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2014
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SOYLENT GREEN

Producers:

Walter Seltzer
Russell Thacher

From the following
writer:

Stanley R. Greenberg

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FADE IN:

EXT. - SUNSET OVER MANHATTAN

1

The red disc sinks to the horizon silhouetting the skyline. The buildings rise like monoliths to the sun. Although the skyline is recognizable, there are among the buildings strange shapes, newer structures, which subtly alter the familiar configuration.

SUPER CAPTION

In the year 2022
forty million people
live in New York City, U.S.A.

CUT TO:

EXT. - CITY STREET FACING THORN'S HOUSE - DAY
(TITLE AND CREDIT SEQUENCE)

2

A typical New York residential street with an additional fifty years of decay. No automobiles. A few pedicabs. People everywhere, men, women, children; a crush of humanity walking in endless streams, bivouacked on the sidewalks and up the fire escapes. Nearly everyone dressed in "regulars." Cheap slacks and shirts for the men, simple shifts for the women. Even uniforms are simply variations on the standard themes.

CUT TO:

INT. - A SUBWAY STATION - DAY
(NOTE: BART IN SAN FRANCISCO)

3

It's been many years since subways ran in New York. Like the street above, the station platform is crowded with people living as best they can. A two or three car train is against the platform, its doors permanently opened, its seats and benches bearing a stationary cargo of humanity, its lights permanently, if uncertainly, casting a greenish glow through the cavern.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE MARKET PLACE, DAY

4-5

A large outdoor market with booths and stands which include permanent and semi-permanent structures. Barkers call out wares and prices. Blue and yellow produce, biscuits, chips, breads. Vegetables that resemble grass. Powdered milk. "Kafe."
A water-truck.

There is, near the corner, one store resembling a contemporary supermarket. It has large glass windows and doors. In one of these there is inscribed, in whitewash, the legend:

TUESDAY IS SOYLENT GREEN DAY

In another window there is an old campaign poster bearing the portrait of a middle-aged man which urges us to "Support Governor Santini."

CUT TO:

EXT. - DAY, AN AUTOMOTIVE GRAVEYARD

6

Rusted shells of automobiles, remnants of the industrial age. People live in them and around them. Families have staked out their claims.

CUT TO:

EXT. - DAY, THE CITY STREET FACING THORN'S HOUSE

7 OUT

8

The people move off the street to the SOUND of the siren. They walk quickly but not in panic. This is not an emergency, it is the routine curfew which comes at dusk every evening. They walk into the doors of the brownstones, up the fire escapes, down the subway stairs. They get off the street.

ANGLE TO THORN'S BROWNSTONE, DUSK

9

A typical building, one of many, receiving its influx. It would groan if it could, this building which was old when the oldest man entering it was young.

CUT TO:

INT. - DUSK, THORN'S ROOM

10

A small room. A single unlit bulb in the paint-flaked ceiling. A bed. A wardrobe. An ancient refrigerator with dry cell batteries on top. An immovable bicycle rigged to charge the batteries. A table, two regular chairs, two bucket seats pirated from a car. A hot plate heated by a can of Sterno. A ten-gallon tank with a spigot. A sink with a few inches of water in it.

ANGLE TO THORN

11

THORN sits on his rumpled bed. He's tall, gaunt, hot and tired after some hours of unsatisfactory, sweat-filled sleep. The curfew SIREN STOPS.

Thorn reaches over and turns on a small television set which is connected to a cord running to the batteries over the sink.

Thorn pulls on his pants, moves to the sink, tests the water, finds his ancient blade, strops it on his palm, inserts a battered razor, and commences shaving.

VARIOUS ANGLES TO 12-15
INCLUDE THE
TELEVISION PICTURE
(text below)

The TV reception is simply rotten. It's an interview show. The ANNOUNCER is giving a spiel as SANTINI -- not as young as he appeared on the poster by two decades or so -- waits in bored silence.

ANNOUNCER

...This conversation with Governor Henry C. Santini is brought to you by Soylent, Red and Soylent Yellow, high energy vegetable concentrates and new, delicious, Soylent Green -- miracle food of high energy plankton gathered from the oceans of the world. Because of its enormous popularity Soylent Green is in short supply, but facilities are being rapidly expanded to meet the demand for this brand, new product. Meanwhile the sale of delicious Soylent Green must be limited to one day a week. Remember, Tuesday is Soylent Green Day. And now, Governor Santini.

SOL ROTH

16

has entered almost literally through a wall. It is not truly a wall but a rough partition with a three-foot space where a door ought to be. Sol is an old man, certainly over seventy. He's wearing

something like Bermuda shorts and a faded sports shirt with a floral pattern. Years ago, when it was new, the outfit would have been perfect at a retirement settlement in Miami.

16
CONT'D
(2)

Without a word Sol crosses to the television and switches it off.

SOL
Bullshit.

ANGLE TO THORN

17

Still shaving and irritated that Sol has turned off the set. He murmurs:

THORN
Cranky old bastard. What have you dug up on those cases I gave you?

Stride unbroken, Sol turns back to the other end of the room and begins to prepare breakfast. He carefully cleans the table with a threadbare rag -- and then he takes a worn tablecloth and smooths that over the table before setting out the utensils -- such as they are -- along with the plates. Thorn should note this fussy preoccupation and shake his head with good humored impatience. He can't understand this preoccupation with what to him are trivialities. There is a bit of water in a battered pan and he places it on the hot plate. Finally, he gets what appears to be margarine from the refrigerator. During the above he talks, referring to a slate occasionally which is available for him to check, while Thorn shaves.

SOL
Mathewson, murder, out of your jurisdiction. Crossed the city line into Philadelphia. Churgoff, murder, went Home yesterday, and good riddance. Donaldson, multiple rape, has a record in the Bronx. He can be extradited. Get him to hell out of Manhattan.

Thorn looks over to him:

THORN
What about Zolitnikoff?

SOL
Give me time.

THORN
You've been saying that for days.

SOL

I can't locate the file... I spent hours on it at the Exchange today. I talked to every other Book who was there.

17
CONT'D
(2)

THORN

There's twenty million unemployed guys in Manhattan alone pushing for my job...and for yours. I have to close that case and sign it out.

SOL

What the hell miracle do you want from me? I'm just an ordinary police Book - not the Library of Congress.
(beat)
I don't know why I bother.

THORN

Because it's your job.

He crosses to Sol.

THORN

Anyway, you love me.
(he sniffs the margarine)
The margarine has turned.

SOL

Son-of-a-b----. It figures.

Thorn defiantly switches back on the television.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

...new, delicious, Soylent Green -- miracle food of high energy plankton gathered from the oceans of the world. Remember Tuesday is Soylent Green Day. Because of the extraordinary demand for this brand new product, the sale of delicious Soylent Green is limited to one day a week. Tuesday is Soylent Green Day. And now we will switch to Dr. Michael Weaver, the environmental expert who will speak on "The Greenhouse Effect" -- the result of total weather inversion of the entire world.

CUT TO:

EXT. - DUSK, AUTO JUNK YARD - FULL SHOT

18

In the golden glow of the sunset the acres of ruined and rusted cars have a sort of beauty. The corpses of the automotive age are each serving as a shelter for a family.

ANGLE TO GILBERT'S CAR

19

The left front door of the sedan was wrenched off long ago. GILBERT is sitting in the front seat. He's young, large, pleasant looking, dressed in regulars. Behind him, in the back seat, a YOUNG WOMAN is nursing her baby. The woman would be very pretty if her face wasn't drawn and her skin tone was healthier. But she cradles her infant and it suckles as infants do, as infants did, as infants will.

ANGLE TO DONOVAN

20

He picks his way through the wrecks and the people to Gilbert's car. DONOVAN has a face to remember: thick pink-tinted glasses and a bald head. He's wearing a reasonably well-tailored suit and carrying a fair-sized attache case.

ANGLE TO GILBERT, DONOVAN

21-21X2

Gilbert swings out of the car and talks to Donovan for a moment. No need to hear their dialogue as we shoot from ANGLES which remind us of the decay which is everywhere.

CLOSER ON GILBERT, DONOVAN

22

They both climb into the front seat of the car. Behind them, oblivious, the woman continues to nurse the infant. Donovan opens the attache case and extracts an object. Gilbert tears off the covering and reveals two lengths of iron which screw together to form a bar resembling a jack handle with an exaggerated hook on the end.

CLOSER ON THE IRON BAR

22X1

Gilbert tests the weight and feel of it.

GILBERT

Handmade, isn't it? Has to be.

DONOVAN

Have you got the words straight?

GILBERT

I won't understand them if I live to be a hundred.

DONOVAN

You won't.

(beat)

Hey... Listen to that.

GILBERT

What?

DONOVAN

There's a bird singing.

Thorn: 2022
Chgs. 9-5-72

P.6A

GILBERT
There haven't been any birds here
in years.

22X1
CONT'D
(2)

DONOVAN
I heard him.

GILBERT
You're crazy.

DONOVAN
Listen...

They listen, there is no sound.

CUT TO:

23 OUT

EXT. - NIGHT - THE STREET FACING THORN'S BROWNSTONE

24

One vehicle is alive. Headlight beams cut through the blackness of the deserted street gleaming like dragon-eyes on the front of an enormous truck which resembles a contemporary garbage disposal vehicle. There's what appears to be a hatch in the back for loading. Two MEN in black stand on a platform near the hatch. As the truck rumbles up the street its SIREN produces a low-pitched moan.

ANGLE TO THE STREET FROM THE DRIVER'S POV

25

One MAN in the cab, also in a black uniform, is driving the truck. There's a patch on his shoulder:

Sanitation
14th Precinct

ANGLE FROM DRIVER'S POV

26

He sees the dim faces of people watching from windows and a compress of humanity bedded down for the night on a fire escape.

A CLUSTER OF PEOPLE come into view. They're wearing masks.

ANGLES TO THE STREET, THE TRUCK, THE GROUP OF PEOPLE

27-29

The truck stops. The two men in the back jump off and approach the group. They're carrying a stretcher.

The people step aside to reveal one huddled inert BODY on the cement, dead. The uniformed men get busy in a well-established routine. Quickly and efficiently they maneuver the body in such a way that it is encased in a translucent plastic bag -- a larger version of the bag which contained the iron bar -- at the same time as it is deposited on the stretcher.

ANGLE TO THE DRIVER AND THE WOMAN WITH THE BANDANA

30

Meanwhile the driver has climbed down from the truck to complete formalities with the next-of-kin; a young WOMAN with a bandana around her hair giving her a touch of gutsy individuality. The driver passes her a clipboard. She signs a document in the space he indicates. He slips a plastic disc from a ring on

his belt and gives it to her. It's a death disc, black, with a number embossed on it:

30
CONT'D
(2)

ACX 2167D

ANGLE TO THE BACK OF THE TRUCK

31

The hatch is opening. On it is stenciled the legend:

Sanitation Squad
Fourteenth Precinct

The crewmen place the body, still on the stretcher and encased in the plastic bag, on the platform. Mechanical fork arms reach out for the corpse from the abyss within the truck.

CUT TO:

EXT. - NIGHT - LONG SHOT - CHELSEA WEST

32

(The SOUND of a WOMAN laughing, OVER)

Modern twin towers alive with light. Glass, steel, a fragment of life.

CUT TO:

INT. - NIGHT - THE SIMONSON LIVING ROOM - FEATURE SHIRL

33

SHIRL's a very beautiful young girl dressed in something soft and expensive. She's laughing, open, full-throated, as she tilts and manipulates a pinball machine -- an electric antique from another age.

We're in a lush, modern apartment, luxurious by any standard. Thick rugs, handsome furniture, good paintings, ample but subtle light, an open kitchen and dining area, an arrangement of books and art objects on shelves on an interior wall, several doors leading, as we will discover, to a bathroom, a closet, and a foyer off of which is the bedroom and the door to the corridor.

ANGLE TO SIMONSON

He's a Harriman of a man, past middle age but still handsome and possessing considerable authority. He's casually but expensively dressed. The rich don't wear regulars.

SIMONSON (gently)
It's good to hear you laugh.

SHIRL
Come on and play.

SIMONSON
No thank you.

There is a melancholia about Simonson. He's depressed and detached as he looks at Shirl as a harassed father would look at a pert daughter. Shirl is sensitive to him, suppresses her laughter, crosses to him.

SHIRL
Thank you for the toy.

SIMONSON
I'm glad it amuses you.

She takes his hand, makes an affectionate and submissive gesture.

SHIRL
Let me do something for you.

By something she clearly means anything. It is an attractive offer because she would be good at it, and gentle, and other than vulgar.

REACTION, SIMONSON

He looks at her for a long moment, and then he retrieves his hand.

SIMONSON
I thought you were going shopping.

SHIRL
Wouldn't you rather I stayed?

ANGLE TO TAB

36

He's a large man; competent, capable, intelligent, wearing regulars in gray. He's entered from the door to the foyer. We SEE, through it, a few chairs, a small antique desk, other doors.

TAB

Are you ready, Miss Shirl? It's getting late.

RESUME SHIRL, SIMONSON

37

She looks at him, waiting for an answer.

SIMONSON (gently)

Go ahead.

RESUME TAB

37X1

TAB

According to the inventory, we're low on everything.

Simonson nods at Shirl.

SHIRL

Okay. Listen, I'll bring you a surprise...

Girlish again, crossing to Tab.

SHIRL (referring to the pinball machine)

I hit fifteen thousand...fifteen thousand.

TAB

Not bad for an amateur. I've got your curfew pass.

SHIRL

That's good, I thought I lost it.

They exit.

FEATURE SIMONSON

38

He can hear Shirl's giggle and Tab's answering baritone for a moment and then there is quiet.

Simonson blinks, drops into his chair. He's made an effort to react for Shirl, but now, alone, he's sinking into his apathy and depression, the basis for which we can't begin to guess.

The telephone near him RINGS. Simonson stares at it. It RINGS again. Simonson takes a long pull on the drink he's been holding untouched. He picks up the telephone.

38
CONT'D
(2)

SIMONSON

Simonson here.

(beat)

Yes, Charles, I'm fine.

(beat)

No, there's no need to check again tonight.

(beat)

Thank you, Charles.

He hangs up and stays frozen in that position; one hand on the telephone, the other hand holding the drink. His eyes are empty. MOVE IN CLOSE TO THE DRINK.

CUT TO:

INT. - THORN'S APARTMENT - FEATURE SOL - NIGHT

39

Sol's sitting on the bicycle drinking Kafe from a cup.

ANGLE TO THORN

40

He's in a bucket seat by the table eating breakfast: Blue and Yellow Soylent wafers on which he delicately smears a little margarine. Near him, on the table, is something like a schoolboy's magic slate on which Sol has summarized the information referred to previously:

Zolitnikoff, no record.
Mathewson, no jurisdiction.
Churgoff, Home.
Donaldson, extradite.

Thorn looks up from the slate.

THORN (to Sol)

Come on, eat something.

SOL

I'm not hungry enough yet.

THORN (eating)

It's not so bad.

SOL

It's tasteless, odorless crud.
You don't know any better...

Thorn sighs, he's heard this before.

40
CONT'D
(2)

SOL (continued)

When I was a boy, food was food before our scientific magicians polluted the water, poisoned the soil, decimated plant and animal life. In my day, you could buy meat anywhere. Eggs they had, real butter. Fresh lettuce, in the stores! You could...

THORN

Sol...you told me before.

SOL

How can anything survive in a climate like this -- a heat wave all year long --

SOL and THORN (together)

-- the Greenhouse Effect --
everything's burning up --

SOL

Okay, wise guy.

THORN

Have some Soylent Green and calm down.

SOL

I finished it last night. I was hungry, damn it.

THORN

I'll hustle more on Tuesday.

SOL

You do that. I don't want to get caught in another riot.

ANGLE TO LIGHT BULB

41

It flickers.

RESUME THORN, SOL

42

Thorn wipes his mouth with a ragged napkin and pushes away from the table.

THORN

Get up, I'll recharge the batteries.

42
CONT'D
(1)

Sol starts to pedal.

THORN

You'll get a heart attack.

SOL

I should be so lucky.

He pedals harder. The light stops flickering and takes on a higher level of intensity.

SOL

I've pedaled this damn thing half way around the world.

THORN

I'm getting awfully sick of you.

SOL
You love me.

42
CONT'D
(2)

Thorn moves to the door. His gear is hanging from a hook. He clips on a holster and gun and military belt. He feels around for his wallet, checks that his badge is in place.

THORN
Night shift again. I'll be damn late.

Sol is cycling, legs churning, sportshirt flying.

SOL
Truth and milk come in the night.

THORN
What does that mean?

Sol stops pumping but his legs continue flying around.

SOL
Wise dogs don't bark when truth
or milk arrive in the night.

Thorn grunts, it doesn't mean a thing to him.

THORN
Eat something.

SOL
Go with God.

Sol starts cycling again, as fast as he can. Thorn exits.

CLOSE UP - SOL

43

He's breathing hard with the exertion, struggling to keep going. After a moment he stops, applies the brakes. The cycle comes to a stop. He is exhausted. He leans against the bars.

ANGLE TO THE LIGHT

44

It flickers.

CUT TO:

EXT. - STREET LOCATION, CLOSE ON SHIRL, TAB - NIGHT 45

Dark, green-tinted street is moving past them as they sit in close proximity.

The CAMERA MOVES BACK to reveal that they are sitting side by side in what is essentially a cart. Shirl puts a handkerchief to her face to breathe through.

The CAMERA MOVES BACK to reveal that Shirl and Tab are being powered by a man sitting behind them, pedaling them through the empty street in what amounts to an improvised pedicab. One garish and obviously artificial flower is stuck jauntily to the front of the vehicle.

CUT TO:

EXT. - STREET - NIGHT 45X1

Three young hoodlums dash out of a dark entranceway and attack the pedicab. In a flash, Tab is out of the cab, pulling a short billy-club from the inside of his jacket. With a lightning series of kicks and blows with the club, the three hoodlums are sent sprawling and scatter into the darkness. Tab straightens his clothes, replaces the club inside his jacket, and climbs back into the cab, motioning the driver to continue on his way. Throughout this action, Shirl has been a passive but interested observer.

TAB (as he takes his
place in the cab)
I tell you, it's getting worse every
day.

The cab pulls away, out of the scene.

INT. - BRADY'S MARKET - ESTABLISH BRADY, SHIRL,
TAB - NIGHT. 46

A man with a shotgun sits guard just inside the door. Against one wall there are bins containing not more than a half dozen each of items like bread, apples, lettuce, celery, onions. There are some shelves with jars, not cans, of preserved fruits. There is an old refrigerated case with glass doors revealing some bottles of milk and small cubes of butter. MR. BRADY, nobody's fool, and all of these goods are protected by a wire mesh rising from the counter dividing him from his

customers. It looks more like a pawnshop than a black market grocery store.

46
CONT'D
(2)

The grilled window is open. Brady is adding up a row of figures he's written in pencil on the side of the paper bag containing Shirl's groceries.

BRADY

That makes it two hundred and seventy-nine D's and fifteen cents, call it two hundred and seventy-nine even for Mr. Simonson.

TAB

Sign it, Brady.

Brady sighs and scratches his signature under the total he's written on the side of the bag.

ANGLE TO SHIRL

47

She's standing a few feet from them.

SHIRL
Mr. Brady...?

47
CONT'D
(2)

BRADY
You think I forgot? I didn't forget.
You wanted something special and I've
got it...come here...

He motions for her to follow him -- on the opposite
side of the grill, naturally. He walks to a box
which looks like a safe. He opens it slowly, a
magician performing a trick:

BRADY
How often can I offer a customer
something really fantastic. Look!

He swings open the door. A piece of meat is hanging
on a hook. It's very small and unappetizing by our
standards.

BRADY
Beef, Miss Shirl. Beef like you've
never seen before...

COME IN CLOSE TO THE BEEF

CUT TO:

INT. - SIMONSON'S LIVING ROOM - FEATURE SIMONSON - DAY 48

He is sitting as before in the large easy chair, his
drink in his hand, the vacant glare in his eyes.

CUT TO:

49-51 OUT

EXT. - GILBERT - NIGHT

52

We can't see him or what he's doing any too clearly
because it is damn dark. In fact, however, he's
navigating the moat which surrounds Chelsea West.
When he looks up he can see the towers above him,
the circles of light. But beneath him it's black,
a pit. He's climbing down the moat's
concrete walls. It's tough,
dangerous work, using niches and finger holes in
the crumbling surface.

At the bottom of the moat there's water. Gilbert
wades through it to the opposite wall. He takes
out iron bar hooked to his belt, fits it together
and uses it to claw his way up the wall.

He reaches the top rung and pulls himself up to a ledge. Just above him, shoulder high, there's a window.

52
CONT'D
(2)

Gilbert reaches up and uses the jack handle to jimmy the window. For a time there's a SCRAPING SOUND until the point catches and the window snaps open with a "CLICK." He pulls himself up through the window into the building.

CUT TO:

53-55 OUT

EXT. - SERVICE ELEVATOR - GILBERT

55X1

As he approaches, the door opens, Gilbert ducks into the shadows, his iron hook at the ready. A security guard leaves the elevator and exits through a side door. Gilbert slips into the elevator.

INT. - SIMONSON'S LIVING ROOM - FEATURE SIMONSON - NIGHT

56

He seems to be dozing in his chair by the picture window. A waltz is playing with insistent STEREO intensity. Above the music, just barely audible, there is the SOUND of iron grating on wood.

Simonson's eyes open. He listens. He hears the SOUND again and then a "CLICK" and what could be a door opening. Simonson looks over to the books, the volumes on the shelves. Panic on his face for a moment, he wipes his hands over his eyes.

SCRAPE, the sound of steel on wood.

ANGLE TO THE DOOR

57

Click. It opens. Gilbert enters easily, closes the door behind him, and faces Simonson. He's concealing the iron bar behind his back.

INTERCUT CLOSEUPS - GILBERT, SIMONSON

58-62

SIMONSON
What do you want?

Gilbert smiles as he reveals the iron bar with the hook on the end.

58-62
CONT'D
(1)

GILBERT
You, Mr. Simonson.

SIMONSON
Tonight?

Gilbert nods pleasantly in affirmation.

SIMONSON
I didn't think it would be tonight.
Soon, I knew, but not tonight.

GILBERT
I'm to say they're sorry but you've
become unreliable.

SIMONSON
Yes, that's true.

GILBERT
They can't risk a catastrophe, they
say.

SIMONSON
They're right.

GILBERT
Then this is right?

SIMONSON
No, not right. Necessary.

GILBERT
To who?

Simonson closes his eyes and answers softly.

SIMONSON
To God.

GILBERT (uncomprehending)
Oh,

CLOSEUP - SIMONSON

63

His eyes are closed; he's waiting.

ANGLE TO GILBERT

64

He steps forward quickly and swings the bar. The
hook catches Simonson like a meat hook. Simonson
falls out of SHOT. Gilbert swings again and again.

INT. - CHELSEA WEST LOBBY - ESTABLISH - NIGHT

65

It is a large lobby; expensive, luxurious, decorated
with plant and flower motifs made from metal.

ANGLE TO THORN

66

He's crossing the lobby to the elevators.

CHARLES, the doorman and manager, in the elegant uniform of Chelsea West, is there.

CHARLES

I made the routine check. He was alive at 10:35.

THORN

What's your name again?

CHARLES

Charles.

THORN

Charles what?

CHARLES

Just Charles. It's legal. God, we haven't had any trouble here in years...not years...

An elevator is open and waiting for them. Thorn pulls Charles in and presses a button. The elevator door closes.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

67

The indicator shows that it is climbing.

CHARLES

The scanners and alarms went out of order last Thursday...yes, it was Thursday. The problem's parts, the original manufacturer is out of business of course, so our men have to fabricate the replacements. Oh, it just takes forever, forever... Nothing works you know, not really...

The indicator is at 22. The door slides open.

INT. - CORRIDOR - FOLLOW THORN, CHARLES - NIGHT

68

The corridor matches the lobby's décor. More metal plants. Charles leads the way.

CHARLES

I'll have to tell the other tenants somehow. What do I do? Call each of them and say Mr. Simonson in 22A was slaughtered?

They've arrived at a door with a bronze marker, flower motif, which identifies it as 22A.

There's a small device over the door; Charles indicates it for Thorn's edification...

CHARLES

Unit scanner and alarm, the very best there is. Still, I thought we should have more guards. I told management, I said...

Thorn is looking at the jimmy marks which are prominent around the lock on the door.

Thorn pushes open the door.

THORN (abruptly;
to Charles)

Wait!

SLAM. Charles is alone in the corridor but he babbles on:

CHARLES

...we should have more guards.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE FOYER - THORN, SHIRL, TAB - NIGHT

69

We've glimpsed the foyer before. It contains an antique writing desk with neatly-arranged paper and envelopes. There are several matching antique chairs. There are two other doors. The bedroom door is open. Through it we glimpse the total disorder of a room which has been ransacked. Clothes, drawers, bedclothes are strewn all over the place. The other door is closed.

SHIRL and TAB, as discovered, are both seated. There's a bag of groceries on the chair near Shirl. She's pale, frightened.

Tab, quite professional, moves to Thorn who flashes his wallet.

THORN
Detective Thorn, 14th Precinct.

69
CONT'D
(2)

TAB
Tab Fielding. I am -- was -- Mr.
Simonson's bodyguard.

Thorn glances at Shirl.

THORN
Furniture?

SHIRL (softly)
Yes.

THORN
Simonson's?

Shirl nods.

THORN
Personal or building?

SHIRL
Building.

THORN (to Tab)
Where is he?
(meaning Simonson)

TAB
In the living room.

THORN (exiting toward
living room; to Tab)
You. Come with me.

Thorn and Tab exit toward living room.

INT. - SIMONSON'S LIVING ROOM - THORN AND TAB - NIGHT 70

Thorn and Tab enter -- move toward corpse -- Thorn
kneels to inspect the body.

THORN
What's his full name?

TAB
William R. Simonson.

THORN
Occupation?

TAB
Rich.

THORN
Rich what?

TAB
Lawyer, politics. I had the impression
he was more or less retired.

Thorn rises -- wanders round room. Smells drink in
glass. Moves toward kitchen area.

TAB (continued)
This is exactly the way we found him.
We didn't touch a thing. He's probably
cooling off fast because of the air-
conditioning.

THORN (at kitchen area)
Does this building keep a food inventory?

TAB
Yes, sir.

Thorn sighs -- looks in refrigerator.

THORN
Get me some booze.

TAB
I don't think --

THORN (leaving refri-
gerator; moving toward air-
conditioning outlet)
Relax. You're not working for him
anymore. Your contract's been cancelled.

TAB
I've been paid to the end of the month.

THORN
Get the bottle.

As Tab goes to the liquor cabinet, Thorn enjoys the
breeze from the conditioner.

THORN (continued)
Your boss didn't put up a fight.

TAB
He wasn't the type.

THORN
Most people want to live.

TAB (returning
with bottle)
If you say so.

70
CONT'D
(3)

THORN (taking the bottle)
You're a dream.

He drinks, looks at the label.

THORN (cont'd)
Bourbon. Son-of-a-bitch.

He crosses to the bedroom.

THORN (cont'd)
And where were you, bodyguard,
when your boss was being butchered?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

71

As Thorn enters, followed by Tab.

TAB
He sent us out shopping, you see ---

THORN
Us?

TAB
The girl and me. You know, Shirl.

THORN (looking over
room, spots bathroom and
crosses to it)
So?

TAB
We got back at eleven. I saw the
jimmy marks on the door and ran in,
but...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

72

Thorn is enchanted with the bathroom fixtures. He
looks them over in wonder, turns the taps on and off.
Tab watches from the bedroom.

THORN
Can you write?

TAB
Yes.

THORN

Go out to the foyer and compose a statement. Include every move you made tonight. And yesterday. And your employment number.

72
CONT'D
(2)

TAB

Okay.

He exits. Thorn almost reverentially turns on the sink taps. The water cascades out. He lets it run over his hands for a moment. He spots a piece of soap. Smells it, then experimentally tries it on his hands. After rinsing off the lather, he again smells his hands in some wonder. Then he cups his hands and splashes it on his face, hair, neck. Finally, he grabs a towel and, as he dries his hair, he picks up the piece of soap and exits to:

INT. - BEDROOM - NIGHT

73

Thorn enters with towel and soap. Goes to bed and removes a pillow case and stuffs the towel and soap in it. He then exits to:

INT. - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

74

Thorn enters with pillowcase. Crosses to bottle of bourbon. He caps it and tosses it into pillowcase. He then turns his attention to the book-filled library wall.

INT. - THE FOYER, SHIRL, TAB - NIGHT

75

Shirl is sitting, as before, near her package of groceries.

Tab enters from the living room, goes to her.

TAB

Don't be frightened. It's almost over.

She looks at him, her face blank.

TAB

You're going to be fine. You'll get a new tenant in a hurry.

SHIRL

He'd be alive if we hadn't gone out.

TAB

You've got nothing to regret. He urged us to go.

75
CONT'D
(2)

SHIRL

I think he wanted to die.

TAB

It was a stupid amateur burglar. Nobody's fault, Shirl. Listen, it wasn't anybody's fault.

ANGLE TO THORN

76

He enters from the living room.

THORN (to Tab)

Working on your report?

TAB

I was just...

THORN

I know.

(to Shirl)

Shirl, isn't it?

SHIRL

Yes.

THORN

Come on in here.

Shirl shrinks back from the invitation.

THORN

Come on.

She doesn't want to.

THORN

Let's go.

He takes her arm and pulls her up. He's not brutal but he's not gentle either. His hand is on her arm and he leads her to the living room door. She hesitates a moment, sets her face, and enters.

REACTION, TAB

77

CUT TO:

INT. - SIMONSON LIVING ROOM, THORN, SHIRL - NIGHT 78
They enter. Thorn stands to one side and watches her.

FEATURE SHIRL 79

She can't help but see the corpse. Her face breaks.

THORN
Is that Simonson?

Shirl nods, "Yes."

THORN
Is that a "yes" nod or a "no" nod?

SHIRL
Yes... yes!

She turns away from the corpse. Thorn's interrogation is hard and fast:

THORN
How long have you been furniture?

SHIRL
Five years.

THORN
All spent here?

SHIRL
Yes.

THORN
I can't hear you.

SHIRL
Yes!

THORN
All with Simonson?

SHIRL
Three years with him, two years with Mr. Thysen.

THORN
What happened to him?

SHIRL
He moved away.

THORN
Alive or dead?

SHIRL
Alive.

THORN
What?

SHIRL
Alive!

THORN
Lucky guy. Hold out your hands.

She does. He inspects them, palms first, then the backs of the hands, the wrists, the elbows. There isn't a mark on them.

THORN
Okay.

She sits, back to the corpse, waits.

THORN
Come on, you know the routine.

She kicks off her shoes, undresses.

THORN
How many times have you been in trouble with the police?

SHIRL
Never.

THORN
Can't hear you.

SHIRL
Never.

THORN
Go ahead.

She pivots so he can inspect her. He examines her perfunctorily.

THORN
No fresh bruises. He didn't cuff you around.

SHIRL
He never used me that way.

THORN
You're lucky.

SHIRL
Very lucky.

THORN

What?

Shirl loses her temper, finally.

SHIRL

He was a gentle man. He never abused me. I wish to hell he'd lived forever.

THORN

Unless you were fooling around!

SHIRL

No.

THORN

Screwing the bodyguard!

SHIRL

No, I'm straight. Ask Charles!
I don't cheat.

Somehow this statement shames her and the strength goes out of her.

SHIRL (quietly)

I'd never risk my job.

Thorn looks around for a moment, the air-conditioned room, the refrigerator, the wall arrangement, the pillowcase, now filled, sitting on the counter.

THORN

What did you buy at the grocery?

SHIRL

A half pound of beef, some lettuce,
a stalk of celery.

THORN

Which black market joint?

SHIRL

Brady's.

THORN

When you got back here, did you
see the body?

SHIRL

Just for a moment...

THORN

Was it like it is now?

SHIRL (very quietly)
Yes, like it is.
(beat)
Did you hear me?

THORN
I heard you.

He looks at her, his face softens.

THORN
Would you like a drink?

SHIRL
No thank you.

There's a knock on the door.

THORN
Yes?

TAB'S VOICE
The Sanitation Squad is here,
Detective.

THORN
Just a minute.
(to Shirl)
Get dressed.

Shirl hesitates. She can't believe she's being permitted to put her clothes on now.

THORN
Go on.

She manages a smile and slips into her things.

THORN
What's your arrangement here?

SHIRL
I stay for the next tenant, if
he wants me.

THORN
I may have to see you again.

SHIRL
That'd be all right.

THORN
Now get out of here.

Shirl crosses quickly and opens the door.

ANGLE THROUGH THE DOOR TO THE FOYER

80

Shirl exits back to the bench. Tab is writing his report. Three Sanitation Squad Men enter. Two of them have a stretcher equipped with wheels. They go immediately to the corpse. We glimpse them preparing the plastic bag to receive Simonson.

ANGLE TO WAGNER

81

He has the death discs and the clipboard. He looks at the room, glances at Simonson, and then turns to Thorn.

WAGNER

Thorn, I thought to hell you were on riot control.

THORN

I am, Wagner.

WAGNER

Hatcher's got you working double shifts?

THORN

Me and everybody else.

WAGNER

No wonder you look lousy.

The crew is completing its work. Simonson, in the plastic bag, is being strapped onto the stretcher.

WAGNER

How do you want him marked?

THORN

Simonson, murder, dispose.

WAGNER

They're full up at Waste Disposal.

THORN

Check Dispatch.

WAGNER

You'd better sign for him.

81
CONT'D
(2)

Wagner produces the clipboard and slips a death disc off his ring.

Thorn signs and takes the disc. Wagner holds onto his end for a moment.

WAGNER

My usual cut.

THORN

You'll get it.

WAGNER

Just so we understand.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE FOYER - FEATURE TAB, SHIRL - NIGHT

82

The crew is wheeling the upright corpse, shrouded in the plastic, through the foyer to the corridor.

SHIRL

Where do they take him?

TAB

It doesn't matter.

SHIRL

Tell me, please.

TAB

He's driven outside the city to a waste disposal plant.

SHIRL

When my grandmother died, there was a ceremony. I remember.

TAB

That's when there was time... and room.

Thorn enters from the living room. He's carrying his pillowcase. He goes quickly to the desk, takes the paper and pencils and tosses them in. He turns to Tab.

THORN

Your report.

TAB
Here.

He hands Thorn the single sheet of paper. Thorn tosses it into the pillow case.

THORN
Thanks.

TAB
What about the death benefit?

THORN
I'll hold it pending next of kin.

TAB
There isn't one.

THORN
You can file a claim in thirty.

TAB
I was thinking of Shirl.

THORN
Sure you were.

Thorn moves fast, picks up the grocery bag, and exits into the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE SIMONSON CORRIDOR FACING THE ELEVATOR - 83
NIGHT

The elevator door opens. Wagner and the crew maneuver the shrouded, upright corpse into it. Thorn is the last one in. He holds the pillowcase and the grocery bag high, every inch the busy housewife.

Charles is standing just outside the elevator.

THORN
So long, Charles.

The elevator doors start to close.

THORN
Wagner, can you drop me at home?

The doors slam shut.

Charles reacts.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE STREET - ANGLE TO SANITATION TRUCK -
NIGHT

84

The Sanitation Truck RUMBLES into view, lights flashing, SIREN MOANING.

Thorn is riding the back of the truck next to Wagner. He's holding his packages.

The truck slows. Thorn jumps off and waves as best he can to Wagner, as the truck picks up momentum again.

FOLLOW THORN

He walks across the sidewalk to the entrance of his building. The street behind him falls into gloom as the Death Truck disappears around a corner. Nobody is out there and the only light is the ever present green glare from the arc lamps.

Thorn enters his building.

CUT TO:

INT. - BROWNSTONE ENTRANCE AND STAIRS - FOLLOW THORN -
NIGHT

85

The building is illuminated by a single red bulb high in the ceiling on top of the stairwell.

But there is life on the entry and on the stairs. Nearly every foot of space is occupied by a man or woman or child. Thorn has to pick his way through the mass of humanity to get up the stairs. Some are sleeping, others are aware of Thorn and his packages. There are hollow eyes, gaunt faces, the sick, the old, the young, the dying. There are the SOUNDS: whispers, murmurs, sobs.

ANGLE TO LANDING

86

A GUARD is sitting at the top of the stairs. There's a rifle across his lap. He's munching on Soy lent Green. Beyond the Guard, the landing and the further flights of stairs are clear of people.

GUARD

Good evening, Mr. Thorn.

CUT TO:

INT. - THORN'S ROOM - FEATURE THORN - NIGHT

87

He enters, closes the door behind him with a backward kick, and crosses to the table where he places his treasures.

THORN

Sol!

ANGLE TO SOL

88

He enters through the door which is not a door.

SOL

What are you doing home? What time is it?

He sees the pillowcase and the grocery bag.

SOL

What the hell?

THORN

Courtesy of your next assignment:
William R. Simonson, Chelsea
Towers West....

Carefully, ceremoniously, Thorn reaches into the pillowcase and extracts the paper and pencils. He dangles them in front of Sol's widening eyes, then sets them down. Next he extracts the two large books. Sol reaches for them, takes them, damn near caresses them.

SOL (reading the
title which may be INTERCUT)
Soylent Oceanographic Survey Report
2015 to 2019 in two volumes... Where
the hell did you get these?

THORN

Off Simonson's shelves. The only
reference books he had. Like them?

SOL

Love them... Do you know how many
books were published in this country
once upon a time when there was
paper... and power... and presses
that worked... and...

Thorn stops the tirade by bringing out the bourbon from the pillowcase.

SOL

My God!

88
CONT'D
(2)

He takes the bottle.

SOL (cont'd)

This Simonson was a great man.

He uncaps it, brings it to his lips.

SOL

L'Chaim!

He drinks.

Thorn has positioned himself over the grocery bag. He sets himself and then quickly, unexpectedly, he rips it open.

The treasures fall out on the table:

A loaf of bread, several jars of canned food, an apple, a stalk of celery, a tomato, half a head of lettuce, a small wrapped package.

None of these objects is really appetizing by our standards. The tomato is small and green, the apple is dwarfed, the lettuce has seen better days, the celery is limp.

But Sol sits down slowly. The bottle is forgotten. He can't take his eyes from the miracles.

Thorn opens the small package. The half pound slice of beef rests in its own juices.

SOL (unbelieving)

Is it beef?

Thorn nods "yes."

CLOSE ON SOL

89

He begins to cry. The tears, unbidden, roll down his cheeks and they are far from tears of happiness.

SOL

How did we come to this?

REACTION - THORN

90

Who can't begin to understand.

RESUME SOL

91

He can't stop the flow. He puts his hands to his eyes.

SOL
Why don't you get out of here, Thorn?
(beat)
Get back to your foolish work.

Thorn raps him on the shoulder and crosses to the door.

THORN
You have to accept this world as it
is. We're doing all right. We're
doing fine.

SOL
We're doing lousy. Just like when I
was a boy, nobody cares, nobody tries,
including me. I should have gone
Home long ago.

THORN
I need you.

Pause. Sol manages a smile.

SOL
Simonson, William R.

Thorn nods and exits.

RESUME SOL

92

He reaches out for the tomato, grasps it, brings it
to his face, and inhales the fragrance, loses him-
self in the wonder of it.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE FOURTEENTH PRECINCT, ESTABLISH - NIGHT

93-94

An old station house. The primary feeling is of
activity which has gone on for years and will go on
for years. An assembly line of problems.

Four long lines of men and women, most of them in
regulars, stretch in front of four desks. A uni-
formed officer behind each desk interviews each
person in turn. Behind the four desks there is an
open area and other desks for the detectives. Fur-
ther back still are doors leading to offices of various
officials, including Chief of Detectives Hatcher.

The high bench and railing used by the Precinct Sergeants until perhaps as late as 1989 stand unused at the side of the room.

93-94
CONT'D
(2)

We also see the debris of the age of technology. Unused and unusable computer consoles, long lines of file cabinets with rusted padlocks, an unused central switchboard, a pyramid of typewriters, punch cards used as scrap paper on every desk.

TRACK THE LENGTH OF A LINE OF PEOPLE

We move down the row of misery, trouble, fear. They are silent, most of them, waiting for whatever will come. At intervals a uniformed cop stands herd on them.

ANGLE TO THE DESK

95

We OVERHEAR a fragment of conversation between the SERGEANT and the YOUNG WOMAN WITH BANDANA we will remember from an earlier sequence.

She hands the Sergeant the death disc.

YOUNG WOMAN WITH BANDANA
Number ACX 2167D.

He slips the disc onto a ring.

SERGEANT
Two hundred D's cash or two fifty
in food coupons.

YOUNG WOMAN WITH BANDANA
Cash, please.

He reaches into a drawer, takes out a small bundle of pre-counted bills, and shoves them over to her.

CONTINUE TRACK TO DETECTIVES' TABLE

Three uniformed men and two detectives in regulars are gathered around a table where Lieutenant Kulozik has spread an old map.

KULOZIK
...We're going to double the Tuesday riot detail on Sixty-second tomorrow which means we'll be thin at Hundred and First so we'll back up with scoops there...

CONTINUE TRACK TO HATCHER'S OFFICE

95
CONT'D
(2)

The door is open. Thorn is reporting to HATCHER who is in regulars. He has a beard, cool eyes, a fast brain. He chews Soy lent Blue like an addict. He inspects a card face up on a stack of file cards and says:

HATCHER
Mathewson, murder.

THORN
He's in Philadelphia. Out of our jurisdiction. His wife's been lying.

HATCHER
We'll pick her up if we can find her.
Sign.

Thorn scratches his signature on the card. Hatcher flips to the next one.

HATCHER
Churgoff, murder.

THORN
He went Home.

HATCHER
Close the case.

THORN
Agreed.

He signs the card. Hatcher flips again.

HATCHER
Donaldson.

THORN
He's wanted in the Bronx. Extradite him.

HATCHER
Right. Zolitnikoff?

THORN
I'm working on it.

HATCHER
Which means you still haven't got a damn thing.
(he taps the card for a beat)
How old is Sol Roth now?

THORN
He's in good shape.

HATCHER
He's had it. It's time for you to
get another Book. I'll make arrange-
ments.

95
CONT'D
(3)

THORN
No.

HATCHER
Sooner or later.

THORN
No!

Hatcher shrugs.

HATCHER
It's your job.

He flips to the next card.

HATCHER
Simonson.

THORN
It's supposed to look like he was
killed when he caught some punk bur-
glarizing his apartment.

HATCHER
What do you say?

THORN
Bullshit. It was an assassination.

HATCHER
Just like that?

THORN
One, the security system was out of
action for the first time in years.
Two, the bodyguard was conveniently
out shopping. Three, the punk didn't
take anything. Four, the punk was
no punk, he used a meat hook instead
of a gun to make it look like a punk.

HATCHER (interrupting)
What did you take?

THORN
Everything I could lay my hands on.

HATCHER
What's for mother?

Thorn digs Simonson's death disc out of his pocket
and slaps it on the desk without letting go of it.

HATCHER
One bill for me, fifty for Kulozik,
fifty for you.

95
CONT'D
(4)

THORN
Ten for Wagner from your end.

HATCHER
Shut your face.

Thorn retains the death disc. After a beat, Hatcher slides open his desk, extracts a frayed fifty-dollar bill and lays it alongside the disc. Thorn takes the money, Hatcher takes the disc, and the entire exchange takes a moment.

HATCHER
Do some police work for a change.
Simonson must have been big.

THORN
How big?

HATCHER
Enough for Chelsea West. Who did
the inside work?

THORN
Bet on the bodyguard.

HATCHER
How about the furniture?

THORN (indicating
the shape of her breasts)
...like grapefruits.

HATCHER
You never saw a grapefruit.

THORN
You never saw her.

HATCHER
Shove.

Thorn exits.

HATCHER
Close the damn door.

Thorn reappears for a second and closes the door. Hatcher pops another piece of Soylent into his mouth.

CUT TO:

EXT. - SUNRISE OVER MANHATTAN - ESTABLISH

96

The sun fights itself free of the horizon. The SIREN signals the end of curfew.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE FIRE ESCAPE ESTABLISH - DAY

97

The steel structure curls up the front of a five-story building. Men, women, children, are jammed on it. Many of them live here, on this rusting steel. They jealously guard their few feet of metal grid, store their few possessions, blanket their area, and make a home. Others jam into the free space, the stairs, to try to get a little air, to catch a breeze.

Thorn is there, on the third-story landing, jammed near a blind child.

ANGLE ACROSS THE STREET TO TAB

98

He enters the street from a three-story building across the way. He looks up and down the street and then up at the buildings around him.

RESUME THORN

99

Who averts his face.

RESUME TAB

100

who appears satisfied and starts down the street. (Although curfew has ended, it is still early morning and most people have not yet started the day.)

RESUME THORN

101

He is climbing down the fire escape, past the regulars and the visitors. A MAN, settled in with his wife and children, says:

MAN

Hey, watch where the hell you're stepping.

Thorn continues down. He drops lightly off the structure, crosses the street, enters the three-story building.

101
CONT'D
(2)

CUT TO:

INT. - FOYER AND STAIRS TO TAB'S APARTMENT - DAY

102

Thorn enters the dark, shoddy foyer. He stops abruptly when he sees:

ANGLE TO GUARD FROM THORN'S POV

103

This Guard is an enormous, grotesquely fat man, naked to his waist, perspiring profusely, with a shotgun across his lap. He speaks in a piercing falsetto.

GUARD

What may I do for you, sir?

Thorn flashes his wallet, badge flap showing.

THORN

Rausch. Fourteenth Precinct.

The Guard reaches out a huge, pink, manicured hand and takes the wallet. He really inspects it before he hands it back.

GUARD

We run a clean building here, Mr. Rausch.

THORN

I'm looking for Tab Fielding.

GUARD

Second floor and to the right.

The Guard slowly, ponderously, moves himself up and to the right to make room for Thorn to mount the stairs. He talks as Thorn climbs past him:

GUARD

It's a glandular condition. Hereditary. My father weighed over five hundred pounds. He traveled as the fat man in a circus. I myself was born too late for circus life but I am cursed with this mountain of ravenous flesh, consumed with an infinite, continuous, unappeased hunger.

103
CONT'D
(2)

Thorn, paying no attention whatsoever, continues
OUT OF SHOT.

CUT TO:

INT. - FIELDING'S APARTMENT - FEATURE MARTHA - DAY 104

Two rooms and a bathroom reasonably well constructed and maintained. The paint is thin but clean. The dinette area in the living room is orderly. There's a decent sink and a small refrigerator. The couch and chairs in the living room are of fair quality. Nothing is new or splendid but nothing is blatantly poor. For Thorn's time, it is very nice indeed.

MARTHA is sitting at the table. She is a stunning woman, mature, full blown, with a magnificent body and smoking eyes and luxurious hair. She's in a dressing robe.

104
CONT'D
(2)

She's eating from a small jar, a sensuous sort of eating. A spoon enters the jar, and comes up with something which looks like jam, and goes slowly into her mouth. She savors the taste, and the spoon lowers again.

A loud KNOCK at the door and the spoon hesitates.

MARTHA
Who's there?

THORN'S VOICE
Police.

MARTHA
Just a minute.

Thorn continues KNOCKING. This is routine, just keep pounding until the suspect lets you in.

MARTHA
I'm not dressed...

She's slightly rattled as the pounding continues. She takes the jar and disappears for a moment into the other room. She reappears without it. She wants to look around but the POUNDING continues so she goes to the door and opens the eye-hole.

MARTHA
Let me see your badge.

THORN'S VOICE
Open up.

She disconnects the chain lock, turns the lower lock, swings the door open.

MARTHA
All right.

Thorn enters, shuts the door behind him. He shows her his badge.

THORN (pleasantly)
Thorn. From the Fourteenth Precinct.
Sorry to make such a racket. I
want to see Mr. Fielding.

MARTHA
He isn't home.

THORN
Are you Mrs. Fielding?

MARTHA
Martha Philipson. I live here.

Thorn shamelessly looks around the room while they talk. The conversation is polite and correct but he is looking in drawers, in the cupboards, the closet, etc. He is conducting a knowledgeable, if superficial, search. Martha takes it absolutely for granted. She expects it.

THORN
I met Tab just yesterday in connection with a case. I have a few more questions for him. Would you know where he is now?

MARTHA
No.

THORN
When will he be home?

MARTHA
I don't know. He just left.

THORN
Swell. Are you furniture?

MARTHA
I've been with him for four years.

THORN (looking around
the kitchen area)
Furniture.

MARTHA
Yes.

THORN
This is really a terrific place.

He's opened the food cabinets. There's very little in them: some Soylent, a few onions, several potatoes, a plastic bag. He looks in the bag.

MARTHA
That's rice.

THORN
I've seen it. Tab does very well for himself. Doesn't he?

MARTHA

He's got a good reputation.

104
CONT'D
(4)

Thorn is moving toward the bedroom door.

THORN

With who?

MARTHA

The people he works for.

105-106 OUT

INT. - TAB'S BEDROOM - DAY

107

A dresser, bed, mirror, door to the bathroom, small rug, closet.

There's an incinerator hatch on one of the walls.

Thorn enters the room. He begins his casual search.

THORN

Who's that?

MARTHA (from
other room)

You know. Chelsea West.

THORN

Listen, when Tab comes back, you tell him Detective Thorn was here, okay?

INT. - TAB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

107X1

Martha suddenly realizes that she's forgotten the spoon. It's on the table. She starts for it.

MARTHA

Whatever you say.

THORN (from bedroom;
stops her in her tracks)
Come in here, will you?

MARTHA

Sure.

She crosses to bedroom and exits into it.

INT. - TAB'S BEDROOM - DAY

107X2

Thorn is at the incinerator hatch, opening it and looking in.

THORN
Haven't seen an incinerator in years. Use it lately?

MARTHA
No. It doesn't work.

THORN
What does?

Thorn abruptly exits into the other room, leaving the door open on the incinerator.

THORN (from other room)
Real nice. Real nice place you've got here. Plenty of room to move around.

MARTHA (closing hatch)
Yeah. We were lucky to get it.

She exits into other room.

INT. - TAB'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

107X3

THORN
I'm sorry I had to bust in here, you know. Just routine.

MARTHA
I haven't been very nice.

THORN
Just fine.

MARTHA
I should have offered you something, Mr. Thorn.

THORN
If I had time, I would have asked for it.

She smiles. He smiles and exits. Martha turns from the door. Her attention goes to the table where she had left the spoon.

THE TABLE

108

The spoon is gone.

CLOSE UP - MARTHA

109

She looks at the table, and at the door, and says:

MARTHA
The son-of-a-bitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE STREET FACING TAB'S BUILDING - DAY

110

Thorn exits, walks briskly up the street.

REVERSE ZOOM ON THORN

111

Until we see him from almost precisely the angle from which he spotted Tab.

MEDIUM - GILBERT

112

The killer is standing on the fire escape, not far from the blind child, watching Thorn go up the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - THE MARKET AREA - ESTABLISH

113

The market (see description pages one and two) is crowded with the common people doing their shopping. The corner store with the sign proclaiming that Tuesday is Soy lent Green Day is closed today. But everywhere else there is enormous activity. The barkers call out their wares, the musicians sing and play ancient guitars and violins. Blue and Yellow Soy lent in various forms adds color.

Police carefully patrol the area. They walk conspicuously, tapping their sappers against their palms, moving in at the slightest sign of trouble.

ANGLE TO SOL

114

He's in a long line extending from the water truck. Two men work a spigot to fill the gallon tin cans of the people waiting in line. A distinctive mark is made on each can with a rubber stamp as it is filled. The cans are covered with these marks, one for each day, changing from day to day.

ANGLES TO THE TRUCK

115

The water pours from a spigot into a can and a woman watches to make certain she gets her full measure.

The next man in line is refused for some bureaucratic reason. We see him gesture angrily. A cop steps to him tapping his sapper. There's a MURMUR from the crowd. Other cops move in. The man is led away.

ANGLE TO SOL

116

Waiting in line, in the heat, with a long way to go.

A WOMAN IN THE MARKET

116X1

She has gotten her water ration and is making her way through the crowd. She is suddenly attacked by two young men, one pinning her arms while the other struggles to pry the water holder from her grip. It is a brief, angry fight with the woman yelling and trying to break loose. No one in the crowd pays any attention or tries to interfere. The water holder is finally torn from the woman's grip and the young man punches her in the stomach. As she doubles over, the two men disappear into the crowd.

CLOSEUP - THE SPIGOT

117

As the water twists into another can.

ANGLE TO THE WINDOW

118

"TUESDAY IS SOYLENT GREEN DAY"

CUT TO:

INT. - NIGHT - THORN'S APARTMENT - ESTABLISH

119

The curfew siren WHOOPS to a halt. The bulb burns irresolutely in the ceiling. Thorn is shaving with the tepid water and the tired razor. The TV is on.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

...new, delicious Soylent Green,
miracle food of high energy plankton
gathered from the oceans of the world.
Remember, Tuesday is Soylent Green Day---

ANGLE TO THE TABLE

120

It contains the remnants of supper. Most of the booze is gone. The dishes have been eaten clean.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (cont'd)
...at markets and shops throughout the city. Because of the extraordinary demand for this brand new product, the sale of Soylent Green, the delicious protein supplement, is limited to one day a week. Facilities are being rapidly expanded so that the public will be well supplied in the near future.

ANGLE TO SOL

121

He enters through the front door carrying the empty gallon can.

RESUME THORN

122

Without missing a beat he turns off the TV to avoid irritating the old man.

THORN
I was worried about you...

SOL
I waited in line for two hours for the damn water ration...

He slams down the can.

SOL
...and the bastards ran dry.

He looks at the table and his expression softens.

SOL
I haven't eaten like that since I was a kid.

THORN
I never ate like that.

SOL
Now you know what you've been missing. There was a world once, you punk.

THORN
So you keep saying.

SOL
I can prove it. I was there.

THORN

I know, I know. People were better
when you were young.

122
CONT'D
(2)

SOL

Nuts. People were always rotten.
The world was beautiful!

CLOSER TO THORN

123

He's staring at the piece of soap he picked up at
Simonson's. He lifts it to his nose, the scent
bringing back memories of Shirl.

Thorn turns around and faces Sol. He wipes his face
with an abrupt gesture.

THORN

It's late. What have you got on
Simonson?

Thorn walks past Sol into Sol's room and Sol follows.

SOL

Ask me about an onion, it's
always an onion, a hardy, bulbous
plant of the lily family, liliaceae.
But a human being grows, changes,
matures...

THORN

So grow up.

They've gone through the door which is not a door.

CUT TO:

INT. - NIGHT - SOL'S ROOM - THORN - SOL

124

There's a cot, a table, and books -- hundreds of
reference books, extracts, old newspapers, paper-
backs. They are stacked to the ceiling in layers
of mildewed order known only to Sol.

At Sol's desk there's quite a decent reading lamp,
several reference works opened, tabbed and waiting,
and the distinctive oceanographic survey volumes.

SOL

I've got a handful of reference works
twenty years out of date and you throw
out a name and expect miracles.

Thorn bangs his hand on the desk.

124
CONT'D
(2)

THORN
Simonson! Report!

Sol clamps on his glasses (one lens is cracked - they are amateurishly wired together), murmurs "schmuck" under his breath, and turns to the first of the open volumes on his desk.

SOL
Biographical Survey, 2006, the last one they published. Simonson, William R., born 1954...
(looks up)
Evidently unmarried.
(continues from the book)
Yale Law School, graduated 1977, principal partner Simonson, Borden and Santini.

THORN
Governor Santini?

SOL
The same.

Thorn whistles.

SOL
Hold still. There's more.
(flips to another volume)
In 1997 he was a Director of Holcox Manufacturing, Norfolk, Virginia, specialists in manufacturing freeze drying equipment for commercial food processing.
(flips to another book)
In 2018 Holcox was acquired by Soylent and Simonson became a member of the Board.

ANGLE TO THORN

125

THORN
The Board of Soylent?

SOL
Yes, sir. Your dead one was a very important man. Soylent controls the food supply for half the world.

Thorn indicates the oceanographic survey volumes:

THORN
What about these?

SOL
Very technical and highly classified.
(beat)
Unnumbered copies. Officially they
don't exist.

125
CONT'D
(2)

THORN
Perfect.

SOL
What else do you want?

THORN
Everything.

SOL
Politics, law, Soylent, or oceano-
graphy?

THORN
Across the board.

SOL
It's impossible.

Thorn exits to his room as he says:

THORN
Check the Exchange.

Sol pauses, touches a framed PHD diploma, hanging on the wall, perhaps covered with plastic. Then with a sigh, he follows him out.

SOL
I need you to tell me that? I was
a teacher once, a full professor, a
respected man...

CUT TO:

INT. - THORN'S ROOM - NIGHT

126

Thorn is putting on his coat, gun, checking his wallet in the usual ritual.

THORN
Make a special effort, Sol. This
case is for real...a lot of marbles.

SOL
For who?

Thorn sighs and tries pacification.

THORN
Never mind. And don't forget to
pick up the water ration later on.

126
CONT'D
(2)

SOL
I'll do that. I die if I don't get
watered.

Thorn, about to exit, remembers something. He brings
the spoon out of his pocket and holds it out in front
of the startled Sol.

THORN
Taste that.

SOL
What?

THORN
Taste!

He shoves the spoon under Sol's nose as a man would
give a child medicine. Sol opens his mouth, tastes,
smacks his lips, tastes again, rolls his eyes in
delight.

SOL
Strawberries!
(beat)
One hundred and fifty bucks a jar
strawberries!

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE STREET FACING THORN'S BROWNSTONE -
FEATURE THORN - NIGHT

127

After curfew. The street empty. The green glare
of the arc lights.

Thorn emerges from his house, turns and walks briskly up the street.

127
CONT'D
(2)

CLOSER ON THORN

128

As he walks. He's disturbed, aware. He turns a corner.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER STREET * NIGHT - FEATURE THORN

129

He slows after he turns the corner. Stops in middle stride. Waits. Listens. Nothing.

CLOSEUP - THORN

130

Still waiting. Finally, a SOUND from behind him, a sharp metallic sound.

He turns, runs back to the intersection, looks down his own street.

ANGLE DOWN THE STREET FACING THORN'S BROWNSTONE

130X1

It's empty. Nothing. Nobody moving.

RESUME THORN

131

He tries to penetrate the darkness, the shadows, the huddled forms on the fire escapes.

He grins, turns, goes back around the corner.

CUT TO:

STREET LOCATION - FEATURE THORN - NIGHT

132

A metal police call box is riveted to the side of a building.

Thorn strides to the call box, waits a moment, listens again. No sound. With some difficulty he unlocks the call box with a key from his ring. He swings it open revealing the telephone.

He picks up the instrument, clicks the receiver a few times.

132
CONT'D
(2)

OPERATOR'S VOICE

This is Dispatch.

THORN

Thorn. I.D. is RC 105. Fourteenth Precinct.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

One moment.

CLOSE ON - THORN

133

As he waits he is still listening, and looking down that street. The telephone clicks, clicks, tumblers fall into place, circuits are completed slowly with much crackling, noise, difficulty. Finally:

INTERCUT HATCHER'S OFFICE - FEATURE HATCHER

134-138

He's evidently in a conference. We're SHOOTING OVER the shoulders of two men sitting opposite him.

HATCHER

Thorn? How about paying us a visit.

THORN

I can't, I'm following up the Simonson thing.

HATCHER

What have you got?

THORN

For openers he was a Director of Soylent.

HATCHER

What else?

THORN

And right now somebody's tailing me and he's damn good at it.

HATCHER

Big deal.

THORN

Would you believe bodyguards are buying strawberries at one hundred and fifty D's a jar?

HATCHER
Report in right away.

134-138
CONT'D
(2)

THORN
Yes, sir. First thing in the
morning.

Thorn hangs up.

Hatcher hangs up. The CAMERA PANS to reveal the
men sitting opposite Hatcher. One of them is a
well-dressed Official. The other is Donovan.

HATCHER
That was Thorn. He's a damn
good cop.

OFFICIAL
I appreciate the difficulty, Ed,
but the Department wants to
cooperate with the Governor's office.
Right?

HATCHER
Whatever you say, sir.

CUT TO:

139 OUT

INT. SIMONSON'S LIVING ROOM - ESTABLISH

140

Dim lights. Soft music.

About ten girls, including Shirl, are clustered into
groups of two's and three's.

Some of the girls are talking softly.

Most of them, though, are simply holding one another.
They are cuddling.

These are very beautiful girls, young, attractively
dressed, but this is not primarily an erotic sequence.
They are like lost, lonely children clinging to one
another for warmth and comfort.

One young girl sobs on the breast of a companion who strokes her and says soft comforting things.

140
CONT'D
(2)

Two other girls are side by side on the couch, motionless.

Another girl sits quietly on the floor, staring straight ahead, nearly catatonic. Two other girls talk gently to her, touch her.

Another girl rigidly maintains control as a friend puts antiseptic on her lacerated back.

Shirl is by the window with a companion who is stroking Shirl's hair and occasionally kissing her cheek. All very gentle.

The DOORBELL SOUNDS.

The girls all turn that way, attentive, frightened, like a flock of birds suddenly aware of danger. They turn to Shirl. She makes a gesture, fingers to her lips, "be quiet." She crosses to the door.

ANGLE TO SHIRL AT THE DOOR

SHIRL

Who's there, please?

THORN'S VOICE (filtered)

Detective Thorn.

SHIRL

Just a second.

She again indicates to the girls that they should be quiet, and she opens the door.

ANGLE TO SHIRL, THORN

Thorn enters. Shirl makes no effort to block him or to welcome him. The move is his. His jacket is over his arm. His holster shows. So does his perspiration. He's hot and he's weary. He does not react to the group of girls. He simply wants to identify their activity to his own satisfaction.

THORN

Having a party?

He moves into the room.

SHIRL

Just my friends.

They stare at him.

THORN
That's okay.

140
CONT'D
(3)

On the table near him there is an iced drink. He picks it up and drinks it.

THORN
It's still over ninety out there.

A girl, sitting near him, is puffing on a cigarette. He takes it from her and inhales it deeply.

THORN
If I had the money I'd smoke... I don't know... five of these a day...

The girl doesn't respond. There is no friendliness for Thorn here. He snuffs out the cigarette and speaks to Shirl with cold authority:

THORN
Go to the bedroom.

SHIRL
Whatever you say.
(beat)
Will we be long?

Thorn simply exits.

Shirl follows, pausing only to whisper "Wait..." to one of the girls.

When the foyer door closes, the young girl starts to sob again.

CUT TO:

INT. - SIMONSON BEDROOM - SHIRL, THORN - NIGHT

141

They enter. Of course the bedroom has been straightened up. Shirl's vanity, like everything else, is in perfect order.

THORN
On the bed.

Shirl sits down as ordered. She is absolutely passive. She will do what Thorn says, unquestioning, uncomplaining.

THORN

Nice room, the way you've got it fixed up.

(looks at the vanity)

Lots of perfume, powder. Did he give all of this to you?

SHIRL

Yes.

THORN

He was killed on purpose, assassinated. Robbery had nothing to do with it. Understand?

SHIRL

Yes.

THORN

And you liked him.

SHIRL

Yes.

THORN

Help me then.

SHIRL

I'll try.

Thorn takes off his coat, folds it, lays it across a chair.

THORN

Good.

(beat)

Did he have any relatives?

SHIRL

I never heard of any.

THORN

Do you know who he worked for?

SHIRL

No.

THORN

You were with him for three years...

SHIRL

He never talked about his work.

Thorn sits on the bed across from Shirl, wrestles off his shoes and socks, rubs his feet for a minute.

THORN
Did you meet his friends?

SHIRL
Sure I met some of his friends.

THORN
Give me names.

SHIRL (backing down)
I was never really introduced,
you know.

THORN
Come on, Shirl.

SHIRL
A Mr. Lempeter. Somebody called
Thominson. A man called Santini.
That's all I remember. He didn't
bring people up here very often.

THORN
Santini is the Governor.

SHIRL
So?

Thorn is stripped except for his pants. She's wearing a dress that involves a zipper down the side and buttons down the front. She starts maneuvering the zipper.

THORN
Where did you go with Simonson?

SHIRL
No place, shopping once in a while.
Except....

THORN
Except what?

She is struggling with the buttons.

SHIRL
Nothing.

THORN
Tell me.

SHIRL
He took me to church.

THORN
Church?

SHIRL
About a month ago, and then again
a few days before he died.

141
CONT'D
(4)

THORN
What happened there?

SHIRL
He prayed, and he talked to a
priest. That's about all.

THORN
Tell me about the priest.

SHIRL
Young, skinny, black.

THORN
Why did Simonson take you with him?

SHIRL
He didn't say.

THORN
What do you think?

SHIRL
He just wanted to have somebody
along.

CLOSEUP - SHIRL - INTERCUT CLOSEUPS - THORN

142-145

SHIRL
...He was strange towards the end.
He didn't touch me for months. Some-
times, for no reason, he'd start to
cry. I saw him cry more than once.

THORN
Old people do that.

SHIRL
Do they?

She's unzipped and unbuttoned and there's nothing
under it and it's all up to Thorn.

THORN
I don't understand this Simonson.
If I was living here... rich... impor-
tant... plenty to eat... bourbon...
and a girl who looks like you....

He takes her and kisses her urgently, powerfully and
his hands are peeling off the dress.

THORN

You wouldn't see me in church.

142-145
CONT'D
(2)

THORN (reacting)
What the hell!

VOICES can be heard from
the foyer and living room.
A man shouting. Answering
voices. A scream. Another
scream. The man shouting
again.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE SIMONSON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

146

Charles is lecturing the girls. One of them is
bleeding from the nose and mouth. Another is
gasping for breath and clutching her stomach.

CHARLES

I've told you before and I mean
it. I'll get rid of the whole
stinking lot of you.

ANGLE TO THORN

He enters from the foyer; shirt, shoes and gun in
place.

CHARLES

I didn't know you were here,
Mr. Thorn.

Thorn says nothing.

CHARLES

We give them a day off a month.
We don't have to but we do. And
they break every regulation in the
book.

Thorn says nothing.

CHARLES

You'd think they'd be grateful for
what they've got here.

ANGLE TO SHIRL

She enters slowly in the b.g.

ANGLE TO FEATURE THORN, CHARLES

THORN (slowly)
I'll tell you, Charley, they're
here because I called them to
interrogate them.

CHARLES
Is that so?

THORN
Yes, Charley, don't you believe me?

Charles looks at the girls.

CHARLES
You should have told me.

THORN
Why?

CHARLES
It's regulations.

THORN
Want to file a complaint?
(beat)
What do you say, Charley?

CHARLES
No, I don't want to do anything
unfriendly like that, Mr. Thorn.

THORN
I wonder if any of these girls want
to file a complaint against you.
Maybe not. Maybe they want to keep
it friendly. You hope so, don't
you, Charley? Don't you?

CHARLES
Yes.

THORN
Get the hell out of here.

Charles looks around, considers, and exits.

Quiet.

GIRL
We'd better all go.

A recessional. The girls get up slowly. Two of them
tend to the girl with the bleeding nose. Another
helps the girl who was on the floor. Together, in
small groups, glancing back at Shirl, touching her in
farewell, they exit.

Shirl and Thorn are alone.

SHIRL
Charles isn't as bad as some.

THORN
Don't you ever get angry?

SHIRL
What for?

The embarrassment again. What can he say now to this beautiful girl in this splendid room?

THORN
I left my coat in the bedroom.
She nods, but he doesn't move anywhere.

SHIRL
It's still dark, you could stay for awhile. You could wash up.
(beat)
I'll make you breakfast.

THORN
Why should you?

SHIRL
There's lots of food in the fridge.
(beat)
Charles wouldn't dare make trouble for you.

THORN
I've got work.

SHIRL
I don't want to be alone. I'm frightened when I'm alone.

THORN
There's nothing I can do for you, furniture. I can only take. I got nothing to give.

SHIRL
I've got feelings.
(beat)
There's a new tenant coming to look over the place. He may not want me.

THORN
I've got my own apartment but it's nothing like this.

SHIRL
Are you alone?

THORN
There's an old man. He's my Book...

She doesn't know the term.

THORN
Books do research for detectives.

SHIRL
This is like my home. I've been here a long time. The new tenant may not like me.

THORN
He'd be a fool.

SHIRL
You could take a shower and let the water run as long as you want.

THORN
Hot?

SHIRL
Very hot.

He begins to laugh.

THORN
I'll burn my damn skin off.

SHIRL
I'll rub you down afterwards.

THORN
Then we'll turn the air conditioner all the way up...

SHIRL
I'll make it cold like they say winter used to be.

THORN
And breakfast?

SHIRL
Anything you like.

THORN
Strawberries...

SHIRL
An egg!

THORN
Strawberries.

146
CONT'D
(5)

SHIRL
I've never seen a strawberry.

THORN
Okay, okay...who the hell wants
strawberries...

He picks her up and delightedly swings her around
...and around...There is a SOUND, an almost musical
patter...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE SHOWER - NIGHT

147

Thorn and Shirl are in the shower, water cascading
around them, making the musical patter, and they
turn under it together...turn together...

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE EXCHANGE - ESTABLISH AND FOLLOW SOL -
NIGHT

147X1-
153 OUT

153X1

The Exchange was once a library. Sol climbs steps,
takes out a key, unlocks the front door and enters.

153X2 OU

RESUME SOL

154

climbing the wooden stairway.

At the end of the stairway there's a door leading
to what once was a stack study room. There's a
sign on it:

SUPREME EXCHANGE,
AUTHORIZED BOOKS ONLY

Sol knocks on the door. When finally it is opened

Thorn: 2022
Chgs. 8-24-72

P.66

Sol enters and it is locked behind him.

CUT TO:

154
CONT'D
(2)

INT. THE EXCHANGE - NIGHT

155

A room full of books, periodicals, digests, clippings, etc. A larger version of Sol's room.

ANGLE TO THE BOOKS

Eight old people, each of them an individual but each of them somehow like Sol. Several of them are women. They are studying, talking in low voices, taking notes on scraps of paper and magic slates. They are like monks in a monastery or lawyers consulting on particularly difficult cases. They are Books and this is the Exchange.

The EXCHANGE LEADER is an old and dignified woman. She sits at the head of the table and waits as Sol slips into a chair. The other Books, realizing the Leader's interest, stop their individual pursuits and concentrate on Sol.

EXCHANGE LEADER

Good evening, Mr. Roth.

SOL

Good evening, your honor.

EXCHANGE LEADER

I assume you have a priority police problem?

SOL

Yes, it concerns Mr. William Simonson... and these.

Sol empties the grocery bag onto the table. The two Soylent Survey volumes slide on with a THUD.

ANGLE TO THE EXCHANGE LEADER AND OTHER BOOKS

155
CONT'D
(2)

They lean forward and stare. The Leader reaches out with trembling hands like Rembrandt going for a tube of paint.

CLOSE ON THE SOYLENT SURVEY VOLUMES

156

CUT TO:

157 CUT

ANGLE TO THE CATHEDRAL STEPS

158

A woman is dead on the stairs. A sleeping child is tethered to the woman by a short length of rope.

INCLUDE THORN

He stops by the two forms. The child CRIES. Thorn bends down to inspect the mother.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE CATHEDRAL - ESTABLISH - NIGHT

159

People everywhere within the church illuminated by the glow from candles.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LONG SHOT TO THORN, THE NUN

160

The Nun relieves Thorn of the burden of the child. This exchange should not be sentimental. It is absolutely routine. The Nun, identifiable only because of her headdress, turns and points across the church to the Priest.

ANGLE TO THE PRIEST

He's an El Greco of a cleric, young, elongated, tapering and black. Thorn crosses to him.

ANGLE TO THE CRUCIFIX

He's in the gloom like everything else.

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT - THORN, THE PRIEST

161

The marks of sleeplessness and deep sorrow ravage the Priest's young face. Thorn flashes his badge.

THORN

Thorn, Father, Fourteenth Precinct.

PRIEST

My name is Paul. Have I done something?

THORN

No. I'm investigating the murder of Mr. William Simonson.

PRIEST

Who did you say?

THORN

Simonson. Quite an important man. A rich man.

PRIEST

I have no recollection.

THORN

You talked to him.

PRIEST

Did I?

THORN

Without question.

PRIEST

A rich man? Yes, I remember. We don't see rich people here anymore. There isn't even room for the poor. There are just too many...far too many. My memory is eroded. Chiefly I assign space to people who need space. Do you need space?

THORN

I need to know what he said to you.

PRIEST

Are you certain he's dead? Really dead?

THORN

Yes, Father, he's dead. What did he talk about?

PRIEST

Relics. Would you care to see the
relics? We have them, I believe...
in the vestry, perhaps. If so,
come back tomorrow. I'm very tired
now.

161
CONT'D
(2)

THORN

Did you hear his confession?

PRIEST

There should be a requiem mass but
there is no room. Should I make room?

THORN

This is very important.

PRIEST

I can't help you. Forgive me.
It's destroying me.

THORN

What?

PRIEST

The truth.

THORN

The truth Simonson told you?

PRIEST

All truth.

THORN

Tell me what he confessed.

PRIEST

Oh, sweet Jesus...

REACTION - THORN

162

PAN THE CHURCH TO THE CRUCIFIX

163

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE CATHEDRAL - FEATURE THORN - NIGHT

164

He exits down the stairs, past the corpse of the
woman.

WHIP PAN TO GILBERT

164
CONT'D
(2)

The killer appears at the head of the stairs. He watches Thorn walk into the gloom.

CLOSE UP, GILBERT

165

The young, handsome, empty face.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE FOURTEENTH PRECINCT - HATCHER'S OFFICE -
CLOSE UP - HATCHER - DAY

166

HATCHER (firmly)
We're closing the Simonson case.

TWO SHOT - THORN - HATCHER

167

As Hatcher slams the door, shutting out the chaos of the station house.

THORN (unbelieving)
The hell you say.

HATCHER
You heard me. The Simonson case is officially closed.

Hatcher flips the card to Thorn.

HATCHER
Felony assault. Sign.

THORN
Yesterday you agreed it was an assassination.

HATCHER
There've been one hundred and thirty-seven reported murders since then. We won't solve them either.

THORN
I won't falsify those reports.

HATCHER
Got a suspect?

THORN
I've got leads...

167
CONT'D
(2)

Hatcher snorts.

THORN
...This isn't just another murder
to scratch at for twenty-four hours
and forget. I told you there's been
a tail on me. Something stinks.

Hatcher indicates the card.

HATCHER
I'll bury this.

THORN
Bullshit. A member of the Board of
directors of the Soylent Corporation
was torn apart by a meat hook! You
can't sweep that carcass under the
rug.
(beat)
Who bought you?

HATCHER
You're bought as soon as they pay
you a salary.

THORN
Who's they?

HATCHER
High and hot and they want this case
closed permanently their way. Sign.

THORN
Like hell. If my name closes the
case and somebody higher and hotter
wants to know why, it's my job.

HATCHER (a gesture of
about as much warmth as he's
capable of)
Sign it, I'll cover for you.

THORN
I won't put my job on the line,
Hatcher. Not my job, dammit!

CUT TO:

INT. - THE PRECINCT, KULOZIK - ESTABLISH - DAY

168

Kulozik is huddled with his squad around the map.

ANGLE TO THORN

as he crosses from Hatcher's office.

Kulozik spots him and calls:

KULOZIK
Thorn! Hey, Thorn.

Thorn turns.

KULOZIK
Big shot. Hatcher says you're on
riot control.

REACTION - THORN

169

CUT TO:

EXT. - AREA IN N.Y.C. - DAY

170

Rows of abandoned, burned-out buildings front on a small square, in the center of which stands an air-supported, plastic structure about fifty feet long and twenty feet high. At the front entrance, which is an air-lock, stands an armed Guard. Nearby a pedicab is parked, the driver standing by its side, the passenger seat empty. The general area is overgrown with weeds and small groups of people are picking them.

Governor Santini is taking his family on an outing for the day. His wife and two small boys, aged nine and eleven, and Santini are riding in a sleek car powered by a makeshift, smoking tank hooked on to the back. The family all hold nose masks to their faces to protect them from the polluted atmosphere.

The vehicle arrives at the entrance to the plastic structure and the family disembarks. Mrs. Santini carries a plastic picnic basket. Santini shows the Guard a pass and the group enters the structure.

INT. - PLASTIC STRUCTURE - DAY

171

The main attraction is a scrawny, not very attractive tree. It stands on a small mound of earth. Other

plants line the perimeter of the structure so that the effect is that of a rather poorly-supplied greenhouse.

171
CONT'D
(2)

A picnic table is near the tree and a few metal park benches are scattered around. An attendant slowly makes the rounds.

Sitting at one of the benches is Donovan, who rises as the family bustles in.

MRS. SANTINI

I don't think I could have breathed that air another minute.

OLDER CHILD

My eyes burn.

YOUNGER CHILD

Me too.

MRS. SANTINI

I know. Just a minute...

She rummages through her basket and produces some eye-drops.

MRS. SANTINI

Sit still.

OLDER CHILD

How can they stand it outside?

MRS. SANTINI

Who?

OLDER CHILD

Ordinary people.

MRS. SANTINI

They're used to it... Look up at me...

She administers the eye-drops to the older child.

ANGLE TO SANTINI

171X1

He has taken a small snifter out of his pocket and starts to inhale it to clear his nasal passages. Donovan approaches Santini.

DONOVAN

Governor, I'm very sorry to disturb you this way --

SANTINI
Not at all, Donovan.

171X1
CONT'D
(2)

DONOVAN (as he leads
Santini away from the group)
Your secretary told me where to
find you. It's urgent or I wouldn't
have come all the way out here.

SANTINI
I understand. What is it?

DONOVAN
I'm to inform you that the Board is
determined to resolve the Simonson
investigation immediately, sir.

SANTINI
I thought it was resolved.

DONOVAN
Yes, sir, but the police officer
involved refuses to close the case.

SANTINI
Oh?

DONOVAN
Perhaps because he went to church
yesterday.

Santini frowns.

SANTINI
What does that mean?

DONOVAN
It was Simonson's church. The cop
spent twenty minutes with the
priest.

SANTINI
So?

DONOVAN
It was the same priest who heard
Simonson's confession.

SANTINI

I don't want to hear any more about
it. I can't hear any more about it.
Just do what you have to do.

171X1
CONT'D
(2)

CUT TO:

172 OUT

INT. - THE CHURCH - DAY

173

Day is like night with the candlelight and the crush
of people.

ANGLE TO THE CONFESSION BOX

There is a long line in which Tab is waiting quietly
and patiently.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE CONFESSIONAL - FEATURE TAB - DAY

174

Tab enters and slips onto the bench. The Priest
is on the other side of the barrier.

Tab removes a gun with a silencer from his jacket.

TAB

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned.
It has been six months since my
last confession.

The Priest turns.

CLOSEUP - TAB

175

He fires against the screen. The gun makes a dull,
barely audible, REPORT.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE CHURCH - DAY

176

As Tab leaves the confessional and loses himself in
the crowd.

CUT TO:

177 OUT

EXT. - THE MARKET AREA - CLOSEUP - THORN - DAY

178

We ESTABLISH him and then PULL BACK to discover the situation:

The market is jammed with people. The longest line is waiting for entrance to the store for the precious ration of Soylent Green. The sign in the window has been amended to read:

TODAY IS SOYLENT GREEN DAY

Thorn is patrolling an area not far from the store. His eyes are always on the crowd. He pounds the sapper in his right hand rhythmically against the palm of his left.

It's damn hot. Older people fan themselves. Here and there an oldster has an antique umbrella over his head. A few of the women have ancient fans.

ANGLE TO A WOMAN

She emerges from the store with a small package in her hands.

WOMAN

A quarter kilo is all they gave me!
Wait in line all day for a lousy
quarter of a kilo. Is that right?
I ask you....

A murmur from the crowd.

Cops hustle the woman away.

Thorn patrols.

ANGLE TO GILBERT

He's at one of the booths munching Soylent Yellow. He's inconspicuous, unknown.

ANGLE TO KULOZIK

He has a bullhorn. He's stepping through the crowd to Thorn.

TWO SHOT - THORN, KULOZIK

179

Kulozik delivers the briefing quickly and quietly.

KULOZIK

They're running short on the Green.

THORN

Idiots.

KULOZIK

Some foul-up at transport.

THORN

This crowd will blow.

KULOZIK

The scoops are standing by.

THORN

When do you announce?

KULOZIK

Five minutes. Pass the word.

Kulozik turns and makes his way to the store front.

ANGLE TO THORN

He crosses to another cop to pass the word.

ANGLE TO GILBERT

He walks away from the booth and starts towards the area Thorn is patrolling.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE MARKET PLACE STORE FRONT - MEDIUM -
KULOZIK - DAY

180

He's talking through the bullhorn to the crowd from his position in front of the doors. Behind him cops are pushing the doors closed and linking arms in front of it.

KULOZIK

Ladies and gentlemen...

A ROAR from the crowd like distant thunder. They know what's coming.

KULOZIK

P.77

... Ladies and gentlemen. This is the police. I am asking you to disperse. The supply of Soy lent Green has been exhausted. I repeat...

180
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE TO THE CROWD

Angry faces, muttered threats, fists. The orderly line begins to break down as people press forward.

KULOZIK

Stay back. Keep in order. Return to your homes at once.

ANGLES TO THE POLICE

They begin to wade into the crowd, to pull back people. Here and there a sapper must be used.

ANGLE TO THORN

He is moving towards the store trying to keep people in order, to turn them away.

ANGLE TO GILBERT

He also walks towards the store in a path which will lead him to Thorn. His hand is on the gun in the pocket of his regular.

CLOSEUP - KULOZIK

181

KULOZIK

You must disperse. Return to your homes. There is no more Green. You have only a few minutes... The scoops are on their way.

"Scoops." The crowd's heard that and there is a collective moan.

KULOZIK

Scoops!

ANGLE TO THE STORE FRONT

Cops in front of the windows, arms linked and holding back the crowd. Not yet a disaster.

ANGLE TO GILBERT

Shoving and pushing, concerned that he may lose his chance.

MEDIUM - THORN

182

Totally unaware of Gilbert, working to turn the people away.

CLOSEUP - KULOZIK

183

KULOZIK

Return to your homes! There is no more Green!

CLOSEUP - MAN

184

He's in the center of the crowd. He's angry, red-faced, desperate. He shouts:

MAN

Today's Tuesday!

A ROAR from the crowd.

MAN

And I'm hungry!

And the riot is on.

ANGLE TO THE BOOTHS AND STANDS.

The crowd surges through them, knocks them over. Soylent Yellow and Soylent Blue in the air like confetti.

ANGLE TO THE STORE

The cops try to hold back the mob but the tide is irresistible. They are pressed back against the plate glass.

ANGLE TO THORN

He's fighting his way to his station, struggling with the mob locked in its own aimless violence of a collective will which expresses nobody's will.

ANGLE TO GILBERT

He being buffeted by the crowd, swept along but in the right direction, towards Thorn.

ANGLE TO THE STORE

184
CONT'D
(2)

The plate glass breaks. Civilians, cops are carried through it by the momentum of the mob, carried through the glass, the sign, the campaign portrait of Santini.

There's another SOUND, growing louder, sirens and motors.

ANGLES TO THE RIOTERS

Fear, terror, as they see:

ANGLE TO THE SCOOPS

They're enormous machines on wheels, something like bulldozers. They move inexorably into the crowd. A mechanism in the front, echoing the fork arms of the death trucks, reaches out blindly and scoops up whatever is in its path and flings it back over the machine. In this case the obstacles are people as the scoops move to clear a path.

CLOSEUPS - THE PEOPLE

185-189

Men and women hysterically stampeding out of the market place.

ANGLES TO THORN

He's part of one of two lines the police are forming across the market between which the scoops are clearing an aisle.

VARIOUS ACTION SHOTS

190-194

People running to clear the area, being grabbed by the scoop.

ANGLE TO GILBERT

He's suddenly and unexpectedly spit out by the crowd near the aisle, a few feet from Thorn.

Gilbert raises his gun to fire. The range is very close.

REVERSE TO THORN

195

He sees Gilbert, sees the gun, understands.

The crowd surges as Gilbert fires. A woman receives the blast and is killed instantly.

ANGLE TO THE SCOOP

It crawls up the aisle, SIREN screaming, MECHANISM roaring as it reaches out and then throws back.

RESUME GILBERT

196

He's lost his cool. He fires again and again, hitting other civilians as Thorn works around back to him.

THE SCOOP

197

is passing very close.

RESUME THORN - GILBERT

198

Thorn reaches Gilbert, throws him out of the crowd into the aisle where Gilbert falls.

ANGLE TO THE SCOOP

The mechanism approaches Gilbert. Gilbert shoots wildly, hits Thorn in the leg, forces him down before

THE SCOOP ARM descends on top of Gilbert, crushing him.

The police line holds as the SCOOP screams past Thorn. The aisle is clear.

MEDIUM - THORN

199

He's on his knees. Blood flows from a wound on his calf staining his regular pants.

ANGLE TO GILBERT

The torn body, the ruined blond hair and face.

MEDIUM - THORN

200

He slowly pulls himself to his feet. The riot is over.

CUT TO:

INT. - FOYER AND STAIRS TO TAB'S APARTMENT
MEDIUM - THE GUARD - DAY

201

The Guard is sitting, as before, with his gun resting on his knees.

ANGLE TO TAB

He enters briskly, passing the guard as he comes up the stairs.

GUARD

Good day, Mr. Fielding.

TAB

Hello, Johnny, what's doing?

GUARD

Nothing much, sir.

Tab grins as he continues up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE LANDING - FEATURE TAB - DAY

202

He finds the key, manipulates the lock, turns the knob, pushes the door open.

ANGLE THROUGH THE DOOR TO MARTHA

She's sitting at the table across the room. She's in a bra and slip.

CLOSE UP - TAB

203

He smiles at the lovely sight.

REVERSE TO MARTHA

204

She wants to say something.

INT. - TAB'S APARTMENT - FULL SHOT - DAY

Thorn is in ambush behind the door. He grabs Tab, pulls him in, hits him two lightning-fast shots to the stomach and back of the neck. Tab falls. Thorn SLAMS the door shut.

THORN

Mr. Fielding...

Thorn pulls Tab up, braces him against the door, frisks him, removes a gun, jams it into his own pocket. Thorn's pants' leg is slit, there's a bit of cloth tied around his wound.

THORN

Why did you set up Simonson?

TAB

I didn't.

THORN

You're all there is.

Thorn slugs him in the back. Tab spins around, stays erect.

THORN

Who pays the bills here?

TAB

I do.

Thorn hits him again.

TAB

I won't hit a cop, bastard.

THORN

I'll just kill you.

He hits him again.

ANGLE TO MARTHA

She comes at Thorn scratching, clawing, a tiger.

Thorn clips her with an elbow. She goes down.

ANGLE TO TAB

He roars and comes at Thorn. Thorn reacts, clubs him with both hands, spins him around, grabs him by the throat.

THORN

You get life for that, jerk. Life in a waste disposal plant somewhere. Life in a Soy lent factory somewhere.

205
CONT'D
(2)

Thorn flings Tab away. He lands on the floor, still conscious, gasping for breath.

THORN

How about that nice big fat Soy lent Corporation? Do you work for them like Simonson did? Do they give you money, supply you with weapons? Does Soy lent buy your strawberries?

Pause. Tab isn't going to talk for anything. Martha MOANS in the b.g.

THORN

Anybody tails me, bothers me again, and I'll come back and I'll kill you...and her.

(beat)

Got it?

(beat)

Get them off me.

He exits.

CUT TO:

INT. - SIMONSON'S LIVING ROOM - ESTABLISH - DAY

206

The soft lights are on, STEREO playing, but the room is empty.

The bathroom door is closed but we can hear the SHOWER RUNNING.

The doorbell SOUNDS.

No response. The sound of the SHOWER continues.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE CORRIDOR AT CHELSEA WEST - FEATURE
THORN - DAY

207

He's outside the door of 22A waiting. He hesitates.

No response.

He POUNDS the door with his fist. Finally it opens.

ANGLE TO SHIRL

She's perfectly beautiful. Her hair is wet. Her gown isn't quite securely fastened. She's shocked by Thorn's appearance.

207
CONT'D
(2)

SHIRL

Thorn! What happened!

He takes her in his arms.

THORN

Never mind...

He's holding her. We see on Shirl's face a new kind of pleasure, a new kind of delight. Thorn seems to need her.

SHIRL

What is it, honey?

THORN

I was afraid for you.

SHIRL

Come in. Oh, come in.

They enter. The door closes.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE EXCHANGE - FEATURE THE LEADER AND SOL - DAY

208

There are a wide variety of books and periodicals spread out in front of the old people. They've been at this for hours. They're tired but they're fascinated.

THE LEADER (to Sol)

Well, Mr. Roth?

SOL

We have to check it again. We have to be certain.

THE LEADER

But the implications are obvious. They're based on the reports you brought us.

SOL

Please.

The Leader sighs.

THE LEADER
 Very well. It will be necessary
 to recompute the effects of
 radiation on the waters...

208
 CONT'D
 (2)

CUT TO:

INT. - SIMONSON'S LIVING ROOM - THORN - SHIRL -
 NIGHT

209

The curfew SIREN is sounding outside.

Thorn is in the comfortable chair. His injured leg
 has been neatly bandaged. It's elevated on a
 stool. He appears to be sleeping.

Shirl is sitting near him, looking at him, enjoying
 him. She sighs, leans to him, whispers.

SHIRL

Thorn...

He moves in his sleep.

SHIRL

Thorn, it's curfew.

His eyes open. He looks at her, enjoys her as she
 enjoyed him.

SHIRL

How are you feeling?

THORN

Much better.

Shirl refers to his leg and the bandage:

SHIRL

I did my best but you should
 have gone to a police doctor.

THORN

They might relieve me from duty.

SHIRL

You need a rest.

THORN

More than two days and I lose my job.

SHIRL (playful,

half serious)

Then we could go to another city.

THORN
They're all just like this.

209
CONT'D
(2)

SHIRL
The country then.

Thorn gets up, collects his gear.

THORN
It's not permitted. The farms are
like fortresses.

SHIRL
Why?

THORN
Good land has to be guarded like we
guard the waste disposal plants and
Soylent factories and plankton
ships.
(beat)
There are lunatics in this world who'd
like to destroy everything we have.
Maybe Simonson was one of them.

SHIRL
I don't believe it.
(beat)
It means we can't go anywhere.

THORN
No. Why should we.

He clips on his gun.

THORN (cont'd)
Be careful. Keep the scanners on.
Don't go out without a bodyguard.

SHIRL
The new tenant is coming tonight.
He may not want me.

THORN
He will.

SHIRL
Why?

THORN (teasing)
You're some helluva piece of furniture.

SHIRL
Don't talk to me like that!
(beat)
Please.

Thorn takes her in his arms.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE EXCHANGE - SOL AND THE BOOKS - ESTABLISH - 210
NIGHT

The Exchange Leader and the Books are summarizing their findings. They speak primarily to Sol.

ANGLE TO SOL

He speaks through tears with a broken voice.

SOL

It's horrible.

THE LEADER

You must accept it.

SOL (studying a sheaf
of papers)

I see the words. I can't believe them.

LEADER

Believe. The evidence is overwhelming. Simonson was a member of the Board. He learned these facts and they shook his sanity. The Corporation knew that he had become unreliable, feared that he might talk, and so eliminated him. In a sense he was killed by the horror of what he knew.

#1

The real tragedy is there is still time. Even now.

LEADER

The sea can be revitalized...we can enforce birth control.

SOL (flashing papers in
his hand)

Then why are they doing this?

LEADER

Because it's easier. I think expedient is the word. Convenient... practical. What we need is proof of what they're doing before we can bring it to the Council of Nations.

Sol listens in numbed disbelief to what follows. He's heard this song before. As the conversation continues in b.g., he slowly starts to leave the room, hands papers back to Leader.

#1

If only they'd listen. If only we could break down this insane insistence that regulating the size of a family is irreligious... The Council of Nations still considers it immoral.

210
CONT'D
(2)

SOL

Dear God.

LEADER

What God, Mr. Roth. Where will we find Him?

SOL (turning away,
mumbling to himself)
Perhaps at Home -- yes, at Home.
(he starts to exit)

#2

Klyner's theory -- manipulate the genes! The girl babies, the breeders, they're the problem. Fix it so that just one out of every thousand births is female and you've eliminated the incubator.

LEADER

And you've grown a civilization of homosexuals! No, we must look elsewhere for the answer.

CUT TO:

INT. - THORN'S APARTMENT - FEATURE SOL

210X1

Sol is kneeling beside a chest, carefully removing a suit, etc., which is carefully wrapped in tissue paper.

INT. - SOL'S BEDROOM - FEATURE THE SOYLENT SURVEY - NIGHT

211

The two volumes are on Sol's desk illuminated by his reading light. There's a note on top of them. It reads:

Thorn
I'm going Home.
Sol

We HEAR the DOOR OPEN and CLOSE.

211
CONT'D
(2)

THORN'S VOICE

Sol? Sol?

ANGLE TO THORN

He enters the room. A stubble of beard. Blood on his cuff.

Thorn leans over the books and reads the note.

CLOSE UP - THORN

212

As he reads. For a moment he gives way to despair. His face breaks up. Then he pulls himself together and exits out of the door which is not a door.

The front door OPENS and SLAMS shut.

ANGLE TO THE NOTE:

Thorn:
I'm going home.
Sol

CUT TO:

EXT. - NIGHT - STREET - FEATURE SOL

213

He's an exhausted old man stumbling down the street oblivious to the sickly green street and the vague shapes and shadows slipping around him because, gleaming ahead of him like an oasis is

ANGLE TO "HOME"

There is a brilliantly lit building at the end of the street, a building with a marquee gleaming in the night: an old-fashioned marquee. It's like a Balaban and Katz theatre of the thirties with electric lights chasing each other in endless concentric arcs around the overhang, elaborate Corinthian columns and pilasters, and glass doors manned by impeccably uniformed ushers. A single neon sign, where the title of the motion picture should be, announces that this is "HOME."

CUT TO:

INT. - NIGHT - THE BROWNSTONE - FEATURE THORN

214

Thorn runs down the stairs, comes as fast as he can over the worn planks, avoids the mass of people, the sprawled figure of a woman with a beaten face.

CUT TO:

EXT. - NIGHT - STREET FACING "HOME" - FEATURE SOL

215

He's reached the marquee, it glows above him. He glances up at it before he moves to the glass doors.

ANGLE TO AN USHERETTE

215
CONT'D
(2)

She's young and pretty in an immaculate uniform. She swings open the glass door. Her hair flows in the breeze created when the cooled air rushes out of the building.

USHERETTE

May I help you, sir:

TWO SHOT - SOL, USHERETTE

216

He's at the threshold. The breeze hits him, cools him.

SOL

That feels good.

USHERETTE

Yes, sir. Won't you come in?

He nods and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE LOBBY, "HOME" - NIGHT - FOLLOW SOL -
THE USHERETTE

217

It is precisely like the lobby of a movie palace. There are a row of booths like cashier's booths. There's a short line in front of most of the cages. Many of those in line are old, sick, injured. Some are in wheelchairs. Others are perfectly healthy. A few are very young.

CUT TO:

EXT. - STREET LOCATION - NIGHT - FOLLOW THORN

218

He's running down a street. Like Sol, a few moments ago, he is oblivious to everything except his destination.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE LOBBY, "HOME" - NIGHT - FEATURE SOL -
ATTENDANT

219

The courteous man behind the booth where the cashier should be is checking out a form as Sol answers his questions.

ATTENDANT

...and your favorite color:

SOL

Orange, I guess.

ATTENDANT

Music?

SOL (inspecting a list
in front of him)
Light classical?

ATTENDANT

I'm sure you'll enjoy it.

He thrusts the papers at Sol.

ATTENDANT

Sign here please, Mr. Roth.

Sol hesitates.

SOL

A full twenty minutes?

ATTENDANT

Certainly. Guaranteed.

Sol signs. People have formed a line behind him. The attendant sounds a BELL.

ANGLE TO THE USHER

The Usher is middle-aged, quite officious.

USHER

This way please, Mr. Roth.

ANGLE TO THE PORTAL

Beyond the portal -- one of as many as there are cashier's cages -- it is an unfathomable black. But as the Usher leads Sol there, the lighting changes and comes to glow a deep and beautiful orange. The MUSIC of a waltz begins to pulse from within the portal as the Usher leads Sol through.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE AMPHITHEATRE - FOLLOW SOL - NIGHT

220

Sol steps through the portal into the amphitheatre. It's suffused with the orange color and the effulgent MUSIC. The Usher has disappeared.

ANGLE TO THE BOY AND THE GIRL

They're young and fresh, dressed in appealing garments, and they welcome Sol with smiles and soft, MUSICAL SOUNDS.

They lead him gently towards a luxurious couch in the center of the amphitheatre, a couch with soft quilted blankets and snow white sheets and a pile of inviting pillows.

They touch him, begin to undress him. They are like affectionate children, like grateful students idolizing a beloved teacher.

The light turns golden.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE STREET FACING "HOME" - FEATURE THORN - NIGHT

221

He's running to the entrance of "Home," moving quickly although his bad leg is oozing blood, coming to the marquee glowing there, inviting, beckoning, "Home."

CUT TO:

SOL

222

is drinking from a cup as they anoint him with oil -- soft liquid on his old, creased skin -- massage him softly, lovingly; golden heads bent over him, working intently, smiling, reassuring, stroking his face, brushing his hair.

Towels gently applied, wiping off the excess, drying Sol, dusting with a golden powder.

ANGLE TO THE BOY

223

Just beyond Sol, hovering, attaching something to Sol. Painless. A white linen sheet is pulled up to Sol's glowing face. A quilt. Sol closes his eyes. He rests. Enjoys.

Sol opens his eyes. The Boy and the Girl are gone. The golden light turns darker, goes to a dull sunset color. The MUSIC reaches a quiet, expectant kind of rhythm. The moment before the performance -- the hush before the curtain.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE LOBBY, "HOME" - FEATURE THORN - NIGHT

224

He's arguing with the Usher, flashing his badge...

USHER

You know the regulations, Mr. Thorn.

THORN

Where the hell is he?

USHER

I am sorry.

Thorn shoves him aside and starts towards a portal.

ANGLE TO THE PORTAL

225

THREE UNIFORMED COPS appear. Each taps a sapper in his hand.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THORN

226

He goes directly to them.

THORN

Thorn, 14th Precinct.

The cops keep coming. One of them has a jagged scar on his forehead.

THORN

Police business.

They keep coming, back him towards the Usher, towards the exit.

226
CONT'D
(2)

USHER (to Thorn)
Keep your voice down. We will not have any further disturbance.

THORN
All right.

USHER
Your gun please, Detective Thorn.

Thorn removes his gun from the holster and hands it over. The Usher passes it to a cop. The Usherette hands the Usher a list. He scans it.

USHER
You want Mr. Solomon Roth?

THORN
Yes.

USHER
Very well. This way please.

He turns and Thorn follows him across the lobby.

There is a long, curved, ornate flight of stairs. Where a sign should say "Balcony," it reads instead:

"Beneficiaries Only."

Thorn follows the Usher up these stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. - AMPHITHEATRE - FEATURE SOL - NIGHT

227

He's waiting. The lights go even darker and the music is reduced to a long sustained chord.

CUT TO:

INT. - ENTRANCE TO CONTROL ROOM, "HOME" - NIGHT

228

Thorn and the Usher pass the golden statue of Diana. Ahead of them there is a small portal glowing. A lighted sign above it reads:

"Beneficiaries Only
Amphitheatre 5"

The Usher opens the door. Thorn enters with him.

228
CONT'D
(2)

CUT TO:

INT. - BENEFICIARIES' ROOM - "HOME" - THORN, THE
USHER - NIGHT

229

There are several chairs, a speaker with several signs which may flash on or off, a clock rimmed in dark wood with a single hand and numerals from one to twenty.

Thorn and the Usher enter. Thorn's attention is immediately riveted on the sight he sees through the large viewing window.

ANGLE TO AMPHITHEATRE FROM THORN'S POV

230

Sol is small and white on his couch.

CLOSEUP - THORN

231

THORN

Dear God...

USHER

It's truly unfortunate that you missed the overture...

CUT TO:

INT. - THE AMPHITHEATRE, "HOME" - FEATURE SOL

232

Breathing harder, not as relaxed, becoming frightened.

CLOSEUP - SOL

233

The lighting changes abruptly. Music pulses. Bright lights are reflected on Sol's face and on the linens. Sol relaxes again and smiles with delight and wonder at sights we cannot see.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE BENEFICIARIES' ROOM - NIGHT

234

CLANG! A steel shutter bangs closed concealing the sights in the amphitheatre from Thorn and the Usher. The CLOCK begins to tick, the hand to advance...

THORN

What the hell!

USHER

You can speak to him in a moment, sir.

THORN

I want to see him!

USHER

That's absolutely prohibited during the ceremony, but I can assure you...

Thorn reaches forward, grabs the Usher by the throat, begins to exert pressure on the artery...

THORN

You open that damn thing now or I swear you'll die before he does...

The Usher nods assent. Thorn releases him, the Usher inserts a key in a concealed lock. The shutter swings open.

CUT TO:

VARIOUS ANGLES TO THE AMPHITHEATRE

235-237

FULL SHOT - THE AMPHITHEATRE

238

The MOTION PICTURE has begun. It is a simultaneous projection above Sol's head, on the ceiling, on all of the walls. The amphitheatre seems to expand as it glows with the color and excitement of many images and sequences projected at once.

"Home" is showing Sol the world as it once was, the world he dimly remembers, longs for, feels the loss of so deeply.

ANGLE TO THE MONTAGE

239-246

Sky, Water, Fields of crops. Willows, elms, cedars, redwoods. A lake shimmers. The sea rolls in. The sun rises. Clouds roll across the arc of heaven.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE CONTROL ROOM, "HOME" - NIGHT

247

Thorn reacts to these visions of the bountiful nature he never knew.

The clock has moved to 5.

A light flashes:

"Speaking Permitted."

A microphone swings into position.

THORN

So.... Sol, can you hear me?

CUT TO:

INT. - THE AMPHITHEATRE, "HOME" - CLOSEUP - SOL - NIGHT

248-252

He hears Thorn's voice just above the level of the music:

SOL (confused)

Thorn?

INTERCUT CLOSEUPS - THORN

THORN

Yes.

Sol smiles. He's content.

SOL

Thank you for coming.

THORN

Don't do this.

SOL

I've lived too long.

No. THORN

248-252
CONT'D
(2)

Sol speaks without shame:

SOL
I love you, Thorn.

THORN (breaking up)
I love you, Sol.

ANGLES TO THE MONTAGE

253-263

Creatures of the world: porpoises at play in the ocean, a pride of lions under the African sun, a butterfly skimming a field, an insect poised, a dog tilting his head trying to understand, a flight of ducks against an autumn sky, squirrels, seals, tropical fish, microscopic organisms.

CUT TO:

INTERCUT CLOSEUPS - SOL - THORN

264-268

SOL
Can you see it?

THORN
Yes.

SOL
Isn't it beautiful?

THORN
Yes.

SOL
I told you!

THORN
How could I know? How could I
ever imagine?

Flowers are recapitulating their life cycles in rainbows of color.

The hand on the clock clicks forward.

RESUME CLOSEUP - SOL

269

The MUSIC builds in crescendo. The "movie" is reaching a climax:

ANGLE TO THE MONTAGE

270-279

The ages of man from birth to old age with examples from every race and culture. The infant nurses, the child toddles, the adolescent finds love, the couple marries, has children, grows old. A life cycle is lovingly recreated leading forward from end to end.

These images trouble Sol. He turns from them, murmurs something, says it louder above the mounting MUSIC:

SOL
Horrible... Simonson... Soylent...
Listen to me, Thorn... Listen...

The word is a hollow rasp. Sol says more, his mouth moving, but we can't hear him above the music.

INTERCUT CLOSEUP - THORN

280-283

Here, too, in the viewing room, the MUSIC is obliterating Sol's last words.

THORN (grabbing the Usher
by the throat)
I can't hear him... damn it, do
something.

The Usher trembling, hands Thorn an earpiece -- a direct line.

THORN
Yes, Sol...

RESUME CLOSEUP - SOL

284

The MUSIC rolls over him. Sol is saying something, his lips work, but we can't hear above the sweeping sound.

RESUME CLOSEUP - THORN

285

The earpiece in place. He's listening. He can hear Sol.

The clock is at 15.

The "Speaking Allowed" sign blinks off.

RESUME CLOSEUP - SOL

286

He's finished talking. He's content. He gives himself to the sights and the sounds. His life is slipping away, and as it does:

ANGLE TO THE MONTAGE

287-291

A burst of images like the final pattern in a fireworks display. Children, flowers, animals, food, in a spectacle of all that was and could have been.

RESUME CLOSEUP - SOL

292

His face suffused with pleasure and then nothing. His eyes glaze. Lifeless.

The projection and music stop. Leader runs backwards: "5, 4, 3, 2, 1." The MUSIC CRANKS to a halt as the tape is manhandled.

Cold white worklights come up.

ANGLE TO SOL'S CORPSE

293

Pitiful, white, shrunken.

VARIOUS ANGLES TO SANITATION SQUAD MEN, SOL, THE BOY, THE GIRL

294-297

TWO SANITATION SQUAD MEN enter. They manipulate an all-purpose apparatus which is like a closet on wheels. Sol is quickly encased in an opaque plastic bag and strapped in position inside the cabinet.

ANGLE TO THE BOY AND THE GIRL

298

They've reappeared. In the harsh light we see that they are neither very young nor very innocent. Quickly they replace the sheets and make the bed.

The lights begin to dim.

The Sanitation Men exit with the apparatus.

CUT TO:

299

OUT

INT. - THE AMPHITHEATRE, "HOME"

300

New MUSIC begins. The portal door is opening. The color changes to purple.

ANGLE TO A TEENAGE COUPLE

301

The Attendants bring in the couple and provide a double couch.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE CONTROL ROOM, "HOME" - NIGHT

302

The black steel shutter swings into place over the glass window.

Thorn stands slowly and faces the Usher. When he speaks he's a man who has seen heaven and heard hell and has nothing much further to gain or to lose.

302
CONT'D
(2)

THORN

Get me my gun.

REACTION - THE USHER

303

CUT TO:

INT. - SIMONSON'S LIVING ROOM - ESTABLISH SHIRL - NIGHT

304

She is absolutely stunning, dressed in a costume which reveals little but promises everything. She is not too blatant, not too demure. She is the perfect, ideal, fantasy piece of furniture.

ANGLE TO TENANT

305

The tenant in his late fifties is a vigorous, masculine sort of a guy. He's enjoying a drink as he sounds out Shirl.

TENANT

I waited two whole damn years for an apartment to open up in this building.

SHIRL

It is a lovely place.

TENANT

How long have you been here?

SHIRL

Not long.

TENANT

How old are you?

SHIRL

Nineteen.

TENANT

Charles said you were twenty-four.

She smiles.

SHIRL
We're both liars.

305
CONT'D
(2)

He laughs.

TENANT
I sleep late in the morning. I like
a big breakfast, no lunch. I organize
the menu for dinner. I have guests
three or four times a week. Sometimes
it's business, then we have to be alone.
Sometimes it's fun, then we like a girl
who's fun.
(heat)
Are you fun?

CLOSEUP - SHIRL

306

Her professionalism fights for mastery over her quite
intense disgust.

REACTION - TENANT

307

as he waits for a response.

RESUME CLOSEUP - SHIRL

308

CUT TO:

EXT. - HOME - NIGHT

309

The brilliantly lit theatre at the end of the green-
tinted street.

310 OUT

ANGLE TO THORN

310X1

He walks out of the theatre and walks purposefully
around it.

THE CAMERA TRAVELS WITH THORN

around the side of the building and to the back
which is dimly lit but reflects the colors flashing
in front. He descends a concrete stairway.

INT. - HOME - NIGHT

310X2

A long concrete hallway leads from the bottom of the stairs. Thorn hurries along the hallway emerging through a door to:

INT. - HOME - NIGHT

310X3

A large basement room supported by pillars. From various directions tables with plastic-wrapped bodies are being wheeled by attendants towards Sanitation trucks where the bodies are removed from the tables and placed in the maw of the trucks.

Thorn, hidden by some equipment, watches the scene.

One truck, fully loaded, pulls away from the platform, lumbers up the ramp.

ANGLE TO THORN

310X4

The truck near the top of the ramp is going very slowly. Thorn leaps from his hiding place into the metal "cradle" in the rear of the truck and disappears from view.

CUT TO:

311-314
OUT

EXT. - OVER MANHATTAN

315

The red disc silhouettes the skyline to the accompaniment of the curfew SIRENS.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

316

The people are jammed into the cars and on the platform.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE SANITATION TRUCK - NIGHT

317

ROARING down a road. Thorn climbs out of his hiding place and climbs to the roof of the truck. Lying down there he is invisible from the ground.

CUT TO:

318 OUT

INT. - SIMONSON'S BEDROOM - FEATURE SHIRL - NIGHT 319

She's in bed, her back turned on the sleeping tenant.

CLOSEUP - SHIRL 320

Her face wet with tears.

321-322
OUT

EXT. - DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT 323-327

Sanitation trucks climb and descend the hill in a macabre procession and recessional.

A sign reads:

WASTE DISPOSAL PLANT #4
Transfer point ahead
No Trespassing

328-349
OUT

EXT. - TRANSFER POINT - NIGHT 349X1

This is an opening in a barbed-wire barricade, flanked by a guardhouse. At this point, the truck stops and the driver gets out. He is led away by a guard to another similar opening in the wire where he boards an empty truck headed in the direction from where he came. Meanwhile, another driver -- from a line of drivers stationed behind the gate -- takes over the first truck (the one with Thorn on its roof) and drives it away. There are lines of trucks at both gate openings -- the full trucks headed in -- the empties headed toward the city.

INTERCUT with Thorn watching this procedure.

EXT. - DISPOSAL PLANT - NIGHT 349X2

This is a huge building with great complexes of pipes lining its sides. In front of this building is a large cement opening in the ground. A truck is in the process of dumping its load of plastic-encased bodies into this hatch.

A long line of trucks await their turn. Thorn's truck is next in line. As it backs into position, Thorn gets a bird's-eye view of the operation from the roof of the truck.

349X2
CONT'D
(2)

The operation completed, Thorn's truck pulls away. As it slows to round a corner of the building, Thorn climbs down the back of the truck and leaps from it to a doorway.

INT. - DISPOSAL PLANT GENERATOR ROOM - NIGHT 349X3

A long line of huge generators HUM and spin. Thorn makes his way through the vast room, stopping occasionally as white-coated attendants check gauges. The plant, being almost totally automated, requires very few attendants.

INT. - SECOND GENERATOR ROOM - NIGHT 349X4

Thorn descends a ladder and squeezes past another generator, its huge, gleaming shaft spinning down through the cement floor to a room below.

INT. - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 349X5

A narrow corridor, crammed with machinery. Thorn picks his way to a metal stairway which he climbs.

INT. - CONVEYOR BELT - NIGHT 349X6

Thorn works his way through a maze of equipment to a long conveyor belt that is moving from high above into an abyss below. The belt is lined with the plastic-wrapped bodies.

Thorn follows the belt to the floor below.

INT. - WIDE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 349X7

This corridor is lined with pipes. Thorn runs through and turns a corner.

INT. - MIXING POOL - NIGHT 349X8

The conveyor belt ends at the edge of a large, circular pool; a huge steel arm pivoted in the pool's center

slowly circles the circumference, gently stirring the water. The plastic-wrapped bodies splash into the water from the belt. Many are floating; others sink out of sight.

349X8
CONT'D
(2)

Thorn watches the procedure, then exits.

INT. - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

349X9

A narrow corridor, a half-mile long, stretches away to infinity. Thorn is racing down it.

INT. - LARGE ROOM - NIGHT

349X10

Thorn enters a huge room filled with immense machines, crosses and climbs a stairway.

INT. - SOYLENT GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

349X11

Again a vast room with huge machines. A conveyor belt RUMBLES overhead. Thorn climbs a narrow metal ladder and is confronted with a long conveyor belt filled with Soylent Green crackers. The impact of this last element is registered on Thorn's face.

Two white-coated attendants are seen below and Thorn moves off.

THE TWO ATTENDANTS

349AX11

They catch sight of the movement above them, spot Thorn, and take off after him.

THORN

349BX11

He sees the men racing toward him and looks for a place to escape. Dodging down an aisle he finds he is trapped, the two men coming at him from opposite directions. A ladder leads to the lofty upper regions. Thorn has no choice but to scramble up it as fast as possible, the two men close behind.

LONG SHOT - THORN

349CX11

running along catwalk high above to factory floor.

THORN

349DX11

comes to a ladder leading down just as the head of one of the attendants appears at the top. A powerful kick to the head sends the man off the ladder.

LONG SHOT - ATTENDANT #1

349EX11

falling through space from the high catwalk. Thorn continues his run.

THORN

349FX11

rounds a blind corner and is grabbed by Attendant #2 who has been waiting for him. A life and death struggle takes place, ending with Thorn flipping the man over the railing.

CONVEYOR BELT CARRYING SOYLENT GREEN

349GX11

Attendant #2 lands heavily on the belt among the Soy-lent Green crackers, his inert body carried along out of sight.

THORN

349HX11

looking down at Attendant #2. Pulls himself together and gets the hell out of the area.

EXT. - DISPOSAL PLANT - NIGHT

349X12

Thorn hides in a dark doorway until a sanitation truck passes by, then leaps into the steel trough in its back.

EXT. - STREET - NIGHT

349X13

Thorn is walking rapidly down the street, heading for the Exchange.

EXT. - THE EXCHANGE - NIGHT

349X14

Thorn's POV. A dark figure darts behind a column.

BACK TO THORN

349X15

He takes note of the fleeting figure, changes his course, away from the Exchange, crosses the street and rounds a corner.

EXT. - STREET - NIGHT

350

Thorn crosses quickly to a call box, riveted to a building wall. He struggles with the key and the lock, swings it open, clicks the receiver. All the while he looks around at the empty street, the vacant intersection.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Dispatch.

THORN

Thorn. I.D. RC 105. Give me the Fourteenth Precinct. Urgent.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Just a moment.

Thorn waits nervously.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

The circuit is in use.

THORN

Break in...

OPERATOR'S VOICE

It's a priority call.

THORN

Listen, give me Chelsea Towers West, 22A. Cut in if you get the Fourteenth.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

I understand.

He waits. Telephone CLICKS. Tumblers fall into place. Circuits are completed with much CRACKLING, NOISE, difficulty.

INTERCUT - INT. - SIMONSON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

351

The telephone RINGS, RINGS AGAIN. The room is empty.

RESUME - THORN

352

waiting. He HEARS the unanswered RINGS.

Shadows appear at the end of the street. FOOTSTEPS. Thorn sees and hears. He waits a moment. Shadows again. He deliberately turns his back.

RESUME SIMONSON LIVING ROOM - FOLLOW SHIRL

353

She runs in from the foyer door and picks up the telephone.

SHIRL

Hello.

RESUME THORN

354

Relief despite the shadows coming nearer, the footsteps, the shadows flitting from door to door, from cover to cover, moving in.

THORN

Shirl. It's me.

INTERCUT SHIRL

355

SHIRL

Thorn, I'm so glad. I have to talk to you.

THORN

There isn't time.

SHIRL

I did something wrong.

THORN

It doesn't matter.

SHIRL

The new tenant wanted me.

There are a total of four men. One of them is Tab. They are slowly closing in on Thorn.

THORN

Good! I want you to stay there with him. Always stay there.

SHIRL

Thorn!

THORN

Get what you can, as long as you can, there, where it's beautiful

SHIRL

I want to be with you.

THORN
 They lock us out and lock them in so
 we can't know. But there are so
 many people... so much hunger.
 Maybe....

355
 CONT'D
 (2)

SHIRL
 I don't understand you.

THORN
 I love you.

SHIRL
 I want to live with you.

CLOSEUP - THORN

356

THORN
 Just live!

OPERATOR'S VOICE
 I have Lieutenant Hatcher.

THORN
 Plug him in.

INTERCUT SHIRL

357

SHIRL (calling into
 the dead telephone)
 Thorn! Thorn!

INTERCUT - INT. - HATCHER'S OFFICE - CLOSEUP -
 HATCHER - NIGHT

358

HATCHER
 Thorn, where the hell have you been?

RESUME THORN

359

Two men are running towards him, guns drawn.

THORN
 Hatcher! Help me!

Thorn spins away, falls to the ground and begins
 FIRING.

ANGLE TO THE TWO MEN

360

The First Man is hit. The Second Man falls to the street and returns the FIRE.

Tab and the Third Man come forward to new positions.

Thorn FIRES, runs forward toward them and FIRES again.

ANGLE TO THE SECOND MAN

361

He's hit.

ANGLE TO TAB AND THE THIRD MAN

362

They run for cover.

RESUME THORN

363

He runs like hell, away from them, around a corner.

Tab and the Third Man run in pursuit.

CUT TO:

EXT. - VARIOUS STREET LOCATIONS - THORN, TAB, THIRD MAN - NIGHT

364

This is a primitive foot race, featuring the sheer physical pain and danger of the situation. Thorn is straining, hurting, breath coming in gasps. Sometimes he goes like a fullback, head down, trying to make ground. At other times he has to bob to evade the fire of the two men behind him. But every second he's running for his life, never knowing if a bullet is going to crease his back. Tab and the Third Man are also in trouble. Thorn is a helluva shot and he has several clips in his pocket.

They run to the limit of their endurance down these ghastly green streets, past the impervious huddles of people on fire escapes, past the seemingly dead civilization of New York City in 2022.

Thorn can't let them gain a step. He can hardly find time, when rounding a corner, to change clips and to fire some shots to keep them back before he charges on down another block and around another corner.

ANGLE TO THE CHURCH

365

It beckons at the end of the nearest street.

ANGLE TO THORN

366

He's reached this final stretch, he wheels around the corner but his leg gives away and he sprawls down.

ANGLE TO TAB AND THE THIRD MAN

367

They round the corner and they have their man.

ANGLE TO THORN

368

He rolls over and FIRES several times. Tab and the Third Man fall. Silence. Pause.

CLOSER - THORN

369

He looks over the distance to the killers and back in the other direction to the church. Perhaps he has finished them. Perhaps he is going to make it.

Thorn crawls away a few feet towards the church. No response from the killers. He waits again until finally he pulls himself to his feet and runs, hunched low, towards the church.

ANGLE TO TAB

370

He straightens suddenly, aims coolly, and FIRES at Thorn's back.

RESUME THORN

371

evading the fire, running up the stairs, entering the church,

FOLLOW TAB, THIRD MAN

372

running after Thorn:

CUT TO:

INT. - THE CHURCH - TAB, THIRD MAN - NIGHT

373

The candles cast their uncertain light. The people, wall to wall, in their bunks, on litters, everywhere. Unmoving, uncaring as

TAB AND THE THIRD MAN spot Thorn running up the nave. They FIRE, oblivious to the crowd which is oblivious to them.

This is staged as a gunfight, brief, vicious. Civilians are hit. For the most part the mob is apathetic not only to Thorn's predicament, but to its own. But here and there a mother shields a child, a daughter throws herself over an old parent, as for the most part the group takes its casualties like a well-trained platoon, without protest.

Thorn finally gets a clear shot at the Third Man, and kills him even as his clip is exhausted.

EXT. - STREET - FACING THE CHURCH - HATCHER - KULOZIK - NIGHT

374

Hatcher's jeep-like vehicle roars to a stop. Hatcher and Kulozik hurry up the stairs into the church.

CUT TO:

INT. - CHURCH - NIGHT

375

Tab moves in for the kill. Thorn jumps him. Hand-to-hand combat, over the people, over structures, shattering the confessional, altar, crucifix perhaps. And finally Thorn strangling Tab with the crook of his arm until Tab gets his gun clear for one final shot and FIRES point blank into Thorn's torso. There is a sudden SHOT and Tab drops.

Hatcher and Kulozik clamber through the crowded aisle and approach Thorn. He is grievously wounded, stretched out, barely conscious. Tab is dead.

ANGLES FROM THORN'S POV

376

Vague images of the church, the candles, the Nun's face.

ANGLES TO HATCHER

377

He moves INTO FRAME through the haze of Thorn's POV.

HATCHER

Hey, punk, are you with us?

OBJECTIVE TWO SHOT - THORN, HATCHER

378

Thorn reacts uncertainly.

THORN

Hatcher? You got him.

HATCHER

I got 'im all right.

A beat.

HATCHER

You don't listen too good but you're
a damn good cop.

The Nun is working on Thorn. Kulozik has commandeered a litter and another man to help. During the following, Thorn is loaded on the litter and borne down the nave...

THORN

Hatcher, get to the Exchange. Tell
them they're right.

HATCHER (leaning
over litter)

Sure, sure, I'll go. But let's
take care of you first.

THORN (desperately)

No, you don't understand. I've got
the proof. They need proof. I've
seen it...I've seen it happening.
They've got to tell people. There's
time yet...They've got to tell them!

HATCHER

Tell 'em what?

But he's trying to understand.

THORN

They're feeding us PEOPLE. Ocean's
dying...plankton's dying. It's
people. Soyent Green is made out
of people!

Reaction, Hatcher, Kulozik, Nun and a Priest who has
joined the group.

378
CONT'D
(2)

THORN (with
terrible intensity)
They're making our food out of
people! Next they'll be breeding
us like cattle...for food!
(he clutches
Hatcher fiercely)
You got to tell 'em! YOU GOT TO
TELL 'EM!

HATCHER
Sure, sure, Tiger. I'll tell 'em.
Don't worry about it.

He stands rooted to the spot as Thorn is carried out
of the church. Thorn is raging now in mounting,
wild urgency.

THORN
Tell everyone...listen to me!
Hatcher, you got to tell 'em!
Soylent Green is people. Stop them
...we've got to stop them before
it's too late. Please! Listen to
me, Hatcher! There's still a chance
...stop them! Everybody...stop
them!

And maybe Hatcher will. He still stands tied to
this terrible thought, as we PULL BACK from him to
the litter of people in the cathedral, most of them
still heedless of Thorn's lone voice crying in the
stone wilderness.

THE END