

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"

Story and Screenplay by

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Adapted from the novel by:

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FADE IN:

EXT. AFRICA, THE SUDAN, DESERT MOUNTAINS - DAY

A safari makes its way down the bald, rocky face of a sun-blasted mountain cliff. Rugged, jagged peaks stab at the sky. At the base of the cliff, the party cuts its way into thick, man-high yellow grass. Machetes slash. Birds take flight, insects swarm, reptiles slither off.

SUPER: THE SUDAN, AFRICA 1910

At the head of the safari is ALAN QUATRAMANE. He's a hunter, adventurer with the inevitable physical grace, humor, in-charge manner of a survivor. He wears a pith helmet, hunter's jacket, flapped holster holding a Webley revolver. Two knives, a canteen, coiled rope ride his belt and he carries an ebony Zulu walking stick. MABEL, an affectionate spider monkey, rides his shoulder. Behind him come two arrogant, out-of-place English aristocrats: REGINALD CHURCH and his sister, CAROLYN. CAPTAIN JOHN GOOD, Carolyn's fiance, and NUBIAN BEARERS follow. Good is massive and immaculate in white hunting suit, neat gaiters, monocle, violet tie and stiff collar. A proud, able, lovable scoundrel with pretensions of excellence.

The safari breaks into a clearing, and Quatramane brings it to a halt, his body suddenly cocked. His eyes study a small, sun-bleached mud village up ahead where TWO ARAB SENTRIES stand on a roof. One points in the direction of the safari, then the other runs off, disappears into the village from which spires of smoke, clouds of dust rise.

QUATRAMANE

It appears we're expected.

REGINALD

That's impossible.

CAROLYN

There's not a chance in a million he could know we're coming.

QUATRAMANE

Maybe it's just someone who doesn't want you to find him.

CONTINUED

Quatramane gives Reginald, Carolyn an amused but questioning look. They tighten and their manner becomes cautiously polite.

CAROLYN

Why on earth would anyone not want us to find our brother?

QUATRAMANE

(referring to himself)

That apparently is a secret you don't intend to share with the hired help.

Reginald, Carolyn don't react. Quatramane, Good grin, then start for the village with Reginald, Carolyn. The bearers hold.

GOOD

(eagerly)

I say, Quatramane old chap, do you seriously expect some unpleasantness?

QUATRAMANE

Count on it, Captain.

GOOD

(chuckles)

Well now, this is splendid.

EXT. TONGOLO - DAY

Quatramane and Mabel, followed by Good, Reginald, Carolyn, move through the crumbling gate into the village: a maze of broken-down alleys, footpaths, ropewalks, and exterior staircases leading to flat roofs, balconies. Dirty, half-dressed spangled NATIVE WHORES sprawl in windows, doorways, flashing inviting smiles. CUSTOMERS, heavily armed ARABS, EGYPTIANS, NUBIANS, enter, exist the buildings. BEGGARS in rags squat in the sun extending brass cups and displaying their mutilated limbs, empty eye sockets.

Reginald, Carolyn exchange a worried glance. Good downs a swallow from his silver flask. They pass a grinning BEGGAR who studies Carolyn's breasts through battered binoculars. Carolyn instinctively covers herself. Quatramane chuckles, then tightens as he sees the shadows of two figures appear on the ground beside his own. He keeps moving. The shadows follow them. Quatramane smiles. He's in his element now, sensing the danger, wanting it. He sets Mabel down.

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His next move is amazing, graceful fast. Using his ebony stick, he vaults onto the roof siding the alley to confront TWO ARABS; ragged, filthy street scum. The one furthest away jumps into the alley, flees. The closest one goes for his knife. Quatramane knocks it out of his hand with his stick, then hammers him to the roof, holds him there.

QUATRAMANE

(loud, angry)

Who are you working for? Talk!

Who's paying you?

The Arab makes CHOKED, GRUNTING SOUNDS, points into his empty mouth; he has no teeth; no tongue. Quatramane grunts, lets him up and the Arab runs. Quatramane drops back into the alley to face the stunned Reginald, Carolyn, Good.

GOOD

By gad, why'd you let him go?

QUATRAMANE

Because he couldn't tell us anything...he had no tongue.

(they flinch)

Whoever's so happy we're here obviously doesn't intend to let us find out why.

They exchange worried glances as Quatramane whispers in Mabel's ear. Mabel nods, then vanishes over a wall.

QUATRAMANE (Contd.)

Come on! Let's get this over with.

They hurry down a side alley glancing behind them. No one follows. They move past open courtyards where wagons are parked, campfires laid out. Some of the wagons hold empty bamboo cages. In one of the yards, a group of MAPAKI NATIVES cook a meal over open fires.

The Mapaki are renegades, runaways from various tribes. Mad-eyed brutes who carry long spears, curved knives, colorful rifles. Among them are a scattering of "whites gone native" with painted bodies. Generally the Mapaki are naked except for loincloths and bits of European clothing; tennis shoes, eyeglasses, a bowler, one knee sock, green sunshades, etc. But all wear bones, feathers, and a few sport human skulls.

The Maapki shake their bones at Carolyn, make rude gestures indicating their pleasure at her sumptuous breasts, hips. Reginald, Good hurry Carolyn past them protectively.

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GOOD
 (to Quatramane)
 I say, who are those chaps?

QUATRAMANE
 Mapaki! A very diet-conscious tribe.
 They only eat "food that talks."

CAROLYN
 (aghast)
 Cannibals!

QUATRAMANE
 (nods)
 You can buy anything here in Tongolo
 ...they're probably grocery shopping.

Good, Carolyn, Reginald blanch, then follow Quatramane down a footpath into:

THE MARKET SQUARE which makes up the center of the village. One end sides a river where barges, canoes are being unloaded. Their cargo is caged animals, munitions. The opposite end is enclosed by a high wall. Through the wall is an arched gate, heavily guarded by SENTRIES. In the square are rows of market stalls displaying food, guns and munitions, and cages and pens holding CHEETAHS, LEOPARDS, MONKEYS, BABOONS, a MOUNTAIN GORILLA, GIRAFFE, ZEBRA, etc. MERCHANTS, adventuring Europeans and natives of questionable character, hawk their merchandise to ARABS, EGYPTIANS, TURKS, NUBIANS who wander about in rich robes followed by heavily armed RETAINERS. On surrounding rooftops, ARAB SENTRIES stand at intervals.

Quatramane brings his group to a halt just inside the square. Good is intoxicated by the exotic display.

GOOD
 Extraordinary.

Reginald and Carolyn, now preoccupied with their private business, turn to Quatramane.

REGINALD
 You'll excuse us now, Quatramane old fellow. Our instructions are to contact this "man" who knows the whereabouts of our brother by "ourselves."

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CAROLYN
(giving Good a kiss)
We'll be right back, John.

GOOD
Of course, my dear.

Reginald, Carolyn move off and Quatramane frowns at their retreating backs as Good chuckles.

GOOD
Extraordinary pair of reptiles,
aren't they?

Quatramane gives Good a curious glance.

QUATRAMANE
And you're going to marry her?

GOOD
(smiling)
It's a sacrifice I would like to
avoid, but will make...at the
right price.

Quatramane grins disapproval, then turns as Mable scatters through the crowd to them. The monkey is waving a soiled red fez. Quatramane growls, yanks Good into the shadow of a wall, then scans the square hurriedly.

GOOD
I say, what's the matter?

Quatramane points across the square as HAMID and BUSHIRI emerge from the arched gate. They're Arabs, big, raw-boned killers of men, filthy, heavily armed. They both wear red fezs. They scan the square, then move towards Quatramane, Good.

GOOD (Contd.)
I see. An unpleasant sort, aren't
they?

QUATRAMANE
The worst.
(backs up slowly)
I suggest, Captain Good, that if
you intend to leave this village a
free man, you follow me. With haste.

Good, sensing danger in Quatramane's voice, tenses, then follows Quatramane as he edges towards a gap in the wall.

CONTINUED

Then, suddenly, they run, leap through the gap, vanish. A beat. Hamid and Bushiri charge through the gap after them.

A SERIES OF SHOTS OF QUATRAMANE, GOOD, MABEL:

Racing through a crowded alley.

Knocking down an ARAB SENTRY at an intersection of alleys.

Vanishing into a dark, narrow, covered alley.

Leaping up an exterior staircase, vanishing over a rooftop as Hamid and Bushiri run through the alley below, keep running.

ON THE TONGOLO ROOFTOPS:

Quatramane, Good cross a precarious ropewalk towards an irregular stack of two and three story buildings linked by ladders, staircases. They reach a roof, drop on their bellies as Hamid and Bushiri emerge in the b.g. They scan the rooftops hurriedly, then drop back out of sight. Quatramane turns to Good, angry.

QUATRAMANE

All right, you scummy liar, tell me what's going on! You didn't come here to find any long-lost brother!

GOOD

We most certainly did.

QUATRAMANE

Then what's so special about him? What are these killers after?

(Good hesitates)

Talk! Or I'm leaving you right here.

GOOD

(forcing it)

Perhaps it's...ah...the diamonds... King Solomon's Mines.

QUATRAMANE

(his anger rising)

Damn you! Talk sense!

GOOD

But I am, old chap. The brother they're looking for, Neville, he spelled it out quite clearly, in a letter about a year ago. He dug up an ancient Nubian tomb and found a

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GOOD (Contd.)
map...to the lost mines.

QUATRAMANE
You idiot! There are no mines!
They're nothing but a legend!

GOOD
But the map...

QUATRAMANE
...is sold to every hick tourist
from Timbuktu to Capetown.

GOOD
(swallows)
By gad, that's a very disappointing
bit of information. Are you
certain?

(Quatramane growls
affirmatively)
Then why on earth would these
chaps be wanting us?

QUATRAMANE
That's a point. Who told you this
lost brother, Neville, was here,
in Tongolo?

GOOD
(shrugs helplessly)
Carolyn kept me in the dark.
(looking about nervously)
Do you think they seriously intend
to kill us?

QUATRAMANE
Worse. You'll love it.

With Good following, Quatramane moves across rooftops, then
up into a small tower where Mabel points excitedly down at
something. Just below the tower is the enclosed end of the
market square. Quatramane, Good look down cautiously and
Good's eyes go wide with disbelief.

GOOD
Good gawd!

THE SLAVE MARKET: in the enclosed end of the market square.
It's a high walled courtyard filled with more cages, pens, and
MERCHANTS, BUYERS. The merchandise varies from strong

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BLACK MALES to NUBILE BEAUTIES to HELPLESS CHILDREN. Their eyes plead from behind bars. Ankles, wrists rattle with chains. Necks are roped, backs scarred.

Reginald, Carolyn stand in the middle of the yard, intrigued with a beautiful BLACK GIRL tied to a stake for display purposes. Neither see THREE ARMED TURKS wearing red fezs move up behind them. One shoves Reginald aside and the other two take hold of Carolyn. Reginald protests angrily, is driven to the ground with a rifle butt, and stays there, unconscious. Carolyn SCREAMS as she and Reginald are dragged towards an auction platform at one end of the courtyard. On the platform are a line of chained GIRLS and several TURKISH SLAVERS, including DOGATI.

Dogati is in charge. His clothes are dirty, dark with a fringed sash, open shirt, red fez with gold crescent. His only concession to vanity is a diamond stud mounted in his left ear lobe. His revolvers, knives, whip are working tools. He's an animal of size and strength with a serious interest in pain, suffering.

IN THE TOWER: Good turns to Quatramane.

GOOD

This can't be! Not in the
Twentieth Century!

QUATRAMANE

(cool but angry)

Why not! Half the nations in the
Near East still buy people the
way you buy shirts.

GOOD

But the Sudan is a British
protectorate!

QUATRAMANE

But ruled by Turks...and both are
a thousand miles from here.

Good swallows uncomfortably.

IN THE SLAVE MARKET: Hamid and Bushiri move through the crowd onto the platform. They speak to Dogati who snarls, then hurry off.

IN THE TOWER: Quatramane smiles.

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QUATRAMANE

Those two are Hamid and Bushiri.
They just told Dogati I was here.

GOOD

Dogati?

QUATRAMANE

The dark one...he's in charge.

GOOD

You know him?

QUATRAMANE

(nods)

Only man I know I'd like to roast
and eat with a fork.

GOOD

(unnerved by Quatramane's
black humor)

By gad, Quatramane, this isn't right!
You just "can't" sell an "English
girl."

QUATRAMANE

Just watch.

(Good winces, Quatramane
grins)

If you haven't got cash, maybe
they'll take a check.

GOOD

I'm sure your suggestion is well
intended, but under the circumstances
I must decline.

They look back as Carolyn SCREAMS.

IN THE SLAVE MARKET: Carolyn stands on the auction platform
struggling to cover herself as Dogati cuts away her clothing.
The crowd, which is growing as the square fills with
people coming from the other markets, cheer his efforts.
Reginald lies unconscious at the side of the auction
platform amid Turkish slavers.

IN THE TOWER: Quatramane starts back the way they came.
Good, Mabel follow.

GOOD

What are "you" going to do?

CONTINUED

QUATRAMANE

Brace yourself, Captain, "we're"
going to play hero.

A SERIES OF SHOTS OF QUATRAMANE, GOOD, MABEL:

Moving across rooftops.

Down an empty alley, vanishing into shadows.

Then appearing behind a half fallen wall, coming over it,
racing around a corner, vanishing again.

AT THE MARKET SQUARE, Quatramane, Good, Mabel peer around
a corner. The square is emptying as PEOPLE move through the
guarded gate into the Slave Market. Quatramane nods to
his companions and they slide out, join a passing GROUP OF
EGYPTIANS. They walk behind them a short ways, then duck in
among a stack of cages which form a three walled enclosure.
They crouch there in silence, hoping they haven't been seen.

The SENTRIES on the roofs don't look their way.

The area clears except for a few MERCHANTS, then Hamid and
Bushiri charge into the square. They slow to a walk,
grumbling, and move past the cages where Quatramane's group
is hiding, keep moving, vanish into the slave market.

Good sighs, looks around shaking with terror. A caged
PANTHER SNARLS a foot away, and Good sits on the tail of a
BOA CONSTRICTOR the size of a tree trunk which is housed
in a flimsy cage. There are LEOPARDS, a HYENA, a CROCODILE,
all close, all licking their lips. Directly in front of
the open end of their hiding place, TWO MAMMOTH TIGERS pace
at the end of ropes attached to a stake driven into the
ground in the middle of an open pen. Quatramane smiles.

QUATRAMANE

Tell me, Captain, just how broad
is your sense of democracy?

GOOD

My only prejudice, old chap, is a
serious concern for my own welfare.

QUATRAMANE

Then it's agreed. We'll set these
two boys free.

Quatramane nods at the tigers. Good swallows with difficulty.
Mabel smiles, does a flip. Quatramane removes a stick of
dynamite from a specially made pocket in his jacket which

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holds four sticks. He hands it and matches to Mabel, then whispers to her. As she scampers off, he turns to Good.

QUATRAMANE

When Mabel sets that off, I'll
free the tigers while you're
releasing the other animals.
Then we'll drive them into the
slave market. If we get lucky,
we can rescue the Churchs during
the chaos.

GOOD

(terrified)

A sound plan, but again, I must
decline.

QUATRAMANE

(drawing a knife)

Understand, Captain, I'm the
animal "you" have to worry about.

Good trembles at his tone. Quatramane extends his knife to him. Good hesitates, then reluctantly nods agreement, takes it.

AT THE SLAVE MARKET: On the auction platform, Dogati rips away Carolyn's camisole to reveal her corset, bloomers. The crowd roars approval, then laughs as, in confusion, Dogati inspects this unexpected female armor. As he does, Mabel leaps up onto the back wall behind the auction platform. She peers over at Dogati, chuckles, then lights the stick of dynamite and tosses it behind the wall.

IN THE MAIN SQUARE: Quatramane levels his Webley at the ropes holding the tigers as Good grabs a swallow from his flask: he now waits behind a stack of flimsy cages, knife in hand.

IN THE SLAVE MARKET: Dogati struggles with Carolyn's corset, then gives up, draws his knife, and the wall explodes behind him to blow him and Carolyn off the platform and into the crowd which scatters in panic.

IN THE MAIN SQUARE: Quatramane fires. The ropes are shredded. Quatramane keeps firing and the tigers bound towards the slave market as Good pushes a stack of cages over. They crash to the ground freeing a crowd of maddened leopards, panthers. Quatramane tosses a stick of dynamite into a pile of munitions. It explodes driving the animals

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towards the slave market with SCREECHING SOUNDS. The munitions continue to go off and bullets fly in all directions as Quatramane, Good, ducking and leaping, free more animals.

IN THE SLAVE MARKET: Dogati lays half buried under the rubble cursing as the crowd scatters and screams in all directions. Then the tigers roar in knocking bodies flat, clawing others.

Amid the chaos, Carolyn rises off the ground, flees to her brother who is regaining consciousness, helps him up.

A horde of wild animals charges in, tangles with the fleeing customers, slavers. Animals and men go down. Legs and faces are mauled. Men who were moments ago arrogant, now run in panic, smack into each other and into animals, walls. Others hide inside baskets, cages.

Then Quatramane leaps off a wall to land among the slave cages. He shoots locks, chains apart, then cuts ropes, freeing MALE SLAVES who immediately attack the SLAVERS guarding them. At the same time, Dogati, hauled from the rubble by Hamid and Bushiri, sees the fleeing slaves, hollers at his henchmen.

DOGATI
Stop them! Stop them!

Hamid, Bushiri bound off shouting commands to Turkish slavers as Dogati looks around raging. Through the dust, he sees Quatramane across the yard. Quatramane gives Dogati a victorious smile, levels his Webley at him, fires. Dogati dives for cover amid the rubble, lands hard, gashes his cheek on a rock, as slaves overpower their guards, begin to free their women, children.

AT THE MAIN STREET: The Mapaki emerge from their courtyard to see EGYPTIANS, ZEBRAS, PANTHERS and SLAVES SCATTERING over walls, down alleys. The Mapaki grin with relish, draw their weapons. Here are free groceries.

IN THE SLAVE MARKET: Dogati rises behind a cage, revolver in hand. He sees Quatramane opening the last of the slave cages and opens fire. Quatramane dives behind a cage as bullets eat it, then rolls up, runs through a narrow opening in a wall:

IN A VERY NARROW ALLEY, Quatramane barely escapes more bullets, then runs right into Hamid, Bushiri, and THREE SLAVERS. Using his ebony stick, Quatramane fights through them. As he does,

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Mabel, on a wall above the narrow alley, helps out by carefully dropping bricks on available heads.

Quatramane finally flattens his opponents, jumps up between the walls of the narrow alley with his stick extended. At the height of his jump, he twists the stick horizontally so that it catches on the tops of the walls siding the alley. He then grabs the stick with his other hand, muscles himself up onto it and swings out of sight onto a roof just as Dogati appears at the end of the alley, his face bleeding, his revolver firing. Two of his own men drop before Dogati realizes Quatramane has vanished.

DOGATI

(roaring)

Get up, you scum! Shoot them!
Shoot them!

ON THE ROOFTOP, Quatramane grins at Mabel, as the pair hurry off.

AT THE SLAVE MARKET: Carolyn, Reginald move into a side alley to meet three Mapaki natives coming out of it. The natives grab her. She screams for help. Reginald freezes with fear as the Mapaki carry his sister off. Her eyes plead.

CAROLYN

Reggie! Help me! Help me!

Reginald backs away, shaking his head involuntarily, then turns, flees and charges into the spears of two MAPAKIS who have moved up behind him. Carolyn screams, then passes out as the Mapaki drag her off and Reginald sinks to the ground, dead.

OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE: Turks, Arabs, animals, Egyptians, merchants and freed slaves erupt over village walls and race out of streets on horseback, in wagons, on foot.

WITHIN THE VILLAGE: DOGATI, HAMID and BUSHIRI stalk through the cluttered empty alleys with weapons in hand.

IN THE ANIMAL MARKET: Quatramane, Mabel find a terrified Good drinking from his flask. He looks at them questioningly. Quatramane silences him with a finger, and they hurry up a staircase.

ON THE ROOFTOPS: The village suddenly appears quiet, empty, without sentries. They move across rooftops, then look down into a stable. It is empty except for a large red wagon

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occupied by TWO SLAVERS. Good nods at the wagon, whispers to Quatramane.

GOOD

What say I get us that wagon while you find Lady Carolyn, Reggie?

Quatramane nods, whispers to Mable, moves off. Good peers down at the wagon, shudders, then gets out his flask, takes a deep swallow.

IN ANOTHER AREA: Quatramane hurries across rooftops, hunting. There is no sign of Carolyn. Suddenly Dogati, Hamid, Bushiri appear on a distant rooftop, open fire. Quatramane dives off the roof, rolls down an open staircase, ends on his back in a narrow footpath facing the Mapaki carrying the struggling Carolyn. The natives drop her, go for their knives. Too late. Quatramane's Webley is out, firing. The Mapaki are blown back down the alley where they slam into a group of their fellow tribesmen. Quatramane helps Carolyn up, shoves her through a door, bolts it behind them.

IN THE STABLES: Good sits proudly in the driver's seat of the red wagon. Mabel paces impatiently nearby. The two slavers lay sprawled on the ground. Good looks around, sees Quatramane and Carolyn running down an alley towards him. Howling Mapaki tribesmen are behind him. Good shudders, turns and sees another group of Mapaki coming down an opposite alley toward him. Good turns from alley to alley. Quatramane and Carolyn are coming hard, but the Mapaki are gaining fast.

Good makes a decision. He whips the horses into action and the wagon bolts away. As it does, Good waves a hearty goodbye to Quatramane, Carolyn as they charge into the stables in time to see the wagon vanish behind its own dust. Then the Mapaki arrive and club Quatramane, Carolyn into unconsciousness as Mabel hides her eyes.

AT THE GATE: Dogati, Bushiri, Hamid, all coming from different directions, meet as stragglers still flee. Among them is Good in his wagon.

HAMID

There's no sign of him.

DOGATI

Keep looking! He's got to be here.

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The trio move back into the village and pass a group of Mapaki carrying what appears to be two dead bodies wrapped in grass mats. Mabel follows the group at a safe distance. Dogati grins distastefully at the bodies, keeps moving as the natives move out of the village, into the savannah.

EXT. CLIFF SITE - DAY

A huge, round clay pot with a narrow neck steams over a flame. The pot is supported by a ring of rocks. MAPAKI COOKS stir, season the contents with herbs, powders. A MEDICINE MAN chants over it. In the b.g., a night camp is spread on a mountain cliff. MAPAKIS sit about it, sharpening their knives, smiling at their prisoners, Quatramane and Carolyn, who sit on the ground with their hands tied behind their backs. A beat. The cooks begin to argue loudly in their native language.

Carolyn turns to Quatramane. She's a mess, terrified.

CAROLYN

What's happening now? Why are they arguing?

QUATRAMANE

(sarcastic)

Somebody forgot the onions.

CAROLYN

Onions!

She looks at him. He gives her a wan smile. She gasps.

QUATRAMANE

Actually, you should be flattered. I'm only the appetizer, you're the main course.

(she sinks, sobbing)

Look at it this way; boiling beats being served up an arm and a leg at a time.

CAROLYN

(shrieking at him)

Stop it! Just stop it!

QUATRAMANE

(unrelenting)

Come on, a luscious creature like

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QUATRAMANE (Contd.)
you should be proud. You'll make
a delicious pot roast.

CAROLYN
(whipped, hate-filled)
You animal.

QUATRAMANE
(feeling complimented)
Thank you, it's a quality I
admire.
(then, angrily)
How the hell could you actually
believe there was a map?

CAROLYN
Because Neville said there was, and
he's a bonafide archeologist. His
picture hangs in the foyer of the
Geographic Society...
(Quatramane reacts
thoughtfully)
...and because he never lied in
his entire life. He didn't
know how.

QUATRAMANE
(a beat, then)
What's the name of the man you
were supposed to meet?

CAROLYN
(distraught)
What difference does it make now?

QUATRAMANE
(pushing)
It was Dogati, right?
(she nods, he chuckles
bitterly)
You were sold down the river, lady.
(she reacts with shock)
Who told you to go to Dogati?

CAROLYN
I...I don't know...Reggie...he
took care of the details.

Quatramane nods thoughtfully, then glances at the cooks as
they move towards he and Carolyn.

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QUATRAMANE

It looks like they're not going to wait for the onions.

She looks up sharply, sees the cooks, gasps, leans against him.

QUATRAMANE (Contd.)

(comforting now)

Hang on, lady. I'm not about to let a bedroom dish be wasted on a dinner table.

She looks up at him, hope vaguely stirring in her eyes. Then the cooks reach them, haul them to the pot.

A wooden ramp now leads from the ground to the lip of the pot. The cooks cut away their dinner's clothes, then grease them down. Finished, they goad them, Carolyn first, up the ramp. Half way up, Carolyn stops, trembles. Quatramane urges her on whispering.

QUATRAMANE

It'll hurt like hell for a minute, then our bodies will bring the temperature down.

(she doesn't budge)

Go on. The water will make the ropes swell, loosen them.

She nods weakly, edges close to the pot, then stops short on seeing the swirling, steaming liquid. Quatramane shoulders her off the ramp and jumps in. His face twists in pain. He thrashes involuntarily. The natives watch smiling. Then he regains control, manages to smile at Carolyn.

QUATRAMANE

Come on in, water's fine.

The cooks pick Carolyn up, dump her in the pot. She shrieks with pain, thrashes wildly. The Mapaki hoot, jump with delight. A long beat. Carolyn sinks against Quatramane's chest. They're both sweating beads now. Their flesh is flame red.

QUATRAMANE

(whispering)

Quick! Work your hands loose.

As the cooks douse their meat with more seasoning, Quatramane, Carolyn struggle to free their hands under the dense liquid.

CONTINUED

A beat. Carolyn looks up at Quatramane, a sign of hope in her eyes. He smiles, nods.

QUATRAMANE

Take a deep breath, do what I do.

They take deep breaths, then duck under the water. The cooks chuckle, remove the ramp, then watch with amusement as the pot begins to rock back and forth. With each swing, the pot gains momentum.

At the edge of the camp, Mabel squats with her back to the proceedings and her hands over her ears. A beat. She turns and sees the pot rocking back and forth, water now sloshing out of it. Mabel makes a delighted noise, scurries towards the camp as the pot stops rocking and Quatramane's and Carolyn's heads burst out of the water gasping.

CAROLYN

It's no use.

QUATRAMANE

Keep trying!

He grabs another breath, goes under. Carolyn moans, does the same. The pot begins to rock with greater momentum now. Water sloshes out, splashes towards the Mapaki. They dodge it playfully as Mabel reaches the front of the group. The pot is rocking wildly but won't turn over. Mabel thinks, then suddenly scatters forward, leaps for the pot, lands hard on its lip and it rolls off the fire splattering the natives. They scatter, howling with pain as the pot rolls through them and keeps on rolling with Mabel chasing it, squealing with delight. When the Mapaki recover, the pot is forty yards down the slope, and they charge after it howling.

The pot is headed for a sheer cliff. Mabel tries to jump on and stop it, but falls off. Quatramane and Carolyn struggle to get out, but can't. Finally Quatramane pushes Carolyn out and she falls free. The pot spins once, crashes into some boulders, bursts apart and sends Quatramane sprawling on the ground. He rolls once, twice, struggling for control, then rolls over the edge of the cliff, drops from sight. Carolyn screams as Mabel, dumbfounded, collapses with grief.

About eight feet below the lip of the cliff, Quatramane hangs suspended, clinging to outcroppings of rock. A thousand feet below, at the bottom of a narrow gorge, a barely visible river flows. Quatramane winces, tries to pull himself up, can't. He gasps, calls out painfully.

CONTINUED

QUATRAMANE

Somebody give me a hand!

A beat. Carolyn appears at the lip of the cliff, sees Quatramane, gasps with disbelief.

QUATRAMANE

Grab a branch! Anything! Pull me up!

She nods dumbly, looks around for a branch and spots a rope which has fallen from the pot. She picks it up, looks down at Quatramane.

CAROLYN

Wouldn't this rope work better than a branch?

Quatramane groans at her stupidity, nods. She attaches the rope to a boulder, feeds it to him. Quatramane slowly hauls himself back to the safety of the cliff, then sprawls exhausted on the ground. At the same time, the Mapaki arrive to surround them on three sides. Quatramane rises slowly, smiles in defeat, then suddenly grabs Carolyn and Mabel around their waists, turns and leaps off the cliff. The Mapaki howl with outrage and charge forward flinging spears but miss.

The three falling bodies separate in mid-air, then plunge down the middle of the rocky gorge to splash safely in the river below.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE CONGO BELLE - NIGHT

Quatramane, Mabel cross the cobbled street moving toward a combination inn and saloon. Over the door is a badly lit sign, THE CONGO BELLE. The architecture is tropical African. LOCALS and ADVENTURING TYPES drift up and down the street drinking, fondling native girls.

SUPER: KHARTOUM, EGYPTIAN SUDAN

Quatramane, Mabel enter the Congo Belle, their spirits high.

CONTINUED

INT. THE CONGO BELLE - NIGHT

Quatramane, Mabel move through the dimly lit foyer. A JANITOR sweeps up. A CLERK in a wrinkled white suit and black fez sleeps behind the registration counter. The establishment is typical, a rough-and-ready joint showing the scars of sin and good times. Scattered COUPLES sit at tables. It's late, quiet. Behind a candlelit bar, a large, greasy-haired Frenchman, DALLIO, dries glasses. He smiles, pours a grenadine and water, sets it in front of Mabel as the monkey, Quatramane take stools at the bar.

DALLIO

Welcome, M'sieu Quatramane, Mabel.
You are late...is it liquor, a woman?

QUATRAMANE

A lady.

DALLIO

Of course, the wicked ones always
are.

QUATRAMANE

(with double meaning)
Precisely...and it's pay day.

DALLIO

(chuckles, then)
For a man of your experience, you
seem strangely optimistic!

QUATRAMANE

Dallio, my friend, if a man can't
control a woman he's saved from
becoming a pot roast, he should
turn in his shorts.

DALLIO

Ah...now I understand.

Dallio sighs, pours whisky into a tall galss, sets it in front of Quatramane. Quatramane looks questioningly at the glass, then at Dallio who has lost his smile.

DALLIO

I am afraid, my optimistic friend,
that Mademoiselle Church left on the
big boat for Cairo yesterday.

CONTINUED

Dallio removes a letter from behind the bar, hands it to Quatramane. Quatramane rips it open, empties it. A small note drops out. He reads it, smiles bitterly.

DALLIO

No payday?

QUATRAMANE

Not even a signature.

He balls the notepaper, flicks it onto the lip of a burning candle and it goes up in flames. As it does he downs his drink and Dallio gives him a refill.

DALLIO

Do not be discouraged, my friend.
There is still money to be made in
Africa. Excitement to be had.

Dallio grins lewdly at SIX AMERICANS sitting at a table: three men and three women with nubile bodies, loose ready smiles. They are all well-dressed, sloshed, loud.

DALLIO

They want to hunt lions, will
pay handsomely.

(Quatramane grunts)

The wives are very pretty, very
agreeable.

QUATRAMANE

(finishes his drink,
rises tiredly)

No thanks. But if the lions want
to hunt them, give me a call.

Dallio laughs, shakes his head. Quatramane moves to the staircase, with Mabel in his arms, and the pair move up the stairs.

AT THE FIRST FLOOR LANDING: Mabel leaps out of his arms excitedly and shyly approaches a large dark MALE MONKEY lounging in an open window at the end of the hallway. Quatramane grunts.

QUATRAMANE

Traitor.

Mabel ignores him, crawls up beside the dark monkey and wiggles playfully. The dark monkey gives her a grab on

CONTINUED

the ass, then both animals leap out onto an outside palm tree squealing.

Quatramane moves down the hall, stops short. The door to his room is open an inch, light glows dimly inside. He frowns, quietly removes his revolver from inside his coat, pushes the door open with a toe.

INT. QUATRAMANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open. A beat. Quatramane enters, steps into the shadows to the side of the door. There is no sign of anyone, then his eyes catch sight of a pair of very feminine, red high heels on the floor. Quatramane half smiles. Things are suddenly looking up. He moves to the shoes, finds a pair of hose on the bed near them, then a beautifully ribboned corset. He picks up the corset, breathes in its perfume.

With corset in hand, he holsters his revolver, moves to the bathroom. A sliver of bright light shows under it. Suddenly the SOUND OF A BATH BEING RUN stirs the silence. Quatramane smiles wider, takes hold of the doorknob, shoves the bathroom door open to reveal: Captain John Good, standing inside the bathroom with a chrome revolver leveled at Quatramane's chest. Good's smile is as immaculate and clean as his fashionable attire, white suit, orchid tie and pocket handkerchief, monicle, white straw panama.

GOOD

Good evening, old chap.

QUATRAMANE

(growls)

You bastard! You got nerve coming here!

GOOD

An accurate appraisal. Nerve "is" a virtue of mine, and I "am" a bastard.

Quatramane grunts, peers past Good, still hoping to find a beautiful girl. Good chuckles, takes the corset from Quatramane, sniffs it, smiles.

GOOD

Lovely scent, don't you think?

CONTINUED

Quatramane pushes past Good into the bathroom, checks behind the bath curtain, doesn't find a girl, turns on Good.

GOOD (Contd.)

I am sorry to disappoint you, old chap, but I have an unquenchable thirst for the theatrical, and a test was necessary. I had to make certain you are still the romantic ...still believe you will find something of value beyond every door.

QUATRAMANE

(uncomfortably suspicious)

Don't get weird with me, Captain.

GOOD

(chuckles)

I assure you the corset is not mine.

Good sets the corset aside, moves into the bedroom. Quatramane follows, checks the closet, empty, then turns to Good, his frustration showing.

QUATRAMANE

I ought to break your face in.

GOOD

If you must, please do. It is imperative to me that our partnership begin on the proper note of cooperation.

QUATRAMANE

Partnership?

GOOD

Yes. I am about to set forth on a perilous adventure which requires a man of your knowledge, experience, skills. And you are the "only one" in all Africa I trust.

QUATRAMANE

(sarcastic)

And I'm supposed to trust you?

CONTINUED

GOOD

Trust, no. But I offer other qualities...deceit, betrayal...

QUATRAMANE

You're mad.

GOOD

(pours two drinks)

On the contrary. You use the front door, I use the back. Where you employ strength, daring, I employ subterfuge, stealth. You are a man of principles, and I have none. We are perfectly matched.

Good hands Quatramane a glass. Quatramane takes it but doesn't drink.

QUATRAMANE

Just what are you after?

GOOD

The same as you. To find something of value beyond a door...the one to King Solomon's mines.

QUATRAMANE

(laughs, takes a swallow, then)

Never learn, will you?

GOOD

Oh yes. I learned long ago that a man who is willing to murder or, in this case, sell into slavery three people, usually has a valid reason for doing so, and that that reason is always founded on a very substantial greed.

Quatramane considers this, then, with a casual tone:

QUATRAMANE

So, you've found the man who sold out the Churchs to Dogati, and think he'll lead you to the long-lost Neville, his map?

CONTINUED

GOOD

(nods)

Before my beloved Carolyn threw me out, I took the opportunity to rifle her luggage and read Neville's letter.

(then)

The man's name is Kasam. He runs an antique shop here in Khartoum... on the Street of Veils. He was Neville's partner.

QUATRAMANE

That's crazy. No scientist would tie up with Kasam. He's filth! A thief!

GOOD

Of course, and archeology is nothing more than a fashionable term for grave robber.

(Quatramane grunts,
Good smiles)

It seems they were partners in the robbery which produced the map, and that means Kasam knows where Neville and his map are...

QUATRAMANE

...and is willing to kill to keep it a secret, is tied up with Dogati...

GOOD

...who is tied up with a German officer named Bockner who has been sent to Africa by the German High Command to help Dogati find King Solomon's mines.

QUATRAMANE

The German High Command?

GOOD

(nods)

My source is unimpeachable. As you know, war is imminent and Turkey needs money. It intends to have Africa all to itself, so it can draw on the entire continent for slave labor.

CONTINUED

Quatramane growls at that idea, takes a swallow, looks back at Good who smiles.

GOOD (Contd.)

I am prepared to share fifty-fifty with you, and if it is necessary, I will even make adjustments in my character.

QUATRAMANE

Sure of yourself, aren't you?

GOOD

No...of you. I'm giving you the chance to save your beloved Africa, and get rich doing it.

(leans close, whispers)

Think on it, Quatramane. The extreme, the immeasurable wealth of those mines are beyond our feeble contemplation. The Jews were rolling in wealth in those days. This isn't fiction but history. A lost world...a forgotten civilization...gems worth a world's ransom buried amid the powdered dust of murdered kings and queens... Diamonds, Quatramane, diamonds by the carload, hidden from the sight of ordinary men for three thousand years.

(then)

And with the map...you can open the door...

EXT. STREET OF VEILS - NIGHT

Two unidentifiable shadowed men, Europeans, stand at the mouth of a cluttered side alley studying a near-empty street. Scattered among brothels are small shops, mostly closed for the night. One has a sign reading THE HOUSE OF ISIS, an antique shop. A faint orange light glows deep inside.

ON THE ROOFTOP of the shop adjacent to The House of Isis, a third figure hides in a shadow. This is UMBOPPO, a tall, regal native. He wears a lion skin, carries a spear. He watches the two shadowed men approach The House of Isis.

INT. THE HOUSE OF ISIS - NIGHT

CONTINUED

Dark brown sweating hands carefully wrap muslin around a dead cat's head; the jaws are wide, the teeth shine, the throat, tongue are stained red. The hands belong to KASAM, a flabby sallow, sweating Turk with greased hair, a pencil-thin mustache stretching from earlobe to earlobe. He sits in the rear of the shop on a stool facing a bench. Iron embalming tools lie on the bench among brown corked bottles.

His head jerks up at LOUD KNOCKING at the front door. There is a slight SOUND OF CHAINS and a girl appears out of a draped doorway, leading to a backroom. She wears a hooded Arab robe, her face is partially veiled, and her eyes are rimmed with black kohl, but she is American. She is not identifiable, but this is JESSE HUSTON, a young, healthy beauty of wit, intelligence, and a strong but repressed independence. Kasam looks at her. The KNOCKING comes again. Kasam shakes his head. She vanishes. He returns to his work. The KNOCKING continues as:

A trap door in the ceiling shifts, then is pulled away, and a body drops through the hole, lands with a LOUD CRASH in the room below. Kasam looks up startled and Jesse reappears. Both see Quatramane rising off the floor. He is smiling, and his Webley revolver is leveled at Kasam. Jesse gasps and Kasam quickly covers the cat with a cloth.

QUATRAMANE

Easy, Kasam, you're making my gun nervous.

Kasam freezes, smiles sheepishly at the Webley, begins to sweat profusely. Quatramane backs up to the front door, opens it and Good enters hurriedly, closes the door behind him. He's nervous, out of breath.

GOOD

By gad, this rough-house approach is unnerving.

(then)

Find anything?

QUATRAMANE

Relax! I haven't even hit anyone yet.

Quatramane moves to Kasam who gives the Webley another worried glance, wipes his face. Quatramane uncovers the cat and Good winces audibly.

CONTINUED

QUATRAMANE
Still up to your old tricks, aren't
you, Kasam? Manufacturing
antiquities?

KASAM
(with smooth pride)
A perfectly respectable line of
work here in Khartoum.

QUATRAMANE
Then why are you sweating?

KASAM
(flat, honest)
I always sweat in the presence
of large revolvers. Please...
point it elsewhere. Kasam is your
slave...eager to serve.

QUATRAMANE
I'm counting on that. We're
looking for a man...

GOOD
...Neville Church.

Kasam, visibly staggered, glances at Jesse, then back at
Good, Quatramane.

GOOD
Surely you remember, the long-lost
brother of Reginald and Carolyn
Church!

KASAM
He...I have not seen him...for
over a year.

GOOD
(urgent)
Come now, man, we have no time for
lies. We know he wasn't in Tongolo
...but Dogati was...and waiting
for us.

Kasam, staggered, has to sit down. A beat.

KASAM
All right. I will speak only
the truth. Dogati said Neville was

CONTINUED

KASAM (Contd.)
in Tongolo. If he wasn't, then I
have no idea.

QUATRAMANE
(glances at Jesse)
Maybe your girlfriend has a better
memory!

Jesse tightens. Kasam glances at her sharply, then grunts in disgust, looks away. Jesse, Quatramane study each other. She seems vaguely familiar to him. Then she nods at a large mummy case just once, turns away. Quatramane moves to the mummy case, blows dust off its "Not For Sale" sign, causing Kasam to stand abruptly. Quatramane notes this, opens the mummy case.

KASAM
(hollers)
Don't touch it!

QUATRAMANE
(casually)
You can always kill someone...
make a new one.

KASAM
No! No! It is genuine...stolen
from the Valley of Kings. I have
the papers. It's a female. Very
rare. Her name is Tutu. She was
a singer in the college of the
god Amon-Ra.

Quatramane chuckles, holsters his revolver, takes hold of a loose strip of muslin hanging from the mummy. Kasam, a knife suddenly appearing from somewhere on his body, charges, but is tripped by Good, goes down in a painful crash. He struggles, but Good disarms him, holds him.

KASAM
Please! Don't damage it! It's
priceless.

QUATRAMANE
(amused)
Priceless! But not for sale!
It's just not you, Kasam.

Quatramane rips off the strip of muslin, sniffs it, passes

CONTINUED

it under his nose, glances at Good who still struggles to hold Kasam down.

QUATRAMANE
Formaldehyde! And the Egyptians used
"natron."

GOOD
Very impressive, but get to the
point.

Quatramane cuts the mummy, then rips it open to reveal the dead, embalmed face of a white man. Jesse turns away from the horrid sight as Good gasps, rises, letting go of Kasam who sinks to the floor.

GOOD
Good gawd! Neville Church!

QUATRAMANE
(cold, flat)
You're catching on, Captain.

Quatramane rips away more cloth revealing Church's hands folded across his chest. They hold a small black statuette of a voluptuous woman wearing a gold girdle, halter, head-dress. Quatramane pulls the statuette away, studies it, turns on Kasam as he rises weakly. Quatramane's Webley is again in his hand, eager to go to work.

QUATRAMANE
Nothing like the corpse of a man
you murdered to stir the memory,
is there, Kasam?

KASAM
(his smooth cool back)
Please put the revolver away. It
is of no point now. You cannot
use it if you seriously seek the
mines.

(with relish)
You need me, "alive"...only I
know where the man is who can
translate the map.

Jesse flinches, looks angrily at Kasam. Quatramane, Good don't notice this.

CONTINUED

GOOD
(a question)
Translate?

KASAM
Yes. The map is in the language of the Sheebans, Canaanite. It seems that the mines were not Hebrew at all, but given to King Solomon by his pagan queen, Sheeba.

QUATRAMANE
Just where is this map?

KASAM
You hold it in your hand. The statuette is believed to be an exact likeness of Sheeba. Her body "is" the map.

(Good, Quatramane
are skeptical)
Shall I demonstrate?

QUATRAMANE
Please do.

GOOD
(impatient)
And quickly.

Kasam moves to Jesse who parts her robe revealing a plain simple dress like that of a missionary's daughter. Her feet are bare, her ankles chained. Good, shocked, fidgets nervously. Quatramane, now more curious, studies Jesse's unsmiling dark eyes still without recognition. Kasam shamelessly dips his fingertips into the cloth of her dress and makes a crease between her legs to her groin as he talks.

KASAM
Here, the valley between the legs of the statuette represents the River Nile. And here, where the river divides at the groin, is Khartoum.
(touches her hip)
The right hip indicates the course of the White Nile, and her navel another location.

QUATRAMANE
What location?

CONTINUED

KASAM

(smiles at Quatramane,
then runs a finger across
Jesse's tummy)

From there, you cross "a" desert
to "a" great mountain barrier, the
Breasts of Sheeba. Beyond is
unexplored jungle, mystery, death,
and King Solomon's Highway, the
throat. And then her mouth, the
entrance to the mines...

Kasam dips a finger into Jesse's mouth. She flinches, yanks
her head away. Kasam chuckles, turns to Quatramane, Good.

KASAM (Contd.)

More than this, only a translator
can tell you...one who reads
Canaanite.

GOOD

And there's only one?

Kasam nods. Good thinks a beat, turns to Quatramane.

GOOD (Contd.)

(dead serious)

Old chap, I think it's time you
started hitting him.

Kasam flinches. Quatramane moves to Jesse.

QUATRAMANE

In a minute.

Quatramane hesitates, then pushes Jesse's hood away, removes
her veil, and she smiles coolly at him.

JESSE

It took you long enough.

QUATRAMANE

(smiling)

It's been a long time.

(then soberly)

What's going on, Jesse?

She hesitates, glances at Kasam, who glares at her, then she
turns to Quatramane.

CONTINUED

JESSE
(a little too flip)
You know...same old story...
missionary's daughter finally goes
wild...runs off to the city to lead
a life of sin, degradation.

QUATRAMANE
(sarcastically)
I see...well, I love the chains...
wish I thought of them myself.

JESSE
(cool, smiling)
You always were a little slow.

QUATRAMANE
I get there.

He turns on Kasam, his face snarling. Kasam shrugs helplessly.

KASAM
How could I know she was your friend.
I needed help and she has extraordinary
knowledge of ancients.

QUATRAMANE
Right...because her father is a
missionary, a biblical scholar who
reads Hebrew, Greek, Latin...

(then)
...and Canaanite.

JESSE
(hollers at Quatramane)
Leave my father out of this!

Quatramane ignores her. Jesse grabs him, swings him to face her.

JESSE (Contd.)
(low, angry)
If you want to help, get out of
here.

Quatramane studies her a beat, shakes his head, pushes her off, then takes a stride and one-punches Kasam across the room.

CONTINUED

QUATRAMANE

(growling)

Now tell me where her father is!

Kasam flounders across the room, knocking artifacts in all directions, then crashes to a stop amid a crowd of pottery.

GOOD

(to Kasam)

I say, old chap. I'd do as he says before he gets angry.

Kasam nods, tries to rise, slips, and his arms vanish inside two bowls to stop his fall. Jesse SCREAMS. Kasam jumps up. There are two large revolvers in his hands, both firing. Quatramane, Good dive for cover behind a row of statues. Plaster arms, heads, legs explode to cover Quatramane, Good with debris. Then they return the fire and drive Kasam under cover. The firing stops.

KASAM

(hollering)

Give up your guns or I'll kill the girl.

Quatramane, Good look up. Jesse stands next to the draped rear door, her back against the wall trembling. Good, Quatramane hesitate, then: A SCREECHING BLACK TOM CAT comes hurtling out of the trap door in the ceiling, and lands on Kasam. He screams, rolls away from its claws as a tall black figure in a lion skin, Umbopo, leaps down out of the trap door, reaches Jesse in one stride, gathers her in his arms, then is gone out the rear door. Quatramane, Good half rise to go to her aid when Kasam opens fire again. They drop back under cover. Quatramane growls, removes a stick of dynamite, a match, then hollers.

QUATRAMANE

Kasam!

(a volley of bullets reply,
then silence)

Damn it, man! Listen to me. I want to show you something.

Kasam hesitates, then watches with wild eyes as the stick of dynamite twirls through the air, lands on a tall, precarious stack of antiques, its fuse spitting sparks.

CONTINUED

QUATRAMANE

You have two choices, Kasam.
Run like hell, or get up there and
put it out, so we can talk sense..
You've got fifteen seconds.

Kasam twitches, throws down his weapons, scrambles up the stack of antiques towards the sputtering fuse. Quatramane, Good watch him a beat, then Quatramane, with Webley and statuette in hand, bolts for the front door.

QUATRAMANE

He's too damn slow!

Good follows Quatramane, and they vanish out the door. A beat. Their bodies come flying back in, empty-handed, and crash to the floor. Quatramane, Good give Kasam, who is still climbing, a desperate glance, then look up angrily as Dogati, COLONEL BOCKNER, Hamid, Bushiri enter. Dogati's cheek is bandaged, and he holds the statuette, Hamid the Webley. They smile down at their victims, then Dogati hands the statuette to Bockner. The German wears the tropical uniform of the Imperial German Army, carries a swagger stick with the arrogance of a true Prussian Junker. He examines the statuette, then smiles, nods to Dogati.

DOGATI

So, Quatramane, your meaningless
life finally ends.

Dogati draws his revolver, levels it at Quatramane's head. Quatramane, Good give each other a worried look, then spread out on the floor, covering their heads with their arms. Bockner, Hamid, Bushiri grin at their apparent cowardice, but Dogati tenses with suspicion, looks around and sees Kasam who squeals with delight as he reaches the stick of dynamite, then picks it up, waves it, forgetting to put out the fuse.

KASAM

I got it! I got it!

The dynamite explodes. Kasam, antiques, debris are shattered, driven across the room. Dogati, Bockner, Hamid, Bushiri are blown flat amid swirling smoke. Bockner drops the statuette and it rolls on the floor. Quatramane sees it, grabs it, then he and Good move for the door only to find Dogati rising to block it. Quatramane swings the statuette, clubs Dogati to the floor, and they charge out into the night.

CONTINUED

EXT. THE HOUSE OF ISIS - NIGHT

Quatramane, Good exit on the run to find ARAB SLAVERS and TURKISH RIFLEMEN sprawled on the ground, expecting more explosions. They're heavily armed, carry gear for a long safar. AN OPEN CAR and TWO TRUCKS carrying Stokes mortars, Maxim machine guns, munitions wait nearby. Their motors are idling and their drivers lie on the ground beside them. Quatramane, Good run over half a dozen backs and leap into the car as its driver rises in protest. Quatramane kicks him aside, puts the car in gear and it roars off nearly throwing Good out.

The Turks and slavers give chase firing their rifles, then give up as the car vanishes into a shadowed side street. A beat. The car comes roaring back out, scatters the Turks and Slavers knocking bodies down at will, then slams into a wall, turns over and erupts in flames. It's empty.

Dogati, Bockner watch, snarling in the door to The House of Isis. The bandage on Dogati's cheek is gone, and his wound reopened. He touches it, growls, moves back inside with Bockner.

INT. THE HOUSE OF ISIS - NIGHT

Dogati, Bockner, Hamid, Bushiri look around at the smoking debris, Kasam's body. Then Dogati picks something off the floor. The statuette. It's broken off at the knees, the calves, feet are missing. Dogati smiles. Bockner growls.

BOCKNER

What good is it without a translator?

Dogati chuckles, nods at Hamid, Bushiri. They push debris aside, open a hidden trapdoor in the floor, then reach in and haul the REVEREND JEDIAH HUSTON out. He's gagged, chained, unconscious, emaciated, and wears a black suit, stiff white collar.

BOCKNER

(smiling)

The missionary.

(Dogati nods)

But can we make him talk without his daughter?

DOGATI

He does not know that...and won't.

CONTINUED

Bockner chuckles, then Dogati, Hamid, Bushiri.

EXT. SHADOWED ALLEY - NIGHT

Quatramane, Good run through the shadows, hide in an arched alcove. A beat. They look into the alley. It's empty. Silent. They sink back. Good gasps with relief.

GOOD

Thank god.

(then)

I say, Quatramane, this roughhouse style of yours is damned exhausting.

QUATRAMANE

Don't want to live forever, do you?

GOOD

I most certainly do.

(gasps, smiles)

Let's have a peek at our little beauty, Sheeba.

Quatramane chuckles, lifts his hand into the light. Only the nubs of the broken knees protrude from his fist. They stare in disbelief, dismay, then Good turns on Quatramane.

GOOD

You idiot! Where's the rest of it?

QUATRAMANE

(calm)

It must have broken off when I hit Dogati.

GOOD

Then he's got it.

QUATRAMANE

If he does, we'll get it back.

GOOD

But he's got an army with him!

QUATRAMANE

Then we'll have to get rough.

Quatramane moves off. Good stares at him in dismay, then follows tiredly.

CONTINUED

EXT. THE HOUSE OF ISIS - NIGHT

Smoke drifts from the door, windows. Patches of flame flicker inside. The street is silent, empty. The local police won't arrive until daylight, if then. It's that kind of neighborhood. Several CHILDREN, looters, burst out of the building carrying artifacts and vanish giggling into the night. Quatramane, Good watch from a side alley scowling.

QUATRAMANE

(growling)

Dogati's got it all right, or he'd be looking for us.

GOOD

Bloody damn!

QUATRAMANE

Come on, we'll find Jesse.

GOOD

The girl? Who cares a hoot about the girl?

Quatramane doesn't reply, moves for the shop. Good grunts, follows. They enter. A long beat.

AT THE REAR OF THE SHOP: Quatramane, Good exit, look around at the pervading shadows of a narrow alley, then move into it, carefully. They progress without interruption, then a FIGURE bolts out of a shadow, kicks them flat with ease, holds them on the ground. It's Umbopo. His face snarls. The tip of his spear dances in front of their terrified faces. Then another figure appears. Jesse. She gasps with relief.

JESSE

Alan, thank God!

(touching Umbopo)

It's...all...right, Umbopo... friends.

Umbopo hesitates, lets them up, moves off at a respectful distance to stand guard. Quatramane, Good glance at him warily, rub their bruised bones, turn to Jesse. She no longer has her chains on, but her face is smeared with tears, and she's sobbing. Quatramane gathers her in his arms, holds her.

QUATRAMANE

What happened?

CONTINUED

JESSE

(nods, swallows hard,
then)

He...Dogati found father and took
him with them. Kasam had been
holding him prisoner the whole
time and I never knew.

(breaking)

He was there, Alan, in a hole
under the floor. And...I never
did anything, not even look for
him! Oh gawd, help me!

She breaks. Good shifts uneasily: things are getting unbearably
melodramatic. Quatramane holds Jesse quietly. A beat.

QUATRAMANE

Where are they headed?

JESSE

They were hollering about the
railroad...to Boorumba.

QUATRAMANE

(to Good)

They're making for the interior.

GOOD

But on which train?

QUATRAMANE

There's only one to Boorumba,
in German East Africa.

Good groans. Jesse looks up at Quatramane hopefully.

JESSE

You'll help me rescue Father?

QUATRAMANE

(nods)

But you're not going.

JESSE

Don't start "that".

QUATRAMANE

Come on, Jesse, be a good girl.

CONTINUED

JESSE

Damn it! How's being good going to help? Dogati's ruined my father's life, everything he's built. The mission! The congregation! And now he'll probably kill him!

QUATRAMANE

That's why you're not going. It's going to get mean.

JESSE

Then I'll get mean.

QUATRAMANE

Jesse, behave.

JESSE

God...damn...you! Don't ever say that to me.

GOOD

(clears his throat)

Beggin' your pardon, mam.

(Jesse looks at him)

Captain John Good, mam, at your service. But he's quite right. A woman can't...

JESSE

(interrupting him)

The hell I can't.

(to Quatramane)

It's not going to be like it was between us. As of right now, I'm no longer the obedient little missionary gal who can be shoved around.

QUATRAMANE

(flat, hard)

You're not going, Jesse.

JESSE

Oh yes I am...you've got no choice. Kasam was a careful man. He made a duplicate of the statuette... and I'm it.

Slowly, shamelessly, Jesse raises her skirts to reveal her legs. On them, written in indigo, are the lines and

CONTINUED

instructions (in Canaanite) of the map. They stare in shocked disbelief as Umbopo privately smiles wide.

A SERIES OF SHOTS OF:

Quatramane, Mabel, Good, Jesse riding in a Torpedo automobile as Umbopo trots along beside it. In the b.g., the sun rises behind a spreading savannah. A MAP OF EAST AFRICA dissolves in and an ANIMATED RED LINE moves from Khartoum south across the Sudan, Abyssinia, British East Africa, then over the following shots:

Of Quatramane, Mabel, Good, Jesse, Umbopo helping each other down the side of a sheer cliff, heavily laden with gear.

Of the group crossing a river on logs.

Of the group cutting their way through undergrowth.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

Quatramane, Jesse, Mabel, Umbopo sit in a clearing amid dense foliage. Good lays on the edge of a nearby ridge studying the surrounding mountains with binoculars. Spread in front of Quatramane are bullet loading tools; he's packing a soft lead bullet into a cartridge for his Webley revolver. The dotted line continues, then stops at the words GERMAN EAST AFRICA. Then the map and line dissolve out and Jesse picks up a bullet, grins at Quatramane.

QUATRAMANE

It's a dum-dum, makes a very large hole.

JESSE

For Dogati?

Quatramane's smile grows dangerous. A beat. He nods at Umbopo who, in his customary style, sits apart from them.

QUATRAMANE

Where'd you find him?

JESSE

I didn't. He found me. Just started hanging around.

QUATRAMANE

What tribe is he?

CONTINUED

JESSE

I don't know. I've never seen his kind of marking before. Probably an offshoot of the Zulu.

(then)

Does he worry you?

QUATRAMANE

Everything worries me.

JESSE

(kidding him)

Can't stand anyone being taller than you, can you? Being devoted.

QUATRAMANE

Depends on to what. Why's he tagging along? What's in it for him?

She shakes her head, then Good rises excitedly.

GOOD

Here she comes, by gad!

They move to the edge of the clearing, look over the ridge.

A train of the Central East German Railroad moves through the valley below. Its "makeup" is unusual. An armored coal car fitted with sandbags and carrying German soldiers and two machine guns is in front of the engine. Behind the engine is the regulation tender, then two passenger cars. Then comes a flatbed car which is sandbagged, carrying German soldiers, more machine guns. Behind the flatbed is a one-pounder gun truck with a field artillery team, stacks of shells. Next a third passenger car, then a reefer (refrigerator car), a second flatbed, and finally the caboose. On the second flatbed and on the roofs of the reefer and three passenger cars, THIRD CLASS PASSENGERS, mostly natives and European riff-raff are camped. They cluster in families, cooking over fires, built on flattened cans. Some have GOATS, PIGS with them. Over all other SOUNDS comes the MUSIC of a MILITARY BAND.

Good sags back in dismay. Quatramane takes the binoculars, looks, sees EUROPEANS, GERMAN SOLDIERS behind the windows of the first passenger car, and TURKISH RIFLEMEN, slavers in the second. Quatramane lowers the binoculars.

QUATRAMANE

They're in the second car.

CONTINUED

GOOD

But there's a whole army on the bloody thing! We'll never get on it.

JESSE

It's going a hundred miles an hour!

QUATRAMANE

Not for long.

They look at Quatramane, not understanding. He smiles, holds up a bright yellow banana.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RAILWAY (STEEP GRADE) - DAY

A length of steel railroad track glistens, then a hand carefully places a peeled banana on it. The hand belongs to Quatramane, who rises, turns to Good, Jesse, Umbopo, Mabel. They all stand near the top of the grade and stare down with uncertainty at the railroad tracks which descend in the steep incline to the valley below. The tracks are laid in a clearing between walls of thick foliage. Peeled bananas line the tops of both rails for thirty yards.

GOOD

By gad, Quatramane, I sure hope you know what you're doing.

THE SOUND of a TRAIN WHISTLE SCREAMS, and they vanish into the foliage siding the tracks. A beat. The train comes roaring around a curve belching smokes, wheels churning. The train hits the incline at full speed, moves up with apparent ease, squashing bananas.

CONTINUED

In the foliage, Jesse, Good, Umbopo become worried. The train is still climbing, now three quarters of the way to the top, then it slows as:

Its wheels spin on the oiled rails, grab, then spin again, and the train slows to a halting chug.

In the foliage, Quatramane, Good, Jesse, Umbopo smile, then watch apprehensively as:

THREE TRAIN GUARDS appear from various parts of the train: SHACK, GUNNER, DUTCHMAN. They're German, huge, muscular, mean types. They wear conductor caps, carry large railroad hammers. They climb on the tops of the first, second passenger cars and the flat car, brandishing their hammers and hollering. The third class passengers instantly grab up their belongings and drop off the train. Some don't move fast enough, catch swinging hammers on backs, legs.

In the foliage, Jesse winces.

The train picks up speed as the third-class passengers trot alongside it. As the train nears the top of the incline, Quatramane, Jesse, Mabel, Good, Umbopo slip out of the foliage, merge with the third-class passengers. When the train crests the top of the incline, it picks up speed and there is a mad dash to get back on the train. Quatramane shoulders his way to the grab irons of the first passenger car, shoves Jesse to them. She takes hold, climbs with Quatramane, Mabel behind her. At the same time, Good and Umbopo fight their way onto the entrance platform of the first passenger car, climb the ladder.

CONTINUED

THE ROOF OF THE FIRST PASSENGER CAR: They sit down at the front end and hang on as bodies clamber about them, cursing, hurrying. The train, now speeding, leaves several natives behind, but the bulk of the third-class passengers are settled back in their places. Good looks around at his mates, exhilarated.

GOOD

By gad, we're a team, we are!

The wind catches him, nearly blows him off, but Quatramane and Umbopo grab him, haul him back to a safe perch.

QUATRAMANE

Stay put!

(turns to Jesse)

All of you. I'm going to find out exactly where your father is.

JESSE

(rising)

I'm going with you.

QUATRAMANE

No, you're not.

He shoves her back down, then moves off between the parked bodies. Jesse again starts to follow him, but Good, Mabel hold onto her.

ON THE ENTRANCE PLATFORM OF THE SECOND PASSENGER CAR, Quatramane comes down the ladder to find SEVERAL GERMAN SOLDIERS smoking. Quatramane gets out a cigarette, bums a match, and lights up while covertly checking the area. Then he casually enters the second passenger car.

INT. SECOND PASSENGER CAR - DAY

Quatramane enters, covertly scans the seated, dozing passengers. There are Turkish rifleman, Arab slavers, a scattering of Europeans, but no sign of Reverend Huston, Dogati. Quatramane moves through. Here, there a Turkish rifleman glances at him, but no one 'makes' him and Quatramane goes out the rear door.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

ON THE REAR ENTRANCE PLATFORM OF THE SECOND PASSENGER CAR, Quatramane finds himself facing the first flat car with

CONTINUED

the sandbagged machine-gun emplacements. Beyond it is the one-pounder gun truck. On the flat car, German soldiers, Gunner, and Shack, drink beer, play cards, doze. Heads glance at Quatramane, then turn away. Quatramane sits down on the lowest stair, nearly out of sight of the Germans. A beat. He swings down onto:

THE COUPLING between the two cars. The ground races past below as he crawls under the flat car.

The German soldiers take no notice of his disappearance.

UNDER THE FIRST FLAT CAR, Quatramane edges along using a precarious narrow perch. The ground is only inches away. The wheels spit rocks. He slips, hangs on, then with great effort, draws himself back onto his perch. A beat. He edges on as:

ON THE ROOF OF THE FIRST PASSENGER CAR: Good, Jesse, Umbopo, Mabel huddle together, their faces glancing back down the train, nervous, expectant. A beat.

GOOD

How long have you known Quatramane?

JESSE

Since we were kids. He was an orphan. My father raised us at his mission in the Congo.

GOOD

I see.

(then)

He probably didn't tame any easier then than he does now, correct?

JESSE

(quiet, sure)

His time's coming.

Good chuckles with delight and Jesse almost smiles.

THE TRAIN ROARS FORWARD belching smoke.

AT THE COUPLING OF THE ONE-POUNDER GUN TRUCK AND THE THIRD PASSENGER CAR: Quatramane covertly comes out from under the gun truck, steps onto the coupling, hauls himself up onto the passenger car's empty entrance platform. He sags down,

CONTINUED

exhausted. A beat. He rises, dusts himself off, opens the door to the third passenger car. MILITARY BAND MUSIC blasts out, then a GERMAN BUGLER. He's terrible. Quatramane can't stand the noise. He scowls at the bugler, then angrily yanks the bugle out of the surprised bugler's hand and blows on it himself. Quatramane plays beautifully. The bugler smiles, opens the door for Quatramane and Quatramane swaps hats with the bugler, then marches in with the bugler behind him.

INT. THIRD PASSENGER CAR - DAY

Quatramane marches through the car playing the bugle. The passengers are all German soldiers, including a band which plays lustily. There is no sign of Reverend Huston, Dogati, Bockner. At the rear of the car, Quatramane returns the hat and bugle to the bugler, salutes him, then exits.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

ON THE ROOF OF THE FIRST PASSENGER CAR: Jesse trembles with worry, frustration. She holds Mabel while Good holds her.

ON THE ROOF OF THE REEFER: Quatramane climbs onto the front end. The roof is crowded with third-class passengers. He notes a small door on the roof for entry into the reefer (refrigerator car), then moves to the rear end of the reefer and surveys

THE SECOND FLAT CAR: It is crowded with third-class passengers sleeping, cooking, talking. Beyond it is the caboose; on its entrance platform, Hamid, Bushiri come out the door. They move onto the second flat car, rummage among the frightened passengers, then grab a BLACK GIRL, haul her to the caboose. She struggles but is forced inside the caboose.

THE ROOF OF THE REEFER: Quatramane growls, then turns to head back, and a PIERCING SCREAM comes from the caboose. Quatramane stops short, moves back, leaps down onto the second flat car, pushes through the frightened passengers towards the caboose.

THE TRAIN ROARS FORWARD, a dark, smoking piece of metallic civilization slicing through the verdant wilderness.

ON THE FORWARD ENTRANCE PLATFORM OF THE CABOOSE: Bushiri enters the caboose as Hamid sits on the stairs looking off at the spreading landscape. His back is to Quatramane as he emerges from beneath the opposite stairs. Quatramane

CONTINUED

takes hold of the grab irons on the side of the caboose, climbs to the roof as Bushiri comes back out, but Bushiri doesn't see him.

ON THE ROOF OF THE CABOOSE: Quatramane, tense, sweating, moves in a crouch across the roof past the cupola to the rear end, and looks over at the rear entrance platform. It is sandbagged, holds a light-machine gun, two German soldiers. Quatramane moves back to the cupola, a windowed structure which rises about two feet above the roof of the caboose. He cleans off a greasy window with his sleeve, looks in. Through the window, he sees Dogati lash Huston with a cane whip and Huston groans. He is blindfolded and spread-eagled in an upright position in the middle of the caboose. His clothes are torn, bloody. Bockner holds the black girl. Dogati nods to him and Bockner twists her arm. She SCREAMS in pain. Huston thrashes wildly at his ropes, begging them to stop. Bockner twists again. The girl SCREAMS, passes out.

Quatramane curses under his breath, draws his Webley, then knowing it will only get them all killed, puts it away. Then Quatramane, using his knife, works at one of the windows, jimmies it open, moves close to the opening to listen.

INT. CABOOSE - DAY

Bockner shoves the girl out, then Dogati removes Huston's blindfold and shoves the statuette of Sheeba at his face.

DOGATI

Now talk, old man, or your
daughter will take your place.

Huston stiffens proudly.

HUSTON

You scallywag! The Lord shall
smite thee with a consumption,
with a fever, and with the sword,
blasting, mildew...

Dogati slashes Huston across the face. Huston winces painfully but refuses to stop.

HUSTON (Contd.)

...and with hemorrhoids, the scab,
the itch.

CONTINUED

DOGATI
 (to Bockner)
 Get his daughter.

Bockner starts out for the girl, stops as:

HUSTON
 (hollers weakly)
 No! Don't touch her! I'll...
 I'll cooperate.

Dogati smiles, puts the statuette to Huston's face. The old man flinches at the sight of the carnal beauty, then:

HUSTON
 The...the stomach, it is the
 desert, in Ghanzi country... her
 navel...

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

ON THE ROOF OF THE CABOOSE, Quatramane listens as

HUSTON (o.s.)
 ...her navel is the Canaanite Well
 of Life...In the northwest desert.
 It is now called the Well of the
 Ghanzi.
 (he hesitates)

DOGATI (o.s.)
 Go on!

HUSTON (o.s.)
 From the well, you proceed due
 west...

Quatramane closes the window quietly, rises, and:

The train roars on as the day begins to die.

ON THE ROOF OF THE FIRST PASSENGER CAR, Jesse, Good, Umbopo Mabel wait impatiently as Quatramane moves through the third class passengers, drops beside them, breathless, annoyed.

QUATRAMANE
 They're at the end of the train,
 in the caboose.

CONTINUED

JESSE
Is Father all right?

QUATRAMANE
(hesitates, then, hard)
Don't ask dumb questions.

Jesse flinches, turns away holding herself, refusing to cry. Good looks urgently from Jesse to Quatramane.

GOOD
We've got to do something!

QUATRAMANE
We are...this is the hard part,
Captain... We're waiting for an
opening.

EXT. TRAIN, OPEN COUNTRY - NIGHT

The train rolls along, dark against the horizon. Lights glow orange inside the passenger cars, the caboose. Small fires glow on the second flat car. The headlamps of the locomotive drive beams of whiteness into the black void.

ON THE ROOF OF THE FIRST PASSENGER CAR: Jesse dozes with her head resting against Quatramane's shoulder. Good sleeps curled up with Mabel in his arms. Umbopo sits silent, regal. A beat. Jesse's eyes open. She realizes she's leaning on Quatramane and pulls away hurriedly, embarrassed, and Quatramane grins. There is a DISTANT RUMBLING, far off, barely audible.

JESSE
What's that?

Quatramane shakes his head. THE SOUND GROWS. Behind them, a nervousness runs through the third class passengers. Quatramane wakes Good, then they see the DISTANT LAMPS OF ANOTHER TRAIN heading their way on a parallel track. Jesse sighs with relief.

JESSE
It's another train.

QUATRAMANE
Look's like we're going to have
a party.

He nods back down the train as:

CONTINUED

German soldiers take firing positions on the entrance platforms.

The gunners in the one-pounder gun truck load a shell.

The muzzles of the Maxim Machine Guns on the flat car are tapped into position.

ON THE ROOF OF THE FIRST PASSENGER CAR: Quatramane, Good, Jesse exchange worried glances.

The oncoming train keeps coming, a mysterious plunging mass of black steel behind the glow of its lamps.

Suddenly the faces of the passengers gasp. Women shriek. Bodies scramble up and Quatramane, Jesse, Good, Umbopo, Mabel watch in disbelief as the third-class passengers panic, leap off into the night. Then the group turns to see:

THE ENGINE of the oncoming train as searchlights wash over it. The engine is covered with NATIVE REBEL SOLDIERS in scraps of uniforms, native clothing. They carry an odd assortment of rifles, pistols, spears. A beat. They open fire.

ON THE ROOF OF THE FIRST PASSENGER CAR: Quatramane pushes Jesse flat against the roof as Good, Mabel, Umbopo drop beside them and bullets whiz by.

QUATRAMANE

(defying the danger)

Well, that's one way to start a rebellion.

GOOD

They can't be serious!

A bullet explodes, eats the wooden roof besides Good's head.

QUATRAMANE

It appears they differ with you.

GOOD

It's madness! Look at them! The savages! Whose country do they think this is anyway?

QUATRAMANE

(chuckles at Good's naivete)

Come on! This is our chance!

CONTINUED

Quatramane rises, gathers Jesse in his arms, jumps down onto the entrance platform and bolts into the car with Good, Umbopo, Mabel not far behind.

INT. FIRST PASSENGER CAR - NIGHT

Jesse fights free of Quatramane, moves on her own as bullets eat up windows. They duck, stumble, keep moving.

EXT. TRAINS, OPEN COUNTRY - NIGHT

THE TWO TRAINS come alongside each other. The machine guns in the armored tender at the front of the German train open up at the rebels on the passing train. Bodies on both sides are hit, drop. MORE NATIVES on the rebel train appear behind broken windows of the passenger cars and open fire. The ONE-POUNDER in the gun truck blasts away. An explosion goes off on the engine of the rebel train. Bodies fly off. The engine erupts in flames.

ON THE FIRST FLAT CAR: Quatramane leads Jesse, Good, Mabel, Umbopo over the sandbagged machine-gun emplacements as German soldiers work them. Bullets, spears, arrows land around them. The group takes cover behind sandbags. A particularly devastating volley follows. Then they bolt up, race over the fallen bodies of the German soldiers, make their way over the coupling and:

THROUGH THE ONE-POUNDER GUN TRUCK as German soldiers feed the cannon shells and it roars, smokes, flames.

THE TWO TRAINS ROAR ON as the fighting continues, then they part as suddenly as they met. The rebel train, its engine aflame, vanishes into the night with the rebels cheering, chanting, beating the drums of victory.

ON THE ROOF OF THE THIRD PASSENGER CAR: Quatramane's group comes up onto the front end, hesitates.

QUATRAMANE

Damn! We've still got three cars to go.

They look towards the rear of the train. The roof of their car is clear, then towards the front of the train. The one-pounder gun truck and flat cars with its machine gun emplacements are smoking and bodies lie about, moaning, dead. Then Bockner, two German officers, Gunner move out of the second passenger car onto its rear entrance platform

CONTINUED

to survey the damage. Quatramane pushes Jesse towards the rear.

QUATRAMANE

Quick.

Bockner looks up, sees Quatramane PUSHING his comrades ahead of him.

Quatramane turns in time to see Bockner smile at him, then turn to Gunner, scream an unheard command. Gunner nods, leaps over the railing onto the flat car, his hammer in hand as:

Quatramane, Jesse, Good, Umbopo, Mabel come to an open gap of about twelve feet which separates them from the roof of the reefer car.

QUATRAMANE

(shouting)

Jump! Jump!

Jesse runs forward, dives for the roof of the reefer.

THE ROOF OF THE REEFER: Jesse lands in a neat rolling somersault, comes up standing as Quatramane, Umbopo leap onto the roof. Quatramane, seeing Dutchman, Shack up ahead on the second flat car and moving for them, opens the small roof door into the reefer. Jesse climbs inside as:

ON THE ROOF OF THE THIRD PASSENGER CAR: Good stands on the rear end, trembling. Then he runs, leaps.

THE ROOF OF THE REEFER: Good lands half on, half off, then starts to slide off. Umbopo leaps to his rescue, gathers him up, helps him through the door into the reefer. Then Umbopo jumps in, closes the door behind him. Mabel stays outside, afraid to enter.

ON THE ROOF OF THE THIRD PASSENGER CAR: Gunner appears at the front end, looks around for his intended victims, but they've vanished.

INT. REEFER CAR - NIGHT

Blackness, then a match is struck to reveal Quatramane holding the match and Jesse, Good, Umbopo crowded around him, shivering. Bloody sides of beef thick with frost, stacks of ice blocks, packing crates crusted with ice surround them. The refrigerator walls drip with icicles.

CONTINUED

There is the SOUND OF FEET LANDING ON THE ROOF. Quatramane blows out the match. The feet move on, fade out. A long beat. Then the SOUND OF BODIES climbing the roof and MORE FEET moving across the roof towards them. Jesse moans, then silence. Blackness. Then the roof door lifts back and moonlight streams into the car. Jesse instinctively moves closer to Quatramane, who holds her. A beat.

GUNNER (o.s.)

I'm not goin' in there with them
carryin' guns, not even for a
goddamn general.

SHACK (o.s.)

So, we lock it, tell the colonel
we lost them. If they're in there,
they'll be dead in an hour anyway.

The SOUND OF THE GUARDS LAUGHING, then the small door is slammed and shut and locked leaving blackness. A beat. Another match is lit. Jesse shivers with the cold, looks around in dismay.

JESSE

Swell! Really swell!

GOOD

(taking off his coat)

Now child, Quatramane, like a good
chap, will figure a way to get us
out.

(then)

Save everything in your pockets
that will burn. After we can't
take the cold anymore, we'll
build a fire.

Good hands his coat to Umbopo who, with only his lion skin, is shivering noticeably. Umbopo shakes his head, regal, proud. Good shoves the coat into his arms.

GOOD (Contd.)

Take it, man! I'm used to this
kind of weather. Her Majesty's
Royal Navy and all that kind
of rot.

Umbopo hesitates, then takes the coat out and bows his thanks. Good smiles and the match dies. Quatramane strikes another, turns to Good.

CONTINUED

QUATRAMANE

Our only chance is to wait until
they think we've frozen to death,
and catch them offguard.

GOOD

That's a long wait.

(nods at the match)

So, I suggest, old chap, that
we save the rest of our matches.

Quatramane nods. They crowd together around the glow of the match, a strange bunch of comrades-in-arms if ever there was one. They give each other smiles of encouragement, then the match burns down, goes out.

EXT. TRAIN SIDING - DAWN

The train stands motionless as it takes on water from a water tower. Soldiers, passengers move about exercising their legs. Assorted RAILROAD CARS stand on side tracks. In the b.g., tents form a military camp, and a plane, an AVIATIK, a bi-plane with a single large cockpit for several occupants, stands on a makeshift landing field. There is a flurry of activity as a MOTORCYCLE with a GERMAN OFFICER in its side car, drives up leading a company of MARCHING GERMAN SOLDIERS. Somewhere unseen, BUGLES AND DRUMS play a MARCH.

ON THE ROOF OF THE REEFER: Mabel paces nervously across the small door, then puts her ear to it.

INT. REEFER CAR - DAWN

Good, Umbopo crouch over a small fire made from bits of clothing, a pencil, papers, scraps from wooden packing boxes. The two are gouging at the wall of the reefer making a hole in it, and using the carving for the fire. Quatramane, Jesse hug each other tight in a dry corner. His fingers play in her hair. She frowns but doesn't look up.

JESSE

Don't get personal!

QUATRAMANE

God, I forget how soft you are...
all over.

She looks up at him angrily. He stops petting her. A beat. She lays her head back against his chest.

CONTINUED

JESSE

You're really rotten, you know that! What kind of a man thinks of a thing like that, at a time like this?

QUATRAMANE

The kind of a man who's been thinking about it ever since you turned thirteen.

JESSE

(thinks, almost smiles, then hard)

Liar!

QUATRAMANE

Yeah, you're right. It was when you turned eleven... and started thinking about it yourself.

JESSE

(looks up, frowning)

I hate you.

QUATRAMANE

Now! Now! Remember, this is a team effort. It's our duty to keep each other warm.

She grunts but doesn't move away. He studies her face. Their cheeks, lips are almost touching. Then he kisses her. A beat. She returns it. A long beat. She pulls away an inch, gasps softly.

JESSE

Gawd, I hate you.

She frowns at him, can't maintain it, and kisses him again, long, hungry. Then she pulls away, leans her cheek against his chest, her breath short, hot. Quatramane is steaming himself, and a little unnerved by it. He clears his throat, then:

QUATRAMANE

Nothing personal.

JESSE

Of course not. But if you get any warmer, you're going to have to marry me anyway.

CONTINUED

He frowns and she smiles, knowing she's gotten to him. When Good, Umbopo finally make a hole in the wall, Good puts his eye to it seeing:

THROUGH THE HOLE: The railyard, military camp, landing field with its airplane.

Good pulls away from the hole frowning thoughtfully. The car suddenly lurches, throws them all down as it begins to move.

EXT. FOOTHILLS - DAY

The train snakes through the hills.

INT. REEFER CAR - DAY

Quatramane, with the others behind him, levels his Webley at the sliding door on the side of the reefer, pulls the trigger. Nothing happens. Quatramane growls, moves to the small fire.

QUATRAMANE

It's frozen.

He squats beside the fire holding the Webley over it. The others watch, then Good squats beside him and, in a business-like manner, takes the revolver, removes the cartridge, and puts the revolver right in the fire. Then, using his gloved hands, he covers it with the hot coals. A beat. Good uncovers the Webley, brushes it off, reloads it, hands it to Quatramane. Quatramane gives him a smile of professional appreciation, moves back to the doors, levels the revolver. As he does, NOISES come from the roof door.

JESSE

Hurry!

Quatramane fires. A sizable hole is blown in the sliding door and sunshine floods in. He fires two more times and the hole expands until it is big enough for a person to crawl through. Quatramane grabs a crowbar off the floor, goes out the hole with Jesse right behind him. The roof door swings back letting in more sunshine. Good fires a shot at it as Umbopo goes out the hole. CURSING comes from the roof.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

CONTINUED

THE ROOF OF THE REEFER: Gunner, Dutchman squat over the open roof door growling, then duck as bullets rip up out of the reefer. When they stop, Gunner draws his revolver, edges towards the open door. Neither he nor Dutchman see Quatramane climbing up onto the roof behind them. Gunner leans over to fire. Mabel, who sits nearby, peers between her fingers, grinning. Quatramane rises, then steps in, kicks and drives Gunner flying off the train. Dutchman turns in shock, then erupts, tackles Quatramane. They go rolling across the roof as Jesse climbs up onto it.

ON THE SIDE OF THE REEFER: Umbopo clings to the grab irons with one hand while trying to pull Good through the hole, but Good sticks. He's too fat.

ON THE ROOF OF THE REEFER: Jesse runs to help Quatramane who battles Dutchman. They suddenly roll, crash into Jesse's legs. She falls flat, begins to slide off the roof. She claws for a perch, but continues to slip. Quatramane, Dutchman, on their knees, belt each other. Quatramane finally hammers Dutchman down through the door in the roof, then closes it, locks it.

Quatramane gasps for breath, then hears MABEL'S SCREAMING.

He turns, sees Mabel pointing in terror at the rear end of the roof. Quatramane turns sharply, sees Jesse sliding slowly over the side of the roof. Quatramane jumps up, takes two steps for Jesse, then stops short as Shack's massive head appears over the rear end of the roof. Quatramane whips out his Webley, fires three times, drives Shack's head out of sight, then runs out of bullets. Shack reappears, climbs onto the floor.

Quatramane races for Jesse, dives, lands within a foot of her clawing hands and Shack's booted foot catches him, drives him back. Quatramane rolls, comes up bruised, bleeding to see: Jesse slide off the roof, then dangle from it, hanging on by her fingertips. Quatramane, the crowbar in hand, charges Shack as he draws his hammer.

ON THE SIDE OF THE REEFER: Umbopo tries to kick in a larger hole but Good still sticks.

ON THE ROOF OF THE REEFER: Quatramane, the Dutchman go at each other with reckless fury. The hammer takes out chunks of roof, the crowbar opens up the Dutchman's forehead. The hammer clubs Quatramane in the thigh, drops him. The Dutchman raises the hammer over his head, brings it down. Quatramane rolls his head aside and the hammer buries itself in the roof, sticks.

CONTINUED

ON ONE SIDE OF THE REEFER: Jesse still dangles, in pain, losing her strength.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE REEFER: Good still sticks and Umbopo still kicks out a larger hole.

ON THE ROOF OF THE REEFER: The Dutchman tries to pull his hammer out of the roof giving Quatramane time to fight free. Then the hammer rips free and the Dutchman swings it at Quatramane's hand, hits it and the crowbar rolls away, drops off the roof. The Dutchman grins, moves for Quatramane with confidence, too much. Quatramane attacks, drives his head into the big man's gut, knocks him flat, breathless. Quatramane jumps up to attack again, then stops short as MABEL SCREAMS A WARNING. He turns and sees:

Mabel lying flat on the roof as a low trestle sweeps over her.

Quatramane drops just in time. The trestle passes over his head and, as the Dutchman rises, catches the big man in the chest and drives him flailing, screaming off the roof.

ON ONE SIDE OF THE REEFER CAR: Good finally gets through the hole, climbs with Umbopo for the roof as:

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE REEFER: Jesse gasps in pain, then her fingers give. She drops just as a hand shoots down, grabs her wrist. She looks up and her face spreads with relief as she sees Quatramane's smiling face. He hauls her up into his arms, hugs her close. Behind them, Mabel, Umbopo, Good come onto the roof smiling. Then they all move to the rear end of the roof and stop short, gasp with dismay, as they see:

A STRING OF FIVE PASSENGER CARS AND ONE FLATBED that now stretch out behind the second flatbed. There are GUARDS, German soldiers on each roof, all looking their way. The caboose is now seven cars away instead of one.

ON THE ROOF OF THE REEFER: Good, Umbopo, Jesse, Mabel, Quatramane scowl.

JESSE

What's happened?

GOOD

They added cars at the last stop.

Quatramane grunts, looks down, sees A MOTORCYCLE WITH A SIDE CAR roped to the second flatcar, just below them. A stack

CONTINUED

of loose two-by-fours lie beside it. A wagon is roped to the rear end of the flatcar. It is tilted so as to form a ramp rising nearly to the height of the roof of the passenger car coupled behind the flatcar.

JESSE

What can we do?

GOOD

I say, I think it's time to negotiate.

QUATRAMANE

Baloney!

Quatramane leaps off the roof of the reefer, knife in hand.

ON THE SECOND FLATCAR: Quatramane lands on the seat of the motorcycle, slashes its ropes, then guns it to life as Mabel drops into the sidecar carrying a length of two-by-four. The motorcycle roars forward as Good, Jesse, Umbopo drop onto the flatcar behind it. They gather up lengths of two-by-fours and race after the motorcycle hollering. It's all or nothing now. The motorcycle roars up the ramp, flies through the air.

THE ROOFS OF THE ADDED PASSENGER CARS: Quatramane's motorcycle lands with a THUD on the first roof, then roars forward as Good, Jesse, Umbopo leap onto the roof behind it. The GERMAN GUARDS lift their rifles. Too late. The motorcycle drives through them, knocks them off the train.

Then the motorcycle, by leaping the gaps between the cars, speeds across the remaining cars knocking guards flying and terrifying others into leaping off. As it does, Good, Jesse, Umbopo come charging and leaping across the roofs moping up any remaining guards.

As Quatramane's motorcycle scatters the last guards on the last passenger car, he hits the breaks. Too late. The motorcycle skids to the end of the roof and flies off discarding Quatramane, Mabel in the process.

ON THE ADDITIONAL FLATBED CAR: The motorcycle, Quatramane, Mabel land with a LOUD CRUNCH amid packing crates. When Quatramane, Mabel fight clear of the debris, Good, Jesse, Umbopo arrive, help them up. Then they make their way to

CONTINUED

the end of the flatbed, leap onto the unoccupied forward entrance platform of the caboose.

ON THE CABOOSE: Umbopo and Mabel work the coupling link to the rest of the train free as Quatramane, Good, Jesse charge inside the caboose, two-by-fours in hand.

INT. CABOOSE - DAY

Jesse, Quatramane, Good stop short. She screams, rushes to Huston who is still spread eagled to the ceiling, floor. An old, short frightened conductor is the only other occupant; he stands in the far corner trembling. As Jesse hugs her semi-conscious, badly beaten father, Quatramane cuts him down, glances at Good.

QUATRAMANE

They got off at the water stops.
That puts them hours ahead.

Good winces.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

ON THE CABOOSE: The coupling link comes free and the caboose drifts away from the rest of the train as GERMAN SOLDIERS reappear and open fire. Umbopo and Mabel dive inside the caboose as bullets eat the door behind them. Then the train pulls away rapidly and the caboose rolls slowly to a stop.

INT. CABOOSE - DAY

Jesse holds Huston in her arms as Quatramane gives him water. Slowly he comes around. Good, Umbopo guard the doors in case the Germans return. Mabel guards the conductor A beat. Huston opens his eyes, smiles at Jesse.

JESSE

Thank God, you're all right.

HUSTON

(a beat, he shakes
his head)

No! Not all right. I have sinned,
child. Sinned terribly.

CONTINUED

JESSE

It doesn't matter.

HUSTON

It does! I told them everything!
Explained every licentious curve,
each dimple on the filthy little
figurine... and it burns in my
blood like the sins of Herod.

Quatramane, Good exchange a hurried glance, then Quatramane
smiles at Huston.

QUATRAMANE

You did the only thing you could do,
old friend.

HUSTON

(looking up, recognizing
Quatramane)
Alan...it's good to see you again,
son. How are you living?

QUATRAMANE

Day by day.

HUSTON

(smiles, then)
You're going after them, of course?
(Quatramane nods)
And I'm going with you.

Huston tries to rise. Jesse holds him down.

JESSE

No you're not! You're going to
the hospital in Borrumba.

HUSTON

(dismissing her)
Nonsense! We must stop them!
We have to!

JESSE

You're not strong enough...you...

HUSTON

(interrupting)
Behave, child! I have no choice.

Jesse holds her tongue. Quatramane smiles approvingly at her

CONTINUED

obedience. Jesse scowls at him, then rises abruptly, snarling at her father.

JESSE

No! Damn it! I'm finished behaving. You're going to Boorumba.

Huston looks at her in disbelief, unable to accept the fact she swore at him.

JESSE (Contd.)

Dad, I'm sorry but the mines are nothing but a legend! Nonsense!

HUSTON

Nonsense! When I have read the map with my own eyes. No! They are there. And the work of the Lord must be done. If was He who hid the trails, He who destroyed all who knew them, even the Queen of Sheeba herself for leading Solomon to a bed of lust.

QUATRAMANE

(smiling)

Pour it on, Dad.

Jesse scowls at Quatramane.

HUSTON (Contd.)

No, my child. The Lord hid the mines, but now he has revealed them to "me."

JESSE

Dad, those mines have nothing to do with you! Nothing!

HUSTON

(outraged)

Nothing to do with me! My child, Dogati, that German are the instruments of the devil. They intend to use the wealth of those mines to make war on the civilized world, to enslave all Africa. And the money! Why the Kimberly mine alone produces twenty million

CONTINUED

HUSTON (Contd.)

dollars a year, and these could be bigger. Think of the missions we could build.

JESSE

(weakening)

But you're too old!

HUSTON

(aghast)

Too old! Too old to do the work of God!

Jesse sighs, gives up, turns away.

QUATRAMANE

(to Huston)

If you can show us the way, we'll get started. There's another map, drawn on Jesse.

Huston's eyes light up. He takes hold of Jesse and, forgetting for a moment that she is his own flesh and blood, opens her blouse, sees the map, and smiles. Then, using her body as if it were the statuette, the map, he points as he speaks.

HUSTON

They are headed here, for the well of the Ghanzi in the north west of the desert. Due west, across the desert, is a great mountain barrier, the Breasts of Sheeba. Beyond them is where we must go...into the jungle, the unknown ...there we will find King Solomon's highway which will take us to the mines.

He chuckles, half rises, then folds up, hits the floor. They all move to him. Good inspects his leg, chest, then looks up.

GOOD

I'm afraid he's not going anywhere. His ribs are broken...and his heart's...not too strong.

Huston gasps, looks up at Jesse, smiles.

HUSTON

You were right, child. I am nothing but an old man.

CONTINUED

HUSTON (Contd.)
(she hugs him, he pats
her)
But you will still carry on my
work, go with them.

She hesitates, then nods obediently.

EXT. FOOTHILLS - DAY

Jesse exits a native hut, buttoning her dress and NATIVE WOMEN enter the hut, carrying food, water. There is a BOISTEROUS CHUCKLE from Huston within the hut. Other huts, natives stand about. Good, Umbopo wait in the b.g. scanning the horizon for any sign of Germans. Quatramane, with Mabel on his shoulder, waits for Jesse. She stops, facing him, finishes the last button, her face set with determination.

QUATRAMANE
Was he able to translate the
whole map?
(she nods)
Think you can remember everything?

JESSE
(cool, flat)
I'll remember.

QUATRAMANE
(a beat, then)
Don't take it so hard. He's
proud of you for going.

JESSE
It's not that. I want to go, but
not for the reasons he thinks.
(then)
I've put in my time in this
country, twenty years, and it's
time it paid off. I want my
share of the diamonds...and I want
Dogati dead.

A beat. Quatramane half smiles. They move off, then stop short as Huston, helped by TWO NATIVE WOMEN, appears in the doorway of the hut. He's bandaged around the chest, pale, but hollers lustily at Quatramane.

CONTINUED

HUSTON

Be careful, you rascal!
(referring to Jesse)
She's full grown now.

Quatramane nods thoughtfully, salutes Huston, then he and Jesse move off. Huston chuckles, gives his lovely female companions a happy grin, then allows them to help him back inside.

EXT. TRAIN SIDING - DAY

Activity is lively. SQUADS OF GERMAN SOLDIERS move off in Inspection Trolleys riding the railroad tracks, others march off in squads. A beat.

Quatramane, Good, Jesse, Mabel, Umbopo move up out of the savannah, drop behind boulders about a hundred yards from the landing strip and the Aviatik airplane. Beyond the landing strip is the line of tents, then the railroad tracks, watertower.

GOOD

It's just like you thought, old chap. They're moving out to search for us. The last thing they expect is for us to come back here.

Quatramane smiles. Jesse doesn't. She glances at Umbopo who, as usual, keeps his distance. She turns back to Quatramane, Good.

JESSE

It's not right.

QUATRAMANE

Damn it, Jesse! This is no time to worry about a bit of stealing.

JESSE

It's not the stealing! We can't leave Umbopo behind.

GOOD

My dear girl, that is entirely up to him.

CONTINUED

JESSE

The hell it is! He'll never get in an airplane. He wouldn't even ride in the car!

QUATRAMANE

Jesse, Dogati's hours ahead of us. The airplane's the only chance of overtaking him.

JESSE

I know that!

QUATRAMANE

Then shut up.

She starts to argue, can't, sags with defeat. Good, looking back at the landing strip, tenses excitedly.

GOOD

This is it. Here they come.

A PILOT AND OBSERVER leave the tents, move for the Aviatik. Quatramane smiles, moves forward keeping behind a spread of boulders that angle toward the back of the Aviatik.

QUATRAMANE

Stay low...single file.

They move through the boulders, then stop directly behind the Aviatik as the crew climbs onto the wing to get to the single large cockpit. They carry small bags, Mauser machine pistols, and wear goggles. Quatramane waits until their backs are turned, then he, Good, burst forward silently, knock the observer and pilot unconscious.

Good quickly removes the pilot's equipment, picks up the bags, climbs into the cockpit. Quatramane puts a Mauser in his belt, then moves to the prop. Jesse climbs onto the wing, turns, gives Umbopo a weak smile. Umbopo now understands what they intend to do. He backs up a step. Jesse bites her lip, hesitates, then climbs into the cockpit with Mabel. Good hits the ignition. Quatramane swings the prop. It doesn't turn over. In the b.g., GERMAN SENTRIES glance their way. Good hits the ignition. Quatramane whips the prop around. It connects.

The sentries see what's happened. One sounds the alarm, the other races towards the Aviatik as it starts to roll forward.

CONTINUED

Quatramane jumps on the wing, climbs into the now crowded cockpit as Jesse watches Umbopo. He stands motionless, a regal figure. A beat. He turns away, stops, looks back. The Aviatik is pulling away, slow, steady. A beat. Quatramane grumbles, climbs out onto the wing, extends his hand toward Umbopo, hollers.

QUATRAMANE

Come on, damn you!

Umbopo holds. Quatramane curses, drops his hand, hollers.

QUATRAMANE

It's up to you..."partner."

A beat. Umbopo grins, bolts forward in his long striding elegant, beautiful run. Quatramane, Good, Jesse smile. Quatramane extends his hand again.

QUATRAMANE

Look at him! Jesus, can he run!

Umbopo races for the airplane, closing fast on the slow vehicle. Then he's close, within reach of Quatramane's hand. Good glances back.

GOOD/QUATRAMANE/
JESSE

Jump! Jump!

Umbopo reaches, then hesitates, slows, and:

The plane lifts off the ground. Good, Jesse, Quatramane, Mabel glance at each other, refusing to believe they've lost him.

The GERMAN SOLDIERS running towards them start firing.

Umbopo still running, watches the Aviatik rise, then it dips back to the ground. Umbopo roars forward. He reaches the plane as it touches down again and Quatramane leans out from the wing, his hand extended. Umbopo runs, it's all he can do to keep up. Then he gains slightly, pushing harder, then his hand joins with Quatramane's and

THE PLANE SOARS INTO THE SKY as Quatramane hauls Umbopo up onto the wing. Good is laughing. Jesse is crying with joy.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS OF THE AVIATIK FLYING OVER:

CONTINUED

A river bubbling with rhinos.

The savannah as a herd of wildebeests stampede amid swirling clouds of dust.

More savannah with lions, giraffe, zebra.

EXT. AVIATIK (SAVANNAH LANDSCAPE) - DAY

Quatramane, lying on the wing, uses binoculars. Jesse, Mabel, Umbopo, Good ride in the cockpit. Empty, endless grassland spreads beneath them.

GOOD

They've got to be here someplace,
damn it!

QUATRAMANE

Stop complaining, Captain or we're
going to trade places.

Good glances at Quatramane's precarious perch on the wing, winces. Then Quatramane tightens, smiles behind his binoculars as they hold on.

A blurry flash of light, then it comes into focus revealing the diamond stud glittering in Dogati's earlobe. The slaver's face is confident, relaxed. He, Bockner are being carried in a "machillas" (a hammock-like affair slung on poles and carried by four bearers). Bockner is sipping from a porcelain cup, smoking, his body shaded by a parasol carried by a FEMALE SLAVE. Hamid, Bushiri lead the safari followed by Dogati, Bockner, the troop of Turkish soldiers, then the bearers who are struggling under heavy burdens, being driven with whips by Arab slavers.

Quatramane lowers the binoculars.

QUATRAMANE

It's them.

Jesse, Good exchange a smile, then she digs into the pilot's traveling bag, comes away with Mills bombs.

EXT. SAVANNAH - DAY

Dogati's safari pushes on. Then the shadow of the plane moves over it. Heads turn, twist, look up, see the Aviatik overhead. The bearers instantly scatter screaming, dropping their loads.

CONTINUED

Arab slavers, Turkish riflemen lift their rifles, open fire. Jesse drops her Mills Bombs. The bombs sail down, explode amid the safari. Turks drop. Dogati, Bockner are spilled from their machillas as their bearers run off. A beat. Dogati rises amid more explosions, with Bockner scowling beside him. They glare at the airplane as it flies away.

DOGATI

They must have another map!

BOCKNER

Either that, or you bungled it,
left that old man alive.

They turn hard on each other hollering.

DOGATI

You said you'd kill him!

BOCKNER

It was your job!

They glare at each other, then storm off in opposite directions hollering orders.

EXT. THE AVIATIK (SAVANNAH LANDSCAPE) - DAY

Quatramane, Jesse, Good, Umbopo, Mabel look down at the safari which is quickly reforming except for the bearers. They no longer want to play. Jesse scowls.

JESSE

We hardly even scared them!

Quatramane nods, then peers over his wing, grins, points down, hollers.

QUATRAMANE

Break out some more bombs.

They look down. A slow moving herd of elephants is directly in front of the oncoming safari and moving towards it, but is concealed from the safari by a ridge. Jesse beams, picks up two more bombs, hands one to Quatramane. They take aim, wait, then

QUATRAMANE

Now!

CONTINUED

They drop the bombs which sail down through the blue, empty sky.

EXT. SAVANNAH - DAY

THE ELEPHANTS plod forward slowly, massive heroic beasts. Suddenly explosions go off behind them. The elephants bolt forward, bellowing, thundering. A billion tons of meat and bone hurtling as one piece.

AT THE SAFARI: Dogati, Bockner, the others stop, startled by the explosions. They hear a RISING THUNDER, then the ground trembles and the herd of elephants comes roaring over the ridge.

What follows is amazing, spectacular, brutal. Bodies flee in all directions, are trampled, buried, kicked thrown into the sky. Weapons are brought into play, but too late. The safari's only recourse is panic, screaming. When the elephants finally pass by, less than half of the safari pulls itself off the ground. Dogati is one of the last to rise, along with Bockner, Hamid, Bushiri. They're bruised, limping. Dogati's cheek is again bleeding and his eyes glare with hatred at the Aviatik, now only a speck against the sky.

EXT. AVIATIK (SAVANNAH LANDSCAPE) - DAY

Good, Jesse are beaming,

GOOD

That finishes Dogati!

QUATRAMANE

(amused)

Your optimism is comforting,
Captain, but all we've done is
made him mad.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AVIATIK (DESERT LANDSCAPE) - DAY

The occupants stare in all directions, confounded by the vast spreading landscape of sand, sun-blasted dirt, rock. Clouds fill the sky in all directions. Quatramane scans the horizon with his binoculars from his wing position, then lowers them, scowling.

CONTINUED

QUATRAMANE

(hollering to Jesse)

Are you sure your father said there
was a mountain range out here?

JESSE

(hollering)

Yes! You heard him yourself.

GOOD

Then, dear lady, where in God's
name is it? A mountain range
can't hide, and we're getting
low on petrol.

On cue, the motor coughs, then coughs again. The occupants
glance at each other terrified. Then the motor spits, coughs,
goes silent. Jesse groans. The plane drops out of the sky
in a long dive. Good fights for control, a losing battle.

Quatramane, on the wing, hangs on in terror as he looks down
at the desert rushing up at him. Jesse screams and

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Aviatik finally levels off, but too late. It takes the
top off a sand dune and the impact knocks off the landing
gear and Quatramane, deposits them in the sand. The plane
than lands on its belly, bounces twice on hard dirt, then
skids for thirty yards, comes to a stop and falls apart.

AT THE DUNE: Quatramane comes up out of the sand flailing,
choking, spitting. When he finally rights himself, he staggers
down the dune.

AT THE AVIATIK: Umbopo and Mabel pull Jesse, Good free of
the wreckage just before it goes up in flames. They stagger
back as Quatramane stumbles towards them. Mabel, Jesse
see him, gasp with relief, run to him. He takes them in
his arms, grins at Good and Umbopo who are badly shaken.

QUATRAMANE

Relax, gentlemen, we're right on
course.

GOOD

(stupified)

On course?

CONTINUED

He nods at the sky. They turn. The clouds are parting to reveal the mountain barrier. Its most prominent features are twin peaks, round, full bodied, lusty mountains.

GOOD
(exhilarated)
The Breasts of Sheeba!

JESSE
They "do" exist.

QUATRAMANE
Lovely, aren't they?
(then to Jesse)
Sort of reminds me of you.

She flushes with embarrassment, then

JESSE
I'm sure they do.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

Skulls, bones, totems hang from poles that stand like sentries in the narrow defiles through the jagged boulders that crest the mountain.

Quatramane, Jesse, Good, Umbopo, bone-tired, sun-whipped, crest the mountain, stare at the forbidding signs, move into the boulders

They emerge from the boulders onto a large, bald rock, which falls away in a steep stone cliff, and stare awestruck.

A vista of a jungle wilderness spreads out before them, thousands of feet below, a primeval rain forest spreading, stretching to the endless horizon, without a single sign of civilization. Awesome. Mysterious. Terrifying.

JESSE
Where's the bloody highway?

GOOD
It's got to be there someplace.

QUATRAMANE
Let's worry about getting off this rock first.

Quatramane checks the load in his Webley, then starts to look for a way down the cliff, and sees Umbopo pointing at a narrow

CONTINUED

crack in the bald rock. He's already found the way down.

QUATRAMANE

Well, look who's turned into a
tour guide.

Umbopo half smiles, and one by one, they start down the crack in the rock, hand over hand, clinging to outcroppings of rock, dead roots, each other. For anyone watching them they are nice, easy, slow-moving targets. Sitting ducks.

EXT. DESERT FRONTIER - DAY

Dogati, Hamid, Bushiri wield their whips driving their few remaining bearers out of the savannah onto the sand. The Turkish riflemen, Arab slavers now number thirty. They plod forward, tired sweating, not at all certain that the whips won't be used on them.

EXT. JUNGLE TREES - DAY

Quatramane leads his group through tall trees thick with branches. Shafts of sunlight shoot through splashing light on their sweating worried faces. Umbopo brings up the rear avoiding the light, watching the shadows, spear in hand. Suddenly Quatramane brings them to a halt.

A small unconscious, near-naked native boy lies in the clearing in front of them amid fallen branches, breathing, apparently unharmed. Jesse winces, moves forward. Umbopo holds her back, but she fights free, moves to the child, drops beside him.

JESSE

The poor little thing.

She strokes him. The others move up and Good examines the boy as Umbopo points out several dirt trails leading off the clearing, then makes a sign indicating they shouldn't touch the boy.

GOOD

It appears the lad fell out of a tree. He doesn't seem to be hurt but he's feverish.

JESSE

(to Quatramane)

Damn! What are we going to do?

CONTINUED

QUATRAMANE

Umbopo thinks we should leave him
for his own people, and I think
what he thinks.

Jesse frowns, looks at Umbopo who points up into the tree
where a small reed platform built in the branches has been
overturned, then reaches for the child. Jesse stops him.

JESSE

Oh no! I've seen this kind of
thing before. They put them in
trees so the moon or jungle gods
can care for them. But all they
do is die.

QUATRAMANE

There's a good chance you're
going to make some medicine man
very angry.

JESSE

Look, I don't like this any better
than you, but we've got no choice.

She picks up the boy, rises. Quatramane looks at Good who
shrugs agreement, then at Umbopo. He now shows the first sign
of knowing what fear is. His eyes hunt the jungle. There
are shadows, possibly eyes, everywhere. And NOISES, a
symphony of terrifying NOISES. They all instinctively crowd
together in the clearing.

QUATRAMANE

(a beat, then)

We're a day, maybe two, ahead of
Dogati. We'll make camp, then
the Captain can treat the boy while
I find the bloody highway.

They nod silent agreement, then move off following Quatramane,
disappear amid heavy undergrowth. A pair of eyes watches
them from a black shadow: there is something strange about
them, something lopsided.

EXT. JUNGLE CAMP - DAY

Quatramane, Mabel move up the stream bed to a clearing where
a camp has been laid out. Good, Jesse are caring for the boy.
Umbopo is finishing off a bed of grass he has built in the

CONTINUED

crotch of a large tree. It is shaded with leaves; a regal jungle dwelling. Quatramane, Mabel watch Umbopo as he covertly urinates around the dwelling, then move to the others. The boy is conscious but frightened, weak. Good finishes packing his medical bag, looks up at Quatramane.

GOOD

Find it?

QUATRAMANE

Nothing!

JESSE

(grunts)

Well, we can't go anywhere, right now anyway.

Quatramane frowns. Jesse nods at the boy.

GOOD

He's responded to the quinine nicely; the fever's breaking. But look at this.

Good lifts one of the boy's hands; the palm is thick with callouses. Quatramane squats, touches the callouses thoughtfully.

GOOD (Contd.)

And his feet are as pink as your tongue.

JESSE

He's crippled, Alan.

She lifts the child up, places him on his feet, releases him. The child, unable to stand, drops back into her arms.

GOOD

The strange things is, his bones are sound, strong as yours or mine. And his muscles solid.

JESSE

(a beat)

I've nicknamed him Tuba. He seems to like it.

Quatramane nods, studies Tuba thoughtfully, then looks at the beaded band around his neck; the beads are in an ancient

CONTINUED

pattern. Quatramane touches the beads. Tuba tightens but lets him.

QUATRAMANE

Did you see this? It's Egyptian, the beads are new, but the style is Twenty-first Dynasty...around eleven hundred B.C.

JESSE

(stirred by the implications)

...when Solomon was King in Israel.

Quatramane nods as Good chuckles, touches the beads.

GOOD

By gad, little fella, you are heaven sent after all.

Jesse watches Quatramane as he looks about with concern, then

JESSE

What's worrying you?

QUATRAMANE

The boy. His people. This jungle ...mostly Umbopo.

GOOD

(consumed with great expectations)

Nonsense! He's been splendid! Couldn't have found a better camp site and he's built Jesse a regular throne.

QUATRAMANE

That's just it. I get the feeling he grew up using this jungle as an outhouse...

(to Jesse)

...and he just pissed around your bed.

JESSE

He's just trying to ward off snakes...

(then, referring to Quatramane)

CONTINUED

JESSE (Contd.)
 ...and other, more dangerous,
 reptiles.

QUATRAMANE
 (a beat, thoughtfully)
 For your sake, let's hope I'm the
 only son-of-a-bitch he's worried
 about.

Quatramane, showing no sign of playfulness, rises, moves off into the jungle as they watch him uneasily.

EXT. WATER HOLE - EVENING

Good stands thigh deep in the water, wearing only a flannel shirt and briefs. A mirror, his toilet kit are spread on a flat rock. He hums while shaving his lathered face with a straight razor. The camp is out of sight. He gets half of his face shaved, then turns sharply, startled by bubbling water a foot away. He backs away, then yelps as something touches his legs, and scampers out, gasping, watching the water.

Behind him, six arms drop from the overhanging foliage. They're dark, hairy, strange. One hand holds a pad of dark reddish green leaves. A bubbling rises from the water. Good, wary, steps back into the arms. They grab him. The leaves are pushed against his gasping mouth. Good struggles fitfully, silently, to no avail. He is slowly pulled up. Suddenly he goes limp, unconscious, and is dragged out of sight.

EXT. JUNGLE CAMP - NIGHT

Jesse, Tuba, Umbopo sit at a campfire eating, then look up as Quatramane comes out of the shadows carrying Good's toilet kit. He shakes his head, squats facing Jesse, puts the kit down.

QUATRAMANE
 Found it at the water hole. There was no sign of him, no sign of a struggle. Nothing. Mabel's still looking for him. We'll have to wait for first light.

JESSE
 What could have happened?

CONTINUED

QUATRAMANE

A lion, leopard...you name it.

Jesse winces. Umbopo shakes his head, then quiet, sure.

UMBOPO

Oobugwa!

The boy looks sharply at Umbopo. Quatramane notes this, nods to Umbopo, then, accusingly

QUATRAMANE

(in Zulu)

Why don't you tell us about it,
Umbopo?

Quatramane, Umbopo exchange hard glances. Jesse, tense, worn, turns on Quatramane, her tone protective.

JESSE

Leave him alone.

Quatramane ignores her, continues to study Umbopo, waiting.

UMBOPO

(a beat, then quiet, easy)

Oobugwa!

(then in broken Zulu)

I stand guard.

Umbopo picks up his spear, rises, moves off to stand guard on a rock in the stream bed. Quatramane continues to watch him, then turns to Jesse.

QUATRAMANE

He'll stand guard all night from
the looks of him. I suggest you
get a good night's sleep.

JESSE

(sarcastic)

So you don't think he'll betray us?
Run off?

QUATRAMANE

He won't run off...not without you.
(then soberly)
Stop teasing him, Beautiful. He's
beginning to take it seriously.

CONTINUED

JESSE
(glares at him, then)
That's all right with me.

They stare at each other a beat, then Mabel appears out of the jungle, moves to the fire, shakes her head, telling them she's found no trace of Good.

DISSOLVE TO:

The campfire is low. Umbopo still stands guard on his rock. Jesse sleeps with Tuba in her tree bed. Quatramane sleeps fitfully in his blankets beside the fire. A beat. Quatramane rises, glances at Umbopo, then moves quietly to Jesse, smiles at her sleeping face. Then he tucks her in, touches her hair lovingly. She doesn't stir. As he returns to his blanket, Jesse's eyes open, smile at his back, then close again. They all go back to sleep as Umbopo stares at Jesse, beguiled.

DISSOLVE TO:

The fire is only a faint orange glow now. Everyone sleeps except for Umbopo who moves silently to Jesse. He studies the swell of her hip, the thrust of her breast, her lovely face. Then his hand pushes the hair away from an eye and he smiles. Then he picks up the sleeping Tuba, moves to a clearing beside the fire, lays the child down. Then he moves back to his rock and stands waiting expectantly. Suddenly a dark form swings across the night sky behind Umbopo, clubs him in the head and swings on out of sight as Umbopo falls unconscious into the shallow stream.

Quatramane, Mabel come awake, rise as Jesse stirs. Mabel is chattering, jumping about nervously. Quatramane sees the sleeping Tuba on the ground, frowns in confusion. He moves for Tuba, then stops short as a dark figure swings down out of the shadows, plucks the boy off the ground, and swings on out of sight.

Mabel yelps in terror, jumps into Quatramane's arms. He backs away, drawing his revolver. Eight arms suddenly drop out of the overhanging foliage above him. A hand knocks his gun away, another covers his face with leaves while others gather up his struggling body, haul him up. As they do, Jesse comes awake to see Quatramane struggling, vanishing up into the foliage. Jesse groans with terror.

Mabel rails at the foliage overhead, then there is sudden silence. No movement. A beat.

CONTINUED

Jesse trembles, starts to get out of her bed, then hesitates, seeing: thirty pairs of eyes watching her from the jungle, waiting. There is something strange about them, something about their shape. Then, as the heads become vaguely visible, the reason is revealed. The heads and eyes are upside down.

Jesse screams, charges into the jungle and runs into a large cannibal plant. Its tentaclelike vines immediately close around her, hold her struggling, gasping body tighter, tighter forcing her towards the mouth of the flower. She struggles, gasps, cries out. Then arms drop from the foliage above her, pull away the tentacles, and gather in Jesse's trembling body. Then she is gone, and there is only the night, the jungle, and Mabel.

The animal looks around forlornly, gives a weak whimper of loneliness, then hides under a blanket. A beat. A dark form swings down, plucks up the blanket with Mabel inside it and swings on into the shadow leaving only blackness.

EXT. OOBUGWA VILLAGE JAIL - MORNING

Mabel shakes the drugged bodies of Quatramane, Jesse, Umbopo which lie sprawled in a large bamboo cage. They are woozy, blinking at the sunlight. Finally they rise and Jesse, seeing Quatramane alive, can't resist a smile of relief, a touch.

QUATRAMANE

(lightly)

I had a pretty weird night, how about you?

JESSE

(a smile)

At least we're alive.

QUATRAMANE

Don't count on it.

She turns to Umbopo, tries a smile. He doesn't react. He's suddenly as wary as a caged panther. Mabel herds them all to the bars of the cage where they look out in disbelief.

The ground is a hundred feet below and they're in the middle of the Oobugwa Village which is built high in the trees: a crowd of grass huts, jungle-jimlike walkways, porches, vines to swing on. GOATS are tethered in open corrals built in the groins of the larger branches. The NATIVES go about the

CONTINUED

normal domestic business of all villages: grind meal, weave mats, milk the goats, butcher meat, cook over pots. And the CHILDREN play, swing from vines, fall, laugh, fight, cry. Several MEN stand guard on the porch of the largest dwelling; or rather, they "hang" guard. The natives are all upside down, moving about their chores on their hands.

Jesse, Quatramane stare in amazement.

JESSE
It's unbelievable.

QUATRAMANE
(amused)
You don't suppose that this is
how the Almighty wanted it before
we screwed it up?

JESSE
Speak for yourself.

QUATRAMANE
(grins, turns to Umbopo,
nods at the natives)
Oobugwa?

Umbopo nods agreement. Mabel tugs at Quatramane, chattering, and they turn to see Captain Good strung up against the trunk of a large tree just outside their cage. His feet are supported by an L-shaped branch. He is being fed by two lovely native girls who hang upside down beside him. He finishes swallowing a mouthful of mush, smiles, then

GOOD
Good morning.

QUATRAMANE
Optimistic as always, aren't you?

GOOD
Splendid actually. Except for the
ropes, they've been quite civil,
even friendly.

JESSE
What in God's name do they want?

GOOD
I have no idea, but whatever it is,
it's upside down.

CONTINUED

One of the girls puts a spoonful of mush into his mouth upside down and he has to grab for it with his tongue. A CHATTERING OF NATIVE VOICES is heard, and they look up at:

A group of Oobugwa elders who emerge from the largest, the chief's hut. Some wear ancient Egyptian clothing, beaded neck and arm bands. Then Tuba waddles out on his hands, points down at Good. The CHATTERING grows more animated. The CHIEF gives Tuba a knife. The boy puts it between his teeth, takes hold of a vine, and swings upside down from the porch to the thick tree on which Good is tied. Quatramane, Jesse, the others share a worried look. Tuba crawls over to Good, inspects the hair on his legs with obvious awe, then cuts him loose. Good sighs, and the boy hugs him, his face to Good's belly, his legs around his neck. It takes a moment, but Good finally sorts the boy out, gives him a proper civilized hug.

EXT. OOBUGWA VILLAGE, CHIEF'S HUT - DAY

Lovely Oobugwa maidens swing back and forth passing food as Jesse, Good, Umbopo, Mabel, Tuba squat on mats eating. Around them, the Oobugwa feast. Most of the elders hang, some of the younger, more rebellious ones, sprawl. A few even sit. Quatramane squats sharing a bowl with a very old, wrinkled man who hangs upside down in front of him. They talk animatedly in a native tongue, then Quatramane salutes him, returns to his friends.

GOOD

What's going on? Why all this fuss over us? We're losing time.

QUATRAMANE

It's simple enough. They think you're a magician, will make their cripples walk, the blind see.

GOOD

(sincerely flattered)

Well...I suppose I did save the boy's life.

QUATRAMANE

That's part of it.

(nods at Tuba)

Tuba was placed in that tree as a sacrifice to the Gods of the Jungle, had been given up for

CONTINUED

QUATRAMANE (Contd.)
dead, and you brought him back
from the grave. But what really
impresses them is that glass eye,
your half-shaved face, the hair on
your legs.

GOOD
You're joking!

JESSE
He's not. Their beliefs are
very primitive...
(then to Quatramane)
...but why are they upside down?
Why are they holding us?

QUATRAMANE
According to that old man, it
started with King Suleiman.

GOOD
Suleiman! That's a form of
Solomon.

QUATRAMANE
(nods)
King Solomon made the Oobugwa the
guardians of the mountain pass.
But when the Hebrew priests drove
all the foreign miners out and
destroyed the trails, the Oobugwa
fell on hard times. So they
resorted to magic, began to live
upside down in an attempt to
reverse time and bring back the
"good old days." Eventually it
became their way of life.

JESSE
The poor fools.

GOOD
It's astounding! But if they
still think they're the guardians,
will they let us go?

QUATRAMANE
They wouldn't dare defy you,
Captain.

CONTINUED

GOOD

(grunts, then)

What did he say about the Highway,
the mines, diamonds?

QUATRAMANE

They have never seen any diamonds or mines...

(Good frowns)

...but the highway is there, and guarded
by a Witch Queen called Gagoola.

(Good, Jesse react)

Apparently, the quickest way to it is by
a river.

JESSE

Then let's get going.

Quatramane smiles at her intensity, nods at the village.

QUATRAMANE

(sarcastically)

You know, with your share of the diamonds,
you could build a hell of a mission right here.

JESSE

(a beat, a smile)

Don't laugh. Somebody's got to put
these people back on their feet.

QUATRAMANE

(laughs, then flat, easy)

That's where we differ, Beautiful. I
like them just the way they are.

Umbopo's head comes up and he looks at Quatramane with a sudden
and profound respect. A beat. Quatramane turns to him. Umbopo
does not look away. Their eyes hold on each other, bound together
by an understanding given only to those who have seen the moon and
heard the owl.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The bow of a canoe cuts through dark green water to the beat of
distant JUNGLE DRUMS. Oars dip into the foam, drive the
canoe into the main current. Umbopo, Jesse, Quatramane and
Mabel and Good, in that order, sit in the canoe, oaring. In
the b.g., several Oobugwa, including Tuba, wave goodbye.

Jesse waves goodbye, then works her oar. She's radiant with
excitement, beauty, energy; wears the sunlight in her smile,
the splashing drops of water like glistening gems.

CONTINUED

A SERIES OF SHOTS TO THE DRUMS.

The canoe shooting down white water rapids, Jesse laughing:

The canoe moving through a cluster of RHINOS:

Through dense reeds thick with colorful birds, crocodiles, snakes:

The canoe, a mere speck on the meandering river as it wanders amid the dense green rainforest:

Moving through a FAMILY OF ELEPHANTS as the mother washes her young, then sprays the passing strangers to their delight. The DRUMS LOUD, driving:

The canoe passing under a canyon wall black with undergrowth, thick with mists. The DRUMS mysterious, threatening.

EXT. RIVER POOL - DAY

The canoe drifts down the center of a wide, seemingly motionless pool, a speck of civilization engulfed by nature. The drums have stopped. No one rows for a moment as they all listen to the silence, wonder at the enormity of the primeval beauty. A covey of birds lift out of a tree making distant MAWKING SOUNDS which, by contrast, only add to the silence, size. A long beat.

JESSE

It's incredible. Being here like this. Having it all to ourselves. Alone.

On cue, a HORDE OF CANOES dart out of hidden inlets on both sides of the pool. They are rowed by NATIVE MEN, muscular, dark savages. WARRIORS STAND in the canoes carrying spears, shields, knives. They are tall, magnificent creatures wearing bits of leopard skin, feathers. Their near-naked bodies glisten, ripple with strength. They shout commands, point at the vulnerable canoe.

Quatramane, Jesse, Good look from side to side, stunned, unable to accept the fact that the warriors are WOMEN, AMAZONS. Then Jesse, Quatramane, Good follow Umbopo's example, row as fast as they can.

The Amazons throw spears which drop short, but slowly, steadily, gain on their victims. Then the river narrows.

CONTINUED

EXT. RIVER RAPIDS - DAY

With skill, daring, Quatramane and his crew shoot through them. Behind them, several Amazon canoes topple over.

When they all shoot free of the rapids, Quatramane's canoe is again well ahead. But there is still a horde of Amazon canoes chasing them. And once again, they begin to catch them, slowly, inevitably. The river itself then begins to pick up speed. It rips at the banks, crashes against a scattering of boulders. The canoes shoot forward faster, faster. Then, the Amazons shout excited commands and their canoes veer off, paddle hard for the shore.

EXT. RIVER APPROACH TO WATERFALL - DAY

Good, Quatramane, Jesse sigh with relief. But Umbopo is shouting, pointing ahead where the river turns to churning white water, then vanishes over a sheer cliff.

JESSE

A waterfall!

QUATRAMANE

Head for shore!

They all struggle to row for shore, but make little headway. Then they are swept up in a deep current, sent plunging for the falls, forty yards off.

JESSE

We're going over!

Quatramane undoes his rope from his belt, reaches to tie it around Jesse. But Umbopo picks her up, jumps into the water. Good, Quatramane stare in shock, anger.

GOOD

Good gawd! He's gone mad.

Umbopo, with strength, skill, swims hard, carrying Jesse towards a large rock about fifteen feet from the falls.

QUATRAMANE

He's making for the rock. Here!

He hands Good the coil of rope, then quickly ties a lasso, swings it around rapidly, heaves it for the rock. The rope loops over a pinnacle of rock, takes hold. Good, Quatramane

CONTINUED

start hauling on the rope and drag the canoe towards the rock.

At the same time, Umbopo, Jesse near the rock. Then suddenly Umbopo gives up, takes a firmer hold on Jesse and hangs onto her. The current washes their bodies over the falls. Jesse's screams are lost in the THUNDER OF THE FALLING WATER. Good, Quatramane, hauling on the rope, stare in horror. Then the current sucks their canoe past the rock towards the falls.

QUATRAMANE

We're not going to make it! Grab me around the shoulders!

Quatramane loops the rope around him as Good, holding onto the coil, grabs him under the shoulders. As he does, Mabel is washed overboard, carried over the falls. Then the canoe shoots out over the falls. Quatramane, Good are yanked out of the canoe but hang onto the taut rope. They fly out above the falls, which provides them with a terrifying look down at the rocks below, a good thousand foot drop. Then they swing back, crash through the falls, vanish inside them.

BEHIND THE WATERFALL: Quatramane, Good sway back and forth, half in and half out of the falling water. The force is tremendous. Their grip begins to weaken. Gasping, Quatramane nods at a ledge of rock about ten feet below. Good nods. Quatramane, hand over hand, lowers them until they're level with the ledge. Then they swing back and forth, drop on the ledge and lie gasping, rubbing their muscles. Good has dropped the coil of rope, which dangles nearby. A long beat. They look over the ledge, then share a desperate glance.

GOOD

Sorry, old friend...she was very special.

QUATRAMANE

(short, hard)

Yeah.

Quatramane stares at nothing, his hard face wet, dripping, fighting the pain. They rest themselves a beat longer, then Quatramane takes hold of the dangling rope.

QUATRAMANE

Let's find out if it's long enough.

Good nods. Quatramane goes over the ledge, starts down, then Good. Slowly, painfully, slipping now and then, they descend the falls with the water THUNDERING over their bodies, ripping

CONTINUED

at them, tearing away their clothing.

EXT. CAVE BEHIND WATERFALL - DAY

Quatramane lowers himself out of the falling water into a huge cave with a small sandy beach, a huge still pool and gasps with joyous relief.

On the beach, a hundred feet below, Jesse stands naked with her back to him. She's drying herself in a cathedral-like shaft of sunlight which floods through a separation in the falls. Her clothes are spread on a rock, drying. Quatramane, awestruck, hurries down the rope, fails to see the rope has run out, and drops, groaning, flailing to

Land with a LOUD SPLASH in the pool. Jesse SCREAMS, backs away, covering her beauty with her hands. A beat. Quatramane comes out of the pool spitting water. Jesse gasps with relief, runs to him, throws herself around Quatramane. He hangs on grinning. There is a HUGE SPLASH beside them, then Good comes up gasping for air. Jesse gives Good a joyous hug, then turns, runs, splashing through the water and sunlight, grabs up her clothes and takes refuge behind a rock. Quatramane, Good exchange a laugh, then stagger out of the water, drop on the beach.

JESSE (o.s.)

Thank God! I thought you two were dead!

QUATRAMANE

It was definitely an option.

(a beat, then hard)

What's happened to Umbopo?

JESSE (o.s.)

He's fine. He's off with Mabel, getting firewood. We all landed in the pool.

QUATRAMANE

(a question)

He knew it was here?

JESSE (o.s.)

Obviously! He saved my life.

(then)

Are you jealous?

CONTINUED

QUATRAMANE

He could have shared the information!

JESSE

He didn't have time.

QUATRAMANE

Maybe...then maybe he figured to
get rid of us.

Jesse LAUGHS, comes out from behind her rock partially dressed,
moved to Quatramane smiling.

JESSE

You "are" jealous.

Quatramane growls. Jesse chuckles. Good watches them grinning,
then sees someone hiding behind the falls. It's Umbopo.
A beat. He vanishes.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

Dogati, Bockner stand on the bald rock looking out at the vast
jungle. Behind them, Turkish riflemen and Arab slavers move
in single file down into the cleft in the rock while others
lower their weapons over the side with ropes. Bockner is
showing wear, losing his civilized appearance. Dogati is
thriving. He holds what looks like nuts in one hand, feeds
himself with the other. A beat. He offers them to Bockner.
Bockner takes several, eats them, smiles.

BOCKNER

What kind of nuts are they?

DOGATI

They're not nuts...they're locusts.

Bockner gags, hurries off to find someplace to be sick.

EXT. CAVE BEHIND WATERFALL - NIGHT

A dying fire flickers to send shadows dancing around the walls
of the cave. Jesse, Good, Mabel sleep on dry leaves around
the fire. Quatramane moves through the separation in the falls,
carrying a torch, throws it on the fire, drops on his blanket. A
beat. Jesse rises, sits beside him. She wears her chemise, soiled
torn but provocative. Her eyes question him. He shakes his head.

CONTINUED

QUATRAMANE

No Umbopo and no highway. I should
never have trusted those damn Oobugwa.

(a beat)

Can't sleep, huh?

JESSE

Too excited. Being alive suddenly feels
like a bonus, even if we are lost.

He half smiles. She shifts closer. A strap of her chemise drops
off her shoulder. He glances at her bare shoulder.

JESSE

Look good to you?

(he nods)

Nothing missing?

(he becomes uncertain)

The map!

He moves abruptly, looks her over for the map. She grins.

JESSE

I washed it off, but don't worry, I
remember it.

QUATRAMANE

(angry)

That's taking a hell of a chance.

JESSE

(shrugs, playfully)

I just wanted to look good for you,
in my diamonds.

QUATRAMANE

(dead serious)

There's more to this than diamonds, Jesse.

JESSE

(a beat, then quiet, sober)

I know.

She touches his cheek, lips, kisses him.

QUATRAMANE

Full of surprises tonight, aren't you?

JESSE

(flat, sure)

I've never hid from myself...and I'm
not going to start now...

(then)

So...what are we going to do?

QUATRAMANE

About what?

JESSE

You know...the way we feel about each other.

QUATRAMANE

We've fought since we were kids, are damn good at it. We probably ought to keep it up.

JESSE

We probably will, but it's not enough now.

QUATRAMANE

Just what did you have in mind?

JESSE

(a beat, a smile of challenge)

I'm not sure. I'm going to sleep on it.

QUATRAMANE

Good idea.

She nods, then half crawls on top of him, crushes him with her soft body and kisses him long, hard. Then she abruptly rises.

JESSE

You sleep on it too.

She rises, moves back to her blanket as Quatramane, wide awake, stimulated, sits up, stares at the fire, unable to sleep.

EXT. CAVE BEHIND WATERFALL - DAY

Quatramane, Jesse, Mabel sit beside the fire. Jesse eats what's left of their food, he finishes carving himself a new ebony stick. A beat. Good comes through the opening in the falls, shaking his head, worried.

GOOD

Umbopo's gone, by gad! Vanished!

JESSE

(certain)

He'll be back.

GOOD

I don't think so.

CONTINUED

GOOD (Contd.)

(Jesse looks up at the
assurance in his voice)
It's simple enough. He figures
he'll be out of place...now that
you two are so cozy.

JESSE

That's ridiculous; it wasn't like
that with him!

GOOD/QUATRAMANE

Wasn't it?

JESSE

(rising, angry)
Damn you two! Stop acting like men!

She rises, then stops short, SCREAMS.

EIGHT TALL MUSCULAR SILHOUETTES appear beyond the waterfall,
then charge through it. Amazons. Their naked bodies, the
tips of their spears, glisten. Their beautiful, strong
faces are dark with anger. Good, Quatramane go for their
revolvers. Too late. Their revolvers and Quatramane's stick
are knocked aside. Quatramane, Jesse, Good scamper back,
come to a stop against the cave wall. Cornered. The Amazons
hesitate as the three largest hand their weapons to the others,
then edge forward, bodies cocked.

GOOD

They mean to take us alive.

QUATRAMANE

That's their mistake.

Quatramane charges into the lead Amazon, gets in several
solid punches, but without effect. The huge woman gathers
him up, throws him back against the wall between Good, Jesse.
Quatramane blinks, squints at Good.

QUATRAMANE

How about taking a turn?

GOOD

Hit a woman? I couldn't!

An Amazon steps in, drives a fist into Good's jaw. He drops.
Quatramane growls, charges agains and is beaten to the ground

CONTINUED

again as Jesse moves in angrily. She swings, kicks, curses. The Amazons avoid her until she drops with frustration, exhaustion. Then they close in around her.

EXT. GATE - KUKUANA VILLAGE - DAY

The eight Amazons emerge from the jungle and move through the gate in a wooden pallisade surrounding the village. They carry Good, Quatramane strung up on poles. Jesse walks. Her hands are tied in front of her and she is led on a leash by two Amazons. Mabel follows in the b.g.

EXT. MAIN COMPOUND - KUKUANA VILLAGE - DAY

The Amazons and their captives pass through a narrow opening between a massive formation of KUKUANA natives gathered in the compound. Jesse, Quatramane, Good are staggered. The natives are decked out in their finest clothing and paint. Fertility signs abound. The basic theme is crocodile. Skins heads, teeth and genitals abound. There is excitement, fear on the endless horde's faces, bodies.

GOOD

I say! These chaps look frightfully serious.

QUATRAMANE

They're like that in crocodile cults.

Good blanches. Jesse toughs it out with indifference.

JESSE

It's just a fertility rite! A planting ritual to celebrate the new year.

GOOD

(trying for humor)

I suppose they're going to sacrifice a virgin!

QUATRAMANE

(flat, easy)

It's customary.

JESSE

Stop it!

CONTINUED

QUATRAMANE

Face it, Beautiful. They've
found you out.

Lewd eyes, groping hands inspect Jesse as she passes by, and the Amazons have to force her admirers back.

Past the formation, the Amazons move into a clearing, cut their prisoners free, drop them on the ground in front of a circular stone pit filled with murky water, snarling CROCODILES. Just beyond the pit is the beginning of a highway; its stones are ancient, a structure built by Egyptian engineers, thousands of years earlier. There are Canaanite, Hebrew markings in the worn stones. Good, Quatramane, Jesse edge away from the pit, stare at the highway.

GOOD

By gad, there it is!

JESSE

The highway!

QUATRAMANE

(sarcastic)

Kind of gives you a thrill,
doesn't it?

The highway runs through a crowd of huge Baobab (monkeybread) trees each of which holds several dwellings in their cavelike branches, then out the rear wall of the village and into the jungle. AMAZONS stand on either side of the highway, a royal guard. About ten feet onto the highway is a large bed of grass, laden with ripe fruit, vegetables, NINE LOVELY NUBILE MAIDENS. They wear scraps of crocodile skin, necklaces of teeth. Beyond the bed is a stairway leading to a mammoth Baobab which rises out of and straddles the highway. In its branches is a several-storied royal dwelling.

On the steps of this royal dwelling stands SCRAGGA, the local witch doctor. His malignant body is twisted, cluttered with filthy, bizarre totems, bits of costume dating back to biblical times. A beat. An ANGRY WHISPER comes from the shadowed interior of the dwelling. Scragga bows to the whisper, marches to Jesse as the Amazon force their captives to the ground. Scragga inspects Jesse as if she were an animal for sale. Then he rips off a strip of cloth from her blouse, sniffs it, laughs darkly, tosses the cloth casually aside. MURMURS of relief run through the natives. Good, Jesse look to Quatramane.

CONTINUED

QUATRAMANE

He's letting everyone know there's
no reason to be afraid of you,
that you're not contaminated by
dark demons.

JESSE

Why me?

QUATRAMANE

Don't ask!

Jesse groans, then looks up at SCRAGGA in horror as he lets out a long, squealing howl. Instantly DRUMS BEGIN, a rising, frantic, lewd beat. The NINE MAIDENS rise off the grass bed as if entranced, move in a stalking manner towards the natives who begin to tremble, sweat. The maidens hold wands in their hands; their eyes are mad. Slowly, sensuously, their bodies begin to move with a dance that quickly becomes a frenzy of violent excitement. They gnash teeth, sweat flies from their flesh, then they shriek, rush among the natives like pointer dogs, sniffing, darting. Jesse, terrified, edges close to Quatramane, Good.

QUATRAMANE

It's a witchhunt. To cleanse the
tribe before the birth of the
new year. And a hell of a convenient
way to get rid of your political
rivals.

Suddenly one of the maidens stops dead, stiffens all over, shuddering, then turns on IGNOSI, an older man of obvious importance. Those around him back away. The maiden shrieks, springs forward touching Ignosi's heart with her wand. Immediately two men standing behind Ignosi seize his arms, push him towards the crocodile pit. Ignosi struggles in vain.

SCRAGGA

(screaming)

Kadil! Kadil!

THE NATIVES

(screaming)

Kadil! Kadil! Kadil!

Jesse, Quatramane, Good watch with horrible fascination as Ignosi suddenly stops resisting, sags helplessly. Then suddenly he lifts his head screaming....

CONTINUED

IGNOSI

Kadiillllll!

...breaks free, rushes to the crocodile pit and throws himself in. Jesse turns away in horror. The natives go suddenly quiet, listen to the HUNGRY SCRAMBLING, GNASHING TEETH OF THE CROCODILES. A long beat.

Three more maidens shriek, point their wands at their victims, and they are dragged forward struggling, thrown into the pit.

The maidens then hurry back to their grass bed as men bring forth a covering of leaves for the pit. When it is in place, the DRUMS stop and with them THE SOUNDS OF THE CROCODILES. The natives relax for the first time, look about with sudden joy.

Quatramane, Good, Jesse look about anxiously. TWO CHILDREN come forth from the large hut with a bowl, present it to Scragga. He takes two handfuls of seeds from it, holds them over his head. The DRUMS begin again, a quick rhythm. Scragga moves to the maidens, pours the seeds over each of the heads, and the girls giggle with lewd expectations.

GOOD

Now what are they up to?

QUATRAMANE

Just your routine new year's day celebration. The ground must be reseeded, the fruit tree made ripe, the women made fat with child.

GOOD

(dismissing it)

You're not really serious...about this virgin business?

JESSE

(fearing the worst)

They couldn't...not in front of everybody!

QUATRAMANE

It's one way to start a party.

Jesse winces. The maidens, their movements now teasing, almost childlike, dance among the natives who now welcome them, laugh, flirt. As the DRUMS pick up the rhythm, the

CONTINUED

maidens move to the captives and suddenly stop short in front of Jesse, surprised. Jesse goes white, edges back. The maidens study her as if recognizing her, touch her. Scragga pushes forward, drives them away.

SCRAGGA

(a shout)

Varroda!

The maidens nod rapidly, turn to Quatramane, their smiles inviting, then take hold of him, lead him towards the bed of gress and the natives howl with delight, press forward. Good, Jesse share a startled glance. Reaching the bed of grass, the maidens begin to peel away Quatramane's clothes.

GOOD

By gad, I think I've got it!
Those lovely children, they're
"the virgins." And Quatramane
is to do the honors.

JESSE

(aghast)

No!

GOOD

My dear, be grateful. You've
been saved from a fate worse
than death.

JESSE

But Alan?

GOOD

With all due respect, child, men
tend to look on such matters a
little more optimistically.

JESSE

You savage!

(to Quatramane,
hollering)

Alan!

(he turns to her)

Don't you dare!

Quatramane, his hands now free, lifts them smiling, as if helpless to stop the proceedings, and his pants drop off.

CONTINUED

JESSE
(growling)
You bastard!

The maidens push Quatramane onto the bed, arouse him playfully as the DRUMS POUND, the natives CHANT, then enter the royal dwelling and lead out a small figure in a hooded crocodile skin. THE QUEEN. Behind her are the SILENT ONES, five partially deformed male brutes with skin that looks as if they live underground. The queen's personal bodyguards.

NATIVES
Gagoola! Gagoola! Gagoola!

GOOD/JESSE
The witch queen.

The maidens lead the queen to the grass bed, remove Gagoola's robe. Her face is a wrinkled raisin. Her body a withered fig, naked under the ancient girdle and halter of a Sheeban queen. The garments hang loose, but the central ornament is striking. A large diamond in her headdress.

Quatramane doesn't notice the jewel. He's dumbstruck. He turns in dismay to Jesse, who, delighted by the turn of events, laughs out loud. Gagoola turns on Jesse, her stare malignant. Jesse stops short, shudders. Gagoola points a crooked finger at Jesse.

GAGOOOLA
Kadil!

Amazons instantly seize Jesse, then suddenly the ritual stops as everyone turns to look at a commotion at the back of the native formation. There is excited CHATTERING, pointing, then bodies part, form a passageway and Umbopo, in the company of NINE HUGE AMAZONS, marches through it. Umbopo now wears the robes of a witch doctor.

Scragga snarls angrily as Umbopo stops in front of him. Gagoola motions to the Silent Ones. They move for Umbopo. The huge Amazons cut them off. A standoff. A beat. Umbopo knocks the headdress off Scragga. Instantly Scragga howls accusations, Gagoola screams and arguments break out.

Quatramane takes advantage of the commotion to get back in his clothes, return to Good, Jesse.

QUATRAMANE
Looks like Umbopo's finally playing his hand.

JESSE
In style.

GOOD
By gad, look.

Umbopo peels off his lion skin to reveal a large tattoo: a blue

CONTINUED

snake which is entwined around his middle with its tail in its mouth. The natives gasp in awe. The Amazons nod among themselves. Gagoola, Scragga huddle in private consultation, then Gagoola levels a crooked finger at Umbopo and shouts something lost in the din.

There is sudden silence. Jesse, Good look at Quatramane.

QUATRAMANE

Umbopo's claiming to be the rightful witch doctor...and she's accusing him of being a fake. Demanding proof.

(then, startled)

Good gawd! Not in a thousand years would I have expected to see this.

Umbopo stands rigid, his arms in a figurative pose, eyes closed, body shuddering. Silence. All faces stare, terror-filled. Scragga, his breath racing, edges away from Umbopo. Gagoola nudges him back, scowling. Umbopo shudders violently. His body is wringing wet. His face lifts, eyes lethal, drilling Scragga. Scragga backs away again, then . runs, but stops as if held by a rope, turns shuddering to face Umbopo. A beat. The will goes out of Scragga. He runs screaming to the covered crocodile pit, leaps, crashes through the fragile covering. Instantly the covering and Scragga disappear amid thrashing crocodiles.

GOOD

Did you see that! Umbopo made him do it! And never laid a hand on him!

JESSE

How could he do such a thing?

QUATRAMANE

(with deadly accuracy)

God only knows.

The natives wait until there is no more sound, movement, then cheer like people suddenly set free. Umbopo mounts the steps of the royal dwelling, shouts commands which are lost in the CHEERING.

The Amazons strip Gagoola of her regal garments, place her and the Silent Ones in a prison corral. As this is done, more Amazons take Jesse into the royal dwelling, and the maidens lead Good, Quatramane to the grass bed. The DRUMS SOUND. The native women begin to dance. The men watch, waiting to be selected for what promises to be an all-out orgy.

CONTINUED

Good, Quatramane watch Jesse enter the royal dwelling, then look down King Solomon's Highway at the jungle, the mountains beyond.

GOOD

Damn! We're so close!
(then)
We've got to get these lovelies
to set us free.

QUATRAMANE

And Jesse?

GOOD

(a beat, then)
You knew there would be a price.

Quatramane frowns. A beat. He nods.

INT. QUEEN'S DWELLING - DAY

Jesse struggles with several Amazons as they strip off her clothes. The floor is built between the roots which serve as walls. Ladders lead to a room above, another below. The decor is ancient: woven rugs, brass, a bed of pillows. A beat. Umbopo marches in.

UMBOPO

Volda ter! (Wait)
(then in English to
Jesse)
It is useless to struggle.

JESSE

(stunned)
You...you speak English.

UMBOPO

(nods)
I was driven from this jungle long ago. For years I wandered, angry, bitter, alone. To survive, I learned the tongues of the British, the German, the French. Then I found you...and understood my duty. I was to come home...bring you with me.

Jesse shakes, gasps in confusion. Umbopo nods at an Amazon who takes Gagoola's necklace, slips it around Jesse's throat.

UMBOPO

In time, you will understand all.

CONTINUED

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Dogati leads his safari through dense undergrowth. Machetes slash. Boots crush. Faces sweat. Mouths curse. Bockner whips the bearers. Their ankles are chained now. In the shadows, upside down eyes watch.

EXT. MAIN COMPOUND - KUKUANA VILLAGE - DAY

Native women dance in a sensual frenzy. The men wait, hungry now. A beat. Umbopo appears from the queen's dwelling, raises an arm. The drums stop, the dancing. A beat. Jesse emerges wearing Gagoola's regal garments as if they were fashioned for her. The natives drop to their knees, put their foreheads to the ground. Good, Quatramane rise, stare disbelievingly, and several Amazons quickly force them down in the proper attitude. Umbopo turns to Jesse, nods at the tribe.

UMBOPO

See and understand!

JESSE

(still shaken)

But...but it makes no sense.

UMBOPO

It does to them. They will not rise until their queen has picked a mate.

JESSE

(aghast, defiant)

If you think I'm going to get on that...that..grass bed...with some man, you're crazy.

UMBOPO

Where the queen chooses to lie down is where she will lie down...but it must be done.

JESSE

And if I don't?

UMBOPO

You, your friends, and I will die. I will not be able to prevent it.

Jesse swallows with difficulty, looks around at the native men. Many peek at her; handsome, reckless devils hoping they will be chosen. Then she looks at Quatramane and her eyes hold on him. Umbopo steps in front of her.

UMBOPO

Know this...my queen. No matter who you pick, it is your sacred duty to guard the highway, to protect the sacred Place of Death.

CONTINUED

UMBOPO (Contd.)

The mines, the diamonds.

(she stiffens with
defiance)

They belong to the mountain, the
children of the mountain, the
grandchildren.

JESSE

But you don't use them. You
prefer your crocodiles.

UMBOPO

(hard)

What has been will not always be.

JESSE

But...

UMBOPO

This is "the God's" law.

JESSE

(a beat, then firm)

I will be bound by no God but my
own.

UMBOPO

(harder)

This law is of your God! The God
of King Solomon! The Lord God
Jehovah!

Jesse swallows hard, things are getting totally out of control.

UMBOPO

Swear it!

JESSE

(hesitates, then,
lying beautifully)

I swear...in God's name, I swear.

Umbopo steps aside. Heads rise, eyes watch as Jesse surveys the compound, then points at Quatramane. The natives erupt off the ground. The DRUMS begin. The women rush among the men picking. Two Amazons lead Quatramane, with Mabel following, to his queen. Good watches in astonishment, then the maidens surround him, and one by one point at him smiling.

CONTINUED

GOOD

Ladies, I am indeed honored. But
you must understand...I...I have
certain limitations.

(then, grinning)

As an Englishman, of course, I
will do my very best.

They smother him with their bodies, and he goes down under
their loving weight.

INT. QUEEN'S DWELLING - DAY

Quatramane, Mabel enter to find Jesse waiting in front of
the bed of pillows. To the sides, Amazon guards stand, squat,
their big beautiful faces grinning. Mabel squeals, jumps into
Jesse's arms, kisses her, then points at Quatramane, laughs.
Quatramane grimaces.

JESSE

(playing with him)

I'm sorry, Alan, there's no
escape.

QUATRAMANE

This is no time to worry about
impossibilities.

(nods at the
Amazons)

Get rid of them.

Jesse smiles, nods to the Amazons. They file out giggling.
Jesse turns to Quatramane.

JESSE

It won't make any difference, you're
still going to have to do "your
duty"...by "your queen."

QUATRAMANE

(amused)

Yeah. Sure.

(then)

Where'd they put our guns?

JESSE

Later. First...you must...be a
"good boy"... "behave."

CONTINUED

QUATRAMANE

Knock that off!

(she shakes her head)

What are you going to do? Force me?

JESSE

If I have to!

She moves to him, puts her arms around him. Her nearly naked beauty unsettles him. Mabel squeals with delight, hides her head under a pillow. Jesse lets Quatramane squirm, then, in a husky, playful whisper.

JESSE

It won't hurt. I'll be gentle.

He frowns. She kisses him slow, long. He can't resist responding. A beat. He sees the large diamond in her headdress and his eyes go wide. He pushes her off, removes the headdress staring at the diamond.

QUATRAMANE

Gawd! Look at the size of it!
It's bigger than the Hope! The
Star of Africa! Have you any idea
what it's worth?

JESSE

(angered)

Thanks a lot! Here I am, half
naked, a genuine, unblemished
virgin...and you're fondling a
bloody diamond.

QUATRAMANE

Don't you understand! It's absolute
proof the mines exist. The
diamonds! See, here...

(pointing)

...it's cut in the ancient manner,
with one high side and each facet
a little different. The Queen of
Sheeba herself could have worn
this stone.

Jesse takes the headdress from him, tosses it aside, stares at him, her face set with resolve.

CONTINUED

JESSE

You're the one who doesn't understand.

QUATRAMANE

What?

JESSE

Actually, I guess no man "could understand."

(then)

All my life I've wanted...just once...to be able to tell a man what to do and have the power to make him do it. My father mostly, but you were always a close second.

QUATRAMANE

This is no time for games, Jesse. Dogati...

JESSE

Umbopo's got an army to deal with Dogati.

QUATRAMANE

That's stupid!

JESSE

That's for me to decide.

QUATRAMANE

(growing wary)

Hey! Don't let this queen business mess up your head.

JESSE

Don't feel threatened. You'll get used to being told what to do...

QUATRAMANE

...In about a thousand years.

JESSE

(amused)

Cynic! Women once ruled the world,

CONTINUED

QUATRAMANE

(grunts)

And made some real cultural
breakthroughs...taught their men
how to drink from a cup.

JESSE

(a beat, a smile)

It "was"...an improvement.

QUATRAMANE

(a beat, then a
whisper)

You're really serious!

She nods, claps her hands. Amazons instantly burst into
the hut. Jesse points at Quatramane.

JESSE

Prepare him!

The Amazons, grinning from ear to ear, move on Quatramane.
He growls, backs away, then tries to break free. They
grab him, wrestle his thrashing body down, then strip him.

When they finish, they remove part of the flooring. Directly
below in the huge hollow of the Baobab tree is a deep pool
of rainwater. It steams, heated by hot stones. The Amazons
pick Quatramane up, drop him bare-assed naked into the pool,
jump in after him.

IN THE RAINWATER POOL, the Amazons shamelessly soap, scrub,
dunk, squeeze and generally humiliate Quatramane until the
fight goes out of him.

Jesse then descends into the pool, lovely, beautiful, sinks
into the steaming water. Quickly, silently, the Amazons
disrobe her, then exit covering the hole into the room
above. Jesse, Quatramane face each other. Outside the DRUMS
continue a muffled, heady beat. Quatramane gives up, moves
to her with force, takes her in his arms, crushes her to him
in an unbridled embrace.

EXT. THE RIVER POOL - NIGHT

A large raft holding Dogati, Bockner, the Turkish riflemen
and Arab slavers floats across the wide, motionless pool,
followed by a similar raft carrying Hamid, Bushiri and the
bearers, supplies. The moonlight makes glassy plates of light

CONTINUED

shimmer on the water. Suddenly, the bearers shove Hamid, Bushiri off the second raft, cut themselves loose and dive into the water. Dogati bellows a command. The riflemen open fire. Bullets erupt in the water, but in the darkness they miss their targets and the bearers are gone. Hamid, Bushiri climb back onto the second raft, head it for shore. The first raft does the same as Bockner rages at the night.

INT. QUEEN'S DWELLING - NIGHT

Quatramane, Jesse make love on the queen's bed of pillows, slow, easy, their bodies laced with night shadows, moonlight.

EXT. MAIN COMPOUND - KUKUANA VILLAGE - MORNING

Explosions go off amid the sleeping, sprawled natives. Part of the pallisade blows up. Dogati and his men pour through the hole firing, set up their machine guns, Stokes mortars. Amazons and Kukuana erupt off the ground where the previous night's orgy has deposited them, and rush for their weapons. Bodies drop, here, there. A group of Amazons charge in among them, bare handed, are met with bayonets and hand-to-hand fighting breaks out.

INT. QUEEN'S DWELLING - MORNING

Quatramane looks out a window, sees what's happening as he pulls on his pants. Jesse looks about in confusion, fear.

QUATRAMANE

(turns, hollers)

Get our weapons! It's Dogati!

(she hesitates)

Do it, damn it! If we don't get out of here...now...we never will.

JESSE

What do you mean?

QUATRAMANE

Don't kid yourself! You may be a queen, but you're also a prisoner. Umbopo will never let you go!

A beat. She rushes to a chest, opens it, revealing their gun belts, Quatramane's ebony stick, their backpacks, her clothes. She grabs them, pulls them on.

CONTINUED

EXT. MAIN COMPOUND - KUKUANA VILLAGE - MORNING

AT THE PRISON CORRAL: Gagoola, the Silent Ones, scamper over the now unguarded wall, pick up fallen weapons, rush for the queen's dwelling as the battle grows in the b.g.

AT THE PALLISADE: Umbopo, Good fight side by side, then see Gagoola, the Silent Ones enter the queen's dwelling. They race through falling bodies after them.

AT THE HOLE IN THE PALLISADE: Dogati, Bockner, and their men fight the Kukuana. Dogati is losing men, but it's only a matter of time before his superior weapons prevail.

INT. QUEEN'S DWELLING - MORNING

The Silent Ones charge Quatramane who is dressed, loading his Webley, and overwhelm him, bash him to the floor. They pick up the struggling Jesse, carry her out a back way, following Gagoola. A long beat. Umbopo, Good burst in, see Mabel helping Quatramane off the floor. Quatramane tosses Good his gunbelt, loads his Webley, puts his ebony stick in his belt.

QUATRAMANE

The witch has Jesse.

Good straps on his gun belt as they rush out the rear way, following Umbopo.

EXT. SOLOMON'S HIGHWAY - KUKUANA VILLAGE - DAY

Quatramane, Umbopo, Good, Mabel charge across the stone road as Gagoola and the Silent Ones carry Jesse out into the jungle, staying to the highway. Umbopo races ahead, leaving Quatramane, Good behind. He reaches the rear gate. A hidden Silent One leaps on him and both go down. Umbopo disarms him, then buries his knife in him, but the Silent One clings on fanatically. When Quatramane, Good arrive, they have to pry the Silent One off.

GOOD

Good grief! What kind of creatures are they?

QUATRAMANE

I'd say early religious fanatic.

With Umbopo free, they again give chase.

CONTINUED

INT. MAIN COMPOUND - KUKUANA VILLAGE - DAY

Dogati, Bockner, their men break through the Kukuana warriors, charge around the queen's dwelling onto the King Solomon Highway and head for the jungle, the mountains beyond.

EXT. JUNGLE CROSSROADS - DAY

Gagoola and the Silent Ones carrying Jesse, reach a turn in the highway where several jungle trails lead off into the undergrowth. They leave the highway, carry Jesse down one of the trails, vanish. A beat. Umbopo, Quatramane, Good race up and Umbopo plunges down the trail Gagoola took. Quatramane, Good hesitate, glance back down the highway. Dogati, his men are some distance back, but coming hard. Good turns to Quatramane.

GOOD

Damn it, old chap! The diamonds are at the end of this highway. You've got no choice.

QUATRAMANE

Right!

Good grins, then, to his dismay, Quatramane plunges after Umbopo with Mabel behind him. Good grumbles with profound complaint, turns in confusion, charges after them. A beat. Dogati, Bockner, Hamid, Bushiri, their remaining men, arrive. Dogati stops, sees Good's back as it moves into the undergrowth. He levels his revolver at it, fires, misses. As he does, Bockner cuts off the last group of Turkish riflemen which includes the crews of the Stokes mortar, Maxim machine gun. Bockner is a staggering madman now. He lashes at them with his swagger stick.

BOCKNER

Stop, damn you! Put your weapons there! There! Hold the load.

The Turks quickly set up their weapons, open fire on the Kukuanas as they come charging down the road and scatter them.

BOCKNER

(to Dogati)

Forget them, you idiot! This way!

Bockner bolts down the highway. Dogati does the same.

CONTINUED

EXT. JUNGLE SWAMP CAUSEWAY - DAY

AT THE FIRST BRIDGE: Quatramane, Good, Mabel run up, stop at the edge of the mist-covered swamp.

Bubbling ooze, murky slime, crocodiles, undergrowth, yellowish mists and God knows what else, infest the swamp which stretches into a shadowy infinity. A hundred feet above the water, rope and vine bridges link the massive trees rising out of the swamp to form a causeway across it. The trees are overgrown with creepers that blot out the sky. One or two bridges are sturdy. Most swing precariously. Several have totally decayed, fallen into the swamp leaving wide gaps in the causeway.

Gagoola, three of the Silent Ones, Jesse move across the first bridge as Umbopo climbs a vine ladder to the front end of it. As he does, the fourth Silent One cuts the ladder and Umbopo falls back into the swamp. Crocodiles instantly splash after him. Quatramane, Good splash into the swamp firing their revolvers, drive the crocs off, then drag Umbopo to safety. The three take hold of vines, climb up to the first bridge, start across it. Mabel follows swinging through the overhanging branches.

AT THE SECOND BRIDGE: Quatramane, the others, crawl through the crotch of a tree, reach the front end of the bridge in time to see it CRASH into the swamp, destroyed by Gagoola and her creatures, who hold Jesse at the far end. A Silent One comes swinging towards them on a vine, brandishing a long knife. Quatramane, Good, Umbopo duck just in time and the Silent One swings past. As he does, Quatramane fires and the Silent One wrenches, drops off the vine into the swamp. The crocodiles make short work of him. The vine swings back, Quatramane grabs it, climbs the tree, uses the vine to swing across to the next tree.

AT THE THIRD BRIDGE: Quatramane lands to find no one. Umbopo, Good, using vines, swings across to join him and they run across the bridge, weapons in hand, hollering.

QUATRAMANE

Where are they headed?

UMBOPO

The Sacred Place of Death.

GOOD

Good grief! What's the old hag mean to do?

CONTINUED

UMBOPO
Sacrifice her...to the mountain!

Quatramane grunts, runs faster.

EXT. TERMINUS, KING SOLOMON'S HIGHWAY - (JUNGLE) - DAY

Dogati, Bockner, their men pull to a stop in a clearing where the stones of the highway stop abruptly. Dogati snarls.

DOGATI
It's a fake! Look at these stones!
The natives made them themselves!

BOCKNER
It can't be! It must continue
here, somewhere.
(shouting, striking his men
with his swagger stick)
Spread out! Find the highway!
(then to Dogati)
Part of it's been destroyed, that's
all. We'll find it. You'll see!
(chuckles)
The diamonds are "mine."

The riflemen and slavers spread out, but Hamid, Bushiri, hang back with Dogati. Suddenly, in various parts of the clearing, the earth gives way, and Turks, slavers fall into hidden, spear-filled pits to impale themselves and die screaming. Bockner backs away in horror, dismay. Dogati growls.

DOGATI
Back the way we came!

He runs back down the highway with Hamid, Bushiri, the remaining Turks behind him. Bockner hangs behind shaking his head, then staggers after them. Their force now consists of eleven men: Dogati, Hamid, Bushiri, Bockner, and seven Turkish riflemen.

EXT. JUNGLE SWAMP CAUSEWAY - DAY

AT THE FIFTH BRIDGE: GORT, the largest Silent One, carries Jesse across a swinging rotting vine bridge as Gagoola, the other three Silent Ones follow. Jesse struggles valiantly, then stops short, gasps.

A HUGE CROCODILE swims in the swamp below. A scaled monster.

CONTINUED

A throwback to prehistory, larger than a great white shark. A very nasty fellow. IT ROARS and, as if on command, part of the swinging bridge gives way. Jesse screams. The last Silent One in line falls through the rotting bridge, hangs on by a vine. Gagoola ignores his pleas for help, drives the others forward to the safety of the next tree. The fallen Silent Ont tries to climb back up onto the rotting bridge. His vine snaps. He falls towards the waiting jaws of the monster crocodile. The beast catches him easily, snaps him like a toothpick.

Quatramane, Umbopo, Good arrive, stop short seeing the monster. They swallow, grab the remains of the bridge and cross swinging from hand to hand. High in the trees, Mabel takes a safer passage swinging from vine to vine.

AT THE SIXTH BRIDGE: Quatramane, Umbopo, Good hesitate. The bridge has partially fallen into the swamp. They move onto it carefully. It swings, creaks. Pieces drop into the misty water below. The monster crocodile swims, following their progress. A third of the way across, the bridge begins to come apart. They hesitate, not knowing which way to run. Then the bridge crumbles. They grab hold of it and the entire bridge drops, swings like a huge pendulum. Its lower tip passes twenty feet above the monster crocodile. As it does, Quatramane slips, plunges for the open jaws. Good, Umbopo swing on by to land safely on an outcropping of dry ground up ahead as:

The monster crocodile catches Quatramane neatly in his lower jaw. Quatramane props his ebony stick into position holding the jaws apart. He tries to crawl out. The crocodile's jaws are too powerful. The ebony stick bends. Quatramane hurriedly crawls back into the bowl of the monster's jaw pulling his legs away from the glistening teeth. The ebony stick breaks. The jaws snap shut with Quatramane inside. Good, Umbopo stare in horror. A beat. There are three muffled explosions inside the jaws of the monster crocodile. Smoke drifts from its slimy gums. The monster chokes, coughs, rolls over on its back. A beat. Its lower jaw comes open and Quatramane crawls out amid a cloud of smoke, his Webley in his hand. He's coughing, struggling, but jumps free of the jaw, staggers to the shore where Umbopo, Good haul him up to safety. Quatramane's shuddering, but smiling.

QUATRAMANE

Talk about bad breath!

They wince at his humor, climb the next tree.

CONTINUED

AT THE SEVENTH, EIGHTH BRIDGES: Quatramane, the others reach the beginning of the bridges to find it and the eighth bridge cut down. The distance is too far to use a vine. In the b.g., up ahead, Gagoola and the Silent Ones carry Jesse off as she SCREAM

QUATRAMANE

It's too far! We can't swing across!

GOOD

We sure as hell can't swim.

They look up. High in the branches Mabel is CHATTERING, pointing excitedly back the way they came. They turn to see:

BACK AT THE SIXTH BRIDGE: Five Turks move up into the crotch of the tree at the beginning of the bridge and open fire.

AT THE SEVENTH BRIDGE: Quatramane, Good, Umbopo drop down behind the tree trunk as bark explodes around them. They're pinned down. Quatramane tries to bring his Webley up to return fire, is driven back into cover.

GOOD

(desperate)

What now, old chap?

QUATRAMANE

If we're doing this right at all, the U.S. Cavalry will show up any minute.

Good grunts, peers at the Turks. Bullets eat the tree. He crouches down flinching, eyes closed tight. The firing stops. Good opens his eyes, sees something lodged in the tree. He brushes off the dirt and bark, uncovers a carved stone. It's ancient, partially broken off, is a marker of some kind. There are Hebrew words carved in it. Quatramane edges over beside Good, inspects it, ignoring the renewed rifle fire. He reads the words, looks at Good, then Umbopo, who's smiling.

QUATRAMANE

It's a mile marker...for King Solomon's Highway.

GOOD

It can't be!

Good turns to Umbopo who nods confirmation. They look ahead

CONTINUED

at the remaining part of the causeway of bridges, awestruck by the spectacle of it despite their situation.

GOOD

By gad! A highway through the sky
...just like the legends tell it.

Bullets eat the tree again, then stop. Quatramane peers back at the Turks.

BACK AT THE SIXTH BRIDGE: Dogati, Bockner, Hamid, Bushiri and three Turkish riflemen are crossing the swamp using the monster crocodile as a raft. Four Turks are still in the crotch of their tree covering them.

AT THE SEVENTH BRIDGE: Quatramane watches them frowning, then suddenly smiles.

QUATRAMANE

By god! The cavalry!

Good looks at him, not understanding, then looks back, sees what Quatramane sees.

BACK AT THE SIXTH BRIDGE: FOUR OOBUGWA WARRIORS are slowly, silently descending vines just about the four Turks who don't see them. The Oobugwa hold knives. When they reach the Turks, the Oobugwa simultaneously use them and the Turks drop, fall into the swamp dead.

AT THE SEVENTH BRIDGE: Quatramane, Good rise up, open fire. Dogati, Bockner, Hamid, Bushiri, the three remaining Turks, dive off their makeshift raft, splash through the water taking cover where they can.

Hamid goes down in a splash, then rises, staggers up onto a huge mound of dirt, drops down exhausted. Instantly WARRIOR ANTS crawl over him. Hamid tries to rise, screaming, fighting the ants. They overpower him and he drops back shuddering. Dogati, the others make no move to help him.

Quatramane, Good, Umbopo wince at the sight, then look up as Mabel CHATTERS in the trees above them. High in the trees and spread out at intervals across the distance they must cross, are OOBUGWA WARRIORS swinging on vines, waiting like a trapeze act. Quatramane, Good, Umbopo quickly climb up the tree, ignoring the bullets that explode beside them, take hold of vines and swing toward the waiting Oobugwa.

Then comes the greatest swinging in the history of the cinema.

CONTINUED

Each in turn is caught by the wrists, then the knees, then the wrists again, and are swung across the remaining distance. Even Mabel gets an assist from Tuba, other OOBUGWA CHILDREN.

AT THE END OF THE SWAMP: Quatramane, Good, Umbopo, Mabel are swung by the Oobugwa onto an ancient stone highway which rises out of the water. They wave goodbye to the Oobugwa, run up the highway which winds through the thinning jungle into nearby mountains.

BACK AT THE SEVENTH, EIGHTH BRIDGES: Dogati, Bockner, Bushiri and the three Turks wade through the shallow water, now far behind.

EXT. SACRED PLACE OF DEATH - DAY

Gagoola enters a cave in the side of a mountain. The entrance is sculpted like a huge pair of female lips. She is followed by Gort, who carries the still struggling Jesse, and the other two Silent Ones.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

THE NARROW LEDGE: It's carved out of a side of a sheer cliff. The going is slow as Quatramane leads his group across.

INT. SACRED PLACE OF DEATH - DAY

Gagoola squats in a cavelike room binding Jesse by the wrists with a rope. The rope runs up through a rotting wooden pulley in the ceiling of the chamber. Below the pulley is a flaming firepit fed by oozing gases. Gort stands on the opposite side of the pit, holds the other end of the rope. Gagoola finishes and Gort hauls on the rope, slowly dragging Jesse up to hang dangling over the firepit. Jesse squirms, moans. Gagoola chuckles. The other two Silent Ones smile, then vanish into a crawl-hole at the back of the chamber.

EXT. JUNGLE SWAMP CAUSEWAY - DAY

AT THE END OF THE SWAMP, Dogati, Bockner, Bushiri and the three Turks stagger out of the water onto King Solomon's Highway. They drop in place, exhausted. A beat. They move on. As they do, one of the Turks is caught by a crocodile and dragged back into the swamp. He hollers for help but is ignored, dragged under water.

CONTINUED

INT. SACRED PLACE OF DEATH - DAY

Jesse sinks closer and closer towards the flames, weak now, faint from the heat. Suddenly her eyes brighten. Quatramane, Good, Umbopo burst into the chamber, guns in hand. Gagoola leaps up, races around the fire pit. She ignores the bullets that explode around her, hollers for Gort to drop Jesse. He doesn't understand. Quatramane runs towards the firepit. Gagoola reaches Gort, knocks the rope from his hand. Jesse drops into the flames. At the same moment, Quatramane dives across the pit. He tackles Jesse, drives her across the pit. They land safely on the other side as Good drills Gort and Umbopo dives for Gagoola, who scampers into the crawl-hole.

Umbopo catches Gagoola's ankle, holds her. From within the crawl-hole she turns, snarling. Their eyes meet, lock. A beat. Mutual understanding fills their faces. He lets go and she scampers off, vanishes.

Umbopo rises, turns. Jesse, Quatramane are embracing. Gort lies wounded on the ground gasping. Good moves to Umbopo, nods at the crawl-hole.

GOOD

Where'd the old hag go?

UMBOPO

(shakes his head)

There are a thousand hiding places.

Good grunts with annoyance, again nods at the crawl-hole.

GOOD

What's in there?

Umbopo doesn't reply. Good grins, turns excitedly to Quatramane, Jesse as they rise.

GOOD

Quatramane, old chap, I sincerely believe we are about to cross the finish line.

Good points at the crawl-hole. Jesse brightens.

JESSE

The mines? Diamonds?

Good nods, hurries into the hole and Jesse moves in after him.

CONTINUED

Quatramane follows, then stops, indicates to Umbopo that he wants him to go first.

QUATRAMANE

(with an edge)

After you, "partner."

Umbopo smiles wisely, then moves into the crawl-hole and Quatramane follows. As he does, Mabel enters carrying a large rock as a weapon. She moves to follow Quatramane, chickens out, puts the rock down, sits on it to wait.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

AT THE NARROW LEDGE: Dogati, Bockner, Bushiri and the two remaining Turks edge along slowly, snarling with desperation.

INT. TUNNEL - THE MINES - DAY

AT THE CRAWL-HOLE: Quatramane comes out of the crawl-hole to join Umbopo, Jesse, Good in a tubelike, dirt passage clotted with cobwebs, yellow clinging mists. Cadavers, skeletons reside in cubicles cut out of the walls. Sculpted heads of snakes, crocodiles protrude from the walls, their fanged mouths spread open. Umbopo removes a burning torch from the wall.

QUATRAMANE

Thoughtful of someone to leave a light on.

Good, Jesse ignore his sarcasm and eagerly follow Umbopo down the tunnel.

THE STAIRCASE: They move down the steep incline. At the base of the stairs, the tunnel widens. They move on dodging cobwebs, spiders, then hesitate at:

THE WATERPIT: It is the width of the tunnel and blocks their passage. Stepping stones are placed at regular intervals across the pit. Something large thrashes under the water. Jesse gasps. Umbopo moves across the stepping stones half way, stops, points at the next stone.

UMBOPO

Do not step on this one.

They nod quick agreement, their eyes on the thrashing water, follow Umbopo's example, move down the tunnel into:

THE CHAMBER OF PASSAGEWAYS: Twenty odd tunnels lead off the chamber, up, down, sideways. They hesitate, look around.

CONTINUED

Half way across the chamber, the color of the earth becomes blue.

QUATRAMANE

(smiling)

We're in the mines now all right.

(points)

The blue earth. We're in the cone of an extinct mud volcano.

Jesse, Good can only laugh with heady, rising excitement.

QUATRAMANE (Contd.)

(to Umbopo)

Care to explain just why you're showing us these mines when you're sworn to protect them?

JESSE

(impatient)

Stop it, Alan. Let's go!

Quatramane nods, marks the tunnel they entered by, then Umbopo leads them across the chamber, down into one of the passages in the floor. Quatramane, bringing up the rear, marks that one also, then follows.

INT. BURIAL CHAMBER - MINES - DAY

Umbopo, torch in hand, descends a rope ladder into a pitch black chamber. The others follow. Reaching the floor, Umbopo moves about the chamber, lighting embrasures on the walls. As the others reach the floor, they look up astounded. Huge crystalline stalagmites drip from the ceiling to form almost symmetrical columns down either side of the rectangular chamber of blue earth. Encased in each stalagmite, in states of almost perfect preservation, are the bodies of the Kukuana queens. Most are old, wrinkled, with black skins. They wear a mixture of native costumes and ancient Sheeban, Hebrew jewelry. As Quatramane, the others move through the chamber, their faces widen with awe, curiosity. Half way down the chamber, the flesh of the queens becomes lighter, a cool olive, and their ages younger. Quatramane looks at Umbopo for an explanation.

UMBOPO

They are our queens.

CONTINUED

GOOD

But where are the pits?

UMBOPO

There are no pits. The Egyptian engineers dug tunnels.

JESSE

Then where are the diamonds?
The map said hundreds had been
mined, but that the priests
would not let them be removed.

Umbopo smiles, moves deeper into the still shadowed end of the chamber, lights more, brighter torches. Quatramane, the others follow, then hesitate and their eyes widen as here and there, amid the ornamental finery of the queens, is a diamond. Good brightens, edges forward. The others follow. Umbopo continues to light torches at the far end. The preserved queens continue to grow lighter until their flesh is honey olive brown, their ages quite young, and their garments more and more splendid, antique. Then Good, the other stop short as blinding, glittering white light emanates from the end of the chamber.

When their eyes become accustomed to the glare, they stand gaping at a stalagmite which rests on a higher place than the others, the crown of the chamber. It is larger, more translucent, glittering with light. Within the stalagmite is a young, regal, nubile woman of extraordinary beauty. She is garmented only in diamonds, glittering, the source of beauty itself. The group staggers back, awed.

QUATRAMANE

Sheeba!

GOOD

By all the gods, I have never seen
such beauty.

Jesse, spellbound, moves between Good, Quatramane and light flashes, explodes from Sheeba's beauty. Good, Quatramane shut their eyes. Jesse doesn't. The lights flash on her face. Umbopo watches, his face expectant. Good, Quatramane glance at Jesse, then back at Sheeba. They then do a spectacular double-take and stare in amazement at Jesse, their mouths dropping.

GOOD/QUATRAMANE

Good gawd!

CONTINUED

Sheeba, despite her ancient makeup, is identical in face and figure to Jesse.

JESSE
(a faint whisper)
It can't be.

QUATRAMANE
(a beat, chuckles, then)
You're right. She's a little thinner
around the hips.

Jesse, Good don't hear him. They edge forward into Sheeba's glow, transfixed.

GOOD
(to Quatramane)
Blast her open, old chap. Use
those dum-dums.

QUATRAMANE
I don't know.... I kind of like
her the way she is.

GOOD
This is no time for jokes.

Good, Jesse turn to Quatramane, then hold still as the room trembles. Quatramane glances up at the sculpted snake and crocodile heads which protrude from the tops of the high walls. Water starts to trickle out of the gaping jaws. Quatramane whips out his Webley, puts it to Umbopo's chest. Jesse, Good gasp. Umbopo doesn't move; his smile is cool.

QUATRAMANE
You've made your point, "partner."
The diamonds belong to the mountain, and
will stay in the mountain.

GOOD/JESSE
What!

QUATRAMANE
(to Jesse, Good)
Quiet, damn it! Look up at those
snake heads!

CONTINUED

QUATRAMANE (Contd.)

Any minute now this place is going
to be buried in water.

Jesse, Good look up, see the water trickling from the snake and crocodile heads, gasp. Quatramane keeps his eyes on Umbopo, whispers,

QUATRAMANE (Contd.)

You get them out of here...alive...and
I promise you the diamonds won't
leave this mountain.

UMBOPO

How can "you" promise this?

QUATRAMANE

Just trust me.

UMBOPO

(a beat, then)

And you...will trust me?

A beat. Quatramane spins his Webley in his hand, hands it to Umbopo, grip first. Umbopo takes it. Jesse, Good wince. A beat. Umbopo smiles, returns the Webley to Quatramane who returns the smile.

UMBOPO

(turning)

Come quickly.

Umbopo moves for the ladder at the far end. Quatramane shoves the reluctant Jesse, Good after him. Then they all stop short as the SOUNDS OF MEN come out of the ladder hole, then falling dust.

JESSE

(weak with terror)

Dogati!

They quickly move behind the stalagmites, out of sight. A beat. Gort comes down the rope followed by Dogati. The creature barely has the strength to hold on, is bleeding badly. Then he drops, lands with a CRUNCH on the floor, dead. Dogati, Bockner, the two Turks come down the rope, reach the floor. They glance about, then stare spellbound, blinded by Sheeba's glittering light. As their eyes focus, a mad gleam comes into Bockner's eyes, then Dogati's. They laugh uncontrollably, move forward, firing at Sheeba's stalagmite with rifles, revolvers. The bullets ping off. They growl,

CONTINUED

rush to it, hammer it with their weapons. Mad now. Out of control.

BEHIND THE STALAGMITES: Umbopo, the others reach the far end, approach the rope ladder, then stop short as unseen hands pull the ladder up, out of sight. Jesse shudders. There are LOUD CREAKING SOUNDS, RUMBLES. They freeze. Dogati, Bockner, the Turks don't notice, keep hammering at the stalagmite, now close to the diamonds. Quatramane, Good, Jesse look at Umbopo for an explanation.

UMBOPO

(whispering)

Gagoola. She seals the tomb.

They gasp silently, look up at the snake and crocodile heads high on the walls. Water drizzles from them, then begins to flow in steady streams. Dogati and his men still don't notice.

Quatramane, Good, Jesse look at Umbopo. His body suddenly tenses. His face knots in concentration. He moves under the hole, stares up into the hole, closes his eyes, mumbling quietly. Then, as in the b.g., Dogati and the others continue to chop at the stalagmite with their backs to him, Umbopo raises his arms towards the hole. Quatramane, Jesse, Good watch spellbound. A long beat. Out of the ceiling hole the rope ladder appears. Slowly, with a will of its own, the rope ladder magically unwinds until it once more hangs to the floor. Quatramane smiles at Jesse, whispers:

QUATRAMANE

If I were you, I'd never try to explain this to your father.

She shudders, moves to the ladder, follows Umbopo as he climbs. Good follows then Quatramane. Just before going up into the hole, Quatramane stops, takes a wistful look back at Sheeba and her beauty. Dogati, Bockner pull away from the mangled stalagmite with handfuls of glittering beauty. They're laughing hysterically. Then Dogati sees Quatramane, drops the diamonds, draws his revolver, fires. Bullets explode off the ceiling as Quatramane's feet disappear safely through the hole. Bockner laughs, turns to Dogati.

BOCKNER

The coward!

DOGATI

(thoughtfully)

Something's wrong!

CONTINUED

Bockner laughs at him, stops short as more RUMBLING SOUNDS OCCUR around him. A beat. Water spits out in torrents from the mouths of the snake and crocodile heads. Instantly the floor is covered with rising water. Dogati snarls, moves for the opening in the roof. As he does, the rope is pulled up, out. He fires at it hysterically, then:

DOGATI

Quick! Build a pile under the hole!

The Turks, Bockner move to the task, but stop cold at the SOUND OF DEADLY COLD LAUGHTER. They look up, see Gagoola standing on a ledge which protrudes from an opening high in the wall. She continues to laugh. Dogati, the others, maddened by the laughter, open fire. Gagoola is riddled with bullets, driven against the wall, hit again and again, then drops. Still she continues to laugh.

INT. TUNNEL - THE MINES - DAY

AT THE CHAMBER OF PASSAGEWAYS: Umbopo, the others come up out of a door in the floor. They move for the entrance passageway but stop short as water floods out of the snake and crocodile heads in the walls, then out of the various passageways. They are driven back, then fight through the torrent coming from the entrance passageway, vanish into it.

INT. BURIAL CHAMBER - MINES - DAY

Bockner struggles with the Turks and Bushiri who follow Dogati; he has reached the ceiling and is crawling up out of the hole. They all stand on a pile of loose rubble made from the stalagmites. Bockner is shoved, kicked, slips back. Crazy at being the last to leave, he draws his revolver, levels it at the struggling body ahead of him. The loose rubble gives way under him. He drops back into the chamber which is now half filled with water. He struggles vainly, but can't swim. He coughs, screams for help but to no avail, and chokes, sinks, thrashing wildly.

INT. TUNNEL - THE MINES - DAY

AT THE WATER PIT: Jesse, Quatramane, Good, Umbopo leap from stepping stone to stepping stone, each avoiding the correct one, then run on.

AT THE CHAMBER OF PASSAGEWAYS: Dogati, Bushiri and the two

CONTINUED

Turks emerge, look around in confusion at the various passageways. Water spills in, knee-deep. The two remaining Silent Ones suddenly appear behind one of the Turks and drag him down a hole. Bushiri panics, charges into a dark passageway. The wrong one. He instantly comes staggering back covered with leeches, spiders, wet hanging reptiles, and drops as they sting, bite.

AT THE STAIRCASE: Quatramane, the others move up on the run. Then the staircase recedes under them, forming a slippery surface and they slide back down the way they came.

AT THE WATER PIT: Dogati, the last Turk rush up, stop short. They don't know which stone not to step on. Dogati turns his revolver on the Turk, snarls:

DOGATI

Go ahead!

The Turk trembles, starts across. He avoids one stone and steps hard on the stone he should have avoided. Instantly the stones sink. Marooned, the Turk screams. Dogati backs away, wary. A snake as thick as a human thigh, shoots up out of the water, twisting itself around the Turk and drags him back under the water. Dogati growls, leaps as far as he can across the water pit, then swims the rest of the way and hauls himself safely out. One of the many diamonds he carries inside his shirt falls out. He picks it up, runs down the tunnel.

AT THE STAIRCASE: Quatramane, Jesse, Umbopo, Good edge themselves up the slipperty, tubelike passage, slow, steady. Then sand begins to shoot from the mouths of the snake and crocodile heads on the walls ahead of them, and they have to struggle harder, fighting the stinging spray, the added slipperiness.

INT. SACRIFICIAL CHAMBER - DAY

Mabel paces nervously back and forth in front of the crawl hole. The room trembles. Dust falls from the shuddering ceiling. The firepit spits huge balls of flame intermittently. THUNDERING NOISES, LOUD CRACKING SOUNDS make her cover her ears.

INT. THE TUNNEL - THE MINES - DAY

AT THE CRAWL-HOLE: Umbopo, Jesse, Good, Quatramane stagger to the hole, knee deep in sand. Suddenly the walls crack in several places. Sand floods in in torrents, knocks them

CONTINUED

down. Quatramane fights free, drags Jesse loose, pushes her into the crawl-hole. Good, Umbopo follow, then Quatramane. Then he stops, sensing another presence, turns.

Dogati, snarling, drags himself towards the crawl-hole. Diamonds drip from his shirt, pockets. Quatramane holds his position guarding the crawl hole. Dogati makes an animal sound, then wades into him, snarling, surging, biting, clawing. They grapple. Give and take bone-breaking blows to the head, chest, gut. Sand floods over them from the ceiling. They ignore it, battle on.

Quatramane finally drives Dogati staggering back. He drops. His diamonds spill out under him. He growls in horrified dismay, begins to pick them up. The walls, ceiling give in. Sand covers both of them. Quatramane lunges for the crawl-hole, pushes into it.

INT. SACRED PLACE OF DEATH - DAY

Jesse, Good, Umbopo, Mabel, a group of Amazons sporting bits of Turkish uniforms, red fezzs, wait expectantly, staring at the crawl-hole. A long beat. Sand floods out of the crawl-hole, spreads on the floor. Jesse groans, sinks. Good, Umbopo hold her up. The pain of loss is etched in all their faces.

They lead Jesse towards the exit. Suddenly she stops, looks back at the crawl-hole. Mabel is whimpering, digging at the sand. Jesse bolts to the crawl-hole, drops on her knees, plunges her arms into the sand-filled crawl-hole. A desperate beat. She squeals with hope, pulls on something. Good, Umbopo drop beside her, plunge their arms into the sand, take hold of something, pull hard and drag Quatramane coughing and spitting out of the crawl-hole.

Jesse, Mabel hug Quatramane, kiss him, as Umbopo, Good chuckle with relief. Quatramane spits sand for a beat, then grins at them.

QUATRAMANE

Hi, gang!

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

Quatramane, Jesse, Good, Umbopo, Mabel, the Amazons crouch behind boulders. The mountain erupts in continuing explosions.

CONTINUED

Debris falls around them. Then it stops. They peer around the boulders to find a levelled mountain top, crumbling, smoking. There is not a trace of the mines, just primeval earth. They stare in awed disbelief.

GOOD
(sighing)
It would take a lifetime to dig
through it now.

Good wanders aimlessly amid the rubble, then stops, picks something off the ground.

GOOD (Contd.)
Here now, what's this?

He moves back to the others, hands the object to Jesse. It's a large diamond.

GOOD (Contd.)
Your father was right, child! God
did finally have his way with
Dogati.

Jesse, Quatramane look at the diamond. Their eyes widen. Inside the diamond is another diamond, smaller, cut in the modern manner. It is mounted in the lobe of Dogati's ear. Jesse shudders, throws it away. It rolls on the ground. The earth suddenly bubbles under it, then opens up, swallows the diamond with a loud GULP.

EXT. JUNGLE SWAMP CAUSEWAY - DAY

AT THE END OF THE SWAMP: Quatramane, Jesse, Umbopo, Good, Mabel, a crowd of Amazons move down the highway, stop at the edge of the water. In the trees, Oobugwa warriors wait, watch. Umbopo and the Amazons turn to Jesse, bow regally.

UMBOPO
Good-bye, golden one. The Oobugwa
will see you through the pass.

Jesse hesitates, uncertain of her feelings, then kisses him. Good shakes Umbopo's hand heartily, then Quatramane, Umbopo stand facing each other. A beat. Umbopo smiles.

CONTINUED

UMBOPO

Be a good boy..."behave."

There is a ripple of laughter. Quatramane loosens, chuckles.

QUATRAMANE

I'll get you for that.

UMBOPO

I will be waiting.

They study each other, absolute equals, then with a hard edge
of control

QUATRAMANE

See ya, "partner."

Jesse, Good, Quatramane, Mabel move to the waiting Oobugwa,
take their hands and are lifted hand over hand high into the
shimmering sunlit trees. As Umbopo, the Amazons cheer, they
swing through the jungle with the Oobugwa, flying from vine to
vine, right side up, upside down, right side up again,
smiling, loving it. Their adventures just beginning. As
they swing:

The END CREDITS ROLL