

He slumps onto the chair and bursts into tears.  
The lieutenant-colonel with the serene, open countenance steps into the frame:

— *No one will ever dare call you a traitor! But you have an obligation to further the course of justice.*

**Slow pan. The camera drifts**

over the faces of the officers. They look at us stiffly. Victory is already theirs! Flashes of silver and gold! Sculpted complacency! The mighty forces of the state! A power ruling half the globe! Who dares raise his puny hand against us!

Mantrov's broken sobs.

**Fade-out. The screen remains in darkness,**

while the many-throated roar of tanks swells ever louder.

**Fading in, seen from slightly below,**

= we see in the gloomy light of dawn a dozen illustrious T-34 combat tanks. We catch them at the moment when the last black-helmeted head still protrudes from the hatch of each tank. The tank-crews are poised like the heroes of steel depicted in some edifying poster. Not a flicker of movement. They seem not even to be waiting for the word of command, but straining to hear, as

through the roar of the tanks

a mighty chorus of male voices swells forth to speed them on their way:

*ARISE, O VAST AND BOUNDLESS LAND!*

*TO MORTAL STRIFE ARISE,*

*AGAINST THE EVIL FASCIST BAND*

*WHOM ALL THE EARTH REVILES!*<sup>30</sup>

And, as one man, they vanish from view, closing the hatches behind them.

The roaring of engines grows louder.

And the tanks move off!

**We run back**

keeping low to the ground in front of them. They're coming! ... They're coming! ... They're coming straight at us! ...

The earth shakes around us!

Red flame erupts from the muzzle of a cannon! ... And another!

A deafening report! A second one!

= The camp gates are reduced to ruins! (We see them from inside the compound.) Flying debris!

The orchestra sustains the chords of the avengers' theme.

= A glorious tank attack! Racing forward, the leading tank drives in through the shattered gates, clearing the remnants of the barricade from its path, and putting the sentries to flight.

All around us voices shouting:

— *They'll crush us! ...*

— *Tanks! ...*

— *Run for it!*

— *Don't panic!*

30. 'Arise, o vast and boundless land!' is a well-known battle hymn of the Second World War. The original poem, 'Sacred War', was written by Vasilii Lebedev-Kumach within days of the Nazi invasion in June 1941. It was set to music by Aleksandr Aleksandrov and became part of the repertoire of the Red Army Choir. In the repeat of the first verse Solzhenitsyn replaces the exhortation of the original with a present tense (here rendered as 'she doth arise'), thus identifying the course of the prisoners' uprising unambiguously with Russia's past resistance to fascist oppression.

**Viewed half from the side**

- = we see the first tanks, away in the distance to the left, and the empty assembly road, stretching between them and us, while from the right Gedgovd's head comes into the screen in close-up. He gives us a reassuring smile:

— *No need for alarm, gentlemen! I'm sure everything will be all right! They're not wild animals, you know!*

And he passes obliquely through our line of vision, heading to meet the first tank – the ridiculous, lanky 'Professor'.

The earth trembles to the roar of tanks.

The celestial choir:

*LET NOBLE FURY SURGE WITHIN*

*AND LIKE THE OCEANS ROAR!*

Gedgovd walks along the edge of the assembly road, barely making way for the tank, trying to flag it down from the side. The tank swerves sharply, knocks Gedgovd to the ground and races towards us, crushing him under one of its caterpillar tracks ...

*THE PEOPLE'S WAR SHALL NOW BEGIN,*

it rushes past us across the screen ...

*A SACRED, HOLY WAR!*

A second tank speeds past Gedgovd's body, but from a slit-trench, behind and to one side, an arm is thrust out.

**Close-up.**

- = It's Gai! From his trench he hurls a bottle
- = at the tank as it drives past. Right under the turret! The bottle smashes, but does not ignite. The tank drives away!
- = But behind it comes a third one! Rumbling past Gai! This time he crawls right out of his foxhole slit-trench, gets up on one knee,

**we are at his side, close to the ground**

- = and gripped by the frenzy of battle, he hurls a second and a third bottle
- = at the tank as it drives away! Fire spreads over its armour plating! The tank bursts into flames as it moves out of the frame!

But now the rumbling of a tank comes – from the other side! The ground shakes!

It had been following the tank we just saw! Coming up behind Gai!

He turns, but – too late! ... He is

crushed at the very edge of his foxhole, and then

the caterpillar tracks come thundering over our heads!

- = Gai's body lies beside us, crushed to pulp. The head thrown back, facing us, his features almost intact and still carried away by the heat of battle.

Music of the avengers and of those who must perish!

- = Another tank rolls past us!
- And another one! ...
- And yet another! ...

While behind the tanks Red Army-men run past us – crimson shoulder-boards, tommy-guns at the ready,

wave

upon wave ... Of those nearest to us, we can see only the boots.