

#1

TARZAN OF THE APES

Screenplay
by
Robert Towne

August 4, 1977

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ROAD - DAY

of red clay, flanked by white-washed stones and closely planted, towering cypress. It is a dreamy, shady path with only an occasional spear of sunlight piercing thru the trees.

A chorus of children can be heard in sweet and lively song:

CHILDREN (V.O.)

God of Our Fathers known of old,
Lord of our far flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

At the end of the road, baking in sun, is a complex of white buildings with overhanging thatched roofs and green shutters.

2 CLOSER ANGLE - BUILDINGS

And now it becomes apparent that the voices of the children are coming from one of the buildings. VIEW SHIFTS slightly to emphasize a large white-washed barn, its green shutters open.

F.g. there is a neatly painted sign with a cross of white-washed stones on the ground before it. The sign states:

Church of Scotland
East Africa Mission
CHINOMO STATION #9
Ruo Dist. Nyasaland

A smaller plaque attached to the larger sign adds:

Rev. H. Grattan Sims, M.B., F.Z.S.,
P.R.G.S., C.M., Pastor.

Over this, the HYMN CONTINUES.

3 INT. BARN SCHOOL - DAY

And it can be seen that the school children who are earnestly singing the Recessional are all black, range in age from five to fourteen, and are dressed in gay colored jerseys and shirts from the mission.

4 HENRIETTA ACKLEY-BROWN

a handsome woman in her thirties, accompanies the children on a harmonium and sings with them.

Behind her on the wall is a huge map of Africa which shows -- with bright colored pins and flags -- exactly where Chiromo is in British Central Africa and of course where the other stations of the mission are.

On the harmonium is a calendar with the date, April 15, 1905. Beside it are clearly marked photographs of King Edward VII, H.M. Consul General Sir Harry Johnston, K.C.B. and, most importantly, Dist. Collector Jephson Ackley-Brown, Henrietta's husband.

5 THE CHILDREN

take more pleasure than understanding from the solemn verses. REV. SIMS wanders among them, listening to their English, and helping some over the more difficult passages by holding their hymn books and singing with them. One little boy stuffs a modest sized snake into the Reverend's jacket pocket as Sims pauses, approvingly, to listen, and then pass on blithely unaware of his new companion.

6 THE SAME CHILD

continues singing, is nudged by a companion and suppresses a smile. He turns away and stares out the window, still singing.

7 HIS POV - BACK OF MISSION

A couple of elegant crowned cranes poke about among the chickens and flap at a Basengi-like dog who ignores them. Beyond the barnyard is a vegetable garden, then a river and beyond the river railroad tracks. Just beyond the tracks is tall grass.

8 REVERSE ANGLE - POV THROUGH THE GRASS

of the mission. The SONG can still be HEARD. Then there is the CLANG of the SCHOOL BELL and the children come pouring out.

9 MOVING THROUGH THE GRASS

as if the school bell had somehow precipitated the movement. Suddenly the CAMERA clears the grass and moves along the railway tracks themselves.

10 MOVING ALONG THE TRACKS

The pace PICKS UP until CAMERA ROUNDS A BEND AND SEES three African natives finishing up the day's work on a nearly completed span of track that passes over the river -- just beyond the tracks trail off into dirt.

11 TWO OF THE NATIVES

look TOWARD the CAMERA, scream, throw down their tools and jump in the river.

12 THE THIRD NATIVE

A powerful black who is nearly naked except for a red fez, races to the trolley inspection car, leaps on it, and grabs an ax, bangs it frantically against an oil drum on the car.

13 WHAT THEY HAVE SEEN

is a lion who now pauses, glances down into the river, then decides to move on the man in the trolley car.

14 RED FEZ

begins to pump the trolley car and move it slowly along the tracks toward a water tower which he clearly intends to climb. He fends the lion off by alternately banging the oil drum and swinging the ax in the lion's direction -- who seems more put off by the noise than the ax.

15 THE TROLLEY CAR

inches nearer the water tower and the lion remains at bay. Just as Red Fez looks as though he'll be able to make the jump onto the tower:

16 LIONESS

leaps from the embankment overhead, knocking the native from the trolley car. The two lions leap on their prey.

17 THE TROLLEY CAR

goes clattering lazily down the tracks and rocks gently to a stop.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

There is some SOUND -- from dying man or contented beast -- then silence, and the blood red rays of sun through black Acacia branches.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

18 CLOSE SHOT - GEOFFREY BATESON ON A LADDER - DAY

a banty little Englishman with a soppy moustache, holding onto the ladder with two heavily bandaged hands. A cumbersome camera flops around his neck. Near and just above him, is the Union Jack, limp on its flagpole as if exhausted by the morning heat.

Bateson, however, is not. He tries to focus the camera and nearly loses his balance.

BATESON

(cheery)

I say, this job takes all hands
and the cook, eh? eh?

19 HIS POV

Spread out on a drying platform is the huge hide of a freshly killed elephant, being cured, carved and treated by no less than 30 sweating natives.

For a moment it appears as a gray canvas, but CAMERA EMPHASIZES the long proboscis and huge ears shrivelling in the sun. The ivory tusks are nearby, their roots rusty with dried blood. And, a tethered calf, tied near the skin of its mother, teased and frightened from time to time by curious native children, insures our understanding of the remains.

20 WIDER ANGLE - CHIROMO CUSTOMS AND WAREHOUSE

Bateson's ladder is leaned up against the corrugated iron roof of a warehouse situated on the moderately trafficked river. B.g. a steamer is being loaded with hemp, coffee and a remarkable number of animal skins. The road leading to the mission stretches along in the distance.

BATESON

(focusing again)

I say, Carl - could you have that
chap in the rear hold up her tail?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

He has addressed the question to a white MAN who is vigorously overseeing the operation, brandishing a pair of calipers and in an efficient admixture of Bantu, German and English, directing the natives. He is clearly exasperated with Bateson.

CARL
(pronounced German
accent)

Mr. Bateson, this is your hide
we are working on here. If you
want me to botch the whole job,
just keep interrupting.

BATESON
(just as cheery)
-- one photograph, Carl -- there's
a good fellow.

Carl glares, then says something to a native who obligingly raises the small tail at the rear of the skin.

21 BATESON

looks thru camera, precariously holding onto the ladder
as he does.

BATESON
Hold it, hold it, hold it -- got
it.

As he takes the picture he loses his grip and goes thumping down the ladder 'til he reaches the ground.

BATESON
(to everyone and
no one)
-- well, none the worse for wear,
thank you.

Bateson is surprised to see a TATTERED AND BEARDED WHITE MAN waiting for him at the base of the ladder. The man is carrying a leopard skin. There is something wildly desperate about him, though he speaks softly:

TATTERED MAN
(a French accent)
Excuse me, must I pay a duty
on this before I sell it?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

BATESON
(frankly looking the
man up and down)
Of course not -- it's a leopard.
Leopards, lions, they're classified
as vermin. But look here -- you'll
want a license for your firearms.

TATTERED MAN
... firearms?

BATESON
Better see Ackley-Brown -- he can
be sticky about that sort of thing.

The Tattered Man stares at him. He seems almost as though
he's going to break down.

TATTERED MAN
Pardonez moi, je suis navre...

He turns and leaves. Bateson stares after him, grunts a
mild sort of astonishment at this outburst.

22 EXT. CUSTOMSHOUSE - DAY

The Tattered Man passes before the Customshouse with
its sign:

CHIROMO CUSTOMS STATION
B.C.A.A.
JEPHSON ACKLEY-BROWN, F.R.G.S. COLL.

23 INT. CUSTOMSHOUSE - ACKLEY-BROWN'S OFFICE - DAY

ACKLEY-BROWN seated, is staring out his window, vaguely
looking at the curing work being done on the elephant.

Young GROGAN, his assistant collector, stands before him,
holding the red fez that had been worn by the native who
had been prey to the lions.

ACKLEY-BROWN
You're certain it was daylight?

GROGAN
(it had to be)
Sir -- the men were at work --
the lions attacked right on the
bridge.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

ACKLEY-BROWN

... getting cheeky, aren't they?...
How many workers have they made
off with? Seven the past six
weeks?

GROGAN

Sir -- we could arm the men.

Ackley-Brown appears not to have heard this.

ACKLEY-BROWN

What did you say the poor devil's
name was?

GROGAN

(indicating fez)

Oh, this chap? It was Moses, sir.

ACKLEY-BROWN

I do wish Sims wouldn't insist
on giving the natives Biblical
names. It's in dreadfully bad
taste.

GROGAN

(again, pointed)

Sir, we could arm them.

Ackley-Brown turns back to Grogan. He fusses with the
cargo manifests and half-mounted botanical and butterfly
specimens on his desk.

ACKLEY-BROWN

As you may have gathered, I don't
think much of that idea, Grogan.

GROGAN

With all respect, sir -- why not?

Both men are perspiring heavily. The heat is oppressive,
irritating.

ACKLEY-BROWN

(rising)

For one thing, as long as the
niggers are obliged to worry
about being eaten by lions, they
won't have time to think about
eating each other! Or, what's
more to the point -- us.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

Grogan draws himself up a bit.

GROGAN

If I may say so, sir, that is not a particularly Christian point of view.

ACKLEY-BROWN

You may say so, Grogan. And may I remind you that Saturday week Ruga-rugas slaughtered half the village on the other side of the marsh? -- Yes, Nkonde.

Ackley-Brown's secretary, a very black NATIVE dressed in full suit and tie, hesitates in the doorway.

NKONDE

Excuse me, sir. We have cargo manifests from the steamer, and the post is ready, two come to pay their hut tax, and you must settle a dispute soon -- Kisa wants to kill his wife.

ACKLEY-BROWN

(taking papers,
wearily)

Thank you, Nkonde. I'll be with him presently.

NKONDE

Very good, sir.

Nkonde leaves. Ackley-Brown turns back to Grogan, still seething.

ACKLEY-BROWN

-- the fact is that half these bloody locals are still selling each other to the Arabs, and I'm not going to help by placing more firearms at their disposal, is that clear, Grogan?

GROGAN

Yes, sir.

ACKLEY-BROWN

-- the fact is, raise the bounty on the lions to 50 pounds. Maybe that will bring some serious hunters into the district.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

GROGAN

Very good, sir.

Grogan starts to leave. Ackley-Brown picks the red fez up off his desk.

ACKLEY-BROWN

And, Grogan -- I'm sure that Moses' family will want this --

GROGAN

(taking it)

I'm sure they will -- thank you, sir.

ACKLEY-BROWN

(returning to cargo manifest, mumbling)

-- probably cost him a month's wages. Oh -- and Grogan -- see if you can dissuade Kisa from killing his wife this afternoon -- I'm not up to it right now.

Grogan nods. Ackley-Brown stares at the cargo manifest, tosses it down in annoyance. He looks around, then reaches in his drawer for a magnifying glass. He trains it on a piece of dry duckweed which he lovingly unwraps from a piece of oil cloth. Still holding the glass on it, he carefully begins to draw it.

24 EXT. EAST AFRICA LAKES CORP. BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

R.J. Bullers, Prop. hangs underneath the larger sign. It is a pleasant two-storied, thatched roof structure with deep porticos on two sides of the building, balconies on the second story.

25 THE TATTERED MAN

now freshly shaven and wearing an ill-fitting coat and tie and carrying a package, enters the building.

26 INT. LOBBY - EAST AFRICA LAKES CORP.

A notice stating the new bounty for lions is being posted by a native servant. Stale copies of the Nyasaland Times are scattered about; b.g. through double doors is the bar.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

BULLERS, the proprietor, seems waiting to pounce on the Tattered Man.

BULLERS

Excuse me, Monsieur D'Arnot --
this just arrived for you.

He hands D'Arnot a wire that D'Arnot eagerly tears open, his hands trembling. What he reads actually makes him drop his package.

BULLERS

Bad news, monsieur?

TATTERED MAN (D'ARNOT)

(it is)

No, not at all.

D'Arnot reaches down for package, but Bullers is there first.

D'ARNOT

Thank you -- good day.

BULLERS

(stopping him)

Hate to trouble you further, monsieur,
but the room boy would like to see to
your quarters now.

D'ARNOT

... no, thank you, my guide he is
still a bit under the weather, you
understand?

BULLERS

Yes, of course. Perhaps he should
see the doctor.

D'ARNOT

(sweating heavily)

No... I don't think that will be
necessary, Mr. Bullers.

BULLERS

I'm afraid it will, Monsieur
D'Arnot. In this district, if a
traveller is laid up for three
days with fever, old Ackley-Brown,
he's the collector, he'll insist.
It's for your protection as well,
monsieur.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

D'Arnot looks as though he's just been trapped. He stares in disbelief at Bullers, then blurts out:

D'ARNOT
-- but he's not ill!

BULLERS
Then he should come out of his room, shouldn't he?

D'ARNOT
(lost)
Well... he will. He just chooses to -- stay in his room. But he will come out of his room. It is a very easy thing to do, you know. Of course he will.

BULLERS
(uneasy at D'Arnot's anxiety)
Yes, sir. I'm sure we'll all look forward to meeting Monsieur --

Bullers waits for D'Arnot to supply the name. It is a long moment in coming.

D'ARNOT
-- Clayton.

BULLERS
(brightening)
Oh, well. He's English then.

D'ARNOT
-- Yes.

And with that D'Arnot makes his way to the stairs. He stops when he sees the bounty poster, studies it a moment, then continues up the stairs.

27 INT. EAST AFRICA LAKES CORP. BOARDING HOUSE BAR - NIGHT

Geoffrey Bateson of the bandaged hands sings along with the Harry Lauder RECORD on the gramophone, "WILL YE STOP YER TICKLIN', JOCK?"

Wilted bunting hangs from the rafters and a polyglot group of Portuguese, British, Belgian, and Arab planters, traders, hunters, and slavers, chatter and drink and sweat.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

One thing should be evident about these faces in the bar: none of them looks healthy. Though most are white men, their color varies wildly -- some sweaty and yellow with fever, others red and blistered from sun and drink, others freshly scarred and maimed from some misadventure with man or beast. Beyond the physical infirmities of face and limb there is a kind of collective insanity to the group -- drinking furiously, joking and singing in so many languages at once. Underneath the sweat and smoke and laughter, each of these men exists in a state of perpetual paranoia that is isolating and potentially explosive.

A NATIVE WAITER carrying a tray of food, jars Bateson, prompting an angry outburst. The food on the tray is distinctive: one plate of hot, steaming food; another an assortment of fruit.

The native continues out to an alcove in the portico that runs alongside the hotel.

28 EXT. PORTICO ALCOVE - NIGHT

There he places the hot dinner before D'Arnot and the fruit before a companion who, from this angle, cannot be seen.

29 ANOTHER ANGLE - ACKLEY-BROWN, HENRIETTA, REV. SIMS, AND GROGAN

finishing their dinner.

ACKLEY-BROWN
(looking around)
Who is that chap, Grogan?

GROGAN
(looking toward
bar)
Which chap, sir?

ACKLEY-BROWN
(lowering his
voice)
Grogan, I don't want to point.
That fellow, directly over your
left shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

GROGAN
(swivelling to look)
Oh, that chap... Phillipe D'Arnot,
a lieutenant in the French navy.

HENRIETTA
Phillipe D'Arnot?

ACKLEY-BROWN
(mildly interested)
Do you know the man, Henrietta?

HENRIETTA
No, and I shouldn't care to -- if
he is Lieutenant D'Arnot, he
received a wire this afternoon
saying he's been dead for twenty-
one months... Nkonde asked for
help with the translation.

Ackley-Brown looks toward D'Arnot with renewed interest.

ACKLEY-BROWN
Seems to have withstood the news
rather well... Grogan, pop on over
to the telegraph office and look
for the copy of that wire, will you?

SIMS
Oh, come now, Jephson -- surely
it'll keep till morning.

Ackley-Brown doesn't respond to Sims, a slight of which
Henrietta is very much aware.

30 D'ARNOT

has finished his dinner and most of the fruit has dis-
appeared from his companion's plate. The STRAINS of "ON
THE ROAD TO MANDALAY" come from the bar.

NATIVE WAITER
-- for you, sir, thank you, sir.

The Waiter extends a tray on which there's a note. D'Arnot
somewhat diffidently takes the note and reads it.

31 INSERT - NOTE

In a bold hand:

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

"My dear Lieutenant,

Welcome to Chiromo. Please
accept my invitation, extended
to your companion as well, for
an after dinner glass of claret
-- or coffee, if you prefer --
and a little conversation.

I am, sir,
your obedient servant,

J. Ackley-Brown
Collector."

32 D'ARNOT

looks around to see if he can find the source of the note.

33 DOWN THE PORTICO

Ackley-Brown sees him looking and waves cheerily.

34 D'ARNOT

acknowledges the wave, then turns back and stares uneasily
at his plate.

35 D'ARNOT'S COMPANION

in turn watches D'Arnot. He is a YOUNG MAN of about
twenty years. He has black hair, startling grey eyes,
and a scar that forms a delicate scythe on his forehead --
from his hairline to his right eyebrow.

The Young Man seems to have been remarkably affected by
D'Arnot's unease over the note. His breathing becomes
rapid, shallow, and audible. D'Arnot looks up.

D'ARNOT
Ne t'en fait pas.

D'Arnot glances back at the note. He rises. Almost as if
he is D'Arnot's mirror image, the Young Man rises with
him, not taking his eyes off D'Arnot.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

D'ARNOT
(softly)
Non -- reste-la.

The Young Man will not sit.

D'ARNOT
(with a slight
gesture)
Reste-la.

The Young Man sinks slowly back down, but does not take his eyes off D'Arnot as he makes his way down the portico to Ackley-Brown and his party.

36 ANOTHER ANGLE

Henrietta, during introductions, notices the Young Man half rise when D'Arnot is momentarily cut off from his line of vision.

D'Arnot appears to have sensed the Young Man's concern and glances back, waving reassurance.

37 CLOSE - THE YOUNG MAN

unblinking, his grey eyes honed in on D'Arnot, slowly sits back down.

38 D'ARNOT WITH ACKLEY-BROWN, ET AL

as drinks have just been ordered.

ACKLEY-BROWN
(pleasantly)
Grogan tells me you're a navy man.

D'ARNOT
Yes.

ACKLEY-BROWN
On leave?

D'ARNOT
-- yes.

Grogan looks sharply to Ackley-Brown, who ignores the look.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

ACKLEY-BROWN

Mmm-mm.

An awkward pause. Henrietta meanwhile has continued to stare at D'Arnot's companion.

HENRIETTA

-- sure your guide wouldn't care to join us, Monsieur D'Arnot? He looks positively abandoned over there.

D'ARNOT

(too hastily)

-- No, no. He's still feeling a little seedy -- it makes him poor company... he feels it does.

Drinks come.

ACKLEY-BROWN

Well, here's to plain speaking and straight shooting.

D'ARNOT

Shooting?

ACKLEY-BROWN

-- you mean to bag our lions, don't you?

D'ARNOT

... well, yes.

ACKLEY-BROWN

(drinking to it)

Cheers.

D'ARNOT

-- cheers.

The others echo the salutation.

ACKLEY-BROWN

(setting down his drink)

As a rule, you know, I don't allow hunting of any sort without local guides.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

D'ARNOT

-- well... I... I assure you, my guide, he is quite capable.

ACKLEY-BROWN

Oh, quite, I'm sure... still you are French and a military man... Lieutenant D'Arnot, eaten by a lion in a British protectorate -- it could sound, at the very least...

Ackley-Brown trails off.

GROGAN

-- as if we hadn't looked after you properly.

ACKLEY-BROWN

Thank you, Grogan.

39 D'ARNOT'S GUIDE

continues to focus on D'Arnot as Bateson, a tall drink cradled between his bandaged hands, stops in front of him, partially cutting off his view.

BATESON

-- I say, I'm Geoffrey Bateson and I understand you've been in the bush -- any shooting?

The Young Man appears not to have heard Bateson, though this would have been impossible. Bateson does not notice that his presence hasn't registered.

BATESON

-- we've had a spot of luck -- 30 elephants, 44 Thomson gazelle, 57 hartebeest, a klipspringer, four lions, a couple of hippos -- oh, and a --

(holds up his bandaged hands)

-- leopard cub. Had our porters set up a shooting platform near Zomba and the little devil just popped out of the tree!

The Young Man barely glances at him. It doesn't seem to bother Bateson, who moves closer.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

BATESON

-- What sort of weapon do you fancy?
 Oh, I know it depends on the game,
 you say, but I tend to stay with
 my Holland and Holland .450 --
 better safe than sorry, ha, ha.
 I did try the 9mm Mannlicher --
 not at all satisfactory, not at
 all.

Bateson now sits in D'Arnot's chair and the Young Man now
 gives him a sidelong glance.

BATESON

(as if he'd gotten
 a reply)

-- had the feeling that the weight
 of the ball is simply too much for
 the powder charge.

(leans forward)

Have you tried the Mannlicher, old
 boy?

Leaning forward, Bateson appears to pass some critical
 distance. The Young Man -- with only a sidelong glance
 at Bateson -- bares his teeth. For a moment it almost
 seems like a smile. Then it can be SEEN that the lips
 are flat against the teeth and a strange sound comes from
 the Young Man's throat.

Bateson drops his drink. The glass slips through his
 bandaged hands and crashes into D'Arnot's plate. Bateson
 manages a sickly smile.

BATESON

I say -- I'm terribly sorry --
 I'll call a -- waiter...

40 WIDER ANGLE - BATESON & D'ARNOT'S COMPANION

In an effort to rise, Bateson pushes the chair back so
 abruptly he knocks it over. It almost looks as though a
 blow has been struck. A waiter rushes over, with Bullers,
 the proprietor, hot on his heels.

41 REACTION - D'ARNOT

D'ARNOT

Excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

He leaps up from the table and hurries toward his own.
Ackley-Brown coolly watches him go.

42 AT D'ARNOT'S TABLE

Bateson finds himself -- along with D'Arnot and his guide -- surrounded by Bullers, several native waiters who are drying him off (some of the drink from the shattered glass has ended up on his trousers), and a growing crowd drifting out from the bar where the MUSIC has STOPPED and the conversation is dying down.

Bateson, to put it mildly, is nonplussed by the sudden attention.

BATESON

See here, what's all this now,
haven't you ever seen a chair
fall over? I know you beggars
are hard up for entertainment --

Ackley-Brown ambles up.

ACKLEY-BROWN

Surely there was more to it than
that, Bateson.

Bateson is both embarrassed and angry. D'Arnot's companion remains seated, pale and very still.

BATESON

Well, this gentleman --
(indicating
Young Man)
-- whoever he is, threatened me.

Ackley-Brown looks to the Young Man, then back to Bateson.

ACKLEY-BROWN

How? Did he strike you?

BATESON

Well -- no.

ACKLEY-BROWN

Then it was something he said.

BATESON

Yes, and I won't stand for that
sort of impudence -- not here,
home or anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

ACKLEY-BROWN

What was it?

BATESON

What was what?

ACKLEY-BROWN

What he said, Bateson.

Bateson suddenly looks lost.

BATESON

Well -- I'm not quite sure.

This causes some laughter which embarrasses and annoys
Bateson still further.

D'ARNOT

-- excuse me, but my friend here
neither speaks nor understands
English. Any offense he may
have given was unintentional, I
am sure. Could you accept my
apology on his behalf?

BATESON

(more confused
than ever)

-- oh, well -- of course, of
course.

D'ARNOT

Thank you, Monsieur.

As Bateson turns away mumbling:

BULLERS

But I thought that --

D'Arnot looks sharply at Bullers who trails off.

ACKLEY-BROWN

You thought what, Mr. Bullers?

BULLERS

(embarrassed now)

-- well, I -- I seem to recall
that Monsieur D'Arnot told me
his friend here was a Mr. Clayton.
I mean... well...

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

ACKLEY-BROWN

(to Bullers)

-- you mean an Englishman who
doesn't speak English, yes.

(to D'Arnot)

Along with a Frenchman who is dead.

D'ARNOT

What, monsieur, is that supposed
to mean?

Henrietta has approached and is now standing behind
Ackley-Brown, watching D'Arnot's young companion closely.

ACKLEY-BROWN

You did receive a wire from
Commandant Girard of the Fourth
Naval District in Madagascar
saying that Lieutenant Phillipe
D'Arnot died over a year and a
half ago, did you not?... Look
here, old boy, I don't know who
you are or what your game is but
I do know this -- someone's been
selling Remingtons in my district,
and they've been put to bad use --
Arabs loaded up half a village
with ivory and marched it off to
the coast -- where both the
natives and the ivory should
fetch quite a price.

D'ARNOT

Ridiculous.

(to Henrietta)

Can't you see that?

ACKLEY-BROWN

-- in this country no white man
is immune either to fever or
temptation. Now you failed to
register your firearms. Tomorrow
morning I shall expect all guns
turned over to me until you
obtain written permission from
the D.C. at Blantyre. Good night,
sir.

D'ARNOT

Mr. Ackley-Brown --

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (3)

Ackley-Brown turns back. D'Arnot tries to make light of this, forcing out a half-hearted chuckle.

D'ARNOT

-- it's not possible, you know.

ACKLEY-BROWN

(chuckling back)

Monsieur D'Arnot, it had better be. As collector I hold a judicial warrant -- it's your guns or my gaol.

The Young Man, sensitive to the change in D'Arnot's attitude, has tensed noticeably. Henrietta and D'Arnot are aware of the change.

D'ARNOT

(lowering his voice)

This... it's very awkward... I have no firearms.

ACKLEY-BROWN

Indeed? Then how do you propose to do your hunting? Bow and arrow, or spear?

D'ARNOT

(flatly)

Neither, actually.

ACKLEY-BROWN

-- for that matter, how did you kill the leopard you brought into the district?

D'ARNOT

In the same way the lions will be killed -- with a knife and a rope.

The even-handed manner in which D'Arnot has said this, along with its implausibility, is a direct challenge to Ackley-Brown.

GROGAN

I say -- that's laying it on a bit thick.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (4)

ACKLEY-BROWN
A knife and a rope, eh?

D'ARNOT
That's what I said.

ACKLEY-BROWN
(furious)
Tell me, monsieur, could I interest
you in a small wager?

D'ARNOT
Not a small one, no.

There is a titter from Grogan.

ACKLEY-BROWN
How about fifty pounds or fifty
days in gaol?

HENRIETTA
(scandalized)
Jephson.

ACKLEY-BROWN
Just -- never mind, Henrietta --
well, sir?

D'ARNOT
(scornful)
-- very British. You offer me
your government's bounty and call
it a bet. Vous plaissent, monsieur.

43 REACTION - ACKLEY-BROWN

He looks as though he's been slapped in the face.

ACKLEY-BROWN
(reaching towards him)
See here --

He's stopped cold in his move by D'Arnot's guide who has
risen and placed himself between D'Arnot and Ackley-Brown.
The swiftness of the move, his unblinking stare and the
fact that he's a head taller -- are distinctly unnerving
to Ackley-Brown.

D'ARNOT
Non!

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

D'Arnot grabs his guide by the arm and steps back between him and Ackley-Brown. D'Arnot's panic about the Young Man is obvious.

D'ARNOT
(trying for calm)
... you were saying, monsieur?

Ackley-Brown hesitates, then:

ACKLEY-BROWN
Very well. How about a hundred pounds -- or one hundred days in gaol?

D'ARNOT
-- done.
(to his guide)
Tues les lions.

YOUNG MAN
Maintenant?

D'ARNOT
Maintenant.

Without another gesture, D'Arnot's guide removes his jacket revealing a chest that has a delicate patina of tiny scars playing across its finely-muscled surface. There is also a hunting knife, sheathed and strapped to his upper arm.

44 HENRIETTA

contains a gasp of shock and, embarrassed, turns away, holding onto her husband. Grogan, Bullers, Ackley-Brown and others are all, in their own way, equally surprised.

GROGAN
Well, that was a deuce of a lot of nerve.

ACKLEY-BROWN
(slowly, to
D'Arnot)
He's gone alone?

Henrietta now looks and sees that D'Arnot's guide has vanished.

D'ARNOT
-- yes.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

HENRIETTA

-- And at night?

D'ARNOT

That's when the animals usually
hunt, yes. Madame, Monsieur.

D'Arnot makes a curt nod good night. He gathers up his
guide's discarded clothes and leaves some astonished
spectators buzzing after him.

45 INT. D'ARNOT'S

D'Arnot is seated at a deal table. He's writing by the
flickering light of a palm oil lamp. Coals smoulder in
the fireplace. A flash of lightning can be SEEN through
double doors that open onto a balcony. D'Arnot ignores
it.

The second flash, however, brings with it a JARRING THUNDER-
CLAP. It takes D'Arnot a moment to realize there is a
SOFT KNOCKING at his DOOR. He quickly covers the manu-
script with a newspaper, goes to the door and opens it.

46 HENRIETTA ACKLEY-BROWN

stands there alone. She seems composed, but is gripping
her cloak rather tightly.

HENRIETTA

My husband knows I'm here -- may
I come in?

D'ARNOT

(coldly)

I have nothing further to say,
madam.

HENRIETTA

I do -- call off the hunt and
you may pass through the district
... Jephson's agreed to as much.

D'ARNOT

-- Remarkable change of heart.

HENRIETTA

Not really -- if you were selling
guns to the Arabs, you would hardly
bother with the bounty on some
renegade lions... may I come in?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

D'Arnot suddenly is a little embarrassed, but he endeavors to keep his distance.

D'ARNOT
(waving her in,
taking her cloak)
Sorry -- did you point that out
to your husband?

HENRIETTA
(being seated, a
trifle defensive)
-- No, I mean, what does it matter?

D'ARNOT
(pulling up a chair)
Why have you bothered with us
at all?

HENRIETTA
Why? Your guide. I'm worried
about him. Aren't you?

D'ARNOT
(without apparent
conviction)
-- Of course.

An awkward moment.

HENRIETTA
(abruptly)
He's quite unlike anyone I've
ever seen.

D'ARNOT
Indeed? In what way?

HENRIETTA
-- When you were at our table he
watched you like a dog frightened
of losing its master, yet he had
no fear going off, virtually
unarmed to face those creatures...
he doesn't speak English -- and --
he doesn't really speak French.

D'ARNOT
(mildly surprised)
He doesn't?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

HENRIETTA
(flatly)

No.

D'ARNOT
Madam, this comes as something of
a surprise to me. What does he
speak, pray tell?

Henrietta hesitates.

HENRIETTA
I'm not sure... perhaps... no
language at all.

D'ARNOT
(a half-hearted
chuckle)
Incroyable!... Tres amusement.

HENRIETTA
Is it?

D'ARNOT
... I don't know what you're
driving at. He is human, isn't
that so? Therefore, he has to
speak some language, isn't that
so?

HENRIETTA
Not necessarily -- not -- if he
were feeble-minded, for example.

D'ARNOT
-- I see.

HENRIETTA
(acidly)
Do you? What about my offer?

D'ARNOT
To call off the hunt?
(gazing out at the
rain)
-- Couldn't if I wanted to.

HENRIETTA
(evenly)
-- You amaze me.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (3)

HENRIETTA (CONT'D)

You accept your 'guide's' obvious devotion, yet haven't a qualm about risking his life in this outrageous manner.

D'Arnot is beginning to perspire. He dabs at his forehead.

D'ARNOT

It is less of a risk than you suppose... there's nothing wrong with his brain, I assure you.

HENRIETTA

-- You have assured me of nothing more, sir, than a lamentable want of feeling. Good night.

She rises.

D'ARNOT

(rising himself)

Madam!... You know my government assumes I'm dead. I can't prove otherwise until I reach Madagascar -- nor will my command help me reach Madagascar until I prove who I am -- I need money.

Henrietta has put on her cloak. She turns to him.

HENRIETTA

If you'd only explain yourself to Jephson.

D'ARNOT

(almost shouting)

The man's a fool! Excuse me, madam, but... if I did, I'd risk my friend's life far more than I have.

Henrietta stares at D'Arnot a long moment, then moves back to the table and touches his hand. D'Arnot starts a little at her touch.

HENRIETTA

Then tell me -- I will arrange your passage myself, on the 'Mosquito.'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (4)

HENRIETTA (CONT'D)

It's more teapot than steamer,
but you can be off tomorrow
morning -- or am I too much of
a fool to be trusted?

D'ARNOT

-- You can do that?

She sits back down.

HENRIETTA

-- Your name's Phillipe, isn't
it?

D'Arnot nods. His head is bowed.

HENRIETTA

-- Mine's Henrietta.

D'Arnot rises, partly to regain his composure. Re-
turning to the table, he carefully places two items
before Henrietta. One is a locket, the other a
volume bound in worn black morocco.

He opens the locket.

47 INSERT - LOCKET

There is a tiny likeness of a handsome man of about
thirty. His hair is neatly parted and he sports a
trim moustache.

HENRIETTA

-- It's your guide.

D'ARNOT

No -- this likeness was made more
than twenty years ago.

D'Arnot opens the diary.

D'ARNOT

It is this man.

He points to the name penned on the front page:

CAPTAIN JOHN CLAYTON
15TH ROYAL HUSSARS

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

D'Arnot turns the page.

D'ARNOT

To tell you who my 'guide' is and where I think he came from, I must start with Captain Clayton... about a year before my 'guide' was born, this fellow Clayton's regiment was sent out to the Sudan. It seems all of England was trying to rescue General Gordon from the Mahdi's siege at Khartoum...

CAMERA has PANNED DOWN to the page, MOVING IN and...

DISSOLVING TO:

48 DAWN

in the Sudan. The sky and desert are grey, salmon-colored streaks in the East.

49 AT THE MUDDY BANKS

of the river, a BHISTI draws water.

CLAYTON (V.O.)

January 27, 1885... the Nile has fallen perilously low. Our steamers are caught downstream between the cataracts and incessant artillery fire. Endless dawdling and delays -- no word from Gordon's runners for ten --

The Bhisti sees something rolling about a few yards offshore. In the dingy light it looks like a bobbing head. His eyes widen.

50 WITH CAPTAIN CLAYTON

outside his tent. His horse is tethered behind him. Half-dressed, he's making the entry above in his diary, writing by the embers of his campfire. O.S. the Bhisti is calling:

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

BHISTI (O.S.)

Sahib! Sahib!

Clayton breaks off writing, and his V.O. breaks off as well. The water carrier comes struggling up the embankment. He's carrying a dripping and battered pith helmet which he breathlessly holds up to Clayton:

BHISTI

From the river, Sahib.

Clayton stares at it for only a moment. He gets to his feet, throws a bridle over his horse and mounts her bareback. He takes off at a gallop upriver.

51 MOVING WITH CLAYTON

He follows the river 'til it begins a sloping ascent.

52 AT THE TOP OF THE SLOPE

He reins in.

53 FURTHER UPRIVER

Thin spirals of smoke can be SEEN, snaking skyward in the bleak dawn. Vultures are circling with the smoke.

54 CLAYTON'S

face falls. He lowers his head.

CLAYTON

(softly)

... Too late.

DISSOLVE TO:

55 THE TIMES

February 6, 1885 with its headline:

THE FALL OF KHARTOUM

(From our Correspondents)

(By EASTERN COMPANY'S CABLES.)

ALEXANDRIA, Feb. 5.

DISSOLVE TO:

56 PUNCH CARTOON

A grieving Britannia with an arm thrown over her face. In the background, the Arabs ride into Khartoum. The caption is "TOO LATE!"

57 JOHN CLAYTON

lowers the magazine. VIEW SHIFTS SLIGHTLY TO REVEAL him riding in an open carriage through English countryside. Ahead, Greystoke Manor comes into view.

The driver urges the horses to pick up the pace.

58 ANOTHER ANGLE - GREYSTOKE

as the carriage approaches. The manor is formidable but warm, set in the green and gentle Sussex countryside -- a vivid contrast with the Sudan.

59 CLOSER - GREYSTOKE

Awaiting the arrival of the carriage are Clayton's father, LORD EDWARD GREYSTOKE and John's wife, ALICE. The fourth Earl of Greystoke is an erect and impressive man in his sixties who lost part of his right arm in the Crimea some thirty years before -- the half-empty sleeve is pinned to his jacket pocket. Alice is pretty as a cameo and just as delicate.

60 THE CARRIAGE

pulls up. Young Clayton, frogged and brilliant in the regimental uniform of the 15th Hussars steps out and into Alice's arms as she rushes to greet him.

61 LORD GREYSTOKE

watches the young couple. He's deeply moved. As his son moves toward him, the old man harrumps and greets him heartily.

Surrounded by servants carrying baggage, they move into the manor.

62 INT. SOLARIUM - GREYSTOKE AND CLAYTON

after a light lunch.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

Clayton has changed into civilian clothes. Outside, visible through the glass, the ladies are taking their leisure on the lawns -- some chatting under parasols, others playing croquet.

A SERVANT offers Greystoke and his son a box of cigars.

SERVANT

M'Lord.

GREYSTOKE

Highol Laranagas, my boy.

He takes one, as does Clayton.

CLAYTON

-- Fine color.

GREYSTOKE

(very pleased)

-- Maduros --

The Servant endeavors to light the cigars. Greystoke stops him.

GREYSTOKE

No, Bossom. There are two things a gentleman must always do for himself -- put on his own hat, and light his own cigar.

BOSSOM and Clayton exchange a look. They have heard this before from Greystoke.

BOSSOM

Yes, m'Lord.

The two have lit their cigars, and fill the solarium with a thin blue haze.

GREYSTOKE

-- It was, in fact, a Laranaga I was smoking at Balaclava... I'd lit it just before the charge -- couldn't see any point in putting it out, good cigars were impossible to come by in the Crimea -- it did me the honor of lasting 'til we reached the guns, which is more than I can say --

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

GREYSTOKE AND CLAYTON
(simultaneous)
-- for me blasted arm!

Both men chuckle.

GREYSTOKE
-- Yes, I suppose you've heard
that one --
(he breaks off)
E.B. tells me you're giving up
your regiment.

CLAYTON
Afraid so, father.

This has been on Greystoke's mind all through lunch and
now his upset and uncertainty show. He tugs at his
moustache and clears his throat.

GREYSTOKE
Haw-hmmm... well, you'll miss
it, I daresay.

CLAYTON
Awf'ly -- didn't he tell you why?

GREYSTOKE
(mildly indignant)
Not a word.

CLAYTON
-- Cutting the service certainly
isn't my idea of -- what is it,
muffin?

Four-year-old JANE has tripped into the room and climbed
up on Clayton's lap. She whispers in his ear. Clayton
laughs.

CLAYTON
-- You lollopy little thing.
(then, to his father)
E.B. wants me back in Africa as
an employee of the Sharrers
Transport Company. You see, we've
lost more than Gordon, more than
Khartoum --

Jane tugs at him and whispers in his ear again.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (3)

CLAYTON

Well, I don't know about that.
(to his father)
Urgent question here -- is it
proper to marry your cousin, do
you know, Father?

Greystoke tugs at his moustache again.

GREYSTOKE

Proper? Haw-hmm -- well, old
Ponsonby did it. But then old
Ponsonby --

CLAYTON

-- Yes, quite.
(to Jane)
-- It's very proper -- for third
cousins.
(to his father)
-- At any rate, while we're
licking our wounds, the Arabs
control the Sudan. It'll be
only a matter of time before
they take Central Africa in
hand as well.

GREYSTOKE

Well, what the deuce can you do
without the army?

CLAYTON

What did we do with the army?
Perhaps commerce may succeed
where combat has failed. Some
of Gordon's pashas remain in
Central Africa. If I can
convince them to establish a
chain of trading depots at, say,
intervals of three days' march
-- then commercial interests
might act as a bar against Arab
slaving and ivory hunting -- at
least until a new P.M. decides
the blackguards can use a real
dusting.

JANE

What am I then?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (4)

CLAYTON

What do you mean, miffin?

JANE

Am I your third cousin?

CLAYTON

Well, let's see -- you are my mother's sister's grandchild, which means you are my cousin once removed.

JANE

Is that a third cousin?

CLAYTON

Second, I'm afraid. The more serious problem is, I'm already married.

Jane looks disconsolate. Clayton hugs her.

CLAYTON

-- When the time comes, I'm sure we'll find you a suitable relative somewhere -- now, don't be cross, Jane... give us a kiss.

She does. Whereupon Clayton reaches into his pocket and fishes out a shiny little package. He hands it to Jane.

JANE

Oh, thank you, Uncle John.

63 OUTSIDE ON THE LAWN - CLAYTON AND GREYSTOKE

are walking over the lush grounds. Greystoke fusses with the butt of his cigar. He finally tosses it away.

GREYSTOKE

What about Alice?

CLAYTON

She'll come with me.

GREYSTOKE

And how long will you be?

CLAYTON

... A year... as many as three perhaps.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

Greystoke begins fiercely tugging on his moustache.

GREYSTOKE

Haw-hmm... my boy, it's not that I want you to stay here and assume the Colonelcy of some yeomanry cavalry, all uniform and no riding -- but I worried frightfully when you were away this time. After all, with mother gone, you're all we have and all we shall have and -- dash it all, I'm afraid old campaigners don't get any braver with age -- my nerves have gone to fiddle strings!

Greystoke turns away. Both men are deeply moved -- and a trifle embarrassed. Clayton takes his father by the arm.

CLAYTON

See here, old horse, I'll be back. I promise.

Greystoke is trembling slightly. He embraces his son.

GREYSTOKE

Of course you will... Well, shall we join the ladies?

64 ALICE

sits under a parasol, watching the others at croquet. POLLY, Jane's mother, comes up with Jane in tow.

POLLY

Did you see what your husband gave my daughter? Show Auntie Alice, Jane.

Jane obligingly holds up her hand. On her index finger is a small but brilliant Egyptian ruby scarab, mounted in gold. It gleams in the sun.

JANE

A ladybug.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

POLLY

It is no such thing! John,
really. Giving a ruby to a
child, it's too extravagant.

Clayton and his father have just strolled up. Clayton
puts his arms around his wife.

CLAYTON

It's her birthstone, isn't it?

POLLY

But she'll only lose it.

JANE

(indignant)

I will not!

CLAYTON

There, you see? She won't lose
it, will you, Jane?

65 JANE

stares at her hand in fascination. She holds the scarab
up so the sun catches a star in it.

JANE

(softly)

Never. Never.

DISSOLVE TO:

66 LONG SHOT - STEAMER

under way.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

(during above and
following)

In May of 1885 Lord Clayton and
his wife Alice steamed out of
Dover on their way to Africa.
The weather was fair, their
passage smooth and the future
limitless as the horizon.
They could have no idea they
would never see England again.

67 CLAYTON AND ALICE

taking a turn on deck, exchanging greetings with other passengers, some of whom play at various deck sports, others who are lounging.

68 CLAYTON AND ANOTHER YOUNG MAN

sit astride a spar, each wearing only trousers and shirts, each holding a large pillow in their right hand, having hooked their left hand behind their backs either into suspenders or belts.

Five feet below them is a piece of stretched canvas. Around them is an eager audience, Alice among them. At a signal, the two combatants begin fiercely flailing away at one another with their pillows. The spectators cheer them on. After nearly being toppled from his precarious perch, Clayton manages to knock his opponent off the spar with a particularly well-timed blow. Cheers from the crowd and Alice. Congratulations from his opponent. In acknowledging the victory, Clayton inadvertently falls off the spar -- to further good-natured cheers and laughter.

69 AT THE RAILING - ALICE

points out something to Clayton.

70 THEIR POV - PORPOISES

playing in the wake off the bow.

71 ALICE

is delighted with them, and Clayton is pleased with her enjoyment. She snuggles into him as they continue to watch.

DISSOLVE TO:

72 FREETOWN STREET FRUIT STAND - ALICE AND CLAYTON

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

A month later they arrived at
Freetown...

A black, brilliantly overdressed, offers Alice a fresh slice of fruit.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

She hands her parasol to Clayton and takes a bite. It squirts everywhere and she ends up with a piece of fruit dangling from her lips.

CLAYTON

-- They say that the only place to eat a mango, Alice -- is in the tub.

Alice gratefully accepts Clayton's aid in removing the fruit from her mouth.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

-- Here they chartered a 100 ton barkentine which was to take them to their final destination.

73 BOARDING THE FUWALDA - DAY

Alice and Clayton look over the dingy vessel. One of the officers shoves a crew member, slow to get out of his way.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

The Fuwalda was a vessel of a type too often seen along the Southern Atlantic in coast trade.

74 THE CREW

malevolently stares at the arriving passengers. They are a mean and grubby looking lot. It is in stark contrast to their earlier voyage.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

... Her crew was composed of the off-scourings of the sea, unchanged murderers and cutthroats of every race and nation.

75 THE FUWALDA UNDER SAIL

One of the crew brings the spanker around a bit too sharply, jarring the hat of an officer. He lashes out at the helmsman.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

Her officers were little better,
bullies who hated and were hated
by their crew.

76 EXT. APT DECK - CLAYTON AND ALICE - DAY

They are stopped in their turn on deck by the CAPTAIN who, in an obsequious manner, seems bent on ingratiating himself. Both Clayton and Alice are courteous but distant.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

May 29, 1885. Morning of the
second day out.

77 TWO SAILORS

are washing down the deck behind the Captain. They are working backwards, moving toward the Captain who is so taken with his betters that he pays no attention to where he's walking.

As he doffs his cap for a final good day, the Captain bows, turns, and trips over the two sailors. He overturns the water bucket and sprawls headlong on the deck, drenched in bilge. Alice and Clayton try to control their amusement.

78 THE CAPTAIN

is furious. He slips and slides to his feet, grabs a belaying pin, and proceeds to club the smaller of the two sailors to the deck.

79 THE OTHER SAILOR

a magnificent black of indeterminate age, halts the rain of blows on his wizened companion by wrenching the belaying pin away from the Captain. The swiftness of his move knocks the Captain to the deck again.

80 THE CAPTAIN

pulls a REVOLVER and FIRES. The black, MICHAEL, is hit in the leg. He drops to the deck.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

Before he can fire again, Clayton coolly steps between the Captain and the fallen black sailor.

CAPTAIN

(livid)

Out of my way, sir.

The Captain continues to point the revolver -- at Clayton. Clayton doesn't move.

CLAYTON

That is not, as a rule, a very useful weapon -- except for accidentally shooting one's self --

With that, he reaches down and hefts the sputtering Captain to his feet.

CAPTAIN

-- From now on, m'Lord, you and Lady Clayton will come on deck when -- and only when -- I give you leave to do so.

The Captain turns and leaves.

CLAYTON

(to Black Michael)

-- Do you know how to look after that?

Black Michael looks down at his leg, which is little more than grazed. He nods slowly.

DISSOLVE TO:

81 CLAYTON

alone and at the bow. He's peering off.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

Later that day, Clayton spotted an English frigate on the horizon. He considered insisting on a transfer to it.

CLAYTON'S VOICE

' -- but when I consider the rough reputation of these coast going barks, I suppose the event was trivial enough...'

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

So at the last moment, he let the English ship sail by, and thus began a life which I should never have believed possible...

DISSOLVE TO:

82 BURIAL AT SEA - CAPTAIN AND CREW - DAY

A body slips from under a patched piece of sailcloth and into the ocean.

CLAYTON'S VOICE

June 1, 1885 -- fifth day out. The sailor beaten by the Captain fell from the rigging, and was sent to his reward within the hour. I should like to think we have seen the last of this business.

83 CLOSE - CREW

FAVORING Black Michael. All are expressionless as they move away.

84 EXT. FUWALDA - CLAYTON - DAY

watching the burial from the upper deck.

85 ALICE AND CLAYTON IN COMPANIONWAY

They move to their cabin door and enter it.

86 INT. CABIN

A shambles. Their luggage has been torn open and their clothing and medicines and books strewn everywhere.

Clayton immediately begins rummaging through the things on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

ALICE

-- What have they taken?

CLAYTON

What you would expect --
revolvers, rifle, ammunition
-- what is this, Alice?

Clayton holds up...

87 AN ALPHABET BLOCK

with the letter A on it. He turns the block and there
is a painted figure of an ape eating a banana.

88 REACTION - ALICE

She tries to match Clayton's gaze, but can't. She turns
away.

89 CLAYTON

looks through some more things -- finds children's books
and clothing. He rises slowly and moves to his wife.

CLAYTON

But why on earth didn't you tell
me?... Alice?

ALICE

I was afraid.

CLAYTON

(incredulous)

Afraid?

ALICE

-- That if you knew I was going
to... have a baby, you wouldn't
take me with you.

CLAYTON

Oh, Alice.

He takes her in his arms.

ALICE

You're not angry?

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

CLAYTON

I'm happy as I can be -- but now
it's quite clear we must get off
this ship as quickly as possible.

90 THE AFT DECK - THE CAPTAIN AND HELMSMAN - DAY

CAPTAIN

Prepare to come about.

The helmsman doesn't move. He glances up into the rig-
ging on the spanker.

91 BLACK MICHAEL

lies along the boom, hidden from the Captain's view. He's
holding an ax whose blade lies just over the sail-cloth
and catches a glint of sun.

92 THE CAPTAIN

squints. He's momentarily blinded by the light from
the blade. He looks around to see where it came from.

The helmsman glances anxiously into the rigging again.

93 BLACK MICHAEL

peers over the sail-cloth -- nods to the helmsman.

94 UPPER DECK - CLAYTON

appears. He approaches an OFFICER.

CLAYTON

Where's the Captain? It's most
urgent.

OFFICER

The aft deck.

95 WIDER ANGLE - SPANKER CAPTAIN AND HELMSMAN

CAPTAIN

(irritated)

I said, prepare to come about.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

HELMSMAN
Very well, Captain.

With that, the Helmsman gives the wheel a hard right. The Captain staggers. He grabs a halyard to hold his footing.

CAPTAIN
What the --

96 ON THE SPANKER

Black Michael rises up and cleaves a line with the ax, causing the boom to swing clear across the deck, Black Michael riding it and yelling.

97 THE CAPTAIN

is frozen with fear as the boom and Black Michael swing toward him, the ax in Michael's hand raised. The boom, the ax, and the Captain collide. The Captain -- with a scream -- is flung into the sea.

98 REACTION - CLAYTON

from the upper deck. He can only watch in shock.

99 THE BOOM AND BLACK MICHAEL

are out over the water.

100 AN OFFICER

on the upper deck FIRES at Michael.

101 THE BALL

punctures the sailcloth near Michael's head.

BLACK MICHAEL
Go, lads! Go now!

102 THE MIZZENMAST AND THE DECK BELOW

Two officers level pistols at several crew members.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

In the rigging above them, however, two more crew members drop one of the heavy sails. It enshrouds the officers.

103 SQUIRMING SAILCLOTH

The officers FIRE blindly, blasting holes through the cloth. The crew members jump on the figures writhing beneath the sail, beating and stabbing the unseen officers. The sail becomes mottled with red and ceases to move.

104 CLAYTON

watches the swift and brutal slaughter of the officers.

105 ONE MUTINEER

spots Clayton. Carrying a bloody ax he rushes Clayton who braces himself to meet the charge.

The mutinner is suddenly felled by a PISTOL SHOT. He drops at Clayton's feet.

106 BLACK MICHAEL

holds the pistol. He shouts.

BLACK MICHAEL

Listen to me now -- I'm in command here, and he's to be left alone 'til I say otherwise.

Michael swings onto the upper deck.

BLACK MICHAEL

(to Clayton)

Go below. Lock and bolt your cabin door. Open it to no one but me. And gather up your belongings.

As the shouts die down and the mutiny is complete...

DISSOLVE TO:

107 IN THE RIGGING

Sailors are on watch -- one with a scope.

108 ON DECK - BLACK MICHAEL

is near the helm.

109 THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

The tops of palms begin to poke above the horizon.

CLAYTON'S VOICE

'June 5, 1885 -- seventh day out.
We're to be put ashore at the
first landfall, mainland or
island, inhabited or no.
Clearly, the mutineers can
have no witnesses to their
crimes and, on the whole, I
suppose we should consider
ourselves fortunate that we
are being marooned and not
murdered.

110 ON DECK

Black Michael supervises the placing of the Claytons' trunks into the shoreboat, along with wooden flasks and other supplies. A half-moon of a bay is two hundred yards off the railing, flanked by lush, semi-tropical vegetation.

111 ROWING TO SHORE - CLAYTON, ALICE, MICHAEL, MUTINEERS

BREAKERS can be HEARD. Clayton opens Alice's parasol. He carefully holds it over her head. Bright as a tulip, it seems to deny the bleakness of their position.

112 MED. ANGLE ON BOAT

as the mutineers hop out and beach her through the surf.

113 INLAND WATER HOLE

Some of the crew fill their casks and begin to carry them back to the boat.

114 AT A SMALL CLEARING

On a slight rise midway between the watering hole and the sea, several of the mutineers set down Clayton's belongings, along with a large bundle of sailcloth.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

The beach is a couple of hundred yards off, obscured by the forest.

BLACK MICHAEL

(to the men)

All right now -- wait for me at the boat.

They leave.

BLACK MICHAEL

(indicating watering hole)

-- Best not to be too far from fresh water.

Clayton nods. Black Michael reaches down and opens up the sailcloth. In it are considerable supplies of pork, beans, flour and tools from the ship -- along with Clayton's rifles, pistols, and ammunition.

BLACK MICHAEL

This is the best I can do... on board I wouldn't be able to keep you alive another twenty-four hours.

CLAYTON

I appreciate that.

BLACK MICHAEL

... Where are you from, m'Lord?

CLAYTON

Sussex.

BLACK MICHAEL

I was in Portsmouth once --

CLAYTON

Did you find it agreeable?

BLACK MICHAEL

Very -- if I live to make port, I promise to pass on your whereabouts, as near as I am able. It's not the word of a gentleman, but it's the best I can do.

CLAYTON

Thank you.

With that he turns and leaves.

A few yards further he stops again -- Black Michael is little more than a shadow in the rain forest.

BLACK MICHAEL

You played fair with me, sir.

116 LONG SHOT - FUWALDA

partially obscured by the rain forest, but under sail.

116 REACTION - ALICE AND CLAYTON

She can contain herself no longer. She begins to weep. Clayton places his pistol in his boot. He takes Alice in his arms and holds her.

Clayton spots something on the ground.

117 ON THE PACKING BOXES

Large ants are beginning to form a river.

118 CLOSE - CLAYTON

reacting to this.

CLAYTON

-- right now I must do what I can
to get us off the ground.

CUT TO:

119 ALICE

sleeping on some of her baggage, under her parasol. There is the SOUND of POUNDING. She stirs, awakens and sees:

120 CLAYTON

under a triangle of trees. He's finished knocking the last of the packing boxes apart. He takes the lumber and climbs -- by means of branches he's stripped into rungs -- about fifteen feet into the trees.

121 AMONG THE BRANCHES

Clayton carefully completes a small platform with the lumber from the packing boxes. From the branches overhead he has hung food supplies, bundling them in sailcloth. He hauls up the last bundle from the ground.

As he secures it, he hears a NOISE from the branches near him. He reaches into his boot, pulls out the pistol, moves along the branch.

122 CLAYTON'S POV

The branches in front of him move again.

- 123 CLAYTON
cocks his pistol, waits poised.
- 124 STARING BACK AT HIM
is an intensely curious Colobus monkey. At the sight of Clayton the animal screeches and leaps to another tree.
- 125 CLAYTON
is immensely relieved.
- 126 THE SUN
dips below the treetops.
- 127 CLAYTON
helps Alice up into the trees, using both footholds he's hacked into the trunk and small branches stripped of their leaves as rungs.
- 128 ON THE PLATFORM - ALICE AND CLAYTON
Carefully lashed to the branches, the platform is only a few feet across. Overhead are the hanging food supplies and more sailcloth which can be lowered to form a tent.
As Clayton secures the last of the supplies:
- ALICE
Oh, Jack, I'm so sorry... to have
been in such a funk... so useless...
- CLAYTON
Sweetheart, you've shown pluck
enough for a regiment...
- CUT TO:
- 129 EXT. PLATFORM - ALICE AND CLAYTON - NIGHT
sleeping. The JUNGLE SOUNDS are pervasive. Suddenly they die down and there is an eerie silence. Alice awakens. She looks out the tent opening.

130 THERE

silhouetted in a shaft of moonlight that has reached down into a small clearing, a great dim figure stands stock-still but upright -- almost as though listening for something.

131 REACTION - ALICE

She's not sure she's seeing correctly. Then:

ALICE

(softly)

Jack... Jack?... there's something out there...

Clayton rises and looks.

CLAYTON

-- of course there is.

132 THEIR POV

of the same spot where Alice had been looking. It is now only moonlight and vague shadows.

ALICE

(confused)

-- no -- it's gone... but it looked almost like... a man...

CLAYTON

I'm sure it did... but it was probably nothing... a cloud across the moon... sleep, sleep now...

Alice sinks slowly back down but her eyes remain wide open.

DISSOLVE TO:

133 EXT. CLEARING - CLAYTON - DAY

using his ax, fells a small tree. There are other stumps nearby, evidence that he has been at it for some time.

134 RED CLAY

by the watering hole. Clayton's boots sink into it, and stick as he tries to move.

135 REACTION - CLAYTON

staring down at his boots.

136 HAULING THE CLAY

on sailcloth bound to slender logs, Clayton makes his way to the clearing. Forms for a foundation have been laid out, using the logs from the felled trees.

137 CLAYTON

on the beach gathers stones.

138 ALICE

by the watering hole, fills one of her pots with water. She looks up to see a lovely pair of dik-diks -- doe and fawn.

139 CLAYTON

uses a board to smooth the surface of the completed foundation as it dries in the sun. At one corner of the structure a fireplace and chimney -- also made of rocks and red clay -- has already taken shape.

140 ON A BLUFF

overlooking the harbor, Clayton builds a figure out of dried branches and grasses.

141 ALICE

boils palm nuts in water.

142 THE OIL

rises to the water's surface. She skims it off. Dips a piece of cloth in the oil -- lights it. It burns brightly.

143 ALICE

carries the oil up the bluff, to Clayton.

144 HER SKIRTS

brush through the grasses, collecting dew.

145 NEARING THE TOP

she finds it harder and harder to walk.

146 HER SKIRTS

and petticoats are now drenched with water.

147 AS SHE REACHES CLAYTON

and hands him the oil, she collapses from the weight of her clothing. Clayton hastily kneels beside her, sees her skirts, shakes his head. He carefully places the oil by the grassy figure then lifts Alice and carries her down toward the cabin site.

148 BY THE CABIN - CLAYTON AND ALICE

finish their noon meal. The cabin framing is now up -- fronds with a wide overhang form a roof and porch, and smoked meat and dried fruit hang from the rafters.

Clayton is having coffee and writing in his diary, Alice taking time out to sketch. The scene is Arcadian, idyllic.

CLAYTON'S VOICE

-- it is clear that we daren't travel while she carries the child, and doubtless not for a good while after she has the birth -- as to where we are I am both pleased and apprehensive. We have ample water, abundant fruit and small game, and a tree near our cabin that bears a fig-like fruit --

Clayton glances up at the tree which is fifteen yards or so from the cabin.

CLAYTON'S VOICE

(continuing)

-- of which Alice is particularly fond.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

CLAYTON'S VOICE (CONT'D)

And yet I know of no place on earth this congenial to man which is not inhabited by man -- is there some geographic peculiarity inland, some swamp or marsh perhaps which has heretofore kept humanity from these shores? I hope this is the reason.

Alice is looking at him intently. Clayton gets to his feet, kisses her, looks at her sketch.

149 INSERT - SKETCH

A nice likeness of the fig tree and cabin and Clayton working on the roof.

DISSOLVE TO:

150 A SERIES OF SHOTS

in which Alice's sketches of these events alternate with the events themselves:

- A) Clayton pulls the hinges from the steamer trunks.
- B) Alice makes candles with the palm oil. She's noticeably more pregnant.
- C) Clayton plasters the sides of the cabin with clay while branches act as chickenwire for the 'plastering.'
- D) Clayton hunts game. He spots a leopard and carefully gives it a wide berth.

CLAYTON'S VOICE

-- as a general rule it is more hazardous crossing a London street in heavy traffic than facing a beast in the jungle...

- E) Alice hangs clothing out to dry on a line running from the cabin to one of the nearby trees. Clayton finishes placing the door on its steamer trunk hinges and the cabin -- an attractive amalgam of native hut and English cottage -- is complete -- including a boma or thicket around the cabin and its fruit trees and garden.

151 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Surprisingly cozy. Lit by candle and firelight. Alice plays the zither. Clayton puts the finishing touches on a cradle he's built from the packing boxes.

CLAYTON'S VOICE

August 10, 1885 -- the end of the second month and we are well settled -- except for the uncertainty of rescue, we are neither uncomfortable or unhappy...

152 EXT. CABIN - DAY

The boma has been ripped up, the clothesline torn down, the clothes shredded. The small tree that held the clothesline is torn out by its roots. Clayton examines the damage carefully but when he sees Alice -- very pregnant now -- watching him apprehensively, he shrugs off the damage as unimportant.

153 CLOSE - FIG TREE

some of its branches torn -- all of the branches bare of fruit. Clayton looks at the tree, then the ground around it.

CLAYTON'S VOICE

Whenever the fruit ripens on the fig tree, I encounter the same mysterious depredations...

Clayton walks slowly back to the cabin. His eye catches something. It is the ax. It has been tossed into some brush. He picks it up. The handle has been cleanly snapped in two.

CLAYTON'S VOICE

-- the only creature capable of tearing up the boma and uprooting trees I should have thought to be either an elephant or some kind of buffalo, but there are neither prints nor spoor to lend credence to this theory -- and the disappearing figs and broken ax handle now make such speculation insupportable.

Clayton spots something -- a pair of large, turkey-like bustards pecking around the other side of the boma at the edge of the clearing.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

He picks up his rifle. As he's about to fire:

154 THE BUSTARDS

sense their danger and melt into the surrounding brush and forest.

155 CLAYTON

is annoyed. He moves toward them, stalking them quietly.

156 OTHER ANGLE - FOREST

Clayton carefully draws back foliage and moves after the birds.

157 AHEAD OF HIM

he can see feathers through the almost febrile undergrowth.

Clayton steps on a twig which snaps. He winces. The foliage is thicker. He loses sight of the birds. Moves ahead still further and very quietly pulls back a frond.

158 THERE

sleeping beneath a tree is a huge ape with a glossy, black coat. At about 200 pounds, it's bigger than a chimp, but smaller and more agile than a gorilla.

159 CLAYTON

is stunned into immobility. He lets the branch go -- it makes a WHISSHING NOISE. The ape awakens and is as shocked as Clayton.

160 CLAYTON AND THE APE

They are only a few feet apart. The ape's hair rises, greatly increasing the appearance of its size. It swiftly moves to an upright position and tears the branch off, shaking it and grimacing threateningly at Clayton.

Clayton points his gun at the animal. The animal shakes the branch at Clayton, making a low, guttural bark. Clayton pulls the trigger. The gun MISPIRES. The ape charges him.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

The two of them slam into the foliage and the roaring of the ape makes it sound as though Clayton is being hopelessly mauled.

They roll into the open area of the clearing and are separated by several yards. Both are stunned but unharmed. All that Clayton has lost is his boot which the ape holds in its hands.

161 THE APE

sniffs the leather. Despite the boot's thickness, the ape tears the boot as easily as if he were peeling a banana. He tries eating it but doesn't like the taste.

162 CLAYTON

moves toward his rifle.

163 THE APE

roars and charges again, knocking Clayton down. This time it appears Clayton will be killed.

A SHOT rings out, hitting the ape in the back. It turns in rage to face:

164 ALICE

terrified, holding a smoking pistol.

165 THE APE

leaps over the boma and charges Alice. It tears through the clothesline and, in a tangled mass of clothes and rope, falls on her.

166 CLAYTON

regains his footing and rushes toward them.

167 AS HE GETS THERE

however, the ape rolls over and lies still.

168 ALICE

is conscious but in shock. Clayton kneels beside her. She's bloody from the ape, and he examines her for wounds -- there are none. Nevertheless, she cries out in pain.

CLAYTON

What is it? Alice, for God's sake, where are you hurt?

Alice's hands flutter to her stomach. It takes Clayton a moment to register. He scoops her up and carries her into the cabin.

169 EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

A swelling of JUNGLE NOISES through the darkness. There is the long, moaning ROAR of a LION. The other noises die down in its wake. Then an answer to the lion -- the unmistakable SOUND of a BABY CRYING energetically.

170 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Clayton holds a healthy and very lively baby. He's showing it to Alice.

CLAYTON

Well, here's the new brigadier.

ALICE

He looks like you, Jack.

CLAYTON

(fondly)

-- more like a plum pudding, I'd say -- all red and lumpy --

ALICE

Jack!... shame...

(stretches out
her arms)

Come here. Come to Mana.

Clayton gently places the baby in her arms. The baby begins to nurse. Alice holds out a free hand to Clayton who kneels and kisses it.

ALICE

I'm so relieved. I had the most dreadful dream, Jack -- that we weren't in England but in some place filled with wild beasts that attacked us -- oh, it was horrid.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

Clayton looks up slowly. He sees she's quite serious. He can only stare at her moist, content face.

ALICE

(to baby)

We're so glad that bad dream is over, aren't we, little angel?

(to Clayton)

It won't come back again, will it, Jack? Say it won't come back. Do.

Clayton's eyes have grown very moist. He continues to hold Alice's hand.

CLAYTON

... it won't come back.

Alice smiles.

ALICE

There now. Everything's right as rain.

Clayton watches unblinking as his wife contentedly nurses the happy child. She begins to hum a cradle song -- the melody to "October Winds."

The melody SWELLS and as CAMERA HOLDS ON SCENE, Alice (V.O.) begins a song which SWELLS and FADES during the following:

ALICE'S VOICE

Bring no ill wind to him nor us
My helpless babe and me
Sing hushabye loo lo la
Sing hushabye loo lo la...
Take heed young eaglet 'til thy wings
Are feather-fit to soar...

DISSOLVE TO:

171 ALICE AND CLAYTON

play with the baby who giggles and crawls in and around the furniture. He tries to eat a bug. Alice stops him, laughing. He waits till she's not looking, then grabs the bug again.

CLAYTON'S VOICE

January 17, 1886 -- Alice has yet to realize we are not back in England.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

CLAYTON'S VOICE (CONT'D)

In other ways she's quite rational
and the joy she takes in our little
son has made the past months oddly
happy for her... my son, my son...
he's into everything -- what a
cheeky rascal he is!

172 THE BABY

has crawled onto Clayton's desk and dipped his hand in the
inkwell, liberally planting his inky fingers in Clayton's
diary. Clayton scoops him up and cleans off his inky
hands.

CLAYTON'S VOICE

There have been more encounters
with these great apes who refuse
to leave our garden alone.

Clayton glances out the cabin window. He grabs a rifle,
runs to the door, and FIRES. The bushes rustle beyond
the garden, but the apes cannot be seen. END V.O. SONG.

173 THE SKY

is alive with lightning. Rain pours down, drenching the
forest.

174 INT. CABIN

infested with mosquitoes. Clayton swats at them while
he's seated, trying to write. He looks behind him.

175 ALICE

is lying down, covered with perspiration, wracked with
fever. The baby is crying. Clayton pours water from a
pitcher, soaks a rag and places it on Alice's brow. She
angrily tosses it in his face.

Clayton stares at her a moment, goes over to his desk,
gazes down at his diary.

CLAYTON'S VOICE

-- the rains have not let up,
Alice's milk is gone, my son is
crying out for nourishment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

CLAYTON'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I suppose I should be grateful that
a merciful Providence has kept
Alice from knowing the futility of
our position.

Clayton closes his diary, puts it in the metal box on his
desk.

ALICE

Take him back to his mother.

Clayton turns toward Alice. She is looking at him coldly.

ALICE

I'm burning up with this little
beast beside me.

Clayton stares blankly at her.

ALICE

I said, take him back to his
mother!

Alice raises the child above her head, threatening to dash
him to the ground.

CLAYTON

(carefully)

Alice, don't move.

He lunges toward her, and catches the child as she drops
it. He falls to his knees, holding onto the baby. Alice
rises, screaming:

ALICE

Take him away, take him away,
take him away!

She's beating Clayton, raining down blows with surprising
strength. Clayton wraps himself around the child and
suffers her blows. Suddenly, they cease.

176 CLOSE - CLAYTON AND BABY

who is now crying lustily.

CLAYTON

There, there, brigadier, what's
all this now? No need to fuss,
no need at all... there, there.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

The baby calms down. Clayton looks up and sees that Alice is gone. He looks to:

177 THE CABIN DOOR

It's open.

178 CLAYTON

sets the baby back in his crib, then dashes out the door.

179 EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

Humid, muddy. Clayton slashes through it, slipping and sliding, frantically calling for Alice. He crashes through brush which tears at him, and falls. When he looks up, he sees:

180 THE SAILS OF A SHIP

VISIBLE through the trees. He scrambles to his feet. He hesitates -- looks toward the bluff and the grassy figure there. Then he hears a CRASHING SOUND and a MOAN.

181 CLAYTON

races away from the bluff, toward the direction of the sound.

182 IN A MUDDY RIVLET

he finds her, lying inert. He scoops her up and carries her toward the cabin.

183 INT. CABIN - CLAYTON - NIGHT

is at his desk, reading the Bible.

ALICE

(quietly)

-- my mirror -- please.

Clayton turns to Alice. Her long hair has been cropped close to her head, which she's touching delicately. She seems much calmer, almost relaxed. Clayton rises, brings a hand mirror, holds it before her -- she looks, makes a face.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

CLAYTON

I had to -- the fever, sweetheart.

ALICE

(plaintive but calm)

... but I look like a little boy.

CLAYTON

Never -- you are a great beauty,
now and always.

Alice sobs, catches herself.

ALICE

Oh, Jack, I've been so vile. Can
you ever forgive me?

Clayton kneels and kisses her.

ALICE

Bring me our John, please.

Clayton reaches over and gently places the baby beside her.
She snuggles up to it, holds onto Clayton.

ALICE

I won't leave you again -- ever.

CLAYTON

(trying for
control)

-- comfy now?

ALICE

(dreamily)

Mmm -- I shall be fine by morning.

Clayton, trembling, rises and returns to his desk. He
bows his head. There is a flash across his face. He
looks up to:

184 THE CABIN WINDOW

CAMERA MOVES out the window through the cross-hatched
staves to:

185 THE SKY

ringed with dark, ugly clouds, but a rust-colored hue
where the clouds are less defined. Lightning flashes
momentarily turn the rust to red. HOLD until THUNDER hits.
Then, in the silent wake of the thunder, there is a SOFT
MOAN. CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO REVEAL:

186 SILVER BEARD

looking apprehensively at the sky. He is a magnificent ape with powerful limbs and piercing eyes. The lightning and THUNDER come again.

Once more, Silver Beard moans softly. Then, never taking his eyes off the sky, he emits several loud, barking sounds, perhaps in defiance or perhaps as a warning to the coming storm not to get too rough. The barks become progressively higher pitched as his anxiety mounts.

187 WIDE ANGLE - SAVANNA AND RAIN FOREST

The rest of the troop, females and children as well, take their cue from Silver Beard.

They stop feeding. Females hoot and pant nervously -- their offspring scurry to them -- some mounting the backs of their mothers, others grasping the hair on their stomachs, burying themselves in it.

The rain, as soft as a sigh at first, begins to fall.

188 RIDGE AND SILVER BEARD

When the rain hits him, he crouches, then stands erect and lets out a loud hoot, plunging headlong down the slope, yelling as he goes.

Females and children and even other male apes hurry to get out of his pathway.

Silver Beard looks as if he's going to crash into a tree in his mad charge, but he breaks his rush by grabbing the tree and spinning around it, up into it.

Here he grabs a rather large branch and with awesome power tears it out of the tree, not even slowing down as he continues his wild spin around the tree, dropping back to the earth again, shaking the large branch at the sky, yelling and charging back up the slope to the ridge. It is all one splendid motion and again the other apes scatter before his charging display.

189 ON TOP OF THE RIDGE

It can be SEEN that most of the troop are thoroughly intimidated by Silver Beard. Showing wide grins of fear they hoot and bob nervously in tight little knots. The rain is pelting down heavily now.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

Silver Beard has dropped his branch and another ape has picked it up and begun to display in a manner similar to Silver Beard's, although he has more trouble wielding the branch. More of the dominant males join Silver Beard in this peculiar rain dance -- slapping the ground, hooting, charging down the hill and up into the trees, charging back up again.

190 A CLUSTER OF FEMALES

show increasing fear for their offspring as the male charges grow more reckless. One of them scoops up her baby out of the way of a charging male.

191 A YOUNG FEMALE

who will be known as KALA sees the narrow escape, clutches her own baby more tightly. But as she looks off:

192 SILVER BEARD

who has grown more frenzied, charges from behind her and actually grabs at her baby, tearing it out of her arms, shaking the screeching little ape at the stormy sky as he plunges toward the trees.

193 KALA

is horrified. She lets out a frenzied scream herself and chases after Silver Beard.

194 BY THE TREES

she catches up to him, bites him on the neck and nimbly plucks her baby out of Silver Beard's grasp.

195 SILVER BEARD

is astonished at being challenged. His shock turns to rage. With a roaring scream, he takes off after Kala.

196 KALA WITH HER BABY

clinging onto her back leaps into the trees in an effort to elude Silver Beard.

197 SILVER BEARD

crashes up into the trees. Despite his enormous size he is both agile and quick, pursuing her from branch to branch, tree to tree.

198 SOME OF THE BRANCHES

seem so slight that they can scarcely bear Kala's weight.

199 HER BABY

clings tightly to her neck as she moves.

200 AS KALA LEAPS

and alights on another branch, it SNAPS. She falls, grabbing onto a branch ten feet below her, swinging precariously, her tiny baby holding on fiercely.

201 KALA'S POV - SILVER BEARD

looming in the trees overhead. He leaps toward Kala and INTO CAMERA, his body describing an arc that reveals both its grace and its power.

202 KALA

tries to hold onto the branch and her baby as Silver Beard lands and attacks her viciously, pummeling her, biting her, his throat gurgling with a savage "wrahh" sound. He bites into her left ear and draws a lot of blood for the size of the wound. Kala screams in pain and loses her grip. She falls.

203 THROUGH THE BRANCHES

They scarcely break her fall as she tumbles through them before she can grasp onto another branch.

204 AS SHE DOES

the jarring impact loosens the infant's grip around her neck and the screaming baby ape falls the rest of the way to the earth, landing with a sickening THUD on a rock formation some 30 feet below.

205 KALA

spots her baby. She lets out three high-pitched screams as she scurries down the tree to the inert body of the infant.

206 AT THE BASE OF THE TREE

she scoops up her infant. Rain immediately begins to wash away the puddle of blood where its head lay.

207 KALA

whimpers and grooms her infant. She tries to take one of the infant's limp hands to make the hand stroke her, but it does no good. She places the dead infant at her breast.

208 WIDER ANGLE - KALA - FAVORING SILVER BEARD

who has now made his way down the tree. The fit of rage is over as he stares at mother and infant. He watches while the mother vainly tries to get her dead baby to nurse. Clearly, he's chagrined.

He makes his way over to Kala, actually pats her on the back in a gesture of reassurance -- but Kala ignores him.

209 SILVER BEARD

comes closer and tries to -- gently -- touch the dead infant. Kala turns sharply away from him so he can't touch the infant -- drawing it into her more tightly to protect it from the now heavy rains, which beat down on them relentlessly.

Silver Beard continues to stare at the mother and infant for a long moment. Then he shakes the rain from his shoulders and somewhat morosely sidles off to the butt of a tree.

210 SILVER BEARD P.G. - TROOP B.G.

There, along with the rest of the apes who have grown quiet with the rain, he suffers the bad weather in silence and growing darkness.

211 THE SKY

through the staves of the cabin window. It's dawn and the storm has broken. There is a DRIPPING SOUND.

212 INT. CABIN - CLAYTON

stirs at his desk. In the last few moments of sleep he has nudged his inkwell, tipping it. The spilt ink is falling drop by drop on the floor.

Clayton looks up, rubs the sleep out of his eyes. As he leans forward to look out the window, his wife becomes VISIBLE behind him. There is a pale blue tint to her skin and one arm hangs over the bed, the hand outstretched but the fingers rigid. Her baby lies beside her. When he stirs, bumping her, Alice's arm moves but her fingers don't.

Clayton leans back INTO SHOT. He seems faintly pleased.

CLAYTON

Well. Sun today.

He notices the ink dripping. It seems to unsettle him a bit. As he turns slowly toward his wife...

CUT TO:

213 EXT. WATER HOLE - DAY

swollen from the storm. The troop of apes, steam rising from their still damp coats, are drinking there, along with some baboons and a family of warthogs.

214 KALA

dabs water on her mangled ear. Then drinks and tries to force her dead infant to drink. When it doesn't work, she shakes the baby in frustration, then hugs it.

215 SILVER BEARD

finishes his ablutions, then sniffs the air. He hoots softly, lumbers over to the trunk of the nearest tree, and climbs it swiftly.

216 IN THE TREE WITH SILVER BEARD

looking toward Clayton's cabin. His focus shifts to the fruit garden -- then to the cabin with its thin trail of smoke coming from the chimney -- then back to the fruit garden.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

Silver Beard grunts each time he looks at the fruit garden. His lips compress tightly. He seems to have made up his mind. He quickly moves down and out of the tree, dropping back to the earth.

217 AT THE WATER HOLE

Silver Beard moves amidst the troop and gives a fairly loud-pitched "hoo" sound. With that he moves off, stopping by the tree line to give another "hoo."

218 REACTION - THE TROOP

They look toward Silver Beard, then with a few hoots, pants, and squeaks -- move off after him.

219 ONLY KALA

remains morosely looking over her shoulder at the retreating troop. Finally, she, too, still carrying her infant, moves after them.

220 CABIN AND GARDEN

A thin spiral of smoke rises from the cabin chimney -- its heavy door is uncharacteristically ajar.

221 SILVER BEARD

hesitates when he sees the open door -- his lips purse and he pants in frustration and fear -- but then his eyes turn to the fig tree which is heavy with fruit.

Silver Beard can't resist. He drops to the earth and makes his way carefully toward the fig tree.

222 THE OTHER APES

watch their leader venture forth. The more dominant apes follow first -- their caution evident in the soft pants and hoots and uneasy glances toward the cabin.

223 ONE YOUNGSTER

is squeaking too loudly.

224 A DOMINANT MALE

with a soft brown mask for a face, picks him up, gently places a hand over the young ape's mouth. The youngster looks in fear at the male. The male slowly takes his hand away from the youngster's mouth. The youngster is intimidated, stares in wide-eyed silence at the dominant male who, due to his passion for them, will be known as BANANAS. Bananas pats the youngster reassuringly, allows it to proceed cautiously toward the feeding grounds.

225 SILVER BEARD

has paused by a fresh mound of earth. A shovel is standing upright in the dirt. Beside the grave lies a wooden cross. Silver Beard sniffs the earth, then picks up the cross. It's imperfectly lashed together and falls apart. He keeps one of the pieces and moves to the fig tree with a measured gait -- always keeping an eye on the cabin.

Finally, when he is very close, he falls upon the tree and begins to gorge himself, grunting and squeaking with pleasure.

He is soon joined by the bolder members of the troop.

226 OTHERS

who are more timid, remain by the trees, grimacing in fear and frustration. Some hold out their hands to their distant companions. Others sally forth a few yards into the clearing, then run back to the trees -- clearly desirous of feeding but afraid to expose themselves.

227 THE APES AT THE FIG TREE

swarming over it, feeding with lip-smacking ferocity.

228 KALA

holds a half-eaten fig, clutches her dead baby and sits on her haunches, barely taking note of the passionate feeding going on behind her.

229 CLOSE - SILVER BEARD

the creamy goo of mashed figs richly spread across his mouth and chin. He pauses eating. His lips purse -- again the hair rises on his head, shoulders and arms.

He looks toward the cabin some fifty yards distant.

230 POV - THE CABIN

The only movement the slender smoke spiral. However, it is now possible to HEAR what Silver Beard heard -- coming through the open door is the unmistakable SOUND of a CHILD CRYING.

231 SILVER BEARD

begins chewing his mouthful of figs again but doesn't take his eye off the cabin. The SOUND of the CHILD CRYING grows LOUDER. Some of the other apes begin to react to it -- growing nervous and excited.

232 KALA

picks up her head and there is new life in her gaze as she stares curiously toward the cabin. The CRYING seems to grow even LOUDER.

233 SILVER BEARD

has leapt out of the fig tree. He takes a few swift strides toward the cabin -- then abruptly stops, grimaces -- he picks up the piece of the cross he had dropped and shakes it at the cabin. He's uncertain about what to do.

234 KALA

however, is not. She has risen and, taking her dead infant with her, moves purposefully toward the cabin and the sound of the crying child.

235 SILVER BEARD

sees Kala moving ahead of him toward the cabin. He emits a little "huh" of surprise -- then moves after the bolder Kala.

236 SILVER BEARD AND KALA

reach the cabin door at the same time. Both are now hesitant -- there suddenly is no sound coming from the cabin. Several other members of the troop now ease up behind them. Silver Beard finally moves across the threshold.

237 INT. CABIN - DAY

John Clayton sits at his desk. His diary is open, he's disheveled and spattered with mud and staring straight ahead, utterly unaware of the menace in the doorway.

Finally, Clayton's gaze shifts to Silver Beard. Man and ape stare at one another for an interminable moment -- neither face betraying any emotion.

Then Clayton lunges out of his chair toward his rifle on the wall. As he grabs it, Silver Beard leaps.

He wrenches Clayton away from the rifle, hefts him over his head, and slams him into the opposite wall with such force that the impact splits one of the beams in the cabin wall. Silver Beard lets out a savage "wrahh," repeating it several times.

238 THE CHILD

lying in its makeshift crib, begins to squall.

239 SILVER BEARD

turns from the inert body of Clayton toward the sound. His lips tighten. He makes a low, guttural threat and moves to the crying child.

240 KALA

however, beats him there. Just as Silver Beard is about to pick up the crib and fling it, she grabs Clayton's baby son and drops her own dead infant as she does so, scampering immediately out of the cabin with her prize.

241 SILVER BEARD

is left literally holding the crib. He slams it down in disgust -- and then his eyes dart back to the gun that Clayton was trying to reach.

A couple of more apes approach the doorway cautiously, entering with lips pushed forward, panting -- out of deference to Silver Beard.

He responds with low pants, but his mouth loose and open -- touches one of the bobbing apes on the back in reassurance. They then enter the cabin.

242 KALA IN THE TREES

has settled on a low-lying branch. The baby is crying fiercely.

Kala is fascinated. She pokes the baby's stomach, then pries open its mouth and peers inside. Finally, she starts to groom the baby, accompanying the grooming with a series of low, panting grunts, "acch--ach, ach-e-ach, ach-e-ach."

243 THE BABY

begins to calm down a little under the gentle stroking. Then, after a moment, begins to cry again.

244 KALA

disturbed and confused by crying a second time.

245 INT. CABIN - SILVER BEARD

and several other apes have begun to rummage around. Some balance precariously on chairs, others send crockery CRASHING. One of them inadvertantly trips the music box and all are momentarily mesmerized by the tune "LONDON DERRYAIRE."

One female and her offspring have gotten into the four and covered themselves with it -- they seem to enjoy the taste.

Bananas tries to swing on the dried meat hanging from the ceiling. It falls under his weight -- he decides to eat it instead -- being begged by subordinates to let them share -- which he does.

Silver Beard, meanwhile, has found himself fascinated with the rifle. He is examining it from stem to stern. He stares down the barrel, sticks his finger in it, sniffs it, licks it.

His toes lock in and around the trigger guard and as he's examining the barrel inches from his face, his toe puts the appropriate pressure on the trigger itself. The gun FIRES with a deafening roar, singeing his silver hair, knocking him off the table where he was examining it.

246 ALL THE APES

fall over themselves in an effort to flee the cabin.

247 SILVER BEARD

desperately tries to disentangle himself from the rifle. He can't quite do it -- lurches to his feet and tumbles out of the cabin, screaming as he goes.

The front sight of the rifle catches on the door, slamming the door and tearing the rifle from Silver Beard's hands. Still screaming he scurries toward the trees as the rest of the troop have done.

248 EXT. RAIN FOREST - SUNSET

Members of the troop, some with infants clinging to their backs, begin their ascent into the trees.

249 IN THE TREES

filled with darkening shadows, individuals begin bending leaves and branches into nests.

250 RAIN FOREST - IN THE TREES - NIGHT

Only shards of moonlight through the thick foliage and faint silence. A SOUND. VIEW SHIFTS SLIGHTLY.

Kala rests on her haunches in the Y between branch and trunk, having nested there. Her new baby is nursing. Kala doesn't look at the infant but stares off into the night, one hairy hand holding the back of the child's head. Both mother and child seem supremely content.

FADE TO:

251 TROOP MOVING THROUGH THE TREES - DAY

Shafts of sunlight penetrate the foliage as CAMERA MOVES with the troop of apes. Offspring cling easily to their mothers' backs as the troop swings and leaps through the branches.

252 A CLEARING

and the apes drop from the trees. Led by Silver Beard, they swarm over a fruiting wild palm.

253 ON THE GROUND

the apes rest, sated. Offspring tumble with one another -- an overzealous juvenile comes near a resting male who slaps him. The juvenile screams until the male gives him a reassuring pat.

254 KALA

finally comes lumbering into the clearing, her little human baby precariously holding onto neck and chest -- just the opposite of the piggy-back method the baby apes use. (Her ear is nearly healed -- but a piece of it is missing. It will be a quick means of identifying her from now on.)

It's awkward and tiring for her, and she makes her way to the tree, breathing more heavily than the other apes.

255 AT ITS BASE

she carefully sets down her charge and makes her way up into the tree.

256 IN THE PALM TREE

she vainly looks for a remaining nut or two, but the tree has been nearly picked clean. She finds one nut. Then glances down.

257 HER POV

A couple of juvenile apes are beginning to toy with her baby -- sniffing it, tugging on it from opposite directions.

258 KALA

screams in fury, rushes down the tree, bites one of the juveniles, and snatches up her baby.

259 THE JUVENILE

upset and whimpering, tries to placate Kala, but she'll have none of it. He runs off for reassurance to a resting male and she clings to her baby fiercely.

(CONTINUED)

259 CONTINUED:

Next to her are a few nut rinds. Kala picks them up, glances hopelessly up into the trees -- drops the nut rinds.

Kala sinks back, looking disconsolate. Her baby, however, is not at all bothered by his mother's plight.

260 RAIN FOREST - DAY

Silver Beard has been napping. He opens his eyes, looks upward -- his face sets, the hair on his head and shoulders rises. He's gotten to his feet now and without any overt noise or gesture, he has the attention of several other of the apes -- an older ape with a patchy coat, and a couple of juveniles.

They, too, have risen from rest or play and, while PATCHY COAT moves to the trunk of the tree with Silver Beard, the two juveniles move to the trunks of adjacent trees.

Silver Beard -- with lightning swiftness -- darts up the tree trunk into the branches. There is a SCREAM from the branches and a colobus monkey can be SEEN leaping from the tree in fright to the adjacent one, with Silver Beard not far behind.

261 THE RED MONKEY

leaps from branch to branch but is cut off from leaping to the next tree by Silver Beard.

He darts down the tree to its trunk and:

262 THE JUVENILE APE

who is waiting for him. The monkey screams and runs back up the tree and into the arms of Silver Beard who grabs the wriggling animal and with a roar leaps to the ground, raising the monkey over his head by its tail and repeatedly bashing its head on the ground, all the while coming out with loud "wrahhs."

263 THE OTHER APES

scream and actually grab one another with excitement as they see Silver Beard completing the kill.

264 KALA'S HUMAN BABY

imitates its ape brothers by screaming with animal excitement as they do.

265 SILVER BEARD

on a low branch is happily feeding on the carcass of the monkey. Adults and youngsters in the troop hop around on the branches, begging Silver Beard for a share which he occasionally dispenses and which they then fight over.

266 KALA

has edged up into the branches and tries for a share but is jostled by the other apes who bang into her and her fragile baby. The baby screams as he's hit by a couple of overanxious juveniles. One of the larger apes, frustrated, looks almost hungrily at the human infant.

Kala can't risk it. She slowly makes her way down the trunk, holding on tightly to her child. There on the ground she remains hungry, while her baby screams excitedly at the feeding overhead.

267 TERMITE MOUND - KALA

sits on the red earthen mound and carefully strips a twig of its leaves. Her human baby lies on the ground, throwing a tantrum. Kala pokes the stripped stem into the mound. After a moment she withdraws it -- nothing. She pokes the stem into another hole -- success! A termite is clinging to the end of it. She brings the stem to her mouth and eats the termite. Satisfied, she continues to fish for more.

268 HER BABY

has stopped yelling and begun watching her. He now tries to get to his feet to see better. He falls. He rises, slowly, shakily -- and, while swaying, manages to stay upright. It is a moment of triumph and he squeals with pleasure. Kala looks up only to see her baby unceremoniously plop on his behind.

She scrambles down from the mound, panting with excitement. Then, carefully, she places a hairy hand under her baby's belly, and sets him on his feet again.

Then she does a somersault.

(CONTINUED)

268 CONTINUED:

KALA
(tumbling, softly)
Ach-e-ach, ach-e-ach, ache-e-ach.

She continues being playful, enticing her baby to walk toward her.

Her baby grunts, and tries to answer, swaying. Then with the fierce concentration of drunks and tightrope artists, he begins a step-by-step walk toward Kala.

Kala pants her encouragement.

Her baby grows firmer with each step, until he catches up to her under a tree. She embraces him, grunting, and grooming him for his triumph.

Then he looks upward.

269 HIS POV - THE TREES - BABY APES

There they are, his peers -- ten, twenty, even thirty feet above him, twisting, turning, going from one branch to the other, some with ridiculous ease.

270 THE BABY

stretches a hand toward them in a vain effort to reach or touch them. He manages to grasp a dead leaf from a broken branch. It crunches audibly in his hand.

He turns to his mother who, herself, looks up into the trees, then back to her hopelessly earth-bound child. She strokes him lightly.

DISSOLVE TO:

271 TERMITE MOUND - KALA AND CHILD

with Kala fishing again. The child is considerably larger now and in contrast to before, he's on the mound with her. He watches as she strips a twig. He tries it, unfortunately snapping the stem. She fishes; he tries to do it but the broken stem won't go into the hole. He makes an angry face and hits the twig, then steps on it: it still won't go into the hole.

CUT TO:

272 KALA

encourages the child as he hangs by one arm from a sapling just a few feet off the ground.

CUT TO:

273 THE CHILD

rides her back the way other apes do as Kala moves through the trees. She stops and sets him down, begins to bend twigs and leaves to make a nest for the night.

274 AT THE TERMITE MOUND

again. The child has now stripped a twig without breaking it. He carefully pokes it into the open hole. He waits, concentrating. He withdraws the stem -- nothing. He's furious, jumps up and down on the stem, yelling. Kala smacks him to stop the tantrum. Then she offers him one of her termites. He greedily gobbles it.

275 MAKING A NEST

Trying to emulate Kala, the child bends palm fronds -- only his fronds won't stay down -- they keep popping up. He tries to sit on them quickly but it's no use -- they pop up between his legs and nestle under his chin.

CUT TO:

276 BARE TREE TRUNK

rising like a pole in the rain forest. A great ape approaches the trunk -- moments before Silver Beard does. Both start to climb the trunk -- Silver Beard grimaces -- the other ape cowers and backs off.

277 TOP OF TRUNK - SILVER BEARD

deliberately swaying back and forth on it, making it describe ever-widening arcs. The trunk top reaches an adjacent tree and Silver Beard easily moves from the bare trunk to the tree.

278 THE CHILD

looks up the trunk and watches. His body begins to imitate Silver Beard's movements, swaying back and forth on the ground.

279 TWO SLENDER SAPLINGS

The child inches INTO THE SHOT as he carefully climbs up the saplings. About two thirds of the way up the frame, he stops and puts his left thumb in his mouth -- he's gone far enough.

A young ape zips up the saplings, passing him. He clings more tightly.

280 KALA

watches, hoots encouragement for him to continue, but he won't. She plucks him off the branches.

281 LATER - KALA

has been sleeping. She reaches out for her child but doesn't find him. She wakens and looks about.

282 THE CHILD

teeters precariously on a dead branch about thirty feet over her head.

283 KALA

swiftly climbs the tree.

284 THE CHILD

however, is enjoying himself, doing a balancing act that makes the branch sway in ever-widening arcs.

285 KALA

calls out.

286 THE CHILD

gurgles enthusiastically. Then the branch breaks and he falls.

287 KALA

catches him.

288 ANOTHER ANGLE

She makes her way hand over hand down a slender trunk while wrapping her feet tightly about her child, who dangles beneath her, swaying, not at all unhappy with his position.

CUT TO:

289 THE TERMITE MOUND AGAIN

The dirt-spattered child now has two stems, one in each hand, which he's poking into the termite holes -- making threatening noises -- as if he's daring the termites not to get caught. He withdraws one stem -- nothing. He withdraws the other -- at last! A huge termite is dangling from the end of the stem. But before the wide-eyed child can pluck it off, a juvenile ape snatches the stem away from him and eats the termite.

The child screams with rage and tries to retrieve the stem.

The juvenile backs up, actually taunts him with it -- holds out the stem and then pulls it back.

290 AN OUTRAGED KALA

descends on the scene, biting the juvenile. He beats a hasty retreat. Kala turns to her offspring.

291 THE CHILD

sits in the dust, reduced to picking bits of bark out of the dirt and eating them.

292 EXT. SAVANNA - DAY

The sun making the dry plains shimmer and bake.

293 BY A STREAM

Wildebeest, baboons and gazelles drink.

294 FROM THE TREES

Silver Beard appears. He glances around, then gives a fairly loud-pitched "hoo."

(CONTINUED)

294 CONTINUED:

The rest of the troop appears and they descend on the stream to drink.

295 THE BABOONS

bare their fangs in warning, but nevertheless hold their ground as they continue to drink.

296 KALA

with her human child drinks, both of them placing their mouths on the surface of the water, sucking it up.

297 THE CHILD

about five now, splashes about, his hair a dark and dirty tangle which he angrily brushes out of his eyes.

He moves back to the land, spots a nut on the ground and eagerly goes for it.

298 AN OLDER APE

slaps him and takes the nut himself. The child promptly whines and follows the older ape who seeks the shade of a bush. The child will not stop screaming until the older ape looks up. Then the child presents his naked rump and the older ape idly pats it, then goes back to trying to crack his nut.

The child wanders around through the troop that has gathered on the banks. He suddenly breaks out into an incoherent sort of babblechuck, sounds not unlike a deaf child's attempt to speak.

299 THE OTHER APES

are mildly annoyed by the un-apelike sounds. Some ignore him -- an ape mother scoops up her infant so it will not play with the hairless little white animal.

300 THE CHILD

sits on the ground, spattered with mud. He starts to pound the ground but the life seems to go out of him.

(CONTINUED)

300 CONTINUED:

He makes a few ineffectual gestures, then whimpers and touches his mouth. He then sits there, listless, with glassy eyes -- periodically bringing his hand to his mouth.

After a moment, there's the call of a BIRD coming from the trees, clear and melodic.

It seems to rouse the child somewhat.

He listens for a moment, then gives a fairly remarkable imitation of the bird melody. He stops. There is another SOUND -- a sandpapery SIGH.

301 THE APES

and the other animals react sharply to it, the apes with high-pitched hoots. They clear the ground and scamper back into the trees.

The wildebeest gallop off.

302 KALA

snatches her child off the ground and makes her way to the trees.

303 POV - FROM THE TREES

of the river below. From this vantage point, what upset the apes can now be SEEN -- a sleek leopard approaches the pond with her cubs. She drinks as do they. The cubs actually splash about, playing.

304 REACTION - APES IN THE TREES

Their pant hoots turn to roars as they look down at the leopard. Some of the males jump up and down and tear off branches, shaking them threateningly -- showing a certain amount of courage at this safe distance.

Some of them actually begin to throw the branches, though their tosses are ineffectual.

305 THE LEOPARD

finally looks up at the noisy troop, her white eyes gleaming in the sun. She bares her teeth and again emits a smoky, menacing sigh.

306 KALA

clutches her child nervously and watches until the leopard leads her charges away from the stream.

307 FIG VINES - RAIN FOREST - DAY

and the troop is feeding again, gorging on the gooey fruit.

308 THE HUMAN CHILD

vainly tries to work his way into the vines, but the stronger apes jostle and knock him away. An ape flattens him as he reaches for a fig.

309 ON THE GROUND

the child lies rubbing his face in the dirt, whining and screaming in frustration. Suddenly, he stops and moves to his haunches. His face grows slack, his eyes seem focused on some distant vision. Then he bares his teeth and gives an accurate imitation of the leopard's warning sigh. Its effect is immediate.

310 THE APES

fall all over themselves to clear the fig vines and hurry up into the trees.

311 THE HUMAN CHILD

watches this frantic activity but remains motionless.

312 KALA

once again tries to scoop him up but he scurries away from her, fiercely holding onto a vine as she tries to pull him with her.

313 THE APES IN THE TREES

are hooting and bobbing nervously, watching the vines below for a trace of their enemy.

314 KALA

remains on the ground, near the base of a tree, frantically calling to her child to join her.

315 THE CHILD

remains alone among the vines, greedily stuffing his face and grunting with the double pleasure of food and of victory.

316 IN THE TREES

The juvenile ape that has teased the child lies dozing.

317 THE CHILD

moves through the trees above him -- not as quickly as the apes, but with surprising agility nevertheless. He drops to the limb the juvenile ape is on. Then moves very slowly down the branch toward the sleeping ape.

When he's within inches of the ape, he bares his teeth and emits the menacing sigh of the leopard.

318 THE JUVENILE APE

wakes with a start and a shriek, actually falls out of the tree and catches himself on the lower limb. He looks up to see:

319 THE CHILD

hooting derisively above him.

320 THE JUVENILE APE

roars in anger and proceeds to chase him through the trees.

321 THE CHILD

immediately begins a descent with the ape hot on his tail. As he drops to the ground, the ape has nearly caught him.

322 ON THE GROUND

however, the ape is clumsy and the child is not. The ape is forced to lumber -- however swiftly -- using his arms to remain upright while the child, running upright, easily outdistances him. The frustrated juvenile yells and throws a few things at the child -- a dry palm frond, fecal matter, some dirt -- the tosses are ineffectual and fall short and wide of the mark.

323 THE CHILD

yells back and also tosses a few objects with equal ineffectuality -- a twig, a rock. Then he picks up a decayed palm nut and throws it at the ape.

324 THE TOSS

is accurate and strikes the juvenile square in the chest. He screeches as much in surprise as in pain.

325 THE CHILD

is equally surprised.

326 THE JUVENILE APE

still screeching, lumbers toward the child and presents himself submissively.

327 THE CHILD

stares at the whimpering ape -- taller than the child even when bending over. Finally, he pats the ape on the back, a gesture of reassurance.

328 THE JUVENILE APE

stops whimpering and begins to groom the child fiercely.

329 THE CHILD

allows the grooming and with one hand slowly returns it. But as he does so, he stares at his throwing hand and idly cocks his wrist and uncocks it.

330 LATER

he's alone and still staring at his wrist. He picks up a rock and throws it -- keeping his wrist stiff -- it has the crude trajectory of a shot put, similar to the ape's method of throwing.

Then he picks up another rock and watches intently as he takes his arm back and this time cocks his wrist. He throws. The rock goes flying into the trees, ricocheting off tree trunks.

331 THE CHILD

immediately throws another rock. It goes flying. He flops his wrist back and forth and babbles excitedly. He throws another rock. It goes flying. He yells "wrah! wrah! wrah!" in triumph, holding his right wrist aloft with his left hand -- running through the apes who are playing and dozing -- yelling at the top of his lungs. It is a recognizable echo of the male ape's display of dominance. He runs to Silver Beard, holding his wrist aloft. He yells triumphantly at Silver Beard

332 SILVER BEARD AND THE CHILD

THE CHILD

Wrah! Wrahhh! Wrahwrahwrah!

Silver Beard sits against a tree and watches, then calmly slaps the child to the ground.

333 THE CHILD

gets up and presents himself to Silver Beard, who pats him absently. But while he submits, the child does not whimper. He remains silent and expressionless.

DISSOLVE TO:

334 THE CHILD

He's considerably older now, his hair a black, messy tangle that obscures his eyes, his body dirty and scarred but with a whip-like grace to it.

He and a droopy-lipped young ape are grooming one another, trading low panting grunts of satisfaction. The child breaks off and looks up.

335 WHAT HE SEES

is a large ape with the identifying characteristic of white surrounding the iris of his eyes. It gives him an oddly human, sinister look. He is pestering Kala for sexual favors, trying to urge her into a position where he can mount her. Kala, who is eating a banana, is at best mildly receptive.

336 THE CHILD

doesn't like it. He runs screaming and begins to pester WHITE EYES, trying to get between him and Kala. White Eyes promptly brushes him aside.

337 THE CHILD

retreats and casts about for an object to throw. He pulls at the vegetation and manages to come up with a dirt clod on the end of some plants. He looks -- he throws.

338 WHITE EYES

has just managed to mount Kala when he's broadsided by the dirt clod which smashes into the side of his head and splatters. White Eyes is shocked -- and this time Kala takes off after the child.

339 KALA

swiftly catches up to the child who makes only a half-hearted effort to run. She smacks and shakes him, then hugs him.

340 THE CHILD

makes no resistance. He simply waits until Kala releases him -- neither touches nor hugs her back. He wanders away, leaving Kala puzzled, looking after him.

341 IN THE TREES - SUNSET

Kala has nearly completed the nest for the night. She glances around a little nervously. She begins to make a series of panting hoots, gradually growing louder and more frantic.

The child shows up on the branch behind her. She sees him and abruptly stops calling. He walks away -- Kala follows, trying to touch him. He gets into the nest as does she. They look at one another. Finally, he indicates that he wants to be tickled.

CUT TO:

342 RAIN FOREST - MOVING - THE CHILD AND APE

The droopy-lipped juvenile who had been grooming with the child. The child is now about ten, a grimy little beast who nevertheless now makes his way through the trees with sufficient dexterity to stay close to his ape companion.

343 DROOPY LIP

cannot resist moving above the child and dropping down on him. He bounces on the branch the child is holding.

The child loses his grip, falls a few feet -- easily grasps another branch. He looks up to Droopy Lip who hoots derisively.

344 THE CHILD

stares up at the young ape and gives a low-pitched panting bark -- an obvious threat. He moves swiftly toward the teasing ape.

345 DROOPY LIP

feigns alarm. He screeches, does a somersault to a lower branch.

346 THE CHILD

follows and the two move more swiftly through the trees until Droopy Lip tumbles onto the ground and the child follows, jumping onto the young ape and they go rolling and screeching down an embankment in a fierce mock battle until they hit the edge of a small lake.

The two of them break abruptly. They get to their knees and stare at the lake. It is particularly beautiful -- a placid crystalline surface with shafts of sunlight playing on it.

The child stares at the surface, then gives a "hu" of surprise.

He sees the reflection of Droopy Lip and next to him he sees his own reflection. Droopy Lip also looks and is equally fascinated. He touches the reflection of the child and the image shimmers on the surface of the water. Then it clears and the images become sharp again. The two turn to one another in wonder, then look back at their images on the water.

The image is shattered by a leopard that lands in front of them, having leapt from the trees behind them.

The leopard goes for the child, cutting off its retreat to land as it does.

347 THE CHILD

tumbles forward into the pond, disappearing under the surface.

348 THE LEOPARD

immediately turns its attack on the ape who screeches and starts to scramble up the embankment. In two strides the leopard leaps on the ape's back. She drags it screaming and tumbling back to the water's edge. There she completes the kill by biting the back of the young ape, severing its spinal cord.

The ape lies paralyzed when the leopard turns its attention to the splashing in the water.

349 THE CHILD

has surfaced. It begins to paddle fiercely to the far side of the lake.

Meanwhile, the screams of the paralyzed ape have brought the rest of the troop, which comes crashing through the trees.

350 THE LEOPARD

reacts to the SOUNDS of the troop and immediately goes to its prey, dragging it off, not wishing a confrontation with the entire troop.

351 KALA

in the trees sees the spectacle below, and calls out frantically to her child who is in the water. He doesn't respond. In desperation, she drops out of the trees, lumbers to the water's edge, calls out again.

352 THE CHILD

lies sprawled on the opposite bank. He now looks back.

353 KALA

continues to call but is afraid to go more than a few feet into the lake. She glances around nervously.

354 THE CHILD

returns her call, promptly plunges back into the lake and begins to paddle toward her.

355 KALA

is so astonished she stops calling altogether.

356 THE CHILD

continues his steady paddling and reaches the embankment where Kala stands and they embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

357 THE CHILD

moves along the floor of the forest. He's dripping wet. He scrambles up a tree trunk.

358 IN THE TOP

he begins to move it back and forth. The trunk groans. When he has it at its widest possible arc, he lets go. The trunk catapults him through the air.

359 THE CHILD

flying through space. He crashes into a stream.

360 UNDERWATER

he twists and turns and shoots to the surface. There he paddles about happily.

361 KALA

remains on the embankment by the stream. She eats some bark and watches uneasily as her charge goes flying from the trunk top and cannonballs into the water again. Clearly it bewilders her.

362 THE CHILD

now lies on the embankment. His hair is sleek and glistening, his eyes clear, his skin white -- in vivid contrast to his earlier welt-ridden and dirty body.

(CONTINUED)

362 CONTINUED:

He stares steadily at the water. Then looks to Kala.
Then back to the water. He yawns -- the water has not only
cleansed him physically, it has soothed him psychically.

363 A BREEZE

stirs through the trees.

364 THE CHILD

lies with its head back, resting on moss and rock.

365 THE BREEZE

begins to whip through the trees.

366 THE CHILD

slowly raises his head and turns toward the breeze. He
remains this way, apparently having caught a strange scent
on the wind.

367 THE LEAVES

stir before him. A gust of wind makes them part, and a
glimpse of the cabin is REVEALED.

368 THE CHILD

His eyes widen. He gets to his haunches, staring intently
through the trees.

369 THE CABIN - MED. SHOT

Jungle vegetation has half-reclaimed it. Vines with bright
colored flowers snake in through the rotting window staves
-- the chimney top has collapsed into rubble.

370 THE CHILD

is mesmerized by the structure. He takes the last few
steps to the entrance. He touches the door, moves along
the cabin wall to one of the windows. He peers in.

371 THROUGH THE STAVES AND FOLIAGE

a dim but suggestive outline of the room can be SEEN.

372 THE CHILD

shakes the staves. They creak but they don't give. He moves along the wall -- spots the opening at the top of the collapsing chimney.

He swiftly climbs to the roof -- makes his way toward the chimney, but as he does, the roof gives way. The child disappears with a grunt of surprise.

373 INT. CABIN

The child holds onto a cross beam, looking down at the contents of the cabin as he dangles in the air.

He lets go of the beam and drops to the floor. There he hits some mildewed sail-cloth. Dust rises. He sneezes violently. He sneezes again.

He slowly moves about the room, moving past:

Mildewed rag-bag of bones by the cabin wall. He all but ignores them.

The cradle which he brushes against. It rocks. He jumps back -- makes a threatening face and sound. It stops. He pays no attention to the tiny skeleton beneath it.

Portrait of his father in uniform of the Old Stream Guards. It is on a sideboard, its ornate silver frame now black with tarnish. He stares at it but doesn't respond to it.

Oil lamp decorated with a snow scene.

A horse-drawn water cart in carved and painted wood. He sniffs these last two -- sneezes again.

Swivelled mirror, painted with storks and bullrushes, mounted on tiny dressing table. Cobwebbed combs and brushes lie before it.

374 THE CHILD

stares at his dusty reflection. This he recognizes. He makes a face and some noises at his image. He touches the mirror, looks behind it.

(CONTINUED)

374 CONTINUED:

Then, suddenly, his eyes are drawn back to the portrait. He moves back to it -- this time gazes intently. He picks it up and goes back to the mirror.

He holds the portrait up so he can see it beside himself in the mirror. It disturbs him -- he starts to shake -- throws the portrait over his head with a threatening bark -- turns away from the mirror. He turns back -- screams into the mirror. Then stops -- stares suddenly at his face again. It is expressionless. He moves away -- freezes. Grows pale. His breathing becomes shallow.

He leaps onto the desk. The desk collapses, throwing him against the door -- where the impact trips the latch and sends him tumbling through the door to the outside.

375 THE CHILD

sits up in wonder. He inches back to the open door -- looks back inside carefully.

376 HIS POV

of a coil of rope half hidden by some sailcloth by the far wall.

377 THE CHILD

is obviously frightened by it but his curiosity is greater than his fear. He inches back into the cabin, never taking his eyes off the rope. It hasn't moved.

He sneaks up on it -- touches it with his foot and leaps back. It doesn't react. Now he kneels and gingerly takes the rope in his hand -- sniffs it, shakes it violently. Nothing. He gives a little "hu" of surprise. He pulls it and keeps pulling. The end of the coil is loosely knotted around the sailcloth which itself is wedged between the wall and the bed. The child tugs on the rope until its taut and gives no farther. Suddenly, the knot slips and the child goes tumbling back against what was the kitchen table. He cries out in shock. He looks at his hand -- it's cut and bleeding. He licks the wound.

He looks at the table.

378 A KNIFE

is doing a lazy spin. It comes to a stop. The child carefully picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

378 CONTINUED:

He touches the blade and cuts himself again. He grimaces and angrily tosses the knife down. It sticks in the table, quivering. This fascinates him.

He pulls the knife back out of the table and tosses it again, deliberately. It doesn't stick. He tries it again and it doesn't stick. He's annoyed -- he tries again and again. The fourth time it sticks. He gives out a little pleased grunt. As he tosses again and again...

DISSOLVE TO:

379 THE WALL

pockmarked. The knife strikes the wall, sticking. The child moves INTO SHOT, tugs the knife out of the wall - grunts with satisfaction.

He stops abruptly, his head tilts, his eyes glaze -- he either smells or hears something. Then his gaze turns toward the open door.

380 A BABY BABOON

peers cautiously through the now open door.

381 THE CHILD

lets out a soft "hu" of surprise and moves curiously toward the baby baboon. The sight of the child, however, literally stands the baby baboon's hair on end. It screeches and runs off.

The child is amused by this. Still carrying the knife, he races out the door in pursuit of the baby baboon.

382 THROUGH THE OVERGROWN GARDEN

he excitedly pursues the screeching baboon.

383 AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST LINE

he runs smack into the baboon's mother. She's been feeding. She gives a large, threatening yawn and grasps her own screeching baby.

384 THE HUMAN CHILD

stares, backs away slowly, but doesn't move quickly enough.

385 TWO HUGE MALE BABOONS

attack the child. One leaps on his back, knocking him to the ground. The other pounces on him after he's down.

The child screams in agony -- one of the baboons has sunk his large canines into him. He thrashes about through the brush, blood and breaking branches obscuring the struggle.

386 CLOSE - THE CHILD

his scalp lacerated, blood pouring down his face, blinding him. He's screaming. One of the baboons has tried to bite his neck but is locked into the trapezius muscle and is holding on as the child tries to shake him. The child flails around wildly, and thrusts the knife blade into the side of the attacking baboon, not once but repeatedly, blindly, hysterically. It is a death struggle and the baboon will not let go. The child continues to flail away, biting with his mouth, pounding with his hand, stabbing with the knife. The other male baboon backs off.

With one of the blows, he hits the neck of the remaining baboon. The animal starts to rise off the child's body, then collapses. The child remains inert under the body of the baboon. After the horrible screams, there is silence. Then a WHIMPERING SOUND.

387 KALA

has reached her offspring. Whimpering and hooting she pulls the baboon's body off her child. She tries to get him to hold onto her with his arms, but he remains unconscious and it's hopeless.

She gathers him up and lumbers awkwardly but swiftly into the trees.

388 NESTING AT NIGHT

MOVE through the moonlit treetops with the apes sleeping in their nests. HOLD on Kala. She alone is awake, holding onto her unconscious child, stroking him, moaning now and then in her anxiety.

389 KALA AT A TREE STUMP - DAY

She brushes back leaves -- there is a small reservoir of water in the hollow stump. She places her face into the stump and drinks. Then she immediately climbs back into the trees.

390 HER CHILD

lies in a nest that is cradled in the Y of a tree. He's fevered and comatose, the blood congealed on terrible wounds -- the slash down his forehead, at his neck, on his side. Flies are buzzing around him.

Kala returns and brushes away the insects. She then lifts the child's head and places her lips on his, pouring water from her mouth into his. The water runs out of the corners of his mouth. She tries again, and this time the child coughs, spits the water up, but his eyes flutter open. Kala gathers him up and eagerly licks his wounds.

DISSOLVE TO:

391 KALA

foraging, plucking palm nuts.

DISSOLVE TO:

392 KALA AND THE CHILD

her mouth on the child's. He eagerly drinks down the water.

DISSOLVE TO:

393 KALA IN THE TREES

awkwardly climbing, holding onto some figs. She pauses, almost as if to catch her breath. Clearly she's been exhausted by her child's ordeal. She continues on up the tree and reaches the nest -- it's empty.

Kala gives a little "hoo" of surprise. Then looks around -- there's no child. She's about to become frantic when suddenly she stops and cocks her head -- clearly she hears something. She lets out a high bark -- almost as if she's annoyed. Then she drops the fruit and takes off.

394 WATERHOLE - DAY

Kala drops from trees. There is the SOUND of SPLASHING. She emits a series of low panting barks and raises her hand threateningly toward the water.

395 IN THE POND

the child paddles about. Kala continues to berate him. He splashes to the edge and gets out, grunting and wet and happy. He embraces her. She turns away from him. He takes her arm and runs it over his tummy -- clearly asking to be tickled. She withdraws her hand.

396 CLOSE - CHILD

lying on his back by the watering hole, hooting softly with pleasure. Kala runs a blade of grass over his tummy -- obviously she has relented.

DISSOLVE TO:

397 AT THE EDGE OF THE GARDEN

where he was attacked, the child stares at the nearly clean-picked bones of the dead baboon. His own wounds are now closed into scars -- an angry red scythe down his forehead, jagged lines at his side and shoulder.

He gets to his knees, appears to be looking for something. After a few moments of rummaging around, he plucks the knife out from under the bones of the baboon.

He stares at it, then back to the baboon. After a moment he threatens the baboon skeleton with the knife, making a "wrah! wrah!" sound. He crouches, waits for the baboon skeleton to move. It doesn't. The child gives a satisfied grunt.

He examines the knife carefully. Although it's stainless steel, it's dull and dirty. He grunts, rubs it against the bones of the baboon. It begins to shine. He gives a satisfied grunt, rubs some more.

398 INT. CABIN

The child returns to the rope again. He tugs on it -- this time he backs into some cupboards. A pot and pan come tumbling out and bang into each other. The noise is almost as loud as a shot. After hiding behind the crib, he issues a soft, ape-like "huu" -- stares at the two objects now inert and silent.

399 WITH THE APES - MID-DAY

They are feeding, and some are napping. A lazy afternoon. Suddenly, there is a terrible and repeated CLANGING which shatters the silence and sends the apes, even the largest young males, including White Eyes, screeching with fear, into the trees.

400 THE CHILD

now becomes VISIBLE, trundling through the vines and foliage, still banging the pot and the pan together.

401 THE APES

see him, and are only somewhat assuaged. Some come scurrying submissively to the child, presenting.

402 THE CHILD

accepts their gesture of submission -- allows himself to be groomed and momentarily returns the grooming.

Then he mischievously and suddenly bangs the pot and pan together again -- scattering the apes. He hoots with pleasure. Then he sees:

403 SILVER BEARD

seated by a tree, a pile of nuts before him -- slowly, deliberately cracking them.

404 THE CHILD

hesitates -- then goes to Silver Beard and bangs the pot and pan in front of the huge ape.

405 THE TWO OF THEM

Silver Beard suffers it for a few moments, but doesn't move -- then he calmly reaches up, snatches the pan from the child.

Silver Beard sniffs the pan, then proceeds to bend it in half and toss it over his head into the brush behind him. He takes the pot and does the same thing.

406 THE CHILD

stares in disbelief and begins to scream in rage and indignation. He screams so much that his voice becomes cramped and guttural. This annoys Silver Beard. He cuffs the child, knocking him flat to the ground as a sort of mild reproof.

The child immediately rises and comes to him, presenting in the usual submissive manner, screeching and bowing. Silver Beard pats him -- then returns to his nuts. Clearly it's going to take more than a pot and pan to make the great, silver-bearded male give up his dominion.

407 WHITE EYES

recovered from his fright over the pot and pan has come down from the tree -- watches the child as he goes by. He jumps the child and gives him a vicious bite and pummeling.

The child gets to his feet and stares back at White Eyes. Unlike his attitude toward Silver Beard, he does not submit. White Eyes pummels him again. Kala comes lumbering over, screeching. White Eyes bites her, but then backs off.

408 THE CHILD

covered with dirt and bleeding, groomed by Kala -- stares off toward White Eyes.

409 INT. CABIN - THE ALPHABET BLOCK

The child, who is more boy than child now, stares in fascination at the ape on the alphabet block. He takes it over to the mirror -- holds the block with the ape next to his face and looks at it -- he can't see too well and moves around the mirror. This doesn't work, so he moves the mirror.

Sun catches the mirror, momentarily blinding him. Then he spots the sun reflection on the cabin wall -- realizes he can make it move from object to object. He pants excitedly, turns the mirror, and the light flits from object to object.

410 EXT. RAIN FOREST - LIGHT SPOT

flitting from leaf to leaf, zig-zagging on ground.

411 A QUAIL

spots the light. The light moves toward the quail. The quail is unsure. The light moves away from the quail. The quail follows it -- gives it a peck. The light moves ahead of it. The quail scurries to give it another peck and runs right into:

412 THE CHILD

who drops the mirror and with a fierce "wrah!" grabs the quail.

413 WITH KALA

the child tears the quail apart, giving a large portion to his mother. She grunts in satisfaction and turns away to eat.

Other apes beg for a portion -- the child ignores these requests except for Bananas, to whom he gives a portion.

414 SILVER BEARD

watches the scene, does not move.

415 WHITE EYES

climbs into a branch over the child's head, drops on him and tears away the quail from him, leaping back into the trees.

416 THE CHILD

screams in fury and frustration. He climbs up after White Eyes, who leaps from branch to branch, holding out the meat, teasing the child, who follows him but then gives up.

417 BACK IN CABIN

the child squats on a chair, staring at nothing. He seems sullen. He's idling, playing with a looped end of the rope -- disgustedly tosses it away. It catches on an end of the crib. He tugs. It won't come off. He emits a short, angry bark and spews out a stream of babblechuck -- he tugs and this time it goes over his head and catches on the chair. He tugs again, only instead of coming off, the rope brings the chair to the child.

418 THE CHILD

whistles out a soft "huu" -- he's amazed at the rope -- stares at it and turns it in his hands. He removes it from the chair and this time carefully tosses it toward the crib.

CUT TO:

419 WHITE EYES

napping under a tree.

420 THE CHILD

in a branch over White Eyes. He positions himself very carefully -- then pisses on White Eyes' head. His aim is a little off at first, but he quickly corrects and hits his mark.

421 WHITE EYES

wakens. He sputters and spits -- then looks up to see the object of his annoyance.

422 THE CHILD

stares down at White Eyes and hoots gleefully.

423 WIDE ANGLE - WHITE EYES AND THE CHILD

With an angry roar, White Eyes leaps into the trees. This time he pursues and though the child is very adroit, White Eyes is quicker as they leap from branch to branch, tree to tree. Just as it appears that White Eyes will catch him, the child leaps to the ground. White Eyes follows.

424 ON THE GROUND

it is no contest. White Eyes lumbers -- the child literally runs circles around him -- then slows down as he heads toward a little gully.

425 AT THE GULLY

is the rope lying in a circle, like a snake. The child runs past the rope -- quickly picks up the far end of it.

426 WHITE EYES

runs into the gully, stepping in the circle.

427 THE CHILD

gives the rope a fierce yank, upending White Eyes, who screams in terror -- lies on his back and struggles with the rope as though it were a living thing.

428 WHITE EYES AND CHILD

White Eyes looks up to see the child holding the other end of the rope, pant-hooting with pleasure. He disentangles himself and looks around -- the child is gone.

429 WHITE EYES

lumbers along, spots a low-hanging banana. As he reaches for it, the rope drops from the tree above and a crude sort of noose catches him around the neck. White Eyes screeches in rage and pulls at the rope only to see the child pulling back from the tree above. He tears the rope away from his throat but by the time he's ready to pursue the child, he's nowhere in sight.

CUT TO:

430 A LIONESS

on the prowl.

431 THE CHILD

watches from the trees. He holds the knife between his teeth, the rope in his hands. He waits -- the lioness moves closer. He appears indecisive -- then the lioness moves beneath him and he drops the rope.

432 IT LANDS

over her shoulders. She snarls and pulls back.

433 THE CHILD

is yanked out of the tree and comes tumbling down to the lowest-lying branch where his hair becomes entangled in the branches.

434 THE LIONESS

sees her tormentor literally hanging by his hair a foot or so off the ground, writhing. Still, she's uncertain. She bares her teeth -- moves cautiously towards him.

435 THE CHILD

struggles frantically to free his hair. In desperation he finally takes the knife and begins to hack at his head -- hitting branches, leaves, and hair. He finally frees himself -- falls to the ground, and desperately scrambles back up into the tree -- when the lioness is no more than a few feet away.

436 BACK IN THE TREE

he climbs with stunning swiftness, and keeps climbing until the sky can be SEEN.

From here he feels free to abuse the lioness, screeching, screaming, babbling -- throwing a palm nut at her. The lioness blithely ignores him -- rubs her neck against the tree until the rope comes off, then moves on.

437 THE CHILD

gives out a little "hu" of relief as he watches her go. He shakes his head, touches it -- it obviously feels different and better to him.

438 EXT. TREES - KALA - EVENING

hoots, calling and calling. The child finally shows up -- carrying the knife, the rope, and -- a little toy soldier. Kala sniffs him, looks at what he's carrying, runs her hands over his hair. He hugs her, lies in the nest, and indicates that he wants to be tickled.

SLOW FADE TO:

439 THE ROPE

lands neatly around the neck of a bushpig who squeals and runs till the rope is taut and knocks the bushpig to the earth.

440 IN THE TREE

The rope has now been secured to a strong branch.

441 THE YOUNG MAN

LEAPS from the tree and falls on the bushpig, yelling "WRAHH! WRAHH! WRAHH!" Only now his voice has timbre and force. He and the bushpig roll over and over in a squirming, squealing mass while he plunges his knife into the pig.

442 THE APES

are napping when they hear the Young Man's cry. Some of them begin to waken and hoot with excitement.

443 KALA

recognizable by the torn ear, continues to sleep.

444 THE YOUNG MAN

gets to his feet covered with dust and blood. He puts the knife into Clayton's leather belt which he has wrapped around his naked waist.

He turns the belt around so the naked blade lies over his buttock -- then picks up the two hundred pound bushpig with astonishing ease.

445 PLUNGING INTO

the watering hole, the Young Man surfaces, paddling about and gurgling happily.

446 ON THE EMBANKMENT

he shakes off. His adolescent body is now cleansed -- and it is tautly muscled. His features are stark and the light down covering his face only emphasizes the penetrating grey eyes. He stretches -- and picks up the warthog carcass again.

447 THE APES

are now hooting and howling with anticipation. When they see the Young Man carry the carcass toward them they go ecstatic with joy.

(CONTINUED)

447 CONTINUED:

Some do somersaults -- in the trees Bananas and another mature ape actually embrace and groan with joy at the sight -- then leap down into the clearing to beg for a piece of the kill.

448 THE YOUNG MAN

clearly enjoys being the center of attention. He spurns the mendicants until he offers Kala a tasty portion. Kala tries to tear the meat herself but is a little weak -- clearly she has aged. The Young Man tears it for her. He moves to Silver Beard who alone among the apes doesn't beg -- he offers him a portion which Silver Beard takes.

He gives some to the more dominant males, then moves up into the trees to take the balance for himself.

449 WHITE EYES

alone among the dominant males has received nothing. He stares at the rest of the troop feeding on the bush-pig. He rasps and barks threateningly -- then begins to display. He's ignored at first. It only frustrates him more. He shakes dead leaves, rolls on the ground, pounds a tree so hard that he cracks one of the roots.

Finally he charges through the troop at large, knocking aside a couple of infants, sending the females scurrying to pick up their offspring.

His rage unabated, White Eyes moves on Kala. He grabs her food. She resists, baring her teeth. White Eyes attacks, biting her and grabbing her food. Kala screeches in pain and anger.

450 THE YOUNG MAN

leaps down from the tree.

451 ON THE GROUND

he's stopped when he sees:

452 SILVER BEARD

on his feet, placing his magnificent frame between Kala and White Eyes.

White Eyes refuses to present or submit -- their respective displays grow more dramatic and violent -- using branches, dirt, logs -- neither animal is intimidated.

(CONTINUED)

452 CONTINUED:

Both finally stop their display -- there is an ominous silence. Then, for the first time the two gigantic males fall on one another.

453 THE OTHER APES

screech and hoot in fear and excitement.

454 THE YOUNG MAN

hoots and screeches in a similar manner.

455 SILVER BEARD AND WHITE EYES

crash through rocks and brush, emitting awesome yells, flattening much of what they hit -- actually knocking down a small tree.

They carry their combat up into the trees above the troop where they are dimly visible -- huge branches come plummeting to the ground -- the apes scatter again.

456 SILVER BEARD AND WHITE EYES

hit the ground, Silver Beard on top, roaring ferociously, pummeling White Eyes who is clearly getting the worst of it.

White Eyes has grabbed a branch in his thrashing about. He lets it go -- by accident it sweeps across, hitting Silver Beard in the eyes. He groans, lets go of White Eyes, rises, and momentarily turns away, desperately rubbing his face.

White Eyes jumps on Silver Beard, knocking him into a rock formation. When Silver Beard turns back to face White Eyes he's bleeding badly from a cut across his brow -- inflicted by the rocks. The blood is pouring into his eyes and he can't see at all.

457 WHITE EYES

pummels Silver Beard who lashes out blindly. White Eyes knocks him to the ground, biting and beating him.

Silver Beard can only cover himself protectively and suffer the beating.

White Eyes is triumphant. He lets out a loud "WRAHH WRAHH WRAH" and the other apes in the troop -- including the more dominant males, come and present themselves to him -- submitting.

Their moves begin a frenzied rush to placate and submit to White Eyes by the entire troop.

458 ONLY THE YOUNG MAN

remains back, watching in silence.

459 WHITE EYES

rushes over to the Young Man, gives several low pitched barks, and makes threatening gestures. Some of the other apes follow and mimic White Eyes' display -- threatening the Young Man.

460 KALA

is paralyzed with uncertainty and fear. She whimpers like a juvenile -- attempts to move to the Young Man and is knocked down.

461 THE APES'

display grows more threatening.

462 THE YOUNG MAN

looks overhead -- then with a remarkably agile leap disappears upwards into the trees.

The display continues. Kala tries to follow his progress through the trees, but loses him.

CUT TO:

463 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Young Man sits among the strange artifacts he's grown up with. Shafts of moonlight gleam in his eyes, but he doesn't move.

FADE TO:

464 DAWN - SILVER BEARD

on the ground. His back is to CAMERA, he's so still he seems dead. There is a soft "huh." No reaction from Silver Beard. Another "huh." He turns slowly. The blood has dried and he can see now, but he's a different animal -- with his loss to White Eyes he seems to have aged badly.

465 THE YOUNG MAN

crouches about twenty yards from Silver Beard, calls out to him again.

466 ANGLE ON BOTH

Silver Beard makes an ineffectual gesture by way of reply, and turns away.

467 THE YOUNG MAN

hesitates, moves toward him.

468 SILVER BEARD

hears the movement, struggles to his feet, looks at the Young Man and gives one last gesture -- a wave that means both farewell and stay away. Silver Beard slowly lumbers off down a slope and disappears into the trees, very much alone.

469 THE YOUNG MAN

watches.

470 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Young Man again sits stock still in the darkness. He whimpers softly. Then, the whimpering changes to low rasping, threatening growls.

CUT TO:

471 THE TROOP OF APES - FAVORING WHITE EYES - DAY

White Eyes is leaning against a tree trunk, eating nuts -- a pose similar to one previously associated with the dominant Silver Beard.

472 A PALM NUT

strikes White Eyes in the head. He gives a fairly loud "huh" and looks around. Another nut hits him. He looks up.

473 IN THE TREE

overhead is the Young Man who now throws a piece of rotten fruit.

474 IT SPLATTERS

on White Eyes with deadly accuracy. White Eyes roars to his feet.

475 THE YOUNG MAN

leaps to the next tree.

476 WHITE EYES

moves toward it swiftly -- stops at the last moment when he sees the rope -- almost perfectly concealed, but coiled at the base. White Eyes avoids the coil but grabs the rope and uses it to leap up into the trees, barking and roaring threats.

477 THE YOUNG MAN

moves skillfully through the trees, dodging his adversary. He leaps to a branch which CRACKS. He remains on it -- hurling taunts to White Eyes.

478 THE OTHER APES

once again grow frenzied with excitement and uncertainty.

479 WHITE EYES

hesitates -- then with a magnificent leap, crosses from his tree to the branch the Young Man crouches on.

480 THE YOUNG MAN

times it perfectly. Just as White Eyes lands with the full force of his weight, the Young Man steps off the branch and drops to the next one, nimbly grabbing it.

481 THE BRANCH BREAKS

and White Eyes falls, barely managing to control his fall. He lands at the base of the tree.

482 AT BASE OF TREE

Almost as he hits, the Young Man falls on him, knife drawn. He plunges it into White Eyes but only hits his shoulder. White Eyes throws him off with remarkable force.

483 THE YOUNG MAN

tumbles and lands on his feet. The two display and circle one another, amidst the frenzy of the other apes.

It is now a battle that matches superior quickness and cunning against superior strength -- with every swipe White Eyes takes he breaks bark on a tree, dents the earth, sends a rock formation tumbling -- one feels that if he ever gets his arms around the Young Man, he can crush him to death.

484 WHITE EYES

manages to avoid the thrusts of the Young Man's knife, and after a couple of inconclusive tussles where the Young Man manages to break White Eyes' hold on him, White Eyes manages to dislodge the knife from the Young Man.

485 THE TWO

circle one another, panting and grunting, both empty-handed. The Young Man leaps for the knife and White Eyes leaps for him, grabbing him, encircling him -- it looks as though he will crush the life out of him.

As they roll around the Young Man sees they are near the embankment of the watering hole. He bites White Eyes on the nose, and rolls them both over the embankment, where they fall and plunge in the water.

486 THE OTHER APES

scurry to the embankment and look down, including Kala who anxiously hoots and watches the water's surface.

487 THE SURFACE

after the rippling of their splash reveals nothing but sunlight reflecting off it. Neither ape nor Young Man surfaces.

488 THE APES

watching grow more restless.

489 A STREAM OF BUBBLES

489

rolls to the surface, and a body comes slowly after them. The head breaks -- it's White Eyes, but his head bobs and falls face first on the surface -- in a dead man's float.

A moment later, the water boils again and the Young Man comes shooting to the surface, spitting water, gagging, and babbling.

490 REACTION - KALA

panting and hooting her excitement, jumping up and down on her haunches.

491 THE YOUNG MAN

hauls White Eyes' body out of the water and slaps it on the embankment.

He shakes himself, throws back his head and roars a triumphant "WRAHH! WRAHH! WRAHH!" that sounds loud enough to be heard for miles.

492 THE OTHER APES

come tumbling down the embankment, presenting and submitting to their new leader.

493 ONLY KALA

remains watching. She falls back on her haunches and emits a soft "huh" of wonder.

CUT TO:

494 THE YOUNG MAN

his head tossed back again as he cries out in triumph -- only this time his hair is dry. He drops his latest prize -- a small Thomson's gazelle -- before the apes.

495 BY A TREE

the Young Man sits and eats.

(CONTINUED)

495 CONTINUED:

Kala sits eating beside him, grunting with pleasure. A baby ape comes to take some of the meat. The Young Man slaps the baby ape to the ground. The ape rises screeching, and presenting. The Young Man gives the ape a reassuring pat -- then after a moment's hesitation -- gives it a scrap of the precious meat. The young ape runs gleefully off.

After a moment the Young Man's gaze shifts. He rises.

496 INT. CABIN

He has one of the books open, stares in fascination at pictures of children whenever he comes across one. It is perfectly quiet. Suddenly he drops the book and sits bolt upright. The hair on the nape of his neck actually ripples.

CUT TO:

497 A DRUM

being beaten by a magnificently attired native. VIEW SHIFTS TO INCLUDE other natives completing work on a makeshift village. Some drive goats and other livestock into makeshift pens. Others carry personal belongings into half-built structures. The native continues to beat the drum.

498 WITH THE YOUNG MAN

He's listening intently, though no sound is audible to us.

499 INT. RAIN FOREST - APES

Some of the troop is foraging, the younger apes are playing a sort of tag in the trees.

500 KALA

is on the ground. She has peeled back a twig and is fishing for termites, lost in the activity. She grunts softly as she pokes the twig stem into the hole and mutters her annoyance when the stem breaks and she has to peel the leaves from another twig.

501 THE APES

above her and around her grow uneasy. Those that are not in the trees begin to move into the trees, accompanied by a couple of startled "huus."

502 KALA

ignores the anxious activity around her and concentrates closely as she once again probes the termite mound with the twig stem. She grunts with pleasure as she withdraws the stem and there are termites on it.

503 AT THE CABIN

The Young Man continues to look through the book. He stops again when he hears something -- it seems to unsettle him, but he slowly turns back to the book.

504 BACK WITH KALA

still fishing for termites. An arrow lands in the dirt only a foot or two away from her. Either she doesn't hear it or she has mistaken it for a fallen branch. She continues poking into the termite hole. This time an arrow hits her in her side. She cries out in pain and shock. She half rises on hindquarters, only to be hit this time in the chest. She turns to see her tormenter in the distance just as he's fitting another arrow into his bow which he lets fly. It strikes the tree next to her. Kala climbs into the trees. As she disappears into the foliage, the native fires again. An anguished CRY can be HEARD from her -- another arrow has obviously found its mark.

505 AT THE CABIN

The Young Man puts down the book, clearly disturbed by what he hears. He gets to his feet and leaves the cabin.

506 NATIVES

move along the floor of the forest, spotting Kala's progress through occasional droplets of blood that stain the forest floor. Her faint CRIES of distress can be HEARD in the distance, but from what direction they're coming is impossible to tell.

507 WITH THE YOUNG MAN

moving through the trees. He stops on a branch where he, too, sees the telltale blood. He moves on until he reaches the watering hole where he drops out of the trees. He seems momentarily confused, then reluctantly heads back toward the cabin.

508 ROUNDING ITS CORNER

he sees Kala, crouched in the doorway. She's bleeding from the three arrows, two in her chest and one in her side which is broken off.

509 KALA

whimpers like an infant when she sees him.

510 THE YOUNG MAN

moves swiftly to her, embraces her. She cries out in pain. He stares in uncomprehending shock at the strange bits of wood embedded in her chest. She touches her body near the wounds, making an odd gesture similar to the request for grooming.

The Young Man is helpless. He tentatively touches her by the wounds and she moans.

511 AT THE WATERING HOLE

The Young Man carries Kala to its edge, placing her down beside it. He then drinks and places his mouth on hers. She gags and spits it up. He tries again, only this time the water doesn't go anywhere at all and her eyes are half-open, staring at nothing.

The Young Man opens her mouth wider and looks in to see what's wrong. He touches her tongue. He opens and closes her eyelids -- no response. Suddenly he becomes desperate -- picks her up and shakes her. He cries out almost in rage, then whimpers himself and puts her limp hands on his body -- obviously trying to get the dead Kala to groom him. Her hands fall back to her sides. He slowly lets her sink to the ground. He stares, whimpering -- then throws back his head till he's looking at the sky.

512 THE RAINFOREST

filled with wave after wave of his piercing screams.

513 ONE NATIVE

armed with bow and arrow stops in his tracks when he hears the screams. He calls out.

514 ANOTHER NATIVE

also frozen at the sound, answers his companion. The screams continue as the two natives hastily seek one another out.

515 THE TWO OF THEM

question one another, glance at the sky, one pointing his short assagai, or throwing spear, at the sky itself. Then they beat a hasty retreat, away from the screaming sounds. They disappear among the trees.

516 THE TREES

themselves have begun to be buffeted by crosswinds.

517 THE SKY

has darkened. There is a distant flash of lightning and a rumble of thunder.

518 AN APE

groans and looks up at the sky. He beats his chest and begins to display. Younger apes and females scurry to get out of his way - it is intended to be reminiscent of Silver Beard's first display - only the very beginning of it is shown however.

519 RAIN

falls in heavy sheets.

520 THE APES

huddle around the base of the trees while the rain pounds down. They seem particularly morose, almost as if they were reacting to the young man's grief along with the inconvenience of the rain.

FADE:

521 RAIN FOREST DAY

It is near the watering hole. The apes have gone, leaving only steaming earth from the night's rain.

522 THE TWO NATIVES

have returned, heavily armed. One of them, the chief's son Kulonga, magnificently attired. They stare down at something, apparently fascinated by what they see.

523 AT THEIR FEET

are the inert forms of Kala and the young man. Their bodies are covered with mud that has already caked and dried in the sun. Both appear to be quite dead.

524 KULONGA

pokes at the young man with a spear. The young man stirs slowly and looks up at the native, almost thru him. A vaguely threatening sound comes from the young man. Kulonga immediately attempts to ram the spear into the young man's body

525 THE YOUNG MAN

turns and avoids the thrust. The spear goes into Kala's body.

With a paralyzing yell, the young man leaps at Kulonga. He picks the native off the ground and shakes him.

526 THE ARROWS

in Kulonga's quiver scatter.

527 THE YOUNG MAN

continues to hold the native's body and shake it. A sharp SNAPPING sound is heard. Kulonga goes limp. His neck has been broken thru the sheer force of the shaking. The young man drops the body - clearly its weight is insignificant to him

528 THE OTHER NATIVE

is astonished and paralyzed with fear. He babbles something, begins to back away, then bolts and runs. Some fifty yards away he turns and sees the young man bent over his companion's body. He attempts to thread an arrow. His hands are shaking - and he badly overshoots the young man. He threads another - undershoots.

529 THE YOUNG MAN

notes the arrow hitting some ten yards in front of him. He rises on his haunches, makes a threatening gesture and sound

530 THE OTHER NATIVE

doesn't try again. He turns and flees.

531 THE YOUNG MAN

sinks back down. He turns his attention to Kulonga's body. Slowly his grief is replaced by curiosity. He examines the body itself, sniffs it, touches the smooth skin. He looks at the filed teeth, splashes of paint on the body. He pulls at the knife handle and sees that it comes out of a scabbard. This revelation fascinates him. He puts the knife in pulls it out of the scabbard, repeating the gesture.

FADE TO:

532 GRAY

a foggy shroud where air and water are indistinguishable. There is a soft chugging sound. The outline of a small river steamer materializes. What appear to be human forms are outlined on the deck. The boat chugs on by.

533 ON THE DECK

several passengers can be seen as the mist thins. There is D'Arnot and his small French crew; Sir Evelyn Blount, F.R.G.S., F.R.Z.S. and gold medallist of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society along with Will Petherick his aide. Leaning on the railing and wearing a soft felt San Juan army hat and fiddling with the chinstrap is Major Jack Downing, the American taxidermist along with his youthful assistant Hugh Belcher. They slide by.

534 AT THE STERN

of the deck are cages of varying sizes - all empty. Sun is beginning to break. A handsome Liberian Krooman brings up a Zebra skin and lays it over a cage. The boat slides by revealing

535 A SECOND BOAT

attached to the first by line and filled with livestock, further supplies, and native women.

536 AT THE RAILING

in brighter sun now. Major Jack has a .44 balanced on it. He's eagerly watching the water's surface. Blount puffs on a cigar, glances at Downing with observable distaste. As boat moves past CAMERA this time it can be seen that the sweating Liberians have completely covered the empty cages with Zebra, lion, leopard, and gorilla skin. The dead carcasses are hanging over everything, even the cabin, drying in the sun. There is a gun shot.

537 EXT RIVER STEAMER (DAY)

DOWNING

Got him!

BELCHER

(his assistant)

What is it?

Downing stares at the blood on the surface. There is a roil beneath it - but nothing visible.

DOWNING

Not quite sure..

Blount turns away from these two and looks either for assistance or empathy from D'Arnot. D'Arnot ignores Blount says something in French to one of the Liberians.

538 NATIVES FROM THE SHORE

are now running along, chatting excitedly with one another, pointing at the steamer.

539 UP AHEAD

the laggish village can be seen where the river widens. It is of the grass-hut, onion-top variety.

540 DUGOUT CANOES

are being carried to the shore-line.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

(during above and subsequent action)

In January of 1904, I was under order from my superior at the Gaboon Depot escort a small British-American expedition up a tributary of the Ogowe River and across the Bunjani marsh to the Bunjani themselves...

541 THE PARTY

disembarks from the steamer and rows toward shore to meet the SOBA, or chief.

Meanwhile the natives from the shore swarm all over the boat examining the goats, chickens, women, vichy water bottles, etc. Their utter disregard for the contents of the boat and its inhabitants should make us uneasy.

542 SURROUNDED BY MORE CLAMORING NATIVES D'ARNOT
and party make their way toward the SOBA.

543 THE SOBA

moves carried in a high-backed missionary rocker by the ugliest retinue of wives imaginable, and ranging in age from eleven to what appears to be eighty.

One of the wives holds a parasol over the chief's head.

The chief, who seems less than alert - drunk in fact - sits up when he sees Blount who himself is carrying a bright white parasol.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

In this case my dislike for these typically British excursions - trivial and dangerous - was heightened by my distaste for the Bunjani themselves - a treacherous and insolent race addicted to orgy, human sacrifice and commerce with white traders - all equally corrupting enterprises in my experience.

The introductions are now made. They are elaborate, e.g:

BLOUNT

Soba Anunga, I am Sir Evelyn Blount of the Royal Zoological Society and we are delighted to meet you and hope that you will favor us with your skill and expertise in locating the troop of apes beyond the Bunjani marsh and led by the albino ape.

As he is speaking, D'Arnot is simultaneously turning it into French for one of the Liberian Kroomen who is in turn translating it into Bunjani. At the end of the speech the word, "Tarzan," can be heard for the first time.

The introductions are ritually and expertly repeated thru Belcher, Major Jack Downing, Petherick, and D'Arnot - anytime mention in English of the 'albino ape' is made - it is followed shortly by the word "tarzan" in Bunjani.

At their conclusion the Liberian Krooman says something in French to D'Arnot - they have a brief and hesitant exchange.

544 SOBA ANUNGA

sits abruptly back down in his rocker. He doesn't look happy.

BLOUNT
Is there a problem?

D'ARNOT
(after another exchange in French)
More like a diplomatic crisis.

BLOUNT
But that's impossible - we've scarcely been introduced.

D'ARNOT
I assure you it's possible. Unfortunately your umbrella, Sir Evelyn, is somewhat larger than the chief's.

Blount looks overhead at his umbrella, then to the Soba's. Soba Anunga, as if his head is on a swivel, turns it away from the expedition in disgust.

545 HIS WIVES HEADS

follow suit - all look away along with their husband.

546 BLOUNT

stares up at his offending parasol.

BLOUNT
Oh, dear.

547 BEFORE THE CHIEF'S HUT DINNER PARTY

with the chief, SOBA ANUNGA, eating and happily ensconced under Blount's umbrella.

Blount is near the chief, sitting under the chief's umbrella. Everyone appears to be getting on well. Soba Anunga casts a greedy look at the:

548 MOUNDS OF GOODS

American cloth, beads, tobacco, liquor, copper, and a gold-filigreed porcelain sink filled with salt.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE
The chief warned that a fierce jungle tribe the Mboshi protected these apes - and that ever since the son of their chief lost his life to the white ape, the chief of the Mboshi considered them sacred.

549 CHIEF'S HUT CONTD

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

- in order therefore to reach the apes, the sons of the white queen will need much help from the Bunjani who alone are brave enough to fight the ferocious Mboshi -

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the mound of goods have now been placed beside Soba Anunga who along with his sub-chief's eagerly dips his hands into the tub of salt.

BLOUNT

(pleasantly, to D'Arnot)
Pure rot. But I suppose we'll have to go along with it, won't we?

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

- the chief will make a book with us. He will guide and protect and lead us safely to the land of the white ape - all of this out of friendship - and two more kilos of salt.

D'Arnot and Blount exchange looks. Blount nods.

FADE TO:

550 BEAU RIVAGE (RIVER STEAMER)

surrounded by Bunjani in their dugout canoes.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

Accompanied by a score of Bunjani we crossed the marsh two days later.

551 TRAVELLING TO HIGH GROUND

the safari struggles and sweats in the growing heat. Sir Evelyn seems to be holding up rather nicely under the chief's parasol.

552 CROSSING A RIVER

one of the Bunjani staggers and a leaden chest starts to slip from his shoulders. D'Arnot draws a pistol.

D'ARNOT

(in French)

Drop that and I'll blow your head off!

One of the Liberians instantly repeats it. The Bunjani holds on. D'Arnot holsters the pistol.

552 CROSSING A RIVER CONTD

PETHERICK

(to Blount)

Testy little frog, isn't he?

BLOUNT

Yes, thank goodness - I believe that was the medicine chest.

553 AT A PLATEAU

The safari is setting up camp. Beyond it tall grass and beyond that the beginning of the rainforest.

554 D'ARNOT

is manipulating a theodolite, a sort of land sextant.

555 NATIVES

are moving supplies off beasts of burden. Wax has melted thru one of the containers and coated the side of a jackass. Downing is furious. He slaps one of the Bunjani.

DOWNING

You idiot!

(then, to Blount)

I need that beeswax for my specimens.

BLOUNT

They can't do much about the heat, can they Major? You should have packed your beeswax with that in mind.

Blount moves to D'Arnot.

BLOUNT

We're very near, aren't we?

D'ARNOT

If the Bunjani aren't lying the apes may be in that forest.

BELCHER'S VOICE

Major Jack, look at that magnificent yellow parrot!

A pause. Then BLAM! a gunshot. Major Jack has seen the bird. Blount winces.

BLOUNT

Look here, Lieutenant, the major has bagged a fair amount of game, hasn't he?..

555 D'ARNOT AND BLOUNT CONTD

D'ARNOT

He's very enthusiastic, yes.

BLOUNT

The point being couldn't we, could you - rein him in a bit? He's really done more than his share, hasn't he?

D'Arnot lowers the theodolite,

D'ARNOT

Under the treaty of Fashoda my duty is to bring you safely thru a French sphere of influence, and out of it, and that is all. Until the Major starts firing at us, there's really not much I can do. Excuse me, Sir Evelyn.

D'Arnot turns and shouts out in French the order of the watch. Blount looks after, angry and a little puzzled.

BLOUNT

Lieutenant - do you think they're lying?

D'ARNOT

- lying?

BLOUNT

The Bunjani - about the apes.

D'ARNOT

(he shrugs)

- what I think is nothing important. After all I'm not a naturalist, am I?

BLOUNT

I'd be curious nevertheless.

D'ARNOT

(if you insist)

- that there are apes in the forest I have little doubt. But a species neither gorilla nor chimpanzee and led by an albino of preternatural intelligence - well, I think the Bunjani think it's an idea worth more than a grain of salt.

D'Arnot shrugs again as if to say he regrets his opinion. Blount nods.

CUT TO:

556 CAMPSITES EVE

Several fires are going. Sir Evelyn and Petherick sit together, Sir Evelyn under his umbrella and writing in his diary. Petherick is coating himself with mud.

Downing has his weapons laid out and is cleaning them, with Belcher's help. Belcher looks aghast at Petherick.

BELCHER

What's he doing now?

DOWNING

Keeping off the mosquitos - they lost their netting at the river.

There is the sound of a concertina. A surprisingly sweet tenor can be heard singing 'Au Pres de ma Blonde'.

557 BLOUNT

looks up at the sound.

558 IN THE DISTANCE D'ARNOT

can be seen playing the instrument and singing at his camp. The Liberians take great delight in joining in on the chorus.

559 BLOUNT AND PETHERICK

listen and watch.

PETHERICK

Not a bad sort, D'Arnot is he?

BLOUNT

Not at all - he simply loathes the English.

PETHERICK

(now nearly covered with mud)

Surely, he doesn't blame us for Major Jack over there.

BLOUNT

Don't know, Will - but from where he sits, we all speak the same language, don't we?

Petherick mutters disconsolately. The sounds of Au Pres de ma Blonde go on in the night.

FADE:

360 CAMPSITE DAY

It appears empty. A pot is cooking over a morning fire. Major Downing staggers out of the bushes carrying a torn Sears catalog. He checks his pocket watch and peers into the pot. What he sees causes him to drop the catalog, pull his .44 and fire three times in the air.

Several Liberians come running. Major Downing is beside himself.

DOWNING

(shouting at the Liberians,
pointing to the pot)

Who is responsible for this? Who? Who?

They don't understand a word he's saying and respond in French. It only irritates Downing all the more. In a moment D'Arnot shows up.

D'ARNOT

(cooly)

Is there some difficulty, Major?

DOWNING

Difficulty? Look!

He points to the pot. D'Arnot, Blount and Petherick (who arrived shortly after the gunshots) all lean over and view the source of the crisis.

561 CLOSE POT

a lone egg perking around in the bubbling water, along with a temperature gauge.

562 DOWNING ET AL

Downing still fuming.

DOWNING

Some witless nigger put an egg in my water!

Downing looks around for the culprit. D'Arnot sighs.

D'ARNOT

I am the witless nigger, Major.

This sets Downing back, only momentarily however.

DOWNING

Oh, well. As you can see Lieutenant I am trying to determine our altitude by the time and temperature it takes the water to boil...did you put the egg in before or after it boiled?

562 DOWNING ET AL CONTD

D'ARNOT

Actually, I don't remember. Excuse me, Major.

DOWNING

Lieutenant. If you must ignore my scientific efforts, how do you propose we determine our altitude?

D'ARNOT

- by the rate of fall of the river we've been passing for three days - I'm afraid however, we have more pressing problems. The Bunjani deserted last night taking the bulk of our supplies - they did so, by the way at an elevation of precisely 207 meters. Once again -

With that D'Arnot turns to command his Liberians, but before he can they begin shouting: "BONGWE! BONGWE! BONGWE!" and pointing to the tall grass beyond them.

563 REACTION AT CAMPSITE

frenzied activity. Some Liberians under Blount's direction begin to pull out cages. Others grab nets and take off with him in the direction of the noise.

Downing is slinging weapons and cartridge belts over his shoulder and shouting at Belcher to do likewise.

564 D'ARNOT

alone watches them go. He heaves a sigh, pulls his egg out of the pot, juggles it because it is hot, and sits on a log.

565 MOVING THRU THE GRASS BLOUNT PETHERICK AND LIBERIANS

The grass before them is rustling furiously. Blount is panting with exertion and excitement.

BLOUNT

(frantic, to Petherick)

Can you see anything? Can you see anything?

LIBERIAN

(in French)

There, there!

BLOUNT

(looking around)

Where? where?

566

MOVING THRU THE GRASS BLOUNT PETHERICK AND LIBERIANS CONTD

There are gunshots a couple of hundred yards away. Two at first - and then a ceaseless barrage.

BLOUNT

(pained)

Oh, dear God, no.

PETHERICK

(disgusted)

Sounds like the bloody Boer war.

There is an inhuman scream of terrible pain - scream after scream after scream. It is recognizable to us as one of the apes. Downing can be heard shouting excitedly. More firing.

567

BLOUNT PETHERICK AND LIBERIAN GUIDES

followed by more Liberians with nets.

BLOUNT

(shouting)

NO!

He heads off pell mell in the direction of the firing.

PETHERICK

Sir Evelyn! be careful!

He runs after and the Liberians follow.

568

WITH DOWNING

He's moved thru the grass near the trees. He fires into them. There is a scream and a crashing sound. Limbs can be seen moving. Then a dead ape hits the final branch and can be seen thudding to the ground.

BELCHER

(excitedly)

There Major Jack!

Up ahead grass can be seen moving frantically in one place. There are squeals of pain. Downing rushes thru the brush. He comes upon:

569

ONE OF THE APES

a female, bloodied with gunshot wounds and thrashing on the ground. Her baby is jumping up and down screaming.

569 ONE OF THE APES CONTD

Downing fires again at the mother. The baby in terror turns and flees.

DOWNING

Quick or we'll lose it.

He fires into the grass. There is a scream. He heads after it, but runs into:

570 SIR EVELYN

who fires at Downing's feet. The Liberians catch up the wounded baby ape.

There is a
scream. The
Jungle erupts.

SIR EVELYN

Another step and I'll put one thru your head!

Downing is astonished.

571 IN THE TALL GRASS

Downing
it
away.

DOWNING

Fire away!...English twit...

He moves. There is a gunshot. Downing flinches in disbelief. Then it can be seen that it's:

572 D'ARNOT

who has arrived and fired his pistol into the ground.

D'ARNOT

Gentlemen, please - kindly remember Major Downing that Sir Evelyn is here to collect live specimens. There will be no more firing until he has had an opportunity to fulfill his commission. Until that time if you shoot at so much as a buttercup, I'll have you in chains.

573 AT THE CAMPSITE PETHERICK

has finished putting a splint on the baby ape's arm. He looks up and what he sees astonishes him.

574 DOWNING

has the carcass of the mother seated, her arms overhead and tied to a low lying branch of a tree. While Belcher holds

574 DOWNING CONTD

the dead creature's nose and sticks a finger in the bullet wound in her chest. Downing has the nozzle of a bicycle pump in her mouth. He's pumping vigorously on the pump. Nothing much is happening.

DOWNING

Hold the nose tighter, Belcher!
Clamp your fingers down hard. Don't
be shy about it.

BELCHER

Yes Major.

575 PETHERICK WATCHING DOWNING

There is a soft 'hu' sound which Petherick ignores as he stares at Downing pumping madly away again. The animal's lungs start to move.

DOWNING

That's it! that's it! that's the
ticket!

Downing reaches into his coat for his tape measure and wraps it around the ape's inflated chest. Petherick looks disgustedly away.

PETHERICK

(after a moment)

Where's the baby?

Petherick looks around. The tiny ape with the splint seems to have disappeared. Blount - who is writing - looks up, as does D'Arnot, who simultaneously puts his fingers to his lips

A moment of silence. Then a faint rustling sound.

D'ARNOT

(in French, Pointing)

There!

The Liberians take off in the direction of the sound. The bushes move before them - but this time much more swiftly than when they were chasing the apes.

When the grass is reached it can be seen that the Liberians cannot begin to stay up with the grass moving before them.

576 BLOUNT AND D'ARNOT

watching.

576 BLOUNT AND D'ARNOT CONTD

BLOUNT

(astonished)

No baby ape can move like that. No grown one can.

(to D'Arnot)

Have you any idea what it is?

D'Arnot for the first time is mildly interested. He looks, then turns to Sir Evelyn and shakes his head.

577 ONE OF THE LIBERIANS

plunges thru the high grass and beyond it. He pauses.

579 THE RAINFOREST

towers over him. Silence. Then the sound of movement thru the trees overhead.

579 THE LIBERIAN

hesitates, then hurries on in the direction of the sound. Following it, he gets entangled in some heavy underbrush, fights and cuts his way thru it, but falls. Dazed he gets to his knees. Then his eyes widen. He sees before him:

580 THE CLEARING AND THE CABIN

581 INT CABIN D'ARNOT BLOUNT PETHERICK (NIGHT)

The cabin's contents are neatly stacked into two piles - those that have not deteriorated beyond recognition and those that have.

The incomplete skeletons of Clayton and of the baby ape are laid neatly side by side. D'Arnot is staring at the baby bones.

Blount tries to read a rotting document with a magnifying glass by the lamplight in the room. He sneezes constantly. His eyes water. Petherick hands him a fresh handkerchief. He nods thanks and continues.

582 CLOSE DOCUMENT

It's back is broken. A moldy gilt-edged loose page has at its top "Christ's death, burial, and resurrection" ST. MATTHEW 28.

583 EXT CABIN LIBERIANS DIGGING (NIGHT)

up Alice's grave by the light of more oil lamps.

584 BELCHER WITH DOWNING

watches.

585 DOWNING

has moved his taxidermy operation to accomodate the new find. He has five dead apes laid out side by side. On their faces are plaster casts - death masks have hardened into vivid impressions. He's begun to plaster the hands and feet.

586 DOWNING AND BELCHER

DOWNING

Hugh, how about a little help?

BELCHER

Sorry -

DOWNING

- trouble with shooting these beasts late in the day - unless we work all night we'll end up with nothing.

Belcher begins to help Downing with the plastering.

587 THRU THE MAGNIFYING GLASS MOVING ACROSS THE NAME

The lettering is faded and in some cases missing but the general wording can be made out: ALICE EDGERTON KNOWLES CLAYTON, AGE 23, d. 29 Dec. 1886. A sigh. Then a sneeze.

588 BLOUNT

lowers the magnifying glass, wipes his nose.

BLOUNT

It's here all right...His son's birth and Lady Alice's death...my wife's cousin's husband Cecil, he is the family physician - or was at any rate. I shall personally see these effects reach Greystoke.

D'ARNOT

(staring at the bones)

I wonder...

BLOUNT

What?

D'ARNOT

If he died before or after his son.

588

BLOUNT AND D'ARNOT CONTD

Blount has been fingering the jawbone of the infant. He now trains his glass on the crumbling femur socket. He picks up the pelvis and rotates the bone.

BLOUNT

- ... intriguing question...more than you may realize...these are not the bones of a human child. In fact they almost certainly belonged to an ape.

D'ARNOT

- an ape?

Blount shrugs.

BLOUNT

Perhaps it was a pet. Perhaps pity he didn't leave a diary...in any case I'm certain we'll find the child buried with its mother.

One of the Liberians pokes his head in the door, asks for D'Arnot who goes outside, leaving Blount alone with his thought. There is a muffled exchange. Then D'Arnot returns.

D'ARNOT

Lady Alice's remains are there all right - but no trace of a child.

589

EXT CABIN DAY BLOUNT PETHERICK D'ARNOT

Blount completes preparations for leaving along with Petherick and some of the Liberians. Many of the cabin's contents have been carefully packed.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

It was agreed that Sir Evelyn return immediately to Gaboon, send on the sorry news of Clayton, and fetch the supplies we'd needed since the Bunjani desertion. He would return within the month and by that time - God willing Major Downing and the New York Natural Museum of History would have enough animals for stuffing and display.

Blount and his troupe have taken off. At the edge of the clearing Blount lowers his parasol and turns back.

BLOUNT

- it's most unlikely but should you find any of the child's remains.

590 EXT CABIN DAY BLOUNT PETHERICK D'ARNOT CONTD

D'ARNOT
- of course.

BLOUNT
- it would be appreciated.

There is a rasping sound. D'Arnot turns toward:

591 TWO LIBERIANS

sharpening knives on wetstones. They hand them to Downing and Belcher who give the Liberians two bloodied knives. The Americans return to skinning the apes and the Liberians begin sharpening the knives again.

592 INT CABIN D'ARNOT

sleeps propped against the fireplace. The rasping sound of the knives dents his comatose state and his eyes open. He mutters and gets to his feet, dislodging a stone from the fireplace, throwing him off balance.

The stone, however, makes an oddly tinny sound when it hits the clay floor. D'Arnot turns back and kneels beside the fireplace where the stone had fallen.

593 A METAL RING

appears to be part of the floor's surface. D'Arnot pulls on it and the green tin box that Clayton had kept on his desk emerges - the top discolored and coated with dust - the sides clean.

594 D'ARNOT

is astonished. He opens it. Its contents reveal a locket and something wrapped in metal foil. He removes the foil and Clayton's diary is recognizable.

595 EXT CABIN NIGHT CAMPFIRE D'ARNOT

is well into the diary.

CLAYTON'S VOICE

...my son, my son, what a cheeky rascal he is! Just now he's managed to dip his fingers into my inkwell and trot them across these pages - ah well, what's the world for if it isn't meant to be mucked up a bit, isn't that right young John?

~~INSERT PAGE TWO PRINTS~~

596 INSERT PAGE THE PRINTS

of the infant are sprinkled liberally over it.

597 D'ARNOT

stares thoughtfully at them.

D'ARNOT

(out loud)

...young John..

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

As much as it told Captain Clayton's diary failed to reveal his son's fate. I thought it should always remain a mystery.

There is a strange 'hu' sound that comes out of the night and momentarily startles D'Arnot. Then his gaze turns back to the fire.

599 EXT CAMPFIRE NIGHT D'ARNOT

D'ARNOT

(softly)

...petit Jean..

599 EXT CABIN MORN D'ARNOT

wraps the diary tightly in brown paper and ties it with a string. A Liberian holds a bubbling pot. D'Arnot nods and the Liberian pours sizzling wax over the paper, sealing the slender document. The wax quickly dries.

B.G. Downing et al wrap the apeskins in wax paper and pack the plaster death masks and hands and feet.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

I sealed Captain Clayton's diary and with more resolve than I was aware at the time - determined his family should have it.

He places it back in the small tin box beside the locket. The Liberian Krooman moves to pack it, but D'Arnot suddenly stops him, and takes the box himself, stuffing it into his own shoulder pouch.

600 SAFARI MOVING

thru the forest.

601 AT A SMALL CLEARING DOWNING

has his camera set up. He's under its dark shroud, taking stills of the forest. Flash powder intermittently blanches the screen.

602 D'ARNOT

sits on a log, yawns. There is a soft moan.

BELCHER'S VOICE

Oh, my God.

D'Arnot blinks away the flash and sees thru it.

603 DOWNING'S FIGURE

lurching an arrow thru the camera's shroud, pinning it to his back as he desperately tries to free himself from it.

Suddenly there are screams from the forest and a volley of arrows.

604 SEVERAL OF THE LIBERIANS

are hit, and fall.

605 D'ARNOT

draws his pistol and shouts out commands to take cover.

606 BELCHER

has an arrow in his neck and goes screaming off into the forest.

607 DOWNING

lies on the ground, several arrows in him, still pinned to the camera, his face covered with blood. He's screaming and firing his .44 blindly on the safari.

The domestic animals - Jackasses, chickens, pigs - run wild.

608 D'ARNOT

has to move to avoid being hit by Downing's gunfire.

609 ONE OF THE BUNJANI

visible for the first time, lets an arrow fly at D'Arnot. It strikes him in the back and thrusts him forward. Another arrow hits him in the thigh. The momentum of the blows carry him staggering across the clearing and into the forest itself.

610 WITH D'ARNOT MOVING

ricocheting off trees, in desperate pain. He trips over a rotting tree root and falls. The arrow in his leg breaks and he cries out.

In back of him are the dying cries of his men, the screams of the women and the shouts of the Bunjani. In front of him he can hear:

BELCHER'S VOICE

(screaming)

My God, my God please help me!

Belcher's screams are abruptly silenced. Then the sounds die down and all that can be heard are the voices of the Bunjani shouting to each other.

D'Arnot looks around desperately for a place to hide. There is a gaping hole in the tree root. He thinks for a moment then looks:

611 OVERHEAD

at a low lying branch. It is about seven feet off the ground and covered with sumptuous moss.

612 D'ARNOT

tosses his shoulder bag into the rotting tree root and struggles on top of it in an attempt to climb onto the tree branch.

613 THE BUNJANI

are gathering up the fruits of their slaughter - the bodies of the Liberians, Downing and his camera, weapons, women, etc.

614 TWO OF THE MAGNIFICENT WARRIORS

spot the ape skins. They finger them - have a low exchange. A third Bunjani appears, directs them to follow him.

615 BY THE ROTTING TREE ROOT AND LOW LYING BRANCH

the three of them pause by the broken arrow, look around. There is no sign of D'Arnot.

One of them moves under the branch, talking as he searches:

616 UP ANGLE BRANCH

just off the Bunjani's point of view. The feathers of the arrow in D'Arnot's back can be seen poking just above the heavy moss of the branch, less than a foot over the warrior's head.

17 THE FEATHERS

move slightly as D'Arnot breathes.

18 A DROP OF BLOOD

silently hits the trunk by the searching native, and sinks into it.

19 WITH D'ARNOT

clinging to the moss. After another exchange or two, there are the shouts of other Bunjanis. The cries of the captured women, the braying of a couple of jackasses. The Bunjani rush hurriedly off in the direction of these sounds.

20 D'ARNOT

sits on the ground. He's sweating profusely. He has torn his pantleg and wrapped it above the wound on his thigh.

He now tries to reach around and touch the arrow in his back. The move causes him to cry out. His fingers find the feathers. They close around them. With a huge effort he pulls up and breaks the shaft just below the feathers.

Drenched with perspiration now, he wriggles up against the tree trunk - so the broken shaft coming out of his back is resting lightly against it. He opens his shirt. He takes a slight breath - throws himself violently against the trunk of the tree.

21 THE ARROW POINT

pops thru his skin, accompanied by an agonized scream.

22 D'ARNOT

quickly grasps the point and PULLS. He yanks the remainder of the shaft thru his body and falls back gasping, but rid of the arrow.

The gasping subsides. He's flat on his back. His eyes are only half open when he sees something in the trees above him.

23 D'ARNOT'S POV

the silhouette of a motionless figure crouched in the branches.

24 D'ARNOT'S EYES

open wider. He's not sure if he's hallucinating.

624 D'ARNOT CONTD

D'ARNOT
(in French)

Who are you?

(in English)

How long have you been there?

625 THE FIGURE

drops to the ground about ten yards from D'Arnot. It is:

626 THE YOUNG MAN

dressed now in the loincloth, copper jewelry, wearing the knife and scabbard of the Bunjani warrior he had killed. He remains in a crouch. He doesn't seem to be aware of D'Arnot's existence.

627 D'ARNOT

is shocked.

D'ARNOT
(in French)

You're a white man? Don't you speak French?

(in English)

What is your name?

(in German)

What is your name?

(in Portuguese)

What is your name?

(in Bantu)

What is your name?

628 THE YOUNG MAN

now looks directly at D'Arnot. His pale eyes are unblinking, his features without expression.

D'ARNOT
(crying out, in French)

Answer me, for God's sake! can't you see I'm dying?

The young man rises. He moves toward D'Arnot until they are only a few feet apart. His gaze is so intense that D'Arnot finally has to look away.

D'ARNOT
(in French)

- say something, please.

628 INT RAINFOREST DAY D'ARNOT AND YOUNG MAN CONTD

The young man has picked up the arrow D'Arnot had pulled out of his chest. He gazes at it. He sniffs it.

YOUNG MAN
(softly)

- hu.

The sound D'Arnot vaguely recognizes. He stares at the young man. The young man drops the arrow and with lightning swift-ness grasps D'Arnot's face until they are only inches apart. D'Arnot is paralyzed with shock and fear. Then, after a moment he half-rises:

D'ARNOT
(in French)

Good God!

629 D'ARNOT'S POV

Behind the crouching young man are two huge apes, one looming over each shoulder. One of them reaches out and touches D'Arnot's face.

THE APE

- hu.

It is too much for D'Arnot. He passes out.

630 D'ARNOT BY A STREAM

awakens gagging. The young man's mouth is on his. The young man is trying to force water down D'Arnot's throat. D'Arnot spits it up. He instinctively turns his head aside, tries to avoid taking more water.

The young man slaps him, then hugs him - displaying an attitude unmistakably like Kala's toward him. He tries with the water again. This time D'Arnot accepts it from the young man's mouth.

DISSOLVE:

631 D'ARNOT

being carried around by the young man, as though he were not much heavier than a doll. D'Arnot's face is covered with a light beard. He's feverish. The young man plops him down by a termite hill. He offers D'Arnot a termite on a stick. D'Arnot's feverish eyes open just enough to be disgusted by what he sees. He turns away. The young man slaps him. D'Arnot takes the stick with the termite.

D'ARNOT CONTD

..merci.. D'ARNOT

DISSOLVE:

D'ARNOT (NIGHT)

holds tightly onto the young man. Camera PULLS BACK to reveal they are in a nest high in one of the trees.

DISSOLVE:

D'ARNOT

is seated on the ground by a fig tree. His beard is longer, he's less feverish. The young man has gathered figs and gives them to D'Arnot.

He greedily eats. Looks up - suddenly the young man is not there. Two large apes are coveting his pile of figs, making threatening gestures. D'Arnot is very frightened as they move closer.

D'ARNOT
- here, take them, take them.

The young man LEAPS into the frame and onto the back of the lead ape, biting him as he does. The huge beast screeches and grovels before the young man. The young man pats the ape's behind. The young man gathers the scattered figs and hands them back to the astonished D'Arnot.

PALM OIL NUTS

in the hands of the young man.

REACTION D'ARNOT

He's still feverish.

D'ARNOT
(in French)
- death I accept - but no more
indigestion, no. No. No!

His anguish scatters some of the apes. It even takes the young man momentarily aback. Then he offers the nuts again. D'Arnot groans.

631 D'ARNOT CONTD

D'ARNOT

..merci..

DISSOLVE:

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RAINFOREST DAY D'ARNOT

wakens, finds himself momentarily alone. He struggles to his feet, immediately collapses.

He crawls off into the bush.

RAINFOREST NIGHT

and a full moon. D'Arnot crawls out of brush to face:

WATER BUFFALO CARCASS

covered with a pack of hyenas. They threaten him with their
eery barking laugh. D'Arnot is not prepared for this kind of
death. He screams for help immediately.

The hyenas have carefully proceeded to surround him, moving ever closer. Suddenly there is another savage sound over theirs, "WRAHH! WRAHH! WRAH!" and the hyenas scatter like frightened dogs. The young man drops down from the trees to the earth. He picks up D'Arnot.

ON THE GROUND THE APES (DAY)

are grooming, resting, playing b.g.
D'Arnot is lying half in a ball, eyes closed. The young man
moves to him. Strokes him lightly. D'Arnot slaps at the
hand.

D'ARNOT

(in French mumbled)

...please God... ~~wasn't it~~...itch..
~~Let them~~ paint the map red... ~~swindled~~
~~the bloody British...~~ ~~they not?~~ ~~Give~~
~~them the Sudan...~~ ~~giving~~ ~~the rest...~~
~~if I could shave...~~ Marchand's in China..
 (glances over to young man)

Petit Jean - Tarzan..they call you
Tarzan - the albino..

(to himself)

..the ultimate Englishman, he's colonized a tribe of apes!..oh God let them have it, only let me close my eyes and die alone.

The young man has been attentive if puzzled thru this. He tries to hug D'Arnot.

D'ARNOT

Go away! Go away! Go away!

The young man backs off. D'Arnot starts to weep, and falls back to the earth again.

A SMALL APE

waddles over to touch him. The young man grabs it, prevents it from doing so, pats it thoughtfully.

D'ARNOT

lies inert, though he's making odd noises in a half-sleep, half-trance-like state. He begins to hum. After a few moments the humming becomes focused and recognizable - as the melody of 'Au Pres de ma Blonde.' He stops. A few moments of silence. Then the melody is heard again - but D'Arnot's lips are not moving and no sound is coming from him. D'Arnot either ignores or has not heard the o.s. sound.

He groans and turns on his back. ~~His mouth is slack~~ He lackadaisically hums a few more bars, trails off. The hum is repeated perfectly - note for note. Even the 'trailing off' is mimed perfectly.

D'ARNOT'S EYES

open. He's heard it this time. Without looking around he gets up on one elbow, hums a few more notes, stops. They're repeated - perfectly. D'Arnot tries to suppress his excitement. He whistles a few notes. The echoing whistle is a little high and uncertain at first - then drops into the right key and finishes perfectly.

D'ARNOT

can't stand it any longer. He whirls toward the young man and whistles more of the song. He's joined in a duet. D'Arnot stops. The young man stops. D'Arnot takes a breath - watches the young man carefully:

D'ARNOT

(singing it slowly)

Au Pres de Ma Blonde,
Qu'il fait bon, fait bon -

The young man doesn't react. D'Arnot's face falls. He turns away.

YOUNG MAN'S VOICE

(singing)

...Qu'il fait bon, fait bon -

The words are a little run together and mushy, but recognizable, and the melody is perfect. D'Arnot turns and rushes to the young man, hugging him and kissing him wildly on both cheeks.

THE YOUNG MAN

is pleased but a little put off by this well meaning if aberrant assault.

D'ARNOT
Incroyable! Incroyable!

WITH DISSOLVE:

"Au Pres de ma Blonde" is sung V.O. by D'Arnot and then joined V.O. by Tarzan over the following:

LONG SHOT D'ARNOT

washing himself in a stream, Tarzan haunched and watching D'Arnot carefully as Kala watched him.

TROUP FEEDING

D'Arnot eating next to Tarzan. A baby ape begs for some of D'Arnot's food.

D'ARNOT
(in French)
Food. Food. Food. Eat. Eat.
(in French)
Good. Good. Good.

Tarzan ignores this babble and the apes are irritated by it. A big ape gives a threatening yawn. D'Arnot shuts up and eats.

D'ARNOT
- he was a mimic of uncanny ability
but I could interest him only in song,
not language.

D'ARNOT SLEEPING

He's awakened by Tarzan nudging him. Tarzan starts the song.

D'ARNOT
(not wanting to wake up)

~~Let me sleep, please...~~

Tarzan growl-barks - he insists. D'Arnot, disgusted and weary, sings.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

- and I knew that if ever I were to be more to him than some hapless beast I had to impress upon him the significance of my words - indeed of one word. It seemed hopeless.

D'ARNOT AND TARZAN CONTD

As D'Arnot is forced to sing DISSOLVE:

D'ARNOT

rummages around on the forest floor. He finds a lone feather amidst the mulch and leaves - it is one of those from the arrows of the Bunjani. He rises and looks around slowly.

D'ARNOT'S SHREDDED JACKET

is lying on the ground. Tarzan tosses it angrily aside, looks around then stops. He hears something we don't. It puzzles him.

AT THE WATER HOLE

D'Arnot's shoulder pack lies open on the embankment.

D'ARNOT

has a cracked mirror propped up on a rock and he's shaving. His skin is nearly smooth except for some soapy swirls.

TARZAN

is captivated. He comes out with a characteristic 'hu' and watches D'Arnot expertly wield the straight razor. He moves to D'Arnot - touches the smooth skin, then moves to touch the razor.

D'ARNOT

(in French)

No! It's too sharp. Look.

D'Arnot tugs at his own forelock - takes a swipe and effortlessly slices off a tuft of hair. He hands it to Tarzan who stares from it to the razor. He touches the hair on his own face. Before D'Arnot can say anything else Tarzan disappears.

D'ARNOT

is amused. He washes the soap away, starts to pack the razor when Tarzan abruptly reappears - with a very reluctant ape in tow.

He places the animal before D'Arnot. The ape tries to move away. Tarzan grabs him. He then touches D'Arnot's smooth skin - points to the razor, then runs his hand on the ape's face.

D'ARNOT CONTD

D'Arnot is dumbfounded - then laughs. Tarzan is perturbed. He splashes water on the ape - tries to put soap on him. The taste of soap does it. The ape screeches in sheer terror and scrambles up the embankment.

TARZAN

picks up the bar of soap - places it against the hair on his own face. D'Arnot deliberately holds up the razor, mimes the process of shaving.

D'ARNOT

- razor, razor.

He then closes the razor and proceeds to put it away. Tarzan stops him - grabs the hand that holds the razor.

D'ARNOT

- razor.

He tries to pack the razor. Tarzan firmly holds his hand. There is a brief struggle. Tarzan threatens him. D'Arnot ignores the threat.

D'ARNOT

(enunciating slowly)

- razor..razor.

Tarzan barks a threat.

D'ARNOT

(cooly)

- razor.

Tarzan breaks into a series of frustrating screams that seem certain to end in physical violence. D'Arnot begins to tremble, then screams back - holding up the razor:

D'ARNOT

Razer! razer! razer!

Tarzan stops screaming. He stares for a long moment at the razor. D'Arnot lets it drop from his hand to the ground. He takes Tarzan's hand and puts it over the razor.

D'ARNOT

(quietly)

- razor.

Tarzan stares down at the object.

D'ARNOT AND TARZAN CONTD

TARZAN.
(finally)

..RAZOR..

CUT TO:

RAZOR

being stropped.

D'ARNOT

~~pauses in his effort~~ looks down at Tarzan who sits on his haunches and spits out a little excess soap that has dribbled into his mouth from his beard ~~but he waits patiently.~~

Very precisely
carefully, D'Arnot ~~carefully~~ places the razor against Tarzan's face and makes the first cut. ~~D'Arnot is considerably more nervous than Tarzan.~~

CUT TO:

CRACKED MIRROR

and Tarzan's smooth-shaven image in it.

TARZAN

strokes his pale cheeks in ~~longing~~ wonder. He turns to D'Arnot.

TARZAN AND D'ARNOT

TARZAN

..RAZOR..

D'Arnot scrutinizes the young man's striking features.

D'ARNOT

..RAZOR..

In D'Arnot's hand he holds the locket he had found with Clayton's diary. It is open.

INSERT LOCKET

and the likeness of Clayton - close enough to Tarzan to be the same person. The eyes in particular - grey, intense, luminous - are identical.

DISSOLVE:

TARZAN AND D'ARNOT (MONTAGE)

moving along the edge of a savannah pointing to termite hills, grazing animals, the earth, the sky, gesticulating animatedly.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

- he learned rapidly, greedily, for words were like magic tricks to him.

CUT TO: ~~END~~ 593

TARZAN AND D'ARNOT RAINFOREST DAY

TARZAN

(holding razor and shouting)
Razer, razer!

D'ARNOT

(in French)

Very well. Fetch the bowl. Now the soap. No the soap. Now the mirror. Very good. We go.

AT THE WATER HOLE TARZAN

suddenly takes the razor back from D'Arnot.

TARZAN

Non - razer-vous.

D'Arnot panicks.

D'ARNOT

But that's quite impossible - you don't understand -

TARZAN

(shoving D'Arnot down)
Razer-vous.

He's not to be argued with.

D'ARNOT CLOSE

sweating profusely thru ~~the~~ soap suds as the razor wielded by the savage crosses his face and touches his skin.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

As it happened I needn't have worried - his ability to ~~maneuver~~ and mine physical actions with the utmost delicacy far exceeded his considerable verbal accomplishments -

TARZAN

skillfully uses the razor.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

-indeed ~~for~~ exceeded anything I could possibly have imagined. He was, literally in one sitting, an accomplished barber.

D'ARNOT

feeling his smooth uncut skin, staring in wonder at the young man.

LAP DISSOLVE:

TARZAN

hurling his rope and catching it over a tree trunk. He threatens the trunk with his knife. The rope comes loose from the trunk. Tarzan plops on the ground - gestures and talks haltingly:

D'ARNOT

-with words he could share an invisible world - delicious game he had tried to lasso and failed to catch in some far away valley...

LAP DISSOLVE:

TARZAN

eagerly tugging at D'Arnot, trying to get him to follow him up a steep embankment, obviously excited:

D'ARNOT

-a tree on some mountainside whose fruit he particularly cherished...

DISSOLVE:

ELEPHANT CARCASS

rotting in mire. D'Arnot and Tarzan stand beside it.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

Besides food, death was the easiest thing to comprehend and communicate...

LAP DISSOLVE:

SUNSET D'ARNOT AND TARZAN

on a mountainside. The forest below them is a stunning panorama. D'Arnot is pointing to the setting sun. Tarzan stares at him blankly - shakes his head, obviously confused.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

-it took months, however, before he could cease confusing the past with the present -

AT THE CABIN DOOR TARZAN AND D'ARNOT (DAY)

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

-he would suddenly demonstrate how he was attacked by baboons -

Tarzan mimes the fight with ferocious accuracy.

EXT. CAMPFIRE TARZAN AND D'ARNOT (NIGHT)

D'Arnot examines the pale scar on Tarzan's forehead.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

-when eventually I was able to ascertain it happened years before.

D'Arnot sits back down. The two stare contemplatively into the fire. B.G. a couple of apes stare nervously at the flames, hoot at Tarzan who ignores them.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

As for the future it was something that simply did not exist for him - and because of it I could never make him understand that I had another life waiting for me in another world and another time.

EXT CABIN DAY

Tarzan bursts out of the cabin door. He throws a book into the dirt. Then tosses the locket down.

TARZAN

(yelling at D'Arnot)

Non! Non! Non!

D'Arnot stands in the doorway of the cabin, watching the display

THE APES

feeding peacefully on the fig tree look up. A few grin and hoot nervously.

WITH D'ARNOT AND TARZAN

Tarzan picks up a rotting log from the cabin and SMASHES it with terrifying force into the cabin wall - inches from where D'Arnot stands. The wall breaks where he hits it. He swings again and hits the cabin. D'Arnot trembles but stands his ground.

THE APES

cease feeding. They begin to scatter in fear.

TARZAN

drops the log and rushes toward the apes. He grabs a young female and drags her screeching before D'Arnot.

TARZAN

(holding the female)

Like this! like this!

The terrified creature presents herself to Tarzan, grovelling, screaming. Tarzan stares at D'Arnot, ignoring her. Finally he strokes her. She whimpers and grooms him. He returns her grooming.

TARZAN

(quietly)

...like this...

D'Arnot

watches quietly.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

- supposedly civilized men have killed when told their world was not the center of the universe - the idea that his 'mother' - whatever that meant to him - could have been other than an ape seemed a similar threat..

EXT CABIN D'ARNOT TARZAN AND FEMALE APE

D'ARNOT

(to Tarzan)

- how many other white apes have you seen? how many? You are like me not them.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

- more important the affections of that dead beast were the only thing for which he never had to fight - indeed I realized he had incorporated part of her into himself - because of her I survived as well.

EXT CABIN D'ARNOT TARZAN AND FEMALE APE CONTD

D'ARNOT

- you have another family far away, one
you've never seen - as do I...you
must at least allow me to go to my family

TARZAN

...why?...dead.

D'ARNOT

(puzzled)

...why?...who's dead?

TARZAN

(almost indignant)

Dead! dead! Like mine yours is dead.

D'ARNOT

Why do you say that?

Tarzan rises and moves to within inches of D'Arnot. He puts
his hands on D'Arnot.

TARZAN

(proving the point)

- if she's not dead - why are you here?

D'Arnot is astonished. Recovering, carefully:

D'ARNOT

..because I'm lost, and I'm looking
for her - and my mother looks for me.

The idea hits the young man with the force of a blow. The
vitality seems to drain from him. His hands slip away from
D'Arnot's shoulders. He slowly turns and moves away. D'Arnot
watches him go.

CUT TO:

D'ARNOT AT THE WATER HOLE

sitting alone amidst lengthening shadows. Gazelles approach.
D'Arnot moves. They skitter away.

D'ARNOT'S VOICE

- it had been the first time I'd got so
complicated a thought across, the
first time I'd dominated him and also,
alas, the first time I'd lied to him..
I didn't see him all that day..

D'ARNOT AT THE WATER HOLE CONTD

TARZAN'S VOICE

Go. Go to your mother.

D'Arnot turns. Angle WIDENS to reveal Tarzan in the shadows only inches from him - having silently materialized.

DISSOLVE:

MOUNTAINSIDE MORNING D'ARNOT AND TARZAN

near the same spot where Silver Beard had walked away from the young man.

D'ARNOT

places the locket around Tarzan's neck - then reaches into his shoulder bag and takes out the razor and strop. He hands them to Tarzan. He hoists the bag and checks the tiny pistol in his belt.

D'ARNOT

...I'll go now.

Tarzan says nothing. He remains expressionless. [D'Arnot hesitates - then in a gesture sharply reminiscent of an ape being submissive, he bends over and takes Tarzan's hand touching it to his lips. Tarzan waits, then completes the ritual by lightly touching D'Arnot's head.

D'Arnot turns and moves off without looking back.

CUT TO:

THE APES AND TARZAN (DAY)

The apes are feeding and quarreling. Tarzan is listless. A young ape has its food taken away and comes screeching to Tarzan for support. Tarzan gets up and walks away from the befuddled animal.

CUT TO:

A RIDGE (DAY)

above the forest line. Tarzan sits, holding the razor and strop, not looking at them. Underneath, the faint strains of Au Pres de Ma Blonde. He sniffs the strop, then with a sudden cry of frustration HURLS both razor and strop down the mountainside.

EXT NEST TREES (NIGHT)

Tarzan lies alone and stares at the sky. The frightened juvenile seen earlier approaches him tentatively. Tarzan finally pats the grateful animal, then turns and stares upward blankly.

FADE TO:

APES PLAYING (MORNING)

tumbling, playing what almost looks like tag - being fairly raucous on a particularly pleasant day. Almost as though told to, the older apes begin to shush the young ones, grab them, hold them, calm them down. The apes grow strangely quiet

TARZAN

sits on his haunches a short distance from the body of apes. His face is upturned slightly, his eyes almost ominously blank, his breathing shallow.

THE APES

glance over apprehensively at him.

TARZAN

gets to his feet, with lightning swiftness bounds into the trees and climbs.

AT THE TREE TOPS TARZAN

sways and seems to turn slowly, eyes half-closed appearing to be picking up something in the air either by scent or some other means. He stops swaying. His eyes open. He DROPS.

THE FALL

is to a branch some thirty feet below. He catches it and swings to the earth, hits it, and bounds off - all part of the same motion.

CLOSE BANANAS

His gooey lower lip trembles. He looks down - continues to tickle an infant with the petals of a wildflower.

WITH TARZAN

racing down the path Silver Beard and D'Arnot had taken before him.

THE RACE

is on. Against what is unclear but Tarzan's will and the extraordinary physical skills he brings to bear are evident.

653 CONTINUED:

There is a brief struggle. Tarzan threatens him.
D'Arnot ignores the threat.

D'ARNOT
(enunciating
slowly)
-- raser... raser...

Tarzan barks a threat.

D'ARNOT
(coolly)
-- raser.

Tarzan breaks into a series of frustrating screams that seem certain to end in physical violence. D'Arnot begins to tremble, then screams back -- holding up the razor:

D'ARNOT
Raser! Raser! Raser!

Tarzan stops screaming. He stares for a long moment at the razor. D'Arnot lets it drop from his hand to the ground. He takes Tarzan's hand and puts it over the razor.

D'ARNOT
(quietly)
-- raser.

Tarzan stares down at the object.

TARZAN
(finally)
-- raser...

CUT TO:

654 RAZOR

being stropped.

655 D'ARNOT

looks down at Tarzan who sits patiently on his haunches and spits out a little excess soap that has dribbled into his mouth from his beard.

(CONTINUED)

655 CONTINUED:

Very nervously, D'Arnot places the rator against Tarzan's face and makes the first cut.

CUT TO:

656 CRACKED MIRROR

and Tarzan's smooth-shaven image in it.

657 TARZAN

strokes his pale cheeks in wonder. He turns to D'Arnot.

658 TARZAN AND D'ARNOT

TARZAN

-- raser.

D'Arnot scrutinizes the young man's striking features.

D'ARNOT

-- raser...

In D'Arnot's hand he holds the locket he had found with Clayton's diary. It is open.

659 INSERT - LOCKET

and the likeness of Clayton -- close enough to Tarzan to be the same person. The eyes in particular -- grey, intense, luminous -- are identical.

DISSOLVE TO:

660 TARZAN AND D'ARNOT - MONTAGE

moving along the edge of a savannah, pointing to termite hills, grazing animals, the earth, the sky, gesticulating animatedly.

D'ARNOT (V.O.)

-- he learned rapidly, greedily, for words were like magic tricks to him.

CUT TO:

661 TARZAN AND D'ARNOT - RAINFOREST - DAY

TARZAN
(holding razor and
shouting)
Raser, raser!

D'ARNOT
Très bien. Va chercher le bol. Maintenant le savon. Non, le savon. Maintenant le miroir. Très bien. Allons-y. (Very well. Fetch the bowl. Now the soap. No, the soap. Now the mirror. Very good. We go.)

622 AT THE WATER HOLE - TARZAN

suddenly takes the razor back from D'Arnot.

TARZAN
Non -- rasez-vous.

D'Arnot panics.

D'ARNOT
Mais c'est impossible -- (But that's quite impossible
tu ne comprends pas -- -- you don't understand --)

TARZAN
(shoving D'Arnot
down)
Rasez-vous.

He's not to be argued with.

663 D'ARNOT - CLOSE

sweating profusely through soap suds as the razor wielded by the savage crosses his face and touches his skin.

D'ARNOT (V.O.)
As it happened, I needn't have worried -- his ability to mime physical actions with the utmost delicacy far exceeded his considerable verbal accomplishments...

664 TARZAN

skillfully uses the razor.

(CONTINUED)

664 CONTINUED:

D'ARNOT (V.O.)
 -- indeed exceeded anything I could
 possibly have imagined. He was,
 literally in one sitting, an
 accomplished barber.

665 D'ARNOT

feeling his smooth, uncut skin, staring at the young man.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

666 TARZAN

hurling his rope and catching it over a tree trunk. He
 threatens the trunk with his knife. The rope comes
 loose from the trunk. Tarzan plops on the ground --
 gestures and talks haltingly.

D'ARNOT (V.O.)
 -- with words he could share an
 invisible world -- delicious game
 he had tried to lasso and failed
 to catch in some faraway valley...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

667 TARZAN

eagerly tugging at D'Arnot, trying to get him to follow
 him up a steep embankment, obviously excited.

D'ARNOT (V.O.)
 -- a tree on some mountainside
 whose fruit he particularly
 cherished...

DISSOLVE TO:

668 ELEPHANT CARCASS

rotting in mire. D'Arnot and Tarzan stand beside it.

D'ARNOT (V.O.)
 Besides food, death was the easiest
 thing to comprehend and communicate...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

669 SUNSET - D'ARNOT AND TARZAN

on a mountainside. The forest below them is a stunning -
panorama. D'Arnot is pointing to the setting sun. Tar-
zan stares at him blankly -- shakes his head, obviously
confused.

D'ARNOT (V.O.)

-- it took months, however, before
he could cease confusing the past
with the present --

670 AT THE CABIN DOOR - TARZAN AND D'ARNOT - DAY

D'ARNOT (V.O.)

-- he would suddenly demonstrate how
he was attacked by baboons --

Tarzan mimes the fight with ferocious accuracy.

671 EXT. CAMPFIRE - TARZAN AND D'ARNOT - NIGHT

D'Arnot examines the pale scar on Tarzan's forehead.

D'ARNOT (V.O.)

-- when eventually I was able to
ascertain it happened years before.

D'Arnot sits back down. The two stare contemplatively
into the fire. In b.g. a couple of apes stare ner-
vously at the flames, hoot at Tarzan who ignores them.

D'ARNOT (V.O.)

As for the future, it was something
that simply did not exist for him --
and because of it, I could never make
him understand that I had another
'life waiting for me in another world
and another time.

672 EXT. CABIN - DAY

Tarzan bursts out of the cabin door. He throws a book
into the dirt. Then tosses the locket down.

TARZAN

(yelling at D'Arnot)

Non! Non! Non!

D'Arnot stands in the doorway of the cabin, watching
the display.

673 THE APES

feeding peacefully on the fig tree look up. A few grin and hoot nervously.

674 WITH D'ARNOT AND TARZAN

Tarzan picks up a rotting log from the cabin and smashes it with terrifying force into the cabin wall -- inches from where D'Arnot stands. The wall breaks where he hits it. He swings again and hits the cabin. D'Arnot trembles but stands his ground.

675 THE APES

cease feeding. They begin to scatter in fear.

676 TARZAN

drops the log and rushes toward the apes. He grabs a young female and drags her screeching before D'Arnot.

TARZAN
(holding the
female)

Comme ça! Comme ça! (Like this! Like this!)

The terrified creature presents herself to Tarzan, grovelling, screaming. Tarzan stares at D'Arnot, ignoring her. Finally he strokes her. She whimpers and grooms him. He returns her grooming.

TARZAN
(quietly)
Comme ça...

(Like this...)

D'Arnot watches quietly.

D'ARNOT (V.O.)
-- supposedly civilized men have killed when told their world was not the center of the universe -- the idea that his 'mother' -- whatever that meant to him -- could have been other than an ape seemed a similar threat...

677 EXT. CABIN - D'ARNOT, TARZAN AND FEMALE APE

D'ARNOT

(to Tarzan)

Combien d'autres singes (-- how many other white apes
 blancs as-tu vu? Combien? have you seen? How many?
 Tu es comme moi, pas comme You are like me, not them.)
 eux...

D'ARNOT (V.O.)

-- more important the affections of
 that dead beast were the only thing
 for which he never had to fight --
 indeed, I realized he had
 incorporated part of her into
 himself -- because of her I survived
 as well.

D'ARNOT

Tu as une autre famille (-- you have another family
 au loin, une famille que far away, one you've never
 tu n'as jamais vue -- seen -- as do I... You must
 comme moi... Tu dois au allow me to go to my
 moins me laisser re- family...
 joindre ma famille...

TARZAN

Pourquoi?... Morte... (Why?... Dead...)

D'ARNOT

(puzzled)

Pourquoi?... Qui est (Why?... Who's dead?)
 morte?

TARZAN

(almost indignant)

Morte! Morte! Comme la (Dead! Dead! Like mine,
 mienne la tienne est yours is dead.)
 morte.

D'ARNOT

Pourquoi dis-tu cela? (Why do you say that?)

Tarzan rises and moves to within inches of D'Arnot. He
 puts his hands on D'Arnot.

TARZAN

(proving the
point)

Si elle n'est pas morte -- (-- if she's not dead -- why
 pourquoi es-tu ici? are you here?)

(CONTINUED)

677 CONTINUED:

D'Arnot is astonished. Recovering, carefully:

D'ARNOT

Parce que je me suis perdu, (Because I'm lost, and
 et je la cherche -- et ma I'm looking for her --
 mere me cherche. and my mother looks for me.)

The idea hits the young man with the force of a blow. The vitality seems to drain from him. His hands slip away from D'Arnot's shoulders. He slowly turns and moves away. D'Arnot watches him go.

CUT TO:

678 D'ARNOT AT THE WATER HOLE

sitting alone amidst lengthening shadows. Gazelles approach. D'Arnot moves. They skitter away.

D'ARNOT (V.O.)

-- it had been the first time I'd got so complicated a thought across, the first time I'd dominated him and, also, alas, the first time I'd lied to him... I didn't see him all that day...

TARZAN (O.S.)

Va. Va rejoindre ta (Go. Go to your
 mere. mother.)

D'Arnot turns. ANGLE WIDENS TO REVEAL Tarzan in the shadows, only inches from him -- having silently materialized.

DISSOLVE TO:

579 MOUNTAINSIDE - D'ARNOT AND TARZAN - MORNING

near the same spot where Silver Beard had walked away from the young man.

680 D'ARNOT

places the locket around Tarzan's neck -- then reaches into his shoulder bag and takes out the razor and strop. He hands them to Tarzan.

(CONTINUED)

680 CONTINUED:

He hoists the bag and checks the tiny pistol in his belt.

D'ARNOT
Je vais m'en aller (I'll go now...)
maintenant...

Tarzan says nothing. He remains expressionless. D'Arnot hesitates -- then in a gesture sharply reminiscent of an ape being submissive, he bends over and takes Tarzan's hand, touching it to his lips. Tarzan waits, then completes the ritual by lightly touching D'Arnot's head.

D'Arnot turns and moves off without looking back.

CUT TO:

681 THE APES AND TARZAN - DAY

The apes are feeding and quarreling. Tarzan is listless. A young ape has its food taken away and comes screeching to Tarzan for support. Tarzan gets up and walks away from the befuddled animal.

CUT TO:

682 A RIDGE - DAY

above the forest line. Tarzan sits, holding the razor and strop, not looking at them. Underneath, the faint STRAINS of "Au Pres de Ma Blonde." He sniffs the strop, then, with a sudden cry of frustration, hurls both razor and strop down the mountainside.

683 EXT. NEST - TREES - NIGHT

Tarzan lies alone and stares at the sky. The frightened juvenile seen earlier approaches him tentatively. Tarzan finally pats the grateful animal, then turns and stares upward blankly.

FADE TO:

684 APES PLAYING - MORNING

tumbling, playing what almost looks like tag -- being fairly raucous on a particularly pleasant day.

(CONTINUED)

684 CONTINUED:

Almost as though told to, the older apes begin to shush the young ones, grab them, hold them, calm them down. The apes grow strangely quiet.

685 TARZAN

sits on his haunches a short distance from the body of apes. His face is upturned slightly, his eyes almost ominously blank, his breathing shallow.

686 THE APES

glance over apprehensively at him.

687 TARZAN

gets to his feet, with lightning swiftness bounds into the trees and climbs.

688 AT THE TREE TOPS - TARZAN

sways and seems to turn slowly, eyes half-closed, appearing to be picking up something in the air, either by scent or some other means. He stops swaying. His eyes open. He drops.

689 THE FALL

is to a branch some thirty feet below. He catches it and swings to the earth, hits it, and bounds off -- all part of the same motion.

690 CLOSE - BANANAS

His gooey lower lip trembles. He looks down -- continues to tickle an infant with the petals of a wildflower.

691 WITH TARZAN

racing down the path Silver Beard and D'Arnot had taken before him.

692 THE RACE

is on. Against what is unclear but Tarzan's will and the extraordinary physical skills he brings to bear are evident.

693 THROUGH THE TREES

Tarzan moves fluidly from branch to branch. He DISAPPEARS FROM SIGHT.

694 THE FOLIAGE ITSELF

can be SEEN swaying, HEARD CRACKLING.

695 MONKEYS

SCREECH and leap out of what is obviously his headlong pathway in the branches.

696 BIRDS

flutter out of the trees into the air.

697 A BLACK LEOPARD

shrinks back into the shadows, away from the swift MOVING SOUNDS.

698 FOREST FULL

In the far distance branches are moving, CRACKLING.

699 ROCKS-

tumble down a ridge -- antelopes and dik-dik bound off.

700 TARZAN

moves up the ridge at full tilt. He clears the top with a stride nearly equal to a small gazelle that makes the same leap.

701 ACROSS A SMALL RAPIDS

He runs -- his feet deftly, magically leaping from stone to stone -- the effect is that he seems to be moving so fast he can run over water.

702 THE LAST STONE IN THE RIVER

dips under the water after he bounces off it. It surfaces. It is the head of a hippo. The enormous eyes react to the indignity with a single blink.

703 ON A PLAINS

A herd of zebra sniff the air and scatter, kicking up dust with their hooves.

704 TARZAN

runs through them, heading toward the tall grass and the SOUND of FALLS in the distance.

705 D'ARNOT'S SMALL PISTOL

lies on a rock. Beside it are three rounds of ammunition neatly aligned. O.S. the THUNDEROUS SOUND of the FALLS.

706 D'ARNOT

himself is behind the rock, backed up against an acacia tree which itself is backed up against a sheer cliff. D'Arnot flattens himself against the rock.

707 A SPEAR

falls out of the sky and lands several feet from him. It quivers in the earth. It has the characteristic feathers of the Mboshi.

708 D'ARNOT

picks up the pistol. He places the last three rounds in the pistol's chambers. He peers over the rock -- FIRES a single round.

709 HIS POV.

of the RIVER, now a ROARING torrent before it disappears over the falls -- only yards away. Surrounding him are a tightening crescent of Mboshi warriors.

710 THE MBOSHI

call out to one another -- but cannot be heard above the DEAFENING SOUND of the FALLS.

711 ONE OF THEM

shoots an arrow.

712 IT SPLINTERS

into the rock beside D'Arnot. D'Arnot FIRES again and disappears behind the rock.

713 THE MBOSHI

take advantage and move closer.

714 D'ARNOT

FIRES again. Again the arrows come. Again he flattens himself against the rock. He checks the last round in the chamber, closes it -- peers over the rock.

715 THE MBOSHI

are moving closer.

716 D'ARNOT

sits back, his head almost lolling. He stares at the pistol -- cocks it: clearly he's thinking of using the last round on himself. Then, OVER the SOUND of the FALLS:

TARZAN'S VOICE

Wrahhi! Wrahhi! Wrahhi!

D'Arnot looks frantically around.

717 THE MBOSHI

themselves react to the TERRIBLE SOUND with confusion.

718 UP ANGLE - CLIFF - TARZAN

sways from an overhang above D'Arnot and the acacia tree. He drops into the tree itself -- swings to the ground beside D'Arnot. There is a frenzied exchange.

719 THE MBOSHI

after their uncertainty, move closer. They have cut off any retreat from D'Arnot's position -- except for the cliff.

720 D'ARNOT

grips his shoulder bag as Tarzan urges, pulls, and shoves him up into the acacia tree.

721 THE MBOSHI

fire a volley of arrows at the tree.

722 THE ARROWS

tear through its branches.

723 TARZAN AND D'ARNOT

are in the very top of the tree, D'Arnot holding onto the young man. Tarzan is swaying the treetop back and forth in an ever widening arc -- one so great it looks as though it could snap the top of the tree.

724 THE MBOSHI'S POV

The two men are perfect targets. They let fly with a volley of arrows. As they do:

725 TARZAN

lets go of the treetop. He and D'Arnot catapult into space.

726 WIDE ANGLE - THE FALLS

SEEN in their awesome magnificence for the first time -- FILLING the SCREEN. The tiny figures of D'Arnot and Tarzan fly over the edge of the falls and the shocked Mboshi. They fall seemingly forever into the turbulent waters over a hundred feet below.

727 UNDERWATER - D'ARNOT AND TARZAN

plunging downward in sudden silence. As they slow, stop and begin their ascent to the surface, there is another WRAHHH! WRAHHH! WRAHHH! SOUND breaking through the watery silence.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

728 D'ARNOT AND HENRIETTA

at the candlelit deal table in D'Arnot's room at Chiromo where we'd left them. As the SOUNDS DIE DOWN, anxious and questioning VOICES can be HEARD ECHOING up and down the hotel hallways. Henrietta's hand is at her throat. It's trembling slightly.

HENRIETTA

... what on earth was that?

D'ARNOT

-- the lions are dead.

FADE TO:

729 EXT. WAREHOUSE AND RIVER - DAY

Grogan sees to the loading of the river steamer -- natives are busily hauling ivory tusks, skins, copra, hemp, etc., on board.

ACKLEY-BROWN'S VOICE

Grogan.

Grogan looks up to confront an ashen-faced Ackley-Brown.

730 EXT. WAREHOUSE AND STEAMER - GROGAN AND ACKLEY-BROWN

GROGAN

Sir?

ACKLEY-BROWN

What did you do with Kisa?

GROGAN

Kisa?

ACKLEY-BROWN

Yes, Kisa! To keep him from killing his wife.

GROGAN

-- nothing... gave him beads and merikani cloth, that's all.

ACKLEY-BROWN

That's all? Look!

Ackley-Brown points to the customs house entrance where there is a curling queue of natives that winds across the yard and out of sight.

(CONTINUED)

730 CONTINUED:

ACKLEY-BROWN
(shaking with
quiet rage)
Every bloody native in the
district now wants what Kisa
got, or they'll kill their wives,
do you understand, Grogan?

GROGAN
-- but...

ACKLEY-BROWN
-- It's men like you that will
bring the Empire to its knees!
God help us all.

He storms off.

731 EXT. MOSQUITO - DAY

Passengers, crew, and cargo boarding, farewells taking
place, etc.

732 AT THE RAILING - HENRIETTA AND D'ARNOT

HENRIETTA
Where you're taking him, is it
-- possible?

D'ARNOT
-- I don't know. After he
rescued me, he couldn't get
back to where he'd been --

733 RAILING - D'ARNOT AND HENRIETTA

An out-of-breath Rev Simms rushes up.

SIMMS
(to D'Arnot)
Oh, good -- you haven't left...
just wanted to nip over and see
that you had a Bible before you --

He reaches into his coat pocket where he obviously has
the Bible. His face suddenly gets a very peculiar look.
He quickly withdraws his hand.

734 CLOSE - REV SIMMS' COAT POCKET

wriggling -- the snake deposited by his students still there.

735 SIMS

SIMS
-- Excuse me.

Without further ado, he rushes off.

After watching his abrupt departure, Henrietta turns back to D'Arnot.

HENRIETTA
... and so now there's no going back...

D'Arnot looks at her but doesn't answer. The STEAMER WHISTLES. The CAPTAIN SHOUTS out boarding instructions.

HENRIETTA
(trying for control)
-- I shall think of you both, and pray for you often. Goodbye.

D'ARNOT
Goodbye, madam.

Henrietta turns to go, then looks back. ANGLE WIDENS to REVEAL the handsome young man who has been standing quietly beside D'Arnot. She extends her hand.

736 HENRIETTA, D'ARNOT AND TARZAN

HENRIETTA
Au revoir, monsieur. Dieu vous benisse.

Tarzan looks to D'Arnot, who nods almost imperceptibly. Tarzan takes Henrietta's hand.

TARZAN
... Au revoir...

The STEAMER WHISTLES again.

DISSOLVE TO:

737 LONG SHOT - SCHOONER

under full sail and a French flag, heeling in a white-capped sea.

738 ON DECK - A LADY PASSENGER

takes her ease on the deck on the arm of a male companion. She happens to glance overhead and gasps.

739 INT. CABIN - D'ARNOT

puts down his pen to answer the insistent KNOCKING on the cabin DOOR. He opens to a pale, obviously shaken SECOND MATE.

SECOND MATE

Lieutenant D'Arnot, je vous	(Lieutenant D'Arnot, you
prie de venir avec moi	must come with me at
immédiatement. C'est votre	once. It's your
compagnon --	companion --)

D'ARNOT

Qu'est-ce qu'il a?	(What about him?)
--------------------	-------------------

SECOND MATE

(desperate)

Permettez-moi d'insister... (-- I must insist...)

740 ON DECK - D'ARNOT AND THE SECOND MATE

emerge and run into a flabbergasted and irate FIRST MATE.

FIRST MATE

(pointing skyward)

Qu'est-ce qu'il essaye de	(What is he trying to do?)
faire?	

741 OVERHEAD

fifty feet up into the rigging is Tarzan. He spots D'Arnot -- waves.

LADY PASSENGER

(interrupting)

Où est le Capitaine?	(-- where is the Captain?)
----------------------	-----------------------------

FIRST MATE

Se tuer quand je suis de	(-- kill himself on my
quart?	watch?)

LADY PASSENGER

C'est un scandale!	(It's a scandal!)
--------------------	-------------------

FIRST MATE

<u>Voyons</u> , madame --	(<u>Please</u> , madam --)
---------------------------	-----------------------------

742 D'ARNOT

waves back.

FIRST MATE
Lieutenant --

(Lieutenant --)

D'ARNOT
Ce n'est rien, je vous
assure --

(It's nothing, I assure
you --)

743 WIDER ANGLE - DECK AND MASTS

Before the irate First Mate can reply, Tarzan leaps from one mast to the other, falling, deftly catching himself on one of the sails.

744 THE WOMAN PASSENGER

faints. D'Arnot catches her.

D'ARNOT
J'ai l'impression que cette
femme a besoin de sels.
Mon ami la-haut... pour le
moment, il n'y a rien à
faire. Bon apres-midi,
monsieur.

(-- this woman appears in
need of some salts. My
friend up there... for
the moment, he requires
nothing at all. Good
afternoon, bosun.)

With that, he hands the swooning Woman to the First Mate and leaves the deck.

745 DOWN ANGLE - MASTS AND TARZAN

The ship is heeling at such an angle that Tarzan dangles from one of the spars not over the deck, but over the white-capped ocean below.

746 CLOSE - TARZAN

The wind is whipping through the rigging. Tarzan's eyes are half closed -- his nose high in the air. Obviously, the wind and salt air tearing at him are indescribably pleasurable. After a few moment of such bliss:

JANE'S VOICE
-- once we had received
confirmation from you there was
no question about what had to
be done. The only question was,
could one do it?

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE OF CLAYTON DIARY - PHOTO (BLACK & WHITE)

A blowup of the pages spattered with the prints of the baby.
Sound of morse code. Type superimposed on the photo translates
the dits and das:

(BEGIN) YVERT AUTHOR OF L'IDENTIFICATION PAR
LES EMPREINTES DIGITALES CONFIRMS
PRINTS ~~AS~~ IDENTICAL TO THOSE OF ~~THE~~
CLAYTON CHILD AS THEY APPEAR IN DIARY ~~STOP~~
AFTER 10 MONTHS ~~HE~~ ~~REMAINS~~ IN FRANCE ~~FOR~~
~~HE~~ ~~REMAINS~~ IN GOOD HEALTH
PLEASE ADVISE PHILLIPE D'ARNOT (ENDS)

EXT GREYSTOKE ~~INTERIOR~~ LATE AFTERNOON

as carriage passes CAMERA and moves toward the manor - the
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ much the same as it was over twenty years before.

INT DRAWING ROOM (GREYSTOKE) D'ARNOT JANE ET AL

Jane's grandmother the Hon Violet-Gaythorn Hardy; Sir Evelyn
Blount who had been seen last ~~xx~~ at the Clayton cabin; and
Jane's softly handsome fiancée, Arthur Crewe, Viscount Esker.

Jane herself is pale but peachy with nut brown hair. In a
loose-fitting blouse she's an Edwardian beauty who is freer and
more forward than the Victorian ladies ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ previous
ly seen at Greystoke.

D'Arnot, partly because he can't take his eyes off her directs
most of what he says to Jane.

DARNOT

- you'll find him unremarkable in
most other ways...I would, however
advise that no male member of the ~~has~~
household look him directly in the face
for more than...three seconds.

ESKER

■ - what did ~~he~~ say?

JANE

He's suggesting you not stare at
him, Arthur.

ESKER

Co. ~~Tain~~ (cheerfully)
~~XXXXXXXX~~ D'Arnot, ~~XXXXXX~~ a gentleman
never stares at anyone.

DARNOT

Of course not, Lord Esker..nevertheless.
I thought I might mention it..won't be
a moment.

INT DRAWING ROOM GREYSTOKE (DUSK)

D'Arnot leaves the room; it is filled with a palpable air of expectation, even of tension.

ESKER

(quietly)

- aren't you going to wake the old boy?

Jane shakes her head.

JANE

- the doctor says, 'wait.'....
What's taking so long?

ESKER(quietly)

~~Perhaps Captain D'Arnot has to coax~~
Perhaps Captain D'Arnot has to coax
young Lord Clayton out of a tree.

Jane playfully swats at Esker's hand.

JANE (just as quietly)

Now stop that Arthur! this is a
solemn occasion.

And indeed the smile leaves her face as she turns away from Lord Esker.

D'ARNOT

Miss Gaythorn-Hardy, may I present
your cousin, John?

Jane finds herself facing a dark and striking young man who is impeccably dressed with a French cut to his clothes. All that suggests the jungle in Tarzan-John Clayton is the pale scythe of a scar visible on his forehead now that his hair is brushed back. Jane gapes for a moment, then extends her hand:

JANE

..Je suis tres heureuse de vous
recontrer..bienvenue chez vous..cousin..

Tarzan takes her hand. It can now be seen that on her baby finger is the tiny ruby scarab ring given her by Tarzan's father years before. Tarzan A little stiffly Tarzan bends and kisses her hand. Esker is amused. However Tarzan continues to hold Jane's hand and stare at it. Moments go by. Esker clears his throat.

INT DRAWING ROOM GREYSTOKE (CONTD)

ESKER

Look here ~~John~~ - John, she's offering her hand, but she'd like it back, actually..it's a gesture..un geste.. geste..geste..

Tarzan turns slowly to Esker and stares right thru him. He turns back to Jane.

TARZAN

..the ring..is ..red..

JANE

(tentative)

..yes..

TARZAN

E...pretty..

(the right word?)

...pretty?..

JANE

(relieved)

- yes, pretty..thank you, John.

She glances at Esker with a trace of a teasing 'so-there- look - her cousin is not too bad after all.

Tarzan lifts his head. Turns toward the empty doorway. He seems tense with expectation.

D'ARNOT

(a little worried, in French)

- what is it, what's wrong?

Tarzan doesn't answer. Jane and the others take their cue from D'Arnot's discomfort. Then in another moment, old LORD GREYSTOKE XXXXXXEAXEAXEAXIN wearing a rumpled robe appears in the doorway. Twenty odd years have taken their toll and there is a noticeable slovenliness in his grooming - tell-tale signs that are the prelude to the final letting-go.

GREYSTOKE stares almost fiercely at the young man. It is an anxious moment.

GREYSTOKE

Well, let's have a look at you.
Come over here..come on!

Tarzan moves toward the old man - almost stalks him, until they are a foot or so apart.

GREYSTOKE

..well, well, well..you said you'd come back..and you did.

INT DRAWING ROOM CONTD

Greystoke embraces Tarzan, and begins to weep. After a moment Tarzan raises his hands and lightly embraces the old man in return - giving him three light pats on the back - that are distinctly reminiscent of a superior ape comforting an inferior one.

Jane and the others stare silently and in some wonder at the 'reunion', Jane absently fingering the tiny ring on her hand.

FADE TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP RED DISC (RETINA)

with its yellow center, lush purplish vessels pulsating outwards from it. CAMERA appears to DRAM BACK TO:

CLOSEUP TARZAN'S RIGHT EYE

pale and luminous, lit by the opthalmoscope one of three attending physicians is holding to his eye in a dark room.

PROP. T. WOODLIGHT SANDWICH

snaps off the opthalmoscope. Someone draws the blinds letting in light to:

THE BILLIARD ROOM

where Tarzan, stripped and partially clad by a sheet is seated on the green baize of the billiard table. He and it are surrounded by two more physicians and their medical impedimenta and charts. Sandwich exchanges silent glances with his two colleagues. He makes notes. D'Arnot watches and Tarzan occasionally looks to him. D'Arnot nods reassurance.

INT SOUTH DRAWING ROOM (GREYSTOKE)

Jane, Esker, and Mr. Henry Bannerman the family solicitor sip tea and wait in silence. Greystoke is seated some distance from them, attended by a nurse. The ticking of the mantel clock can be heard.

IN THE BILLIARD ROOM

Sir Bramwell Bent, the third physician, holds up a dynamometer. He squeezes it vigorously - demonstrating to Tarzan what he wants him to do.

THE DYNAMOMETER

reads 12.7 on the pressure scale.

DEND

DENT

clears the dynamometer and hands it to Tarzan. Tarzan takes it and carefully squeezes. Dent extends his hand, ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ Tarzan hands it back to him.

THE DYNAMOMETER

reads the same pressure - 2.7.

DENT

XM shrugs, places it on the billiard table next to Tarzan. He makes a note. Looks up - in response to Blount's questioning gaze:

DENT

- average strength.

There is a ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ CRACKING sound. ~~Everyone looks to Tarzan:~~

Everyone looks to Tarzan.
WIDER ANGLE

Tarzan Uins
-hu-

Tarzan holds the now crumpled dynamometer in his hand - he has crushed it. The physicians are dumbfounded. Tarzan is vaguely ~~xxxxxxx~~ surprised.

D'ARNOY

~~before he assumed you wanted him~~
~~to produce the same amount of pressure~~
~~that you applied.~~

Dent hastily makes another notation.

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INT DRAWING ROOM DARNOT BANNERMAN GREYSTONE JANE ESKER FAV BLOUNT
who holds the medical reports.

BLOUNT

- first let me say my colleagues
have been told only that Lord Clayton
was raised in French West Africa - by
French missionaries...

Esker smiles slightly. D'Arnot and Blount notices.

BLOUNT

xxxxxxEsker? Arthur?

ESKER

- nothing..ixxhx I mean would you
say he's xxxixx..sound?

BLOUNT

Sound?

ESKER

Is he a normal xxxix healthy, man?

xxxx

BLOUNT

- well that's a complicated question.
To be precise - I think it's two differen
questions. We know, for example that
Lord Clayton survived twenty years witho
evidence of malaria - something 'normal'
only for natives or animals. A portion
of the fundus of his eyeball has no
pigment - something 'normal' only for
nocturnal creatures who must be acutely
sensitive to light. He has a range of
movement that would embarrass a
contortionist and prehensile strength
three to five times that of a 'normal'
man or roughly half that of a great ape
certainly healthy, but hardly normal.

GREYSTONE

(abruptly)

- he survived, didn't he?

All look to the old man who has k obviously surprised everyone.

JANE

(gently)

- do you know who we're talking about?

DRAWING ROOM CONTD

GREYSTOKE

What about succession?

Бухгалтерский баланс

BANNERMAN

(gently)

- my Lord, the title is not in abeyance, it's merely a matter of pedigree. We'll apply directly to the crown.

GREYSTOKE

- I'm talking about his heirs.

BANNERMAN

(flushed)

- his heirs?

GREYSTOKE

There's no point to all of this unless the boy can produce a child now, is there?

Everyone looks slowly to Blount who scans his notes, coughs.

BLOUNT

Captain D'Arnot, do you -

(he glances uneasily at Jane)

- would you happen to know if Lord
Mr Clayton has any appreciation of
 his - conjugal duties? That is is he
 capable of understanding -

D'ARNOT

- I have no reason to believe he's incapable and there is some reason -

ESKER

Captain D'Arnot, please -

(to June)

..you'd better let us continue this.

JANE

Very well - but Arthur, he's my cousin and if he's to marry it's likely to be someone to whom I introduce him. Or-someone-to-whom-you-introduce-hi I should know something.

Esker realizes this is so. He's not happy at the thought.

ESKER

Captain D'Arnot, speaking frankly - would you permit your sister to marry Lord Clayton?

INT DRAWING ROOM CONTD

ESKER

You've discussed it with him then.

D'ARNOT

Not in so many words, obviously.

ESKER

Then how do you know what he feels?

D'Arnot doesn't answer.

ESKER

In fact, do you really know if he's
~~xxxxxxx~~ capable of ~~xxxxxxx~~ any feelings?

D'ARNOT

I know what he feels. I know what he
feels better than what you feel, better
than what I feel - because we hide our
feelings, sometimes from each other,
sometimes from ourselves, but usually
from someone - he, you'll discover, hides
nothing.

ESKER

Perhaps because he has nothing to
hide.

D'ARNOT

He has shown me what he feels.

ESKER

Yes, but how?

D'ARNOT

- thru his courage, his loyalty,
his willingness to sacrifice himself -
among other things. He has shown me
friendship and love, even tho he didn't
have a name for them. In the same way
he might not know that a child was 'his',
~~ex~~ but I have no doubt that he would
protect it with his life.

JANE

..thank-you, Captain--

A moment of awkward silence.

JANE

..thank you, Captain.

ESKER

Well..well then, you've got your answer
my dear. Some young friend of yours is
going to be a very fortunate bride.

EXT GREYSTOKE A BALUSTRADE JANE

INXIXXIXXIXXIXX sees something, opens a French window and moves out onto it.

BELOW HER TARZAN & D'ARNOT

~~in a~~ pause as they reach a tiny bridge crossing over a duck-filled pond. For the first time D'Arnot is in full uniform.

IXXIXXIXXIXXIXXIXXIXXIXX Neither man appears to be talking much - both ~~are~~ staring at the ducks gliding along. D'Arnot points to one. Tarzan doesn't ~~appear~~ react.

JANE'S VOICE

- even tho he looked wretched, there was ~~an~~ ease and intimacy between you - ~~that I think I should have noticed without~~ ~~knowing it~~. I remember thinking, 'I've never been that close to anyone in my ~~whole~~ life.'

IXXIXXIXXIXXIXXIXXIXXIXX A breeze ruffles Jane's dress. Tarzan suddenly lifts his head - there is an exchange and D'Arnot turns and looks directly up at her.

D'ARNOT

- hello there.

JANE

(embarrassed)

- hello, I mean I just happened to be -

D'ARNOT

- no, please - join us, will you?

BY THE BRIDGE

as Jane comes down the stairs, toward them.

JANE

How are you today, John?

(in French)

How are you cousin?

Tarzan doesn't answer. D'Arnot shakes his head.

D'ARNOT

- it's difficult. ^{in my mind} I've ^{tried} ~~trying~~ to explain I have a country to serve, duties I've neglected and -
(lately)

...so on.

BY THE BRIDGE JANE TARZAN D'ARNOT

D'Arnot fiddles with a white glove he holds in his hand.

JANE

What does he say?

D'ARNOT

- if he's taught me one thing,
it's that what we say is meaningless.
I'm leaving him and I'm betraying him,
and that's that.

JANE

But it isn't true!

D'ARNOT

Isn't it?

JANE

(to Tarzan, in French)

John, Captain D'Arnot is your friend.
He cares for you deeply and he'll come
and visit whenever he can, isn't that so,
Captain?

D'Arnot nods without much conviction. He moves closer to Tarzan.

D'ARNOT

- well. Mind your cousin, and take
care of her. ~~.....~~

Tarzan slowly and sullenly looks.



D'ARNOT

(with increasing difficulty,
in French)

Now say goodbye..give me a hug. You're
not going to give me a hug?

Tarzan ~~and~~ grudgingly hugs D'Arnot - then for just a ~~xxx~~ moment
grips him fiercely. D'Arnot kisses him on both ~~xxxxx~~ cheeks,
then breaks away. He fumbles, coughs, puts on a glove then
looks helplessly ~~xxxxx~~ around him.

D'ARNOT

I seem to have misplaced a..

D'Arnot holds up the lone white glove. He and Jane stare
blankly at one another. ~~xxxxxx~~

D'ARNOT

- oh well. I'll show up at the
embassy reception ~~a~~ with one glove then.

BY THE BRIDGE CONTD

JANE

- I'm sure it won't matter.

D'Arnot smiles a little, nods. Then, with what amounts to quiet desperation:

D'ARNOT

- you will look after him?

JANE

- oh yes.

D'ARNOT

Au revoir, Jean.

He stares for a moment at the young man's back, ~~then~~ breaks away and leaves the two of them on the tiny bridge. ~~xxxx~~ Jane watches him go, then:

JANE

May I..stand next to you?

Tarzan doesn't answer. Jane moves to the railing beside him. He doesn't seem to be aware of her.

DISSOLVE:

INT JANE'S BEDROOM (NIGHT) CLOSE JANE

sleeping. Light from the hall falls across her bed. She stirs into the light. Her eyes open. She ~~qui~~ squints, sighs, starts to get out of bed - freezes.

BENEATH HER FEET

is Tarran. He's curled up in a ball beside the bed, sleeping. In one hand he clutches a white glove - the one D'Arnot thought he'd mislaid.

REACTION JANE

poised half in, half out of bed - the inert figure of Tarran only inches ~~xxx~~ beneath her feet. She reaches down to wake him - then withdraws her hand. With obvious misgiving she sinks back to the bed, stares wide-eyed at the ceiling.

FADE:

INT JANE'S ROOM (MORNING)

sounds of birds, shafts of sunlight. Jane's eyes open - she sits bolt upright and looks.

BY HER BED

there is no one. TILT UP to the door. It's closed.

INT JANE'S ROOM

She stares at the door, finally yawns.

JANE'S VOICE

- the incident was odd but so disarmingly innocent - what could one say?

INT HALLWAY (GREYSTOKE) JANE AND TARZAN

She leads him - now dressed like a boy at university - down a hallway, to a door which they enter.

JANE'S VOICE

Wait! - ~~the accident began when~~
Reverend Eustace Fry from Kings
College was employed as John's tutor.

INT STUDY EUSTACE ~~FRY~~

stands between a Union Jack and a large globe chalking out precepts on what is clearly a fresh blackboard.

CLOSER ANGLE BLACKBOARD

on it
which has ~~inscribed~~, in order: BE courteous
attentive
punctual

TAKE exercise
cold baths
prayer

AVOID
modern novels
lounging ways
practical jokes

Above these precepts he is ~~finishing~~ finishing: ~~XXXXXXXX~~ "AS THE SEED GROWS, LET THE WEEDS DIE".

He turns as the door closes.

REV. FRY

Oh, good morning, m'Lord, Miss Gaythorn.

JANE

Good morning.

REV. FRY (pointedly)

Bonjour, M'lord.

TARZAN (preoccupied)

...jour.

Shame.
~~R.A. MONTAGUE. Rev. Fry clears his throat.~~

~~Rev. Fry~~
~~(sighs)~~

INT STUDY FRY & JANE TARZAN (CONTD)

An awkward silence. Rev. Fry points to the clock.

REV FRY

(brightly)

Do you see the time?

TARZAN

Pardon?

REV FRY

We're to begin at 3 o'clock.
It's three past. Time and tide,
time and tide -

He chuckles. Tarzan stares at him like the man is mad. Rev Fry stares back. Tarzan stares back at Fry with a growing and recognizable intensity.

REV FRY

We don't wish to be some gilded
lordling who can't find his way
out of bed in the morning, ~~xxxxx~~
now do we?

JANE

~~The~~ Reverend Fry -

FRY

I think we can manage from here,
Miss Gaythorn.

JANE

Yes, but if you wouldn't stare -

FRY

(firmly)

Miss Gaythorn, I've-dealth-with--
~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ please. He may be
the lord, but ~~forxxxx~~now, I'm the maste

JANE

(seeing what's coming)

- very well.

As she leaves:

RFRY

Sit down, my lord. I said sit, my lord.

OUTSIDE IN THE HALLWAY JANE

has taken barely three steps before there is a horrendous
crash and a cry of help from the Reverend. Jane pauses,
then continues walking.

INT SOLARIUM BLOUNT JANE ESKER (DAY)

Jane pours tea. There is a palpable silence.

ESKER

JANE

~~Well, I don't suppose we can send
a tutor into a hospital every week.
It's not only indecent it's indiscreet.~~

BLOUNT

The fact remains - he's got to be educated.

ESKER

- that's rather like insisting a cannibal learn to use a knife and fork. ~~XXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

JANE

(cautionary)

Arthur - good afternoon, John.

Tarzan has entered the room - diffident, looking harmless and a little lost.

ESKER

Oh, hello, John, what can we do for you?

Tarzan ignores Esker. Watches Jane ~~xxxx~~ going thru the elegant ritual of finishing up the tea, handing cups to Esker and Blount. He hovers over her.

ESKER

Yes, eh? -- I believe your cousin--
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~John? Please don't send him?~~

JANE

Don't be silly. He doesn't even like it.

BLOUNT

(watching)

I believe he'd like just about anything you ~~xxxx~~ give him, ~~if you want.~~

Jane looks sharply to ~~XXXXXX~~ Blount, then to Tarzan.

JANE

Tea, John?

TARZAN

Please.

INT STUDY JANE & TARZAN

a picture of tutorial bliss. Jane reads from a pile of books with such titles as SOCIAL HYGENICS IN THE YOUNG. Tarzan sits at his desk and copies the Palmer-method lettering on the blackboard.

INSERT PAPER & TARZAN'S HAND

flying over it, making beautiful reproductions of the circling and letters on the board.

ESKER

in riding clothes enters the room. Jane is absorbed in her reading and doesn't look up. Tarzan sees Esker - immediately slips a piece of plain paper over his copy-work. ~~xxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxx~~

ESKER

(annoyed)

You're not dressed.

JANE

(putting-book-down)

What, Oh, I'm sorry, I won't be a moment..say hello to John.

She puts the book down and moves to Tarzan.

JANE

~~xxxxxx~~

ESKER

(sighs) ~~ow~~

Hello John.

Tarzan doesn't look up, but writes laboriously.

JANE

(fixing)

- well, & let's see how you're coming along..x

She looks at the ~~xxx~~ sheet of paper. It is smudged, with a few - It has only a few smudged scrawls. Jane is a little disappointed.

JANE

Very good, ~~xxx~~. ~~xxx~~
(holding it up)
Look, Arthur?

ESKER (salute with his crop)

Wonderful.

INT STUDY CONT

Q

JANE

But John - scoot over -

She sits next-to-him;-takes-his-hand-in-hers;- very close to him and takes her hand in his, carefully placing the pen in ~~his~~ his hand so she can guide it. ~~JANE~~

JANE

Let's play a game -
- you-ought-to-be-able-to-do-it-
it-a-little-more-quickly;-pretend
the pen is part of your hand and ~~jxxxx~~
let it glide over the paper, see?

And they write together. ~~Yxxx Tarzan catchesxxxxEskxxxxughxxx~~
~~afxixxxxxxxxafxixxxx~~ an irritated Esker out of the ~~x~~
corner of his eye.

TARZAN

(sweetly)

~~Yxxxxixxxx..Show me xxx more~~
please.

JANE

(glancing nervously at

Esker)

- of course.