

INT. QUARTERS OF MATAI SHANG, PALACE OF SALENSUS OLL - DAY

Phaidor makes love to Dejah Thoris in the furs and silks on a sleeping platform, she kisses her, rubs her breasts, fingers her, brings her to the height of ecstasy; Matai Shang stands at the foot of the sleeping platform, Thuvia fellates him, Matai Shang looks with lust at the most beautiful woman on the planet, waits impatiently for the signal.

PHAIDOR

O my Father, she is at the
threshold of the 11th Gate
of Splendor. She is ready
for the Great Serpent of
the Tree of Life!

Matai Shang looks at Thuvia for her telepathic approval, she takes his penis from her mouth, gives it a reassuring stroke, nods her head in agreement. He crawls forward on the sleeping platform, snuggles his hips between Dejah Thoris's legs, lines up his penis with her vagina, raises his hands:

MATAI SHANG

Rise, O Serpent of Issus;
rise! The Father of Life and
Death summons you!

He moves his pelvis forward, penetrates her vagina, Dejah Thoris GASPS, MOANS, he copulates her, slowly at first, then furiously, he GRUNTS, ejaculates.

MATAI SHANG

(continuing)

Daughter of Issus, behold now
the 11th Gate of the 13th Cycle
of Kali-Mundi. Look now into
the Face of Issus!

Dejah Thoris, in a trance, opens her eyes, stares in awe at an invisible object, her face radiates light. Matai Shang also stares into space, his face also glows, he nods his head as if someone speaks to him, suddenly he comes to, shakes his head clear.

MATAI SHANG

(continuing)

Princess Dejah Thoris, your
husband has foolishly
outlawed the ancient
Barsoomian religion, but
it's mystical teachings
will survive through you;
do you hear me, Daughter
of Issus?

DEJAH THORIS

I hear you, Master. I have
beheld the Face of Issus
and heard her Holy Voice as
she prophesied her Will to
thee. Teach me, Holy Father.

Matai Shang embraces her, French-kisses her, copulates her
slowly.

Phaidor and Thuvia move to another platform, make love to
each other, they embrace, French-kiss.

PHAIDOR

I am so glad that Sator
Throg never got to eat you,
Thuvia. You are my favorite
slave, and the first, outside
of the Holy Therns, to reach
the 11th Gate of Splendor.

THUVIA

I look back with a sense of
fondness at the six months we
spent together with Dejah
Thoris in the Temple of the
Sun.

PHAIDOR

I would have killed her if
you had not stopped my arm
from plunging the dagger
into her breast. I'm so
glad that you did, Red
Witch of Ptarth.

THUVIA

Although I will always hate
the Holy Therns and their
religion, it is so hard for
me to hate you and your
father. You were our gods.

Matai Shang rolls off Dejah Thoris.

MATAI SHANG

Thuvia, come here and take
the Princess of Helium for
a walk to clear her head!

THUVIA

Yes, Master.

He looks at Phaidor, beckons with his finger.

MATAI SHANG

Phaidor, come to your father;
the Serpent is strong in me
today.

Phaidor joins her father, embraces him, Matai Shang mounts
her, copulates her. Thuvia frowns at the incest, takes
Dejah Thoris outside into the courtyard, when they are gone,
Matai Shang speaks:

MATAI SHANG

(continued)

Issus spoke to me, my
Daughter. Her ways are
beyond understanding.
My time is at hand. We
must fertilize an egg
together at once.

PHAIDOR

Fertilize me, O my Father.
Let your Ke survive in me.

MATAI SHANG

Tell me when you are ready,
Daughter of Life.

Phaidor reaches up with her right hand, places her finger tips on Matai Shang's forehead, goes into a trance, Matai Shang joins her in the trance.

PHAIDOR

I see the Face of Issus,
Father.

MATAI SHANG

As do I.

Matai Shang GRUNTS, ejaculates, Phaidor MOANS, has multiple orgasms resembling an epileptic fit, she tenses, relaxes, goes still beneath her father.

PHAIDOR

It is done, Father. The egg
has been fertilized.

MATAI SHANG

You shall call him the Son of
Matai Shang.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Dejah Thoris and Thuvia, arm in arm, walk slowly on the jeweled footpath, they look beautiful together - it is obvious that they are lovers in the way they look at each other.

Dejah Thoris stares up in wonder at the glass dome, she is still dazed from her religious experience, slowly, her head clears.

DEJAH THORIS

I feel so guilty sometimes,
Thuvia. We are supposed to
be prisoners and I know my
husband is making every
effort to rescue us, yet...

THUVIA

Don't feel guilty, Princess. We worshipped them as gods all of our lives, as did our ancestors for millions of years. The gods do not die easily, especially when they have a very large white penis. Being copulated by the Father of Therns is not an every day experience.

DEJAH THORIS

They are right about the secret teachings of the Kali-Mundi. My husband will never be able to outlaw them. He must come to his senses on this.

THUVIA

Even so, I would never copulate with my own father.

DEJAH THORIS

Nor I would with mine. Oh, Thuvia, hold me tight.

They embrace, French-kiss.

THUVIA

John Carter did not claim me; he said that I must not be under any coercion, and that he must have your consent. What strange new customs are these?

DEJAH THORIS

He was raised in Virginia, where a primitive form of Jasoomian morality prevails. The truth of all things must be concealed in what he calls proper language and acts.

THUVIA

I must say, he has a wonderful penis, whatever the proper word they have for it on Jasoom.

DEJAH THORIS

They call them cocks on Jasoom. They call vaginas, pussies, and they call copulation, fucking. John Carter says the words are totally void of religious content.

She kisses Thuvia for a long time, comes up for air.

DEJAH THORIS

I will make sure John Carter claims you, but whether we are still under coercion is hard to say. It feels right to be with the Holy Therns. Other than that, John Carter has my full consent to claim you. I love you, Thuvia. What would you be: wife or concubine?

THUVIA

I would be your wife.

Dejah Thoris smiles, looks up in joy, her eyes rest on a barred second-story window, sees two yellow men behind the bars, one of them looks straight at her, makes the sign of love with his hands - on Mars a sign of affection to those in love, but a sign of offense and presumption from a man who is not a lover.

DEJAH THORIS

(continuing)

By the River Iss, what presumption!

(sighs)

DEJAH THORIS

(continuing)

I fear sometimes that I have become such a soiled woman that even soldiers recognize me for a common whore.

THUVIA

Never, Princess! You are the most beautiful woman on the planet.

(looks at window; gasps)

Now the other one is trying to get my attention! They are both shouting at us. Let us shut our ears to this outrage!

INT. TEMPORARY QUARTERS OF CARTER AND THUVAN DIHN - DAY

John Carter paces the room, Thuvan Dihn stands by the window.

CARTER

This waiting is killing me, Thuvan Dihn, every minute we waste here is another minute the fleet comes closer to Kadabra.

THUVAN DIHN

Talu's plan has been sound so far. Let us trust that Fate will be kind and stick to it.

CARTER

You must admit, my stupidity has led Fate to be cruel so far. It's as if I'm under some strange power that forces me to make the wrong choices.

THUVAN DIHN

It was not your stupidity alone, John Carter. How I remember standing in Kulan Tith's court and spouting those fateful words:

"I should like to see my daughter at once, but if Kulan Tith will give me his assurance that none will be permitted to leave the palace this night, and that no harm shall befall either Dejah Thoris or Thuvia of Ptarth between now and the moment they are brought into our presence in this chamber at daylight, I shall not insist."

CARTER

You could not have known what was to happen.

THUVAN DIHN

Perhaps it will all be work toward the good in the end.

CARTER

You are right; we still live and hope!

Thuvan Dihn glances out the window, does a double-take, gets excited.

THUVAN DIHN

(points)

John Carter, come here and look!

Carter joins him at the window, follows Thuvan Dihn's finger, he GASPS in surprise.

CARTER

It's the Princess and your daughter, Thuvia! How beautiful they look together. We must try to get their attention.

They SHOUT, Carter makes the sign of love with his hands, Thuvan Dihn waves, tries to get Thuvia's attention. They are both spurned by the women, their hearts break.

Carter GROANS, averts his eyes from his wife.

THUVAN DIHN

They will not even listen. They have put their hands over their ears and walked to the further end of the garden. Ever heard you of such mad work, John Carter? The two must be bewitched.

Carter cannot help himself, he stares out the window at the beautiful form of his wife, she glances up at the window, turns immediately away in disgust.

A gate opens at the opposite end of the garden, a large black man enters, it is Dator Thurid, Carter sees money exchange between the hands of Thurid and THE GUARD at the gate.

ZOOM on Thurid as he approaches the two women, they have their backs turned, when he is almost upon them, he speaks:

THURID

Princess of Helium!

The women turn, Dejah Thoris shrinks from Thurid. He comes close to her, with a nasty leer, whispers in her ear, Dejah Thoris is shocked, Thurid takes her hand, places it on his erect penis, she SLAPS! it away in disgust.

DEJAH THORIS
 The granddaughter of Tardos
 Mors can always die, but
 she could never live at the
 price you name.

Thurid goes down on his knees before her, pleads with her,
 his penis twitches in emotion.

THURID
 I would save you from Matai
 Shang. You know the fate
 that awaits you at his hands.
 Would you not choose me
 rather than the other?

DEJAH THORIS
 I would choose neither, even
 were I free to choose, and
 you know well I am not.

THURID
 You are free! John Carter,
 Prince of Helium, is dead.

DEJAH THORIS
 I know better than that; but
 even were he dead, and I must
 needs choose another mate, it
 would be a Plant Man or a
 Great White Ape in preference
 to you, black calot!

Thurid loses all control, becomes a vicious beast, with a
 VILE OATH, leaps upon the Princess, grips her throat in his
 brute clutch.

Thuvia SCREAMS, leaps on Thurid, he releases his two handed
 grasp on Dejah's throat, with his free hand, punches Thuvia
 in the face, POW! she flies back, hits the ground, THUD! she
 lies unconscious.

Carter loses his reason, he grips the bars in the window,
 like Hercules, he RIPS them out of their sockets, tosses
 them aside, leaps out of the window, down to the courtyard
 below, Thuvan Dihn hot on his heels.

EXT. PALACE COURTYARD - DAY

Thurid chokes the life out of the Princess, tries to get his penis inside her.

Carter, with a single bound, jumps across the courtyard, leaps on Thurid, tears his hands off Dejah's throat, throws him twenty feet in the air, SWISH, THUD!

The Princess staggers back, sees Thuvia, goes to her side, shakes her, Thuvia MOANS, stirs, Thuvan Dihn runs to his daughter's side, Dejah Thoris turns her head, watches Carter and Thurid.

Thurid regains his feet, charges Carter like a mad bull.

THURID

Yellow man, you knew not
upon whom you had laid your
vile hands, but ere I am
done with you, you will
know well what it means to
offend the person of a
First Born.

Thurid rushes at Carter with outstretched arms, goes for his throat, Carter does the same as he did in the Garden of Issus, he ducks, as Thurid lunges past, Carter pivots, delivers a powerful right punch to the side of Thurid's jaw, POW!

As before, Thurid spins around, his knees give way, he crumples to the ground at Carter's feet, THUD!

SALENSUS OLL, a large Yellow Man, approaches, at his right hand, Matai Shang; they are followed by A DOZEN GUARDSMEN.

SALENSUS OLL

(to Carter)

What goes on here? Who are
you and what means this
intrusion within the
precincts of the women's
garden?

Thuvan Dihn helps his daughter to her feet, fades into the background.

CARTER

I am an aspirant to
membership in the palace
guard, and from yonder
window in the tower where
I was confined awaiting
the final test for
fitness -

(points)

I saw this brute attack
the - this woman. I
could not stand idly by,
O Jeddak, and seen this
thing done within the very
palace grounds, and yet
feel that I was fit to
serve and guard your
royal person.

SALENSUS OLL

(to Dejah Thoris)

Is it true what he says?

DEJAH THORIS

All of it, my lord.

Salensus Oll turns to Thurid, he is recovering from the punch, he rubs his jaw, something has jogged his memory, he stares at Carter suspiciously.

SALENSUS OLL

What have you to say in
explanation of these charges?
Dare you aspire to one whom
the Father of Therns has
chosen - one who might even
be a fit mate for the Jeddak
of Jeddaks himself?

He stares at Dejah Thoris with a new look that lusts for the most beautiful woman in the world, his penis hardens.

THURID

O Mightiest of Jeddaks, the man and the woman do not speak the truth. This fellow had come into the garden to help the women escape. I was beyond and overheard their conversation, and when I entered, the woman screamed and the man sprang upon me and would have killed me. What know you of this man? He is a stranger to you, and I dare say that you will find him an enemy and a spy. Let him be put on trial, Salensus Oll, instead of your friend and guest, Thurid, Dator of the First Born.

Thurid whispers into the ear of Salensus Oll, his eyes widen, he nods his head, Thurid walks to Carter, puts his hands on his fake beard, RIPS it off, everyone GASPS in shock.

THURID

Let me introduce you to John Carter, Prince of Helium, husband to Dejah Thoris, who has just forfeited his life as a spy.

Dejah Thoris GASPS, runs to Carter, falls into his arms.

DEJAH THORIS

John Carter! John Carter!
 Forgive me, my Chieftan;
 it was you who spoke to me
 from the tower. How could
 I dream that my beloved
 Virginian lay behind that
 fierce beard and yellow skin?

She kisses him, Salensus Oll motions to the guards, they tear the Princess away from Carter, two guards pin Carter's arms behind his back, two others hold their sword-points against his breast.

SALENSUS OLL

For a year no Jeddara has sat
upon the throne beside me.

Two guards bring the Princess to Salenus Oll, he pulls her to his side, cups a breast, the guards try to force her to masturbate Salensus Oll, she resists.

SALENSUS OLL

(continuing)

I desire Dejah Thoris of
Helium for myself, yet
custom prevents me from
taking her as long as her
husband still lives.

He motions for the guards to cease with the Princess, turns to the guards holding Carter.

SALENSUS OLL

(continuing)

I sentence this man to the
Pit of Plenty; there he shall
die a natural death, and the
day he dies, Dejah Thoris
shall become my Jeddara.

DEJAH THORIS

Think you, Salensus Oll, that
the wife of such as he is,
would ever dishonor his
memory, were he a thousand
times dead, by mating with
a lesser mortal? Lives there
upon any world such another
as John Carter, Prince of
Helium?

(waves hand at Carter)

DEJAH THORIS

(continuing)

Lives there another man who
could fight his way back and
forth across a warlike planet,
facing savage beasts and
hordes of savage men, for the
love of a woman?

(eyes blaze)

I, Dejah Thoris, Princess of
Helium, am his. He fought
for me and won me. How I
well remember the first time...

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE THARKS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Princess Dejah Thoris stands between TWO GREEN MARTIAN GUARDS before LORQUAS PTOMEL, Chief Thark of THE GREEN MARTIAN CHIEFTANS AND WARRIORS, who are squatted in a semi-circle around the rostrum, among whom are Tars Tarkas and John Carter. Many of the Green Martians have erections at the great beauty of the Princess.

LORQUAS PTOMEL

What is your name?

DEJAH THORIS

Dejah Thoris, daughter of
Mors Kajak, Jed of Helium.

LORQUAS PTOMEL

And the nature of your
expedition over our territory?

DEJAH THORIS

It was a purely scientific
research party sent out by my
father's father, the Jeddak
of Helium, to rechart the
air currents, and to take
atmospheric density tests.

(eyes blaze)

DEJAH THORIS

(continuing)

We were unprepared for battle, as we were on a peaceful mission, as our banners and the colors of craft denoted. The work we were doing was as much in your interests as in ours, for you know well that were it not for our labors and the fruits of our scientific operations there would not be enough air or water to support a single human life. For ages we have maintained the air and water supply at practically the same point without an appreciable loss, and we have done this in the face of the brutal and ignorant interference of your Green Men.

The Green Men stare at the Princess without emotion.

DEJAH THORIS

(continuing)

Why, oh, why will you not learn to live in amity with your fellows, must you ever go on down the ages to your final extinction but little above the plane of the dumb brutes that serve you? A people without written language, without art, without homes, without love; the victims of eons of the horrible community idea. Owning everything in common, even to your women and children, has resulted in you owning nothing in common.

DEJAH THORIS

(continuing)

You hate each other as you
hate all else except
yourselves.

(waves hand)

Come back to the ways of our
common ancestors, come back
to the light of kindness
and fellowship. The way is
open to you, you will find
the hands of the Red Men
stretched out to aid you.
Together we may do still
more to regenerate our dying
planet. The granddaughter of
the greatest and mightiest of
the Red Jeddaks has asked you.
Will you come?

There is a long silence, Tars Tarkas rises to speak, before he can say a word, a YOUNG GREEN MARTIAN WARRIOR, twelve feet high, his penis fully erect, leaps down the steps from the rostrum, backhands the Princess across her mouth, POW! knocks her to the floor, places a foot upon her belly, turns to the council, the council breaks out in PEALS OF HORRID MIRTHLESS LAUGHTER.

Carter loses his reason, he leaps down to the floor, springs upward, makes A WARNING CRY, strikes the Martian full in face, POW!

They both draw their short swords, SCHWING! Carter springs up again to the Martian's breast, hooks a leg over the butt of his radium pistol, grasps one of the huge tusks with his left hand, stabs him again and again into his chest with the sword in his right hand, SQUISH! SQUISH! SQUISH!

In a moment, the Green Martian sinks lifeless to the floor.

Carter lifts Dejah Thoris to her feet, she takes his penis in her hand, masturbates him, Carter looks confused, doesn't understand why she is doing what she is doing.

EXT. COURTYARD OF WOMEN - DAY (PRESENT)

The story has no effect on Salensus Oll, Matai Shang is wide-eyed in awe, Thurid grins at Carter's stupidity.

DEJAH THORIS

(continuing)

The Green Man's surname was Sojat; he was the second Green Man to die at John Carter's hands. The first was surnamed Dotar; John Carter killed him with a single blow of his fist. Thus was he known as Dotar Sojat among the Green Men. Have you ever heard of anyone but a Green Man being a Chieftan among the Tharks?

(waves at Carter)

Who is like unto him: a man possessing superhuman strength, who has the ability to leap thirty feet into the air? This man from another world has come to Barsoom to save us.

(supplicates)

Issus has answered our prayers and sent him. Even Matai Shang has come to see the role John Carter has to play in the future of our religion. This very day Issus spoke to him; I am witness to it.

SALENSUS OLL

What is this, Matai Shang?

MATAI SHANG

Issus has spoken! Who am I to question her will?

DEJAH THORIS

If you be a brave man,
Salensus Oll, you will will
honor the bravery that is
John Carter's, and you will
not kill him. Make him a
slave if you will, but spare
his life. I would rather be
a slave with such as he than
be Jeddara of Okar.

SALENSUS OLL

Neither slave nor Jeddara
dictates to Salensus Oll.
John Carter, whomever he
may be, wherever he may be
from, shall die in the Pit
of Plenty and you shall
become my wife.

(to Matai Shang)

Never before have I doubted
the Will of Issus until this
moment, Matai Shang. I will
hear more of your heresy.

Six guards march Carter out of the courtyard, Salensus Oll puts his arm around the Princess, escorts her toward his private quarters; Thurid, Matai Shang and the rest of the guards follow; Matai Shang walks with head down, looks like a doomed man.

As Carter is almost out of sight, Thurid turns to him,
LAUGHS MANIACALLY.

When all have gone, Thuvan Dihn escorts Thuvia out of the courtyard; he bribes the guard, they follow after Carter.

EXT. THE PIT OF PLENTY - DAY

The guards lead Carter to a nearby courtyard, in the center, a deep pit, near the edge SIX MORE GUARDSMEN wait for Carter, one has a long rope in his hands, he commences to make ready.

Carter comes to within fifty feet of the pit.

CLOSE on his ring finger: it TWITCHES, he feels a prickly sensation, he raises his hand to his forehead so that the guards can see his ring, one of the guards waiting at the pit raises his hand to smooth back his hair, he wears an identical ring, a quick look of intelligence passes between the ring bearers.

Carter is brought to the edge of the pit, it is very deep, the guard with the rope loops it around Carter, it has a quick release, it can be loosed at any time, all of the guards grab the rope, the one with the matching ring nudges close, whispers in Carter's ear:

RINGBEARER

Courage!

Carter is pushed into the pit, lowered down into the yawning abyss. The walls of the pit are smooth as glass, the pit is over a hundred feet deep, it is almost pitch black at the bottom; he hits the bottom, the rope is JERK-RELEASED, lifted back up, the pit is covered and sealed, leaving Carter in pitch blackness.

INFRARED: Hours pass, a brilliant light illuminates the pit, Carter sees that the walls of the pit are actually shelves full of food and drinks, he reaches for them, the light goes out, he feels nothing but a smooth glassy surface.

Hours pass, Carter is hungrier and thirstier than ever, the light goes on again, a new assortment appears on the shelves, he rushes for them, the light goes out, he feels nothing but a smooth glassy wall.

MANIACAL LAUGHTER from above and all around.

CARTER

(to himself)

No wonder they call it the
Pit of Plenty.

Carter has lost track of time, he is weak from hunger and thirst. The light goes on again, Carter makes no move for the food and drink, realizes the walls are made of thick clear glass and that the food and drink are on the other side, the lights go out.

Hour pass, a small package falls at Carter's feet, he picks it up, it is attached to a strong slender cord. He unties the cord, unwraps the package, it is a sheet of paper with Martian hieroglyphics containing several lozenges of concentrated food, he eats them one by one, reads the hieroglyphics like Braille with his fingers, Carter sounds out the words:

CARTER
(to himself)
"Courage! Follow the rope."

Carter tugs on the cord, it is set rigidly somewhere above, he begins to climb, discovers another message attached to the cord at the level of his head, he again sounds out the words:

CARTER
(continuing; to himself)
"Bring the rope with you.
Beyond the knots lie danger."

Carter places his feet against the wall and ascends the rope, he gets half-way up, the pit is uncovered, in the light of the courtyard beyond, Carter sees several guards standing around the pit, they are pushing an enormous gold-collared apt over the edge, it SNARLS, STRUGGLES against the rope around its midsection, HOWLS as it is lowered in, CLANG! CLANG! there is the noise of a sword fight at the edge of the pit, a guard SCREAMS, falls in.

Carter looks around in desperation, sees an aperture in the wall just above from which the cord descends.

He scrambles into the opening just as the apt reaches him, it reaches out with its hideous hairless hands, it SNAPS, GROWLS, ROARS, claws at him, grabs his ankle, holds on, crawls into the hole, Carter punches, kicks at its hideous hippopotamus face, POW! POW! from above, a familiar voice:

THUVIA (OFFSCREEN)
Fear not, my Prince!

The apt stops its aggressive assault, turns around, WHINES, reaches out, catches a falling body, brings Thuvia into the aperture, Carter grabs her, holds her tight, kisses her, the apt grovels at their feet, WHINES, they untie it, the guards above reel the rope back in.

LAUGHTER from the guards above, they reseal the pit.

CARTER

Thuvia! How did you get here?

The apt BREATHES HEAVILY, WHINES.

THUVIA

My father and I have been watching the pit for a day and a half. When we saw them bringing the apt we guessed that they intended to finish you off. My father fought with the guards while I ran to the edge of the pit and used my telepathy on the apt. One of the guards must have pushed me over the edge. We must find a way out of here and rescue my father, if he still lives.

CARTER

A day and a half! We are almost out of time. If only we had a lamp.

THUVIA

But you have one right here.

She feels at his harness, removes the ornament La-lo gave him, moves it around like a puzzle piece, presses a panel, it turns on, it is a portable hand-held radium lamp, they have instant light, the huge apt GROWLS, Thuvia CHUCKLES.

CARTER

What's so funny?

THUVIA

You look funny in yellow.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

They are in a dark tunnel sloping upwards, they send the apt ahead, follow the cord, Thuvia holds the lamp, Carter coils the cord as they progress up the tunnel, several hundred yards later, they come to a knot.

CARTER

Beyond the knots there is danger.

They follow the cord, the tunnel turns sharply, opens up into a large brilliantly lit chamber not too far below the first floor of the palace, the cord runs out, Carter motions for them to stop, Thuvia halts the apt, strokes its huge hippopotamus head, rubs its shiny horns, waits for Carter to act, the DULL HUM OF MACHINERY comes from the chamber.

CARTER

There's supposed to be more knots; someone has cut the cord. But there is still danger ahead.

Thuvia turns the lamp out, readjusts it like a puzzle, reattaches it to his harness.

THUVIA

We may need this later, my Prince.

She kisses him, masturbates his penis, whispers in his ear.

THUVIA

(continuing)

Claim me, my Chieftan; surely you have guessed by now that I am never going to be out of harm's way.

CARTER

Be patient, my Princess;
there are no witnesses.
You have my word that if
we still live, I will
claim you by the end of
the day.

THUVIA

I sense a hideously evil
mind in the other room,
malignant beyond comparison.

INT. KADABRA CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Many strange instruments and devices line the opposite wall of the chamber, they BUZZ and HUM, drown out all background noise.

Two men sit at table in front of the machines, A YELLOW MAN - a little wizened, pasty-faced old fellow with great eyes that show the white round the entire circumference of the iris - and a Black Man, Dator Thurid.

Carter and Thuvia press back against the wall of the tunnel, listen in.

THURID

SOLAN, there is no risk and
the reward is great. You
know that you hate Salensus
Oll and that nothing would
please you more than to
thwart him in some cherished
plan. There be nothing that
he more cherishes today than
the idea of wedding the
beautiful Princess of Helium;
but I, too, want her. With
your help I may win her.
(waves at machines)

THURID

(continuing)

You need not more than step from this room when I give you the signal. I will do the rest, and then, when I am gone, you may come and throw the great switch back into its place, and all will be as before. I need but an hour's start to be safe beyond the devilish power that you control in this hidden chamber beneath the palace of your master. See how easy -

Thurid stands up, approaches a huge burnished lever sticking out from one of the machines, puts his hand on it, the old man springs forward, grabs Thurid's hand before he can lower the lever.

SOLAN

No! No! Not that one! Not that one! That one controls the sunray tanks. Should you pull it too far down, all Kadabra would be consumed by heat before I could replace it. Come away! Come away! You know not with what mighty powers you play.

(points to nearby lever)

This is the lever that you seek. Note well the symbol inlaid in white upon its ebon surface.

Thurid examines the lever, the symbol is that of a magnet.

THURID

Ah, a magnet. I will remember. It is settled, then?

SOLAN

Double the figure.

THURID

By the Lost Sea of Korus,
you drive a hard bargain!
Take your price, Yellow
Man. Half now and the
balance when you have
fulfilled your contract.

Thurid throws a money pouch at Solan, he catches it in his hands, greedily, he counts the money, nods his head.

THURID

(continuing)

Tonight, or tomorrow, then,
you may expect the signal.

SOLAN

Tonight, or tomorrow.

Thuran exits through a door in the opposite wall, Solan walks to the far side of the room, bends at the knees, fumbles with a panel.

SOLAN

(continuing; to himself)

Does he think me a fool?
Does he think I would risk
the wrath of Salensus Oll
when I would be the most
obvious suspect for a mere
sum of money? The fool!
After I step from the
room and allow him to lower
the lever, what is to stop me
from returning and lifting it
back up again? The great
Shaft Magnet take you, Dator
Thurid - and all your filthy
lucre - to the depths of
Korus!

PAN to tunnel entrance.

CARTER

Now we know who possesses the
malignant mind. Follow me.

Carter, Thuvia and the apt move out of the tunnel, pass silently across the floor, their backs against the wall, the NOISE of the machines covers the noise of their footsteps, Carter reaches the door, presses the button in the wall, the door opens, they pass through into a corridor, Carter presses the button on the opposite side, the door closes.

INT. PALACE CORRIDORS - DAY

The floor of the corridor slopes gently upwards.

THUVIA

I feel like we've been here
before.

CARTER

We call that feeling deja
vu on Jasoom.

THUVIA

Sounds like Dejah Thoris.

CARTER

Listen! This chamber
controls the great Shaft
Magnet. It must be turned
off before the rescue
fleet from Helium arrives.
Tars Tarkas is on his way
by land with his Green
Horde and the armies of
the Rebel Prince of
Marentina. They must be
at the gates by now.

THUVIA

Why not turn it off now?

CARTER

I thought of that while we were creeping across the floor, but I felt such a cold slimy feeling in the pit of my stomach that I couldn't wait to get out there as fast as I could. Besides, you heard Solan; he could just turn it back on again after we left. We must remember how to retrace our footsteps when it comes time to act.

THUVIA

Even if we become lost, the apt will remember the way.

CARTER

How reassuring.

The corridor leads to a guardroom, the door is open, they HEAR THE SOUNDS OF MANY MEN inside.

CLOSE on Carter's ring finger, it TWITCHES, he feels a prickly sensation, he speaks in a low voice to Thuvia:

CARTER

(continuing)

We must take these guards out, but we are not alone. We have an ally inside; one who wears the mate of this ring. I will enter first and point out the ally, then you will send the apt in. Grab whatever weapons you can find.

INT. GUARDROOM - DAY

Carter enters the door, there are A DOZEN GUARDS inside, he spies his ally at the far end of the room, the guards notice his presence, draw their swords, SCHWING!

Thuvia sends in the apt, follows it into the room.

GUARD

It's the Red Witch from the
Pit!

Carter points to his ally, the apt tears into the guards, CRUNCH! CRUNCH! Carter disarms the first guard to go down under the jaws of the apt, he grabs a straight sword for himself, a radium pistol for Thuvia, he tosses it to her, HACKS his way into the fray, CLANG! CLANG! avoids the vicious hooked swords of the guards.

ZZZZTBANG! Thuvia drops one, ZZZZTBANG! and another, Carter's sword is inspired, CLANG! CLANG! SQUISH! SQUISH! the ally joins in against his fellow guards, using both of his swords in the Yellow Man manner of fighting, CLANG! CLANG! SQUISH! SQUISH! the carnage is over in less than a minute, the apt eats the dead bodies, CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

The ally places his swords at the feet of Carter.

MANU

My name is MANU; how can
I be of service to you?

Carter takes his swords, puts them back in their scabbards, places his right hand on Manu's left shoulder.

CARTER

I accept your service.

THUVIA

You were present when my
father and I came to the
aid of John Carter at
the Pit of Plenty. Know
you the fate of my father?

Manu lowers his head, can't look Thuvia in the eye.

MANU

He fought bravely, killing
six of us before he went
down. I am afraid your
father is dead. I am
very sorry.

Thuvia grabs onto Carter, CRIES, he soothes her, holds her
tight, after a few moments, Carter nods to Manu.

CARTER

I am the spearhead of a vast
army and navy invasion force
from all over Barsoom. Talu,
your master, gave me this
ring. We are going to seize
control of the palace. Are
you with us?

MANU

There are only two of you!

CARTER

Six hands are better than
four. Do you know where
the Helium captives are
kept?

MANU

Yes! Follow me.

Thuvia retrieves a couple of more radium pistols from the
dead.

Manu leads them out a door on the opposite side of the room,
up a spiral runway, to a circular chamber on the first floor
of the Kadabra Watchtower.

INT. WATCHTOWER CHAMBER - DAY

The chamber is a weapons repair shop, the walls are lined
with racks full of straight and hooked swords, javelins and
daggers.

A DOZEN RED MALE SLAVES polish, repair the weapons of the Yellow Men, THREE YELLOW MEN guard them, Carter recognizes two of the slaves as TARDOS MORS and his son, MORS KAJAK, the guards turn and face Manu, Carter, Thuvia, and the apt as they enter the room, the guards look warily at the apt.

CARTER

I come for Tardos Mors,
Jeddak of Helium, and his
son, Mors Kajak.

GUARD

What is the meaning of this,
Manu?

MANU

You are under arrest;
surrender your weapons.

The guards draw their swords, SCHWING!

CARTER

Rise, Red Men! Before we
die let us leave a memorial
in the palace of Okar's
tyrant that will stand
forever in the annals of
Kadabra to the honor and
glory of Helium.

The prisoners wield the weapons they were cleaning, dig into the racks for better ones, one of the guards is close to Tardos Mors, he swings his hooked sword, SLICES the guard's head off, the head rolls across the floor, FLIPPITY_FLOP!

The remaining guards CRY OUT for help, charge Carter and Manu, Thuvia holds the apt at bay.

Carter and Manu make quick work of the remaining guards, CLANG! CLANG! SQUISH! SQUISH! the apt eats them, CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

MARCHING FOOTSTEPS from the corridor.

TARDOS MORS

The door! Quick, John Carter,
bar the door!

Carter leaps to the door, shuts it, secures the bar in place just in time, BAM! BAM! the reinforcements beat at the door.

CARTER

Where are the keys to your
chains?

TARDOS MORS

The officer of the guard has
them, and that's likely him
beating at the door. You'll
have to force them.

Carter HACKS away at Tardos Mors's chain, the guards beat at the door, BAM! BAM! the mighty door panels TREMBLE, BEND beneath the furious onslaught of the enraged Yellow Men, the prisoners HACK at their chains, CLANG! CLANG!

Carter cuts Tardos Mors loose, there is still a few ads of chain attached to his ankle; Tardos Mors runs to the door, waits for them to break the door down. Carter goes to work on Mors Kajak's chain, HACK! HACK!

BAM! BAM! a door CRASHES inward, several prisoners are now free, they take javelins, throw them at the FIRST GUARDS to enter, SQUISH! SQUISH! they wreak havoc among them, Tardos Mors works his best with the strange hooked sword, hooks A GUARD, reels him in, stabs him with his straight sword, SQUISH.

Thuvia unleashes the apt at THE GUARDS that get past the door, he GROWLS, ROARS, grabs a guard, bites his head off, CRUNCH! she holds radium pistols in both hands, blasts away, ZZZZTBANG! ZZZZTBANG! two more guards drop dead.

All the prisoners are now free but one, he cries out:

PRISONER

To the upper chambers! To
the upper chambers! There
you may defend the tower
against all Kadabra.

CARTER

You two, cut his chains!
We will hold them off.

Carter joins the fight as DOZENS OF GUARDSMEN stream in, the fight is tight and bloody, CLANG! CLANG! SQUISH! SQUISH! a mound of dead guardsmen pile up at the door, the prisoner is freed, they fight their way out of the guardroom, a Red Man is hooked, reeled in, stabbed, SQUISH! he falls dead, the Red Men yell:

RED MEN

(in unison)

For Helium! For Helium!

MORS KAJAK

To the upper chambers!

They fight their way up the ramp to the upper chambers, Carter brings up the rear, the upward ramp is so narrow only one man may attack him at a time, they are no match for Carter, CLANG! SQUISH! he backs up the ramp to the upper chambers, easily holds off his attackers, as soon as one of them falls beneath Carter's sword, another replaces him, to again fall under his sword.

At last he makes it to the spacious glass-walled watchtower of Kadabra.

INT. GLASS-WALLED WATCHTOWER OF KADABRA - DAY

Carter enters the watchtower, the Red Men take his place, give him a chance to recover, Thuvia stands near the doorway with the apt, both pistols ready to shoot, she smiles at Carter, everyone is covered with blood.

Carter looks out the glass wall at Kadabra below, from the lofty perch he can see for haads in every direction.

Toward the south, the rugged ice clad waste at the edge of the mighty barrier; toward the east and west, and dimly to the north, other Okarian cities can be seen, their glass domes rising majestically from the terrain. In the immediate foreground, just beyond the walls of Kadabra, the grim Shaft - the Guardian of the North - rears its somber head.

His eyes gaze down to one of the many city gates, he sees a huge force of Green, Red, and Yellow Men fighting to gain entrance into the city.

CARTER

The Battle of Kadabra has begun!

The gate crumbles before the great onslaught, tens of thousands of dead men litter the battlefield as the invading force fights its way to the palace gate, Carter can now make out Tars Tarkas, Kulan Tith, and Talu at the front of the fighting, they meet with a fierce counter-attack at the palace gates, tens of thousands more fall.

BMMMMMMMMRRRRRRRRRRANNNNNNGGGGG!

CLOSE on Carter's face, his eyes-widen, the hair stands up on the back of his neck.

PAN out to the Great Ice Barrier, a huge fleet flies over it, heads directly for Kadabra, already in the sway of the Shaft Magnet.

MORS KAJAK

Alas! that I should be forced to witness cruel fate betray them without power to warn or aid; but they be past either now. The grim shaft that they call the Guardian of the North is beckoning to them; just as it beckoned to Tardos Mors and his great fleet.

CARTER

Thuvia! To the control room! Have the apt clear our way!

INT. THE CORRIDORS OF THE WATCHTOWER - DAY

The apt jumps on the first guard in line, he falls back, knocks the next one back, they all fall like dominoes, Carter and Thuvia HACK and shoot, ZZZZTBANG! their way all the way down the ramp, past the weapons cleaning room, past the guardroom, all the way to the door to the control room.

THUVIA

Quick, John Carter, I have
have lots of ammunition;
take out the old man and
pull that lever!

She kisses him, ZZZZZZTBANG! takes out the first guard to follow them down the corridor, the apt pounces on the next in line, bites his head off, CHOMP! the Red Martians press the guardsmen from the other end, a vicious hand to hand combat takes place, CLANG! CLANG! SQUISH! SQUISH!

Carter presses the door button, the door opens, he leaps into the room.

INT. KADABRA CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Carter leaps for the lever, the old man draws his sword, SCHWING! pounces at Carter like a fierce tiger, meets him with steel before he can reach the lever, CLANG! CLANG!

Carter fights for his life, he has finally met his match in the old Guardian of the Shaft; Solan is a wizard with his straight sword, CLANG! CLANG! he nearly makes mince meat of Carter, but Carter learns quickly, becomes instantly wise in tricks and moves unimaginable to him just a few moments earlier, CLANG! CLANG! the whole time they fight but three feet from the lever.

Carter rushes Solan, almost is impaled on his blade, he backs up, rushes again, manages to get within a foot of the lever, he reaches out his sword point, leaves an opening for Solan.

Solan sees the opening, thrusts his sword, Carter hits the lever with the flat of his blade, WHACK! releases it from its seating.

Instinctively, Solan breaks off his sword thrust, reaches for the lever, before he reaches it, Carter's sword point passes through his heart, SQUISH!

The machine makes a strange HUMMMMMM, goes silent.

CARTER
(to himself)
I only hope I was in time.

Carter hacks at the machine, WHAM! WHAM! permanently disables it.

CARTER
(continuing)
Thuvia! Quickly now, there is another door we can take to get out of here.

Thuvia and the apt enter, Carter presses the button, the door closes, he breaks the door button with the hilt of his sword, BAM!

CARTER
(continuing)
Get Solan's pistol from his body.

She kicks the body over, removes his pistol, they walk across the room toward a door by the panel Solan used to hide his money, the apt takes a bite out of Solan, CRUNCH!

THUVIA
No!

The apt obeys, they let it lead the way out of the chamber, Carter again breaks the button after the door has shut, BAM!

INT. SECRET PASSAGE - DAY

They are in a narrow dimly lit spiral passage leading upwards.

CARTER

I will wager that this is
Solan's secret passage to
Salensus Oll.

THUVIA

The apt is wounded; I know
not how long he will last.

CARTER

He deserves Helium's greatest
medal for valor.

They LAUGH.

CARTER

(continuing)

How are you on ammunition?

THUVIA

I am running low. I will
make every shot count. You
are right, my Prince; I sense
the evil mind of Salensus
Oll just ahead.

INT. THRONE ROOM OF SALENSUS OLL - DAY

The throne room is luxuriously appointed, Salesnus Oll sits
on his throne atop a raised stepped dais; he is a great
mountain of a man, coarse and brutal, his fierce black beard
bristles in excitement, he has a very large erect penis.

Before the dais, a CROWD OF FIFTY GORGEOUSLY CLAD NOBLES, a
central aisle separates them from each other. Dark heavy
hanging curtains cover the walls, make it all but impossible
to discern the location of the doors.

SALENSUS OLL

The allotted zode has come,
and though the enemies of
Okar be within her palace
gates from the land and air,
naught may still the will of
Salensus Oll.

SALENSUS OLL

(continuing)

The great ceremony must be omitted that no single man may be kept from his place in the defenses other than the fifty that custom demands shall witness the creation of a new Jeddara in Okar.

(waves hand)

In a moment, the thing shall have been done and we may return to the battle, while she who is now the Princess of Helium looks down from the Jeddara's Tower upon the annihilation of her former countrymen and witnesses the greatness which is her husband's.

(to COURTIER in low voice)

Bring her in!

The courtier hastens to a small door at the far end of the chamber, parts the curtains, swings open a small door, CRIES IN LOUD VOICE:

COURTIER

Way for Dejah Thoris, future Jeddara of Okar!

TWO GUARDSMEN drag an unwilling Princess into the throne room, her hair is disheveled, her breasts are scratched and bruised from struggling, her hands are manacled behind her to keep her from killing anyone.

DEJAH THORIS

Long live Helium!

SALENSUS OLL

Silence her!

The guards gag her mouth with a silk scarf, tie it tight so that it turns her mouth into a strange grin.

Salensus Oll rises, draws his sword, SCHWING! the nobles lining the aisle draw theirs, SCHWING! form an arch with their swords, through which the guards drag the Princess, a procession of SIX PRIESTS follow.

Dejah Thoris is forced to stand next to Salensus Oll, her hand is forced to hold his penis, a priest opens a book, a copy of the Holy Gates of Issus, CHANTS A RITUAL IN THE THERN TONGUE IN A SING-SONG VOICE.

The guards hold Dejah Thoris, force her to line up Salensus Oll's penis with her vagina, Salensus Oll thrusts up inside her, the priest drones on, on cue, THE AUDIENCE RESPONDS, Salensus Oll furiously copulates the Princess, tries to time his orgasm with the end of the ceremony, the Princess slackens in the arms of the guards, MOANS, has an orgasm, summons the Force of Issus.

INT. THRONE ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Carter and Thuvia follow the apt through the secret passage into a throne room antechamber, the apt leaves a blood trail behind them. In the background, they HEAR THE THERN CHANT. The door on the opposite side is open, only a dark heavy curtain separates them from the throne room.

Carter parts the curtain, looks inside the throne room, sees Salensus Oll copulate the Princess, Thuvia comes up to his side.

CLOSE-UP: Carter's eyes burn in hatred.

THUVIA

Calot scum!

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

In a single bound, Carter leaps from the antechamber, over the nobles, to the dais; before the guards can react, Carter decapitates one, WHACK! SPLAT!, runs the other through with the point of his straight sword, SQUISH!

Carter grabs the Princess, pulls her off Salensus Oll's penis just as he is about to ejaculate; it is his final act as Jeddak of Okar, as he ejaculates into thin air, Carter runs his blade through his heart, SQUISH!

CARTER

For the Princess of Helium!

Salensus Oll falls, THUD! rolls down the steps, his face grins in horrible death, the faces of the nobles are white, frozen in shock. At the rear, the apt is upon them, it SNARLS, GROWLS, ROARS into the crowd, it BITES, GOUGES with its horns, CHOMP! CRUNCH! Thuvia follows, blasts into the crowd, ZZZZTBANG! ZZZZTBANG! drops them one by one with her deadly eye.

Carter pulls the gag down, kisses the Princess, turns to face the nobles, the ones in front attack Carter, CLANG! CLANG! he fights like a superman, inspired by the new tricks he has learned from Solan. Dejah Thoris stands behind Carter, SINGS THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OF HELIUM.

The nobles put up a ferocious fight, Thuvia and the apt fight their way to the dais, fight off the press of the surviving nobles, soon the room is FULL OF REINFORCEMENTS, the fighting is so fierce, CLANG! CLANG! SQUISH! CHOMP! ZZZZTBANG! no one notices the singing has stopped.

INT. SECRET CHAMBER BEHIND THRONE - DAY

Dator Thurid parts the curtain, looks out at the carnage in the throne room, sees the Princess SINGING behind Carter, he sneaks up behind her, grabs her with his large left hand, raises the gag up into her mouth with the other, pulls her back into the secret chamber.

He smiles at her horrified face, SLAPS! her fully on the mouth, her bottom lip bleeds.

THURID

You will come with me, calot
bitch!

There are three arched exits leading out of the secret chamber, he drags the Princess through the one on the far right.

INT. SECRET TUNNEL MAZE - DAY

Thurid drags her through an endless maze of tunnels, always with a downwards slope, often they come into chambers with three arched exits, Thurid always chooses the one on the far right side, they finally come to an arched doorway leading out into a frozen wasteland of ice and snow.

Thurid opens a door inside the tunnel to the left of the arch, it is a cloak room full of black and yellow striped Orluk fur coats and boots. Thurid goes through them, throws coats aside, finds ones that are the right size, he pulls down the Princess's gag.

THURID

Go ahead and scream all you want; no one can hear you.

She falls to the floor on top of one of the discarded coats, spreads her legs.

DEJAH THORIS

Come on, Dator Thurid, take me here on the furs. You've always wanted to copulate me with that big First Born penis of yours; here is your chance - you may not get another.

He gets an erection, shakes his fist at her.

THURID

Whore of Helium! I know what you are up to! You intend on delaying me, but it will not work. On your feet!

She humps up her pelvis, he sees her gaping wet Red Flower, her large uplifted breasts, his penis twitches, he cannot help himself, he gets down between her legs, inserts his penis, thrusts inside her, she wraps her legs around him.

DEJAH THORIS
Feel the Force of Issus, my
Dator! Oh, your ebon penis
feels so good; oh, Thurid,
Prince of the First born,
give it to me!

She MOANS, has an orgasm, draws strength from the Kali-
Mundi, summons the Force of Issus.

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

The COMBINED FORCES of Tardos Mors, Mors Kajak, Kulan Tith,
Talu, and Tars Tarkas, fight their way into the throne room,
Tars Tarkas sees Carter and Thuvia on the dais.

TARS TARKAS
Love live John Carter, Prince
of Helium!

The combined forces join the CHEER.

Finally relieved, Carter and Thuvia turn around, the
Princess is gone.

THUVIA
By the face of Issus, they
have taken her!

CARTER
Tell the apt to follow her
scent.

Thuvia telepathically delivers the message, the apt SNIFFS
on the dais, motions to a section of the curtain behind
them, they open the curtain, it leads into a secret chamber.
Carter looks back, shouts to Tars Tarkas:

CARTER
Tars Tarkas, secure the room
while I rescue the Princess!

He turns and follows Thuvia and the apt into the secret
chamber.

INT. TUNNEL MAZE - DAY

The apt leads them through the maze, at every chamber with three exits, the apt always chooses the arched doorway to the right, in the final chamber, it pauses, WHINES, it is nearly bled out, a breeze blows in from the tunnel on the far right.

THUVIA
(sarcastically)
I wonder which one it is?

They LAUGH, follow the apt down the tunnel on the far right.

They reach the arched doorway, the door to the cloak room is open, Carter looks out the arched doorway.

CARTER
Look, fresh footprints, and
it is snowing outside.
They cannot be more than a
few hundred ads in front
of us.

Thuvia points inside the cloak room, to a large frothy wet spot on the silk lining of a fur coat on the floor.

THUVIA
The Princess used the
Kali-Mundi to slow them
down.

CARTER
How reassuring. Let's get
some of these furs on. I
will go ahead, you follow
the footprints with the
apt.

They put on fur coats and boots, Carter leaps away, taking huge bounds like a kangaroo, Thuvia hops on top of the apt, digs her ankles against it's massive head, it charges out onto the ice at full speed.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GLASS-DOMED HOTHOUSE CITY OF KADABRA - DAY

Carter leaps across a strange landscape of crags and crevasses, the huge dome of the city rises behind him, a light snow falls in the chilled air.

He soon spies Thurid talking with Matai Shang next to a flier they have drug out of a cave, its fresh tracks clear in the falling snow. Phaidor helps a bound Dejah Thoris up the rope ladder into the flier. They are all wearing orluk black and yellow striped fur coats and boots.

Thurid sees Carter approach, Matai Shang faces away.

THURID

Untie the bow line, Matai
Shang!

Matai Shang steps forward, unties the bow line, Thurid runs for the boarding ladder, clambers aboard deck, presses the repulsion button, the craft begins to rise, Matai Shang realizes he is being left behind.

MATAI SHANG

Dator Thurid! you mortal
calot scum! Wait for me!

He grabs onto the boarding ladder just in time, the craft rises slowly, it is overloaded.

Matai Shang climbs up the boarding ladder, reaches for the gunwale rail, Thurid hovers over him, dagger in hand, they struggle fiercely at the rail, the bow rope dangles, drags beneath the flier, lifts off the ground.

John Carter makes a run for the rope, makes three leaping bounds, then jumps for his life thirty feet into the air, he catches hold of the bow rope just in time. He climbs up the rope, looks down, sees Thuvia riding the apt, she fires her radium pistols, ZZZZZZTBANG! ZZZZTBANG! hits a buoyancy tank, BOOM! the flier tilts, the apt collapses dead beneath Thuvia, she topples over its head, falls head over heels into the snow.

Thurid and Matai Shang fight fiercely, the flier drifts over a bottomless crevasse, as Carter reaches the rail, Thurid stabs Matai Shang in the chest, SQUISH! with a HORRIBLE SCREAM he falls to the ice below.

Carter raises his head above the deck, Thurid moves quickly toward him, Phaidor suddenly appears, a long slim dagger in her hand, her hair is disheveled, her eyes wide in fear, she leaps to the deck directly in front of Carter.

Thurid pushes her aside, prepares to strike Carter with his dagger, Phaidor grabs Thurid's dagger hand, raises her own dagger, brings it down on Thurid's breast, SQUISH!

PHAIDOR

That for my father, Matai
Shang!

She stabs him again, SQUISH! and again, SQUISH!

PHAIDOR

(continuing)

That for the wrong you would
have done to Dejah Thoris!
And that for John Carter,
Prince of Helium!

She takes Thurid by the harness, pushes his carcass over the rail into the abyss below, the body falls silently.

Phaidor holds out her hand, assists Carter onto the deck, he stands amazed before her.

PHAIDOR

(continuing)

You wonder, John Carter, what
strange thing has wrought
this change in me? I will
tell you. It is love - love
of you, and of your Princess,
for you have taught me what
true love may be, what it
should be, and how far from
real love was my selfish
and jealous passion for
you.

PHAIDOR

(continuing; hangs head)

I am so unhappy because of
the wickedness that I have
wrought, I have so many sins
to expiate, and though I
be deathless, life is all
too short for the atonement.

She tries to leap over the deck, Carter grabs her by her
coat just in time, pulls her back.

CARTER

Surely you know that your
sins are forgiven! You
have saved my life and
the life of the Princess.
You will come to Helium
with us, not as a Holy
Thorn, but as a member
of our household, as a
trophy of war.

She falls to her knees, takes his penis in her hands, it
grows erect, she licks the tip.

PHAIDOR

I give myself to you, John
Carter. Do with me as you
please.

She fellates him, Carter pulls off her wig and diadem, casts
them overboard, he puts his right hand on her left shoulder.

CARTER

(continuing)

I command you to forever
serve the Princess Dejah
Thoris. Now, cut her loose!

Phaidor gives Carter's penis a loving farewell stroke, moves
to Dejah Thoris, cuts her loose, the women embrace.

CARTER

May I present Phaidor, a
god of Barsoom, as a prize
of war to you, my Princess.

DEJA THORIS

I accept this prize of war,
my Chieftan.

She French-kisses Phaidor, looks her in the eyes, runs a
hand over her bald pate.

DEJAH THORIS

(continuing)

Together, we will be holy;
together, we will touch the
radiant Face of Issus.

She rubs Phaidor's belly, smiles, Phaidor nods, whispers in
the Princess's ear.

PHAIDOR

I have been blessed by the
Holy Father; my egg has
been fertilized with his
Holy Seed. He shall be
called the Son of Matai
Shang.

DEJAH THORIS

Praise Issus!

Carter steers the craft to the ground, they climb out onto
the ice, walk to Thuvia, she stands next to the dead apt, a
tear in her eye.

PHAIDOR

What a beautiful monster;
no wonder the coat is held
in such high regard.

Carter's penis is still hard, he takes Thuvia in his arms,
French-kisses her, inserts his penis, copulates her.

CARTER

I claim the Princess Thuvia
of Ptarth as my wife and
hereby appoint her as
reigning Jeddara of Ptarth!

She moves on his penis, merges her mind with his.

CARTER

By Korus! the Force of Issus
is strong in you!

THUVIA

Ejaculate in me, my Prince.

DEJAH THORIS

You see now why they call her
the Red Witch of Ptarth!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAN DIEGO OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

ERB rips the page from the typewriter, CRUMBLES it up,
tosses it into the wastebasket.

ERB

(to himself)

Good grief, Ed; what are you
thinking? She's only ten
years old, way too young for
this kind of stuff. This is
totally inappropriate.
Better stick to how it ends
in All-Story.

He inserts a new page, types: Phaidor leaps over the deck
to her death so that Carter will be alone to embrace the
Princess. They repair the flier in Kadabra, fly back to
Helium. A combined council of 31 Jeddaks make John Carter
Jeddak of Jeddaks, the Warlord of Barsoom. This is top
secret information; can I trust you with it? Very truly
yours, Ed.

EXT. WINSLOW HOUSE, OAK PARK- RIVER FOREST, JULY 4, 1915 -
DAY (FLASHBACK)

Fred Reynolds gives ERB a tour of the exterior of the Winslow House, the first house designed by Frank Lloyd Wright in the Prairie Style.

FRED

I got it for a steal.
Most buyers don't like the radical style, even though this house was built in 1893.

ERB

Didn't Wright design the Unity Temple on Lake Street?

FRED

Yes, Lizzie goes there; she's Unitarian. She told me Wright insisted on it being called a temple.

ERB

That temple inspired some of my ideas of Martian architecture.

FRED

Which reminds me, did you see Doc Ed's son's review of your Gods of Mars?

ERB

I'm new to Oak Park, Fred. Who's Doc Ed?

FRED

A popular local practitioner. His son - Little Ernie - writes in the Oak Park River Forest High School newspaper, The Trapeze. He usually writes under the pen-name of Ring Lardner, Jr.

ERB

Good choice. What did he have to say?

FRED

Let me see, it was something like: "If Nietzsche proclaimed the death of God in the 19th century, then Edgar Rice Burroughs has surely buried him in the 20th. Not only does he mock ritualistic religion in Gods of Mars, he knowingly supplants Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace, with his Dark Messiah, John Carter, the Prince of War. It is no coincidence that they have the same initials."

ERB

Clever. Yep, that's me, all right, the corrupter of youth.

FRED

Don't get out the hemlock just yet.

They LAUGH, stand in front of the house, take in its strange symmetry.

FRED

(continuing)

The walls are made from Roman brick, and the second story is covered in terra cotta tile.

ERB

That roof is so low and wide,
I've never seen anything like
it. The the way it projects
over the second story windows
almost visually eliminates
the second story. Uncanny.
And what a magnificent
chimney!

FRED

The fireplace inside is
equally magnificent.

Fred escorts ERB through the front door.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL TO WINSLOW HOUSE - DAY

Fred and ERB stand in the entrance hall facing three stone
steps leading up to a raised Roman-arched portico and
fireplace.

ERB

It seems so Roman, and yet
so otherworldly at the same
time.

FRED

Go with it, Ed, perhaps it
will inspire another story.

Fred leads ERB through the house.

ERB

Didn't Nietzsche go mad?

FRED

Yes, he lived the last ten
years of his life totally
insane. They say his last
works were the darkest and
most disturbing. But he
didn't go mad due to his
his atheism, it was from
his syphilis.

FRED

(continuing)

And you should know all about that, Ed, from your hands-on research at the Everleigh Bordello; it's not hard to acquire.

ERB

I assure you that the girl from Farris's was as clean as a whistle.

They LAUGH.

FRED

Lizzie loves Nietzsche and his idea of the Uberman. You're the realization of that idea to her. Oh, have you heard about the new girl they've got at the Everleigh?

ERB

No.

FRED

They say she's a dead-ringer for La, High Priestess of the Flaming God. They even created a special room for her recreating the Altar of Opar.

ERB

You don't say. It's so nice when your books are really appreciated.

They both LAUGH KNOWINGLY.

EXT. BACKYARD OF WINSLOW HOUSE - DAY

Fred and ERB stroll outside. Lizzie and Emma sit in a gazebo drinking champagne while the older kids, HULLY, 6, JOAN and TOM, each 7, play croquet. JACK, 2 1/2, plays on a cage-like structure made of metal bars in a bed of sand, which fascinates ERB.

ERB

What on earth do you call that? Did Wright design that too?

FRED

It's called a Jungle Gym, and, no, it wasn't designed by Wright. It was designed by Sebastian Hinton, a lawyer friend of mine from Chicago. His wife's an educator and wants to open a children's nursery. He asked me if he could experiment in my backyard.

ERB

Well, he should patent the thing.

JACK

Look; me Tarzan, Daddy!

They join Lizzie and Emma in the gazebo. There is an obvious attraction between ERB and Lizzie.

EMMA

I don't like Jack playing on that contraption. Tell him to stop, Eddie.

ERB

That contraption was designed by a skilled specialist in children's education, Emma.

EMMA

I don't care. That thing is dangerous and Jack could break his neck.

Just then Jack falls, lands safely in the soft sand. He gets back up, attacks the bars with more vigor.

ERB

I rest my case.

Lizzie pours them both a glass of champagne, they toast to the Fourth of July.

FRED

Here's to the United States of America, land of the free...

ERB

...home of the brave.

They tip glasses, drink, refill their glasses. Lizzie makes eye-contact with ERB, smiles demurely.

LIZZIE

Emma and I were just discussing the relief fund for the survivors of the Lusitania. How awful that must have been. I still have nightmares about the Titanic.

FRED

I'm almost ashamed to be called an American under the Wilson administration. We need to show a strong hand and let these Germans know that we really mean business. If we don't, they're going to walk all over us.

LIZZIE

I remember when we were promoting Pullman in Germany; they were more interested in troop transport than civilian comfort.

EMMA

They killed 128 Americans on the Lusitania!

ERB

I can't believe William Jennings Bryan resigned as Secretary of State because he thought the wording of the protest against submarine warfare was too stern. But after all, what can you expect from a man who rejects Darwin?

FRED

We're certainly a world power now. Where is Teddy Roosevelt now that we really need him?

ERB

Did you know that I tried to enlist for his Rough Riders but they wouldn't take me.

LIZZIE

I'll bet there's a good story behind that, Ed.

EMMA

Believe me, there's not.

Emma SIGHS and settles back in her chair, succumbs to the sun and the champagne, closes her eyes, starts to snooze. Lizzie shows concern.

ERB

Leave her be, Lizzie. That woman could never hold her alcohol.

Jack tires of the Jungle Gym and runs inside the gazebo, jumps into the waiting arms of ERB.

JACK

Tarzan sleepy.

FRED

A chip off the old block.

ERB

Talking about stories, I'm writing a new Tarzan where he gets amnesia.

LIZZIE

Hasn't that been overworked as a writing gimmick, Ed? I don't mean to criticize, but --

ERB

Well, if you're honest, you can say that about everything when it comes to fiction.

Their glasses are empty. Lizzie pours them all a fresh glass from the bottle.

LIZZIE

Isn't life splendid? I can't think of better company with which to celebrate. Let us toast to friendship.

They CLINK glasses, drink. Jack falls asleep, ERB rocks him gently against his chest.

FRED

Well, are you going to keep us in suspense all day, Ed?

ERB

I'm calling it Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar. I must say I am really excited about writing this one.

LIZZIE

Ah, I was wondering if we would ever revisit La, the High Priestess again. She made quite an impression in The Return of Tarzan. I've often wondered who she was based on in real life.

ERB steals a glance at Emma, she is fast asleep, lightly SNORES.

ERB

The Return of Tarzan was their title; Monsieur Tarzan was mine. And as far as La is concerned, it's nobody you know; and what makes you think she's not just a figment of my imagination?

Lizzie and Fred exchange a knowing glance.

LIZZIE

Call it a woman's intuition.

They LAUGH.

FRED

Is there a sacrificial scene? Those always get my blood boiling.

LIZZIE

Is that why you're always whistling like a tea kettle?

They LAUGH again.

ERB

Well, as it so happens, yes, there's a sacrificial scene, but that comes later. But first, Tarzan has to return to Opar because he has lost all of his money due to bad investments. He leaves Jane back at his African estate with Mugambi, taking some Waziri warriors with him to bear the treasure.

(takes a drink)

However, a Belgian officer, Albert Werper, who has deserted his post after murdering his senior officer, learns of the plan. He follows Tarzan in secret to the lost colony of Atlantis. Tarzan finds the secret entrance to the treasure and while he is distracted getting the Waziri warriors, Werper sneaks inside the treasure room. Then tragedy strikes.

(he takes another drink)

An earthquake collapses the secret tunnel leading to the treasure room. Two Waziri warriors are crushed to death and Tarzan is knocked unconscious by a falling rock. The candle he was using for illumination is snuffed out by all the dust...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SECRET TREASURE ROOM OF OPAR - DAY

The room is pitch black.

IN INFRARED LIGHT: Werper, 25, is unharmed and struggles in the darkness to find the candle. He finds it, lights it with a match, sees Tarzan with a large cut on his forehead, believes he is dead, finds the tunnel blocked.

He searches the treasure room and its endless stacks of gold ingots engraved with Atlantean hieroglyphics - the same as on Mars - finds another door at the opposite end.

He slowly wanders down a dark passage, almost falls into a well. The passageway continues on the other side of the well, a huge circular well shaft connects the sky above with the water below.

He backs up, runs forward as fast as he can, jumps into empty space, almost misses the other side, rolls as he hits the passageway on the other side, loses his candle.

He sees a dim light ahead, walks out into a large subterranean room with concrete stairs leading up to a circular court. An opening in the ceiling brings down sunlight, it glances off massive columns also engraved with strange hieroglyphics, twined about by clinging vines.

Above the opening, the SOUND OF SOUGHING WIND THROUGH BRANCHES, THE HOARSE CRY OF BIRDS, THE CHATTERING OF MONKEYS.

Boldly he ascends the stairs to the court, spies a stone slab altar, stained with blood.

INT. TEMPLE OF THE FLAMING GOD - DAY

Several doors lead from the enclosure. Circling the courtyard above, a series of open balconies.

He approaches one of the doors, they all open at once, a HORDE OF SHAGGY, KNOTTED, HIDEOUS LITTLE MEN rush in. The men have thick matted hair upon their heads, growing low over receding brows, long muscular arms, short heavy crooked legs, close-set evil eyes, they have a bestial appearance.

They wear leopard and lion skins around their loins, great necklaces of animal claws hang on their breasts, massive circlets of virgin gold adorn their arms and legs, they each carry a heavy, knotted bludgeon, and in the belts that hold the skins in place, long wicked knives.

Werper CRIES OUT, tries to escape back through the hole, the hideous men cut him off. They seize and bind him.

LA, THE HIGH PRIESTESS, 20, leads A GROUP OF PRIESTESSES, all between 18-22, into the room.

The women of Opar have not degenerated like the men.

They are more symmetrically proportioned, their features more perfect, the shapes of their heads and large soft black eyes denoting a greater intelligence and humanity than that of the males.

They wear, like the males, animal skins about their loins, held in place by rawhide belts or chains of gold, the black masses of their hair incrustated with golden headgear composed of many circular and oval pieces of gold ingeniously held together to form a metal cap from which depend on each side of the head, long strings of oval pieces falling to the waist.

Their breasts are bared without shame, of all shapes and sizes.

La is an intelligent-looking, shapely-faced young woman with more elaborate ornaments, diamonds replacing gold pieces, her belt three golden rings in a strange design with diamond settings.

Her breasts are uplifted, crowned with large blood-red nipples.

In her belt, a long jeweled knife, and in her hand, a slender wand held as a bludgeon.

La raises the wand, Werper is lifted and laid upon the altar, stretched out, arms bound.

The priestesses kneel beside the altar, hold gold cups in their hands to retrieve the blood from the sacrifice, begin the DREADED DEATH CHANT, UHMA, MUHMA! UHMAH, MUHMAH! over and over.

The CHANTING SUDDENLY CEASES.

La extends her wand above the worshippers, RECITES A LONG PRAYER IN A TONGUE LONG FORGOTTEN, ends with:

LA
Keenda lama sha koonda!

La removes the sacred knife from its sheath, raises it over her head, looks upward.

LA
(continuing)
O, Flaming God of Opar,
we commit this sacrifice
to thy eternal glory.

A SUDDEN SCREAM followed by a FRIGHTFUL ROAR.

La lowers the dagger, her eyes filled with horror.

An enormous lion stands in the center of the temple, one of the hideous men mangled under his feet.

INT. TREASURE ROOM OF OPAR - DAY

INFRARED: Tarzan, in jungle outfit, regains consciousness in pitch blackness. He feels his forehead, finds it covered with blood, feels on the floor for his spear, finds it, staggers to the entrance, finds it blocked.

He feels his way through the stacks of ingots to the other door, enters into the passageway.

He can't see a thing, he gets to the well, falls in, SPLASHES in the water below, holds on to his spear.

He treads water, the light from above dimly illuminates the wall of the well, he spies a large opening, swims to it, it is the entrance to a tunnel.

The tunnel is dark, pitch black, ends in a stairway. He climbs the spiralling steps, they lead to a small circular chamber, illuminated by a tubular shaft several feet in diameter, rising from the center of the ceiling upwards to over a hundred feet, terminating in a stone grating, on the other side, blue sky.

He spies several large chests. He opens one. It is full of brilliant stones. He plunges in his hands, lets the stones filter through his fingers.

He opens all of the chests, each one is full of priceless gems.

He takes a handful of the finest cut jewels, puts them in a leather pouch on his belt.

He proceeds out of the room, up a spiral ramp, ends in a low-ceilinged room. An opening in the ceiling reveals ancient columns.

Tarzan ascends a flight of concrete steps into bright light, spear at ready, he stops and takes in the sight.

INT. TEMPLE OF THE FLAMING GOD - DAY

Tarzan enters the Temple of the Flaming God, finds it full of hideous men and beautiful women running helter-skelter out of the many doors, sees Werper on an stone slab about to be sacrificed by another beautiful dark-haired woman; a huge lion is in the center of the room standing on the mangled body of a hideous man, glaring at the woman.

The lion ROARS at the woman, she swoons over Werper's body. The lion crouches, the tip of its sinuous tail TWITCHING nervously.

The lion notices Tarzan, turns as Tarzan runs forward, throws his spear, SQUISH! hits the lion in the chest.

The lion SNAPS and TEARS at the shaft, Tarzan throws himself at the lion, his steel knife raised high.

The lion rears up to meet him, GROWLS FRIGHTFULLY, Tarzan also GROWLS, makes a quick side step, avoids the first swinging clutch of the lion's claws.

He leaps upon the lion's back, his arms encircle its maned neck, his teeth dig deep into its neck. The lion leaps, ROARS, ROLLS AND STRUGGLES, tries to dislodge the ape-man, the whole time Tarzan's knife plunges over and over, SQUISH! SQUISH! SQUISH! into the beast's side.

La regains consciousness, spellbound, she watches Tarzan fight the lion.

Tarzan finds the lion's heart, SQUISH! with a FINAL SPASMODIC STRUGGLE, it rolls over dead on the marble floor.

Tarzan gets to his feet, places a foot on the lion's carcass, gives the HIDEOUS VICTORY CRY OF THE BULL APE.

Tarzan stares at La and Werper, doesn't recognize them.

LA

Tarzan, you have come back to me. La has waited for her Tarzan. She has taken no mate, for in all the world, there is but one with whom La will mate. Tell me, Tarzan, that it is for me you have returned.

TARZAN

(puzzled)

Tarzan? The name sounds familiar.

LA

It is your name - you are Tarzan.

TARZAN

I am Tarzan? Well it is a good name, I know no other, I will keep it. But I do not know you, nor did I come for you. Why I came, I do not know, neither do I know from whence I came. Can you tell me?

LA

(shakes head)

I never knew.

TARZAN

(to Werper)

Do you know?

WERPER

I cannot tell you from whence you came, but this I can tell you - if we do not get out of this horrible place, we shall both be slain upon this bloody altar.

(points)

This woman was about to plunge her knife into my heart when the lion interrupted the fiendish ritual. Come! Before they recover from their fright and reassemble, let us find a way out of this damnable temple.

TARZAN

(to La)

Why would you have killed this man? Are you hungry?

La CRIES IN CONTEMPT, raises her slender arm, points to the sun.

LA

We were offering up his
soul as a gift to the
Flaming God.

TARZAN

(to Werper)

Do you wish to die?

WERPER

(tears in eyes)

I don't wish to die!

TARZAN

Very well, you shall not.
Come! We will go.

(to La)

We are going now.

He cuts away Werper's bonds, La rushes forward, takes his hands, puts them on her breasts.

LA

Do not leave me! Stay and
you shall be High Priest.
La loves you. All Opar
shall be yours. Stay,
Tarzan of the Apes, and
let love reward you.

He pushes her away.

TARZAN

Tarzan does not desire you.

La's face convulses with rage.

LA

Stay, you shall! La will
have you, and if she cannot
have you alive, she will
have you dead.

La raises her head to the sun, gives THE HIDEOUS CRY OF THE APES. In answer, a BABBLE OF VOICES from the doors leading into the Temple.

LA

Come, Guardian Priests! The
infidels have profaned the
holy of holies. Come!
Strike terror into their
hearts! Defend La and her
altar, wash clean the Temple
with the blood of the
polluters.

Tarzan seizes La in his strong arms, takes the jeweled knife from her, hands the long blade to Werper.

TARZAN

You will need this.

A horde of the hideous men break inside the Temple from the many doors, armed with bludgeons and knives, fired up in fanatical hatred and frenzy.

Tarzan sizes up the scene, picks an exit, heads for a door, it is blocked by a priest in front of a dozen of the hideous men. Tarzan swings his heavy spear like a club, BASHES! the priest over the head, CRUSHES his skull.

Tarzan makes quick work with his spear on the remaining defenders, they all back off as Werper holds the sacrificial knife high in his hand, ready to strike anyone within his reach.

They make their way through the crowd, the hideous men obviously frightened of the Sacred Knife of Opar.

TARZAN

They fear the knife, you
take the lead.

The ruse works, they walk out of the Temple into the broad avenue of the Lost City of Atlantis, out the inner wall through a broad gate, everywhere the strange hieroglyphics engraved in the buildings and wall.

They follow a well-worn trail, it leads them beyond the outer fortifications, out into the desolate Valley of Opar.

EXT. TREE IN JUNGLE - DAY

Tarzan has returned to his ape-man existence, not knowing who he is or where to go. He slumbers in a tree, one hand grasped about a stout limb, his leg wrapped around another.

THREE GREAT APES swing into branches above, FIFTY OF THE HIDEOUS MEN gather silently below.

The three apes POUNCE on Tarzan, knock him from the tree branch, into the hands of the hideous men. There is a brief, VICIOUS STRUGGLE, a whirlwind of bodies flying from the center.

La approaches, she is worried.

LA
 Don't kill him! Our
 greater numbers will
 prevail. See! Already
 he weakens.

Tarzan succumbs to the numbers, his wrists and ankles bound.

LA
 (continuing)
 Bring him to the camp.
 We shall spend the night
 and in the morning, La
 will offer up the heart
 of this defiler of the
 Temple.

They take him to a clearing, to a shelter that has been quickly assembled.

LA
 (continuing)
 Gather wood well filled
 with pitch, lay it in the
 form and size of the Altar
 of Opar. May the Flaming God
 look down upon our work and
 be pleased.

They transfer Tarzan to the shelter, his feet and hands still bound, push him down to the floor, covered by an elaborately patterned rug.

LA

(continuing)

All night I shall torture
him!

The creatures leave, La is alone with Tarzan.

INT. JUNGLE SHELTER - DUSK

Outside, the SOUND OF HIDEOUS MEN GATHERING WOOD, CONSTRUCTING AN ALTAR. La paces back and forth around Tarzan, he tries to gain a sitting position.

LA

Where is the Sacrificial
Knife of the Flaming God?

TARZAN

I do not know. Werper
stole it and my leather
pouch when I was sleeping.
He disappeared the first
night we escaped.

La kneels at his side, removes a knife from her belt, places it against Tarzan's side, presses against the hilt.

Tarzan is unafraid, does not move. She stands, resheathes the knife. She closes her eyes, goes into a religious trance, her breasts rise and fall with her breathing.

The sun goes down.

FLICKERING LIGHT from the campfires outside dimly illuminate the inside of the shelter.

La comes out of her religious trance, pulls out her dagger, stoops over the ape-man, places the knife against his side.

A sudden burst of flame from new branches thrown into a campfire BRIGHTLY ILLUMINATES the interior of the shelter. La cannot bear to kill the beautiful man before her.

She throws the knife aside, lowers herself onto Tarzan's lap, runs her hands over his body, places hot kisses on his lips.

Tarzan gets aroused, she feels him, she presses her breasts into his face, he sucks her hard nipples.

LA

Love me, Tarzan.

She JERKS off Tarzan's leopard skin, lifts her own, rubs her wet vagina against his penis, lifts up her hips, impales herself -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACK YARD OF WINSLOW HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

LIZZIE

Oh, Ed, you can't write it that way! You've got to change it!

ERB

(puzzled)

Why? Tarzan has a perfect excuse; he has amnesia.

Lizzie nods to Emma, who still SNORES.

LIZZIE

Emma thinks of herself as Jane, surely you know that? It would break her heart if Tarzan cheated, because to her it would be conclusive evidence that you had cheated.

ERB contemplates the situation.

FRED

You should listen to Lizzie on these matters, Ed.

LIZZIE

If not for Emma, do it for
me, Ed.

They exchange a quick but knowing look.

ERB

(shrugs)

Okay, I'll change it; but I
would have toned it down
anyway. You're the lucky
ones that get to hear the
uncensored version.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUNGLE SHELTER - NIGHT

La spends all night kissing and carressing the ape-man, but
he does not respond.

Night turns into morning.

LA

Love me, Tarzan.

He shrugs her off, rolls over on his side away from her.
She is furious, stands, CRIES:

LA

(continuing)

Come, Priests of the Flaming
God and make ready the
sacrifice!

The hideous men come inside chanting, UHMA MUHMA! UHMAH
MUHMAH!, they carry Tarzan out of the shelter.

EXT. JUNGLE ALTAR - DAY

Tarzan is laid on top of the rough branched altar, the High
Priest stands by with a lit torch, La approaches with raised
knife, eyes raised to the sun, her lips mouth a silent
prayer.

Tarzan waits for death, La leans over him, tears in her eyes.

LA

Tarzan, my Tarzan, tell me
that you love me - that you
will return with me to
Opar - and you shall live.
This last chance I give you,
what is your answer?

She leans closer, her breasts rub against him, they are fully aroused, she WHISPERS in his ear:

LA

Yes or no?

Tantor, the elephant, TRUMPETS NEARBY. Tarzan raises his voice in a STRANGE SCREAM, it sends La back a step. Her love-hate conflict gets the best of her, hate winning.

LA

(continuing)

Your answer! What is your
answer to the love of La
of Opar?

The High Priest gets impatient, passes the torch from hand to hand, each time closer to the pyre.

The TRUMPETING IS CLOSER, there is a craziness to it, Tarzan smiles, La's eyes widen, she understands.

LA

You refuse La! Then die!
The torch!

The High Priest ignites the base of the wood altar.

TARZAN

Tantor is coming! I
thought he would rescue me,
but I know from his voice
that he will seek out and
slay me and you and all
that fall in his path.

TARZAN

(continuing)

He will search out with the cunning of Sheeta, the panther, those who would hide from him - for Tantor is mad from the madness of love.

La imagines a whole series of catastrophes as she fearfully watches Tarzan. She knows the madness of elephants. The wood catches, a curling swirl of smoke, then flames.

TARZAN

(continuing; softly)

I cannot love you, La. I do not know why for you are very beautiful. No, I cannot love you, but I cannot see you die beneath the goring tusks of mad Tantor. Cut my bonds before it is too late.

LOUDER TRUMPETING, the earth SHAKES from Tantor's charge.

TARZAN

(continuing)

Already he is almost upon us! Cut them and I may yet save you.

The flames LICK UPWARDS, CRACKLE!

La stands like a statue, stares at Tarzan and the flames.

THE NOISE OF CRACKING LIMBS AND CRASHING TRUNKS comes out of the forest, EVEN LOUDER TRUMPETING, the ground SHAKES EVEN HARDER. Tantor is almost upon them.

The priests worry, wait for a signal from their High Priestess.

LA

Fly!

La cuts the bonds, frees Tarzan. The priests are angry, the High Priest attacks La with his bludgeon.

HIGH PRIEST

Traitor! For this you too
shall die!

He brings his bludgeon down on La, Tarzan leaps between them, seizes the weapon, wrenches it from his hands, grabs the High Priest, lifts him high over his head, throws him onto the other priests rushing to protect him, CRASH! they go down like bowling pins.

Tantor CHARGES into the camp, TRUMPETS MADLY, his little eyes enflamed with insane rage.

Tarzan grabs La in his arms, heads for the nearest tree, leaps into the branches, La hangs on with her arms around his neck, moves with him as he swings upward through the branches to escape the reach of Tantor, he wheels to a skid under the tree.

The priests rush madly to escape the crazed bull elephant. Tantor, angrier than ever because Tarzan has escaped, turns his fury on the priests. He GORES the nearest one, tosses him high into a tree, CRASH! he seizes another with his trunk and PILE-DRIVES him into an old stump, BAM! BAM! BAM! until the man's head is pulp. He TRAMPLES, SQUASH!, SQUASH!, SQUASH!, three more in a STRANGE DEATH DANCE, the rest of the priests flee into the jungle.

Tantor ignores them, turns his attention to Tarzan. Rising up with his forefeet against the trunk, he reaches high into the branches with his trunk, Tarzan is too high.

Tantor BELLOWS, TRUMPETS, SCREAMS, the earth SHAKES to the mighty volume.

Tantor puts his head against the trunk, PUSHES, the tree BENDS, but holds fast.

Tantor totally loses his mind. He looks up at Tarzan and La perched high in the branches, red-rimmed eyes blazing in insane hatred. He winds his trunk around the tree, spreads his great feet wide apart, tries to uproot it.

The tree CRACKS and GROANS, gives slowly at the roots, the GROUND RISES in little mounds and ridges at the base of the trunk.

The tree begins to falter, Tarzan grabs La, throws her on his back, the tree goes down, CRASH, he leaps towards the branch of a lesser nearby tree, a long and perilous leap, barely makes it.

Tarzan flies through the trees, faster than Tantor can follow, he TRUMPETS, charges after them, sees a hapless priest running nearby, diverts his direction, CRUSHES! the priest, blunders off in the wrong direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINSLOW HOUSE BACK YARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

ERB's attention is diverted by a croquet ball that rolls up, stops at the first step of the gazebo. Joan soon follows, picks up the ball.

JOAN

The boys are ganging up
on me, Popsy.

ERB

Give 'em hell, Joan.

LIZZIE

Do you want me to tell Tom
to stop it?

JOAN

No, thank you, Mrs. Reynolds,
I can take care of myself.

ERB

That's the spirit, Joan.
Do your best, never give up.

Joan takes the ball back to the game, Tom and Hully wait for her, watch her approach.

HULLY

If I was old enough I'd
join the Army.

TOM

Not me, I'm going to join
the Marines.

HULLY

We'd show those damn Huns
who the best damn fighters
in the world are!

Hully and Tom share a guilty pleasure in the use of the word
"damn."

JOAN

Hey, you guys have moved
the balls again. That's
not fair.

PAN back to Gazebo.

FRED

(looks at pocket watch)

Well, we're not going to get
a better chance than this.
What do you say, Ed?

ERB looks at Emma, makes sure the SNORES are real, looks at
the kids, they are deep in their game.

LIZZIE

You can put Tarzan in the
nursery next to our room.

The three of them rush from the gazebo to the French doors
leading inside the house.

INT. WINSLOW HOUSE MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

The three of them are naked, ERB and Lizzie make love in the
four-poster, the covers flung aside. Fred sits in a chair,
masturbates. Lizzie makes SOFT EROTIC LOVE SOUNDS, her long
red hair spreads out over the pillows, her soft pearly white
skin in contrast to ERB's.

FRED

Give it to her hard, Ed; you
know she likes it like that.

ERB brings them both to a finish, they have simultaneous
LOUD ORGASMS. Lizzie looks up at ERB, flushes with the
after-glow of good sex.

LIZZIE

I just love fireworks in
the afternoon.

ERB

I've always dreamed of you,
Lizzie. In another time,
in another world, we will
be one.

Fred rises from his chair, joins them, ERB rolls off, Fred
takes his place, enters Lizzie.

FRED

You're the best friend we've
ever had, Ed.

Fred makes love to Lizzie, she looks lovingly in ERB's eyes.

LIZZIE

From the first moment our
eyes met on the train, Ed,
I knew you were my Uberman;
I love you so much.

ERB rubs her breasts, squeezes the left one, sucks it.

ERB

I love you too, Lizzie.

They French-kiss.

EXT. ERB'S DRIVEWAY, 414 AUGUSTA STREET, OAK PARK, JUNE 1916
-- DAY (FLASHBACK)

ERB, 41, EMMA, 40, JOAN, 8, HULLY, 6, and JACK, 3 1/2, are getting ready to climb inside a Packard Twin Six I-35 Touring Car.

Behind the Packard, a huge three-quarter-ton Republic truck, outfitted with stove, refrigerator, and kitchen cabinet, pulling a trailer full of tents, trunks, bedding, tools, and a bathtub. A MAN, 30's, sits behind the truck's wheel.

ERB talks to his brother, COLEMAN, 48.

ERB

I got the idea for refitting
the truck from Lizzie
Reynolds, God rest her soul.
Why take a train when you can
drive your own Pullman? Just
think of what a revolution
this could be in the history
of travel and recreation!

COLEMAN

Who's driving the truck?

ERB

His name is LOUIS ZEIBS,
the only guy crazy enough to
take part in the revolution.
I'm so excited, Coleman; I'm
bored as hell with Oak Park
and its never-ending prudery.

COLEMAN

Look, Eddie, I know you wrote
to the National Parks Service
and Camp and Trail magazine
to find the best routes.
But you should know that a
trip to Michigan, and
then on to Maine, is most
perilous.

COLEMAN

(continuing)

Most of the roads are unpaved and all of the maps are unreliable. Driving cross-country is just as risky today as it was for the wagon trains last century.

ERB

I need a new adventure, Coleman. My neuritis is killing me. It's nearly impossible for me to type another word without howling in pain. I have to write everything by hand. If I don't get some kind of a cure, I'll never write the amount of words I need to keep up with the bills.

COLEMAN

Well, Eddie, I've got to hand it to you. You finally got your house in Oak Park and are driving a Packard. Since your stories started being published as books, your popularity and bank account have continued to grow. I guess now is as good a time as any for a new adventure.

ERB

Did I tell you that the movies are bidding for Tarzan?

COLEMAN

Tarzan on the silver screen! By golly, Eddie, wouldn't that be something to see!

ERB

If only they can get it right!

EXT. MORRISON LAKE, COLDWATER, MICHIGAN, JULY 1916 -- DAY
(FLASHBACK)

ERB and family stay at a cottage on the lakeshore owned by Emma's sister. ERB, lean and jaunty, tan and muscular, sits on a lawn chair, scribbles in a journal. Emma sits next to him, reads a newspaper. A table with two glasses and a pitcher of mint julips separates them.

ERB stops writing, looks at his surroundings, stretches his arms, yawns.

ERB

What a glorious day, Emma!
I'm sure glad your sister
let us stay here. The kids
are having a wonderful time.
I've just completed the next
entry in my Auto-Gypsy
Journal. I've given a name
to that damned poltergeist
who plagued us the whole way.
I've called him "Jinx"; what
do you think?

Emma frowns at ERB's use of the word "damn," sighs, lets it go.

EMMA

It is a fitting name, Eddie.
It was a trip of horror, with
all of those boggy roads and
mechanical failures. At
least your neuritis has im-
proved and I must say, you're
you're looking very healthy.

(pauses)

Shouldn't you be working on
other things besides that
journal? No one could
possibly be interested in it.

ERB

Relax, Emma! I can probably sell it to the Republic Truck Company. And don't forget that I finished the sequel to The Mucker in the spring and the movie producers are standing in line to make Tarzan. What's the rush?

Emma frowns, goes back to her newspaper, mumbles.

EMMA

I am still shocked at how people actually liked that dreadful Mucker story. That horrible man alone on that island with an unclothed woman! Scandalous!

Emma sits up, TAPS the paper, a shocked look on her face.

EMMA

(continuing)

Oh, Eddie, look at this! It says that a polio epidemic has broken out in Maine!

ERB

What?

EMMA

We can't take the children there, we have to change our plans!

ERB

Yes, you're right. Hmmmm. Why not California? We've got enough supplies for a long road trip. It would be a pity to waste them. And you know how you loved San Diego.

EMMA

I was so looking forward to
Maine, but, yes, another
winter in California would be
nice. And don't forget how
productive you were in all
that sunshine. Oh, for
heaven's sake, why not?

ON SCREEN: TO BE CONTINUED...

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF PART THREE