

**B R E A K**

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**by**

**OLIVER STONE**

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Anthony's trip through three moods/locations:

1. The City -- Speed and Fear
2. The Forest --Decreasing Speed Fading Into Dream
3. Prison -- Silence (The Death of Words)  
Freedom (End of Movie)

1. Small, student's French-type garret decorated in deep-red, suitcase on bed. Anthony to his desk, hurriedly examining his thick papers and books, and throwing them on the floor. Takes a book (closeup photograph of Genet, book's author, a photo from early 50's, in his burglar's T-shirt, his name in large, visible letters at base of photo) off night table, puts it in suitcase, locks suitcase, opens door, suitcase out door. A. back into the room, wine bottle from mantelpiece, pouring red gasoline over books and manuscripts piled on floor, spreading the gasoline around the small room. Looks it all over, bends, lights match, tosses on fire, backing up, an instant later sound of wind popping a tent and red flames shooting up. A. forced back. Shot of A. through the jumping flames, sweating with the heat and watching. Opening the door. Shot of closing door through fire. A's fleeing footsteps down the gothic stairs, trotting. Fire. Footsteps (running). cut.

2. Voice Off:

So you ran away from school.

(Pause)

Yes.

Shot of father and son, son in jeans, boots and vest, long hair, early twenties, his hair getting longer with the progress of the movie, his features, icily handsome, becoming more and more expressive and tender.

You quit.

A.: (Inwardly)

Yea.

(A.'s small pocket knife is out, playing the edge with his nail, shot close of his hands slightly quivering with inner tension.)

Father: I can see you're on acid,  
you're on pot. Probably on  
pills. God knows what else!

A.: (Laughing 'at himself)  
Dancing. Mushrooms. sex . . .  
my mind is blown.

(Gently out of tension rubs the inside of his upper leg)

Father: (Looking at him as he  
does this)  
I think you're sick.

A.: um (Puts knife away)

F.: Anthony, I love you, you're  
my boy.

A. striking match, watches it burn. Telephone rings.

Father picks up phone. Pause.

Strange voice hissing over the phone:

sssssss.

Hanging up.

Father, bothered, hanging up. The match in A.'s hand  
burns out. Father sees it go out.

A; rising, not looking at his Father, walking to elevator  
which opens directly on the luxurious apartment.

A: I think your fire is out  
Dad . . . I'm sorry. I think  
I need a woman, Dad. I'm  
going out and find a woman, Dad.

F. startled, very distant, slowly wondering aloud:

You really are sick . . . You  
have no idea really of what  
reality is.

A. turning around at entrance to elevator which opens  
as he talks. Looking at Father hard. Then softer:

Reality I have. Right here.

(Gesturing with his  
hand to his genitals)

Right here.

(Head)

Right here.

(Heart)

So man . . .

(Softly)

Dad . . . don't ever tell  
me I'm sick.

Shot: footsteps into elevator. Hand pushing elevator  
button. Elevator drifting across Father's face,  
disappearing,

3. Elevator opening another floor. Anthony's  
mother with Siamese cat on her arm getting into elevator

first, group of friends following dressed in fancy threads ready to go someplace.

**Mother**, looking at **A** in elevator, at first unable to recognize him:           Anthony?

A:           Yes, Mom.

Marina:     How are you?

**Marina**, who says this, is Russian looking, is tall with a husky voice and long black hair. She looks down closely at **A**., who is leaning up against a side of the elevator.

**Mother** from distance:

                  Come with us.

A.:           Where you going?

Looking at **Marina**, who is looking at him.

Mother turning bored to her son, looking at **him**, blowing smoke out of her mouth:

A.:           To **Hell!** What difference  
                  does it make?

4.           Elevator opening. A Dylan-type, freaky hair and corduroys and knee-high boots (seen later as **Lerner**) is leaning up against the side of the elevator in same pose as **A**'s as elevator opens. Looks at the party of people with cold blue eyes. Goes in elevator after last **has left**.

5.                   A. combing his hair in the reflection of the glass doors, with a large light-blue **comb**. **Marina** standing behind him. To the side.

A.: No.

M.: Why not:

A.: No.

M.: why not?

A.: No.

Anthony returns comb to pocket of his jeans.

6. Faces of party going out the glass door, mother first, son the last.

7. Anthony at front of door, waving to them as the doors of the limousine close.

A. (off in low whisper):

Ciaou.

8. A. gloved hands in pocket not wearing jeans but fancier, better clothes, walking down a city sidewalk in the damp night. A young, cautious, slightly tense walk. A belted raincoat on, drawn up around his neck. Passes a tall black standing in the shadows of a doorway, very well dressed, a silk scarf about his neck, a distant green light blinking on and off. To the negro's right there is a fence with a manifesto tacked on. A. stopping, looking at the black, at the manifesto, approaching, reads it. Camera follows down the manifesto, line by line with his eye.

Men Wanted

Are You a Man

Can you Kill

Are You A Realist.

Can You Rape.

Can You Steal.

Can You Die!

Assure Yourself.

Go East.

Go To War

Today.

Shot of spade treading past A.'s back, as he reads.

9. Camera follows spade from side walking down street. Stopping at lighted newspaper stand. Reading a Glamour magazine. Pull of white models.

Fleeting full-screen shots of the model: Marina, in Russian leather and Egyptian outfits.

A. looking, Pan his eyes to newstand where the spade is casually walking away with magazine.

Voice off (low), ALEXANDER's soft cultivated voice:

I fled moral courage. I  
read Vogue magazines and  
Comic Books . . . and suffered  
as I looked across the abyss  
at Beauty, such complacent  
Beauty . . .

Quick full-screen blowup Marina; then the Silver Surfer (a comic-book hero).

A, walking down another street. It is starting to rain.



Cut to A. as he is trying to close a window in the middle of the night, the cold air blowing on his naked body. He finds the window stuck. It will not close.

Voice off:... but then I was a  
soldier . . . a soldier is a  
soldier . . . and a soldier  
never cries . . .

Close, A. wearing a horrible white face mask, a cigarette stuck in the mouth hole of the mask, smoke blowing out.

Voice off:... he dies.

10. A. walking faster, hands in pocket of raincoat.

Voices off, reeling by fast:

I know exactly how you  
feel, man.

I know exactly what you went  
through over there darling.

I'm hip man, you're emerging  
from a cosmos of insanity.

Full screen blowup: Eisenhower, smiling, in a golf cap.

Drums starting up. BREAK ON THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE.

Drums fade.

Voices off:

Cool it man, cool it.

Another voice:

See Alexander.

Voices off:

It's a **fool** man, who plays  
it cool.

(Pause)

**A.'s** voice, off:

... on the loneliness **trip**  
they all split. Dad's face  
I leave behind in the elevator.

Shot.

A's voice, off:

My mother's voice dies on  
the telephone. She . . .

Shot of Marina in the hall behind A. combing his hair.

A's voice, off:

... splits. I split.

Shot of A. in student room at fire, his fleeing footsteps.

A's voice, off:

We all split . . . We all  
fade.

(Pause)

My mouth feels dry.

A. passes camera, his back to it,

11. Anthony in coffee shop next to movie theatre,  
standing, eating, what he's eating. Beautiful blonde girl  
waiting at the counter for her change, catch each other's  
eye, the **voice** on the radio saying:

Drive slowly, don't gamble  
with your life, remember . . .

Shot of her moving out the door. A. following her.  
 Superimposed images of the two walking separately.

Voice off (Alexander's):

. . . the streets are full of  
 fear. The City is the fear.  
 The wind is fear. The shadows  
 off the buildings are fear.  
 The plastic people are fear . . .  
 the silence is fear.

Blonde girl arrives outside her doorway, sees shadow of  
 A. coming up to her silently, his hands on her neck,  
 softly kissing her. Kissing her cheek, lightly kissing  
 her on the mouth again, his finger gently under her chin.  
 Her fear melts into tenderness. She responds gently.  
 Cut to Blowup (full screen) of Joanna (seen later) in  
 the woods with a thin Egyptian band shaped as a snake on  
 her head, her face painted green, not a model but a  
 member of a strange tribe living in the forests.

12. Voice off, (A.'s):

I wanted to sleep with you  
 as soon as I saw you.

Set: Diana's apartment. She is a painter, her comfortable  
 pad full of large unframed colorful paintings on the wall.  
 She has long silken white hair, a pale face, green eyes,  
 is in her late twenties, speaks with an arrogant British  
 tone. Together they are lying on a rug next to the fire,

a lion's head telling us what sort of rug. She is warming A's cold feet in her lap. Her Doberman Pincer is quietly resting on the couch above them, surveying. Sound of fire crackling.

D. (answering):

Oh we will eventually. It takes time. Right now you're perfectly dreadful . . . you're uptight. You don't know what to do with yourself. Look at your hands. They're beautiful long creative hands,

Shot of hands.

D.: but they're tense, quivering as if you'd had malaria in the East.

Smells him, a bit of disgust in her face.

D.: You're giving off no scent. No smell. You're cold . . . You're clammy.

Shot: D's painting of black man with large red flaming eyeballs, semi-abstract, black on red background, an edge of insanity to it.

A: (off): Wow like some oyster in his shell on a seashore.

D. (off): No, an oyster is wet, damp. It isn't at all the same thing.

Pause, looking at A's eyes closely. A. not relaxing with her,

A.: Wow what do I say.

D.: Don't say Wow, it doesn't mean anything to me.

A.: But baby,

(Moving his head with emphasis)

wow means a lot to me.

Shot of A. at Temple in the Forest, with black brothers, in their primitive clothes. Slow motion. A. saying with great feeling and adoration WOW (no sound).

D.'s voice, off, the camera returning to her apartment as she talks (petulantly):

Hide Hide Hide! Why do you Hide things? You don't have to perform with me . . . if you want me . . . be yourself . . . don't be honest either . . . there's no such thing as honesty . . . those who try it inevitably come off smelling stained.

Cut: Coming closer together on the rug.

Shot his fingers kneading the inside of her mouth,

Shot D. playing with his zipper.

Shot A. taking his brown leather pants off.

Shot dog watching,

Shot D.'s face examining his naked body from above, observing, judging.

Shot Anthony on his back, his eyes wander to the painting of a naked woman, also semi-abstract, examining a butterfly cupped in her hands between her knees. This painting, unframed, grows almost to full screen as camera ZOOMS in slowly.

D.,off: Now your bones are getting softer. You have a lot of bones and very little flesh. Did you know that?

(Pause)

A., off: No, what does that mean?

D., off: You're not a fish anyway.

Camera has panned across wall to closeup of painting of black man. The voices Off;

D.: Now you're tasting good.  
You're being yourself.

A.: The fire's out.

D.: Let's go into the bedroom.

A.: Let's stay out here,

Voices, off, trailing into the bedroom:

A.: Maybe I'll go in the back.

D.: No, you may attack me from the rear, but you will enter at the front.

Shot: door closing on dog who attentive to his mistress, is circling at the door.

Shot (sharp tense freeze) of D. upthrust on bed, arching herself, a green scarf clinging by its tip to her mouth. A.'s left hand, with a leather wrist band on it, on the side of her head, framing it. In her face, eyes open, a sudden and surprising fear -- fear of A., fear of release, fear of sex.

Shot close on A's face, looking at her under him, curious, not passionate.

cut. D. naked combing her long hair with a brush in the mirror above her boudoir, wearing small black reading spectacles on the tip of her long nose. In the mirror, we see the big dog lying warily on the bed with A.

D.           You've got a nice body.  
              You've got nice hands.  
              You've got nice hair. But  
              I can get a thousand nice  
              bodies and nice hands in this  
              city. Therefore, if you're  
              going to come back, produce.  
              Not just a tool. But a little  
              more of everything: guts, talent,  
              intelligence . . . and then  
              together . . . we'll work.

A. on bed, hands behind head, listening. Is hurt, not to show it, gets up, going towards bathroom.

A. (bored):      Oui, mama.

D. sees him in mirror, turning, coming towards him aslant as he moves, black spectacles on her nose, green scarf tied around her neck, putting herself up against him, tapping his buttock with brush reassuringly. Dog raising his head, looking at them quietly.

D.:                If you are what I think  
                      you are . . . it'll work . . .  
                      we'll run away . . . we'll  
                      get out of the City . . .

A. (deadpan):

                      Oui, mama.

As he says this, earlier picture of Genet full-screen Blowup, passes on screen through his mind.

A. goes to bowl.

Shot of solitary red rose floating in the toilet bowl.

Shot A. curious about it.

D., off:    I want to watch you  
                      pee.

Shot of rose being destroyed by the urine.

A., off:    Why?

D., off:    I'm curious.

(Pause)

A., off:    What do you want from me?

Shot, the dog on bed looking at them both naked. A. in the bathroom. D. at the door watching him. Growling lowly, menacingly.

cut.



13. Clash. The sound of jazz now, as an increasing sense of unreality envelopes the city. We go faster. Anthony walking the dark night streets. It's cold, he hugs himself. Walks briskly, driving on in spite of his growing fear. Miles-Davis-type jazz playing off. Shot of cat (Alexander's cat seen later) from the top, his striped back undulating, gliding, jumping up, sitting. Shot of A.'s other cat, the Siamese, sitting, watching the striped cat. Shot of the street, a homosexual is digging A. The former wearing a fur overcoat festooned with flower patterns and Moroccan lace. Shot of A. through the homosexual's orange-colored shades (jazz growing intense, into the drums, mimicing his fantasy-passion). Orange shades melting into red stoplight. A. crossing the street at the red light, in the drizzle, quick image shot of a speed limit sign marked with the twin zeroes representing infinity. Pan across the vine covered abandoned Temple in the Forest (used later for second set). Pan into the cat's eyes, cat's eyes fusing into the eyes of spade in super-threads sitting at a small table in the middle of a jazz club, decorated in red. A. is only white at the table, with the spade and a couple of heads, each isolated from one another. One brother with goatee very lightly sleeping on his muscles, another softly shaking his head like a snake riffing on the music, the third, the

spade with an African head sitting there perfectly stoned within himself, eyes open, looking ahead, almost not even paying attention to the beat.

Shot of candle.

Shot of jazz group leader, close, a slight sweat on his face, carrying himself, starting to grow more intense, playing the same jazz that began the scene.

Voice, off:

Betray: Explode . . . I:

Negative . . . Betray:

**Explode!**

Quick shot candle.

Shot: terrifying explosion of a mine in a tree (seen later).

A. rising from **table** quickly, sweating, flushed, treading shakily towards men's room Freaking on the jazz, needing something stronger. Heavy soul **music**, James Brown, **coming up fast** on the jazz score, beginning at the moment of the explosion in the tree . . . Brown moaning "I got the feeling".

Shots quicker in rhythm with new music.

Shots: Sweating jazz leader's face

The blacks at his table, individually

A's burning room back at the university

**His** feet running

A. shakily gliding through club to men's room.

Goes in. White walls of john momentarily break his mood.

**Shot:** Two cats locked in the toilet, their feet visible under the door. Sounds of strong sniffing. Snorting.

Bumping up against the door of the toilet as they hear A. coming in. One of them saying in husky drugged voice

Yea . . . well a . . .

Shot: A. combing **his** long **hair** in the mirror with the light blue comb. Closer.

**Shot: A's calmer face.**

**Shot: A.** in **his forest** threads, his **hair** longer, in the forest, combing his hair with a small jagged pocket mirror. **His** face reflected on a jagged screen.

Long shot from side of A. in woods **combing his** hair.

Shot: same explosion. James Brown beginning all **over** again . . . I got the feeling!

Shot: A. dancing to the music with a colored chick, alone in his apartment, working **it** out. Both dance well, fast slow, never strenuously.

**Superimposed** images: A. back in the jazz club

Candle

Jazz man swinging

His books and papers in flames

Smashing his photograph (seen later)

Cat, moving, watching

14. These superimposed **images fading, A. and the girl** dancing to the music. I Got The Feeling peaks.

cut. No sound but that **of** the rain falling on the streets.

A. getting out of the car at the corner. Still night.

One of the brothers, with the **goatee**, driving in the front, the spade **next** to him, **in the back in the shadows the third** head, very high and silent. The window wipers rubbing the

A. keeping the door open, talking to brother in back.

A.: Listen man I think we're  
on two different trips  
tonight and wow . . . it's like  
we're still circling each other.

Brother in back, shy smiling, not quite looking at A.

Brother: Well you know how it is . . .  
we all got our secrets --  
the man at the wheel's got  
his. I got mine.

Shot of driver looking out at the rain, bored. The  
spade next to him adjusting his scarf.

A. looking at brother in back.

A.: Would you like to come up  
to my place? We'll get so  
high, we'll have to unite.

Brother (still shy, elusive):

. . . Well it's getting late  
and we gotta be at the Man's  
in the morning. We got your  
number. We'll give you a ring.

(Pause)

A.\* Okay, man, have it your way.

Brother: Keep it cool.

A. closing door to car.

Shot of two in front looking ahead through the wet  
windshield.

Car driving off.

A. walking through a cloud of steam rising from the sewer.

15. A girl *in* motorcycle gear (same girl who later as member of the tribe *is* killed by Bunny; some distinguishing feature so as to be recognizable) looking closely at **Rodin's** sculpture The Kiss.

Voice, off:

I never knew why before,  
why it was so beautiful. There's  
no sex.

**Camera** follows her gloved fingers as they probe the area of the male's missing parts.

16. A. coming through the steam cloud. On a wall behind him is painted "Freedom For Italy's **Young!**" A cop in a blue overcoat with a stick *is* leaning up like a prostitute against a building down the street, trying **to** keep out of the rain. **A.** walking past him.

Shot: A. trying to close the window in the night. It won't close.

**Cop** turning his face **on** Anthony, coming out of the shadows, taking his cap off, long white hair tumbles down from the cap. A. sees Diana, dressed in blue. No look of surprise in **A.**'s face, rather an acquiescence to the fear. He sees what happens to him, not as unreality or dream, but as objects of fear. Only later, does this Fear fade **into** Dream.

17. Voice off, Mother's regal voice, previous scene dissolving into bedroom of Mother's who is in bed looking like a fiery wreck.

Mother, I just don't know I have pains all over my ears, my eyes, my spine . . . I can't move . . . tonight I thought I was going to die.

Oh I'm suffering Anthony since you've been back from the East, you leave this apartment in such a mess, you're a pig! I can't have it . . . I'm going to . . . Oh I'm in pain it doesn't matter.

I want my place impeccable all the time, do you understand that?

A., distracted, flicking his cigarette in the waste basket at his mother's bedside. Fire erupts immediately as if gasoline had been soaking the trash. Mother shrieking as the red flames jump up and block her off from A. Through the fire, her voice:

MOTHER: Oh you fool, you've put the place fire.

A.: I'll go and tell father.

18. Shot of father sitting cross-legged on a divan in an afghan-type robe, smoking long Turkish hashish pipe.

Father's voice, off:

My son, blessed be the stars  
that bring you to me.

19. Cut to A. picking up his young boy's face, encased in a photograph frame and throwing it out the picture window onto the street, Father in robe behind him, looking off distracted somewhere else. Long shot from above of it dropping. NO sound of breakage, His face in the street, the rain pouring down On it.

20. Cut to shot of telephone.

Telephone voice, off (soft):

Cool it man. Keep it cool.

Slow fade.

21. This scene done in deadpan semi-documentary style, mostly medium and long shots, Anthony treading lightly into the subway, no longer wearing raincoat, but looking more like a cat, wrapped in a light beige wool overcoat down to his knees with hood which he has over his head and light-blue sunglasses over his eyes, tan warm tight pants and heavy warm moccasins. It's about two in the morning and the underground station is deserted save for a colored cat well dressed in a silk scarf and wearing light-pink shades over his eyes, leaning up against a tier on the other side of the tracks.

Long shot of them across the tracks from one another,

glancing through their shades at each other, unconcerned. An utter silence,, A. casually strolling back and forth. Advertisements on walls for soups, intermixed with posters of people's faces,blownup. Brando. Dean. **Bette** Davis. **Edward G.** Robinson, etc. Superman, **Batman**, Wonder **Woman**. A. stops at Blowup of The Silver Surfer.

Walks on. Shot of him through colored cat's light pink lens across the tracks. A. reading a Poster:

" I **Believe That** Love is the Greatest Thing in The **World**; that **It** Alone Can Overcome Hate, That Right Can and Will Triumph over Might. " --John D. Rockefeller Jr.

As A. reads the poster, a whistle down the tunnel. An express train whistles by, shot of moving people's zombie faces shooting by in the night. Express disappears. Utter silence returns; whistle from down pedestrian corridor. **Rich** croesus-rockefeller type emerging dressed in rich furs, a red flower in his fur. **He's** old with grey hair, distinguished. Walking back and forth near the tracks, a bit nervously but detached and rich.

**Puts a** pair of **light** yellow shades on, looks at A, on **his** side of the track and the brother across the track, Sees them both looking at him with their variously colored shades (shot of them through his yellow-shades). He takes **them** off. Puts them away. He doesn't like them.

shot **of rich man** pacing through **A.'s** blue shades



(if in black and white, a frontal view of A. looking is good enough) and then through the brother's pink shades.

Suddenly train whistles down tunnel, coming down **A.'s** track. Shot through **A.'s** eyes. Then brother's. -Train approaching, screaming. Shot through rich man's eyes. Nervously pacing at the very edge of the track. Roar of train. Rich man jumping head on into the tracks. Roar as train goes by, pulls to a stop. Long shot A. casually getting into subway. Pulls away. Shot of brother, left alone. on subway platform. Watching the train pull out. Train through his pink shades. Looking at the bloodied tracks. Do not see what he sees. Camera on his unsurprised eyes. Greys can kill greys.

22. Solitary shot. Woman seated, a white wall behind her. First shot, her beautiful legs. Tilting up. The face and body of an old woman. Staring at the camera.

23. Blow **Up** Pull Screen of Mureyev. Momentary.  
(Nureyev the ballet dancer)

24. Shot A., narcissistically examining his own face in the mirror, proud that it is icy. Trying suddenly to put expression into it. Not satisfied.

25. Cut to Anthony throwing his photograph into the street (seen earlier). Slow motion as it descends onto sidewalk, shot from above. Shot Nureyev's face smashed in the street.

26. Anthony in a stark white walled toilet, a violin softly playing off screen a classic Mozart melody. Anthony writing with pencil on wall in large capitals:

To Be Real!

To Feel!

FREE!

(semi-documentary effect to this scene)

Camera dwells on Free.

Cut to

27. Some stock footage out of the great fencing scene in *The Sea Hawk* (1940) with Errol Flynn battling his adversary in the castle, their two huge silhouettes leaping up on the stone wall behind them.

Its effect camping the seriousness of A.'s feelings perhaps implying his own ability to see himself comically. This ability being what makes him go on and not give up, the difference between him and Alexander.

Violin is still playing through this scene. Footage is cut at the moment Flynn kills his adversary.

Violin continues.

28. Camera panning a park, discovering Man in the Cold, in the day, not raining, his head in his hands, looking at a small fire burning in a wired trash barrel. Dwells on him.,

Voices off: A dime mister?

A: If you need bread man, steal it

(pause)

A: (cont'd): Can I steal it from you?

(pause)

Here, take this key . . .

(low mumbling follows and fades)

29. **Shot of father in business suit, speaking** on telephone, his arms gesturing, angry, disgusted, Scene done in silence except for violin which is still playing.

Pan from father's gesturing arm across to his looted apartment, drawers on floor, food eaten in kitchen, liquor bottles open, the mirrors stolen from their frames.

Pan across his library full of rich leather bound books, left untouched, Panning across this, camera comes to a young boy with long hair (Anthony) in a Cardin-type suit playing the piano (the same child is seen later as Anthony's own child). The off screen violin fading, and Anthony picking **up** the same gentle melody on the piano. Camera not stopping long at him, keeps panning to his young **mother**, much younger, virginal, in a long dress reaching to her ankles as in the early **50's**, looking in profile out the window at the garden, an afternoon sun shining.

Voice off: (soft, a **boy's** tiny voice)

The world is sorrow, nothing more,  
and in its bosom I play . . . the  
practice of **my** heart.

Camera panning out to the garden. Dissolve very slow.

30. (off) There are no Truths outside the gates  
of Eden.

Shot: unframed blowup of Dylan on wall. Shot of  
ALEXANDER'S back on side, looking at poster, hating just  
spoken this. Turns around:

I was what you are . . . I am what you're  
going to be.

Alexander, handsome all in voluptuous black, walking  
away from poster, down a few steps, into his apartment. This  
scene, as well as the apartment, are very important to the  
theme of the movie, Alexander being a throw-back to the  
feelings expressed through Words, through Poetry, A blow up  
Of Dylan in his apartment and a romantic unframed portrait of  
Rimbaud, the young French poet he identifies with. Anthony,  
in the apartment with him, is more modern, more uncertain Of  
his symbols (so far Genet, Movie Actors, Vogue and Glamour  
Models being his only Blow ups; he makes Alexander's trip here  
in the Apartment and later again one last time, in Prison,  
where Alexander's destiny is unfolded along with Anthony's.  
Two different roads, but sprung from a similar source.

Alexander's dark brooding clothes accentuate the  
idea of a modern bewildered Hamlet lost in a sea of words in  
a world where Words are dying.

During the course of his monologues, the camera Will  
pass through his Apartment, picking up objects such as his  
two cats, one striped, one Siamese, the paintings, the blow-  
ups of Comic-Book characters Alexander has but on his wall,

a poster of Jim Morrison of the DOORS, and several large plants (optional) -- and flowers. The Apartment's colors could be plain white and black, either black walls and ceilings and bright white furnishings or vice-versa, but a stark contrast between two schemes, old and modern. Plastic white chairs, bubble tables with neons glowing on them, abstract portraits, that of Rimbaud could be semi-abstract red and green, contrasted to this single classic furnishing -- Alexander -- all in black, pacing through his large one-room apartment studio. A picture window looking out on the dark city way below. Also a fireplace above which hangs a torch. Not an Apartment stressing Wealth, as Alexander is beyond it, almost mythic to Anthony.

As written, the camera's effect is to circle the room time and again, panning the objects as the spoken words themselves encircle themselves.

The Siamese sits in a white plastic chair, looking. The striped cat is on the move.

Alexander gliding past his objects, finding a cigarette, lighting it, standing. Anthony is sitting across from him in a chair, dressed in a light motif -- contrasting to Alexander's black. Looking at Alexander, Anthony in his clothes looks like he's burned his last candle.

Alexander looking at him, understanding::

(softly) What's happened, Anthony? Tell me.

A, pausing, shrugging, saying "Oh" like the French say it. Lighting cigarette. Camera wandering away from him.

His voice off, soft, almost an interior monologue:

Strange things happen to me ... I feel like a little boy inside a crazy crazy city, trying to close a window . . . and the window's jammed . . . (Pause) ... I keep having accidents,

Camera moving around room takes in another Anthony sitting there, in another outfit, spilling champagne on himself, camera continuing past him as if nothing has happened. Quick cut to A. flicking the cigarette into his Mother's wastebasket but before fire can erupt, cut to sight of automobile accident, an anonymous body lying in the street . . . Cut to A.'s face close, worried:

I met a girl yesterday in the park . . .  
I was walking my Mother's dog.

Shot of A. in the park walking his Mother's little dog, Diana walking her Doberman. The Doberman swarming over A.'s dog. Diana berating her dog. Leashing him in. Talking to A. who holds the little dog in his arms. A. talking to her. Both talking.

I didn't know it then . . . but she was the law.

Shot of Diana, her long white hair, in the blue policeman's overcoat, her voice off:

You may attack me from the rear but You will enter by the front,

Fading into her freeze in bed, the green scarf clinging to her teeth by its edge, draped on her bosom, the

fear of release written in her eyes:

... so I was the thief (Genet Blow Up)

Anthony's explanations, in contrast to Alexanders, are mostly made in images:

... I cop a cigarette case from her.

Shot A. leaving her apartment, taking a gold cigarette case.

... she sees me . . . (D. sees him) . . . she pretends she hasn't.

Shot Diana acting as normal, the dog still growling at A., soundlessly.

... says goodbye . . . says call me soon . . . knows I won't . . . I stole . . . I'm caught . . . I don't return . . . (pause) . . . she adores it . . . I do what she wants . . . she's a thief . . . doesn't know it. (camera dwelling on Alexander's portrait of Rimbaud) . . . she paints . . . she steals . . .

Shot of full screen of Diana's painting of the WOMAN and the butterfly. Shot A. photograph, similar to Genet's, in a t-shirt, looking sensitive and a thief. Shot A. close, talking, blowing cigarette smoke out mouth.

. . . but she doesn't admit it . . . stays a COP . . . loves . . . like a cop.

Shot Diana in bed, freeze, green scarf, etc., fading into shot of red rose sitting in the toilet bowl, slow fade.

Alexander: But you're not a thief, are you?

Anthony, looking up at Alexander. (Pause)

Alexander: Any others?

A. changing mood, starting to smile:

Oh . . . I met this crazy chick at an automobile wreck . . . (shot of same wreck, seen previously) . . . she takes me home to her place . . . we talk . . . she's incredibly warm . . . we go to bed . . . then very suddenly she says, do YOU like to dominate or be dominated? . . . I say it doesn't make any difference . . . I don't think about it . . . she says, I want to beat you . . . okay . . . she weighs about a hundred pounds . . . it's passionless . . . I feel foolish . . . she says, man, you're so square . . . beat it . . . beat what? . . . get Out of here! . . . she throws a boot at me (shot of boot hitting the wall next to A.)

Closeup; A's face:

We just couldn't get together . . . (pause)  
 (A. reflecting) . . . You walk around and you meet so many squares you begin to think you're square . . . then sometimes you think just everybody's out of his head . . . then YOU meet the freaky obsessed ones like that chick . . . snake people, cat people, dog people . . . (pause; closeup A.'s face) . . . and you just don't know where you're at.

Alexander: (a tender look) YOU punish yourself.

A: Yeah, that's just what this crazy chick said, Why do you punish yourself, That's what they always say when you want to find something and you're looking very hard. You'll try anything (emphasizing it) anything just to find out, and if nothing is available, you go out and force yourself to look (shot A, in street, walking) and because YOU



force yourself, these crazy people pin a label on it --  
Masochist, why do you punish yourself?

Alexander: (pause) So now what?

A: (shrugging, shifting mood)

(Camera dwelling on Rimbaud, shifting  
to the Comics) ...I'm sick of sitting in movies . . . there's  
some kind of real war in the East . . . they need men . . . I  
need new faces . . . I'll enlist.

Alexander and Anthony, looking at each other. A.  
going on almost in apology:

... the money's good, you keep what you  
take . . . you find out . . . if you can kill . . . if you can't  
... (pause) . . . do you get killed? (shrugs at his own morbid  
thought),

Telephone rings. Alexander picking it up. A soft  
feminine voice, husky, saying over the phone:

Is Diana *there*?

Alexander: She's gone,

Is she coming back?

Alexander: No.

This is Luna. How are you, Alex?

Alexander looking at wall, reflecting, hesitant  
about something. The voice continues:

I'm going to the East, I have a part in a  
new movie of Godard's. I'll be back. Will you still be  
here?

Alexander, looking puzzled:

I don't know.

Alexander hanging up, pacing to front of abstract lettering hanging on a canvas on the wall, Able to be read: "Painters paint, Writers write, Poets sing, Killers kill (read by camera going down from line to line).

Alexander turning away from tableaux, asking A:

Are you a killer who kills, Anthony?

(going on) You have never . . . ever ... betrayed yourself to me ... ever, it's sad that you're this way . . . you insist really on being your own hero in your own little tragedy.

Shot: A.'s face. His offscreen voice:

#### Words

The images begin. Four quick images from Anthony's mind tumble on screen, each image running through his mind with a click, as from a slide viewer:

1. A. killing the snake with his knife (seen later).
2. A. as sole survivor of massacre. Shot from A.'s shoulder, of desolate stream bed in the forest (seen later).
3. A. being decorated in dark shadows. In profile. A dark hand in a greta garbo glove putting an orchid on his afghan-type uniform.
4. The silver bird (airplane) flying across the sky (seen later). Silver bird on airfield runway, stopped, the door opening. The hero returned. Parents, Alexander, Diana, others there. Four strong black brothers in furs bearing a pink marble coffin strewn with yellow and black flowers from the plane. Shot of horror on Parents' faces- Alexander bowing his head, tears on his cheek, Diana looking hard, offended by this heroic act.

Images end.

Alexander: . . . I don't think you know yet whether you want to live or die.

Close shot A's face. Pause,

A: (becoming hard) . . . I see before me with my eyes. I see a Siamese sitting on a chair (camera follows these objects he mentions) . . . I see posters of Dylan . . . Morrison. Superman . . . people with secret identities . . . I see a library full of exalted expectations -written by people who've been eaten by worms . . . I see a portrait of Rimbaud . . . young, tender, bold . . . (camera dwelling on portrait) who after all his travels and adventures was delivered back to the beginning . . . into his mother's arms . . . (bitterly) dying of syphilis . . . and I see one writer (camera directly on Alexander, humbling him, beginning to reveal his identity) . He wrote a poetic book at the tender age of eighteen. He's done nothing since. He's lived inside these four walls for more than a year now writing to all hours, dreaming thinking imagining having his women around him like little insects, and without knowing it himself, becoming an ultra-sensitive, very tender plant,

This wounds Alexander. A long pause. An interior monologue delivered offscreen between the two of them, in urgent, intimate whispers, something they might have said to each other before somewhere in the past:

A: (soft, said quickly) . . . when I die will I see your face at the Gates of Eden? Will you let me in?

Alx: I don't think I'd let myself in.

Camera which has been panning the room during this short interior dialogue, returns to Alx. who is talking more to himself in a wistful vein:

We really live like plants though. It's the wordless part of ourselves where things just happen to us ... we're hard on our animal selves, so hard, and we travel such a long way, looking at Dylan blow Up "it's so hard to get on" . . . and so few, so very few of us young ones ever really make it, (Turning to A. After a long pause) I've been here too long... like you say. My mind is too loose, my legs are in stagnant waters. Last night...I took my last trip... I asked my ..."insect woman"...to leave me...She did.

Shot of A. listening to Alx's conversational story, imagining it. Alx on floor in lotus position, Diana, his Diana, painting Alx's face with long snaky luminescent colors sprouting from the eyes, the nose, about the forehead. Alx looking very Indian, very intense, about to be brutal. She is finishing. He stands, looks in the mirror, says something to her, looks at her tenderly. She leaves,

A: . . . as soon as she left, I set my Poems and my books, everything on fire (shot of flames seen in Scene 1) . . . it was everything I had done #is last year ... but it made no difference. I took a bag -- writing -- and went to the end of it, as far as I could go, and you know what I found . . . I found nothing but myself. All else had fallen -- Truth Illusion, whatever it is, and The Dream had very suddenly come down to an inescapable almost implacable

unmerciful factor, factor-inanition One. Me! . . . I, like some poor poet would say, had punctured by beautiful beautiful quintessence. Quintessence is a lung. Bang SSSSS.

He hisses. Walking to a flat table designed as a chess board, with the pieces on it, all of them white, Alx picks up a castle in his hand, rolling it over, saying a bit more gayly:

Alx:           So I started playing a game of chess with myself today (turns to A.) it makes sense . . . (camera on the all white chess pieces, Alx replacing the castle) . . . and I shall play until I've completely lost track of which piece belongs to which, of what belongs to what, of who belongs to who . . . and then when the game is over (he pauses) . . .

A:            You'll what?

Camera on Superman Blow Up, shifting to one of Tarzan.

Alx:           You know, Anthony, what the most beautiful dream in the world is . . . it's the iris of a glistening green serpent snowfloating on a film of mosspink water, its perforating pupil gazes at your naked back, it slices through the fluid brim . . . it goes on and on, fingers of the dawn.

A.indifferent to any meaning Alexander attaches to it:

A:            I don't understand. These are just words.

Alx:           But words are thoughts. Words fall out of the sky like this rain. They glide from street corner to

street corner ... (Camera dwelling on cat, the striped one, moving, the Siamese looking at him, the cats play a little game as the monologue continues) . . . thinking, there's always one more word, one more thought nonetheless, isn't there? Train of thought. On the next corner, On the last corner. I pass. I go. I passed it by. What was it? YOU search, You fail, You wish perfection in the mind, you are close, closer, yesterday but one, tomorrow but one, so close you are almost there. Tomorrow! It collapses and where are you? Thinking, dimly thinking. On and on, through a threnody of streets, through words made of rain. (A. looking at the Rimbaud portrait).

Interior monologue. A hollow distant boy's voice, Rimbaud's, about 16-17, speaking in a clipped almost documentary style. Camera dwelling on painting of the poet.

Voice off: I wrote silences, I wrote the night. I wrote the inexpressible, I fixed frenzies in their flight. I purged my mind of all human hope. I strangled joy. I pounced with the stealth of a wild beast. I called to the executioners. I gnawed their rifle butts as I died.

Oh! the banner of raw meat against the silk of seas and arctic flowers. Music, veerings of chasms! and the clash of icicles against the stars (pause) I'll return with limbs of iron, dark skin and furious eyes; people will think to look at me that I am of a strong race made-of gold. I will cover myself with gashes, tattoo my body, as ugly as a Mongol, you'll see, I'll howl through the streets.

I will be raving mad and never work and never show my jewels  
... and one night (pause) the demon will seize me and embrace  
me and we will wrestle on the floor and one night I will lose  
and come to regard as sacred the disorder of my mind!

Shot of Anthony's face, closer up, closer, his face  
dissolving into the trees blowing in the forest right after  
the explosion (seen later),

Shot of Alexander, looking out the window down at  
the city. Goes on talking. As he talks, camera casually  
panning Anthony as he rises, puts his coat on, and leaves,  
to go back outside (to the street) which calls. He has be-  
come really just another object in the apartment. Alexander  
accepts his leaving without saying anything. His back is  
turned. He is speaking as if to himself. The camera alter-  
nating between the Apartment and the rainy street Anthony is  
walking down,

Alexander: (his voice off) Last night I was alone  
... at the musicend of death ... staring flatfaced into a  
pond . . . the sea, the ghosts of the lungs . . . the promise of  
things to be . . . A bony damp cavern where women grow like  
seaweed from the sea, they owl iboo iboo. cry in the night,  
her hand like an edge on my isolated shoulder -- so sweet as  
I rest, in her breath in her breast my head on her shoulder  
and weep. Weep Weep! (shot of Comic Book Blow Up fading to  
shot of Anthony chasing Joanna through the woods, seen later)  
... the fingers of the dawn they weep . . . all is seen through  
an eyecave of bonepillars that redound . . . percussive ...

. . . porous . . . stumbling towards spectrum . . . slipping on sound . . . eating air. I tell myself, reminding myself, it is wet in my shell, in my strong, strong shell, it is wet and now I feel . . . I feel the days melting into years and light-years liquidating the years and time itself crumbling . . . through the lungs the ghosts sing, their songs carry into the air, air atmosphere, air all about (shot Alx's face, quick Cut to A. emerging in the street, sniffing gratefully the wet air) . . . air air, fixed and silent, how silent . . . long silences inhabit this air, the drip drop of it in my ear, in the air perched, sounds, tedium's sweat, like the movies, a forgetive imago, in black and white and cheviated with chiaroscuro . . . and in the zoo it takes two days to say Yes. Yes -- the only word that matters in the language . . . it's in Eden . . . Yes.

A. walking down a street hooded with construction timber, the walls in blue. *On* the wall painted in red are the words, Freedom for Greece!

Alx: (concluding) Out on the ocean (slow shot of ocean late just before the sunset) when it is green and desolate and cold, and the big waves come up (slow shot of waves rising and falling) out of the emotion. Seagreen blue water, Thrashing on the skull . . . I dip my face inwards (Camera panning to an anonymous youth floating by himself in the water) and float my starved eyes on the wide window of the sea. And lull my eyesockets to a wide-eyed sleep . . . strange sample of the sea, transfusing the spark of ingenuity



(shifting, asking) there is no ingenuity in the sea is there?  
 ... I wonder: what sharks are poised between here and there,  
 what fish lie lonely under the waves.

Shot A. walking, back to the camera. Cut to Alx.  
 looking in a mirror, puzzled, perhaps realizing A. has left  
 and he is alone, his words are much slower now:

A face . . . is a face . . . nothing more?  
 The end of Truth . . . is this face? . . . (pleading, his voice  
 off) flee the fugitive dream . . . it glistens in the moon . . .  
 it dances on slithery serpents (shot of slithering snake in  
 the Temple (seen later) . . . by rushing waterfalls. (Shot  
 the stream in the forest, seen later) Squeezed inwards by  
 flesh-fed pythons that coil slimes of eternity about my eyes  
 (Shot Anthony being bitten by the snake, seen later) and . . .  
 forgive, forget . . . free to finish my hope. To die . . . to  
 be me . . . no more . . . Dead! (both question and exclamation).

Shot: Francis at the stream, dying, seen later.  
 Cut to Alexander's sad face. Alexander approaching the end,  
 which is played out later in Prison.

Anthony, on the street, these words following him,  
 leans up against the blue fence. He's tired, exhausted, worn  
 out. His offscreen voice whispering, fighting off the  
 desire to give it all up:

Words . . . just Words wrapped around  
 Words.

Dissolve to Previous Scene 26. Anthony in the  
 bleak white bathrobe, scrawling on the wall with the pencil:

To Be Real!

To Feel!

FREE!

(But instead of the previous semi-documentary style, this scene is shot again with a closer, realer camera, catching the strong desire in Anthony to achieve what he writes.

Dissolve

Forest - Stream - Temple

Time and place and worlds have changed. The City has been unreal, frightening. Here a much more relaxed primitive world -- that of snakes, slow quiet, but suddenly very fast, very violent, and very dangerous. Anthony moves from the Fear of the Cat into the Dream of the Snake. He will be bitten by it, and he will kill it. And never forgetting it, will journey on into the final, deep-sea world of silence. Then Freedom.

A, has gone to the East to fight with the mercenary soldiers against the wild tribes of the Forest. He's part of a small detachment of fifteen-twenty men resting deep in the jungle-forest of a small old abandoned Buddhist temple. The relics are broken, the statues on the floor, mixed with the mercenaries' light individual equipment --

rifles, small knapsacks, grenade belts. In this temple Buddha still stands, some stray unknown forest people still coming to worship here, There are fresh joss sticks burning. Several mercenaries, mostly black in their early twenties, are inside the temple, sprawled on the floor on their ponchos, a small fire going. One is sleeping, another reheating a piece of meat; they have killed a wild deer and his half-eaten corpse is still slowly roasting on a stick built over the fire. Several of the blacks are smoking the Forest Hash which they are passing around in two pipes which are very long and beautiful. They wear an individual mixture of uniforms although their pants are all the same -- light tight-fitting breeches. If they wear shirts -- several are bare-chested with medallions (Buddhist, Christian, sharks' tooth, other designs) and tattoos -- the shirts are loose, some of them ruffled, and mixing with the camouflage of the jungle -- green and tan gold, black and white striped, etc. Some wear head bands around their long hair, silver bracelets, beads, one wears sunglasses, another brother with a thin hawklike nose wears a black bandanna tightly wrapped on his head, as if, like the other brothers, he was just off the city block taking a trip in the Jungle. This is to be kept in mind for the Fate that befalls this outfit results from the fact that they are not really part of The Forest. They are, in spite of their disguises, from The City. Very few of them will be able to survive the primitive ordeal of this world.

Though the outfit has been several weeks *in the Forest*, the blacks have no beards. A small transistor radio plays inside the Temple and two of the Brothers *are* dancing softly to the sound of soul music.

The white world is for the most part outside the Temple, sprawled about it in the thick grass, relaxing. Some have beards, others have shaved, but their faces are hard and dirty, dust and dirt is deeply ingrained in the cracks of skin, Anthony is an exception, he has kept himself clean, his beard barely visible, although there are small lines of fatigue under his eyes and a small scar under his left eye, the result of a previous wound, not serious. He tends to rub it occasionally. Ironically, in the war, he has become even softer. Time has crumbled; he is spacing himself.

The contrast is made then, by camera closeups, of the black and white features, The Blacks are tenderer, softer. The Whites are tired, cruel. The blacks Sing-Dance. Although inside they are as blue as the sky, and scared.

Opening Shot (set to Music, contrasting to the World of Words Anthony has just left behind in the City.

31. A black soldier with rifle and grenades, but hatless like all the rest, is striding through thick elephant grass and thicket, the camera with him as he walks, catching the effect of the green elephant grass splitting apart

as he walks, the sun gleaming through the trees, almost moving with him, seen and then not seen and seen again. From a distance, inside the temple, on the radio, Sam Cooke's song "Cupid" is playing loud, and sort of sad like all Cooke's songs, giving a texture of music and sunlight to his walk.

He breaks through the thicket into the crystal clear sun shining over the tiny clearing around the Temple. The Whites sprawled about.

As he breaks through the thicket, Anthony, wearing silver bracelets and a Buddhist medallion around his neck and a ruffled dirty shirt, his hair unkempt, longer than before, is taking his picture from a distance through a telephoto-lensed camera, which for the first time, he carries with him, Radio still playing "Cupid". A. snapping the shutter again. Photographic freeze of Robinson (the soldier), Music and Anthony's first use of his eyes are themes inherent to The Forest.

Camera on A. as he moves about the clearing, taking pictures of the White soldiers. Their photographic freezes. Introducing their hard faces.

A. shooting Lee, who is at the head of the outfit (later described).

A. shooting Bunny, the youngest soldier, who is handsome and tender looking, though later his actions describe him as stupid and cruel.

A. pausing, walking a little bit further away

from the temple.

A. approaching from a distance Isaac, a moderately tall, slender, muscled Indian, with sharp attractive features, no beard whatever, his long black hair curling down over his forehead, could look like a little boy but he stands there away from the rest, sharpening his long glistening hunting knife. His chest is without hair and he wears a thin loose-fitting vest of black cloth hanging unbuttoned from his broad shoulders. The way he sharpens his knife, with stone and cloth, it is obvious this is his most important possession.

A. raising the camera to his eye to take his picture. Through the lens, A, sees Isaac raise his head as he feels the camera on him. Looks at camera. Shakes his head. Turns away from the camera-

32. A. walking back into the Temple after his trip into the white world. the scene in the Temple as described previously, Two Brothers dancing to the music- He stops at the threshold of sunlight, thinks about taking a picture but knows he can't, this world in here cannot be photographed, He goes and sits by Francis, a brother who is very close to Anthony. He has tender features-

A. listening, smoking the bowls as they come around, from both directions. They are all feeling very nice. On the radio, Smokey Robinson's "Tracks of My Tears"

is playing, and as the two brothers dance, Francis, who has a very high singing voice, though not as good as Smokey's whom most people mistake for a woman he sings so 'tenderly, starts to sing with the radio:

People say I'm the life of the party

cause I tell a joke *or two*

Although I may be able to laugh loud and hardy

deep inside I'm blue

So take a good look at my face

You'll see my smile looks out of place

If you look closer

It's easy to trace

The tracks of my Tears

I need you . . . Need you

Since you left me, if you've seen me with

another girl

Seeming like I'm having fun

although she may be cute

She's just a substitute

because you're the permanent one

So take a good look at my face

You'll see my smile looks out of place

Look a little bit closer

It's easy to trace the Tracks of My Tears

etc.

As Francis sings his song, his brand of blues, the camera closes on him; in the backdrop, Buddha sits.

As he sings, the rest do not look at him sing, they know he can sing, they've heard this song a hundred times, they know it too. They lie where they are, look at what they do, and deep inside, where it's blue, they listen.

The two brothers, on their feet, dance slowly, a few gestures with their hands about shoulder level, and their feet moving in a tiny circle of tenderness,

The pipes continue to circulate, Francis even interrupting his singing momentarily to smoke, hold, exhale, and then sing again. He is not performing, he is just singing along. The smoking of the Hash naturally has some relationship to the surrounding dream world of The Forest, but isn't really significant and like the singing, is very casual, going almost unnoticed by the camera.

The song ends.

33. Camera dwells on Buddha at peace, another long afternoon in The Forest drifting by. The camera moving to Adams who is very high, off by himself in a corner of the temple. He is one of the whites, wandering through his head, his low interior monologue . . . The monologues here are done swiftly, voices following quickly on other voices.

Adams: {off) There's no entertainment out here. There's no movies, no shows . . . no girls . . . I live in a beautiful world . . . where things don't make any difference. It will take them a long time to come where I am at . . . maybe they think I'm crazy . . . but I'm not . . . I have friends.



Camera moving from Adams to the ones he calls his friends. To King, who is the biggest brother, very black, with big white cotton **picker's** nails. His large pink hand-some tongue, as he says:

Adams:           The King has a pink tongue ... He says he eats a lot of chicken ... there ain't no chicken here ... in the forest.

King's voice off following quickly on Adams@:

King:           Cotton is easiest to pick, it's tall, I could pick 600 pounds in a day.

Camera on Francis who's talking to **Anthony**.

Camera moving to King,

Francis:       (voice off) There's nothing harder than a hard Mexican, ain't that right man, Anthony says there ain't nothing harder than a hard Mexican ...

Another Voice: (off) How old are you Anthony?

A.           Ageless,

Francis:       As old as water hunh?

All these voices are off.

Adams:       Francis got soul . . . he got it **in** his voice . . . he got it just all over the place.

Voice:       (off - following quickly on **Adams'**) **I cry** myself to sleep at night wondering what it's all **about**.

Voice:       Candy,

Voice:       Is that what she calls herself.

Voice:       No.

Voice:       What she call herself then?

Voice: Louise.

Voice: Louise?

Her real name's Daisy Mae.

Daisy Mae? Daisy Mae what?

Another voice: Daisy Mae Highway.

Shot of Manny chuckling, wearing sunglasses,  
very skinny and nervous.

Manny: Louise . . . Almond Joy. (chuckling)

The rest picking it up, (chuckling) off:

Veronica . . . Big valley

Lili . . . Jazzfingers

Patsy Pinkbottoms

Irma Greasepit

Olive Oil

tit fades)

Camera to Adams examining a photograph of his  
girl at home, who is fat, his voice off:

I miss you baby . . . I miss you so  
much . . .

Voice off: Hey man, put your woman away . . . we  
got a long walk ahead of us.

Camera on A. who is smiling having just taken  
part in the name game. Scratches his scar.

Adams: (off) I used to think he was crazy . . .  
he was always taking pictures with that camera . . . really  
he's very kind of smart and is good at it too . . . once he

told me when I asked him why he took all those pictures, he said he'd never used his eyes before . . . he says this wasteland is beautiful . . . that's what makes him crazy . . . talking like that . . . those kind of people never seem to get killed though . . . he got grazed below the eye . . . we thought he was dead . . . somebody somewhere looks out for him . . . me I'd never used my ears before I came to the forest . . . I'd like to write when I get out, I'd like to write down what I hear. First I'd go back and get some schooling and catch up on my spelling . . . there're a lot of questions I have but they'll probably never get answered . . . like how high is the sky, how many flies there are in the world . . . how do they know people don't live in the stars?

As Adams is wandering around in his head, camera moves from A. to Jeremiah (called Rhah) who is strutting up very confidently, his walk snake-like, all waves, undulating. He looks older than the rest, his Origins seem obscure, probably from the South. He speaks with a slight Southern twang. He's white.

34. Rhah arriving, standing above the relaxing group, looking them over, a slight malicious smile on his face.

Francis looking up, smiling

What's happening Rhah?

Rhah, pausing, fixing the whole circle in his eye, settling on Buddha for his address, smiling:

Rhah: I'm what's happening and if you don't dig **me**, Your shit is hanging in the wind, that gentleman, is what I say ... Baaaaaa (he delivers this last like a growl, a neigh, implying I am what I am).

Lerner, the only other white with Anthony and Adams in the Temple, a Jewish looking boy from the City, young and freaky with curly hair, thin (he was the boy at the elevator in scene 3) looks back at **Rhah**, his tongue hanging out like an alcoholic grotesquerie.

And **Baaaaaaa!** back on you (delivers it with all the contempt and venom he can, shaking his head, a stuporific look in his eye, making a grotesquerie **out** Of what Rhah delivered with a certain style).

**Rhah** looking at Lerner hard with distaste.

**Rhah:** **If** you're going to do it, do it right. (**Rhah** winds himself up and with a dramatic downsweep of **his** fist, at the same time taking a step with his foot, delivers a huge convincing Baaaaaaaaa! his head shaking, staring wide-eyed at Lerner.)

Draws himself up. The group laughing. **Rhah** smiling and proud of himself.

Laughing dies.

Lerner looking at **Rhah** with half-closed **eyes**.

I didn't like it.

Rhah coming right back,

Screw yourself. **You're** a child. **I** don't waste time talking to a child.

**Lerner** taking his head into his hands, shaking his hair, pretending to weep:

I'm a child. I'm a child.

**Rhah** looking away in disgust. Shot of A. looking. Francis to **Lerner**:

Wow man don't take it so bad,

**Lerner**, raising his head:

Oh it doesn't bother me what **Rhah** says. **He can't** even begin to bother me. you see I know what he is and (**his** eyes looking at **Rhah**, malicious and gleaming like he was going out of his head too here in The Forest) **he's** just a tangled up screwed up scared up little man ... getting old.

Pause. **Rhah** his back to Lerner, getting annoyed, turning back on him, suddenly serious:

Dig it. **I'm** old. **I'm** little. And **I'm** scared, and I done the crimes of stealing and **killings**. **I** been in the Foreign Legion. **I** been in the United States Army. I been to Africa, China, Vietnam and countries You never heard, I been a cook, I been a truck driver, a parachutist, an officer, a scout, I picked cotton till there weren't no more cotton to be picked, Then I picked rocks and sold those. I done my time. I smoked more shit than you'll smoke in a lifetime. I been busted four five times. Ask King (looking at King who is lying on his **el-**bows, his eyes closed, almost ready to crash) we been the same way in life, we smoked our brains out together, we

climbed the walls, we balled ourselves ask a King young man, ask him if in all the time we been together he ever once (waving his finger) once saw me lose my cool . . .

Never! Right King?

King, barely able to speak:

Yea, Rhah and me been the same way, done the same things.

Rhah: (looking hard at Lerner, who is looking at the floor, bored) And dig it baby I got silver stars, bronze stars, croix de guerres, all kinds of silver and maybe a hundred and sixty stitches says I made the scene.

(Stopping) Whatch you got? (Shot A. looking up at Rhah's face, forced to pay his respects, because Rhah is really telling the Truth) Rhah going on, concluding, drawing himself back up; more humorously:

So put it this way, if I want to pretend I'm Superman, I will, if I want to let my hair grow as long as Thor's, I will, and if anybody points his little pink finger at me, I'll be in his shit so fast he'll think speed was going out of style . . . he'll be hanging out there, in the wind, wondering (Rhah wagging his head) Who was that. That was Rhah!

pause

Lerner, head bowed, saying: Whew.

Anthony has listened.

On the radio, which had temporarily broken down during Rhah's appearance, starts up again, Manny playing

with it. As when Francis was singing, most of the brothers have not seemed to listen to **Rhah** make his scene, They hear but they don't look, as if their ears, eyes, and mind were all separate senses.

Manny toying with the radio, gets it playing again but **some crazy station and Lili Marlene is being** sung by Marlene Dietrich, about ten seconds before **Manny,** slightly embarrassed behind his black shades, **turns to** the soul station, **saying:**

wow that's some old time sides they're throwing at us.

**Rhah** has seated himself. **Is smoking like an old** bull.

35. Outside, Commotion. Camera moving to the windowless sunlight **hole on** the **side** of the temple (several **such holes around the walls, about 3 by 4 feet.**) Shot through this frame of some whites chasing around. Cries. "Get the snake!" "Food!" etc.

Camera outside closer, shot of a large **yellow** black and red snake, **moving very fast over the ground,** fluttering white hands trying to catch it. **The** snake moves with great twists of its body, **making you** wonder how it **can move so fast.** Knowing these hands are Death. Camera **dwelling on this snake, moving at about five miles an hour, sliding through, over, under, but unable to get Out** of the large circle the whites have made around it. **We**

almost sympathize with the poor snake, fighting wildly, Suddenly it breaks through the *circle* and they are running after it again. They cannot catch it, but the powerful snake, making one mistake and unable to pick out Isaac, the Indian, who is standing perfectly still watching, slithers unknowingly through Isaac's spread silent legs.

We haven't seen Isaac yet. First shot of his legs and the snake sliding through. His hand speeding down and pinning it by the neck. Tilt up, medium shot, to his face as he scoops it up. A grimace of pleasure on his face, snake dangling by its neck, its tongue flickering helplessly. Isaac hisses at it. Lets it dangle, Sees it is non-poisonous. Stops hissing. Wraps it around his wrist; on the other wrist, coincidentally, he has a replica of a snake done in silver, smaller, three or four coils wrapped around his wrist, The snake crawls up his arm towards his neck. This scene with Isaac and the snake is shot fairly fast, not too dramatically.

Long shot of Isaac and snake through the Temple's sunlight hole. A. focusing his telephoto lens- Taking a picture. Freeze of picture.

Isaac seeing A. take the picture (close shot of Isaac's eyes) a virile smile on his face, and wordlessly, because it is his snake, walking out of the small throng of whites who are around him, admiring the snake, walking in his soft tread towards the temple, the snake now wrapped around his neck (by now it should be obvious



that it is not poisonous) its tongue and head swaying over Isaac's chest. On his **bicep**, Isaac has a small graceful tatoo Born To Kill,

Long shot of him approaching Temple.

Francis: **(off)** Crazy people dig snakes, crazy people.

A. Violence is like snakes.

**We** hear the **snap** of his shutter as he takes another picture of Isaac approaching . . . very quick **...** **very** unexpected **...** Click.

Quick freeze of snake's head swaying.

Side shot of Isaac moving, from the waist **up**.

The camera zooming out slowly **on** Isaac, till it brings Francis and Anthony into view looking through the sunlight hole at the moving Isaac.

Francis: (off at **first**) He scares me man, he's wild, crazy in the head. **He** plays his knife like she **was** a woman.

A. (taking another picture) He moves nice **man ...** it's funny **it's** tender, it's soft **... it's** SO all alone.

Shot out to front of what they see. Nothing. Isaac has already glided in around them, in the **backdoor** of their Temple.

36. As the camera is focused out through **the** light hole, there is a slight rustling behind them, the sound a

snake makes when it sways. They turn swiftly. Frontal shot of Isaac standing right behind them the snake wrapped around his arm, its head swaying out in front of Francis. Francis doesn't move, but his face muscles tighten and his eyes dilate a **little**.

**Francis:** Don't fool with me man, don't fool with me,

**Isaac** smiling. Behind him, still sprawled around, the radio Flaying, are the brothers and **Rhah** and **Lerner** and Adams, but things are quieter and without looking they listen.

**Anthony is also** repulsed by the snake. Isaac sees this. Smiling a bit, says slowly,

Isaac: You been staying a long time in the shade Anthony. you **fixing to get** a tan? . . . Like his **(nodding at Francis)** or red like mine? (he smiles)

Isaac coiling the snake in the cup of his **hand**, **offering** it up to A.

A. **hesitating a** moment, putting the camera **away**, looking at **Isaac**, **takes the snake**, **not looking at it** as its wet **living body winds through the** fingers of his **hands**. Isaac smiling. A. looking directly at him. The snake winding up Anthony's arm. A look of **comprehension** and relaxation coming into his face. **Isaac sees it**,

**Isaac:** **It's** alive, isn't it?

Anthony nodding, *taking the snake in his hands*, **passing him** around his neck, his **waist**, **beginning to feel**

a tremendous joy in this living wet damp creature, his fear of it disappearing. The snake responding , beginning to calm down on Anthony's body. **At** this point, Isaac says:

Give it to me.

Anthony hesitating. Attracted by the power in Isaac's eyes.

He gives the snake back. **Isaac** cups it in his **palm.**

Isaac: (to Anthony) **Come,**

They go down together, down the three steps which separate the raised floor around the inner wall of the Temple from the worshipping floor. Isaac leads Anthony **up** to the Buddha,

As they walk, we pick up from the radio the hollow voice of Sam Cooke again, singing "Let's Twist The Night Away" -- **almost a** four o'clock **in** the afternoon voice, at the dead end of the day, this accent on **Twist,** Twist, Twisting the Night Away.

Buddha has many arms. Isaac places the snake on one of these arms. Anthony to his side watching. The snake, **in the** arms of **this new almost** golden object, starts glistening and sliding wildly through its many **arms.** Isaac drawing his long hunting knife with his **right** hand from his left **hip,** his features dedicated, as a priest before the blood-letting.

Isaac: (not looking at A.) **We** sacrifice.

Quickly he pins the snake's speeding head **with**

his left hand and without hesitating violently slices its head off, a cruel look of brutality on his face.

With his left hand, Isaac whips the snake's dripping head in the air, as if it were a scalp. His arm is quivering. His head is down, the gesture not being that solemn, but more spontaneous, quick, contemporary, the gesture has already faded, he pulls in his arm. Puts the head to his lips. Drinks.

Turns to A. Offers him the head. A. looking at Isaac, powerfully attracted by the look of strength in Isaac's eyes. Takes the snake head. Drinks.

Tastes the blood in his mouth. It goes down strong. A smear of it on his lips making them corral-colored. Close shot of his lips. Close shot of Isaac's wide strong mouth.

A shot, a single rifle shot is heard from outside.

Its echo dies.

Anthony and Isaac haven't moved. They look at each other. Isaac's eyes alight with anticipation at the rifle shot, the call of danger. Anthony's eyes completely lost in Isaac's animal eyes, feeling a powerful attraction to this almost human fire.

Shot of fire. Scene 1.

Shot, close, of Isaac's face. Anthony understanding the fire is in people and between them.

The rifle shot is repeated. The other soldiers

are hurrying out of the temple now, not having been alarmed by the first shot. The radio going with them.

Shot of Isaac and Anthony standing in front of Buddha.

Solitary shot of the rifle that fired being raised by an arm into the air. Resting in the sky, flat, in Indian style. A cry is heard. (Explained later, the cry is "Freedom" but in a strange language).

Dissolve

37. The screen is in blackness for several seconds. Then a chant begins in the blackness, a Dionysian chant OR something similar.

What is the name of the father

What is the name of the son

What is the name of the father

What is the name of the son

... Dionysos Dionysos

God of Joy

God of Love

... Dionysos Dionysos Dionysos

(example taken from "Dionysos in '69" off-Bdway play)

The chant is repetitive, accompanied by a tambourine, but in this repetitiveness, in this lack of desire to search for new interpretations, there is a real feeling for love, which is really a source without words.

The screen slowly comes to light and we see a young tribe, maybe a dozen, dancing freely in the forest by a stream. Perhaps they are the enemy, it is not made clear yet. They are a mixture of young men and women and their children, white and black. They dance hugging each other, their long hair jumping, in all sorts of love contortions that display their freedom. They are all in love with each other, with their god, with the forest. And easy as it is to make fun or laugh at, this scene at first must be done with the camera truly involved in their spirit of joy and freedom.

Some are blondes, some black haired. The hair long; the players young and contemporary looking and above all, to preserve the spirit of the scene, they must move well, in some sort of time to the tambourine, throwing their bodies into it. Ideally, they are naked, and some of them body painted. But barring that, they wear filmsy primitive tribal threads, hand made, of beautiful colors, exposing their handsome bodies. A few wear colorful headbands, all of them some kind of ornament -- bracelets, beads, native jewels, clasps, etc. The colored tribesmen do not exactly wear the same clothes, as I think they would look sort of silly. Their threads suit them and nobody else and there is no need to establish any equality/similarity as far as clothes go, saying that Freedom has no respect for clothes. If they're not naked, then let them look beautiful with their own motif in mind, What they

want to be is left up to them, In his mind, the writer forms the image of the black panther -- a sort of ineradicable wariness at the root of their Freedom, unlike the White who when he loses his mind, really proceeds to lose it, and to embrace the new. Whether the blacks actually dance is left up to them. They could be sentinels in the woods, they could be on the stream watching the others do their dance.

38. Camera panning up slope from the tribe into the woods. Their singing carrying with the camera. Long shot of soldiers moving slowly in single file through the woods, in the same combination of clothes as at the Temple, carrying rifles, small knapsacks on their backs, hatless. Moving cautiously,

Camera zooming slowly into the point man, who is Bunny, the youngest one, set out to prove he's as good as any man, his features assuming a distorted hardness. Camera now encompassing Lee who is second in the file, carrying a map in his hand, a young sergeant. He is small with a heavily repaired face indicated by the seam of scar tissue running from his ear along his jaw to his chin. He wears a red bandanna around his neck.

Bunny still in the camera's eye, turning back to Lee as he hears the sound of the music. Lee gives him a tight look, squinting; he frequently squints, nervously assuring himself of which part of his face is really his.

Comes up on Bunny. Puts binoculars over his eyes. Do not know what he sees. Brings binoculars down. Looks at his map. Is puzzled. Squints. Turns around. Motions to the men with his arm to sweep out downslope, slowly. Finger to his lips to indicate silence, although the men know what they are doing anyway and can hardly see his gestures.

The men disappearing in the forest. Frontal shot of them inching down the slope to the stream. Then side view of them approaching. Music growing louder. There are no sentinels around, oddly.

They approach the stream and quietly crouch down behind rocks, trees, dead logs. Take off their knapsacks. What they see at first does not really excite them, they are much too wary and as a group have up to now functioned as soldiers.

Shot of A's face. A. moving up further, very interested. They have been watching for a while and uncontrollably, they start inching further up. Francis and another brother joining A. from different sides. They pass each other a puzzled look. Anthony, putting his rifle and knapsack down, taking his camera out and shooting the tribesmen.

Shots of Adams, Lerner. Others.

39. Shot of Lee, his tight body on the ground, his binoculars to his eyes, propped on his elbows looking.



Puts the binoculars down. Picks his rifle up, puts it **to** his shoulder, his eye squinting, medium to close shot, he **is** an expert marksman, his legs loosely spread and the stock of his rifle deeply imbedded in the shoulder, the **rifle** slightly twisted inward, his rear elbow coming **up** off the ground as he sights in; for a little man, he shoots high off the body, very confident, very precise.

Camera dwells on him as he is about to shoot. But he hears footsteps behind him. Takes his eye from the stock, squinting, not looking around. The footsteps getting closer. Shot of the feet next to Lee, On the feet are moccasins, they are Isaac's, Lee looking up at Isaac, who has a small French submachine gun cradled in his **arms**, and is looking down at the stream bed. Isaac giving Lee a look and proceeding down to the stream, his action forestalling a massacre. Lee with hate in his eye, staring at Isaac's back. He squints.

**40.** As Isaac walks down to the stream in the **open**, a female in the tribe sees him. The tambourine stops. They stop dancing. Shot of one of the tribe's blacks standing up from where he was watching and warily looking at **Isaac**, who walks on down to the stream. Proud, but puzzled for the first time in his life. He stops a little **dis tance** away.

The leader of **the** small **roving** tribe, **no** **older** than his early thirties calls to him.

Peace and Joy! (Making with his hand a small sincere gesture, something like this: On the word Peace, showing the back of his hand, Joy: the front of his hand, implying an empty hand, stretching it, saying:)

Join us.

Isaac pausing, puzzled.

Who are you? What tribe?

The leader, smiling, turning around to give the sign for more singing, dancing.

Join us. Find out.

The tambourine resumes playing and the tribes' people resume their dancing and singing as if nothing has happened. The few blacks are still wary but the whites fall to it and soon are becoming more intense than ever, perhaps thrilled that they are dancing the Passion Dance in the eyes of the cobra with the gun. They carry no weapons.

41. Shots of individual soldiers seeing what has passed. They start creeping slowly down to the stream. Spreading out on the logs and rocks watching. Isaac puts his weapon away and sits watching by himself. The blacks in the tribe have become more wary seeing these other soldiers but they cool it although they rightly feel there's going to be trouble. Lee remains up in the wood. Bunny is the last to leave him. The black soldiers more or less assemble together on a huge fallen log and watch.

Anthony with them. The other whites more thinly spread.  
A shot of Rhah looking.

The dancers growing increasingly erotic, their limbs interlaced, men on the ground, women passing their bodies closely over them, feeling everywhere with their hands. Shots of the soldier's faces growing more and more desirous. Isaac, perhaps feeling this desire, wanting suddenly to be alone and think, retreats into the woods by himself, without a rifle, pensive looking. His disappearance is fatal as he was the only force that could have prevented what occurs. The dancers writhe. Suddenly, with a yell, Lerner rips off most of his clothes and jumps in with them and starts to writhe and join in the spirit of freedom. The tribe accepts him but with no display. He mixes well. He belongs, but his action only agitates further the other white soldiers.

Shot Rhah's face. A hatred for Lerner's foolishness on it. Shakes his head slightly, saying quietly:

You child ... You fool.

The dancers almost copulating to the music. Not even singing anymore.

Shot: one of the males on his knees his head buried in a woman's belly, her arms around his head, writhing against his head.

cut

42. Bunny heaving the same girl up on his chest,

hugging her. She is so far gone into the ecstasy she doesn't notice really who it is. He **grins** madly and **starts** making off into the woods with her. **The other whites with shouts following him, hugging the women like satyrs at the rape, kicking the almost unconscious, helpless men away with their boots, some knocking them away with their rifles. Lerner fighting for the women but being knocked aside. The women begin to realize what is happening and start struggling. A few screams. One heavily bearded white chasing a girl, no more than sixteen, into the stream, thrashing with her. Rhah wading out to help her, struggling with the big soldier who throws him off. Shot of Lee in the woods raising his rifle and expertly firing into the water around Rhah, warning him off. Rhah looking wildly up into the woods. A black tribesman jumping on him. They scramble in the water.**

**Shot of Lee, putting the rifle away, looking down at the chaos, pleased. He squints, Doesn't move.**

**Shot of Isaac deep in the woods hearing the shots. Turning around slowly, his face muscles hard, but his eyes already resigned to what has happened. He doesn't move.**

**Shot of the Rape from behind the brothers who are still on the log watching. Anthony is no longer there. Camera moving to their side, shooting them in profile, watching, resigned, indifferent.**

Robinson, the soldier who was coming through the bush at the beginning to the sound of "Cupid", rises.

I might as well cut myself a piece too.

He looks back. They look at him. One starts eating the food he has carried. Robinson shrugs, moves off.

43. Cut to Anthony. He's way out in the woods, on the far bank of the stream, opposite his companions, with his rifle looking intently for something he has seen. The music is still playing in the distance but fades as he runs after Joanna. He is not aware of what will happen at the stream. It is before Runny began the Rape, which will be simultaneous with his.

Cut to Joanna leaning, her hands behind her, up against a tree. Her naked body painted green like a snake. Her face as well. Her hair is blonde. She is a stunning sight.

Anthony at last finds her, approaches hesitantly, looking at her as if she were unbelievable, but naturally drawn to her primitiveness. He stops, puts his rifle down, takes his magazine belt off, not taking his eyes from her.

A snake is hanging from the tree above her head.  
A long pause.

Joanna: You're not scared of snakes are You?

Anthony: No, not any more.

J. You're not scared of me are you?

A: (hesitating) No.

She smiles.

Camera on Anthony, as Joanna says:

Joanna: Take your clothes off then.

The snake in the tree rustles, Anthony takes his clothes off. Stands there naked in front of her.

Joanna: Who are you?

Anthony: (hesitating) Anthony,

J: O! ... Anthony.

Here she either takes the snake down off the tree and she wraps it around her neck, its head swaying over her breast or, more easily done, puts her hand up into the tree and the snake glides around her hand and arm, or she just simply slides off the tree, saying:

Joanna: I am called Joanna ... but Anthony (looking at him smilingly with her eyes and shaking her head) will never have Joanna because he is scared of her and he will *never* catch her . . . (she laughs and starts moving away).

Anthony watching her. Snake rustles and dry bird calls out of the trees. The distant sound of the tambourine. Anthony who has never really pursued before, begins to follow her. The bird calls increase. He hears the dry dangerous clicking rustle of snakes, which seem to inhabit the forest. He walks faster. She walks faster, not bothering to look over her shoulder. They move from tree to tree, both naked in the green forest. The chase

begins, a long sequence. Their movement is deeper into the forest away from the fast-fading music. They increase their speed until they are running as fast as they can through the trees. Joanna is as swift as a deer and always seems to elude Anthony, who is also very swift. But rather than lose him, she hides, and he finds her *or she lets him see her*, and the chase begins again, the only sound their speeding naked feet on the forest floor- As Anthony runs, he sees the snakes in the trees and at their foot, and in his path too but the chase has made a young savage out of him and he runs by these hissing snakes without thought or concern. Just to take her, like his companions are taking back at the stream.

The chase is long. He catches her at the base of a tree, perhaps the same tree where they began, the same snake hissing in the tree. They entwine, taking long deep breaths (shot in slow motion) they are falling together onto the forest floor, their eyes closed, Anthony so happy, so out of breath, his breathing her breathing, his low animal moan the only sound now in the forest . (Shot as they fall together of a snake biting Anthony in the arm (seen later), #is shot in slow motion so that it melts into their fall, also in slow motion, possibly a superimposed image). The camera on them as they writhe in each other's grasp like two snakes, feeling, touching, in the wild freedom seen at the dance, all over each other, Anthony's face in close up, a picture of pleasure and pain

and breaking through that to freedom, a great expressiveness in both their faces. The camera leaving them alone, panning slowly back to the stream, passing the trees, the snakes. The pan dissolving, putting the screen in darkness. Slowly, reluctantly, we come back to The Rape at the stream.

44. The screen still in darkness. Bunny's boyish angry voice off:

What's the matter do I smell bad? Am I dirty? Am I ugly? (Sound of hitting her) Hunh. Don't you people believe in sex or do you just dance, hunh.

(hits her)

Her voice: You couldn't understand! You people could never understand.

Bunny: What do I got to understand? Hunh.

(hits her)

How to feel! she screams very loud, like a bird dying.

He hits her again and again, The dull monotonous echo of slaughter on the black screen. The echo fading-

45. On the screen, a shot of the girl lying beaten to death, draped on a broken tree limb. A shot emphasizing horror. She is already very white and looking stuffed. She is the same girl seen earlier in the motorcycle suit, looking at Rodin's The Kiss. Possibly a silent shot of this previous scene, cut short. Camera dwells on this



deadgirl.

46. Cut. Anthony springing on Bunny. Trying to kill Bunny, **But it's an** even match and they go on fighting uselessly and camera, losing interest in them, pans to tribe people running off into the woods on **the** other side of the stream like fauns. Some soldiers are standing around the deadgirl, some of them amazed that the rape should end in murder. Anthony and Bunny, both exhausted, are struggling off to the side, out of breath. The Leader of the **Tribe** striding up to the girl, picking her up, she dangles wax white in his strong arms, a lifeless puppet. He speaks to the soldiers, clearly, slowly:

All of you will pay for this, black as well as white .. . (shouts) you are **animals!** you are **beasts!**

47. Cut to Leader moving away in the rain across the stream from them, the girl lifeless in his arms, moving **up** the other slope (it has begun to rain but we did not see it begin, it is already in progress in this shot; the rain will continue till the very last scene in the Forest, when it suddenly breaks). On the opposite bank, Joanna (**clothed now**) waits at the **woodline** for the Leader in the same pose of waiting that she **uses** later when she waits for Isaac at the edge of another **woodline** overlooking this same stream. **Anthony ceases** to struggle with the exhausted Bunny and on his knees, dirt all over his face, he looks up and sees her. She sees him. Then vanishes in the wood, following The

Leader. **Anthony still looking after her.**

Shot: Anthony running through the woods after Joanna.

Shot: Anthony entwining and falling **on the floor** of the forest with Joanna. The camera doing the **same** Pan as before across the trees back to the stream.

His voice: **You'll have** our child.

Her: **I'll** have the child of many **fathers.**

Pause

Him: **I'll** go.

Her: Yes. Go and Kill,

Him: **I'll** come back.

Her: No,

48. The camera pans right into the rain as it **heads** downstream (the above voices do not begin until the camera **is into the rain**) and **picks the mercenaries up later on their** march. Long shot through the woods of them walking **right** down the **stream itself**, which comes up around their knees. The bush on both sides of the stream is now **too** thick to walk through. They are walking **in a staggered** double file, one on the right side of the stream, **another** further **back on the left**, another further **back on the right**, etc. Occasionally, **crack6** of thunder come **out** Of the sky. **The rain grows worse.** Cries of the deepening forest.

49. The men are soaking wet. Lee, at the front with

Bunny, motions for them to take a break. They squat on the rocks on the edge of the stream, pulling their ponchos out and covering themselves up completely, looking like great sad useless tents, hardly paying attention to the surrounding forest.

Shot: whiskered old looking Rhah pulling his poncho out, getting into it, his tired lined face peering out from under the hood. Squatting on a rock. Thinking. Pulling out a bowl and a small plastic bag. Filling the bowl with the last of his Forest Nash. Throws the bag in the stream. Anthony slowly comes up on him. Wearing his poncho which he drapes over Rhah's head as Rhah strikes a match and lights the bowl. A crack of thunder. Smoke rising from the poncho. Coming off his face. Rhah's face glowing with contentment as the thunder peals again. Offers the bowl up to Anthony who, taking it, seats himself next to Rhah and smokes. They both look out into the hard rain thinking. Shot of Rhah's exhausted face. Camera to Anthony who is staring into the woods on the side of the stream, the rain beating in his face. The camera going to what he sees -- a tangle of forest, and leaves falling off the trees, and rare cries.

Diana's petulant voice off:

Hide Hide Hide. why do you hide things?

His eyes slowly pan the trees. He answers in a tired voice, off:

Because.

Shot: **A's** face, his eyes cast down. His voice, off:

Joanna ... I loved you. Without you . . . it is darkness.

His eyes rising. Shot of the woods.

Shot: **Rhah's** face in profile. Thinking. *Even tu-* ally, he says in passing:

Isaac didn't come back.

During this scene of thought on the rocks between **Rhah** and Anthony, Francis and a few other brothers, including the white smoker, Adams, make a slow individual procession by Rhah and A. to take a pass on **the** pipe. They come by in ones and leave again to go back to their own rocks; the effect is almost of a ceremony celebrated for the last time.

50. Lee (at the front) semi-shielded from the rain, sniffs the weed in the wind. Looks hostilely towards **Rhah** and Anthony. His hand goes out to move out and reluctantly Bunny the point man, moves out, the others taking their time rising.

Shot from side fading into shot from front of mercenaries moving down stream, Bunny way out in front.

The battle that now erupts is not heavy. It is like the snake, very quick and deadly, and violent, it is over fast, brutally, it is achieved almost in silence, and the revenge is almost entire.

Thunder peals again. Bunny, still way out front, passes a water snake reclining on a rock, the **snake** not bothering to move at the sight of these heavy waterlogged tired objects inching by.

Camera, passing Bunny, **zooms** toward **the snake**. Off-screen, the trickles of stream water and a fast **rustling**, like a snake. But the rustling is heavier **now**, like bodies moving very quickly on both sides of the **stream**.

Bunny's face as he hears. He wades out to investigate. The men behind him haven't heard. The stream **is** deeper where he wades and the gurgling water rises to his waist. The noise stops. He advances down the **stream**. Shot of the bush he sees. He pans it. His eyes, almost naturally, come to settle on a pair of bare feet painted green like the bush. He goes by it almost, comes back. His eyes tilt up and he sees Isaac standing there next **to** a tree, looking down at him proudly, knowingly, his face painted with brilliant colors, his whole body, nearly naked, striped like a snake's, The paint ingrained in the skin, not dripping off in the rain.

Zoom to closeup of Isaac, his submachine **gun** still cradled in his arms.

Cut. Closeup: Bunny's amazed frightened **face**.

Several cracks of a rifle.

Closeup of the blood spreading on his young face. He falls into the stream.

Quick Cut. Closeup: a huge mine set in a **tree**.

It explodes. Same shot repeated three times, in quick succession.

Silence. A bird crying. Shot of the trees blowing with the force of the explosion (the same shot Anthony saw in his mind, back at Alexander's), leaves and branches flying through the air, noiselessly.

Quick black out.

In the silence, the screen opens again with a full screen Blow Up of Francis' face as he is hit. Francis collapsing into the stream. Panning to a bandanna floating by itself in the stream. A body tumbling onto it. The heavy machine gun the body was carrying crashing on the rocks next to him. Camera zooming out slowly, catching the living trying to fish the dead and wounded out of the stream, Manny, one of the wounded still gesturing to his radio which is sinking in the stream. A brother reaching for it. He jerks back, shot in the head.

Camera still zooming out on the chaos, still the silence, catches the brother, Robinson, coming out on the bank opposite to the one on which the dead machine gunner lies, and sprinting closely past the camera into the bush. We see his white eyes, full of fear. Sound returning momentarily. Sound of firing and cries of the wounded, and from the opposite bank the cries of the attackers, all painted, man and woman, black and white charging down to the stream. Camera swivelling around as Robinson hurls

agrenade. On one knee, trembling, pulling another grenade out from his belt. Sound of first grenade exploding. The last sound. Back to silence. Robinson pulling the pin from the grenade across his body, it's a faulty device, the grenade blows right in his face.

Sound. The same explosion that killed Robinson. Shot: a poisonous snake slithering through the rocks trying to escape this madness, Anthony being hurled by the close explosion down over the snake, The snake in reaction biting him in the arm. Anthony jerks, grimacing with the pain. The snake slithering off. Anthony on his knees in quick reaction pulling his knife out. Pins the hissing snake. (Fleeting third-of-a-second images of 1. Isaac slicing the snake's head off in the temple, fading swiftly into 2. Anthony and Joanna in the woods, falling together entwined. cut. A's knife slicing the poisonous snake's head off. He recoils from his action savagely, a bit stunned, his eyes glazed with savagery. The butt of a rifle no sooner crashes on his head. One of the tribesmen straddles him as he lies on the ground, his head bleeding, about to scalp him, a brutal look of revenge on his face. It is the former leader of The Tribe. His knife in the air. A hand grips it hard. Stays it. The tribesman turning to Isaac. Hesitates. Runs off to kill again. Isaac looking at the unconscious Anthony. His smashed camera lies next to him. Seeing the dead snake, taking it all in with a little gleam of the eyes, perhaps amused

by the irony, and as Joanna runs up on him, carrying a rifle, Isaac bends to quickly cut the poison out of A'S arm. Joanna feeling Anthony's brow and the wound on his head, her savage look of revenge melting into tenderness, looking at Isaac who nods quickly to indicate he'll be alright, she runs her hand over his forehead quickly one last time, and runs off to fight.

This whole scene could be ridiculous if it isn't done brusquely, swiftly, like a dream in Anthony's head.

The sound is off again. The battle coming to an end. The next scenes speeding by dreamlike. The attackers pouring down in mass onto the Stream, even little children,

Fade into:

A black tribesman on top of a young black soldier, both of them straining, the tribesman's knife is back in his hand pressing against the soldier's belly, the latter's hand gripping his wrist. They are both looking each other in the face, straining. The soldier's hand slips. The knife enters his belly. He cries out and dies in his black enemy's arms. Fade into:

Adams, wounded, crawling on his belly. One of the women picking up a heavy rock and hurling it down on his head. Fade into:

Lerner, glazed, drugged, running crazily out of the woods. Rhah who is slightly wounded, clubbing him with his rifle. Lerner on the ground, crying in pain.



Rhah above him, breaking the silence, saying quickly:

You fool, you crazy fool!

Then *clubbing* him again so he won't cry. Rhah quickly ripping his clothes off. Rutting Lerner's headband ON, taking his old rifle and despite the lack of warpaint, running off into the woods, hollering like mad.

Fade into:

King (closeup) stumbling into a thicket. Raising his eyes. His large face spreading with fear, as Joanna stands there with a rifle. Shooting him.

Fade into:

Isaac dragging Bunny's corpse out of the stream onto the bank and taking his scalp.

Dissolve.

The battle is over. The rain has broken. Lee is lying bloodied on the stream bank on his back, still barely breathing, his eyes closed, he is squinting madly like a fish on land trying to breathe. His bloody red bandanna is loosely draped around his neck on his belly. Medium shot. A passing female member of the tribe. Sees him, Shoots him. Long shot of her shooting him. The hollow clack of her rifle. Still the long shot as she runs into the woods with the rest of the tribe. In the distance we hear the drone of a helicopter coming up. The stream is deserted but for the bodies littered around it. Same long

shot. Camera turning to catch Isaac, at medium range, looking down at the stream, the last to leave. The helicopter approaching. He looks up. The trees conceal the stream from the sky. The wind from the hovering helicopter's blades is blowing the trees wildly back and forth. Standing on the slope looking down at the stream, he raises his rifle in the classic Indian fashion, flat in the air (the same shot seen earlier at the Temple except we only saw his arm) and shouts a word in a strange language. A subtitle flashes on the screen: **FREEDOM!**

Isaac runs off into the woods, the wind in the trees blowing wildly. Joanna waits for him at the edge of the woodline, j'ust as she waited for the Old Leader. He disappears in The Forest. She follows.

Dissolve.

## Prison

The story goes on. Anthony awakes as from a dream, at first isn't sure of what he is anymore, falls back on his distrust of Life, is arrested, put in Prison. Here in endless silence, the Silence of the Fish, he cuts his final tie to the world of Alexander and regains his sense of feelings in the person of Jonah, who is a briefer form of Isaac, At the same time, Alexander, his Own prisoner, wrapping his words about himself, severs his every link to the World. Anthony's relationship to Jonah is brief, dreamlike, beautiful. From it he accepts that Love, Life itself, is just a Dream. A Movie. Feelings are Dreams, Dreams are Feelings. Freedom is Dream. Dream is Freedom. Anthony dreams on, makes movies, and in his dream/in his life, he leaves Prison. He's free.

51. Anthony's eyes looking up, opening from a dark screen onto light, a kind face looming above him, asking just as he opens his eyes:

Would you like me to say a prayer for you, my son?

Screen fading into darkness as Anthony closes his eyes. Opening them again. The Father's questioning eyes, The camera moving a little higher as A. begins to rise up, look around, make sure he is not dying. He is slowly looking around. He is in a hospital, all blazing white, The patients, including A. are in black

pyjamas with pink hospital monograms on their breast. **In** bed next to him one of the patients has died and the white **sheet** is spread over his face but his hand is stiffly hanging out from the sheet.

**A:** (as he **looks** around the hospital)  
Cigarettes'll do.

Father: 0 . . . any particular brand

A. Menthols if you have any?

F: (smiling, producing two separate brands, one pack full, one **almost** empty) Take your choice

A. taking the last cigarette from the empty **pack**.  
The Priest striking a match, lighting his cigarette. A sucking in on it, looking over at the dead patient's outstretched hand,

The Priest seeing this, looking at hand, saying:

**We** couldn't preserve him . . . I think the boy was Protestant. (Walks to the bed, puts the hand back under the sheet, lifting the sheet as he does this, Anthony sees the puffed white face of Adams. **He** is jolted.)

Rhah is strutting down the aisle to visit A., wearing his dress uniform. **His** coat is afghan with a lot of sheep's fur. Taking it off as he comes up on A., the **same** thief's smile on his face. Under the coat, wearing a pink Cossack shirt with black vest and **black** leggings and a large Macedonian belt with a snake's head on it. His boots are **laced to his knees, and from outside the cossack** shirt, on a looping thick necklace hanging from his neck, a

black skull and ivory white cross hang side by side. He looks like he just came out of the forest -- wild, crazy.

Rhah:       What's happening Father . . . IS our SON going to get well? or did the snake put the evil seed into him.

Father:       (surprised by this visitor) No, I think Our Father's son is in . . . good hands

Rhah, kissing Anthony on both cheeks, rising, turning to face the Father:

We both must be . . . because (smiling crazily) dig it, Father . . . I'm still here. (As he says this, the dead patient's hand casually drops down from the sheet once again, and the Father sees Rhah's strange necklace, his eyes growing a little wider. Feeling uncomfortable in his presence.)

Rhah turning back to Anthony taking some comic books out of his coat.

Rhah:       Look here, I brought you some books to kill the time.

Anthony examining the covers. Enemy Ace (a long thin ghastly looking drawing), Spider Man, and another one (Doctor Strange) with a cover drawing of an immense creature of evil with huge green eyes and hair hanging to his shoulders and immensely long fingernails. Opening the book, he finds a few thinly rolled cigarettes taped to one of the pages. Looks up at Rhah who is smiling. Rhah points to the huge creature on the cover. says both to the Father and

Anthony, wiggling his shoulders a little:

Rhah: Actually that huge ugly creature's got a soul. It blew my mind when he said to himself, "C'mon now, Beast, get a hold of yourself. If I keep up this nutty soul-searching, I'll be a candidate for the funny farm."

Rhah snickering

Anthony doesn't join in.

The Father, more uncomfortable than ever, Produces a pocket Bible, giving it to Anthony:

Yes . . . well I must be on my way. Here is a small Bible for you Anthony . . . it will pass the time . . . I will return. (Leaves, ignoring Rhah.)

Rhah bending over Anthony's face, and sneering at the departing Priest. His fist goes out in a gesture Of triumph. He is laughing now.

Anthony, unable yet to attach himself to Rhah, saying in a monotone:

Wow, I think you blew his mind, man.

Rhah: (interrupting his laughter) Yea

Putting his fist out again. A returning the fist, tapping Rhah's fist from the top, Rhah coming over and tapping A's fist with his fist, Rhah sneering and laughing again, stopping again.

Yea

Pause (Rhah scratching his nose, fingering his skull and cross. A. scratching the scar below the eye)

R: Listen man, where you headed for when you get out of here?

A: California

R: Wow I'm going that way myself. Then back to Mississippi.

A: I'll miss you man

R: Yea man, and I'm going to miss you. You were boss. You and Francis. YOU never passed up a smoke, you'd stay up all night with me if I asked you ... poor Francis (Shot: Francis dying at the stream) ... he was a prince and you were a prince . . . Man! (shaking his head with admiration)

A not looking at Rhah.

Rhah: (rearing up a bit) Take care of yourself man, you hear. The forest made beasts out of us. They won't cut us no slack in the World . . . and California is the worst man ... It's a bummer police state (Shot: the barricade of twenty-five motorcycle policemen, seen later) I can go back to Mississippi and plant all the seeds I want in all the swamps and become the new Johnny Appleseed of the South. But you (pointing his finger) No! (his finger waving) There's going to be an earthquake in California. The farms and prisons are full of the young, and there's going to be hell to pay for. (Shot: the fire scene 1)

A: (thinking) I was going to take some Forest Hash back with me.

R: Where?

A: On my back

R: (thinking) Do it. It'll work. You got border police and informers all over the place, but wear a heavy coat and they won't shake you, they're too busy busting brothers . . . (taking his coat) here man, take this coat, it'll wrap you up like an iceberg

A: What you going to wear man?

R: Hell, me, I stay warm. Take it. (Puts it next to A)

A: (feeling the warm coat) You never mentioned the others.

R: (shrugging his head) None of them made it man. I WAS lucky to split . . . I didn't know how you felt,

A: (pausing) I don't know. Like it was all just a dream. (Turning a page in the comic book, almost talking to himself) It was all just like a dream.

(Coincidentally, in the comic, there is a large final Picture Of a villain behind bars, Camera catches this)

Rhah: You got to be strong man, to live. You got to be strong to smoke. you got to be strong to do what you did. You got to be strong to survive.

A, not really hearing him, reflecting, putting the comic down, not looking at him, in a weak wondering voice :

I wonder what prison is like . . . Is that a dream too? (Blow Up of Genet. A. turning to Rhah, directly) Tell me about prison, Rhah.



Rhah, not liking Anthony's attitude, not really understanding, frowning, he hesitates, shrugs, says:

Prison? . . . it's a fish world . . . silent . . . you take it slow and easy (Shot: tropical fish slowly swarming in an aquarium) . . . it's a whole trip, you dedicate your life to it. (Same Blow Up full screen: Genet -- very quick)

Anthony looking up at him, dreamily, as if he is envisioning the fish swimming around in eternity

Rhah: You know . . . prisons and palaces . . . are the two trips I never made (spoken wistfully)

Anthony looking at him

Rhah: (a little water in his eyes) Well man I'm going to miss you, you're a tough cat to lose . . . take care of yourself . . . and if you do go to jail . . . swim, and don't give too much if you ain't getting anything back . . . see you.

He kisses Anthony affectionately on both cheeks. Anthony kissing him also, his eyes a little bit watery as he loses another friend.

Rhah strutting back down the aisle in his Cossack and vest. Anthony turning to the dead soldier lying in the bed next to him. On the sound track, a short riff of the Spanish guitar, very sharp, dangerous, mellowing, ending softly.

52. Shot: The silver bird (airplane) flying in the clouds.

Shot inside: Anthony and Flash sitting together. Anthony loosely wearing the afghan coat Rhah gave him, underneath wearing a green shirt with large ruffles and brown leather breeches and the tightly laced boots of his uniform. Flash is very black, wearing polaroid shades which conceal his eyes and reflect what he sees. He has shiny red beads around his neck and wears a green Mao shirt. very quiet and silent, he is blown out of his head and his top four front fangs are framed in gold; the two outside teeth have green rubies mounted on them, the inner two teeth have heart-shaped red diamonds mounted, so on the rare occasions that he smiles, his teeth glisten in red and green.

-Anthony bored, reading a comic, putting it away:

Let's go get stoned

Fullscreen Blow Up of Dylan (seen at Alexander's)

Flash rising. Anthony following. They walk down the aisle. They check the stewardess out as they meet in the aisle. She smiles, sees Flash's fangs, which we also see for the first time, is horrified. Anthony smiles at her, maliciously. She fades on him too.

Don't smoke in the aisle please.

A rat-faced stewardess very tiny (close up as she speaks) confronts them. Flash and Anthony running up against her, they lightly bump into each other. Getting

by her. Putting their smoking sticks out.

They approach the john in the rear. A stewardess is sitting relaxing in the back. Lights her cigarette with a gold lighter. Puts the pack and lighter down. Looks up at them. Smiles. Flash smiles. She stares at him. Anthony meanwhile looking at the pack and lighter. Shot close. The lighter is shaped in the form of a fish.

They go into the lavatory together.

They come out of the lavatory together, both very high. Anthony now, like Flash, wearing his shades. Light blue glasses. Blue like soft water.

Shot of them in the back talking with the seated stewardess.

The rat-faced stewardess returning. Giving them a disapproving look.

Blow Up from the comics. Wonder Woman

Shot: They are sitting back down in their seats, the airplane droning on.

A taking a cigarette from his gold case (the one he stole from Diana ages ago) and lighting it with the fish-shaped lighter he just copped from the stewardess. He smokes, shot close of his face. He has a reverie which is noiseless except for the music.

Shot: He is in black leather and boots. Long hair. Looking like a rock and roll singer. A black thin suitcase in his gloves. Inside his weapon. Putting the blood money in the pocket of his tight leather pants. A

few hippies hanging from statues watching. Picking the suitcase up. Walking slowly like High Noon down the little sidestreet.

Shot: Twenty-five California cops in motorcycle boots and plastic helmets with Brando goggles and gun belts and sticks and badges gleaming like diamonds. Pan of their bodies and faces, the camera going down the barricade they have set up. The faces, all white, are strong, their thighs husky.

Shot: A walking towards them. Music off, starting very lowly: When I wake up, I put on my makeup . . . and I say a little prayer for you. Aretha Franklin. A small portion of the song. Cut to silence. A approaching closer, zooming out from him to catch him with machine gun in his gloves. Stopping. Close up. Blow Up of Joanna on the cover of a magazine, the title of the magazine in large letters CINEMA.

Sound returns, but an echoing semi-documentary type clatter. Side view of the cops crashing all over the trash barrels violently. Shot: One dead cop in the middle of the street, all alone, sprawled on his back, his helmet off his head, hand flung out, his yellow goggles have slipped down over his eyes, looking like an anonymous fish with blood trickling out of his mouth,

The cops firing back with their popguns, and A. sprinting behind a trash barrel leading into a side-street, Firing like a daredevil, like a French gangster

picture. A. throwing his huge pineapple grenade. Explosion (top view) causing general silence from the cops. Anthony standing excited and panting at the street corner, trying to decide where to escape. Suddenly a girl in a black vampire costume with a black hood on her head appears on the side street. Blow up, momentary, of Joanna on the cinema magazine. The vampire girl waving her hand for A- to come fast. He pauses, runs wildly down the street after her. They take hands and tear down the street together. On the sound track the Beatles' Revolution starting up- Fade

Anthony in airplane, lighting another cigarette. Offering one to Flash, who takes it. As A. lights his cigarette with the lighter, he asks:

A: What are you going to do now?

Flash: (deadpan, from behind the shades. Anthony's face reflected in them) I'm going back to Florida and be a cop.

A clicking the lighter shut. Flash glancing at it, smiling, saying:

It works out nice. The law pays me my bread, and I roam free in their backdoor.

A: (his face reflected in the shades) You were a cop man?

Flash: I was a cop before I went on this Eastern trip.

Pause. Drone of the airplane

A: A soul cop hunh?

cut to : stock footage from Godard's Pierrot Le Fou. Belmondo leaning up against the wall, mimicking Americans, saying several times:

Yea, Yea . . . Okay . . . Yea

53. The California airport. posters advertising THE SUN. Anthony, his shades on, in his afghan coat having his bags examined. Flash is one counter down, also being examined. They are both very stoned: at least Anthony is and everything he sees is through a detached fish-eyed lens, slightly colored blue. They look up, catch each other's eye.

A looking around through his fish-eye at the roving officials who circle outside the baggage line, their hands behind their backs, watching the examiners and the examined.

Shots of exiting passengers/soldiers, in forms of eastern dress, contrasting with the square neckties the Officials all in black with badges wear. As these passengers leave the building, a few are intercepted by the roving officials and pointed towards a side door -- the physical examining room. The majority however walking out the door to freedom, Anthony sees this -- first a passenger being intercepted, then his eyes moving to the door where there's fresh air and sun waiting. Looking down at the official who is repacking his suitcase full of rich clothes -- purple shirts, etc. a large flamboyant hat.

He looks up and sees Flash, baggage in hand, moving towards the doors, walking slowly and ultra-steadily. He is stopped by one of the old grey-haired jowly officials. Flash talking to him slowly, turning his back to Anthony, the official turning with him. Anthony's eyes taking this in. Flash seems in command of the situation and as the loudspeaker announces a departure, Flash, with the official following, turns back around slowly, his dark mirror-like shades panning slowly down the baggage line, panning past Anthony, as he continues to move his lips,

Anthony picks his baggage up. Starts a slow slightly stiff walk towards the doors. Sound of his footsteps. Flash, ahead of him, exiting through the doors, a gleam of sunlight shining into the airport as he opens the door. Anthony's eyes feeling dizzy. The camera swirling around the Airport quickly one time, A large ad for The Sun, and a big red fireball with an airplane gliding past it. To his side, Anthony carefully watching one of the officials, hands behind his back, bouncing up and down on his heels. Camera dwelling on him. Anthony walking past him. Shot of a hand lightly touching his shoulder.

Just a moment please.

A. stopping. Looking ahead. Face hardening. Turning. Looking at this old decrepit looking official who says:

Will you step into our examing room

please. This way.

Long shot of the official pointing to it.

Anthony walking stiffly to the door. Looking one last time to the **exit** doors. His voice off:

Run!

54. Shot: Anthony at the examining room door. The official from behind, opening it.

Anthony scratching his scar. Stepping inside.

Officials behind a large police station type desk. One brother in front of it, putting his things back in his pockets, smiling at A. giving him the fist of triumph sign.

Heavysset official looking up at A. disinterestedly:

Well, you know the procedure.

Pause

A: No

Official: We run a bodysearch here. Take everything out of your pockets. Put it on the desk.

Shot: desk

A. slowly, resignedly but still hoping, taking items out of his overcoat. Taking his coat off. The contraband tightly laced to his back under his green, ruffled shirt. The official running through the items on the desk, holding a pistol slug in the air, a couple of teeth, a small black skull (a present from **Rhah**), glancing critically at A.

Official: Okay (comes around the counter) Arms out please. Stretch the legs.



He feels under the arms, down the chest, into the crotch, the legs, straightens back up, looking A. in the eye, circles his back with his arms.

Close shot of his hands tapping very lightly and just once the plastic bulge under his shirt. A's facial muscles tightening. official straightens, looking triumphant.

Okay take the shirt off slowly.

Anthony, a distant smile on his face, unbuttoning his shirt, taking it off. The flat plastic knapsack is revealed,

Anthony unhooks the two shoulder straps. Takes it off in one hand. Tosses it on the counter.

The second official at the counter immediately dipping into it.

Anthony: Take it, burn it . . . Take me. Burn me.

Second official, at the counter, leaning on it, the weed in hand. Says off, the camera on A's face:

We have the evidence here to run you in on a federal government smuggling charge . . . You'll be found guilty. You'll be behind bars for five years, probably more. There is no lighter sentence. We have all the evidence we need . . . If you cooperate however and you give us information leading to the apprehension of any person carrying contraband, your sentence could possibly be reduced to as little as two years.

Camera still on Anthony's face. He doesn't speak.

Shot of Flash leaving the airport (seen previously)

Rhah's low voice off: They won't shake you. They're too busy busting brothers ---

Official: Okay, search him. (Turning to desk man) Get the FBI

55. Shot: A, leaning forward on a speaker's podium in another room, warmthless and white. He is totally naked, His body is hard and tight and cold. shot from the rear of his buttocks squeezed together in a noose- The first official standing behind him. The second Off to the side, watching.

First: (off) Now spread the cheeks.

Shot from side, A's hard facial muscles. He is coming to understand the reality of his situation, the ignominy of it. His hands go back to his buttocks.

First: (off) Wider . . . Wider! Okay, hands back on the desk.

Side shot of A. putting his hands back, leaning forward, the moment he does this, the first official kicks A'S legs from under him,

Anthony's face crashing into the podium as he falls. Sound of falling. On the floor, wiping his mouth where it hit the podium, It's slightly bleeding.

Second official: Okay that's all. The FBI is here. Get your clothes on.

Into the hall. TWO FBI men in black suits with narrow lapels, and hatless, waiting, the one in charge giving A. an amused look of disgust. A in his furry afghan

coat. The FBI man, nodding his flat crewcut head as if to say 'I like it'.

An attractive, rich-looking woman in her thirties is handcuffed to a chair in the hall, looking as if she is about to cry, lines of fatigue under her eyes, as if this was her first narcotics arrest.

The FBI man unlocking her from the chair. The handcuffs are shiny and big and silver. His key very small. She is hassled and twists her wrist. He smiles and says to her:

The more you move, the tighter they get.

He handcuffs her to Anthony. She hardly looks at him, she is so distracted. He looks at her. The blood smeared on his mouth.

FBI: Let's go,

56. Shot: Getting into their black sedan, the FBI men in the front, the assistant driving, the one in charge seated with his back to the road not taking his eyes from the two prisoners in the rear. The windows are sealed up. The sunlight outside is sparkling, They drive. The woman, distracted, looking out the window nervously at the passing streets. Anthony looking at her, beginning to fully understand what is going to happen to him now. He is no longer stoned. Looking out the window with her. The streets assume a fish-eyed aspect. cut

57. Prison. Shot of an electronic door sliding shut.

Sound of other electric doors opening and closing. Grating metal on metal, followed by this underwater hollow silence. A momentary sound of bubbling water in a fish tank. A shot **of the tropical** fish swimming in the aquarium. Fading into a shot of a strong muscled black standing, gripping the bars, looking out blankly, his t-shirt off, muscled arms and his powerful chest exposed. A black beard. A **sardine-**shaped ring hanging from his **left** ear. Fading into shot of Anthony in shabby light beige prison pyjamas. the top removed, revealing a sleeveless t-shirt, exposing his under-arms. He is sleeping on a mattress on the floor of his cell. Blankets lying messily about, a few prison books. His sleep is simple, childlike. His long hair is completely unkempt. He sleeps with his mouth closed, on his belly, one arm loosely wrapped around his neck, the other flung **out.**

Camera dwelling on him, fading again into the aquarium full of tropical fish, fading from there to the prison block; about ten cells to the block and one **dayroom,** five-six prisoners in each overcrowded cell. The shot is of the prisoners, in singles, walking about pointlessly, just to move, not more than six or seven treading.

The prisoners are all young except for one or two old lifers; they are **mostly** smugglers, hard types, out of motorcycle gangs, repair shops, broken families and in California style, very hip. young, they have smiles that say they know the score. Quite a few have beards and **tattoos,** but no external ornaments, which is not allowed,

so as distinguishing marks, they use their threads. Each walks differently from the other, like different types of fish in an aquarium. There is also a large minority of old 'hippy' types, young, not so tough, a fatalistic young romantic look about them. Society was unchangeably lame and it was inevitable they should end up behind bars. When they get out, they will probably split into the hills, to Mexico, South America, islands unheard, and never return, Their hair is very long, a lot of golden brown beards and once-suntanned faces, very quiet, keeping to themselves, not even talking, each sits by himself and meditates. They look very primitive in their shabby pyjama pants and t-shirts.

58. Camera panning through the block. Voice off:

Over there, Getting into the car.

Camera fading to catch three of the prisoners, swarming high up near the ceiling on the bars, like fish rather than monkeys, looking out the small slit of a window looking down into the parking lot.

VOICE : The yellow chick in blue.

Side Shot (close) of their faces, catching the sunlight. One of them sucking in his breath.

Shot: Blonde getting into the car in the Sun-light, slamming the door. In the background we see the sealed prison building, modern, small windows, in the heart of the city.

Shot: their faces looking out through the bars, wide eyed, exaggerated effect. Fading into

Shot of the head trustee (also a prisoner) bearded, coming up behind the prisoners. Pointing.

Get down.

59. Camera following trustee as he walks on down the block. He is a powerful looking young man. Stops at a cell. Looking inside. Anthony lying on the mattress, still sleeping, though he has changed positions and is sleeping childlike on his side, his arm still about his neck, the other arm outflung. A toilet bowl and basin in the cell. One bunk bed. Very cramped. Trustee glancing to see everything is in order.

60. Walks further on down the block. Passes two brothers with pompadours sparring with each other in the space between the cells and the bars. Passes by them unconcernedly and passes out of the camera's eyes, as the camera remains to dwell on the brothers. They move well, taking it easy, equally sized. They start slapping a little harder, noses bristle, sweat starts up: a few others gather round, coming from separate directions, alone, digging the action. The camera observing their faces as the fighters pass out of the camera's eye; the mixture of hard types and nomadic types.

The fighters come back into view, dancing. One of them is now Anthony, jabbing, sparring with a brother

who is probably an amateur boxer and is getting the better of A, slapping him harder and harder with his open palm, his own nose starting to open and close, his mouth working small cries, as if he were taking a black vengeance on the white boy. The hard unsympathetic faces of the gathered crowd. A's blurring vision; his opponent's face fades into that Of Francis hitting him harder and harder, his face fading into the Blow Up at the stream -- his dying face crying

61. Voice: (off very-loud) Ulysses! Alberto  
Ulysses!

Camera panning to one of the guards walking down the corridor outside the bars, calling this name. The fight breaks up. The two brothers (not Anthony) who were originally sparring calmly quickly walk off in separate directions.

Ulysses walking past them towards the sliding door at the far end of the block. Waiting there. The door slides open, Another door. Camera catching him walking down the corridor with the guard behind him. The guard stopping at a box tied to the bars and taking the slips full of special requests, following Ulysses out the corridor. They disappear.

Fade.

62. A. waking up from his sleep, his hair very dishevelled, lines under his eyes (he has slept most of the

days and nights away) Looking around in a daze at the blankets. The little shelves on the wall are neat, with small personal possessions on them. A young prisoner lying on the top bunk.

A: Can I get some cigarettes?

The young cat reading a Reader's Digest, turning the page, his voice distant:

Sunday

A: Can I get one from you. I haven't had a smoke in days.

Long pause

(Turning the page of his magazine) No

Fade

63. The sparring brother in the shower. The water squirting out like a fire hose. He pushes a button. The *shower* stops. Comes out. Dries himself, humming, then singing.

Fade

64. Anthony on the mattress trying to read a prison-book. Putting it down in boredom. Rutting himself in the yoga position. Breathing in deep like a fish. Disliking it. Getting up, walking, in his singular tread, towards the dayroom, passing the brother drying himself outside the shower, which is in the dayroom. Going to the small stove where the coffee pot is brewing. Looking at it. The brother coming over in his towel, taking the lid off the coffee.



Um, smelling just nice.

A: Yea, all I need is a coffee cup

Brother, heading back towards the shower to pick up his soap and slippers. Looking back over his **shoulder**:

It's hard to get a coffee cup in here.

**(Walking on)** Ain't no sugar either

A: (to himself) No, ain't no writing paper, Ain't no pens. Ain't no beds. Ain't no telephone calls. Ain't no lawyers. Ain't no women. Ain't nothing is there?

Brother from distance, going back to his cell:

No, ain't nothing

Fade

**65.** Close shot: an old lifer crying "**Chow**"

Low **animal mumbles**, following his cry, down the block. Prisoners heading back to their individual cells. It is late afternoon, but the clock on the **wall** is broken so it doesn't really matter. The corridor outside the cells is now empty. A silver dinner tray, glistening chrome, the center of attraction, wheels past the electric door into the cell. The trustee, by himself, rolls it down the cells into the **dayroom**, some of the men's faces looking at it as **it** passes their cell.

The Trustee: (calling out) Four Five Six!

The men from these cells eagerly pour out, heading for the **dayroom**. They eat voraciously. Two pieces of white

bread, no butter, ravioli and a small sticky piece of **cake**. Nothing to drink but coffee. Anthony eating with them, his undershirt still on, his hair a mess. There is little talk. The sparring **brother**, the same one who was in the shower, is sitting with another brother across from A. Looking at A. curiously. Asks:

Whatcha ya in for man?

A: (tired of the whole gig) Crime

The Brother: (smiling, persisting) You look like one of them cats gets stuck for the first time on a grass rap.

A shrugging, eating

Brother, finished, lighting a cigarette, offers one to A. He shakes his head. Brother smiles at his friend.

Brother: Don't get uptight man. This is my ninth trip. James Brown here (indicating his friend) is facing life. Whatcha you facing. Five years.

A. has finished eating. Doesn't know why he is hanging around.

Brother: **Shit**, you might pull a probation. It's all depending on the Plan. Federal?

A. nodding

Brother: Then you're **50-50**. Judge Lowery'll he'll hang five on you.

**James Brown**: (interrupting) They call him The Vulture. He's black (laughing) yea **he's** as black as my daddy.

Brother: Monroe. **He's** soft on kids. He'll rap to you an hour about Justice till you think he's **gonna** put you away for ten lifetimes. Then he'll hand you a probation, saying, "Stay Clean"

**James Brown**:: Yea, but your riff in court better be nice . . . just nice

A. rising, going to the sink in the **dayroom**, drinking water out of the tap, turning around, taking a **long** deep breath, wondering what he's going to do next

Fade

**66.** Anthony, later at night, is looking out the bars. He has pulled himself together, has combed his hair, showered, removed his t-shirt, stands barechested, has washed his face; he is thinking.

Fade; into his thoughts

He sees the faces of Joanna, Isaac, Francis, and **Rhah**, each of them separately. Joanna standing painted green under the tree where he first **saw** her. Francis singing his blues. Isaac offering him the snake's head to drink. Rhah giving him the coat in the hospital.

They fade. On the other side of the **bars**, looking in, he sees Alexander, The camera panning past him **casually**; no element of **magic in it**.

Anthony turning around, walking back to his **cell**.

Alexander's voice (off, **low** as an interior monologue):

Once I spoke to you of long silences  
where we stare, just stare at air. Once I spoke to you and  
said life was but a dream, it's been said, I said, I was  
what you are. I am what you're going to be

Closeup Anthony's face.

He enters the cell.

Anthony's voice off as in interior monologue:

Don't the winds ever change?

67. He sees Jonah huddled up in a blanket, on the  
floor, slightly trembling as if this prison were too cold  
for him. He's rubbing himself slightly under the blanket.  
His hair is black, Indian, long and wavy, hanging to his  
shoulders, the reincarnation almost of Isaac but younger,  
about seventeen, eighteen. He has a beautiful face, much  
warmer features than Isaac, his two eyes bright and looking  
straight straight ahead as if he were on a permanent high.  
His voice is soft and when he talks he smiles tenderly  
with his eyes and sometimes his mouth, He has a slight  
accent -- sounding almost Israeli or European.

Anthony sits down next to him on the floor, not  
feeling any need to explain why he sits down next to him.  
He is simply attracted by him, by his warmth and by the  
sensitivity that makes him tremble in the cold prison.

Jonah looks at Anthony with his wide eyes. He  
smiles, trembles, but doesn't speak. Anthony is forced  
to ask:

What did you do?

Jonah, smiling, wrapping his hands around his shoulders under the blanket:

They call it White Slavery

Anthony looking at him puzzled

Jonah: The little girl told the Judge she was raped steadily for half a year . . . and she was so beautiful in a pink dress in the court the **Judge he** believed her . . . (laughing a little) so they take me to the big prison tomorrow,

A: For how long

J: (looking ahead, trembling: For five years

Pause. Sorrow on Anthony's face. Jonah seeing his face. Changes the subject:

J: **Where** do you come from?

A: From the East

J: I **was** over there (smiling) **When I was** just a boy. I fought **with the Tribes. They call** me Jonah.

A: I **fought with the soldiers. I'm** Anthony.

Jonah looking straight into **A's** eyes:

Good. **I'm glad you** came and talked to me. I needed somebody to talk to ma. (Turning away) I'm scared tonight. (**Trembling**)

Anthony almost touching his **shaking shoulder** with his **hand**. Hesitating. **Pulling** it back in.

Jonah: (not **seeing** him do this, a slight smile on his face) I was twelve when I first killed. I **lay** in a tree all day. **I'd** set a snare. The soldiers came **by** late in the afternoon, and they tripped it. It was an old-fashioned bow and arrow, but it killed. And I was so happy? Have you killed?

Anthony: (pause) No

Isaac: (smiling) **Did** you rape the women?

A: (pausing) No

Isaac: (smiling) You didn't steal anything?

A. shakes his head

Isaac: Are you proud?

A: (at a bit of a loss) Sometimes

Isaac: Who is your woman?

Anthony puckers his smile, shrugs

Isaac (Also smiling) It doesn't matter any more, does it?

Anthony : **No**

**Isaac:** (smiling) **How** old are **you?**

Anthony: (smiles a little, shrugs) I don't think I remember.

Pause. Jonah has stopped trembling. **His** interest in Anthony has brought him out of his fear of the future.

**Jonah:** (looking at A. tenderly) **I** remember. I'm eighteen. **My** mother and father were killed **by** the soldiers. I was taken from the Forest, imprisoned here. They set me free and I wandered into the City. The City

was cold and hard and I was lost but there were people like **you** Anthony in the **City**. **There are** a lot of them. We shared together. **We** made love. **I've** loved more beautiful things than there **are stars and I'm** only eighteen and **you're** older but **Anthony** (looking straight into his eyes) believe me, believe me you never . . . good god you never lose track of your heat . . . (taking his hand from the blanket) Take my hand . . . Feel it

Anthony feeling it

Jonah: Yours are cold. **Mine** are warm.

Shot, short: Anthony chasing Joanna through the woods. His voice off in a whisper:

I remember.

**Jonah:** You have to kill Anthony (Shot, very short: **Anthony** killing the **snake**) You have to love. You have to **be free** (Shot: **Anthony chasing** Joanna through the woods. His voice off: **I remember**) . . . and you have to be warm (Shot: **Anthony catching** Joanna in the woods (no sound) in slow motion toppling over on the ground, their bodies entwining. His voice off in a whisper: I remember)

Pause, Anthony feeling the warmth coming off Jonah. **Jonah's** eyes smiling encouragement and tenderness at him,

Jonah: now, you're warm. (lithely moving over closer to Anthony) you've been warm before . . . I **can** tell. (He kisses Anthony lightly on the cheek) **It** isn't solemn, it's light, joyous, easy. (**Anthony returns** the kiss) His

voice off: I *remember*. Anthony slowly takes Jonah's head in his hands, *brings* it together with his. Anthony releases his breath. Jonah's hand feels his cheek, gropes along on it. They kiss each other's mouth, tenderly, their eyes closed. Fade, past the faces of Joanna, Francis, Isaac, Rhah, in that order back to the face of Alexander, who sits all in black by himself in his apartment, slumped in a chair, his hands between his knees, looking very sad, his head hanging off his left shoulder. His voice off, very low:

68.                   Your mind was mine Anthony. We dreamt together. We discovered reality and it died with the dream and what we dreamt, we could never have. We grew another mind, We emancipated our souls, and the cost . . . was that our feelings died. We buried ourselves in the security Of thought and not knowing it, we fell prey to our own minds. Our thought was hungry. If it cannot eat other minds and other minds cannot eat it, then like some horrible plant, which you accused me of being, the mind will curl in and eat its own self.

                  Alexander rises from the chair. Fading into Anthony and Jonah together fading into

69.                   Alexander's face returning, painted in vivid tribal colors -- yellow, black, red, blazing colors. His books and papers are strewn on the floor in front of him. He is pouring gasoline through his apartment, The posters



and paintings are ripped off the walls, except for the **Rimbaud** which he now stops to look at.

His **voice**: (off) Big explosions pockmark our skies, Aristotle. Aquinas. Shakespeare. Joyce . . . **Rimbaud** . . . ending like literature, in death and disease,

**Rimbaud's** hollow boy's voice off:

and one night I will lose and come to regard as sacred the disorder of my mind!

Alexander taking the **Rimbaud** off the wall and throwing it with the rest on the floor.

Alexander, his voice off, kneeling to examine what he has devoted his life to:

For this? . . . descend sin by sin into a maelstrom, full of false dreams arising like twilight, false words **that** dance by the **moon** and mirror themselves at the bottom of the ocean's floor . . . for this? God! I did **my** very best. I opened moons. I swallowed sleeping forms. I sang songs that sighed with effort. Sighs too deep for words and prayers from the deepest **pit** of the brain O God! I was in you and you were in me. Emerging from **mists**. Leaping **up**, like winter-spring ardor, to light sodden coals of creativity, it was patience and it was passion, it yearned in the horrifying silence Of infinity . . . Does appetite grow again? . . . and I a god am I reborn? Did Zeus swallow his own flesh in order to preserve it, do I not swallow my own self in order to live again?

Alexander rising on camera. His voice still off, in parody of what he has just said:

I was conceived by my father, born of my mother, suffered under both, was crucified for this (pointing at papers), died and soundly buried but the third day I rose again from Hell, and ascended unto Heaven where I sit on the right hand of God The Father Fiction, from whence I shall come to judge . . . all painters, all poets, all creators . . . you . . . amen

Walking towards his fireplace, taking the old medieval torch off the wall, shifting moods, his voice off:

Must sin, must rise up. Must smash the barrier of my selfish Ego. Must free . . . Free. Fire. Flew. I go. Walking to and fro. Through the Ego he . . . Walked through the Ego. To and fro he walked . . . Through the Ego. Through the garden of Ego.

Lighting the torch. He holds it next to him, burning brilliantly, casting a weird surreal light on his painted face. His voice, mocking: .

In many centuries from now . . . when the futurians dig up theageold crusts of our earth . . . they will discover a bronzed likeness of a human being from the Twentieth Century, and they will marvel at this figurepiece, and they will hang it in their lighted museums for all the survivors to see, and they will flock about it, and they will celebrate it, and they will never again commit it to earth, for . . . and . . . it . . . will be Me. (laughs. Checks himself)

What, who is this laughing at who?

Which Alexander laughs at which Alexander? . . . Which Alexander shall inherit the Earth? . . . Ye shall inherit the Earth. (Shifting, a mock puzzled look on his face) The voice is gone. (Shifting again, theatrical) but alas! the birth of faith follows. Faith and face. A face is a face. For have I not functioned on, samefaced everyday forever, believing, having to believe in as simple a thing . . . as divine good, divine aid, all the divinities my fear urges me to snatch at . . . at any time, at any space, I came cracking downward, creativeness I thought forever purloined . . . how shall I function on, miracle of miracles -- sprung from the Holy Ghost loins of the Virgin Mary, Alexander made flesh in a ball of fire, come to cleanse the Earth, turn water to blood. . . (Pausing, shifting again) . . . turn life to death . . . turn death back again . . . To Life!

(Taking a random sheet and setting it to fire.

As he does this, his voice, businesslike:)

The world, it was writ, shall be cleansed this time, not by water, but by fire. (The sheet with his large looping handwriting on it burning. Alexander looking at his two cats who are circling uncomfortably under a table) It burns . . . like cats slinking away, slowly at first, it grows. It flies higher. It is a high wind, bowelbound and visionary. The long romantic loops of my hand, scratched by the she pen, she knows everything I know and am about to know (Flame has engulfed the sheet, Alexander

still holding it in his hand, tasting the fire) disappears in an insanity of flame, La Lune. The fire in my eye.

(The Siamese hissing at Alexander, Alexander smiling) SSSSSS, go! gargoyle, sit on my mind no more, petulant and fed with boiling seething creatiousness . . . like a succubus! like a sea! like a vast Cinerama leech!

Alexander putting the torch to the books and papers. It starts up just as in the opening scene. Then it quiets and starts to spread and burn. The cats, the hair on their hacks, retreating up against the wall, hissing.

Alx: (off) The fire rumbles like a pig in the slough, frightened, so very frightened still of its fate, its awareness that I am real, not unreal, not false. Mow in the hot heart of hell this real I burns the she out of it (indicating the papers} stealing the light out of my love, stealing stealing killing killing. O fantastic insanity. My eyes are pearls of religious light, lit with a lustre of wrath, spiking the skulls of dead demons lying in the burning slough of hell, o Fantastic, these insane words and words and words marching over my mind an army of cannibals icecold sinfraught moistness of these words Gush pond Foam! Livid skins. Of enemy kings cast in viper pits to wheeze themselves out in celestial slowities of Death, the little pigs grunt the sizzling snakes stand on the wall and black butterflies sail up into the air and there in the air die, asphyxiated. Spineless reptiles, as swift as doom-ridden windswept poetry, snow floating in blood washed

by ice, alerted. **Alert!** Gush pond . . . foam, roll over and over, rise and roll, rise and roll (he pauses)

(The flames spreading wildly through the apartment. Shot of Anthony's fleeing footsteps (scene 1). The cats, screaming. Alexander backing off from the heat, his eyes alight with madness, sounds of breaking and tearing and the roar of the flames)

Sound fades. His voice off, calmer, more lucid, bringing to an end:

In the garden when I was young the small graceful lions run. They are beasts of a fabulous elegance they sniff flowers and crack open pink parasols, when I was young, in the aethiopian gloom, in the shaded memory of afternoons splendid with ambitious odors and primitive yearnings and **I** embraced it all, sing! that once **I** stood in front of the dawn and bathed my sandals in the sea, that once on freezing frontiers my armies roamed, that I kissed the hands of fantasy queens and bade my time pausing on flowers, these and arabia too where the winds thrive, in the sapphire waters off moorish Spain, fields of **flanders** and wheat so golden it devoured the sun, songs of Swedish castles and songs of spiders, groans of feeling from dungeon corners and keening organ music in **german** towns and nights in the forest and days so black widow's tears ran with the **Rhine** . . . The **christ** was long distant and light so far ahead and I lay my cheek down on the side of an alp, and ran my toes through the **snows** of afghanistan.

In the north was the nothing, towards the south the void,  
 and over it an old God had hung an invisible mantle he  
 called Life ... it's so sad, so meaningless. (**Meaningless-**  
 ness in his voice) In its bosom we play the practice of  
 our hearts . . . our hearts expire, puff adders vex the desert  
 sand . . . we titter . . . we stop . . . without warning, we see  
 the genesis and the genius . . . and harmonies collide . . . and  
 the eye is lost in puzzles of fire

(Alexander is now a negative)

His **voice:** (off) My throat above the fire.  
 Fire . . . my throat in the fire floating backwards ... the  
 last secret to madness . . . the core the rot ... beinglessness,  
 embrace the steel ... spit ... clog . . . choke on the semi-  
 circles of the moon . . . fantasy blood, purple flamed . . .  
 then gut and sink ... into the wealth of fire at the music  
 end of Death.

Alexander's negative engulfed *in* the fire.

Slow fade on the fire, engulfing everything.

69. Fading into -Anthony and Jonah embraced, but  
 Anthony's face, as if he knows what has happened, is looking  
 up, looking at nothing. There is sadness in his face.  
 Fading into **mirth**; the realization of dream.

His voice: (off) Feelings are dreams, dreams  
 are feelings. Freedom is Dream. Dream is Freedom, **It's**  
 all nothing but a **Dream**.

He kisses Isaac. They embrace.

Fade.

The movie **camera** begins to purr offscreen, coming to the end, fading from the characters, implying that Life is just a Movie.

From the death of Words, we start a sweep Up into Anthony's Future. **Beginning** by making a **Movie** of what has passed.

First still photographs come on the screen, freezes of the faces and things Anthony has known. The purr of the movie camera is heard offscreen until the End.

Photographs, **Blow** Ups

- 1) The Fire
- 2) Father
- 3) **Mother**
- 4) Diana
- 5) **Rimbaud**
- 6) Alexander
- 7) Francis
- 8) Rhah
- 9) Isaac
- 10) Buddha
- 11) Joanna
- 12) Flash
- 13) Genet
- 14) Jonah
- 15) Anthony

These shots fade very quickly into one another.

They could be closeups, distant shots, shots in action, shots mixed in time, but an effect of passing speed and dream,

1) A shot of Alexander as a young boy, writing poetry. 2) Then a shot of him in his apartment with Anthony. 3) Lastly a shot of him as a negative.

1. Rhah at the hospital
  2. Rhah clubbing Lerner in the woods
  3. Rhah rapping in the Temple
- (Reversing Time)

The stills starting to move with the purr of the camera

- 1) Isaac at the Temple in front of Buddha slicing the snake's head off, fading into
- 2) Buddha with the living snake crawling through his arms, fading into
- 3) the candle at the jazz club Anthony rising from the table sweating, fading into
- 4) Isaac with the machine gun in his arms confronting the leader of the Tribe at the stream
- 5) Isaac in his classic pose at the stream after the battle
- 6) a comic strip Blow Up of The Silver Surfer
- 7) Joanna following Isaac into the woods
- 8) Anthony coming on screen-chasing her
- 9) Anthony drinking the snake blood
- 10) Anthony and Joanna entwining



11) Francis singing his blues

12) Francis crying for help in the stream.

13) Anthony dancing to the James Brown with the colored chick, the sound of the song breaking the silence of the movie camera's purr.

14) Anthony and Jonah touching each other for the first time

15) Anthony in a cardin double-breasted suit and turtleneck, wide brimmed hat, expensive gators, flowery handkerchief, looking very strange and out of character passing between two chicks (their off screen whisper, in awe: Where does he come from? Where is he going?

16) Footage from the Errol Flynn swordfight in the Seahawk

An offscreen voice, loud and distant, the guard calling "Darnell! ... Anthony Darnell!

17) The guard walking down the corridor, calling, fading into

An off-screen voice (the guard's):

Tell him he's wanted

18) Joanna and Isaac bending over Anthony at the stream, nursing him

19) Anthony kissing the snake

20) The snake biting Anthony

21) Anthony embracing Isaac after Alexander's Death

22) Frontal shot, medium range, taken from the eye level, of two horses riding with the camera. Anthony

his hair blowing in the wind on the first horse, a chestnut stallion. Almost abreast of him, his young (future) son (seen earlier playing the piano) his long **hair** blowing in the wind also. They gallop.

Sound of hooves beating, Camera holds on them.

Side shot as they pass the camera, riding off.

A slow Spanish guitar melody starting up, movie camera's purr fading into the music

23) Son and father on street, the father a little bit ahead, both hands in his pocket, his shoulders hunched, back to camera. The son, younger than the one in the previous shot, like his father wears a sweater, and leather pants. The guitar riffing.

24) The guitar fading. **The** purr of the camera. The son, now a baby, is building a sandcastle on the beach. His father approaching him. Baby waving him **away**, as if to say Don't play with my sandcastle. Father opening his face, like a little boy his eyes wide, showing his son he is hurt. The son looking, beginning to smile. The guitar starts up again, Father laughing. Going to son and lifting him up on his shoulders where he rests, Walking down to the sea. His left arm going out and Joanna running across **the** camera, under his arm, they laugh, turn their backs on the camera and baby on shoulder, wife under arm, walking off down the beach, fading into

25) The big muscled black with the gleaming ear ring, seen at the beginning of The Prison sequence, his hands

on the bars (the purr of the movie camera), now his hands wrapped around the guard's neck, who is **pinned up** against the bars, struggling. The black making cold **faces** of exertion, bringing the guard lower and lower, finishing him on the floor. Back up to the bars. Look of intense concentration on his face. **He** takes the bars in hand and like Steve Reeves, bends them apart. He just about makes **a circle** out of the two bars, bending them inwards, giving them a concave look. Going through the breach. The rest of the prisoners following, caution and excitement on their faces, emerging three or four at a time.

Anthony through the bars. In a double-breasted suit, a flower in the lapel. Little gangster gun **in his** hand, an ultra-broad brimmed hat on his head.

The prisoners moving fast down **the corridor**. Anthony way behind them banging a guard on the head with the gun. Standing there over the guard, turning one way then another. Can't **make up** his mind. Shooting him. The hollow clack breaking into the purr of the camera. A. looking around, he hasn't moved, sees a vase full of flowers sitting on a table in this corridor. Pauses. Shoots it. Vase and flowers breaking and falling. A still hasn't moved, looks off down the corridor. Sees himself **filming** himself on camera, his double in looser threads, without **a** hat. Pauses. Aims his little gun his double's way, Shot of it (close) firing, The hollow echo breaks the silence. Anthony picking a strawberry out of a strawberry bowl.

Fade, The prisoners running much faster through the corridors of green and blue and pink **suddenly** breaking **out** into an open green field full of flowers. **Crazy** Prisoners running like wild through the field some rolling in the grass, some hugging each other, some pissing, some picking **flowers**, the rest running very fast in separate directions. The last shot of the **black** Bar Bender tearing through the **grass** (eye level shot) lively music playing off the guitar.

This abruptly stops. The purr of the camera Blow Up Comic strip. Anthony as some kind of caped crusader, very fast.

**70.** Fading into Anthony kissing Jonah goodbye, fading into Anthony at the electric door waiting for it to open. It opens. Going through it. Anthony disappearing in his light beige pyjamas. Sound **of another electric door** opening. Anthony, in a **cardin** suit and turtleneck, no hat walking **down** the corridor on **the other** side **of the bars** (camera behind bars) . Side view as he walks on down the corridor and disappears.

The purr stops

The screen dissolves into colors shaped like molecules, perhaps a theme to it of three separate worlds merging (cat: white, snake: green red yellow black etc. and fish: stripes, dots) They merge. Collide, **Melt**.

End of Movie