

THE JEKYLL LIGHT

use the gun in the room the ape picks it up  
they are still sleeping. 2 shots left in the gun  
ape picks it up shoots one ape coming  
in the door.  
Tom runs away - etc.

REVISED TREATMENT

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April 18, 1983

The night is bleak and drizzly, and it matches Larsen's mood perfectly. After twelve hours of steady driving, all Larsen wants is a hot shower, a couple of stiff drinks and a good night's sleep.

Up ahead is the cut-off to the Charleston Coast Guard Command Station, Southern District. Larsen turns the car north along Suter Street. Until the end of World War II, Suter Street had been a bustling center of Naval and Merchant Marine commerce. Now it is a seedy, run-down Charleston slum.

Over on the right, Larsen spots a liquor store. A group of teenage toughs watch as Larsen parks the car, locks up and heads inside. One of them gestures to the others, and they saunter over to the car.

Larsen pays the cashier, walks outside, then freezes. "Hey! Get away from my goddamn car!" Larsen is outraged--the sons-of-bitches are in the process of stripping it. "Looks like we got ourselves a real tough one here," one of them shouts. "Wanna join the Rebels?" Larsen looks around. The few passersby are ignoring the scene, like it isn't happening. Larsen reaches the car. The gang moves in, backing Larsen against the door.

Petty Officer Disalvo, a tough-as-nails Coastguardsman with six five-year-service stripes on his sleeve, pulls up to the light and stops. As he sits there waiting for the light to change, he notices a commotion across the street. "Sweet Jesus!" Disalvo leaps from his car and races across the street.

The leader of the gang reaches out and grabs Larsen's shoulder. Larsen knees him viciously in the groin. The punk howls with pain and drops to the pavement. The others rush in. One pulls out a switchblade and points it at Larsen's throat.

At that moment, belt flailing, Disalvo charges into the group. The teenager with the knife backs away snarling. Disalvo's assault is lethal. The gang wants no part of it. They break up and run.

Disalvo turns to Larsen. "What the hell are you doing in a neighborhood like this? The dockside's no place for a WOMAN!" Larsen grins ruefully. "I was just passing through, Chief. I guess it's lucky for me you came along. Thanks for the help." Larsen extends her hand and Disalvo shakes it. Then she gets into her car and drives away, leaving Disalvo muttering to himself. "Broads...shouldn't be allowed out alone..."

The next morning, Lieutenant Ann Larsen, in dress whites, reports to the Commanding Officer. She is hoping for sea duty, but it is not to be. Instead, she is given command of a work detail and assigned the task of light-house maintenance on some god-forsaken

repair

island in the middle of nowhere. Unfair, that's what it is, bloody unfair...

Just then, there is a knock on the door and Petty Officer Disalvo enters. His apology for being late is cut short as, dumbfounded, he recognizes Larsen. And when he is briefed on the assignment, he explodes. A woman in charge! As far as Disalvo is concerned, women have no damn business being in the service. And they're no damn good in an emergency. Trying to control his temper, he respectfully requests another assignment. The C.O. refuses his request. Stony-faced, Disalvo tells the C.O. that if anything goes wrong, he won't be held responsible. "You're right, Disalvo, you won't," says Ann. "I will. And make no mistake about it. This detail is going to be carried out, and it's going to be carried out right, whether you like it or not!"

The morning light is grey, the sea slightly choppy. Wearing Coast Guard uniforms, Sally Fiedler and Tom Segrue sit on their seabags at the end of the pier. They talk excitedly about their assignment. A pretty, young blonde, Sally has spend most of her time as a Coastguardsman in the accounting office at H.Q. This is her first assignment to "active duty". Tom has only been in the service a short time. It is his first Assignment, period. *Kiddman.*

A jeep draws near and Ann and Segrue get out. Sally and Tom leap to their feet and salute smartly, introducing themselves to Ann. Disalvo remains silent, watching the scene with grim detachment. Ann shoots him a look. "Okay, Disalvo, let's get this show on the road." The group climbs into the waiting launch and heads for the sea-plane rocking gently in the swells.

The plane banks over Jekyll Light and settles down about a thousand yards off-shore. A launch bucks through the waves towards them.

On shore, Larsen and her party are greeted by Lieutenant Collins. He hands Larsen the log book and traffic charts, gives her a run-down on duty at Jekyll Light, then departs with his crew.

Ann summons the group. She gives them the duty roster assignments and tells them all the work must be accomplished within three days. Disalvo is angry and demands to know why Larsen has imposed such a rush deadline. Larsen informs him that she doesn't want the light-house to be out of operation one minute longer than totally necessary. "And if you're half as good at your job as you are at complaining, then you shouldn't have any problems." Disalvo turns his back and heads for the generator shed as the others set out to start their assigned tasks.

That night, Disalvo delights the group with a great meal, and his piece-de-resistance, a gigantic pie for desert. He promises to provide more gourmet delicacies in the days to come, and grosses the group out with his recipies for eel and tripe pie, live monkey brains, and fish-gut stew.

## Interrelating of characters

Ann -  
Disalvo - Drinks  
Tom -  
Sally - John

3.

Sally and Tom head outside, leaving Ann and Disalvo cleaning up in the kitchen. Suddenly, there is a loud bang. Surprised, Ann drops a dish. She rushes outside with Disalvo to see Sally let off a volley of bullets from a service revolver, hitting a row of tin cans. She is an ace shot. Disalvo is furious--why the hell are they wasting ammunition? Ann tries to calm him down. "It's okay, Disalvo. We're just tending a lighthouse. We're not going to war..."

Early the next morning, Disalvo begins stripping the lighthouse generator. Sally takes inventory of the stocks. Tom retires to the radio shack and begins checking out the transmitter. Ann checks out the light-house reflectors, some of which are cracked and need replacing.

Sally is unloading crates on the verandah. It's a beautiful day, sun shining, a warm breeze blowing. A seagull lands on the balcony railing, looking for a handout. "Nothing today," says Sally. The bird, as if understanding, glides away around the balcony. Sally watches as it dips and heads out to sea. Suddenly, her eyes squint against the sea glare. She frowns, runs inside the house and reappears with binoculars. She adjusts the focus and stares intently. "Wow...!" Sally breaks into a run towards the generator shed where Ann and Disalvo are working.

"Lieutenant! Lieutenant!" Sally bursts into the shed. "There's a ship out there, on Fish Hook Key. I think it's run aground!"

They all run outside. Through the glasses Disalvo sees a rusted-out freighter, a derelict. There is no movement on board, no sign of life. Ann decides to take Tom with her to investigate, just in case there's someone still on board, hurt or sick.

The launch manoeuvres up to the side of the freighter. Across its stern, in rusted letters, is the name "S.S. Paraibo, Belem." The ship is as quiet as a tomb. Dangling from the stern is a frayed rope. Segrue grabs it and nimbly climbs up, disappearing on deck. Ann glides the launch to the sand bar, strips off her pants and jumps into the surf. She checks the angle of the freighter's list.

From above, Segrue calls out. "Lieutenant, there's nobody in the focsle or the crew's quarters. I'm going to check the hold." Ann nods.

Segrue unclips the dog-latches of a hatch-cover and pulls it open. A nauseating stench emanates from below. Segrue backs away, coughing, then steels himself, switches on his flashlight, and climbs down into the hold.

In the darkness of the hold, the flashlight beam plays over crooked stacks of crates, many of them smashed open. Then, a row of cages. As Segrue inspects them, he hears a creak and looks up. Nothing. He backs away from the cages, then trips on something and falls to the ground. The flashlight beam finds some small lead containers, marked with a warning; "DANGER. RADIOACTIVE MATERIAL". The lids to the containers have been

Tommy  
shooting  
off

John  
to go

Sex -  
Some  
revel

Returned  
with seaweed

"Sorry about that"

unscrewed. Segrue frowns. Then, suddenly, another noise, louder this time. Segrue looks up just in time to see a crate toppling down towards him. He dives aside as it crashes to the deck. Shaken, he gets to his feet, picks up the flashlight, and turns to head back, then gasps in shock and backs away--a dark figure stands silhouetted in the flashlight's glare. "What the hell's taking so long, Tommy? It's starting to get dark out there." With a sigh of relief, Segrue realizes that the figure is Ann, who has grown impatient and followed him into the hold. Laughing at his nervousness, she leads the way out of the hold and back to the launch.

After dinner that night, Ann learns from the Steamship Registry that the freighter S.S. Paraibo, of Brazilian registry, was lost at sea six years ago. Last port of call, Capetown. All hands abandoned ship during a storm and were rescued with no loss of life. Cargo included wheat and feed grains, drilling machinery, and medical supplies. Tom is curious about the cages he saw, but there is no mention of any livestock. And why hasn't anyone sighted the ship before now? Disalvo frowns sagely. "The triangle..." The others are surprised that he believes all that nonsense about the Bermuda triangle... *+ the weed - The Sargasso Sea.*

Everyone is eager to go aboard and continue the search. Ann agrees, but with one proviso--if all the work is completed by tomorrow night and Jekyll Light is back in service, then the freighter can be boarded and searched, *properly or more completely.*

Ann heads for bed. Disalvo decides to take a walk before retiring. Sally and Tom are left alone, playing checkers. The two are becoming very attracted to one another. Sally moves a piece then stares into Tom's eyes. He reaches for her hand. The game is forgotten... ?

*Joker?* { By the following afternoon, most of the work is finished. Disalvo has almost re-assembled the dismantled generator. Segrue is almost done with the radio. Ann has repaired most of the defective and broken reflector lights. Sally has completed her inventory list. All that remains is some storage work and cleaning up.

While the others break for lunch, Sally wades out into the surf and starts swimming, cutting the water with an easy, expert stroke. After awhile, she rolls over onto her back and floats.

Disalvo is sitting outside the generator shed, eating a sandwich. Something moves in the tall sea grass in front of him. Setting down his sandwich, he stands up to try and see what it is, but whatever it is, it's gone now. He sits down and reaches for his sandwich, but it's gone too. Cursing he looks around. Nothing. Then he hears a banging sound on the other side of the shed and relaxes. "Okay, who's the joker?" No answer. He looks in the shed, but it's empty. Then, another movement in the grass. "Goddamn! Rats!" He picks up a board and goes after it, wading through the grass, swinging his weapon. Then suddenly, he cries out in pain and surprise. As he turns quickly, something dark-- and surprisingly large-- scurries away. And there's blood streaming ?

down from the back of his thigh--he's been bitten. Cursing, Disalvo clutches his injured leg and limps towards the house.

Disalvo's hands tremble as he disinfects his wound and wraps it with a bandage. Blood oozes from the bite. On the way out, he picks up the service revolver and stuffs it into his pants--he's mad as hell. He limps outside and heads back towards the generator shed.

The sun is hot. Sally is sunning herself, drying off from her swim as she eats her lunch. A seagull lands nearby. "Back again, handsome? Well, you're in luck this time." She tosses it a crust of bread. The seagull snatches it up in its beak.

With his gun in one hand and the board in his other, Disalvo searches through the tall grass. "Come on out you little bastard, I'm gonna blow your friggin' head off..." Suddenly, with a scream, something as large as a dog leaps out at Disalvo, knocking him on his back. Hidden in the tall grass, he wrestles with his attacker. Then, there is the sound of a gun shot. Then, silence. Finally, Disalvo staggers to his feet, staring down in disbelief at what he has just killed. "Jesus Christ!"

Sally hears the shot, but doesn't pay any attention--it's probably just Tommy practising. The seagull squawks hungrily. She tosses it another crust, but overshoots. The seagull hops into the sea grass to retrieve it. Suddenly, there is a scramble and a screech of pain. Frowning curiously, Sally leaps to her feet. She walks towards the seagull, then suddenly freezes--rising up in front of her is the weirdest, ugliest creature she ever saw--some sort of twisted baboon, a hideously deformed ape-thing, its fangs dripping with the seagull's blood. Sally backs away in terror. But more of the ape-things rise up out of the grass around her, first two, then three, then a whole pack of them. Sally screams in terror.

Disalvo hears the scream and looks down towards the beach. He sees Sally running through the grass, pursued by what looks like a pack of dogs at her heels. He pulls out his revolver and races towards the girl, the pain in his leg forgotten. As he runs towards her, he yells, "To the radio shack! Head for the radio shack!"

*pull of feathers -  
floats down*  
*kick yourself in.*  
Sobbing, Sally stumbles erratically through the grass for the shack about a hundred yards away. Disalvo races after her, trailing the pack of ape-things. Sally reaches the shack just ahead of the creatures, bursts through the door and slams it shut.

Seeing that she's made it, Disalvo slows down. His leg is on fire. The ape-things swarm around the shack, then disappear behind it. Disalvo warily approaches the shack, gun drawn. He tries to open the door, but it's locked. "Sally, Sally, open the door!" No answer. Just terrified sobs, that suddenly increase to a horrible wail. Disalvo runs around to the rear of the shack, coming face to face with the pack of ape-things. They are crawling inside through a hole near the base of the

shack. Disalvo fires wildly into the pack, killing a few-- but he's going to run out of bullets if he keeps shooting. And there's too many ape-things to kill. Some turn towards him, keeping him away from the others. Disalvo starts to back away...

Then, from the other side of the small building, he hears Sally's voice. "Chief...help me...please..." Disalvo races around the shack. He sees Sally's head and one arm sticking out of a ventilation window. Her eyes are glazed and her head jerks convulsively. From inside the shack comes a terrible sound, growls and cries like a pack of hyenas. Disalvo grabs Sally's arm and tries to pull her out through the window, but it's no use. Sally starts to moan, and looks into Disalvo's eyes. "Chief...they're eating me...my legs...I can't stand it..." Tears run down Disalvo's face. Blood oozes from Sally's mouth. "They're killing...me..." She emits a hideous scream. Disalvo raises the 45., places it against Sally's head and pulls the trigger.

? { At that moment, Ann and Tom come running up. "What the hell's going on?" Numbly, Disalvo drops the pistol and starts to walk away. "We've got to get out of here. Right now." Tom realizes what Disalvo's done to Sally and goes crazy. He runs after him, screaming in rage, pummeling him with his fists. But Disalvo is oblivious to the blows....

*The action here needs straightening out. chase.*

Then suddenly, Ann screams. From the grass behind the shack, dozens of ape-things are emerging. "You're right, Disalvo. We do have to get out of here!" The two men stop fighting and stare transfixed at the wave of ape-things pouring out of the sea grass. "The launch!" The three run toward the wharf and the launch. But the pier is crawling with more ape-things, feeding on the stores in the shed. The group retreats, toward the house, only to discover that it too has been invaded. There is only one place left to go. The three run for the lighthouse tower, pursued by a vicious pack of snarling ape-things.

Finally, they reach the main door of the tower and burst inside. Disalvo slams the door shut. It is dark and quiet inside. The only sound is their heavy breathing. Tom is grief-stricken, but now understands why Disalvo shot Sally. Finally, Ann breaks the silence. "What are those things?" she asks with a shudder. Disalvo already has it figured out. "Must be animals from those cages Segre saw on board. Probably for experimental experiments. That's why they weren't on the manifest, An illegal shipment." But no one can figure out why they're so malformed, and Disalvo's suggestion that it might have something to do with "The Triangle" isn't taken seriously. Then Tom remembers the cases of radioactive material he saw in the hold. The first generation of apes on the ship must have gotten into them after it was abandoned. "What we're looking at," he says darkly, "is the second generation."

Outside, the ape-things are fighting over scraps of food. On top of the radio shack, the oldest and strongest of them, the scarred, grey-furred leader of the pack, sits contentedly, it's

is it empty?

belly full as it toys idly with Disalvo's pistol and stares up at the light-house tower.

The moon has risen, almost full. A faint beam of light from the tower winks off and on, its beacon aimed out to sea. Segrue stands in front of the reflectors, trying to signal with a flashlight, blinking out an S.O.S....

Ann and Disalvo sit below, quietly discussing their options. During the previous days they did a good job of cleaning out the tower...too good a job. They have no food or water, only a couple of coils of wire, some batteries for the launch, a few lengths of rope, an old pair of walkie-talkies, and a half-empty bottle of rum hidden away by one of the previous work parties. If they stay in the tower without food or water, they'll die. No one will come to the island for another ten days. The possibilities of a passing boat picking up their S.O.S. signal are remote. Soon, all the food stored in the sheds and house not in cans will be devoured. Then what will the ape-things eat? There is only one way out. Disalvo suggests a run for the beach and the water. Then he and Tom will swim into the boat house and drag out the launch. It's their only hope. Ann is sceptical. "Who says those creatures can't swim?" But Disalvo ignores the question. Finally, Ann reluctantly agrees. Tonight they'll rest, conserve their energy. And, tomorrow morning...

Just before dawn, the three leave the observation tower and descend the stairs to the bottom floor. On the way, Disalvo grabs some pieces of pipe. He hefts them in his hands and passes the lightest one to Ann. As they approach the final landing, Ann stops. She hears something. Tom takes a flashlight out of his pocket and shines it below. Dozens of red eyes are reflected in the glow. The light pans across the room, revealing a torn-out wooden panel in the door. "Back! Back up the stairs!" The three run for their lives, back the way they came. Like a giant wave, the ape-things below are galvanized into action. They clamber up the steel stairs, their claws vibrating on the metal.

They climb upwards, the mob of ape-things at their heels. Half-way up, Disalvo's leg buckles and he falls face first. An ape-thing slams into his body, worrying and chewing at his flesh. Disalvo flails out with the pipe. There is a crunch and a loud squeal. Disalvo gets to his feet, dripping blood.

Somehow, they make it to the top. Tom rolls the hatchway free and they scramble into the top chamber of the tower. An ape-thing manages to climb up with them. Now, it's baring its fangs and squaring off to face Disalvo. With almost comic deliberation, Disalvo rears back and kicks the ape-thing in the groin, then gleefully bashes in its skull with his pipe.

Noon. The sun is glaring down. The room is like an oven. Ann glances at the hatch-cover. She hears faint scratching sounds and shudders.

illustrate how savage they are by having them devour the man that Disalvo kills.

Remember they have an ape body in with them

*use this as first night* **Di Salvo** <sup>8.</sup>  
*drinks*

Night. The three are in pain, thirsty and worn out. Their spirits are at a low ebb. Then, Disalvo remembers the half-bottle of rum. Soon, they are all a bit tipsy. Softly, Ann begins to hum, then sing. Disalvo and Tom look at her like she's crazy. "Come on you two, sing. Maybe if we sing, they'll go away..." Soon, Disalvo is leading a rousing sing-a-long of bawdy drinking songs, louder and louder, defiance in the face of the enemy...

*Ann gives him*

*Tom should*

Below, the ape-things listen curiously, their bodies quivering with excitement as they wait, hunger beginning to gnaw at their stomachs...

*he like heavy in Dream*

Later. Despite the heat, Disalvo pulls on a sweater, tucks his pants into his socks, then pulls some heavy tin foil off the reflector light and begins to wrap it around his chest...

*This should be done in the day-time*

Ann and Tom awaken to see Disalvo wrapped head to foot in the foil. Now it's their turn to stare at him like he's crazy. Then Ann understands. "You can't do it, Disalvo. I won't let you go out there and get yourself killed." Disalvo continues wrapping his body with the metallic foil without looking at Ann. "If we don't get water, we're all dead." Ann grabs him. "Forget it, Disalvo. And that's an order." Disalvo ignores her. "I've got it all figured out. We throw a line out the window. I take it to the water tower, then I throw one end of the hose in the water, fasten the line to the other end, and you pull it up into the room here. Then we won't have to die of thirst..." Ann relaxes her grip, but is still unconvinced. "But they'll tear right through this stuff." Disalvo grins. "Not if I can help it." He turns to Tom. "Bring those batteries over here, Segrue..." Ann stares at him long and hard, then smiles--she's realized what his plan is...

*Why didn't they think of this before - these bastards don't give a shit about it.*

The hatch opens. Encased in foil, Disalvo starts down the ladder. All that's visible are his eyes. The batteries are strapped onto his back, and he carries a three-foot long pipe wrapped in foil in his hand. He looks around. There are no ape-things in sight. He reaches the ground floor, opens the door and peers outside. It's deathly silent, empty. Disalvo picks up the coiled rope and heads for the water tank.

*there have to be some apes around*

From above, Ann and Tom watch anxiously as Disalvo reaches the tower, ties one end of the rope to a coiled hose, then turns and waves to them. Then he starts to climb. Suddenly, from nowhere, ape-things race towards him, surrounding the water tower. Disalvo strikes out with his-foil wrapped pipe. There is an explosion of sparks, and an ape-thing leaps away with a howl of pain. Another leaps on his back, then screams as it too gets a powerful electric shock. The ape-things quickly learn to keep their distance...

Ann and Tom exchange triumphant smiles. Disalvo is climbing up the ladder, keeping the ape-things at bay. He reaches the top and struggles with the lid. Slowly he inches it off, and

is just about to insert the hose when an ape-thing dives at his face from the other side of the tank. There is a flash of sparks and the creature falls howling into the water--but something has gone terribly wrong. The water has splashed onto Disalvo's electrified suit, short-circuiting it. His body jerks and shudders uncontrollably. Ann and Tom's grins turn to expressions of horror as the ape-things, sensing Disalvo's weakness, attack in force, slashing at his face and legs. ~~It's all over in seconds.~~ Disalvo falls backwards into the water in a burst of steam. Helpless, Ann and Tom can only watch in horror from the lighthouse. The enraged ape things dive into the water. After a brief struggle, all is quiet. Ann and Tom turn away.

The only sound in the room is the plunk, plunk of water falling into a metal pail. Soon a thin trickle streams into the bucket. ~~The color is red, then pink, then becomes almost clear.~~ Tom cups some in his hands and drinks. He offers some to Ann. She retches and turns away, crying softly...

THE color is pink

end of day.

The full moon shines overhead. The bucket is almost full of water. Ann and Tom are dozing fitfully. The nozzle of the hose moves inside the bucket, tapping lightly against the side.

A huge, mean-looking ape-thing, its fur frosted in the moonlight, crawls quietly through the porthole on the hose. He pauses for a moment, then drops into the room with a soft thud...

How is the hose secured so that the weight of the ape doesn't pull it out of the pail.

several apes fall with the hose

Suddenly, out of the shadows, Tom shrieks. Ann looks up. Tom is backing away in terror from the ape-thing. Ann leaps to her feet, runs to the window, and unfastens the hose, letting it drop to the ground below. Tom leaps across the room, jumps through the open door hatch and slams it shut. Ann races after him and desperately tries to open the hatch. In the next room, Tom cowers in a corner, whimpering...

Ann is alone in the storage room with the ape-thing, circling warily, searching for a weapon, anything. Finally she spots the empty rum bottle. She grabs it and smashes it on the wall just as the ape-thing leaps forward with a spine-tingling snarl. They struggle wildly on the floor, then suddenly, the ape-thing goes limp, its throat cut. Ann leaps to her feet, covered in blood, her skirt torn, her breasts exposed...

Tom finally comes to his senses, and opens the hatch cover. Ann bursts into the room and advances on him, a wild, raging woman, ready to strike. Then reality takes hold and she slumps to the floor.....

she should strike him

Tom administers to Ann's wounds, sponging the scratches and bites with disinfectant. When he's finished, he enters the store room, picks up the body of the dead ape-thing and heaves it out the window. Screeches and growls are heard from below as the other ape-things fight over the corpse.

Tom should be shown as a nice guy - but he panicked

now he's sorry but can she trust him after this.

Later. Ann stares out the window at the house below. She has a thought. "Tommy, do you think you could get a rope around the chimney?" Tom looks out the window and says he might be able to do it. Ann begins to outline her plan--a desperate one--but the only one they have left.

If Tom can throw a rope across, <sup>blow up the house</sup> one of them will climb down to the roof of the house, and then attract the ape-things inside. Then, they'll set fire to the house. But Tom has a better idea--he shows Ann how he can make a remote-control detonator with the old walkie-talkie set in the store room. Now, the only problem is how to keep the ape-things from realizing what they are doing...

After midnight, Tom manages to lasso the chimney and stretches the rope taut. He tests it, then crawls back inside and wakes Ann. She picks up one of the walkie-talkies, stuffs it in her blouse, and heads for the rope. Tom stops her--he won't let her go, he'll do it. Ann pushes him aside. Tom hits her and knocks her down. With cold fury in her eyes, Ann gets to her feet. "I'm going down there, sailor. That's an order!" Tom backs away. She heads for the rope, then turns back and looks at him, almost tenderly. "You know what you have to do, Tommy. Don't let me down." Tom nods uncertainly...

Slowly, Ann inches out onto the rope and begins the descent to the roof of the house. Tom watches for a couple of seconds, then runs to the other side of the light-house and climbs out on a ledge. Then, he starts whooping and hollering, jumping up and down in a silly parody of a monkey--but it works. The ape-things come running from everywhere, shrieking and growling, gazing up at Tom as he yells and jumps around like an idiot...

Ann reaches the roof of the house, exhausted. She can hear Tom's shouts, echoed by an angry chorus from the ape-things. She quickly drops to the ground and runs around the house, quietly shutting and bolting the storm shutters. Reaching the door, she peers in nervously, then steps inside.

Shutting the door, Ann races to the kitchen. She quickly turns on the gas on all burners on the stove, sets down the walkie-talkie, opens the pantry door, pulls out some large cans, and starts fumbling with a can opener, dropping it in her haste. Finally, she gives up, grabs an axe and starts smashing open the cans, throwing the food around the kitchen...

Up on the ledge, Tom hears the sounds from the house. And so do the ape-things. They listen intently, then start to rush off, ignoring Tom's renewed attempts to keep their attention. He curses and climbs back inside the tower...

Ann pauses for a moment. The kitchen is littered with food and smashed cans, and gas hisses from the stove. Then she hears it--creaks, rustles, bangs from outside the house--and the door is moving, ready to burst off its hinges as ape-things lunge against it. In panic, Ann searches for a way out of the

*Dread  
idea  
can't use  
it ~~twice~~  
twice*

house, but there is no escape. And the air is becoming unbreathable. She wraps a handkerchief around her face. The sounds from outside grow louder, more insistent. Ann is almost frantic with terror...then she spots it--the fireplace. Spurred by desperation, she crawls inside--it is old, and very big--and manages to squeeze up the chimney--just in time. The door crashes open and a sea of ape-things surge into the house. They stop dead in their tracks at the sight and smell of food, and begin to hungrily gobble up the contents of the smashed cans, fighting among themselves over every morsel...all except one ape-thing, which thinks it hears something in the chimney and goes to investigate...

Tom slides down the rope to the house, burning his hands, and lands on the roof with a thud. He starts calling Ann's name.

Halfway up the chimney, Ann realizes something is coming up after her...and, she's stuck. She hears Tom's shouts, and calls to him...

It takes Tom several seconds to figure out where the voice is coming from. He peers down the chimney, then reaches out his hand. Ann just manages to clutch his fingers. With every ounce of strength, Tom is able to pull Ann up. They collapse, tangled together in a heap on the roof. Then, Ann screams--the walkie-talkie has fallen from Tom's pocket and is clattering down over the shingles. "Tommy! The detonator!" They both dive for it as it slides down towards the eaves...but too late. It falls off the roof and clatters to the ground. And just then, an enraged ape-thing leaps out of the chimney. Ann and Tom exchange a look of terror. And then from the walkie-talkie, they hear a hiss of static. "Jump!" They both leap to their feet and dive off the roof just as a tremendous explosion rocks the house...

Thrown clear by the blast, Ann lands on the ground amidst a hail of debris. Stunned, she looks back to see the house engulfed in a ball of flame. She staggers to her feet. Tom lies nearby, barely conscious. With the last of her energy, Ann hoists him to his feet and begins to drag him towards the boathouse...

Finally, she reaches the boathouse. Holding Tom with one arm, she reaches out and pulls open the door--with a terrifying shriek, the battle-scarred leader of the ape-thing pack leaps out at her. Tom slumps to the ground. Ann manages to elude the ape thing, backing away, and then it's on her. Together, they roll over the rocky ground, locked in a life and death struggle, the ape-thing clawing at Ann as she desperately tries to keep its vicious jaws away from her neck...

Slumped on the ground, Tom comes to. He tries to lift himself up, but just doesn't have the strength. He groans and tries again...

As the struggle continues, Ann is beginning to weaken. The snapping fangs are inches from her jugular, predator and prey's eyes locked together. And then, just when it looks like it's all over...

Standing shakily over Ann and the ape-thing, Tom lets out a strangled, neanderthal howl, raises the large rock he is carrying over his head, and brings it down with all his strength on the ape-thing. It slumps lifelessly into Ann's arms. She crawls out from beneath it, sobbing and gasping. Tom puts his arms around her, then together, they stagger into the boathouse...

As dawn approaches, the sound of the launch's motor breaks the stillness. Ann steers the craft into open water, heading for the mainland as Tom gazes back at the smouldering ruins of the house...

And, on the rocks by the boathouse, the leader of the ape-things, blood matting its fur, staggers to its feet, gazes out at the departing boat, and lets out a blood-curdling scream of defiance...