accept from Talu, Rebel
Prince of Marentina, this
token of my gratitude.

He reaches beneath one of his wide sleeves, withdraws a bracelet, places it on Carter's arm. He repeats the ceremony with Thuvan Dihn with another bracelet from his other sleeve.

CARTER

This is Thuvan Dihn, Jeddak
of Ptarth, and I am John
Carter, Prince of Helium.

TALU

Ah, you seek your ruler and
his company?

CARTER

Know you of them?

TALU

But little more than they were captured by my uncle, Salensus Oll, Jeddak of Jeddaks, Ruler of Okar, Land of the Yellow Men of Barsoom. As to their fate I know nothing, for I am at war with my uncle, who would crush my power in the Principality of Marentina.

(waves at dead)

These from whom you have just saved me are warriors he has sent out to find and slay me, for they know that often I come alone to hunt and kill the sacred apt which Salensus Oll so much reveres.

(grimaces)

It is partly because I hate his religion and his slavery to the superstition of the Therns that Salensus Oll hates me; but mostly does he fear my growing power and the great religious faction which has arisen throughout Okar that would be glad to see me Ruler of Okar and Jeddak of Jeddaks in his place.

(sighs)

Salensus Oll has given refuge to what remains of the ancient and accursed religion, whereas I seek to weed it out once and for all.

THUVAN DIHN

We are in agreement about
 the religion of the Therns.
 We seek to destroy the leader,
 Matai Shang, who held my
 daughter, Thuvia, as a
 prisoner for fifteen years.
 Only her great beauty and her
 strange power over animals
 kept her alive for so long.
 She was scheduled for a
 grisly execution when John
 Carter rescued her. Now she
 has been captured again, and
 I fear for her fate.

TALU

Matai Shang has likely sought
 sanctuary with Salensus Oll;
 he was one of the religion's
 greatest benefactors. He is
 a cruel and tyrannous
 master whom all hate, and
 were it not for the great
 fear they have of him I
 could raise an army overnight
 that would wipe out the few
 that might remain loyal to
 him. My own people are
 faithful to me, and the
 little Valley of Marentina
 has paid no tribute to the
 Court of Salenus Oll for
 a year.

(smiles)

Nor can he force us, for a
 dozen men may hold the
 narrow way to Marentina
 against a million. But now,
 as to thine own affairs. How
 may the Rebel Prince aid you?
 My palace is at your disposal,
 if you wish to honor me by
 coming to Marentina.

CARTER

When our work is done we shall be glad to accept your invitation. But now you can assist us most by directing us to the Court of Salensus Oll, and suggesting some means by which we may gain admission to the city and to the palace, or whatever other place we find our friends to be confined.

Talu looks carefully at their inadequate furs, their smooth faces, Carter's white skin, Thuvan Dihn's red skin.

TALU

First you must come to Marentina, for a great change must be wrought in your appearances before you can hope to enter any city in Okar. You must have yellow faces and black beards, and your apparel and trappings must be those least likely to arouse suspicion. In my palace is one who can make you appear as truly yellow men as Salensus Oll himself.

Carter looks at Thuvan Dihn, they nod in agreement, they remove the Orluk furs of two of the dead men, put them on, follow Talu to Marentina.

EXT. MARENTINA - DAY

BACKGROUND MUSIC: Donald Fagen's "Trans-Island Skyway" from Kamakirirad.

AERIAL SHOT: The Principality of Marentina occupies a vast space in a rock-bound valley, the city rests at the far end of the valley, against a range of tall mountains, the city is covered with a massive geodesic dome, creating a hothouse environment.

ZOOM down to the top of the geodesic dome, the camera passes through the glass, inside, a huge palace complex with spires and towers dominates the center of the city, the broad, grid-like streets are full of strange-looking vehicles - Marentina ground fliers - going in all directions, they are able to pass over slower vehicles.

PAN to a ground flier driving near the outskirts of town, it heads toward the mountains on one of the broad red-ocher roads.

Marentina ground fliers look a lot like 1913 Packard open air touring cars, except that they are light and airy and have broad tires of rubber-like gas bags filled with the 8th Barsoomian Ray, the ray of repulsion.

They contain just sufficient buoyancy to give the cars traction for steering purposes, and though the hind wheels are geared to the engine, and aid in driving the machine, the bulk of this work is carried by a small propeller at the stern. The cars are the only means of artificial transportation over the broad avenues of sod sown with the seed of the ocher vegetation of the dead sea bottoms, the ground fliers seem to skim over these soft mossy avenues, they never get stuck.

A SLAVE drives the party of Talu, Carter, Thuvan Dihn, and THREE BEAUTIFUL NOBLE LADIES, to the solar collecting plant and its reservoirs beneath the city; they get out of the vehicle, inspect the gigantic plant, see the solar collector panels, the sunray tanks, the cavernous reservoirs.

They next visit the private Royal Spa overlooking the plant, a circular heated bubbling pool, high and secluded on top of a mountain, surrounded by giant boulders and waterfalls.

SLAVES fetch them drinks, they descend marble steps, soak in the bubbly water. The three noble women are very beautiful, have large breasts, the red of their lips and nipples against the yellow of their skin makes a strange but pleasant contrast. The women masturbate the men.

THUVAN DIHN

This is truly a man-made
paradise.

TALU

What do you think of our
sompas liquor?

CARTER

I'm afraid I've been spoiled
on Zodangan Gold. Have you
heard of it?

TALU

Yes, it is the best. But
it is almost impossible to
find any since the great
prohibition.

THUVAN DIHN

I find the liquor most
acceptable, Talu, and your
women most beautiful.

The girl with Thuvan Dihn smiles, licks his penis, Talu
motions for the girl with Carter to do the same.

TALU

Come now, LA-LO, show our
guest some Marentinan
hospitality.

LA-LO

Would you like me to lick
your penis, John Carter?

CARTER

Yes.

La-lo licks the tip of his penis, takes it between her lips,
masturbates the shaft, fellates the tip.

TALU

(to Thuvan Dihn)

How is it that you two met?

THUVAN DIHN

I was visiting my old friend,
Kulan Tith, Jeddak of Kaol.
I soon discovered that he was
giving refuge to Matai Shang
and Dator Thurid of the First
Born. Prior to the great
misfortune that took place
during my visit, my great
friend, Kulan Tith, was an
avid follower of the
Barsoomian superstition,
and hence took the word of
of Matai Shang as holy and
true.

(smiles)

Then John Carter appeared
in disguise and exposed the
fact that Matai Shang was
holding Dejah Thoris and
Thuvia as prisoners.
Matai Shang gave his word of
honor that that the
women would be turned over
the next morning. It is
hard not to believe him,
for those green eyes and
his powerful telepathic
mind make it nearly
impossible to disbelieve
him. Of course, we were all
deceived. They escaped in
the middle of the night.

(sighs)

The only good that came out
of it all was that Kulan Tith
finally saw the light,
repented of the horrid
superstition, and swore to
help us.

La-lo rises on top of Carter, she French-kisses him, rubs
her breasts in his face, impales herself on his penis, rides
him slowly.

LA-LO

So, John Carter, how is it that you met Thuvan Dihn's daughter, Thuvia of Ptarth? Was she not once famously known as the Red Witch of Ptarth, able to tame any wild beast?

Talu's eyes widen with memory. Carter cups La-lo's full breasts, squeezes them, bulges the big red nipples, sucks them.

CARTER

La-lo, I love the way your name sounds on my lips, but your name is not as sweet as your sweet, sweet nipples.

(smiles)

To answer your second question first; yes, Thuvia is known as the Red Witch of Ptarth; as for the first question, I met her after Tars Tarkas and I fought our way out of the Valley Dor; up the great Gold Cliffs of the Otz Mountains; through the great cave complex of the Therns to the Chamber of Mystery...

INT. CHAMBER OF MYSTERY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Carter and Tars Tarkas enter a large chamber hewn from the gold of the cliff, it shines dull gold in the diffused light of the single minute radium illuminator light in the center of the ceiling. Here and there polished surfaces of ruby, emerald, and diamond patch the golden walls and ceiling. The floor is of another material, very hard, worn by much use to the smoothness of glass.

The door through which they entered the chamber suddenly SLAMS shut, BAM!

Carter walks to the door, searches for the controlling button, A CRUEL AND MOCKING LAUGH RINGS OUT IN THE CHAMBER, Carter tightens his grip on the hilt of his sword.

VOICE (OFFSCREEN)

There is no hope, there is
no hope; the dead return not,
the dead return not; nor is
there any resurrection. Hope
not, for there is no hope.

Carter and Tars Tarkas walk in the direction of the voice, it speaks again, this time from the opposite side.

VOICE (OFFSCREEN)

(continuing)

Fools! Fools! Thinkest
thou to defeat the eternal
laws of life and death?
Wouldst cheat the mysterious
Issus, Goddess of Death, of
her just dues? Did not her
mighty messenger, the ancient
Iss, bear you upon her leaden
bosom at your own behest to
the Valley Dor? Thinkest
thou, O fools, that Issus
wilt give up her own?
Thinkest thou to escape from
whence in all the countless
ages but a single soul has
fled?

(pause)

Go back the way thou camest,
to the merciful maws of the
children of the Tree of Life
or the gleaming fangs of the
Great White Apes, for there
lies speedy surcease from
suffering.

VOICE (OFFSCREEN)

(continuing)

But insist in your rash
purposes to thread the
mazes of the Golden Cliffs
of the Mountains of Otz,
past the ramparts of the
impregnable fortresses of
the Holy Therns, and upon
your way Death in its most
frightful form will overtake
you.

(LAUGHS)

It will be a death so
horrible that even the Holy
Therns themselves, who
conceived both Life and Death,
avert their eyes from its
fiendishness and close
their ears against the
hideous shrieks of its
victims.

(pregnant pause)

Go back, O fools, the way
thou camest.

MANIACAL LAUGHTER.

CARTER

Most uncanny.

TARS TARKAS

What shall we do? We cannot
fight empty air.

A SOFT AND STEALTHY SOUND to their rear, they whip around,
are confronted by a banth, the Barsoomian lion.

Banths are almost hairless, having only a great bristly mane
about its thick neck. Its long lithe body is supported by
ten powerful legs, its enormous jaws are equipped with
several rows of long needle-like fangs, its mouth reaches to
a point far back of its tiny ears, it has enormous
protruding green eyes, yellow sides and belly.

The banth creeps forward, its tail LASHES back and forth against its sides, it emits A TERRIBLE ROAR, it springs on Carter, is met with his steel blade, SQUISH! Carter withdraws his blade, is surprised to find Tars Tarkas confronted by another banth.

Tars Tarkas dispatches the beast, then for nearly an hour the procedure is repeated until the chamber is covered with the carcasses of dead banths.

Carter tries to figure out how the banths get into the chamber, catches a glimpse in the mirror adorning the cross-strap on the back of Tars Tarkas's harness, sees the reflection of a secret revolving wall-section pivoting upon a revolving floor, now he understands.

CARTER
Move not, Tars Tarkas!
Move not a muscle!

Carter looks in the mirror, sees the reflection of the wall revolve open, catches a glimpse of the chamber on the other side of the wall, it is a great well-lighted chamber, on the far side SEVERAL RED MEN AND WOMEN, including Thuvia, a host of banths, and other ferocious beasts, are chained to the wall.

Standing in front of them, operating the revolving mechanism, A WHITE MAN with green eyes and a mass of long flowing blonde hair.

CARTER
(continuing)
Watch the wall at your end of the chamber, Tars Tarkas. It is through secret doorways in the wall that the brutes are loosed upon us. Back towards the wall with me.

They back up until they are about ten feet from the wall, then stop.

CARTER

(continuing)

That's it, now stop.
Stand still a little in
front of me so that I can
see the reflection in your
mirror; when the secret
doorway opens, I will leap
inside the receding half
of the pivoting door.
Likewise when I give the
signal, you will leap for
the opening made by the
inswinging section. Do
you understand?

Tars Tarkas nods, the door pivots open, Carter sees the reflection, leaps into the will-lit chamber, the door swings shut, Tars Tarkas does not make it, he faces the blonde white man.

He is armed with a long-sword, short-sword, dagger, and radium pistol, he whips out his pistol, Carter uppercuts with his long-sword, the gun flies from the man's grasp.

The man withdraws his long-sword, SCHWING! they have a tight close-drawn battle, CLANG! CLANG! he is an excellent swordsman, but he finds Carter's guard impregnable.

MAN

Who are you, white man?
That you are no Barsoomian
from the outer world is
evident from your color.
And you are not of us.

CARTER

What if I were from the
Temple of Issus?

MAN

Fate forfend!

He lunges at Carter, Carter side-steps, runs his blade between the man's ribs, SQUISH! Thuvia cries out:

THUVIA

Turn! Turn! Behind you!

Carter turns, faces ANOTHER WHITE MAN coming at him with a raised sword, Carter has a hard time, he is worn out from fighting all day, he is not up to par, the man forces him back toward the body, Carter trips over it.

The man rushes in for the kill, Carter grabs the dead man's pistol, shoots the attacker, ZZZTBANG! the man falls dead upon Carter, the edge of his sword SMACKS! Carter on the head, knocks him senseless.

His head fogs for a few seconds, he shakes it, gets to his feet, sizes up the situation, he looks at Thuvia, she is totally naked, leans haughtily against the wall, hands on her shapely hips, her proud pear-shaped breasts and pointed nipples jut out, fully aroused from the martial display she has just witnessed; she KICKS up her ankle chain, sends a telepathic message.

THUVIA

(telepathically)

Unchain me!

Carter shakes his head at the force of the telepathy, stares at the young girl's raw erotic beauty, gets an erection.

CARTER

By Issus, you are beautiful,
and you have such a powerful
mind; I can feel it inside me.

NOISE OF A TERRIBLE BATTLE on the other side of the wall, Carter realizes Tars Tarkas is fighting for his life, he goes to the wall, looks for the opening mechanism, cannot find it, slams his shoulder against it, it won't budge, raises his sword against the sullen gold.

He turns, shakes his head as Thuvia sends another telepathic message.

THUVIA
(telepathically)
Save thy sword, O Mighty
Warrior, for thou shalt
need it more where it will
avail to some purpose -
shatter it not against
senseless metal which
yields better to the
lightest finger touch of
one who knows its secret.

Carter walks to the girl, she takes his penis in her hand,
masturbates him.

CARTER
Know you the secret of it
then?

THUVIA
You have fought for me and
won me. I am yours; claim
me, for there are many
witnesses.

Carter does not respond.

THUVIA
(continuing)
Yes, I know the secret;
release me and I will give
you entrance to the other
horror chamber, if you wish.
The keys to my fetters are
upon the first dead of thy
foeman. But why would you
return to face again the
fierce banth, or whatever
form of destruction they
have loosed within that
awful trap?

She embraces him.

THUVIA
Claim me, my Chieftan!

Carter disengages.

CARTER

I have no time for this;
my friend fights for his
life in there alone.

Carter goes to the dead man, finds the keys, takes them to the girl, they JINGLE in his hands, she takes them, finds the right one, unlocks her chains, CLICK! stands, rubs her ankles, she selects another key, a long needle-thin key, walks to the wall, inserts it into an almost invisible hole, the wall panel pivots, opens silently.

Tars Tarkas is on the far side, his back against the wall, a semi-circle of banths move in on him, he smiles as he sees Carter, Carter prepares to spring into the fight, the girl grabs his arm.

THUVIA

Wait; leave them to me.

She approaches the fierce banths without fear, repeats a single Martian word in low but peremptory tones, they grovel and WHINE at her feet like a pack of obedient dogs, she leads them one by one into the other chamber, follows after them, the wall closes leaving Carter and Tars Tarkas alone. They wait, the wall opens, the girl appears.

THUVIA

(continuing)

Who are you? And what is
your mission, that you have
the temerity to attempt to
escape from the Valley Dor
and the death you have
chosen?

CARTER

I have chosen no death,
maiden. I am not of
Barsoom, nor have I taken
yet the voluntary pilgrimage
upon the River Iss.

(points to Tars Tarkas)

CARTER

(continuing)

My friend here is Jeddak of all the Tharks, and though he has not yet expressed a desire to return to the living world, I am taking him with me from the living lie that hath lured him to this frightful place. I am of another world. I am John Carter, Prince of the House of Tardos Mors, Jeddak of Helium. Perchance some faint rumor of me may have leaked within the confines of your hellish abode.

THUVIA

Yes, naught that passes in the world we have left is unknown here. I have heard of you, many years ago. The Therns have ofttimes wondered whither you had flown, since you had neither taken the pilgrimage, nor could be found upon the face of Barsoom.

CARTER

Tell me, and who be you, and why a prisoner, yet with power over the ferocious beasts of the place that denotes familiarity and authority far beyond that which might be expected of a prisoner or a slave?

THUVIA

Slave I am. For fifteen years a slave of this terrible place, and now that they have tired of me and become fearful of the power which my knowledge of their ways has given me I am but recently condemned to die the death.

She SHUDDERS.

CARTER

What death?

THUVIA

The Holy Therns eat human flesh, but only that which has died beneath the sucking lips of a Plant Man - flesh from which the defiling blood of life had been drawn. And to this cruel end I have been condemned.

(sighs)

It was to be within a few hours, had not your advent caused an interruption of their plans. The Therns you killed are lesser Therns, but of the same cruel and hateful race. The Holy Therns abide upon the outer slopes of these grim hills, facing the broad world from which they harvest their victims and their spoils.

(waves hand)

THUVIA

(continuing)

Labyrinthine passages connect these caves with the luxurious palaces of the Holy Therns, and through them pass upon their many duties the lesser Therns, and hordes of slaves and prisoners and fierce beasts; the grim inhabitants of this sunless world.

CARTER

How did you get here?

THUVIA

Now and again some hapless pilgrim, drifting out upon the silent sea from the cold Iss, escapes the Plant Men and the Great White Apes that guard the Temple of Issus and falls into the remorseless clutches of the Therns.

(shudders)

Or, as was my misfortune, is coveted by the Holy Thern who chances to be on watch in the balcony above the river where it issues from the bowels of the mountains through the cliffs of gold to empty into the Lost Sea of Korus.

(eyes flash hatred)

Sator Throg was on watch the day of my great misfortune. He took me for his sex slave; then Matai Shang, Father of the Therns, desired me for his own.

THUVIA

(continuing)

He too treated me like a
slave, but he was
intrigued with my mental
power and taught me the
11th Gate of the 13th Cycle
of the Kali-Mundi, the
secret mystical teaching
of the Holy Therns.

(breathes hard; breasts heave)

Sator Throg grew mad with
jealous rage; he swore
revenge and sentenced me to
die the death without Matai
Shang's knowledge. He would
have eaten me if you had not
intervened.

She embraces Carter, kisses him, rubs his muscled shoulders.

THUVIA

(continuing)

All who reach the Valley Dor
are, by custom, the rightful
prey of the Plant Men and
the Apes, while their arms
and ornaments become the
portion of the Therns.
But if one escapes the
terrible denizens of the
valley for even a few hours
the Therns may claim him as
their own. And again the
Holy Thern on watch, should
he see a victim he covets,
often tramples upon the
rights of the unreasoning
brutes of the valley and
takes his prize by foul means
if he cannot gain it by fair.

(contemplates)

THUVIA

(continuing)

It is said that occasionally
some deluded victim of
Barsoomian superstition will
so far escape the clutches
of the countless enemies
that beset his path from
the moment that he emerges
from the subterranean
passage through which the
Iss flows for a thousand
miles before it enters the
Valley Dor as to reach the
very walls of the Temple
of Issus. But what fate
awaits one there not even the
Holy Therns may guess, for
who has passed within those
gilded walls never has
returned to unfold the
mysteries they have held
since the beginning of time.

(stares at Carter)

The Temple of Issus is to the
Therns what the Valley Dor is
imagined by the peoples of
the outer world to be to them.
It is the ultimate haven of
peace, refuge, and happiness
to which they pass after this
life and wherein an eternity
of eternities is spent amidst
the delights of the flesh
which appeal most strongly
to this race of mental
giants and moral pygmies.

CARTER

The Temple of Issus is, I
take it, a heaven within a
heaven. Let us hope that
there it will be meted to the
Therns as they have meted it
here unto others.

Thuvia rubs the tip of his penis against her clitoris.

THUVIA

Claim me, my Chieftan!
I am worthy; my father is
Thuvan Dihn, Jeddak of
Ptarth. I am the Princess
Thuvia, the Red Witch of
Ptarth.

CARTER

Your name is legend, but I
cannot claim you until you
are out of harm's way; you
must be under no coercion.
Besides, Princess Dejah
Thoris, my wife, would have
to give me permission.

She turns away from him, folds her arms over her breasts,
gives him the cold shoulder.

TARS TARKAS

How do we escape?

THUVIA

There is no escape. It is
useless even to try.

CARTER

We have the right to escape
if we can. Our own moral
senses will not be offended
if we succeed, for we know
that the fabled life of love
and peace in the blessed
Valley Dor is a rank and
wicked deception. We know
that the valley is not sacred;
we know that the Holy Therns
are not holy; that they are a
race of cruel and heartless
mortals, knowing no more of
the real life to come than we
do.

(SMACKS fist into hand)

CARTER

(continuing)

Not only is it our right to
bend every effort to escape -
it is a solemn duty from
which we should not shrink
even though we know that we
should be reviled and
tortured by our own peoples
when we returned to them.

The girl and Tars Tarkas ponder the situation, they face the
horror of their own beliefs, the ages of error and
superstition.

CARTER

(continuing)

Again there is the chance
that with the weight of the
testimony of several of us
the truth of our statements
may be accepted, and at least
a compromise effected which
will result in the
dispatching of an expedition
of investigation to this
hideous mockery of heaven.

THUVIA

Never had I considered the
matter in that light before.
Indeed would I give my life
a thousand times if I could
but save a single soul from
the awful life that I have
led in this cruel place.
Yes, you are right, and I
will go with you as far as
we can go; but I doubt that
we ever shall escape.

TARS TARKAS

To the gates of Issus or to
the bottom of Korus, to the
snows to the north or to the
snows to the south, Tars
Tarkas follows where John
Carter leads. I have spoken.

THUVIA

I, Thuvia, will also follow
you, my Chieftan.

TARS TARKAS

So be it; lead the way.

Thuvia opens the revolving door, they enter the will-lit chamber, free all the Red Martians, Carter strips the two dead Therns of their weapons, he distributes them as far as they will go among the prisoners, the two pistols are given to Thuvia and another woman.

Thuvia summons two of the largest banths, they cower at her feet, she points to the two dead Therns, the Banths pounce on them, eat them, CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

THUVIA

(continuing)

I will lead you to a store-
room where arms and
ammunition are to found in
plenty. But even then, O
Prince, the arm of the Holy
Thern is long. It reaches
to every nation of Barsoom.
His secret temples are
hidden in the heart of
every community. Wherever
we go should we escape we
shall find that word of our
coming has preceded us, and
death awaits us before we may
pollute the air with our
blasphemies.

INT. THE LABYRINTH OF THE HOLY THERNS - DAY

They walk through countless tunnels and passages, the fierce banths lead the way, as they enter a great chamber, A HOLY THERN confronts them.

In addition to his leather trappings and jeweled ornaments, he wears a great circlet of gold around his brow, in the exact center of the circlet, an immense stone an inch in diameter, scintillating nine different and distinct rays. He motions the Banths to halt, they obey.

HOLY THERN

Stop! What means this,
Red Witch of Ptarth?

Thuvia raises her revolver, point blank shoots the Holy Thern in the breast, ZZZZTBANG! he drops dead.

THUVIA

Beast! After all these years
I am at last revenged of your
horrid Thern penis, Sator
Throg!

She pulls out her dagger, cuts off the dead man's penis, tosses it to the banths, one gulps it down in mid air, GULP!

THUVIA

(continuing)

O Prince, Fate is indeed kind
to us. The way is still
difficult, but through this
vile thing on the floor we
may yet win to the outer
world. Notest thou not the
remarkable resemblance
between this Holy Thern and
thyself?

She bends down, takes off the blonde wig from the corpse, places it on Carter's head.

THUVIA

(continuing)

Now don his harness, Prince,
and you may pass where you
will in the realms of the
Therns, for Sator Throg was
a Holy Thern of the Tenth
Cycle, and mighty among his
kind.

She waves her hand at the corpse, the banths move in and eat
it, CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

EXT. ROYAL SPA, MARENTINA - DAY (PRESENT)

Carter smiles as he finishes his story, La-lo is aroused,
she copulates with more intensity.

LA-LO

You are such a great
swordsman, John Carter,
and a Savior of all men.
Claim me for your own.

CARTER

If we succeed, La-lo, I
will come back and claim
you, if my Princess Dejah
Thoris allows.

LA-LO

That's what you said to
Thuvia. From whence does
this strange custom come?

CARTER

Jasoom.

LA-LO

No wonder you left that
horrible planet.

TALU

How can I meet your daughter,
Thuvan Dihn? By the light
of the lesser moon, I now
remember hearing of her great
fame. I would like to know
this wonderful girl. I
believe I have fallen in love
with her.

CARTER

It is not hard to do, Talu;
she has the witching way.

THUVAN DIHN

Kulan Tith also was stricken
by the charms and graces of
my only daughter. I adore
her and cannot fathom what
whim led her to take the
last, long voluntary
pilgrimage upon the cold
bosom of the mysterious
Iss, leaving me desolate.

(sighs)

Some months ago I first heard
of the expedition which John
Carter had led against
Issus and the Holy Therns.
Faint rumors of the
atrocities reported to have
been committed by the Therns
upon those who for countless
ages have floated down the
mighty Iss came to my ears.
I heard that thousands of
prisoners had been released,
few of whom dared to return
to their own countries
owing to the mandate of the
terrible death which rests
against all who return from
the Valley Dor.

THUVAN DIHN

(continuing)

For a time I could not believe the heresies which I heard, and I prayed that my daughter, Thuvia, might have died before she ever committed the sacrilege of returning to the outer world. But then my father's love asserted itself, and I vowed that I would prefer eternal damnation to further separation from her if she could be found.

(sighs)

So I sent emissaries to Helium, and to the court of Xodar, Jeddak of the First Born, and to him who now rules those of the Thern nation that have renounced their religion. From each and all I heard the same story of unspeakable cruelties and atrocities perpetrated upon the poor defenseless victims of their religion by the Holy Therns. Many there were who had seen or known of my daughter, and from the Therns who had been close to Matai Shang I learned of the indignities he personally heaped upon her.

(looks at Carter)

THUVAN DIHN

(continuing)

Finally, I heard too of the chivalrous kindness that John Carter had accorded my daughter. They told me how he had fought for her and rescued her, and how he had spurned escape from the savage Green Men of the south, sending her to safety upon his own Throat and remaining upon foot to meet the Green Warriors.

He beats his chest with his right fist, SMACK!

THUVAN DIHN

(continuing)

Can you wonder, Talu, Rebel Prince of Marentina, that I am willing to jeopardize my life and the peace of my nation to champion the cause of the Prince of Helium!

TALU

I too will champion the cause of John Carter! I am at your command.

CARTER

Tars Tarkas will be leading his Green Horde through the Carrion Caves. Kulan Tith has agreed to give his ancient enemies safe passage to the caves. You can show them the way to Kadabra after they pass through. They should be arriving at about the same time as the rescue fleet from Helium.

TALU

Rescue fleet! By the breast of Issus, do not you yet understand? The fleet will meet the same doom as the one led by Tardos Mors. A great shaft magnet guards Kadabra from the air. It sits atop Barsoom's magnetic pole. When it is turned on, it attracts everything that is metal within a radius of five haads. You must get into Kadabra and make sure the magnet is not turned on when the fleet arrives. We must act at once! Time is of the essence!

They hop out of the water, run to the ground flier, drag the women with them, drive back to the palace at a reckless speed.

INT. PALACE BARBER SHOP - DAY

THE PALACE BARBER does a wonderful job tinting Carter's white skin and Thuvan Dihn's red skin yellow, he applies fake long black hair and beards on them.

Talu nods in approval, approaches Carter, places a ring on his right ring finger; the ring is curiously wrought, set with a dead-black, lusterless stone, appearing more like a bit of bituminous coal than the priceless Barsoomian gem which it really is.

TALU

(continuing)

There had been but three others cut from the mother stone, which is in my possession.

TALU

(continuing)

These three are worn by nobles high in my confidence, all of whom have been sent on secret missions to the Court of Salensus Oll. Should you come within fifty ads of any of these three you will feel a rapid, pricking sensation in the finger upon which you bear this ring. He who wears one of its mates will experience the same feeling. By it you will know that a friend is at hand upon whom you may depend for assistance in time of need.

(pauses)

Should another wearer of one of these gems call upon you for aid, do not deny him, and should death threaten you, swallow the ring rather than let it fall into the hands of enemies.

Talu places his right hand on Carter's left shoulder.

TALU

(continuing)

Guard it with your life, John Carter, for some day it may mean more than life to you.

CARTER

We are grateful to the Rebel Prince. You have my word; I will guard the ring with my life.

TALU

La-lo wanted you to have
this for good luck. It's
from her harness; here in
Okar it is a token of love.
She told me to tell you that
the light of her love will
always be with you.

He hands Carter an exquisite jeweled ornament, Carter takes
it, turns it in his hands, attaches it to his new Okarian
harness.

CARTER

Tell the noble La-lo that
I will keep my word if it
is my power.

TALU

You seem to have won her
with your excellent
swordsmanship. Many
regard her as the most
beautiful woman in Okar.
(grins)
She is, after all, my sister.

CARTER

The Rebel Princess of
Marentina! I am honored
that you chose her for me.

Talu SLAPS Thuvan Dihn on the arm.

TALU

I would give half my Princi-
pality to meet your daughter,
Thuvan Dihn. What must I do
to meet the Princess Thuvia?

THUVAN DIHN

She's a strong-minded woman,
Talu, but if you fight for
her, you may yet win her
heart.

Thuvan Dihn glances at Carter, lets him know there is another that will be competing for his daughter.

TALU

It would be my honor to fight for your daughter. I will be leading the army of Marentina when I show Tars Tarkas and his Green Horde the way to Kadabra. As for you two for now, the best way to enter the city without a pass is to join one of the many hunting parties you should find in the region. Tell the officer in charge that you are from Illall, which is a very remote city in Okar. You should be able to get through the gates when the party reenters the city.

(smiles)

Once inside, your best chance at infiltrating the court of Salensus Oll is to enlist in the palace guard. Ask for Sorav; he's the Commander of the Palace Guard. Tell them that you are two warriors from Illall that want to take service in the palace guard. You should have no problems for Illall is so remote, hardly anyone is known from there. Farewell, my friends, and good luck.

EXT. LAND OF OKAR - DAY

Carter and Thuvan Dihn trudge through the rocky frozen terrain to Kadabra, they have Okarian harnesses and weapons, including the hook-like swords and cup-like shields, they meet with A HUNTING PARTY OF SIX WARRIORS LED BY AN OFFICER from Kadabra, try out their disguises.

CARTER

Kaor!

OFFICER

Kaor!

CARTER

We hail from Illall. Only today we arrived and spied you hunting orluks, which is a sport we don't find in our own neighborhood. We have hastened to join you to pray that you will allow us to accompany you.

OFFICER

What is your business in Kadabra, other than hunting?

CARTER

We are two warriors and desire to join the palace guard.

OFFICER

Very well, you may join us.

The day goes bad for the hunting party, they don't sight a single orluk, they return forlorn to the city. As they near the city, Carter is amazed by the enormous size of Kadabra; it's geodesic dome is five times the size of the one in Marentina. Next to the city a tall, black shaft rears its head several hundred feet into the air from a vast tangled mass of junk or wreckage at its base.

They approach one of the many armed gates to the city, one of the warriors points up into the sky, the party halts and watches the hull of a large flier approach rapidly from above the crest of the encircling hills.

OFFICER

(continuing)

Still other fools who would solve the mysteries of the forbidden north. Will they never cease their fatal curiosity?

WARRIOR

Let us hope not, for then what should we do for slaves and sport?

OFFICER

The watch has seen him; we will remain, for we may be needed.

Carter looks at the gate, it opens, SEVERAL HUNDRED WARRIORS march at a leisurely rate out of the city toward the shaft, the gargantuan size of the shaft is exemplified as the men approach, they are dwarfed, look like ants against it. It suddenly makes a loud electronic noise, BMMMMMMMMRRRRRANGGG!

Carter looks back up into the sky, the flier has turned off its propellers, veers toward the shaft at an angle, the blades of the propellers reverse, it cannot slow the momentum, it is caught in the shaft's mighty magnetic pull, all the while the shaft's amplified sound drowns out all other, BMMMMMMMMRRRRRANGGGGGGGG.

THE MEN ON DECK prepare to launch a fleet of one man fliers to escape the power of the shaft, instantly a hundred of them take off from the decks like a swarm of dragonflies, scarcely have they cleared the decks when their noses turn, point irresistibly to the shaft.

They CRASH into the shaft, grind slowly down the sides, the mothership CRASHES into the shaft, BOOM! the ship BENDS and CRUMPLES, men are hurled in every direction from the ship's deck, fall SCREAMING, the ship takes the long plunge to the scrap heap at the base, and with it, a shower of the tiny fliers.

The men of Kadabra wait until the last flier has wound its way to the bottom, then they swarm over the wreckage, take prisoners among those who are uninjured, occasionally dispatch with sword thrust - SQUISH! - one of the wounded who seem prone to resent their taunts and insults.

A FEW RED MEN put up a fight, but most are overwhelmed by the horror of the catastrophe, they submit willingly, are manacled to a golden chain.

The last of the prisoners are confined, the warriors march them back to the city, as they reach the gate, a pack of fierce gold-collared apts is unleashed upon whatever has survived the wreck.

Apts are huge Arctic monsters, they are white furred creatures, like the great White Ape they are held sacred in the Thern religion, they have six limbs, four of which, short and heavy, carry them over the snow and ice; the other two grow forward from their shoulders on either side of their long, powerful necks, terminating in white hairless hands with which they seize and hold their prey.

Their heads and mouths are similar in appearance to those of a hippopotamus, except that from the sides of their lower jawbones two mighty horns curve slightly downward toward their fronts. Their two huge eyes extend in two vast oval patches from the center of the top of their craniums down either side of their heads to below the roots of their horns, so that these weapons actually grow out from the lower part of their eyes, which are composed of several thousand ocelli each. Each ocellus is furnished with its own lid, and the apts can, at will, close as many of the facets of their huge eyes as they choose.

EXT. HOTHOUSE CITY OF KADABRA - DAY

Carter and Thuvan Dihn enter the gate without trouble. The officer directs them to the government offices, to a magnificent building overlooking a plaza opposite the royal grounds and the palace.

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

They enter, pass AN ARMED GUARD, approach A RED SLAVE at the reception desk.

CARTER

Tell Sorav, your master, that two warriors from Illall wish to take service in the palace guard.

AN AIDE comes, takes them to an antechamber: they are weighed, measured, and photographed with an amazing machine that makes five copies and immediately sends them to five different offices of the government over telephone lines.

The aide leads them to the main guardroom of the palace, turns them over to the OFFICER IN CHARGE. The officer summons A SOLDIER to guide them.

EXT. PALACE COURTYARD - DAY

The soldier guides them far from the guardroom to their temporary quarters located in a semi-detached tower.

INT. SEMI-DETACHED TOWER - DAY

The soldier takes them up a ramp to the second floor of the palace edifice.

SOLDIER

Sorav will see you in the morning. Get some sleep; the examination is quite gruelling.

He locks the door behind them. There is only one window in the room, it has several bars. They might as well be in prison.