

From the aircraft, JOHN looks down. He is a tall, meagre man with long grey hair tied by a blue ribbon. He's seen standing, turned to the window. He holds a camera in his right hand. He is about 50 years old. The landscape spreads out down below, with green forests of France. They are four of them, trying to snap some beautiful opidums. TOM, TONIO and LARRY are seated.

John

Tom, when I'm back, I'd like to tell them how happy those people were in our past! they just had to wake up in the morning and walk down to the river, they would kill animals in the forest and they would have them roasted! it was such an easy life! no subways to get to your job, Tom! what a treat!

TOM, a small brown haired man, with a crisp face, turns to JOHN

Tom

you're such a Romantic, John!

TONIO, a middle-aged dark haired man with an italian accent, turns to JOHN

Tonio

you should get married, John, men still keep being Romantic if they don't have a woman at home to remind them how happy is the life of a modern man! you just have to sit

down on your sofa and you watch T.V and you can eat noodles!

John

do you think they had no noodles?

LARRY, a blond haired, very stout man, with a harsh voice, stands up

Larry

you're a stupid man, he said you should not be alone any more, that's what he meant

John

but they had wheat, I know it, I read the book of Caesar about the war of Gauls, and he says they had fields covered with wheat, and that was their main way of sustenance.

Tom

but they had no noodles, John, they were brought from China into Europe by Marco Polo, and it was much later in History!

Larry

what's this fucking discussion about noodles? you just get on my nerves, you should get married, John, and I bet you won't find a girl who'll get interested in those stories of an old time, I bet! and I don't even know why I accepted to be part of this stupid project of taking pictures of rotten old stones! I like elevators, and subways, and rockets, and everything that's quick and modern!

Tonio

don't complain about yourself, you're in an aeroplane, Larry.

Larry

well, let's talk about it, and the engine's roar is so queer, and I bet this plane is the oldest relic of european aviation.

Tom

guess he's telling the truth, he's not so silly as he seems to be.

Larry

what do you mean?

Tom

I mean you're the kind of guy that nobody should take with him in a travel whatever it may be, even if it's a rocket trek to the farthest stars in the sky, I guess you'd say the rocket is slower than a snail!

TOM turns to TONIO and JOHN and the three of them burst out into laughter.

Larry

come on, Tom, try my fist, it's no snail, come on!

TOM has a sudden severe face and he looks at LARRY with anger.

Tom

now I say you're a prick, Larry, and because you're the brother of our magazine's main manager, you were allowed to step in that plane, but now you're going to step out of my life, step out of that plane, Larry! you've got a parachute, now you go out!

TOM opens up the door; a blast of air rushes in, and they are all repelled against their seats.

Tonio

are you mad?

Tom

now you step out! I don't wanna see your face any longer here!

Larry

all right, I go, but you're in here, even more in danger, man! and that'll make you feel how happy your life on earth was, even with Larry coming around!

LARRY steps out. He opens up his parachute. TONIO shuts the door again, and the three of them look at Larry hovering on the forest.

John

I bet he's gonna join us at the oppidum.

Tonio

are we going to land there?

John

yes, we're gonna live there for a while. Like in a camp. like Gauls did. that's the fun of it.

Tom

are we?

Tonio

he's the one who sets up the whole journey, guess he wants us to get back to the old times, that's what he wants, and he's gonna make us true savage men, and when we're back, we won't even be able to eat food but with our claws and maws!

John

yeah, and Larry's gonna like it too.

Tom

yes, and he'll make us his breakfast meat!

Sudden breakdown of the engine. The plane is going down rapidly.

Tom

what the hell...?

John

lack of fuel, I guess.

Tom

even now, you begin again your speech against civilization! now make us birds, if you can, John, we need to fly!

Tonio

only Larry had his parachute on, and we thought he was stupid!

Pilot

we're gonna land, now.

The airplane passes by LARRY under his parachute. The three of them have time to look at him in the eyes. LARRY has a wide smile.

The airplane crashes in the forest. It goes thru a large meadow and breaks off against a big tree. No noise but the singing of birds.

Away from the plane, LARRY lands. He takes off his parachute. When he looks up, he sees a little hill with a citadel on it. He seems to be startled. His eyes get brighter and brighter. He walks slowly then accelerates his pace towards the oppidum. He goes thru the thickets, and rips his clothes and his arms and legs that bleed a little. His breath gets deeper and he runs. He arrives in the citadel, he sits on the ground of the main part, a large place, limited by half-broken walls; he stares at everything around him.

### Larry

fucking jump in the past that is; there's the thing Tom spoke about! and he was right, that goddam child was right! it's a must!

LARRY stands up and goes slowly to the front wall. He looks at it closely and finds a bunch of leaves wrapped together in rotten threads. He smells them. His head turns pale, and his eyes lose control of themselves, they shut, and Larry falls back, steady on the ground.

His eyelids are trembling. There is a slight noise of trembling motions. The trembling gets louder and louder. Everything is red in his eyes (the camera gets in his eyes). Everything is black, then everything green on the screen. A meadow appears. The noise gets even louder. Now there are yellings.

Thousands of Gauls gather in the middle of a meadow. They are holding spears in their hands. They point them to the sky. ORGETORIX is standing on a platform of wood just before the forest. Several men stand around him and are holding him tight. he is small, bare-footed, blond haired, and he has a fierce look at the men around. TRUBEDIX, a tall man, beside him, moves his arms up and down.

### Trubedix

Orgetorix has betrayed us, he wanted to be the king of Gaul. Our people the Helvetian people is struggling inside to get better lands and have better food, and that man wants us to die for his power designs. He must die!

A few men before the platform are shouting. One of them stands out, he is ETRIX, a little, short haired man.

### Etrix

yes, kill him, Orgertorix is a traitor. he's given his daughter to Dumnorix, the brother of Diviciacos, and he is a heduan. He's selling our people to anyone that can bring him help to the power.

Another man, LARETRIX, brown haired, half naked, stands out.

## Laretrix

he's set up Casticos to take the power in his hands, as his father Catamantaloedis was on the brink of death. He's killed his father, and he's ruling his people in the ways of Orgetorix.

## Orgetorix

many people say that to hold the power is a bad thing, and they could be right, but I say they are not right because I am a man that has chosen power to help his people take a better part of the resources of Gaul. Don't you know that we have no more wheat.? and that we should be allied to other peoples of Gaul, if we want to have a better living; our wives get thinner and thinner and they won't be able to bear children any longer, if we don't possess new fields, in southern regions.

now, listen, there are my clients here, there are thousands of them!

In a sudden rush, women come to the platform and trample on the men that stand around ORGETORIX. One of them, FLITIA, a young good-looking woman turns to the crowd.

## Flitia

why are we deprived of everything? we are women and we need to feed our children, and nobody's ever cared about that, you men are going out to fight against your neighbors, and we keep wailing home, with nothing at all but our meager teats to give a poor milk to our kids

Women show up their faces hidden under tunics, and wail loudly. Women are the first to walk on the accusers and they kill them with their spears.

The men around ORGETORIX run away, while others are killed. ORGETORIX lifts his arms up to the sky.

### Orgetorix

there's our God of Light that has made us see the right way!

ORGETORIX gets down the platform and runs thru the crowd of his clients who want to touch him and hold out their hands as to receive money.

ARETIX, a meager and short haired man, comes to ORGETORIX

### Aretrix

I'll give you my wife, Orgetorix, I'll give you anything you want, but please help me have a decent land to plant seeds on! I just wanna see a crop, there's such a long time I haven't touched that sweet, long stem of a wheat sprout.

### Orgetorix

I'll give you what you want, man, I am Orgetorix, and I can take the lands we need, man!

### Aretrix

thank you, king, thank you

ARETRIX tries to grasp ORGETORIX's hands, and arms, so that ORGETORIX falls down on his knees.

Many men and women around him try to touch him. He is now lying, his face turned to the ground.

### Orgetorix

please, let me out of here, I will give you everything, men, women, you are my people, I love you, I will do the best for you, but please go away from me, please!

ORGETORIX's voice gets weaker and weaker. Men and women keep touching him. Now they are walking on him. Every one tries to pull a part of his body to himself. ORGETORIX yells once, then his body is lifted up. The corpse is brought from hands to hands, then heaved upon a small tree. There everybody kneels, and prays.

RESSIA, a woman comes out of the crowd, crying out.

Ressia

you have killed him, you fools, you have killed my husband!

RESSIA shrieks again and jumps on the tree, climbing up with her nails so as to cling to the trunk. When she is up there, she kisses Orgetorix on the mouth and takes out a knife.

Ressia

now there's what you did.

RESSIA pushes the dagger into her throat, while she is looking up to the sky. She falls down in the crowd; sudden silence throughout the field; men and women stand up and depart, slowly and silently.

While everybody is leaving, VERCINGETORIX, a tall blond haired man is standing in the middle of the field, looking fiercely in front of him. When there is no-one left in the field, he walks to the tree, and takes ORGETORIX in his arms (he is tall enough to reach him in the tree) and lays him down near his wife.

VERCINGETORIX kneels beside them, and begins a chant in a celtic language; when he finishes singing, he raises the two of them and brings them to the river, where he lets them go downstream; he looks at them till they