

EXHIBIT ②

"GORILLAS IN THE MIST"

First Set Revisions
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A.H.P.

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FADE IN

EXT. KARISOKE RESEARCH CENTER - RWANDA, AFRICA - MORNING

Mist floats like a bridal veil over the coffin. Lashed by bamboo poles, the pine box is carried by Rwandan Porters.

The funeral procession is comprised of both Whites and Rwandans. It is led by Sembagare, in his 60's. His lordly bearing, finely chiseled Semitic features reflect his Watusi bloodline.

They walk through a lush meadow, cross a stream, pass corrugated tin cabins, ascend a hill. A Porter slips in the muddy terrain, causing the coffin to reel and rock.

A full grown, short haired, tan, mongrel dog runs around, excited by the activity. The dog does not bark.

Evidence of the 10,000 foot altitude and three-hour climb show on the mourner's faces, in their body language. Varying attitudes are reflected by them.

Rosamond (Roz) Carr, in her late 70's, feeling the weight of loss coupled with the strain of the climb, needs to inhale oxygen from a portable tank. She mutters to herself through bursts of sobs.

Andre Mukara, in his 50's, is a compactly built Rwandan. He appears in tight jawed control. Eyes dart from face to face. Tension is thick.

Everything about this image tells us this isn't an average funeral for an average person.

They reach a small cemetery. We see grave mounds all marked by sticks crossed by flat pieces of wood that bear the names...MARCHESSA, MACHO, OLD GOAT, SHINDA, UNCLE BERT, DIGIT. Stones have been arranged to form a circle around each grave.

The coffin is lowered into a deep hole next to the grave of Digit. As flowers are tossed, one of the mourners turns away, looks at the mountain. He is Sembagare, in his late 50's. His lordly bearing, finely chiseled Semitic features reflect his Watusi bloodline.

His face shows no strain, no sorrow. It reflects love, peace...and a memory.

SEMBAGARE

(voice over)

They called her Nyiramachabelli. It had many meanings. Some said it meant..."A quick, strong woman." Some said it meant "The woman who lives alone in the forest." Others said it meant "The woman who lives alone in the forest without a man." That's the one she liked best. That's the one that made her laugh.

CUT TO:

FLASH BACK

INT. OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY ROOM - MEDICAL CENTER - KNOXVILLE, KENTUCKY - 1967

We hear a woman's laughter. It's full, throaty, lusty.

A 7-foot mural is painted on the wall of the room. A green mountain range, amateurishly drawn hagenia trees serve as backdrop for comically painted gorillas in various poses.

The laughter comes from Dian Fossey, 37 years old. It's her intense, riveting stare that hits us first. Her eyes are hypnotically, obsessively focused on a squirrel as he scurries back and forth across an open window sill. She rolls three peanuts in her hand like Captain Quesg.

Dian's hair is thick and brown with luscious red highlights. It's one of her best features and she knows it. She constantly runs her fingers through it. In moments of anxiety she will unconsciously twirl a strand of it around her index finger.

Stylishly dressed in cashmere and tweed, she obviously has a penchant for gold jewelry. It hangs from her wrist, throat, ears. A ruby on her right hand. A tasteful size diamond on her left. Her look reflects engraved Christening Cups, Private Schools, Coming Out Parties. Her manner of speaking reflects something else.

Next to her, strapped to a tilt table, is a boy, Sam, 11 years old with badly gnarled fingers due to rheumatoid arthritis. He watches her watch the squirrel.

DIAN

'Atta boy, It's going to taste so good.

(to the boy)

Think he'll want a beer chaser?

Sam smiles as the squirrel tentatively grabs the peanuts, munches away.

Dian puts the peanuts on the tray of Sam's tilt table.

DIAN

Okay, Sammy, you're up.

Sam extends a painful elbow joint so his fingers are next to the peanuts. He makes a feeble attempt to pick one up. Stops.

SAM

I can't.

DIAN

Owl shit!

The boy makes another attempt, pushing welded joints to open.

SAM

I can't! It hurts!

DIAN

I know it does. Do it anyway!

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

We are on the back of a man's head as he walks down the hallway. He uses a cane. The head is covered with a shock of white hair. The head turns from side to side, looking for door plaques.

He reaches the one marked OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY. He opens the door. From his point of view, we see Dian, Sam, the squirrel. The man is unobserved. He watches, silently. His attitude tells us he is no ordinary man. He is a man/God on a mission. He is the anthropologist, Dr. Louis Leakey.

We watch Dian from his point of view.

SAM

No! I won't! I'm doing it!
Ever!

A Occupational Therapist comes in a side door. He wears a lab coat.

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPIST

You're supposed to wear your lab coat, Dian!

Dian pays the man no mind. She plops down onto the floor. We see her toughness/gentleness is interwoven like the double helix of DNA.

Sam doesn't budge, jaws set. The squirrel sits, waits.

Dian pulls a lipstick from her blazer pocket and, using the buckle on Sam's strap as a mirror, she reapplies Revlon's "Softshell Pink" to her lips. There's a lustiness to this woman.

DIAN

I'm gonna count to...one...If you're not holding that peanut between your thumb and your index finger on your right hand...I'm going to take my nap and you're going to be stuck here right through "Man From UNCLE."

SAM

Screw you, Dian.

She doesn't buy into it.

DIAN

One!

She drops her head to her knees. Affects drowsy.

DIAN

Jeez, I'd love a smoke!

She closes her eyes, snorts a loud snore...One eye opens to observe the boy.

We see Dr. Leahey's lips are curved in a smile. It's at this moment he knows she's the one. His instincts are right...again. She's perfect.

The squirrel comes closer. Sam painfully reaches for the peanut. He picks it up, drops it. Tears well. He tries again. Succeeds. Holds it out to the squirrel who grabs it; eats.

SAM

I did it!

DIAN

Do it again!

He tries, fails. Tries, succeeds. Peanuts are gone. The squirrel runs off.

DIAN

What the hell do you expect from a rodent?

An Orderly comes in, begins to wheel Sam out a double door.
Dian and Sammy throw kisses

ORDERLY
(to Dian)
You better put your lab coat on.

The Orderly and Sam leave.

DIAN
Jesus, what is this? Red China?
Jesus!

Dian stands. She reveals herself as a 6-foot beauty. Dr. Leahey's face says "Good...she's big, strong." He also is able to check out her long shapely legs. He does, with relish. Yes, another point in her favor.

Dian goes to her purse, pulls out an empty pack of Camels. Groans. Throws it into a waste can. She turns, catches her image in the stainless steel paper towel dispenser. She stares at the distorted reflection.

A long moment. Her face reads discontent, unfulfillment, longing. She sighs. In her sigh, we hear the echo of a void...an empty space that longs to be fulfilled.

She snaps herself out of it, turns and comes face to face with Dr. Leahey. Recognizing the famous man, she is stunned.

DIAN
Are you?...You're Louis Leahey!

He takes a letter, resume and professionally-taken glamorous photograph of Dian.

DR. LEAHEY
I received your letter and resume.
You're taller than your picture.

DIAN
I was coming to your lecture
tonight to ask you if...

DR. LEAHEY
I shall save you the time...Did
you paint that mural?

DIAN
Yes.

DR. LEAHEY
It's awful.

She knows it, nods.

DR. LEAKEY

Shall we get out of here? I hate
the smell of hospitals.

As they leave, they walk past the Occupational Therapist. Dian
pulls a cigarette from his lab coat pocket.

EXT. UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER GROUNDS - DAY

White-coated medical personnel rush by. Dian smokes, twists a
strand of her hair while Dr. Leakey looks over her resume.

DR. LEAKEY

Do you like working here?

DIAN

Yes...Well, it's a little confin-
ing, actually.

He drops it like a bomb.

DR. LEAKEY

I need someone to conduct a census
on the mountain gorillas of Cen-
tral Africa.

DIAN

A census?

DR. LEAKEY

Yes, a count. You know...one,
two, three...Well?

She realizes he means her.

DIAN

Me?! I don't know anything about
counting gorillas. I don't have
any credentials.

DR. LEAKEY

Exactly...You'll need a work visa,
yellow fever and cholera inocula-
tions. Start taking malaria
tablets immediately.

Slowly, we see the confusion and fear on Dian's face be re-
placed by a great flash of excitement. He's tapped into the
void in her life, with the promise of filling it.

DR. LEAKEY

You must be in Zaire in four weeks. That's when the funding begins. Oh, you'll have to have your appendix removed.

She begins to question, but Dr. Leakey puts his ham like hand gently on the side of her face. He looks deeply into her eyes. She's transfixed. They stand in the middle of the walkway, causing people to navigate around them.

DR. LEAKEY

(tenderly)

By the by, you were wonderful with the child back there.

He's got her.

DR. LEAKEY

So...No problems. Yes?

Before she can answer, a problem approaches them in the person of David Manning. He is in his late 30's and handsome. He wears a lab coat.

DAVID

Dian! I've been looking for you!

DIAN

David, this is Dr. Leakey...

(to Leakey)

This is my fiance, David Manning.

David recognizes the white-haired man. His open face broadens into a genuine smile. He shakes Dr. Leakey's hand vigorously. Dian looks at Dr. Leakey. Her face says, "Yes, here's the problem."

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Dian in a hospital bed. She holds a "Teach Yourself Swahili" book in one hand. Lights a Camel with the other. A record spins...English/Swahili translations throughout the scene.

RECORD

(voice over)

Soup...mchuzi. Soap...sabuni.

Stupid...jinga.

Her fiance, David, paces.

DAVID

This whole business is
ridiculous...What do your parents
think?

DIAN

They've moved past ridiculous to
insane.

. David nods in self satisfied agreement, then sits down on the
left side of Dian's bed. She winces.

DIAN

David! My stitches!

DAVID

Oh, God. I'm sorry!

Dian unwraps a Snicker candy bar, takes several bites as a
Candy Striper comes in, hands Dian a stack of mail. Dian is
focused intently on the candy bar.

DIAN

I'm thirty-seven years old...I'm
this candy bar here. There's two-
thirds of my life left...I have a
chance now to do something...I
don't know...adventurous.

DAVID

I just don't like postponing the
wedding...again.

She ruffles through her mail.

DIAN

(sincerely)

I'll be back by Christmas.
That'll give me three months to
organize the wedding.

The last letter gets her attention. She rips it open. David
sees it's from Dr. Leahey. Dian reads silently...stops
abruptly. Shoots a quick defensive look at David.

DAVID

What did he say?

She twirls a strand of hair.

DIAN

(nonchalantly)

He says to bring a typewriter
and...a Nagra tape recorder with a
good microphone.

DAVID

What else?

He reaches for the letter. She pulls it back.

DIAN

Okay!

(she reads)

"P.S. Actually, there really isn't any dire need for you to have your appendix removed. That is my only way of testing new researcher's determination."

He starts to pace again.

DAVID

Good Lord, Dian!

RECORD

(voice over)

Jungine...counter, jinga...stupid.

The record sticks.

RECORD

(voice over)

...stupid, stupid, stupid.

Dian averts David's look.

CUT TO:

EXT. DC 3 AIRCRAFT - DAY

A DC 3 cargo plane appears to soar on the air currents like a great bird.

Below we see three groups of volcanic cones rising from the foothills...The Virunga Mountain Range...Home of the Gorilla Gorilla Berengi (Mountain Gorilla).

The hugh cones are shrouded in mist. Streaks of brilliant green and rich brown can be seen where the clouds break away from the peaks.

INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY

Dian, color coordinating in Banana Republic-type attire, checks her lipstick in her compact mirror. The constant pitching and bumping of the plane makes a "touch up" nearly impossible. The Pilot, from the original cast of "The China Clipper," looks back out the cockpit door with boozier's eyes.

PILOT

Fetch a hang onto somethin' back
there, lady.

We pull back to reveal Dian as the one passenger perched on a makeshift jump seat. She's surrounded by crates and boxes. To make room for the cargo, she has her feet propped up onto her own baggage. We see a matched six piece set of lady's, baby blue, Samsonite luggage.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - GOMA, ZAIRE

50 yards from touchdown we see six elephants on the runway. They lumber away as the plane approaches.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - GOMA, ZAIRE

The plane glides in. Drops the last five feet onto the grassy runway. It skids, skips, and bounces to a lurching halt.

After a beat, Dian gets off the plane. Two cameras hang from her neck. She immediately puts a straw hat on her head to shield the sun. The hat is secured by a chiffon scarf. Wind whips dust around her. She retrieves sunglasses from her purse. On they go. Clutching her purse, she ventures out across the airfield on very stiff legs.

The first thing Dian sees is a Squad of Congolese Soldiers carrying M-1 rifles.

Then Dr. Leakey approaches, waving his cane.

DR. LEAKEY

Dian! Welcome! Did you get my
letter?

DIAN

The day after I was relieved of my
appendix.

DR. LEAKEY

Oh, well...

CUT TO:

EXT. MARKETPLACE - DAY

Dr. Leakey takes her by the arm and navigates her toward a group of African men who appear to be waiting.

DR. LEAKEY

First on the agenda is selection
of porters and a tracker. Then
you can buy your provisions.

It's all moving too fast. Dian feels her head lighten and her breathing quicken.

DR. LEAKEY
(in Kikongo language;
English subtitles on
screen)
Mademoiselle Fossey's here to
study the mountain gorillas.

Dian frowns, not recognizing what he says.

Several men exclaim, "Ngagis?"

DR. LEAKEY
(English subtitles on
screen)
She will set up a base camp in
Kabara meadow. She'll need a
staff of three plus a tracker.

The Africans flash looks back and forth. Half the men walk away.

DIAN
What's wrong?

DR. LEAKEY
(matter of factly)
Some of them believe a woman living alone, up there, has to be mad.

She looks up at Mt. Mikenno...far in the distance.

DR. LEAKEY
(English subtitles on
screen)
She'll need a woodcutter...two
porters...

Dr. Leakey eyes the men, selects three. Looks at Dian.

DR. LEAKEY
Pick your tracker.

DIAN
Me?

Dian's left uncomfortably standing before the remaining men. They stand erect, hands at sides, except for the man at the end. His hands are hidden behind him. He's much older than the rest. He is Sembagare.

DIAN
(in Swahili; English
subtitles on screen)
Thank...you...for...coming...here
today.

Their puzzled look says they don't understand Swahili.

DIAN
Swahili?

They shake their heads, "No."

DIAN
Jesus Christ!

Sembagare, upon hearing Christ's name, and on impulse, makes the Sign of the Cross with an arthritic hand. Quickly, he hides his hand, but not before Dian has seen it. She looks at him dead on. He confronts her stare, then lets his arms rest at this side.

SEMBAGARE
(in English)
Bad hands. Good feet.

She looks at his bare feet. Absolutely huge.

DIAN
You speak English?

SEMBAGARE
The Priests.

DIAN
What's your name?

SEMBAGARE
Sembagare...I have tracked and I
now the mountain.

DIAN
You're on, Sembagare.

He nods a dignified "Thank you."

DIAN
Can you help me buy groceries?
Sembagare's face shows confusion at the word "groceries."

DIAN
Food.

Dian and Sembagare make their way into the thriving market place area. Tables are arranged with sacks of cassava, corn, rice, potatoes, coffee, beer, soap.

Scores of Zairean's barter in tongues of Kokongo, Lingala, Tshiluba.

The men wear colorless shirts. The women wear long one piece dresses of colorful cotton fabric.

Squawking chickens are held by their feet. Dogs run and bark.

Dian, led by Sembagare, moves through the Zaireans without any of them paying much attention to her. We are struck by how much taller than them she is.

Sembagare selects corn, rice, potatoes, and pomba (banana beer) for the staff.

Dian selects bags of celophane wrapped chocolates and other sweets. She also buys Spam, potato chips, Fritos.

She next goes to the cigarette concession. The Zairean merchant shows her several filtertip brands. She shakes her head "No." He holds up a box of Impala.

SEMBAGARE

Very strong.

DIAN

Perfect.

She purchases ten cartons.

CUT TO:

EXT. JEEP LOADING AREA - DAY

Dian and Sembagare, carrying their provisions, approach Dr. Leahey who stands beside an ancient, rusty jeep, a Land Rover.

DR. LEAHEY

Yours. Part of the package.
You'll need it to get around when
you're off the mountain.

The jeep is jam-packed with camping equipment. The Porters find space for the "groceries" and load them.

DR. LEAHEY

I put a "little something" in your
suitcase there.

He gestures toward one of Dian's baby blue pieces of luggage that's tied onto the top of the jeep.

Dian looks around for the rest of her baggage. It rests on the ground at least 15 feet from the jeep.

DIAN

What about the rest of my bags?

DR. LEAKEY

No room, dear.

He sees the frustration on her face.

DR. LEAKEY

Well, perhaps if we really cram it, you could squeeze one more on.

She growls to herself, stomps over and retrieves two ~~stretched~~ stretched canvasses, a box of oil paints and her cosmetic case. 13X20

She hands them to Sembagare as Dr. Leakey, now bent over a map on the jeep's hood, waves her over.

CLOSE ON MAP:

The Virunga Mountains are shown in relationship to the three countries that contain them. Zaire, Rwanda, Uganda.

DR. LEAKEY

We're here in Zaire...The base of Mt. Mikenno is a four-hour drive, depending...You leave the rover here.

(indicating)

It will be safe. You start your climb here...up to there.

Dian looks from the map to the anthropologist.

DIAN

(slowly)

You mean we go now?

DR. LEAKEY

Yes, to make it by sundown.

DIAN

Dr. Leakey, I just spent 25 hours on four different airplanes. I'm exhausted. I need a shower!

DR. LEAKEY

No one will mind, dear.

He turns from her, claps his hands and "shoos" the staff into the jeep.

One of the Porters climbs on top. The other Porter and Sembagare get in back. Sembagare holds her cosmetic case on his lap. Dian begins to get in the passenger seat.

DR. LEAKEY
Good luck, Dian!

She stops abruptly, turns around slowly, sees him standing there smiling benignly and waving his cane.

Panic washes Dian's face.

DIAN
You're not coming?!

DR. LEAKEY
Of course not. I'll expect weekly reports...typed. You'll have to contribute story material to National Geographic. They're funding your study.

Dian, jaw grinding, walks around the jeep and gets in the driver's seat.

The chiffon scarf that secures her straw hat has come loose. The hat slips off her head. She catches it and grumbles, plops it onto her head and reties the chiffon scarf.

Dian starts the engine. Throws it into first. The jeep jerks forward, almost catapulting Sembagare out. She motions for him to come up front.

The jeep jerks, jumps, sputters off, leaving Dr. Leakey smiling like a cherub and waving exuberantly with his cane.

In the background we see Zairean women and children cluster around the abandoned luggage.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD LEADING FROM MARKET PLACE - DAY

As soon as Dian gets the hang of the stick shift, she has to stop the jeep. A platoon of Congolese Soldiers frog march across the road and turn for the market place.

DIAN
Why are there so many soldiers around?

SEMBAGARE

Because of the civil war here in the Congo...But I do not know anything about it.

His black eyes turn stone cold.

Dian's attention is pulled abruptly away by the sight of a nearby hill which appears to be in motion as hundreds of grazing wildebeests flow over and around it, then abruptly turn and run in front of the jeep. Dian slams on the breaks.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLOPES OF MT. MIKENO - LATE DAY

Sembagare leads, Porter #1 follows him. Dian follows with Porter #2 behind her. The men balance the provisions, luggage, camping equipment on their hands.

The earth is muddy, slippery. Dian sinks into a foot of glue-like mud. She can't get her leg out. Straining, groaning, she pulls. Stuck. Slowly the other foot begins to go under. Porter #1 grabs her knee, pulling, tries to get her leg out. Porter #2 intervenes. Finally, after much tugging, her leg lifts and comes up out of the mud.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRY AREA OF TRAIL - EARLY EVENING

Dian's face reads "PAINS." She bites her lip, grimaces as she favors her right leg.

DIAN

I have to sit down.

SEMBAGARE

No. It will be dark soon.

She rubs her calf. Groans. Then she catches a glimpse of the Porters with "She'll never make it" looks on their faces. She gets up. Determination overrides pain as she pushes on.

CUT TO:

EXT. KABARA MEADOW - EARLY EVENING

The Africans stop in the meadow. Massive ancient hagenia trees that look like unkempt old men with beards stand guard in this heartland of the ancient dormant volcanoes.

Dian's nowhere to be seen. After a beat she emerges from the foliage. Her throat burns, her lungs scream for oxygen. Every muscle in her body aches. We see her face is scratched, the cotton safari suit is solidly crusted with mud and is shredded to ribbons. She tries to run her fingers through her hair. Impossible because of its tangles, the twigs and dried mud. She feels something moving in her hair. She squeals, shudders, and swats a huge beetle-like insect from her hair.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S TENT - EVENING

Dian's "shower" is a pan of cold water and soap. She washes herself, with teeth chattering, and flesh raised in goose bumps.

EXT. KABARA MEADOW CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Deafening silence. In the moonlight the hagenia trees resemble visions out of a child's nightmare. Two 7x10-foot tents are seen.

INT. DIAN'S TENT - NIGHT

Dian, fully-clothed, her pink sponge curlers covered by a Yves St. Laurent silk scarf, lies in a sleeping bag on a canvas army cot listening to the silence scream at her. She lights a cigarette. Takes a few drags. Puts it out.

She rolls onto her side, closes her eyes, tries to sleep. Can't. She gets up, goes to her footlocker. Takes her Nagra III reel-to-reel tape recorder. Sets up a tape. Pushes the "ON" lever.

An uptempo, Latin beat intro is heard, followed by:

PEGGY LEE
(voice over, singing)
"Sparkles, spangles..."

Dian's back in her sleeping bag, remembers something. Back to the footlocker, rummages, around with her hand.

PEGGY LEE
(voice over, singing)
"Your heart will sing..."

Her eyes widen. Gingerly she lifts a pistol into sight. It's Dr. Leakey's "little something." She stares at it, shudders, quickly shoves it back into the footlocker.

PEGGY LEE
(voice over, singing)
"Wearin' baubles, bangles and
beads."

CUT TO:

EXT. KABARA MEADOW CAMPSITE - DAWN

The men are at work. The sound of wood being chopped is coupled with the digging of a latrine and drainage ditches. We see barrels have been placed to store water.

INT. DIAN'S TENT - DAWN

Dressed now in heavy denim, long-sleeve jersey, canvas parka, high boots, Dian's putting the last touches of mascara to her lashes. Ready.

EXT. KABARA MEADOW CAMPSITE - DAWN

She emerges from the tent, knapsack on her back, to face Sembagare. He turns and heads toward the forest. She follows...walking awkwardly on stiff muscles.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

Sembagare wields his panga (an 18-inch sickle-shaped knife) and cuts a swath through the dense vegetation. Dian follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE CLIFF - DAY

Sembagare's bare foot clings to the ridge like a goat's. He looks back to find Dian behind him, sweat beaded on her lip. Her face is flushed. Panic in her eyes as she grasps the vegetation with white knuckle fingers.

SEMBAGARE
What is wrong?

DIAN
I'm...I'm...acrophobic.

Sembagare doesn't understand.

DIAN
I'm...afraid...of...high places.

SEMBAGARE
But most of where you will go is
a...high place.

She closes her eyes, breathes deeply, wraps her hand around his forearm. He pulls her...higher up the mountainside.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S TENT - NIGHT

Sheaths of rain hit the canvas roof as we find Dian on the tent floor sharing a vegetable stew with the men.

A cooking fire burns in the middle. With no ventilation the smoke is thick. The Africans don't notice. Dian's eyes tear.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT NESTING SITE - DAY

The area is approximately 20 ft. x 20 ft. The vegetation is flattened in five distinct spots within those 20 ft. The nests are sturdy, compact structures. They resemble oval, leafy bathtubs made from bulky plants of lobelia and scenecio.

SEMBAGARE

Five flattened places...Five gorillas night nested here.

DIAN

(hardly able to contain herself)

When?

SEMBAGARE

Two days ago.

DIAN

(disappointed)

Two days ago?...At this rate I wonder how long it will take before I see a gorilla?

SEMBAGARE

It is possible to take a gorilla count and never see one.

Dian's face shows disappointment and frustration.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S TENT - NIGHT

Because of her rusty typing skills, Dian types painfully slowly on her portable Underwood. Her engagement ring catches the light from the kerosene lamp.

A cigarette hangs from Dian's mouth...ashes a quarter of an inch long dangle but do not fall.

We see David's picture has been hung on the center pole that supports the tent.

Dian hears a noise outside. She peaks out of the tent flap to see Sembagare, in bright moonlight, giving something to a shabbily dressed young man. The young man then runs off.

CUT TO:

EXT. SADDLE REGION - DAY

Dian and Sembagare move through a nettle zone. She occasionally mouths an "Ouch" followed by an obscenity. They move on through a dense brush zone covered with fruit shrubs and blackberry bushes. They reach a thick wall of vegetation. Dian hacks at it until a tunnel is forged. They crawl through.

Directly in front of them is a trail of crushed vegetation. Dian looks at Sembagare. He nods.

Dian takes off like a shot on the trail left by the gorillas. She slips, falls. Up, on she goes. After several moments she realizes Sembagare isn't with her. Perplexed, she retraces her steps to find him sitting on his haunches at the point where she took off.

SEMBAGARE

Mademoiselly, to find animals you follow your tracks to where they are going...not go backwards to where they have been.

Thunder cracks. The sky turns day. A disappointed Dian and an amused Sembagare carry on.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIAN'S TENT - LATE DAY

Dian's typewriter, stacks of loose leaf paper held down by rocks lie on a blanket outside of Dian's tent. Dian sits and stares intently at her tape recorder with the face of a child listening to her teacher call out test grades.

DR. LEAKEY

(voice over, on tape)

Hello, Dian. Your reports have arrived. Too wordy. You're not writing an essay here. Keep it specific to data collected. Make charts and graphs for yourself. Note locations of nests...and do file according to exact time, not only date. Weather conditions should....

We leave Dian nervously lighting an Impala.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIAN'S TENT - MORNING

We see a makeshift canvas shower bag has been erected. An upright bucket of water teeters on the edge of a board. Dian, naked, stands under it. She holds her breath, pulls the string. The bag explodes over her. Icy water cascades, assaults her skin.

DIAN

AGGGGGG!

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIN FOREST - DAY (LATER)

Dian counts six night nests...records the data in her notebook. She makes a thorough inspection of the nests, noting the color, the size. Finished with her investigation, she relaxes, sits back into one of the larger nests within the area.

From Sembagare's Pov, we see this tall American woman as she unconsciously "lounges" in this gorilla nest. She yawns, and begins twirling a strand of hair. She's obviously frustrated, discouraged, disappointed.

DIAN

Three months! Three months and not one sighting. This is a real downer.

On the word "downer", Dian gives a "thumbs-down" gesture.

SEMBAGARE

What is this?

On the word "this", Sembagare imitates the "thumbsdown" gesture.

DIAN
It means..."No" or "No good."

He makes the gesture again.

DIAN
The opposite of it is this.
On "this" she makes a "thumbs-up" gesture.

DIAN
It means "Yes"... "Good"... "Ready."
Sembagare does "thumbs-up" with his right hand, A "thumbs down"
with his left.

DIAN
This...
(she makes a fist,
then extends thumb
and little finger)
...is indigenous to the area of
California where I come from. It
means..."Hang loose."

He does it with difficulty.

DIAN
It means, "Relax"... "Don't worry
about it." This...
(she makes a "v"
sign)
...means "peace." It's very popular
in the United States now.

Sembagare does a routine of hand signals to his delight.

Dian stands, steps out of the nest and walks a few steps to an
open spot where she has room to move. She does an over-exag-
gerated "Safe" gesture.

DIAN
We use this in our game of base-
ball. It means "Safe."

She takes a wide stance, does an elaborate "You're Out" ges-
ture, complete with umpire facial expressions.

DIAN
YOU'RRRRRRRRRE OUT!

As she finishes, she spins around, catches her foot in the loop of a vine. She's thrown off-balance, lands on her rear. Sembagare rushes to her. She bursts into laughter, gets up to discover green glop on the back of her leg. She mimics gagging.

DIAN

Yuck. ~~I sat in...~~

SEMBAGARE

Gorilla spoor...and it's fresh.

Dian's face lights up as Sembagare begins to inspect the surrounding vegetation closely, then without words moves into a bamboo zone. Dian follows, her heart pounding with excitement.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAMBOO ZONE - HOURS LATER

Dian and Sembagare walk over flattened vegetation. Bamboo poles have been snapped in two. Sembagare points to the ground. Knuckle marks from hands the size of a first baseman's mitt are imprinted in the soft earth.

DIAN

(excitedly)

How far?

Sembagare hushes her. Lies flat on the bamboo lattice floor. She follows suit.

Dian sniffs the air, becomes aware of the pungent smell.

DIAN

That smell...?

Sembagare nods "yes."

Dian cautiously bends some leafage aside. Finally, a sighting. Nine in all. A Silverback. Three Blackbacked young males. Three females with youngsters attached to their backs. The phalanx of jet black bodies blend against the green palette wash of the thick forest foliage.

DIAN

Oh, my God...

Dian's face is flushed. Her breathing rapid. Yes, it's been worth the wait.

Suddenly, with the lead of the Silverback, the group moves and is quickly swallowed up by the forest.

Dian closes her eyes.

DIAN
(barely able to
speak)
Oh, my God. - *not audible*

Dian Fossey has just been pushed another step closer to her destiny she herself is not yet aware of.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIN FOREST - DAY

Dian's excitement is at a fever pitch as she and Sembagare walk back to camp.

DIAN
That Silverback's cranium was immense. What was his weight, do you suppose?

SEMBAGARE
About 400 pounds.

DIAN
~~Oh, my God. I need a drink!~~

Sembagare cuts her off with a wave of his hand. Something coming in the foliage. She doesn't see it. He does. Suddenly, they are surrounded by Four Congolese Soldiers, M-1 rifles held relaxed, but ready.

Dian sucks in a quick, audible breath. Feels terror rush through her. She looks at Sembagare. He stands ram rod still, in control. He slowly forms the fingers of his hand in the "hang loose" gesture.

CUT TO:

EXT. KABARA MEADOW CAMPSITE - DAY

Several of the Soldiers are questioning Sembagare as they escort him and Dian into the campsite.

Dian sees that the tents lie flat on the ground and all camping equipment is secured in bundles. A heavy-set Congolese Captain appears to be in charge.

DIAN
(to the Captain)
What the hell's going on here?

SEMBAGARE
He says I gave food to the rebels.

Dian and Sembagare's eyes meet in a moment of communication. Her face says, "You did. I saw you." His face says, "Yes."

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

Dian and Sembagare are led at gun point down the mountain. Hands tied behind their backs, a short piece of rope joins them at the waist. They are followed by the Two Porters who are followed by Soldier #2.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZAIRE (THE CONGO) ROAD - DAY

The Two Porters are sent on their ways with swift kicks from the soldiers.

Dian and Sembagare are led to three military jeeps. The soldiers pile in. Dian and Sembagare are shoved into the rear of the last jeep. As the jeep drives away, Dian looks back at the mountain. Her lips quiver.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUKAVU MILITARY OUTPOST - EVENING

The jeeps stop in front of a small wooden building. Dian and Sembagare are pulled out. Emotions of fear and indignation show on Dian's face.

Congolese soldiers mill about the building. At the sight of Dian, eyebrows raise and lips curve into smiles. This is not a safe place for a woman.

INT. LIEUTENANT COMMANDER'S OFFICE - EVENING

A Congolese Sergeant ushers Dian and Sembagare into the office. A square-jawed Lt. Commander stands by the window. He looks directly at Dian and makes no attempt to explain why they have been brought to the outpost.

DIAN

Excuse me. I don't appreciate the way we've been treated here.

The Lt. Commander slowly smiles. As if to say "Oh, no? Watch this." He walks past Dian to Sembagare where he grabs the tracker by the front of the shirt, draws him close, then pushes him against the wall. Nonchalantly, he crosses the room, sits behind his desk.

DIAN

Now that's enough!

Dian, though fearful, bluffs with her best "indignant American" bravado. She dumps the contents of her wallet on his desk.

DIAN

This is my work visa. More importantly, this is my Blue Cross card...my charge card at Magnin's, and my membership at the "Y!"

He's not impressed.

DIAN

I'm a United States citizen with a work permit, doing scientific research for Dr. Louis Leakey.

LT. COMMANDER

(indicating Sembagare)

And what does he do?

DIAN

He's my tracker.

LT. COMMANDER

We have proof that he's a rebel sympathizer. If he tell us the locations of their training camps, you'll be released.

Does he know? Dian looks at Sembagare for the answer. His terrified eyes and shake of his head tell her truthful "No." Dian flushes in fear. Her face says, "This can't be happening to me!"

CUT TO:

EXT. BUKAVU MILITARY OUTPOST - NIGHT

Moonlight on the building. We hear fingers snapping.

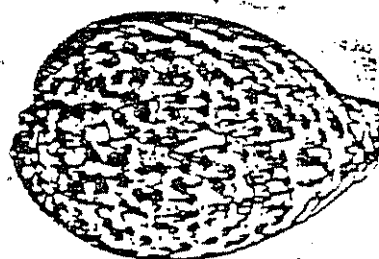
DIAN

(voice over; singing)

"Sparkles, spangles, your heart
will sing sing-a-ling-a wearin'
baubles, bangles and beads."

INT. CELL - NIGHT

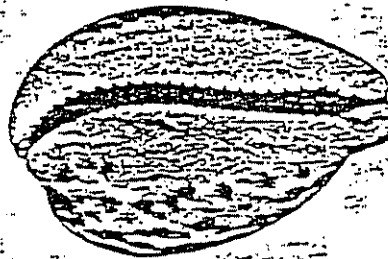
Windowless except for the door's window. A stained straw mattress lies on the floor.



(top)

Tiger Cowrie
Cypaea tigris
Indian and S.W. Pacific Oceans
1/2 actual size

(underside)



SHELLS USED IN LOBESI

DIAN
(singing)
"You'll glitter and gleam so..."

Dian's singing is interrupted by a crack of thunderous laughter. It comes from the Lt. Commander's office across the hall.

Sembagare looks out the cell's barred window. From his point of view, we see the Lt. Commander, the Captain, and the Sergeant are now very drunk. Their voices and body language have a hostile, hysterical edge.

They are playing a game with highly polished Tiger Cowrie Shells.

The Sergeant puts the four shells in a small covered basket. After shaking the basket, he rolls the shells out onto the desk. Two of the shells land with their slit side up. The other two rest with the slit side down. The men react with cheers and howls.

Sembagare hears the conversation of the men as the shells are thrown again. He grabs hold of the bars to hold himself up. He closes his eyes. Dian comes up behind him.

DIAN
What are they doing?

She watches the Sergeant toss the shells. It's followed by uproarious cheering from the men.

DIAN
What are they doing, Sembagare?

Sembagare has sunk down onto his haunches in the corner. He can hardly speak.

SEMBAGARE
They are playing Lobesi...If the shells land up...you win. If they land down...I win.

The crack in his voice causes terror to run over her.

DIAN
What? What do we win?

He puts his face in his hands to hide himself from her panicky eyes.

SEMBAGARE
The right to choose...whether...

DIAN
God damn it. Tell me.

SEMBAGARE

Whether I am to be shot, once, by
each of them...or you...you...you
are to be...you are to be...

(he can't say it)

...once, by each of them.

An unearthly squeak-like sound emerges from her throat. Instinctively, she runs to the opposite wall, pounds on it as though she could break it down.

INT. LIEUTENANT COMMANDER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Cowrie Shells are thrown onto the desk. Three are slit down, one is slip up. The men react as before.

The shells are gathered, dropped in the basket, shaken, and tossed again. All four shells land slip side up. The game is over. Dian has won the right to choose.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

The Sergeant unlocks and opens the cell door. From his p.o.v. we see Dian backed up against the wall, trying to melt into it. Sembagare remains squatted on his haunches. The air is thick with tension, terror. Dian and Sembagare wait in horror for the Sergeant's next move.

He stands aside and the Lt. Commander and the Captain enter. All three men look at Dian.

LT. COMMANDER

You know the rules of the game?

Dian nods.

LT. COMMANDER

You have won. You choose.

Dian's face contorts. We see in her eyes the hollow look of a deer frozen in the headlights of an oncoming truck.

Sembagare rushes forward, ready to take them all on.

He's shoved back against the wall by the Sergeant. He gets up, comes forward again. He's grabbed and held in a half nelson by the Sergeant.

LT. COMMANDER

(to Dian)

Choose!

Dian's legs jerk. Her teeth begin to chatter. She looks at Sembagare, bent forward in pain. Even now he echoes dignity. Dian's mouth opens. She looks at the men. Every woman's nightmare.

DIAN

Not him.

Sembagare rotates his head like a lion, struggles to break free of the Sergeant.

He's stopped by the butt of the Sergeant's pistol as it cracks the back of his head. He sinks, unconscious. The Sergeant drags him outside the cell's door and drops him onto the floor.

Then the Soldier's men look at Dian. They're awash in their sense of power over her.

Dian stares straight ahead...through them. She won't let them know that inside her every cell of her being is screaming.

They move toward her, hatred on their faces. Hatred for her control, her dignity. She continues to stare through them.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CELL - DAWN

Daylight comes through the window on the cell door, and finds Dian on her knees in the corner. Her body heaves violently as her stomach retches.

DIAN

(to herself)

Hold on...hold on.

The Captain and the Sergeant are not present. The Lt. Commander is passed out on the straw mattress. He snores loudly. His holster and pistol are half-hidden by the mattress.

Dian crawls to him. She slowly pulls at the gun in the holster. He snorts. She stops. Waits. She slides the pistol out. She moves backwards, sees that his trousers are still unzipped. Her jaw tightens in hate. She raises the pistol with two shaking hands, points it at his head. After a beat, she controls herself, lowers the gun, secures it in her waistband.

At that moment the door is flung open. The Captain and the Sergeant enter. They hold whiskey bottles and are on their way to a new drunk.

Sembagare is tied and held by the Sergeant. He turns his head in sorrow for her.

The Sergeant shakes the passed-out Lt. Commander, who rolls over on his side. The sergeant says something in Kikongo. The Captain laughs.

DIAN
(robot-like voice to
Sembagare)
Tell them I have ten thousand dol-
lars at the hotel in Bujumbura. (Bujumbura)
We'll take them to it.

Sembagare translates. The two men look at each other, delight in the deal, and indicate "Yes."

Dian and Sembagare are shoved out of the cell.

EXT. BUKARA MILITARY OUTPOST - DAY

It is in midday's harsh light that we see the effects of the last hours on Dian. Her bottom lip is blue-black bruised. The entire right side of her neck appears red and raw like a naked knee that has skidded across pavement. Her eyes are red-rimmed, but are vacant as though she's in a semi-state of shock.

Dian is placed in the front of a jeep next to the Captain. Sembagare is shoved in back with the Sergeant.

The Captain takes a swig from a whiskey bottle. The jeep drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - LATE DAY

The Captain tilts his head back to drink from the whiskey bottle. He turns, hands it to the Sergeant in the back. The jeep nearly swerves off the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DUSK (LATER)

The jeep is still moving at high speed as the dusk falls.

CAPTAIN
(in Kikongo)
How far?

Sembagare translates. The Sergeant indicates that he has to urinate. The Captain stops the jeep, remains in it while the Sergeant wanders to the road's edge on the driver's side. The Captain looks at him.

When he turns back he finds Dian holding the Lt. Commander's pistol in his face.

DIAN
(quietly)
Tell him to drive.

Sembagare whispers the command. The Captain is frozen in his seat, dumbfounded.

The Sergeant finishes, turns as Dian slams her foot onto the gas pedal. The jeep lurches away.

The Sergeant fires his pistol at the tires. He aims too high. Gets Sembagare in the back of his upper arm. He lowers his aim, fires again. This time he's on the mark. The rear tire blows.

The jeep swerves. Dian tries in vain to get the wheel. The vehicle veers off the road, rolls down an embankment, rests on its side.

Dian and Sembagare are thrown clear but not hurt. The Captain is pinned under the jeep, dead. Dian looks around frantically.

DIAN
I lost the gun!

We hear two shots as the Sergeant approaches.

Using his good arm, Sembagare pulls Dian down behind a fallen tree trunk.

The Sergeant runs to the jeep, sees the dead Captain. He swings around, shoots at movement in the foliage. A terrified mongoose scurries over the moss-covered ground. The Sergeant is down to one bullet. He rotates the pistol's chamber, then walks to within feet of Dian and Sembagare. Dian has buried her head down into the moist, mossy earth. Sembagare, protectively, is virtually on top of her. After a long moment, the Sergeant turns and runs back toward the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT (HOURS LATER)

Dian and Sembagare move through the dark woods, lighted by moonlight.

Sembagare's shirt now has one sleeve. The missing sleeve has been tied around his upper arm. Large leaves are tucked between the wound and the fabric.

Dian appears to be on automatic pilot again.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS' EDGE - DAWN

The eastern horizon is the color of blood. Dian and Sembagare look down on a dusty clearing where groups of Africans huddle with their belongings around a small, thatched roofed, earthen structure topped by a Rwandan flag. It's the border.

Dian turns, looks at Sembagare.

DIAN

(voice hard but
cracking)

We will never speak of it. It
will be as if it never happened.
Do you understand me?

This educated, privileged American white woman looks into the moist eyes of this illiterate, poor, African black man. At this moment Dian and Sembagare become sealed to each other for life.

SEMBAGARE

Yes. I understand.

They walk across the border into Rwanda.

CUT TO:

EXT. RWANDA ROAD - DAY

The road is lined with an endless stream of men and women who walk calmly, gracefully, within inches of trucks that speed by. The women wear Kangas of the brightest red, magenta, yellow. No two have the same combination of colors, patterns. Many of the women carry large baskets on their heads. The men dress plainly. Colorless shirts under Western jackets.

Dian and Sembagare are part of the human river. Black eyes stare at them. She with her filthy shirt and jeans, bruised face ~~face~~, lifeless eyes. He with blood slowly seeping through the cloth that binds his wound.

The image is strong. A tall white woman in the midst of all these Africans. The look on Dian's face tell us she's experiencing first time knowledge that she is on a primitive foreign planet...Central Africa.

An overloaded ancient bus speeds by. Passengers literally hang from the sides of the vehicle.

Another bus follows. Sembagare flags it down. He and Dian get on.

CUT TO:

INT. RWANDA BUS - DAY

Bodies, tightly packed. Smells of sweat, beer, baby vomit. Dian doesn't even notice.

DIAN

Ask the driver where there's a hospital.

Sembagare does. The driver indicates a far distance.

SEMBAGARE

Too far.

A young Rwandan Mother, with a sleeping baby in her lap, pulls Sembagare's pant leg. She says something to him in Kinyarwanda. Sembagare then instructs the driver to slow down, stop.

The bus stops at the end of a dirt road. The Rwandan woman points down the road. Sembagare and Dian get off the bus.

DIAN

A doctor?

SEMBAGARE

A woman who heals.

DIAN

(irritated)

You need antibiotics...not mulch from some voodoo priestess!

Sembagare, exhausted, keeps walking. Dian, with little rope left, follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROZ CARR'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

England in Africa. A small vine-covered white stucco house surrounded by cultivated flower gardens. (End of Scene)

As Dian and Sembagare reach the front flagstone steps, a woman emerges from the house. Rosamond "Roz" Carr is in her early 60's. (She is the woman who needed oxygen at the Funeral Scene.) She is now seen as fifteen years younger. She wears a grey wool skirt, a pale yellow sweater and string of pearls. Her thick salt and pepper hair is perfectly coiffed. She shows empathy when seeing Dian and Sembagare, but not shock. We have the feeling she is a rock in times of trouble. She turns her head toward the doorway.

ROZ
(with an American accent)
Mnekema! Neosporin, hot water,
bandages and brandy.

Roz looks back at Dian with a sweet smile.

ROZ
(to Dian)
But not necessarily in that order.

As Dian looks at this woman her face softens for the first time since she was taken off the mountain. Tension seeps from her. Her knees buckle. Roz enfolds her in a motherly arm. Dian collapses, weeping.

ROZ
My God, child! What happened to
you!?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROZ CARR'S HOUSE - MORNING

To the west of Roz Carr's house the earth slopes gently down across rows and rows of brilliant, blooming, flowers. Beyond are rolling cultivated hills, thatch-roofed houses, grand banana plants. And beyond that, the towering equatorial thunderheads, boiling upward, reflecting all the colors of the sun.

To the northeast, Mount Karisimbi fills the horizon with its jutting peak and swirling clouds. The crystal African air brings the mountain close enough to touch, close enough to taste the green of its tangled rain forest.

A breakfast table has been laid on the flagstone patio. Eggs, rolls, jams, coffee. Dian and Roz are at the table in conversation, and Roz pours tea.

ROZ
So I sell my flowers to local hotels and restaurants. It keeps me in tea...You can stay here until you get your sea legs. Then I'll make plane reservations for your out of Kigali.

DIAN
I'm not leaving. I'm going back
up...on the Rwanda side. Animals
don't know border demarcations.

ROZ

There aren't any gorillas left on this side of the Virungas. Collectors have had another bumper crop this year.

DIAN

Collectors of what?

ROZ

Hands, heads.

DIAN

(unbelieving)

Gorilla hands and heads?

Roz nods. Dian stands, looks out over the gardens to Mt. Karisimbi.

ROZ

I don't know what happened to you in the Congo, but I do believe you need to get away from here...to heal.

DIAN

I'm not going home. I haven't finished the job. I've hardly started.

ROZ

A woman alone in Africa? Extremely difficult business. Virtually impossible.

Dian looks at Roz, then at this civilized English setting carved out of most primitive Africa. Dian raises an eyebrow, smiles. Roz, now aware of the contradiction in what she has just said, smiles back.

ROZ

I'll help you put together a new staff.

DIAN

Thank you, Roz.

CUT TO:

EXT. RWANDA HILLSIDE - MORNING

Dian, Sembagare and four New Staff Members traverse the over-cultivated foothills. In all directions the rolling hills are carved with furrows, making a grand patchwork of greens, browns, yellows. Even the steepest slopes carry crops. Great gashes of erosion show the earth has often given way under the intense cultivation. From afar, the mountains look like God has dropped a handful of rain forest on top of naked cones.

Dian stops, looks at all the farm plots. A Rwandan woman with a baby sashed to her back hoes. Several children plant. One of them waves to Dian. She smiles and waves in a big arc.

DIAN

Jambo!

He calls "Jambo" back to her. They reach the rain forest, stop. An apparent impenetrable wall. Sembagare raises his panga to begin hacking through. He stops, looks at Dian, smiles. A bow of his head, he steps to the side to allow Dian to be the first to cut into the vegetation. She raises her panga and wacks at the forest wall with robust swings.

CUT TO:

EXT. KARISOKE RESEARCH CENTER - DAY (1 YEAR LATER)

The long meadow is knee deep in grasses, clovers, wild flowers. A stream bisects the campgrounds. Huge hagenia trees twist upward fifty feet or more, are draped in hanging moss, clumps of lichen, wrapped in vines and tree orchids. The ground and all the growing things are wet, proof that the thundering clouds clinging to the slopes above bring frequent rain to this rugged paradise.

We see a small corrugated tin house at the far end of the campgrounds. Two tents are pitched near a large fire pit. A Wood-cutter stacks wood nearby.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIN FOREST - DAY

Dian and Sembagare observe a gorilla group in the distance. Dian's notebook and binoculars are ready. She crawls through vegetation to get closer. The snap of a twig under her knee alerts the gorillas. They flee. Dian mouths an obscenity in frustration.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The walls are covered with charts, grids, diagrams, and out-of-focus photographs of gorillas in various stages of flight.

Stacks of paper, notebooks, files, legal pads, manila envelopes blanket the floor. Dian is in the process of organizing the mountains of paper as she listens to Dr. Leakey's latest tape.

DR. LEAKEY

(voice over)

...but the field work goes too slowly. Your funding source is about to dry up...When you do finish, I want you to start research on gorilla vocalizations.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAGENIA GROVE - DAY

Dian, tape recorder strapped to her back, holds the microphone above her head. A gorilla group, less than thirty feet away, makes "hoo hoo hoo" vocalizations. Suddenly aware of her presence, the Silverback "Roars." Others vocalize "Pig grunts." The Silverback leads the group toward cover. He stops suddenly, turns around, and looks directly into Dian's face. Dian freezes. Will he charge? No, his face and body are at ease. He wants to observe her. He watches her for a beat more, then leaves. Dian can hear her heart pounding. She has experienced her first eye to eye contact.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSH ZONE - LATE DAY

Dian and Sembagare see a white stick-like object protruding from under a bush. She curiously kicks at it, revealing rib bones of animals. She kneels, inspects the bones.

SEMBAGARE

Sumu. Black magic. To keep us out.

Dian forges ahead through a thick vine wall. Sembagare follows. On the other side of the wall lies a small cemetery. Miniature mounds are circled with stones and marked with wooden plaques.

DIAN

What is this?

SEMBAGARE

Batwa cemetery. The Batwa live all over the mountain range.

She moves through the cemetery. A strange peacefulness comes over Dian. It's as though she's been here before.

DIAN

Why are there stones around the graves?

SEMBAGARE

To keep the soul in the earth...at peace.

Dian wanders around the small mounds. She stops at two mounds connected with the same stone circle. She kneels.

DIAN

And this?

Sembagare reads the marker.

SEMBAGARE

When a mother and child die at the same moment, their souls become one soul in the earth. The circle makes it certain.

Dian looks intently at the mounds.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIN FOREST - DAY

Dian and Sembagare observe a gorilla group. Dian crawls to the base of a nearby tree and begins an attempt at climbing it. Sembagare gives her a boost. Trying to get herself situated in a fork of the tree, she loses her balance and tumbles ten feet to the soft ground. Looking up, she's surprised to see the group hasn't been frightened away. They're staring at her. She looks at Sembagare. He nods, boosts her up into the tree again, where she immediately lets herself again fall to the ground. She looks up to see the group, curiosity on their faces, knuckle walking closer to her before they stop.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

Sembagare hands Dian an envelope. She opens it. Grimaces.

DIAN

A one way airline ticket to Knoxville from my fiancé.

Sembagare leaves. Dian, slowly, with care, removes her engagement ring, wraps it in a handkerchief and puts it in a manila envelope with the airplane ticket. Several pieces of stationery are pulled from a file cabinet. With pen in hand she writes David.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOBELIA ZONE - DAY

A gorilla group breaks celery stalks, rips leaves, and eats heartily. Between munches they make contented vocalizations, "Hoo hoo hoo." Dian crawls toward them, her microphone held high. She stops, breaks a celery stalk, and imitates their eating sounds. The gorillas munch and listen to Dian munch.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIN FOREST - DAY

Dian and Sembagare walk.

DIAN

You sure you're all out?

Sembagare nods "Yes."

DIAN

God, I'm dying for a cigarette.

Sembagare suddenly silences her with an arm gesture.

She looks around to see twenty sets of black eyes looking at her from behind foliage.

SEMBAGARE

Don't be afraid. It's the Batwa.

A hidden voice speaks in Kinyarwanda. Sembagare translates.

SEMBAGARE

They want you to stand up.

Dian stands. An excited murmur spreads through the Batwa. Slowly the 20 men emerge. They stand no taller than 4'7". They circle around her looking, whispering.

One of the men steps forward. He speaks to Sembagare in Kinyarwanda.

SEMBAGARE

He wants to touch your hair. Let him. He is an Umushitsi.

Dian has no idea what that means, but the tone of Sembagare's voice tells her to follow his order. She lowers herself onto her haunches and removes her bandana.

The Umushitsi tentatively pokes at the red highlights of her hair. He speaks to the other Batwa. They murmur. Slowly, with fear on their faces, they disappear into the forest.

DIAN

Jeez. What was all that?

SEMBAGARE

Your hair is the color of fire.
They think you're a witch.

DIAN

(laughing)

Well, they wouldn't be the first ones.

A crack of thunder motivates them to head toward camp.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIN FOREST - DAY

Dian canvasses the group with her binoculars, settles on the females who are now all inspecting a year old infant who's carried in his mother's arms like a running back carries a football.

Dian focuses on the infant who purses its thin, black lips in what looks like a kissable pucker.

DIAN

Hey, Pucker Puss.

She hooks up her telephoto lens, focuses on Pucker Puss, shoots.

Dian crawls closer to the group. The Silverback glances at her from the corner of his eye, yawns. She moves closer. Now at twelve feet. Closer. The females look at her, then go back to grooming their young. Dian turns on her tape recorder, holds her microphone out.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIN FOREST - DAY

Dian discovers two wire snare traps hidden under camouflage foliage. Sembagare puts them in his sack. They hear a high pitched "Yelp" coming from a nearby bamboo area. Dian is off and running, Sembagare behind her.

Dian sees the gaping opening on the earth's floor. She's on her stomach crawling to the edge of the pit trap. She looks down, sees a duiker (a small deer-like animal).

The animal jerks convulsively on the stakes. We see that her lower abdomen is round, full.

SEMBAGARE

She is to deliver soon.

Dian groans and looks back at the duiker. The animal's eyes meet Dian's as an explosion of dark blood erupts from her mouth. Dian involuntarily, turns away, finds Sembagare's eyes. His look tells her what must be done. She pulls her backpack off, retrieves a pistol (an obviously new one), turns and hands it toward Sembagare. The "Yelping" continues.

SEMBAGARE

You must do it yourself. I won't always be with you.

Dian swallows hard, then looks down at the duiker. After a long agonizing moment, Dian lifts the gun and points it at the duiker. Her arm sways. Both hands now. She bites her lip, squints her eyes. Shoots. The yelping stops.

Dian lets herself fold to the ground. She fights tears. She breathes in the sweet moisture of the earth. Pulls strength from it.

DIAN

The Batwa did this?

SEMBAGARE

And their fathers and grandfathers before them.

Dian sees the reality of the future.

DIAN

And their sons and grandsons after them?

Sembagare takes the gun from her hand, puts it back into her back pack and nods "Yes."

DIAN

I want you to teach me everything you know about sumu.

His brow creases.

CUT TO:

SUMU SYMBOL



EXT. KARISOKE RESEARCH CENTER CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Dian and Sembagare sit on a log next to the fire. Dian holds a pipe between her teeth, puffs. Sembagare draws on the ground with a stick.

SEMBAGARE
This the "Veve of Grand Bois of
Ife." It is the symbol for power
over all the forest.

Dian searches the ground at her feet for dry leaves. She scoops up a pipeful and packs them into her pipe with Sembagare's stick. She returns the stick to him and he draws again.

SEMBAGARE
If I would draw this "Legba Ati-
Bon" on your arm with the blood of
a pig I would possess your mind.

DIAN
How do you know so much about
this?

SEMBAGARE
The elders in my tribe once prac-
ticed sumu.

DIAN
They don't anymore?

SEMBAGARE
My tribe was massacred when I was
a young man.

DIAN
All of them?

Sembagare nods "Yes" and begins to draw another sumu symbol. Dian senses that she should not inquire further about his past.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAGENIA GROVE - DAY

Dian, box of oil paints in her left hand, paints the "Veve of Grand Bois of Ife" on a dead hagenia tree trunk. The colors are vivid. Dian paints hair on the sumu symbol in bright, fiery red.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIN FOREST - DAY

Dian observes a group and records vocalizations. A young blackback who is positioned at the periphery of the group as Sentry Guard, watches Dian. He slowly knuckle walks toward her. He rips some leaves off a gallium plant. Whacks his head with them. Looks at Dian for reaction. Gets none. Yawns. Looks again.

Dian fights the urge to make eye contact. Looks down at her notebook. Then she slowly raises her camera, takes a shot.

The Blackback struts closer. He swings his arms while he searches her face with his eyes.

Dian, unable to control the urge, looks down into the Blackback's face, then into his eyes. Liquid brown. Unfathomable. Spellbound, Dian is slowly drawn into them...into the animal himself.

A long moment. He scratches his nose. It's then that Dian notices that one of his fingers is twisted.

We hear a loud "Whinny" from the Silverback. A signal for the group to move on.

The Blackback sighs deeply, stretches, turns to join the others. The group moves into the foliage.

CLOSE ON NOTEBOOK: Dian writes with shaking hand: Immature Male - Aprox. 3 years - Middle digit, left hand, broken. Name - DIGIT.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Paper's everywhere. Piles of files. Thirty notebooks scattered all over. Graphs, grids, charts lie on the floor. The out of focus gorilla pictures on the wall have been replaced by sharp, close-up shots. They are labeled, "WHINNEY"... "OLD GOAT"... "BEETHOVEN"... "DIGIT." On the opposite wall, a census chart. GORILLA CENSUS APRIL 28, 1972-TOTAL COUNT, 205. Heavy rain pours causing loud pelting on her tin roof. Dian in pink curlers paces, while she records into the Nagra.

DIAN

Belch vocalizations resemble deep, prolonged rumbles...

She records the day's vocalizations while lighting an Impala.

DIGIT

(voice over)

Naoom, naoom, naoom.

Dian plays back the sound again..."Naoom, naoom, naoom."

EXT. CAMP GROUNDS - NIGHT

A tall male figure, face hidden under rain gear moves across Karisoke. He stops, looks around at three dim spots of light coming from three tin cabins.

Then he sees a brighter light coming from the kerosene lamp in the cabin ahead of him. He walks toward Dian's house.

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DIAN

The "Roar" is a monosyllabic loud outburst of low pitch sound lasting from .20 to .65 seconds. It is used in situation of stress.

She turns up the volume to be able to hear over the sound of the rain.

GORILLA

(voice over)

Roar...roar...

DIAN

Roar...roar...roar

EXT. DIAN'S CABIN - NIGHT

The Stranger knocks on the door.

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She rewinds the tape, turns the volume up louder.

GORILLA

(voice over)

Roar...roar.

DIAN

Roar...roar.

EXT. DIAN'S HOUSE NIGHT

The Stranger bangs on the door and strains to hear through the pelting of the rain on the tin roof.

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DIAN
(as loud as she's
able)
Roar...roar.

EXT. DIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The Stranger hears the bizarre "Roar" sound. Knocks again.

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

GORILLA
(voice over)
Grunt...grunt.

DIAN
A "Pig Grunt" sound is a series of short, rough, guttural noises between .15 and .40 seconds. Used when altercations over food occur.

GORILLA
(voice over)
Grunt...grunt.

EXT. DIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Stranger drenched to the bone, tired, frustrated, reaches for the door knob, turns it. The door opens. He looks in to see Dian, pacing, curlers in hair, cigarette in hand, gesturing like Bette Davis in Beyond The Forest.

DIAN
(in an altercation
character)
Grunt...grunt.
(in contentment character)
Naoom...naoom.
(in threatened character)
Roar...roar.

She turns an exaggerated runway turn and faces the Stranger in her doorway.

STRANGER
I like the "room room" best. Subtle, but with an intense edge.

Dian is obviously surprised.

DIAN

Who are you? And what...

STRANGER

I'm Jack Chambers. I'm a day and
a half late and I'm soaked.

He enters the house, drops the canvas-wrapped gear from his
back to the floor. Then he pulls the rain hood and parka off.
He looks at Dian.

Jack's skin is burnished from years of working in the sun...his
dark eyes instinctively see, photograph, and edit everything
around him. Jack's lived three lifetimes in his 43 years.
He's seen it all, watched the dailies, then sat through the re-
runs. Liken Jack Chambers to Dian's favorite layer cake. Hu-
mor over sensitivity over intelligence over masculinity with an
icing of thick sexuality. A quick flash on Dian's face tells
us she'd like to serve herself a slice right now. But she
quickly submerges into a pocket of shyness. She looks at him
blankly.

JACK

I sent a message from Kigali that
I was coming.

Dian's face remains blank.

JACK

I think we have the classic Rwanda
communication system snafu, here.

DIAN

I'm a little confused.

Jack digs a bottle of Bushmill's from his gear, then looks at
the gorilla photos on the wall.

JACK

I'm with the National Geographic.
I'm going to make a documentary
about your work with the mountain
gorilla...You want a shot?

DIAN

No, thank you...What documentary?

Jack crosses to one of the bookshelves and looks at a small oil
painted canvas depicting a duiker drinking from the stream.

JACK

You paint this?

Dian nods an irritated "Yes."

DIAN

What documentary?

Jack finds a jelly jar glass depicting the Road Runner in pursuit. He laughs. Pours two fingers.

JACK

You know, it's cold enough in here to hang meat.

He pulls a letter from his pocket, gives it to her. She reads silently.

JACK

I'll save you the eye strain. The N.G. has issued a decree through Louis Leakey to you...It's a matter of not biting the hand that feeds you.

Dian's face shows tension because of her desire to keep her "closeness" with the animals hidden.

DIAN

It's extremely inhospitable out there, Mr. Chambers. What kind of experience do you have?

He calls her bluff. Rolls up his sleeve, reveals a dark purple X.

JACK

Cottonmouth bite. The Everglades. 1950. I was 20 years old.

He unbuttons the top two buttons of his shirt to reveal three thick welts of keloid scar tissue.

JACK

Bengal tiger. Shivpuri, India. 1958... In 1964 I went through the ice at Cape Halkett, Alaska, and treaded 48 degree water for too long a time. I've had a pathological fear of the cold since...There's a knife wound scar I got in Belem, Brazil, in 1966, but it's in a place you're not ready to see.

She hates his cockiness but is also excited by it.

DIAN

Why were you stabbed?

JACK

Her husband came home early.

Dian quickly grabs her rain parka, puts it over her head. She realizes she has curlers in her hair.

DIAN

You can bunk with Rushemba. He'll wake you early. I leave before dawn.

CUT TO:

EXT. NETTLE ZONE - DAWN

Dian, now an expert tracker, senses she's being followed. She stops, hears twigs snapping behind her. She circles back.

EXT. BUSH ZONE - DAWN

Jack, with camera equipment strapped to his back, mouths "Shit" as he steps on a dried twig and hears it snap. He stops. Then continues tracking Dian. He crawls through thick vines, gets his leg caught. Has to untangle himself.

EXT. NETTLE ZONE - DAY

Jack navigates through the nettle zone. Motivated by the fear of losing her, he rushes into the middle of a 6-ft. nettle patch.

His right leg gets it first. A nettle rips through his pants into his skin. He turns in pain, shoving his side into more nettles. He pulls back into more waiting thorns. He grimaces.

JACK

Goddamn it!

DIAN

(voice over)

Yeah...I know what you mean. Nettles aren't nearly as dramatic as Bengal tigers.

Jack turns to see Dian, hands on hips in her "Queen of the Mountain" stance. Then he winces again.

DIAN

You think they hurt now, wait a few hours.

Dian helps Jack untangle himself from the nettle branches. She's on safer ground now because she's in control.

DIAN
You can come with me. But no
filming. And you have to stay at
least 20 feet away.

JACK
Yes, ma'am!

. She lets go of the branch she's holding. It swings back and
gets him. Another sting.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAGENIA GROVE - DAY

Jack watches in amazement as a gorilla group lets Dian get close. She makes contentment vocalizations. They answer with their own. She records them. Jack begins to move closer.

DIAN

(over her shoulder to
Jack)

You see this Blackback to my
right? That's Digit. He's Sentry
Guard for this group. I'd stay
nice and still if I were you.

Jack decides to stay nice and still. He watches and is astonished to see how she has habituated these wild animals.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIN FOREST - LATE DAY

Dian and Jack head back to camp. She listens cautiously as Jack, genuinely moved by what he's seen, tries to convince her to let him film her work.

JACK

You must let me document this!

DIAN

I have thirty notebooks full of
documentation.

JACK

Words. Words. If we put it on
film, we'll see behind the words.

DIAN

What are you talking about?

JACK

You've habituated those gorillas!
Don't you see? You've destroyed
a myth. It's fantastic!

He is seized by a stinging sensation from the nettles, reacts.

DIAN

Are you always this dramatic?

JACK

I don't like missing an opportu-
nity.

She stops, points to a thick bamboo area.

DIAN

That's a spring trap zone. Semba-
gare and I cleaned it out four
days ago. We cut eleven traps.

Dian throws her leather gloves into the air over the spring trap zone. They land. One to safety. The other lights on a spring trap, sets off the spring, and is held tightly by a wire trap.

DIAN

You see, I have a war on my hands
and I'm battling with no troops,
no ammunition.

Dian gets on her knees, crawls into the spring trap zone, cuts the trap, retrieves her gloves. She turns to see Jack cut a trap. She's pleased. Dian listens to Jack as he cuts the remaining traps.

JACK

You can't put all the blame on the
Batwa. Poaching's the way they've
fed their families for genera-
tions. The doctor in Miami tips
the first domino when he hires the
guy who hires the Batwa. The
Batwa get to feed their children,
the middleman gets a new silk
suit, the doctor gets a gorilla
hand ash tray for his coffee table
and a head for his wall. Every-
body's happy.

DIAN

Well, I'm not happy! The gorillas
aren't happy!

He tosses the traps he has cut into a pile.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

Dian eats Cheese-Its as Jack, shivering, starts a fire.

DIAN

It's important to remain as quiet
as possible. No sudden movements.
No direct eye contact because a
male will challenge you by charg-
ing.

Jack's body language tells us the stings are worse.

DIAN

If one does charge, hit the ground. Cover your head with your arms. Never, never, run from a gorilla...I think that covers it.

JACK

Do you have anything for these stings?

DIAN

Certainly.

She hands him the box of Cheese-Its. He looks in disdain, puts it down.

Dian goes to her cupboard, begins mixing bits of leaves, herbs, and moss.

JACK

What is that stuff?

DIAN

A mystical, magical glop. We witches have a knack for this sort of thing.

She combines it with powdered substances and puts it all in a cup.

JACK

Are you a true witch?

DIAN

That's what the Batwa say.

She spits into the cup, hands it to him.

JACK

Great. The latest in pharmacology!

DIAN

You'll feel fine by morning so we can begin filming.

JACK

Really?

DIAN

Why do you think I gave you the "gorilla etiquette" lesson?

Jack is obviously pleased.

JACK
Thank you.

He leaves. Dian watches him as he scratches all the way to his cabin.

CUT TO:

EXT. SADDLE REGION - DAY

Jack's camera quietly whirs. We see Dian, Digit and two other gorillas through his lens. Jack moves quietly, sensitive not to disturb the animals. Dian sees how well he works. She accepts him. A team is born.

With the microphone poised, Dian moves closer to one of the females, prompts her with some of her own vocalizations. The gorilla doesn't respond. She munches thistles instead.

Dian appears excited.

DIAN
This is the first time I've seen
Effie eat thistle.

Dian's notebook is out. She writes rapidly, observes Effie eat, checks her watch, notes the time, writes more.

After a beat, Digit moves from the periphery of the group and positions himself between Jack and Dian, in Jack's line of vision. He makes a harsh staccato sound.

DIAN
Break off one of those stalks.
Pretend to eat.

Jack does. Digit calms down.

DIAN
Digit's overly protective of me.
And he doesn't like men. He hates
beards. Be glad you don't have a
beard.

JACK
I am. I am.

After a beat, Digit knuckle walks to Dian. Jack has a clear line of vision to shoot.

Digit playfully flips the notebook from Dian's hand. It lands in mud. He sniffs her shoulder, her hair. Inches from her face now. He twists his body and plops down next to her. Takes his Sentry pose, arms lie across his lap.

Jack sees Dian close her eyes, try to calm her rapid breathing. Digit turns his head away from Dian and then rests his hand, palm up, on the ground next to her. Jack shoots the action.

Digit pushes her leg with his hand, then rests his hand on the ground again. He looks away.

Jack watches Dian fight the overwhelming urge to touch the gorilla's hand. She reaches slowly toward it, stops. Closes her fist tight. So tight her nails dig into her palm. A long moment.

Jack realizes that Dian is now unaware of anyone's presence but Digit's. She seems mesmerized. Finally, emotions overtake intellect, Dian gives in and gently places her hand, palm up, in Digit's leathery mitt.

Dian crosses a boundary...And Jack has filmed it.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The mood is festive. Music plays from Dian's recorder. Dian sings along as she struggles with a champagne cork. Jack comes from the kitchen and opens the bottle. Pop!

JACK

I knew I'd have a reason to bring this!

He pours champagne into two jelly jar glasses. They toast.

DIAN

To Digit!

JACK

To Dian...who has now not only destroyed a myth...but decimated it.

Dian shouts a "Yea." They toast and drink. Dian eats Fritos with her champagne as she paces excitedly.

DIAN

Wasn't it goddamn amazing? I swear...I never experienced a moment like that...And it was obvious that he wanted to make contact, physical contact. Wasn't it obvious?

Jack slides scrambled eggs from a bowl to a hot pan.

JACK

If he'd have been more obvious,
he'd have sat on you.

DIAN

Unbelievable!...You'd think his
hand would be rough from use...but
it wasn't. It was soft, smooth...
but tough like leather...What are
you cooking?

JACK

The triumph of the day has
prompted a decision. No Fritos
and Frosted Flakes dinners for me!

He comes at her with a forkful of scrambled eggs. She takes a
bite.

DIAN

Not bad. A little undercooked.

She pours herself another glass of champagne, then refills his.

DIAN

(toasting)

Here's to crossing the bridge of
time.

Jack feigns impressed.

JACK

A literary gorilla lady!

He raises his glass.

JACK

And to future bridges we'll cross
together.

She likes that.

DIAN

A team?

JACK

A team!

Jack puts down his glass.

JACK

Good night, then.

He starts for the door, stops, turns back to her.

JACK
If I could borrow a needle and
thread?

She hands him a small sewing basket.

DIAN
It's refreshing to see a man who
doesn't insist that sewing's his
wife's duty.

JACK
How did you know I was married?

DIAN
The night you arrived you shook
rain off your parka outside the
door so you wouldn't get the floor
wet.

Jack smiles as he leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIN FOREST - DAY

Jack's movements are so fluid that he almost melts into the vegetation. He films Dian as she observes the female gorilla, Marchessa. After a moment, Marchessa turns slowly like the grand lady she is and looks directly at Jack.

She sashays over to him and puts her black lips on the camera lens. Jack is thrown off guard, looks at Dian to see her doubled over in laughter. Suddenly, a year old gorilla tumbles across the grass and lands next to him.

At this moment, Dian and Jack experience the same sense of bliss, elation. They encounter paradise in this primitive setting...with these gorillas.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dian and Jack sit on the floor surrounded by 8 X 10 pencil sketches of gorilla nose prints. They are in the process of cataloguing them.

JACK
No two have the same nose print.
Is that right?

DIAN
Right you are...My God, I'm starting to talk like you.

They look at each other, laugh. A moment of sexual energy sneaks up on them. They resist it.

Dian holds one of the sketches up to the light.

DIAN

As...you...can...see on Marchessa here. The curve of the bridge of the nose is different. She has a...

He's not looking at the drawings. He's looking at her. He gives in to his feelings. He touches the bridge of her nose with his finger, runs it slowly down to the tip.

DIAN

She has a line...

JACK

Beautiful line...

He continues, downward over her mouth.

JACK

Beautiful shape...

Over her chin, down her throat.

JACK

Beautiful curve.

She takes a long moment to make the decision. Then she leads him to her bedroom.

INT. DIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They undress each other slowly, luxuriating in each other's scents, textures.

They move to the bed. Dian slides her hand down his chest to his waist line where she feels a half moon shaped welt of scar tissue.

DIAN

Belem, Brazil...1966?

JACK

Yes.

They make love.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUHENGARI MARKET PLACE - DAY

Dian appears to be agitated as she drops junk food into Sembagare's bag. Jack follows and puts vegetables in it as well.

JACK

(to Dian)

You get everything on your list?

She shows him an item on her shopping list.

JACK

What kind of Halloween mask?

DIAN

As horrible as possible.

JACK

I'll see it I can find one in Nairobi.

A flash of lightning, followed by thunder. Jack looks at the black clouds overhead.

JACK

If I get there.

Sarcasm drips from the edge in her voice.

DIAN

You seem real anxious to get there.

JACK

Yes, I want to take a look at the footage we got...before we go on.

DIAN

(quickly)

Don't let anybody else see it!

JACK

Why?

DIAN

I don't know. I just...Oh, hell. Go ahead. I don't care.

JACK

No. That's all right. I'll be back soon and show it to you first...What's wrong with you today?

DIAN

Nothing!

A Group of Rwandan Children run up to them, waving circles of string. One Girl thrusts a hand entwined with the "Cat's Cradle" string game at Dian. They shout, "Around the Barn... Around the Barn." Dian does the "Around the Barn" move with the string. They cheer. She kisses faces, waves them off.

Dian pretends to compare the weight of potatoes.

DIAN

(very cool)

What else are you going to do in Nairobi?

JACK

Yes, I'm going to see my wife.

She sighs loudly.

DIAN

I know. I know.

She dumps Kool Aid packets, chocolate cookies, and Cheese-Its in Sembagare's bag.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE TRAIL TO KARISOKE - DAY

Dian, Sembagare, and Four Porters with bundles on their heads labor up the trail.

Shrieks from a nearby saddle region pull their attention away. They dash into the forest in the direction of the sounds.

EXT. SADDLE REGION - DAY

From Dian and Sembagare's p.o.v. as they approach we see several Poachers swinging pangas. The blades slice into a Black-back. He falls to the ground, cut open from chest to hip.

In the b.g. Pucker Puss hangs onto her mother as she races to escape in the jungle. She is almost to safety. She looks over her shoulder. At that moment a panga blade rips into her shoulder, neck. She falls to her knees, struggles up, is hacked to the ground again, lies motionless. Pucker still clings desperately to the now lifeless body.

Dian reaches the slain gorillas, runs between the bodies. She shouts their names as if to call them back to life.

DIAN

Marchessa! Old Goat!

Shrieking sounds draw her attention. She sees several Poachers pull Pucker from her mother's bloody body and shove her into a burlap bag, held by a Young Batwa Boy.

Sembagare and Dian charge after them. The Boy trips, nearly falls. Dian's able to overtake him. Stops him with a flying tackle. He howls in terror. The Others flee with Pucker.

She yanks the boy up, looks into his face. Her own face is contorted in rage. Her right arm goes up in an arc, comes down hard to strike him. She stops herself inches from his face.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The 10 Year Old Boy is tied to a chair. Dian screams at him. Sembagare, close to the boy's ear, translates simultaneously.

DIAN
WHERE'S THE BABY GORILLA? WHERE
DID THEY TAKE HER?

The Boy remains silent. His eyes are wide in horror.

She holds a candy bar out to him, changes tactics and shifts into a sweet, motherly act.

DIAN
Kunya, you're a good boy, a lovely
boy. I have lovely goodies for
such a good boy.

He looks at the candy bar, wants it.

DIAN
(sweet as pie)
You can have it if you tell me
where they took her.

He turns his head away.

In anger Dian throws the candy bar at the wall. She gets her oil paints. Behind the boy's back she squeezes red paint into a cup. She drops a paint brush into it.

DIAN
(to Sembagare)
Hold his arm out!

Sembagare's reluctant, but obeys her anyway. He holds the puzzled boy's arm straight out.

Dian begins to paint the sumu symbol to possess a person's mind.



On her third stroke Kunya see's what it is. He howls in anguish. Tries desperately to break loose. He begins crying. Kunya speaks through sobs.

SEMBAGARE

An animal broker ordered the baby gorilla. He's at the hotel in Ruhengeri.

Dian pours turpentine on a cloth, wipes the boy's arm.

DIAN

(chant-like)

Dyo Leḡba 'Aṭi-Bon.

The symbol disappears to the astonishment of the boy. He's untied, and allowed to run from the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL MILLE COLINES - DAY

The jeep comes barreling into Ruhengeri, then into a gravel parking lot adjacent to the Mille Colines Hotel which is a remnant from colonial time. Liken it to an old Prom Queen. It reflects the memories of better days.

Dian, Sembagare, and Rushemba get out. They walk past European cars, two Taxi's, stop at a Volkswagen van that displays decals advertising zoos of France, Germany, Belgium.

She ranks the door handle. Locked. A number of Rwandans have gathered in the background and watch.

DIAN

Rushemba, get the tire iron.

He does. The Woodcutter runs back to the jeep, fetches it while Dian and Sembagare keep at the doors. More on-lookers gather around. Dian's intense energy spreads through the crowd. Several of the "Cat's Cradle Children" run up. One runs off to spread the word.

Dian wedges the tire iron between the rear doors, works at it until the lock cracks.

INT. VAN - DAY

Dian's inside. Crates are seen. Both are marked - PROPERTY OF CLAUDE VAN VECTEN.

Shrieks are heard. Dian looks between the slots of one of the crates. Inside, are two weasel-like animals.

DIAN

Hyrax. Two of them.

Dian motions for Rushemba to take the crate to the jeep.

On to the other larger crate. Dian slowly releases the door bolt. She looks into the dark interior. Lying limp, panting, is Pucker Puss. Dian picks her up.

DIAN

She's badly dehydrated.

INT. MILLE COLINES HOTEL DINING ROOM - DAY

The European clientèle, in ice cream suits and resort frocks, are having luncheon in the dining room.

Dian, carrying Pucker Puss and followed by Sembagare and Rushemba, storm in. The guests register shock. Women look at each other. Nervous laughter ricochets. White faces reflect indignation at the intrusion of the Black men.

DIAN

WHICH ONE OF YOU IS CLAUDE VAN VECTEN?

Silence falls with a thud.

The "Fossey stare" clicks into gear. Her hypnotic, riveting eyes cruise across faces.

Her instinct tells her to stop on an elegant, refined man in his 50's who appears to be outraged. CLAUDE VAN VECTEN is having dinner with his Wife and Two Other Middle Aged Couples.

As Dian walks past tables, heads turn away in disgust because of Pucker's odor.

DIAN

ARE YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR KIDNAPPING THIS ANIMAL?

Van Vecten stands, can hardly contain his outrage.

VAN VECTEN
HOW DARE YOU BREAK INTO PRIVATE
PROPERTY...

DIAN
If I ever see you or your meat
wagon again, you'll be lucky you
don't end up in a wooden box.

Van Vecten yanks a piece of paper from his vest pocket, shoves
it at Dian, shouts at her.

VAN VECTEN
A BILL OF SALE, MADAME, FROM THE
DIRECTOR OF THE INTERIOR...I'M GO-
ING TO HAVE YOU ARRESTED.

Dian dips her fingers into Madame Van Vecten's water glass.
Holds her fingers to Pucker's mouth. Pucker sucks on them.
Then Dian turns on her heel and walks out.

VAN VECTEN
DON'T YOU DARE TAKE THAT ANIMAL.
THAT'S MY PROPERTY.

Dian runs. Sembagare and Rushemba quicken their pace. Van
Vecten follows them, knocking over a chair on the way.

EXT. MILLE COLINES HOTEL - DAY

Dian, holding Pucker and followed by Sembagare and Rushemba pa-
rade across the parking lot. Hundreds of excited Rwandans part
so they can pass. Into the jeep they go. Van Vecten comes
charging out onto the hotel's veranda, stops abruptly at the
sight of so many Rwandans between him and the jeep.

Dian drives with her left hand while holding Pucker with her
right. The crowd has now reached almost two-hundred and they
run after the jeep as it heads to the end of town. (about 200
yards)

EXT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DAY

A short African man in his 40's carrying a briefcase is getting
into a jeep marked "DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR." He is Paul
Mukara.

DIAN
(shouting)
Wait!

Paul Mukara has an open, handsome face. His eyes are old, his
shoulders somewhat stoop from the weight of his job. He's
stunned at what he sees. A tall white woman, covered with mud,
holding a baby gorilla.

DIAN
My name's Dian Fossey. I have to
talk to you!

At this moment hundreds of townspeople come running round the corner. In a moment, he and Dian are surrounded by onlookers. Sembagare appears with a paper cup of water, gives it to Dian. Dian's fingers go from the water to Pucker's mouth.

MUKARA
I know who you are. You are the
American woman who lives with the
gorillas.

DIAN
I don't live with them. I study
them. Count them. Today there
are six less than there were yes-
terday.

MUKARA
I don't understand.

DIAN
This baby gorilla's been sold to a
zoo broker.

MUKARA
Yes, I know. I sold it.

DIAN
Why?

MUKARA
Nine hundred thousand francs.

DIAN
Five gorillas were killed in the
bargain!

MUKARA
That's horrifying!

His face shows he's honestly surprised and horrified. He indi-
cates that they should go inside.

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

They enter a door marked...PAUL MUKARA as Dian talks non-stop.

DIAN
...that the gorilla population is
half what it was ten years ago?

A Population Map is visible on the wall. Also charts, graphs.

MUKARA

Your problem is decreasing gorillas, mine is increasing people. We share opposite sides of the same problem.

He traces population curves on a chart.

MUKARA

Rwanda is the second poorest country in the world. It is about the size of your state of Maryland with a people population of 4.7 million. Ninety-five percent of those barely manage to survive. Nine hundred thousand francs provides people with food, clothing, shoes, medicine...Do you want to compare statistics or priorities, Miss Fossey?

Her tunnel vision prevents her from really hearing him.

DIAN

The Virungas are supposed to be protected parks land. Where's the protection?

MUKARA

Protection is expensive. Our Office of Tourism plans to conduct tours to see the gorillas. If this generates enough revenue, perhaps we can hire Park Rangers.

Dian blanches.

DIAN

Tourists staring at my...the gorillas! No way!

MUKARA

As I recall, you're a visitor on a yearly renewable work permit. I don't believe that status entitles you to make governmental policy.

He's got her.

DIAN

What about Pucker Puss?

His face says "Who?"

DIAN

Her. She was stolen today.

MUKARA

Sold today. It belongs to the
Cologne zoo.

DIAN

She'll never make it...Maybe I can
get her well enough to make the
journey...If I had three weeks...

Mukara looks at the sleeping gorilla. Is moved by her little
face.

MUKARA

She sleeps like a real baby.

DIAN

Want to hold her?

He can't hide a grimace.

MUKARA

No, thank you...But you've got
your three weeks, Miss Fossey.

Dian's at least won this one.

CUT TO:

INT DIAN'S CABIN - NIGHT

The play pen, on its side and draped with vines and other vegetation, has been placed on the floor. Dian, sitting Indian style, puts galium vines and thistles near Pucker. The gorilla eats them quickly, makes a muted "Hoo - hoo - hoo" vocalization. Appears contented. Then she yawns and falls into exhausted sleep. As does Dian.

CUT TO:

SAME - LATER - NIGHT

Dian sleeps on her cot. We hear gorilla hooteries from the mountain. So does Pucker. The baby gorilla weakly pulls herself out of the play pen and onto a bench under the window...She gazes out at the moonlit mountain. "Naoom, naoom" from the mountain. Suddenly, Pucker screams in anguish. She beats on the window pane with such force that it shatters.

Dian jumps up, grabs her, flips the play pen upside down and puts the wailing Pucker under it. More hooterie exchanges from gorilla groups on the mountain are heard. Pucker responds with the own "Wraaghs." She slams at the play pen bars. To drown out the vocalizations from the outside Dian puts a tape on her recorder. Turns it up to full volume.

Peggy Lee sings "Louisville Lou."

After another moment of Pucker and Peggy Lee at an earsplitting decibel level, Pucker slows down like a toy at the end of its wind.

CUT TO:

SAME - DAY

An exhausted Dian places a small banana in front of Pucker, who bites through the skin...spits it out. Dian peels it for her. She bites, spits it out. Dian tosses blackberries into the pen. Pucker picks one up, looks at it, smells it, eats it. Good. She scoops up the rest. Munches happily.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAGENIA GROVE - DAY

Dian sits with Digit. She grooms his fur. Flossie, an older female, waddles over to Dian.

DIAN

I wish I could give Pucker to
Flossie, here. She's always been
such a good mom.

We leave Dian humming and grooming Digit.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S CABIN - LATE DAY

Dian, Sembagare enter the cabin to find a tornado has hit. The play pen is overturned. Every book has been pulled off shelves. Research papers are strawn everywhere. Recording tape has been unraveled. Gorilla nose prints and photos have been chewed on, torn.

Pucker's climbed up into the food storage cupboard. Most of its contents lie on the floor below.

Covered with chocolate syrup, jam, sugar, flour, Pucker's having a feast of uncooked macaroni.

DIAN

I think she's feeling better.

CUT TO:

SAME - DAY

The cabin has been "gorilla-proofed." Wire mesh has walled Pucker from the rest of the cabin. Matting is nailed over the food supplies.

Dian and Sembagare watch Pucker run free in her enclosed area and play with a small Raggedy Ann doll. The little gorilla folds her arms in front of her.

DIAN

When she folds her arms she usually follows it with a "naoom" sound and a lowering of her eyes.

Pucker, as if cued.

PUCKER

(looks down)

Naoom.

DIAN

Ta da!

Sembagare smiles and nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIL TO KARISOKE - DAY

Porters carry a white porcelain, claw footed bathtub. It's followed by more Porter shouldering parcels, boxes. They're followed by Jack, who carries a tan mongrel puppy in his back pack.

CUT TO:

EXT. KARISOKE CAMP GROUNDS - DAY

Dian, with Pucker on her hip, joyously hurries to meet Jack. It's obvious from Jack's face that he can't wait to touch her. He kisses her on the mouth, with no concern about camp staff, porters, Sembagare, or Pucker.

JACK

My God! I missed you so much it hurt!

She runs her hand through his hair.

DIAN

Yes! I know! I know!

He kisses her again, full on the mouth.

JACK
Goddamn it! I love you!

DIAN
Yes, yes. I love you, too.

Pucker reaches out and grabs Jack's parka.

JACK
When we have children, will they
look like that?

The bath tub is carried past them by Porters.

JACK
For me! A daily scalding bath may
possibly make this climate tolera-
ble for me.

Jack pulls the puppy from his backpack, gives it to Dian.

JACK
For you.

Dian now holds Pucker in one arm...the puppy in the other.

JACK
A vision of the Madonna if I've
ever seen one!

He puts his arm around her as they walk toward their house.

DIAN
I've got so much to tell you!
Pucker was kidnapped and...

JACK
I know all about it. So does most
of Rwanda. The more the Belgian
tries to quiet the story of how
you rubbed his nose in it, the
more it spreads. You, my love,
are becoming a legend.

Dian shrugs, but we can see that she likes the idea.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pucker's asleep in her mesh cage. The puppy's asleep with her
face in the fireplace.

INT. DIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We join Dian and Jack in the afterglow of lovemaking. Their faces tell us the conversation is of a serious matter.

DIAN
It's all going so fast. Shouldn't
you think this thing out before
you make that kind of decision?

JACK
Do you want me to slow down?

DIAN
No.

JACK
I know what I want. I want you.

DIAN
Are you sure?

JACK
Yes...You want to go to the
movies?

She nods. Tears of happiness well in her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A sheet is tacked onto one wall and reflections of Jack's film footage are seen. The puppy and Pucker chase each other around the room.

ON SCREEN...The footage with Digit. The camera is focused tightly on Dian's face.

DIAN
Why is there so much of me and so
little of the animals?

JACK
You're the story.

Dian reacts negatively.

JACK
People are going to be attracted
to anything off beat. Exam-
ple...The Gorilla Girl.

DIAN

That makes me seem to be a...freak
or something!

JACK

Dian, how long have you lived up
here?

DIAN

Almost seven years.

JACK

In this climate, crawling around
in the mud with gorillas...for
seven years may be perceived as
rather odd.

DIAN

I'm a scientist! That's what we
do!

JACK

What the hell are you so upset
about?

DIAN

I feel like I've been exposed.

JACK

You want to tug at purse strings?
Believe me, this kind of stuff
will open the purse, lifts the
money out, and mail it here.

He pours himself some Bushmills.

DIAN

You drink too much!

JACK

You smoke too much!

Pucker pulls the sheet from the wall.

DIAN

See, she doesn't like it either!

They try to stay mad but can't. Smiles emerge.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIAN'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Jack and Rushemba nail pieces of wood together to form an open,
airy crate. Two of Van Vecten's animal handlers stand by.

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Dian types field notes. She hits the keys hard to help cover the sound of the hammer outside.

Pucker's on the floor, wrapped in unrolled toilet paper. She makes the "hoo-hoo-hoo" (content) vocalization.

Van Vecten's animal handlers come into the house. One of them picks Pucker up. Pucker screams in retaliation. Dian gets up, starts toward the Men, forces herself to sit back down. Pucker is taken out the door. Dian runs to the door, looks past Jack and watches the Men put Pucker in the crate. Two quick nails, the top is secure. The crate is lifted. Dian watches it being carried away.

Dian rushes back to her typewriter and types as hard and as fast as she can.

CLOSE ON PAPER: I WON'T CRY I WON'T CRY I WON'T CRY

Jack, sensitive to her pain, approaches her, and puts his hand gently on her shoulder.

JACK
Don't keep it in. It helps to
talk about it.

Dian lifts the typewriter and slams it hard down onto the table.

DIAN
Nothing's going to help!

She jerks away from him, grabs her jacket, and rushes out the door. Jack watches her run into the forest.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIN FOREST - DAY

Dian leans back against a tree, her legs out in front of her. Digit leans back, his back against her front. Her arms are around him. She rocks him, hums.

DIAN
She's never going to make it...I
should have asked for more time.
I didn't push hard enough.

Digit leans forward. Dian strokes the silver that now appears on his back.

DIAN

I wish you could see the silver on
your back. It's very becoming.

Sembagare, with Jack following, sees Dian in this private moment with Digit. Because he is used to this and respects it, he motions for Jack to remain quiet. Sembagare sits down on his haunches. After a beat Jack feels compelled to move closer, and does. He can see Dian's mouth moving as she talks to Digit, but he cannot hear the words. He sees that she is relaxed, comfortable, and secure.

He feels the hair on the back of his neck stand up. Jack wants to run, but is rendered invincible as he sinks farther into the knowledge that there's something eerie and bizarre about what he's witnessing. He hears Dian hum/sing to Digit as she rocks him.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK NEAR STREAM - DAY

Jack and Dian lie on a mossy bank by a stream. Jack, preoccupied with what he has witnessed with Digit, has an urgency to his voice. He throws twigs into the stream.

JACK

If you could whip up a shrinking
potion, Witch Fossey, we could sit
on this twig...

He drops the twig in the stream. We watch with Dian as it floats with the current.

JACK

And float out of this stream Digit
Silverback...into the Rutshuru
River, into Lake Edward, then
travel down the Semliki into Lake
Albert. Leave by the White Nile at
Pakwak, go through the Sudan, past
Cairo until we'd pop out in the
Mediterranean near Alexandria...
where I would buy a bottle of
retsina and toast your beauty.

DIAN

Can't you toast my beauty here?

JACK

I'm serious. Dian. I want us to
marry, have a family.

DIAN
Why can't we stay here? We could
raise children here.

JACK
Dian...

DIAN
I love you. I want to be with you
but my work...

JACK
Animal conservation work is being
done all over the planet.

DIAN
The gorilla's are here. We have
more filming to do. Isn't that
what you said?

Jack nods in resignation. Dian looks around at the lush green-
ery.

DIAN
Just look at this! It's like a
mystical, magical Kingdom. I love
it here.

JACK
Yes, green's your color.

He pulls himself up on his elbow and looks at her as she luxu-
riates in her Kingdom.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lighted candles show a table set for dinner. Champagne bottle
and glasses wait.

The tape recorder sends the smoky voice of Peggy Lee across the
room. She sings "I Got It Bad".

PEGGY LEE
"I got it bad...
And that ain't good"

INT. DIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She runs her brush through his hair. She puts the white tie
under his starched collar, ties it in a bow. She helps him on
with his black dinner jacket.

He arranges her hair in a loose chignon. She helps him secure the hair pins. He slips a hagenia orchid behind her ear. He twists the lipstick up out of the tube. She opens her mouth slightly. He runs the lipstick across the upper lip, then the lower lip.

DIAN

Are you staying inside the line?

Jack nods. He draws her blusher brush across her cheekbones. He lifts the satin green dress from the bed, holds it while she steps in it, pulls it up across her body. She turns. He zips it.

He presents his arm to her. She takes it.

DIAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Dian dance. A tuxedo, and a green satin dress and candles and fire in the fireplace and rain and a smoky torch song. A supremely romantic moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAGENIA TREE GROVE - DAY

Jack films Batwa huts, a smoldering fire. He pans to the left to get Dian as she jumps from the bushes, wearing a horrible Vampire mask that Jack brought from Nairobi for her.

Three poachers run from the huts screaming. Jack films Dian going into one of the huts.

INT. HUT - DAY

Jack follows her in and films her as she finds snare traps, hashish pipes...and a small, primitively carved, wooden head. Half of the head is covered with auburn hair. Dian's hair. Dian chuckles and holds the wooden head up next to her own. It is obviously a likeness of her.

Jack, concerned, stops filming.

DIAN

He's got the shape of the face, but
he's missed on the nose.

JACK

This isn't funny.

She begins rooting around in another pile of pipes, animal bones, and amulets.

DIAN

And I'll bet if I keep looking...

She uncovers her hair brush, holds it up.

DIAN

I left this on the picnic table last week. I've been going crazy trying to find it.

JACK

Between the Batwa and Van Vecten you're lining up enemies like ducks.

She doesn't take it seriously.

DIAN

Mukara's upset with me, too. I told a group of English tourists that we had a cholera outbreak up here. They sprinted down the mountain...

Jack has taken the small wooden head and is looking at it closely.

CUT TO:

EXT. GORILLA CEMETERY - DAY

Jack films Dian holding snare traps. She kneels in the gorilla cemetery only feet from her house. Near her are grave mounds marked by wood crosses and the names MARCHESSA...OLD GOAT...LEE.

DIAN

(into the camera)

It was a snare trap like this in which Lee here

(she gestures to the grave)

caught her ankle. Gangrene set in. It was a long, slow 60 day death.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A huge pot of boiling water covers eggs. Dian and Sembagare are painting Easter eggs. Jack puts more wood on the fire, then joins them with the painting. Sembagare's face tells us he is not happy with this job.

DIAN
Keep doing it. It's good exercise
for your hands.

SEMBAGARE
I am not as good at this as you
are, Madamoiselly.

DIAN
But in the forest I can't hold a
candle to you.

SEMBAGARE
What is this "hold a candle?"

DIAN
I can't compare with you. You are
better.

He smiles, knowing it's true.

CUT TO:

EXT. KARISOKE MEADOW -DAY

The Camp Staff, their Wives and Children are dressed to the
nines. Dian shouts..."Ready, set, go..." and the children run
into the meadow, search for and find colorful Easter eggs.
Sembagare helps them.

Jack leans against a tree and watches the woman he loves take
joy in the children. He joins her as Rushemba approaches Dian
with a Teenage Girl who holds an infant boy. She's pregnant.

RUSHEMBA
My wife, Seraphin...My son,
Joseph.

Dian holds out her arms. Rushemba's wife lets Dian hold the
baby while Rushemba bursts with pride. Jack watches.

Dian gently kisses Joseph, holds him close. She breathes in
his sweet smell.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUHENGARI MARKETPLACE - DAY

Jack is loading provisions onto the jeep.

EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Dian comes out of the post office. She carries a packet of mail. She opens one addressed to her and Jack, reads. She runs the gamut from surprise, to anger. By the time she reaches Jack, she is boiling mad, waving the letter.

DIAN

This was addressed to both of us.

He takes it, reads. Happiness caused by the letter is shadowed by Dian's anger.

DIAN

How could you have "hired us out" like that?

JACK

The BBC saw the film when I was in Nairobi. They talked to me about us working in New Guinea, but I really wasn't sure how serious they were.

DIAN

Well, apparently they were very serious...

She takes the letter back, reads.

DIAN

A crew...a substantial budget... complete control...

JACK

This is a wonderful opportunity for us. They want us as a team. Why can't you be happy about it? You're half of it. More than half.

A new wave of rage from a new place erupts.

DIAN

I think you used me to get this job...You used me, you Bastard!

JACK

That's ridiculous and you know it!

Dian gets in the jeep.

DIAN

Go to fucking New Guinea! Who gives a shit!

She leaves him in the dust.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Sembagare stands, watching her house. He hears raised voices. His face shows worry. Porters wait nearby.

EXT. DIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Dian watches Jack as he piles packed duffel bags outside the door. The wind blows wet and cold.

JACK

(mutters to himself)

This godawful dampness!

He goes to Dian.

JACK

Nine months...A year at the most
and we'll come back. I promise.

DIAN

I can't leave! You don't understand. It's...I belong here. My top root is here. If I leave...

JACK

What? What'll happen to you if you leave.

DIAN

It's them! What'll happen to them?

JACK

You've set yourself up as some goddamn Savior! Do you know that?

DIAN

I know that cemetery's getting crowded!

JACK

That fucking cemetery! They're animals, Dian. You've turned them into little Christians!

DIAN

That's a horrible thing to say!

JACK
Christ, this is a godawful send
off.

He looks at her, shakes his head, sighs.

JACK
I'll write to you as soon...Will
you please get a two way radio up
here so I can at least talk to
you?!

He's ready to go.

DIAN
If...you...leave...don't
write...and don't come back.

He's stunned. A long moment. He knows she means it. Both
fight tears. Jack leaves. She starts to go after him. Stops.
Turns around. He stops at the door, turns to see her walk into
her bedroom. He stands a moment, then walks out the door.

INT. TO EXT. DIAN'S BEDROOM WINDOW - DAY

She watches him say goodbye to Sembagare. The men embrace.
Jack walks into the forest. Sembagare looks at Dian's house.
See's her sobbing, her contorted face against the glass in the
window.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIN FOREST - DAY

Rain pelts her emotionless face. She slowly pushes her way
through hanging tufts of moss and lichen. Solace is directly
ahead of her. Digit and the group sit motionless and wait out
the rain, like black stone monuments. Dian sits on the ground
next to Digit. Pulls her poncho over her head. We pull back
to see an overview of all the black, stone still figures.
Dian's form can barely be distinguished from the gorillas.
Here she is safe. Here she can trust. Here she belongs.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAMBOO ZONE - HOURS LATER - LATE DAY

The rain's still heavy. She's stayed out too long. Visibility
is zero. Heavy rain is now coupled with mist and dusk. She
quickens her step.

The earth opens under her. She falls down the side of a well concealed pit trap. One of the stakes is rotted enough that it breaks when her side hits it. It's still enough of a thrust to rip her shirt and make a superficial slash across her skin. She lands on her side with a thud. We hear ribs crack.

DIAN

You stupid, stupid...

In great pain, she uses her panga to cut a series of foot holds in the side of the pit. Slowly she's able to reach some vine-like roots near the top, and pull herself out. Pain severe, she lies down in a fetal position. She coughs and spits onto the soaked forest floor. A small amount of blood remains on her lip. She pants, trying to control the pain, then drags herself along the ground, stands. In the distance she sees light from a flashlight. Sembagare.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FOUR YEARS LATER)

Dian's face remains the same, but her body language is older. She slumps in her chair. A cigarette hangs from her mouth. She coughs. Sembagare, with a touch of grey in his hair, opens mail, then hands the envelopes to her. She removes checks, dollars, francs, marks. Counts them, puts them into piles.

SEMBAGARE

The movie is doing a good job.

He's sorry as soon as he's said it. Dian appears emotionless.

DIAN

Buy rain gear and boots for the Rangers. Get the best price you can.

Cindy, the dog, now full grown, runs around stacks of research papers, files, magazines, conservation newsletters, paperback books. Behind them, on the wall are more gorilla photos, a picture of Dian and Roz Carr, a picture of Dian dancing a traditional Rwandan dance. Several of Dian's oil paintings are stacked against the bookcase. On the bookcase are gorilla skulls, skeletal remains of hands, femurs, tibias. Little vases of fully bloomed flowers are seen, placed appropriately.

He opens more envelopes.

SEMBAGARE

More student applications. You must decide.

She pours herself a scotch, lights another cigarette.

DIAN
I know, I know...God, where am I
going to find time to write the
book? I hate to write! Maybe
I'll compile a collection of sumu
recipes for Ladies Home Journal,
instead.

She laughs at her own joke. Sembagare doesn't get it.

SEMBAGARE
The students, Madamoiselly!

DIAN
You're right. This is serious...
If we get acceptance letters in
the mail by the first, we should
have our students by Christmas...

CUT TO:

EXT. RWANDAN ROAD - DAY

The jeep drives by. We see a quick glimpse of Dian at the wheel, talking animatedly. Two Male Students sit in the back. A Female Student is in the passenger seat.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

A hand printed MERRY CHRISTMAS sign hangs on the door. We hear African music.

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

A Christmas Party is in full swing. Camp Staffers and Rangers (in uniforms of camouflage jumpsuits and berets) have brought Wives and Children...Roz Carr passes a tray among the guests... Three Students stand together and clap hands to the music of the drums and inaga (string instrument)... Cindy, the dog, is petted by children.

Dian, in a Santa Clause suit, circulates, checking drinks, kissing, and hugging children. She turns her face from them when she coughs.

She refills her drink, goes to the center of the room, claps her hands for attention.

DIAN

This is a most exciting Christmas for me...and Karisoke! Let me introduce you to our first, fully funded I might add, research students!

Applause.

DIAN

This is Robert, who's doing field work for his doctorate in birth frequency.

Robert is 24. Handsome, aggressive, ambitious. He bows.

DIAN

Kim is going to be assisting me...
(stage whisper)
I haven't told her what's in store for her yet!

Laughter from the Camp Staff.

Kim is 23. Pretty in an innocent way. She idolizes Dian.

DIAN

Larry will be doing work in parasitology.

Larry is 23. A small boy, somewhat gawky, unsure of himself.

DIAN

A big, warm welcome, please!

Loud cheering and applause from the celebrants. The music starts again. Rushemba begins chanting to the drums.

Dian turns to find Kim and Larry right next to her. They look at her like she's Joan of Arc.

LARRY

Your papers on vocalizations...are really great.

Dian graciously accepts the compliment.

KIM

(pointing to the gorilla picture)
Is that Digit?

DIAN

Right you are.

KIM

When will we get to see him?

DIAN

You'll have plenty of time in the field. Enjoy yourselves tonight.

In the b.g. Robert has been looking over Dian's library, specimens. He joins them. He's enthusiastic.

ROBERT

You've got an entire primatology department right here. It's very impressive!

Rushemba's chanting gets more animated.

DIAN

Each Christmas Rushemba chants the events of the past year.

Dian moves on as Rushemba gestures to her and chants her praises.

RUSHEMBA

...Nyiramachabelli...

Dian pulls Sembagare aside.

DIAN

What was that word?

SEMBAGARE

What word?

DIAN

"Nyira" something.

SEMBAGARE

Nyiramachabelli. It's what you are called.

DIAN

What's it mean?

SEMBAGARE

It has many meanings. It means "The quick, strong, woman".

DIAN

What else?

SEMBAGARE

"The woman who lives alone in the forest"...

DIAN
What else?

SEMBAGARE
"The woman who lives alone in the
forest without a man."

After a beat, Dian breaks into raucous laughter.

DIAN
Boy, ain't that the truth?

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

Dian instructs the students as they observe Digit's group.
Their faces are electric with wonder, delight.

DIAN
We've had two females transfer in.
There'll be a baby boom here
soon...which will be grist for
your mill, Robert. Don't get your
hope up, but I suspect twins. Our
first.

Robert grins. Looks like he has found heaven.

DIAN
You'll spend your first month ob-
serving this group and group 3.
I'll want good notes, daily.
Typed, as I said in my letters.

DIAN
(to Larry)
I want you to make hand drawings
of endoparasites.

LARRY
What does "Toto ya Nyoka" mean?

Dian laughs.

DIAN
Who called you that?

LARRY
Rushemba.

DIAN
It means, affectionately, "The
Worm Boy."

They all laugh.

LARRY

Oh, great!

The group moves on after filling stomachs.

DIAN

They consume 60 pounds of foliage
a day...I'm starving!

Dian settles back, opens her sack lunch of Fritos and chocolate. The Students follow her action like lemmings.

DIAN

Look around you, kids.

They do. It's magnificent.

DIAN

This is as close to God as you
get.

ROBERT

I was once in Sumatra and...

There is noise in the foliage. Dian quiets Robert. After a beat, an enormous black head appears. We hear chest beats. A roar.

DIAN

He's a loner.

The gorilla chest beats again. The hair on his headcrest stands erect, his canines are fully exposed, his irises glint yellow. Dian stands slowly, puts herself between the Silverback and the Students.

DIAN

(to the Student)

Lie flat!

She tries to calm the gorilla with a reassuring vocalization. Doesn't work.

The Silverback charges her. His screams are earsplitting. His approach lightning fast. Dian stands her ground. She spreads her arms wide and looks him directly in the eye, "The Fossey stare".

DIAN

Don't push it, Icarus! I knew you
when you sucked your thumb!

Icarus stops within inches of her. He turns and goes into the forest.

The terrified Students looks at her as if she's God.

CUT TO:

EXT. KARISOKE CAMP GROUNDS - DAWN

The Students are suited up for the day's field work. Dian approaches with Three Rangers. She carries her panga. Her manner is matter-of-fact.

DIAN

(to Kim)

You'll patrol with Sembagare and me today...Larry, you go with Mikuno.

(to Mikuno)

Show him how to cut traps. In fact, all of you need to master the use of the panga.

Mikuno and Larry leave.

DIAN

(to another Ranger)

Take Robert with you to the saddle. Poaching's been heavy there.

Robert's not pleased with this assignment.

ROBERT

I'm real close to getting the data for my birth frequency graph. I can't take time to...

DIAN

I have a rule here, Robert. You can't research them unless you protect them!

Robert scowls. Leaves with the Rangers.

DIAN

(shouting back at them)

And if you see any tourists, direct them to the south slope... It's a nettle zone.

Kim laughs, takes off after Dian.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIDGE ABOVE DENSE VEGETATION ZONE - DAY

Dian has difficulty pulling herself up onto the ridge. Kim and Sembagare are behind her. They look down at Digit's group. He sees Dian, makes a contented vocalization. She answers. We see an obviously pregnant female.

KIM
Simba's much bigger.

DIAN
Yes, she's due to deliver in six weeks. Check out the proud papa, there.

We follow Kim's eyes to Digit, who moves to a rise.

KIM
Is the infant Kweli?

DIAN
You've been doing your nose print homework. I think you're going to be good at this, Kim.

Kim beams.

DIAN
Let's check the saddle for traps.

They leave.

CUT TO:

SAME - 15 MINUTES LATER

Digit has moved to a rise so that the group is now behind him. Simba, his pregnant mate, munches contentedly on nettle leaves. Kweli nurses from his mother, Macho. One of the juvenile males pulls down a bamboo pole to make a nest, tries to sit on it before it springs back up. Can't. Beats the ground with his fists. The one other juvenile sunbathes. All is well.

Digit sniffs the air. An alien smell? No. Nothing. He relaxes. Then he sees movement in the foliage in front of him. Alerted, his head tilts up. Deadly silence. A long moment.

He sees a form crawling low in the over growth. Then a face. A pink face like the bottom of Kweli's feet when he was born.

Maybe it's Dian, come back. The form stands. Claude Van Vecten.

Six Batwa come out of the foliage. All their eyes are on the infant Kweli.

Digit drops from the rise, positions himself down between his group and the assailants.

A spear slices the air inches from him. Van Vecten and several Batwa run for Kweli who hangs onto his mother.

Digit shrieks an earsplitting scream, charges them, breaking bamboo like toothpicks.

EXT. SADDLE - DAY

The sound of gorilla screaming echoes all around Dian. She turns white.

DIAN
Digit's group!

Sembagare charges off. Kim follows. Dian starts to run, coughs.

EXT. DENSE VEGETATION ZONE - DAY

Digit rushes the Batwa, swings his mighty arms, gets one, knocks him unconscious.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

Dian's way behind Sembagare and Kim. She pushes herself, stumbles and falls.

EXT. DENSE VEGETATION ZONE - DAY

Canines exposed, he hurls himself at Van Vecten. A spear nicks his upper arm. He looks frantically for Simba. Sees her move her girth toward Macho and Kweli.

EXT. EDGE OF DENSE VEGETATION ZONE - DAY

Dian sees Sembagare and Kim disappear into the overgrowth. Her lungs work triple time. No oxygen. Her head is like a feather.

EXT. DENSE VEGETATION ZONE - DAY

Digit sees the two juveniles escape into the over growth. He charges two Batwa who have reached Simba, Macho and the baby. The Batwa retreat. Digit watches Simba, Macho and Kweli slip into the foliage.

Digit alone. His job completed. In control, in charge, he continues to bait the attackers.

The next spear comes from his left and enters his hip. The next, from behind him and hits its mark in his lower back.

On his knees now, his weakened arms still flail.

The final spear is hurled and hits him in the solar plexus.

He's down, rolls onto his back. Eyes close.

It's so quiet, so still. Digit turns his head toward the ridge where she was. Where is she? Why doesn't she come back to play with him?

His eyelids flutter open to see a reflection of sunlight spray off the panga blade as it comes down toward its neck.

EXT. EDGE OF DENSE VEGETATION ZONE - DAY

Dian enters the undergrowth. The screaming has stopped. It is deadly still except for her labored breathing.

She falls, gets up, sees Sembagare coming toward her. His eyes tell it.

SEMBAGARE

No, Madamoiselly!

She pushes past him to the area where the group was. Kim sits on the ground, her face in her hands.

Dian's frantic eyes sweep across the blood soaked ground. She sees Digit.

DIAN

NO!

She runs to him, looks in horror. Falls to the ground. Her mouth opens. She screams, but no sound comes out. Then slowly, the anguish moves up from the core of her into her throat. The sobbing starts. Guttural, throaty sobs of a six year old child. Sembagare tries to pull her away. She wrenches out of his grasp, crying hysterically. He turns away, his own composure slipping. The sobs subside and are replaced by whimpering. Rocking back and forth, she holds herself.

DIAN

(barely audible)

They took...his...head...and
his...hands. They...took
his...hands.

She's able to get her jacket off. She lays it gently over his headless torso.

CUT TO:

EXT. GORILLA CEMETERY - LATE DAY

Dian sits, tacks DIGIT on a wooden marker at the top of a fresh grave mound. We pull back to see Sembagare, Robert, Kim, and Larry watching from the entrance to the cemetery. Kim cries softly. Robert puts his arm around her.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

Dian moves slowly through Digit's group, examining each gorilla for possible wounds. She wheezes, coughs. Exhaustion seeps in. She curls into a ball next to Simba and lets the sun warm her. Soon she sleeps.

CUT TO:

SAME - HOURS LATER

Noise awakens Dian. Instinctively, she reaches into her backpack, takes her pistol. Looking up around her, she sees the faces of Six American Tourists peering in astonishment at her.

DIAN

What are you looking at?

Dian gets up, moves toward them.

DIAN

I SAID, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?
GET AWAY FROM HERE. GO HOME...
LEAVE US ALONE...LEAVE US ALONE.

The terrified Tourists begin to leave. Dian fires over their heads.

DIAN

NEXT TIME I'LL LOWER MY AIM.

They run.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROZ CARR'S HOUSE - DAY

Sunday brings the locals to Roz's yard for traditional dancing.

Six Farmers of the community have donned the costumes of their ancestors. Headdresses like lion's manes, wraps of leopard skin. Around their ankles large bells are tied and ring with each stomp of their feet. Spears and shields are used to pantomime the ancient hunt.

Although the male dancers smile widely, the dance itself is savage, primitive, barbaric. Twelve drummers hit tall drums with wooden sticks.

Roz, Paul Mukara and a Visiting Government Official sit enjoying the dancing.

Dian appears out of nowhere. We hear "Nyiramachabelli" move like a wave through the hundred of Rwandans who circle the lawn to watch the dancing. She comes up behind Mukara's chair, kneels behind him. He's startled to see her. Her voice is rage, just barely under control.

DIAN

Paul! It's a three ring circus on my mountain! You want me to start handing out programs, for Christ's sake!

Mukara starts to speak. Roz intercedes.

ROZ

Calm down, Dian.

DIAN

Keep those stupid, gawking tourists away from my gorilla! Please!

Paul, gets up, firmly guides her into his chair. He looks at Roz as if to say "She's ill."

ROZ

(to Dian)

My God. You look terrible. Can I get you something?

DIAN

A cigarette.

ROZ

It's cigarettes and that senseless war up there...

DIAN

Don't you start on me, Roz!

Roz gives up. Sits. Dian's anger slowly subsides.

Six Rwandan Girls have joined the dancing. They run to Dian, try to pull her out onto the lawn. She resists for a beat, then gives in. She takes off her boots. Straps of bells are attached to her ankles. She closes her eyes, lets herself be carried by the drums.

Yesterday's strength surges through her limbs, enabling her to lift her knees high and stomp her bare feet onto the grass with force. Her ankle bells jangle loudly. She jumps, turns, twirls. They chant, "Nyiramachabelli...Nyiramachabelli".

The drums slowly stop. Dian opens her eyes to see Sembagare coming through the crowd toward her.

SEMBAGARE

Uncle Bert.

Dian turns sucks in a breath.

SEMBAGARE

We caught two Poachers.

As Dian walks past Roz she looks into her eyes.

DIAN

You see what happens when I'm not there!

Roz shakes her head in sorrow for her friend. As Dian gets into the jeep Roz runs to her, puts her arms around her, and gives her an understanding embrace.

CUT TO:

EXT. KARISOKE CAMP GROUND - LATE DAY

The air is filled with tension, impending horror. It's on the faces of the Students, Camp Staff, and Rangers as they witness the scene.

Dian, her eyes glazed in righteous rage, stands next to a terrified Poacher, arms bound behind him. He stands on a stool beneath a branch of the hagenia tree. A noose is around his neck. The other end of the rope goes up to the branch. Near him, and held by two Rangers, is another Poacher. His head is held so he has to watch.

Dian barks an order and the Poacher being held is released pushed to the ground. He begins to crawl away, leaps up and runs into the forest without looking back.

Dian then kicks the stool out from under the noosed Poacher. He falls to the ground. The rope has intentionally not been tied. As the noose is removed she snatches the sumu pouch from around his neck (an amulet to protect him against evil).

DIAN

The Veve of Grand Bois of Ife now possess your courage and your manhood!

Sembagare translates. The Poacher reels with fear. He's released and runs into the forest.

Kim, shaken by all this, breaks down in sobs. Larry runs after her.

Robert remains. He looks at Dian with disgust. She stares back at him. In the b.g., Rangers are seen carrying Uncle Bert's body toward the cemetery.

DIAN

Don't you have work to do? How many traps did you contribute to last night's fire?

ROBERT

None! I need field hours for my degree. Are we researchers or policemen?

Dian goes to him, turns him so he faces the Rangers carrying Uncle Bert.

DIAN

DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?
IF YOU DON'T PATROL, THERE WON'T
BE ANY GORILLAS TO RESEARCH!

He pulls away from her, heads toward his cabin.

DIAN

IF YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THAT...
GET OUT OF HERE!

Dian continues to stare at his back until he disappears in his cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN HOUSE - PRE DAWN

She types her notes. Makes typos because she's drunk. Wacks the typewriter. The dog jumps.

DIAN

Sorry, Cindy...It's just I hate
this research crap. I always did.

She gets up, stretches. Looks out her window at breaking dawn. Smiles at an idea.

EXT. TO INT. KIM'S CABIN - PRE DAWN

Dian looks into the darkness of the cabin.

DIAN

Kim? Sorry that that was little rough on you yesterday. How about breakfast at my house?

Dian lights a match. The light falls over Kim and Robert in bed. Dian reacts with righteous anger.

DIAN

THIS NOT A SUMMER CAMP. SEX IS NOT ON THE ACTIVITIES LIST HERE!...IF YOU WANT TO CRAWL IN AND OUT OF EACH OTHER'S SLEEPING BAGS, DO IT SOMEWHERE ELSE!

Robert gets out of the bed, tries to move past her.

DIAN

YOU!...I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO. YOU THINK I'M NOT AWARE THAT YOU'RE TURNING THEM AGAINST ME?... YOU ALL THINK I'M SOME KIND OF ARCHAIC FOSSIL, DON'T YOU?...

Robert moves quickly into his own cabin as Sembagare approaches her, tries to take her arm. She jerks away from him.

SEMBAGARE

You have not slept. You must sleep.

She walks around him and weaves toward the Camp Staff's and Rangers Cabins.

DIAN

THERE'S TOO MUCH SLEEPING AROUND HERE. NOTHING'S FINISHED ON TIME...NOTHING'S DONE RIGHT, EVER...I HAVE TO DO IT ALL MYSELF.

The Rangers get it next.

DIAN

AND IF YOU HAD BEEN DOING YOUR JOBS, DIGIT WOULDN'T...

She reels in the memory.

DIAN

YOU'RE ALL STUPID, INCOMPETENT WOGS!

She stumbles toward her house.

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - DAWN

Dian leans against the table, breathless. Lights a cigarette. Sembagare comes in, anger all over him.

SEMBAGARE

You mustn't talk to them that way.
They work hard for you!

DIAN

I pay them. I can talk to them
any way I want.

SEMBAGARE

YOU DON'T PAY THEM THAT MUCH!

DIAN

THEY GET PLENTY. AND SOME OF IT'S
OUT OF MY OWN POCKET! I HAVE FAM-
ILY MONEY, YOU KNOW!

SEMBAGARE

It never stopped you from being a
fool.

DIAN

YOU KNOW SEMBAGARE, SOMETIMES
YOU'RE A REAL PAIN IN THE ASS!

SEMBAGARE

I DON'T HOLD A CANDLE TO YOU,
MADAMOISELLY.

She begins to laugh hysterically, almost falls. He looks at
her in disgust.

SEMBAGARE

(close to tears)

You have made me ashamed of you.

This hits like a slap. Her laughter turns to crying. She goes
to him. He holds her like the father he has become. His heart
breaks.

SEMBAGARE

You must leave Karisoke. You
must. Before it kills you.

She knows he's right.

CUT TO:

NEW YORK SEQUENCE

ESTABLISH SHOT OF NEW YORK

EXT. 57TH STREET - NEW YORK - DAY

New Yorkers on the streets. A wave of humanity moves over the sidewalks. High decibel city noise is heard.

Dian, with Cindy on a leash, melts into the wave and at the same time stands out in it. This "civilized" environment bombards them both with alien stimuli that makes nerve endings raw.

An anxiety rush overtakes Dian. Bodies everywhere. Nowhere to run. Trapped. She feels her legs go rubbery. She's able to make it to the side of a building. She presses herself against the wall until it passes.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - 2ND AVENUE - NIGHT

A modern brick apartment building. Each unit has a 4 x 6' balcony.

INT. DIAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the background we hear a cacophony of apartment building sounds. Party noise, heavy metal music, country music, doors slamming.

Cindy sleeps at the foot of the bed in this minuscule room. She wakes up, looks around. No Dian. She gets up, trots toward the door.

INT. DIAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We stay with the dog as she walks through a claustrophobic living room. We see a formica table against one wall.

The table is laden with empty candy bar wrappers, cupcake wrappers ... Fritos bags. An empty Scotch bottle stands next to two ashtrays which overflow with Camel cigarette butts. We see Dian's typewriter, and the galley proof of her book. The title page is visible and reads GORILLAS IN THE MIST. Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston.

The wall above the table is covered with Dian's gorilla photos ... a photo of Dian and Sembegare ... a photo of Dian's house at Karisoke.

After a stretch stop, Cindy proceeds toward the open sliding glass door that leads to the balcony.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Cindy walks out onto the balcony where she settles down at the foot of the sleeping bag that lies there. In the sleeping bag is a sleeping Dian Fossey.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Dian, naked from the waist up, sits on an examining table with her back to us, as Dr. Harriet Kranis listens to her lungs with a stethoscope. We see a large scar on her side, courtesy of the pit trap fall. Dr. Kranis's manner is straightforward, but kind.

DR. KRANIS

When did you take that fall?

DIAN

I don't know. Years ago. I don't remember.

DR. KRANIS

I've read all your National Geographic articles. Fascinating.

DIAN

Thank you.

Dr. Kranis slips an X-ray negative onto a lighted screen.

DR. KRANIS

You shattered your rib, here. Bone fragments entered your lung, here. That's one of the reasons you've had the chronic infections ... At 10,000 feet, healthy lungs work double time. Double that for a heavy smoker.

DIAN

I'm cutting down.

DR. KRANIS

What's your diet?

DIAN
I don't know! Whatever's around.

DR. KRANIS
Your blood work-up indicates you're
malnourished.

Dian shrugs.

DR. KRANIS
With care and proper diet you'll
improve ... Had you remained in that
climate you'd never have seen your
next birthday.

Dr. Kranis looks under the examining table. Cindy looks back at
her, wags her tail.

DIAN
Thank you for letting me bring her
in here. She can't seem to adjust
to the apartment. Cries all the
time if I leave her.

DR. KRANIS
A little breach of the rules ...

Dr. Kranis writes out a prescription while Dian puts on her
blouse.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Dian pulls her terrycloth robe snugly around herself and than
looks closely at her face in the bathroom mirror. She takes a
deep breath and, with a shaking hand attempts to apply eyeliner.
Uneven. She wipes it off in frustration. Tries mascara next.
(The old Maybelline cake type.) She spits on the brush, rubs it
across the mascara, applies it to her lashes. Smudges, clumps.
She gives a, "Who gives a shit", look at herself in the mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Dian wobbles on high heels as she and Cindy walk across the
crowded lobby. They pass several large display signs which read
... WORLD WILDLIFE CONFERENCE - 1985. SPECIAL GUEST SPEAKER -
DIAN FOSSEY.

Three Young Women approach her and thrust programs into her hand for autographs. Dian smiles and obliges.

As she proceeds toward the ballroom doorway she's stopped short by an enormous poster of Digit. The copy beneath it reads ... MEET ME IN RWANDA.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - DAY

We are in a cavernous room filled with round luncheon tables. Waiters pour coffee. Posters of animals serve as decoration. Standing out among them are scores of posters depicting Digit.

Dian, with Cindy lying down behind her, is finishing her talk. She looks out at her audience. Primatologists, biologists, ecologists, conservationists, animal rights groups.

DIAN

... It takes one bullet, one trap, one poacher to kill a gorilla. It takes one small patrol to cut traps, confiscate weapons, capture, arrest, prosecute and incarcerate the poacher. It all takes money. I ask you to contribute generously to the Digit Fund ... Thank you.

Applause from the audience. Dian looks out at them, smiles. She sees a hand go up at a table in the front. She acknowledges it.

A Bejeweled Woman stands.

BEJEWELLED WOMAN

Aren't you losing sight of the total ecological balance of Rwanda?

A glint of passion is suddenly seen in Dian's eyes. It's a glint we've missed.

DIAN

I don't have that luxury. In 1960 there were 500 gorillas in the Virungas. When I started work in 1967 there were 200. Our latest census yielded 234 ... The rise in numbers is because of active conservation, not theory!

Another hand shoots up. She sees it, but ignores it. She looks around at the walls instead, at the posters of Digit.

DIAN

So many images of Digit. All sweet, and dewy-eyed, and airbrushed, and false. I don't remember him that way. I remember him the way he looked the last time I saw him ... without his head and his hands.

She's rendered the audience stone still. She leaves the podium with Cindy.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOUBLEDAY BOOK STORE - DAY

A light drizzle greets Christmas shoppers. Decorations are everywhere.. We hear the bells of a Salvation Army worker.

The window at Doubleday's reflects the holiday. THE PERFECT HOLIDAY GIFT IS A BOOK.

Another display announces FAMOUS PRIMATOLOGIST, DIAN FOSSEY, WILL AUTOGRAPH COPIES OF HER BOOK, "GORILLAS IN THE MIST" ... DEC. 5TH FROM 2:00-4:00.

INT. DOUBLEDAY - DAY

Throngs of shoppers. Lines of people holding copies of Dian's book queue up before a table where Dian, wearing a silk dress, smiles, signs, smiles, signs. Cindy lies under the table.

A Middle-aged Man, wrestling with packages, approaches.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Make it out to Sylvia. That's my wife. She's a big fan of yours.

Dian smiles graciously, signs.

DIAN

Well, you tell Sylvia I appreciate it.

A Redheaded Woman puts her copy of the book on the table. Dian signs it. The woman takes the book.

Before Dian can look up, another opened book is placed in front of her.

MAN'S VOICE
There isn't one nettle sting
cure in this book!

She knows the voice. So do we. She looks up to see a smiling Jack Chambers. His attitude is one of joy at rekindling an old friendship.

JACK
It's so good to see you.

DIAN
Yes. You, too.

JACK
You were right, you know. It took me a long time to realize it, but you were right.

DIAN
About what?

JACK
About your top root being in those mountains.

He's made it clear again. At this moment she knows she'll go back.

DIAN
Yes.

A moment of connection between them when they realize the enchantment they found in the rain forest twelve years ago still lives in a corner of them.

An attractive woman in her 30's approaches. She holds Dian's book. A 7-year-old girl follows closely behind her.

JACK
This is my wife, Susan.

Dian's not surprised. She's pleased. The women shake hands.

SUSAN
I love your book! Jack's told me so much about your work together.

Dian smiles warmly, looks at the little girl at Jack's side.

DIAN
Your daughter?

Jack nods.

DAUGHTER
Are you the lady who lives
with the gorillas?

DIAN
Yes. Yes I am.

Dian looks deeply into the child's eyes.

SUSAN
(to Jack)
We'll meet you in the front. I'm
so pleased to meet you, Dian.

Dian looks at Jack. She's at peace with her feelings for him.

DIAN
That's not exactly Jack Chambers
weather out there. Cold and rainy.

JACK
True. You got along with it better
than I did.

DIAN
Well, rain and I had become a sister
act.

JACK
Nobody wears rain like you do, Dian.

They smile, leave it at that. Jack disappears into the sea of
shoppers. Dian signs another book.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dian, with Cindy at her feet, watches herself on television.
she's being interviewed by Johnny Carson.

DIAN
(On Screen)
I talk to them directly.

JOHNNY
(On Screen)
How do you talk to them?

Dian leans into Johnny.

DIAN
(On Screen)
"Hoo hoo hoo."

Dian's forehead creases when she hears herself vocalize.

DIAN
(mumbling to herself)
That's not right! I'm way off on that sound!

The following Carson interview is heard in the background while we watch Dian's actions.

JOHNNY
(voice over on T.V.)
Do they have any sounds for attracting females?

Dian gets up and goes to her tape recorder.

DIAN
(voice over on T.V.)
"Ug ug ug."

JOHNNY
(voice over on T.V.)
That's where we got it!

Audience laughter.

Dian pushes the "on" button of the recorder. She walks with the recorder in her hand.

DIGIT
(voice over on tape)
"Hoo hoo hoo."

DIAN
(voice over on television)
The decimation of the gorillas
is my chief concern.

DIAN
(attempting to get the sound)
Hoo hoo hoo.

Dian walks toward the door to the balcony.

EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - NIGHT

Dian stands on the balcony with the tape recorder. Cindy joins her.

DIGIT
(voice over on tape)
"Naoom naoom naoom."

The gorilla vocalizations continue and mix with the street sounds from below. Horns blowing, taxis screeching, humans shouting.

Dian looks up at the sky. Stars blotted out by big city lights. Cindy makes a whiny sound.

After a beat Dian reaches down, pets the dog.

DIAN :
Time to go home, Cindy.

CUT TO:

EXT. KIGALI AIRPORT - DAY

Sembegare waits, separated from the arriving passengers by a glass partition.

A gaggle of passengers appear on the landing above Sembegare. From his P.O.V. we see a Tour Group weary from the flight but excited about their excursion. They descend the wide stairs from the upper level to the level where the baggage waits. As they get closer we see they wear name cards designed to resemble grinning gorillas. The gorillas wear straw hats on their heads.

He looks up again and sees Dian looking down from the top of the stairs, she looks relaxed, in control, ready. A rush of love moves over him. He swallows the lump in his throat.

She comes down the stairs, walks to him. The glass separates them. He mouths...

SEMBEGARE
You are well?

DIAN
(nodding)

Now.

CUT TO:

EXT. KIGALI AIRPORT - DAY

Dian breathes in the clear African air, stretches her arms up, then takes a big swig from the coke bottle she holds in her hand.

Cindy runs around in circles. Dian shoos her into the back of the jeep with her luggage where we see a canvas folding chair. Dian walks to the driver's side where she's surprised to see Sembegare slipping the key in the ignition.

SEMBEGARE
(proudly)

I learned.

Dian's taken aback for a quick beat, then gets into the passenger's seat, holds the coke bottle between her knees, lights a cigarette.

CUT TO:

INT. RUHENGARI MAIN ROAD - DAY

As the jeep moves north on the main road through Ruhengeri we see from Dian's P.O.V. Rwandans walk beside the road. Women support clay water jugs on their heads as they move elegantly along.

Dian gives a big wave to the roadside strollers. They wave back. The sound of "Nyiramachabelli" ricochets back and forth.

We see the Mille Collines Hotel ahead. As the jeep drives by Dian notices Van Vechten's van in the parking lot.

Dian indicates to Sembegare that he should turn into the lot. His face says "no" but his hands automatically obey her command. The jeep makes a U-turn, pulls into the lot.

EXT. MILLE COLLINES HOTEL - DAY

Dian reaches under her seat and retrieves the empty coke bottle. She steps out of the jeep, walks calmly to Van Vecten's van.

With a good solid swing of her arm she slams the coke bottle onto the running board. The bottle smashes, splinters, leaving her holding the neck of the bottle...the other end of which is

now a sharp jagged edge.

She deftly tucks the jagged edge under one of the back tires of the van.

Then she casually returns to the jeep to see a group of Rwandans clustered around it. Smiles are wide. Giggles are heard.

Several children run up to her shouting "Dian..Dian". She distributes hugs and kisses.

CUT TO:

INT. RUHENGARI OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Dian comes out of an office door marked...OFFICE OF EMPLOYMENT. There's a folded card in her hand and a grin on her face. She sees Paul Mukara leaning against the door of his office. He shakes his head and shows disappointment.

Dian dangles the folded card in front of him as she walks by.

DIAN :

Three more years, Paul! You've
got me for three more years!

She sashays backwards until she reaches the door.

DIAN

THE FOSSIL'S BACK!

She goes out the door with her best Loretta Young twirl.

EXT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Mukara follows her outside. He watches her get into the jeep which is now surrounded by Rwandans. They wave her off. She waves back, then turns and gives Mukara a farewell grin. He shakes his head, but lets a tiny admiring smile curve his lips.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIL TO KARISOKE - LATE DAY

The canvas chair we saw in the jeep supports Dian and is carried on the shoulders of the Porters. Her lungs scream for oxygen. She coughs. Sembegare walks beside her. Cindy runs ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. KARISOKE RESEARCH CENTER - LATE DAY

She enters the camp grounds to find the Park Rangers standing in formation...The Camp Staff stands at attention...Kim and Larry flank a New Research Student, Jim Merin. He's 25, intelligent, energetic.

Dian inspects the Rangers first. Then the Camp Staff. Their faces are open, forgiving, accepting. She's visibly moved.

DIAN

My God, Rushemba, you're wearing shoes.

RUSHEMBA

I bought them with my raise.
You make a lot of francs come
up the mountain.

She moves on to the students. Kim, tears threatening, hugs Dian. Larry follows suit. Dian's introduced to Jim. His face tells us he believes he's shaking hands with a Saint, a Legend.

Dian and Sembagare follow Cindy to Dian's house. The Porters follow with her luggage, her canvas chair. We notice one of the Porters carries a portable oxygen tank.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

Cindy immediately runs to the fireplace where a fire burns brightly. She lies down on the hearth.

Dian comes in, looks around. The same except for blank spaces on the wall where her gorilla photos were.

Sembagare leaves, closes the door quietly so she can be alone. Dian walks around the house. The kitchen cabinets are stocked with junk food...flowers shoot up from small vases...two cartons of Impalas are on the table. She's home.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dian conducts a meeting. Sembagare and the Students are in attendance.

KIM

...So Jim's a week away from
getting final numbers on a current
census.

DIAN
Have you plotted a graph on
female transferring?

JIM
I've got all the data in the
computer bank. ...with a back-
up file on groups and dates of
transfer.

It throws Dian. She covers it well.

DIAN
Right! Good!

KIM
We lost two gorillas to natural
causes. Rafiki's autopsy
findings concluded death from
bacterial septicemia.

Dian nods.

DIAN
And the other?

LARRY
A five month old male...we think
infanticide.

DIAN
That's hard to believe! It's so
rare.

KIM
In April, a lone Silverback charged
Group 5 near the gorge. The group
ran for nearly a mile, though the
infant's tracks stopped at five
hundred feet from the encounter.

LARRY
We examined the group. Idano had
been badly bitten...so had Curry.

KIM
We haven't found the remains of
the infant...we presume cannibalism.

Dian reacts, shaking her head.

DIAN
(doubting)
...I don't know. It's possible but...
I don't know...

A beat while she ponders what she's just heard.

DIAN

All right... What else?

Silence. Dian picks up a report.

DIAN

(an edge in her voice)
Why has patrolling decreased
by thirty percent?

SEMBAGARE

We have not lost any gorillas to
the forest people, and duiker
poaching has slowed, too.

DIAN

You're forgetting a principal
tenet of warfare...When the enemy
seems less a threat...you must put your
defense on high profile.

LARRY

We've been using the Rangers to keep
the tourists in line.

DIAN

I didn't train the Patrols to pick
up tourists' gum wrappers!

The fire's back. It reflects off the faces of the surprised
Students.

DIAN

There will be eight patrols out
tomorrow!... I want us in high
visibility...from every inch of the
park!

A beat before Larry risks it.

LARRY

Visible to who, Dian?

DIAN

The eyes in every tree! And if you
don't think they're there, you're
blind!

The warrior has spoken.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPRING TRAP ZONE - DAY

Dian finds it somewhat difficult to navigate through the

spring trap zone (where she first showed Jack the poacher's traps)
She and Sembagare examine the ground, the bamboo stalks for traps. Nothing. She canvasses the area again. Her face tells us she desperately wants to find a trap. Nothing. We hear her mutter a growl-like sound.

CUT TO:

EXT. HYGENIA GROVE - DAY

Sembagare watches Dian search the bowls of the hygenia trees for poaching equipment. She finds a hashish pipe. Nothing else.

She throws it with half the strength she showed in the past. Anger rises from her gut to her face.

DIAN

Shit!

She turns to see Sembagare looking at her with concern. A long moment.

SEMBAGARE

Am I looking at a soldier without a battle to fight?

She stares at him. Her face says, "Yes."

CUT TO:

EXT. BATWA HUTS - LATE DAY

Dian and Sembagare crawl toward the three huts. They wait. No sounds. Dian has a clear line of vision into one of the huts. No movement inside. She takes her pistol from her backpack. Sembagare shows concern.

Silence from inside the huts. Dian and Sembagare side-step several pieces of dead tree bark and proceed toward the huts.

INT. HUT #1 - DAY

They enter the hut. Look around. Ashes from a fire. That's all. She kicks the ashes. Then digs into them with her fingers. She smells her fingers for the possible odor of meat. No. Nothing. She kicks the ashes again.

INT. HUT #2 - LATE DAY

They enter the hut, through a smaller than normal entrance. Little light gets inside. They wait for their eyes to adjust. Something in the center of the hut. Dian crawls to it. She gasps.

A pe (altar stone) rests on the earth...Centered in it is a poteau-metan (center post). Draped over the post is the flayed skin of a five month old gorilla, with hands and feet intact. Resting on top of the skin covering is a small gorilla skull woven into the base of a basket. It is a fetish to conjure courage.

DIAN
Infanticide huh!...This is ritual murder!

We see the old rage erupt. She puts her head in her hands and tries to control her anger. It doesn't work. She lets out a howl.

Dian crawls out of the hut. Sembagare is momentarily rooted there as he stares, horrified, at the fetish.

EXT. BATWA HUTS - DAY

Sembagare crawls out through the hut's opening to see Dian angrily lighting an Impala.

DIAN
God damn son of a bitch!

She begins to blow out the match, stops, stares at the small flame. In one quick, intuitive gesture she turns and places the flame against the fetish hut.

SEMBAGARE
No! No Madamoiselly! This is too much!

The fetish hut begins to burn and quickly spreads to the other two.

Dian just as quickly pushes all nearby leaves, twigs away from the burning huts to prevent the fire from spreading to the forest. As she drags her foot across the earth she notices the pieces of bark.

SEMBAGARE
(staring at the fire)
This is no good!

Dian takes her tube of red oil paint from her backpack, paints a wicked looking, Vèvé of Grand Bois of life, on a piece of bark. Sembagare watches her in fear.

SEMBAGARE
Sweet Jesus! What is she doing?

Dian finishes the sumu symbol and places the bark several feet in front of the now flaming huts.

DIAN
She's leaving her calling card!

She smiles, satisfied.

INT. DIAN'S BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN

Dian struggles, coughing, to get her boots on. She lights an Impala.

INT. DIAN'S LIVING ROOM - PRE-DAWN

Some of Dian's gorilla photos are back on the wall. We see several spaces are still vacant. She sorts through some notebooks, takes one, puts it in her parka pocket. A coughing jag forces her to lean on the table until it subsides. Then she grabs her camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. KARISOKE CAMP GROUNDS - DAWN

We see the Camp Staff doing their jobs in the b.g.

Dian, shivering in the dawn's damp chill, joins Sembagare, the Students, the Rangers, who wait. It's an effort for her to talk but she pushes it.

DIAN
Pair up...patrol the saddle...the
south slope...the bamboo zones...

They accept their assignments, leave.

She looks at Sembagare.

DIAN
I...heard Digit's group last night...
Near the west ravine.

He nods, steps back so she can lead. They enter the forest.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST RAVINE - MORNING

Mud is deep, slippery. She falls often. Only asks for his help when the terrain is impossible for her. They continue, reach a high ridge. Sembagare goes up first, reaches back. She grabs his arm, is pulled up. She stops and looks over the landscape. Wet, lush, green. She breathes deeply. No cough. She smiles, feel stronger. He doesn't take his eyes off her.

They cross a stream and enter the night nesting area. The "Pok, pok, pok" sound of chestbeating is heard...from over the next

hill. They reach the base of the hill, Dian sinks to her haunches, struggling for air.

SEMBAGARE

Some other day. Tomorrow.

She pulls strength from deep inside herself, gets up and pulls herself to the top. She looks down into the ravine and sees Digit's group.

Nunkie, a new Silverback, has assumed leadership...Several Juvenile Males rough house near him.

DIAN

Nunkie's transferred in.

SEMBAGARE

Yes. He brought two females with him.

Dian and Sembagare make their way down into the ravine.

Nunkie reacts with chestbeats and a dominant vocalization.

Dian stands slowly so he can see her. She makes content vocalizations. It's obvious he remembers her. He relaxes.

Dian's eyes scan the area for Simba. (Digit's mate.) She changes her vantage point. No Simba. Disappointment creases her face. Then panic.

DIAN

I don't see Simba! Simba's not here!

Sembagare, now worried, stands, binoculars to eyes. Searches. Nothing.

Dian nervously moves around the edge of the group. Sits. After a moment she sees movement behind a thicket of nettles. She crawls closer, pushes back interlocking bamboo stalks.

Dian sees Simba lying on her back, sleeping. Resting on Simba's chest is a year old female. The baby gorilla is facing away from Dian.

Greatly relieved, Dian sits back and rests against the bamboo. She watches the baby move, start to roll. After a moment the black ball of fur loses her grip and rolls off Simba. She lands on all fours...rolls over and plays with her toes. She stops abruptly and looks to her left...at Dian.

Dian sees the baby's face for the first time. It's Digit's face...A miniature Digit's face.

Slowly she brings her camera to her face, takes several shots of the little gorilla.

The baby scrunches up her lips, yawns. Then, without hesitation, knuckle crawls straight across the vine covered floor toward the blue-jeaned creature.

Dian

her pounding heart.

swallows hard, attempts to relax

The baby stops to scratch, speeds up her crawl until she's a few inches from Dian. Then she turns and plants herself next to Dian. It's the same move, the same distance and the same positioning that Digit took when he first came to Dian.

Emotions well up in Dian. Not only from this moment...but from all the moments of the past years when she reached back across time and connected with the gorillas. She lets herself feel good...so good.

DIAN

Sembagare?

A slight movement from a few feet away.

SEMBAGARE

I'm here, Madamoiselly.

DIAN

What's the word for "brightness and light?"..."A touch of brightness and light?"

SEMBAGARE

Mwelu.

Dian looks down at the baby gorilla.

DIAN

Mwelu.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Painted Easter eggs lie beside a glass of scotch. Dian picks up the glass with a hand that holds an Impala.

We PULL BACK to see her painting eggs.

Sembagare struggles while painting orange zig zags on an egg.

DIAN

How many will we have tomorrow?

SEMBAGARE
Too many. These people have too
many babies. I cannot keep up.

DIAN
People have too many... Gorillas
don't have enough.

SEMBAGARE
But for the first time in twenty years
there are more gorillas in the Virungas...
not less.

Dian thinks a moment, nods in agreement.

She watches Sembagare finish his egg with a flourish of blue.

DIAN
You're getting to be a goddamn
whiz at that.

SEMBAGARE
Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Music plays. Her favorite.

PEGGY LEE (V.O.)
"You don't love me,
Like I love you.

She weaves unsteadily due to both the scotch and the lack of
oxygen.

She pours herself another drink, twirls around to the music
before she picks up a stack of gorilla photos from the table.
She heads toward her bedroom.

PEGGY LEE (V.O.)
"Nobody could.
I got it bad.
And that ain't good."

She remembers something, stops, comes back to the table and gets
her black magic marker pen.

INT. DIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A kerosene lamp burns on a small table opposite Dian's bed.

She drinks from the glass, sets it next to the kerosene lamp
on her bedside table. Then she lights the lamp.

PEGGY LEE (V.O.)
"My poor heart is sentimental,
Not made of wood.

She sits on the bed, begins sorting through the gorilla photos. Some are set aside on the bed. Some are spread on the floor at her feet.

PEGGY LEE (V.O.)
"I got it bad
And that ain't good."

Two photos of Simba are held up. She decides on one of them, writes SIMBA on the bottom. The named photo goes on a "Yes" pile on the floor.

Dian drinks. Then it's back to work.

She looks at three photos of Mwelu (Digit's daughter). Her observer's eye chooses the tightest closeup of the baby gorilla's face. She marks it MWELU with her black marker. She stares at it a long moment. Smiles.

The final residue of energy seeps from her exhausted, spent body. She drops the selected photo of Mwelu on the "yes" pile on the floor.

Then she leans back on the two pillows propped up against the wall at the head of her bed. Her legs feel like lead as she lifts them onto the bed. She picks up the glass of scotch, drinks, sets it back onto the bedside table.

Her eyes close. Twilight sleep overtakes her as her left arm relaxes and falls from her lap so her hand lies palm up and extends beyond the bed. Then heavy sleep envelopes her.

SAME - SEVERAL HOURS LATER - NIGHT

CUT TO:

The bedside lamp has burned out. The lamp on the opposite side of the room flickers its last light.

Dian, in a deep sleep, doesn't hear the sound of the tin panel being removed from the house wall opposite her bed. A hyrax scream.

EXT. TO INT. DIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

From this angle we see Dian stir, but not waken.

INT. DIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The sound of footsteps are in the room. A floor board creaks.

INT. DIAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cindy, the dog, raises her head from sleep, looks toward the bedroom. Silence. Cindy yawns, her eyes close.

INT. DIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The sound of footsteps move closer to the bed. Dian moans in her sleep but doesn't waken.

The light from the kerosene lamp paints a yellow canvas on the wall above the headboard of Dian's bed.

On it we see the shadow of a panga blade. It arcs slowly up the wall...stops...falls with a quick thrust. WACK. There is no cry from Dian when the blade cuts into her face.

After a beat we move down her outstretched arm toward her hand. A slow stream of blood rolls down her arm, over her palm and to her fingers...where it silently drops off her fingertips and onto the black and white photo of Mwelu on the floor.

We move across the photos. Lying next to them is a piece of tree bark we've seen before. On it is the vivid, red, oil painted sumu symbol of the Vevè of Grand Bois of Ife.

FLASH FORWARD.

CUT TO:

EXT. KARISOKE CEMETERY - DAY

From Sembagare's P.O.V. we see most of the mourners have left or are leaving.

Roz Carr lingers a moment. Paul Mukara puts his arm around her, leads her away.

Sembagare's alone. He moves slowly but with purpose and kneels between Dian and Digit's graves.

He removes the stones from around each grave and joins them so that one circle is formed around both graves.

The souls of Dian and Digit become one in the earth...for all eternity.

Sembagare has made certain of it.

ON SCREEN:

NYIRAMACHABELLI'S LEGEND LIVES.

FADE OUT.