

SHAFT IN AFRICA

BEFORE TITLES

FADE IN

- 1 INT. SUBTERRANEAN STAIRCASE PARIS (MADRID FOR PARIS) 1
DAY MORNING

We are shooting down a long, steep, dark flight of stone stairs. From far below we hear strange, foreboding sounds - steel doors closing - the moans of imprisoned men - clanking - echoes. A young black man in work clothes runs up the stairs into CLOSE UP. His face glistens with sweat. His eyes are wild with fear.

- 2 EXT. CHATEAU MONTFORT ANGLED PAST THE FRONT OF 2
THE CHATEAU

toward the young man in the heavy bunker-like opening of the subterranean staircase. He runs toward CAMERA.

- 3 ANOTHER ANGLE THE OPENING OF THE STAIRCASE 3

Two men (white) erupt from the stairs and pursue the young black man. Both pursuers carry handguns.

- 4- OTHER ANGLES THE ATTEMPTED ESCAPE AND PURSUIT 4-
7 7

We see the front of the imposing chateau - its elaborate facade and twin staircases curving up toward the entrance - a large pond and fountain in the center of the wide driveway. The black man runs toward the fountain, the two men after him. Two other men block his escape. The four pursuers close in on him, begin to beat him. Finally they drag his limp figure toward one of two cars parked in front of the chateau.

CUT TO

- 8 EXT. PARIS STREET (SECOND UNIT - PARIS FOR PARIS) 8
DAY (MORNING) A ROLLS-ROYCE

with a uniformed driver glides along an avenue.

9 CLOSER SHOT THE ROLLS (MADRID FOR PARIS) 9

10 INT. THE ROLLS CLOSE ON A MAN 10

in the back seat. Talking on the car telephone.
VINCENT AMAFI, sinister-looking dude.

AMAFI

Three hundred? Not a happy figure,
Herr Schmidt! You guaranteed seven
hundred and fifty - on the job by Monday ...
I don't care what your problems are - a
guarantee is a guarantee. Now - you fulfill
your contract - seven hundred and fifty - all
in prime condition - on the job! In
Dusseldorf! Monday!

He hangs up. Somebody o.s. blows smoke into his face. He coughs,
our ANGLE WIDENING. We discover a girl sharing the back seat
with him. She's wearing blue jeans and an expensive chiffon see-
through blouse. She's incredibly beautiful, exotic and sensual, of
Arabic descent. Her name is JAZAR. She's smoking a cigar, doing
erotic things to it with her lips.

JAZAR

Smoke bother you?

AMAFI

Where there's smoke there's fire.

He takes the cigar from her.

AMAFI

Brighten my day.

Dutifully, her head disappears toward his crotch and out of SHOT.
The car phone rings. He picks it up as CAMERA MOVES IN on his
face.

AMAFI

(into phone)

Call back.

He hangs up, puts the cigar between his lips.

CUT TO

11 EXT. AMAFI'S OFFICE A FASHIONABLE RESIDENCE 11
(MADRID FOR PARIS) DAY A SEDAN

turns into the coachhouse adjoining the residence. We see two of the four hoods who beat the young black man in the sedan with their victim. One of the hoods jumps out, closes the garage doors.

12 INT. THE COACHHOUSE THE HOODS 12

drag the young black man out of the car. One of the hoods hurries up a flight of steps and enters the residence. The other hood shoves the young black, handcuffed, out of the coachhouse and into a courtyard enclosed by high walls.

13 EXT. THE COURTYARD THE HOOD 13

locks the door from the courtyard into the garage, gives the young black a long look, sees how the handcuffed man slumps back against one of the walls, clearly beyond his capacity to scale, then hurries up another flight of stairs into the residence.

14 CLOSER ANGLE THE YOUNG BLACK 14

His face is lacerated and bloody from the beating they've given him, his strong body doubled in agony. He forces himself to get up on his feet, his back to the wall. He raises his face toward the residence into which his attackers have vanished, then, painfully, but purposefully, begins to move his handcuffed hands in a grinding, scratching motion against the wall.

15 CLOSER ANGLE THE HANDCUFFS 15

scratching deeper into the masonry.

16	EXT.	THE RESIDENCE	THE ROLLS	16
----	------	---------------	-----------	----

eases in, stops. AMAFI gets out, gives the girl in the back a long, appreciative look, hurries toward the closed doors of the coachhouse as the Rolls pulls away with JAZAR.

17 INT. THE COACHHOUSE AMAFI 17

enters, notes with some satisfaction the parked sedan, listens a moment to the clicking of its still hot radiator. Then he goes up the stairs and enters the residence.

18 INT. A RECEPTION ROOM FULL SHOT 18

AMAFI passes briskly through the area, nods to the two waiting hoods, gesturing for them to wait a moment. We see clerks at work at several desks. Files wall to wall. Adding machines clicking away - and typewriters. Every one glances up at the passing AMAFI with obvious anxiety as he enters his private office.

19 INT. PRIVATE OFFICE ANGLED ON A WALL 19
MAP OF AFRICA AND EUROPE

A SECRETARY is typing to one side of the wall map. AMAFI crosses to the map, considers it for a moment, then turns to the girl.

AMAFI

Schmidt's making delivery by Monday.
Seven hundred and fifty to Dusseldorf.

SECRETARY

From the Ivory Coast?

AMAFI

Only three hundred. The rest from
Senegal.

(a beat)

Tell Angelo and Nicky to get in here -
and go get yourself a cup of coffee.

The SECRETARY hurries out. In a moment the TWO HOODS come in, closing the door behind them. One of them carries a small packet of notes he hands to AMAFI.

20 CLOSER ANGLE FAVORING AMAFI 20

studying the contents of the packet.

AMAFI

Names ... dates ... places ... He's
been a busy boy ... Sure he's the
Emir's son?

One of the hoods (ANGELO) nods.

20 Continued

20

ANGELO

Took some persuasion, but he finally
admitted it.

AMAFI takes out a gold lighter, sets fire to the packet, holds it as it
burns.

AMAFI

For the benefit of the others, an example
has to be made ...

(a beat)

Kill him.

ANGELO

What about his father? He's got a lot of
clout.

AMAFI

He can't throw a spear all the way from
New York, now can he, Angelo?

(smiling, then dropping
the still-burning packet
into an ash-tray)

I said - kill him.

The TWO HOODS exit.

- 21 EXT. THE COURTYARD THE YOUNG BLACK 21
still scratching his handcuffs on the wall. He reacts to:
- 22 HIS POV THE TWO HOODS 22
coming down a staircase from the residence. ANGELO is holding a
revolver with a long barrel and is treading a silencer over the muzzle.
- 23 THE YOUNG BLACK 23
straightens, stops his scratching on the wall, covers what he has been
doing with his erect and unflinching body. ANGELO comes up in front
of him, raises the revolver toward the young man's chest.
- 24 CLOSE SHOT ANGLED DOWN THE BARREL OF THE REVOLVER 24
TOWARD ANGELO
He fires into CAMERA three times, each shot a softly muffled thumping
sigh.

25 ANOTHER ANGLE LONG SHOT 25

The TWO HOODS drag the body of the young man toward the coachhouse.

26 ANGLED ON THE WALL 26

We see two bullet marks where the shots have passed through the body and streaked the wall. Just below there are two strange scratch marks in the masonry - they seem to be symbols in a little-known, ancient language.

CUT TO

27 EXT. CENTRAL PARK NEW YORK CITY (SECOND UNIT - 27
NEW YORK FOR NEW YORK) DAY MOVING WITH
JOHN SHAFT

in a sweat suit, sneakers, a towel around his neck, jogging through Central Park. He comes out on Fifth Avenue, reacts to:

28 HIS POV TWO KIDS 28

stealing the hub caps from his parked car - a dark-yellow Porsche 914.

29 SHAFT 29

breaks out of the jog and into a sprint.

30 ANGLED ON THE KIDS 30

They see SHAFT coming, but coolly take their time, get the fourth hub cap before they leap over the stone wall and disappear among the trees as SHAFT comes tearing up.

31 SHAFT 31

debates with himself whether or not to go after them, decides against it, looks ruefully at the yawning wounds in his wheels, unlocks the car, gets in.

CUT TO

32 EXT. AN UPTOWN APARTMENT DAY (SECOND UNIT - 32
NEW YORK FOR NEW YORK) SHAFT'S CAR

turns into an underground garage of the building.

33 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE (SEARS, MADRID FOR NEW 33
YORK) SHAFT

parks, gets out. An ATTENDANT watches him cross toward the elevator.

ATTENDANT

Some African's looking for you, brother.

SHAFT punches the elevator.

SHAFT

Don't know any Africans, brother.

The elevator door opens. SHAFT reacts to:

34 HIS POV INSIDE THE ELEVATOR AN AFRICAN IN A 34
WHITE ROBE

He's about as big and as fearsome-looking as a man can get unless you build him out of steel. He's carrying a long, business-like stick which he clutches in one gigantic hand. His name is OSSIAT.

35 SHAFT 35

gets into the elevator with the giant. SHAFT comes up to the man's chest. They ride up. The elevator stops at the lobby. The giant gets out, gestures to SHAFT.

OSSIAT

You come.

SHAFT smiles at him, comes out docilely, but darts back into the elevator just ahead of the closing of its doors. The huge African is left behind in the lobby. SHAFT can hear the BOOMING sound of fists pounding on the elevator door below.

36 INT. CORRIDOR SHAFT

36

exits the elevator, advances to his apartment door, unlocks it, enters.

37 INT. SHAFT'S APARTMENT (MADRID FOR NEW YORK)
SHAFT

37

double-locks the door, drops the night-chain into position, crosses to the telephone.

SHAFT
(dialing his answering
service)

Anything?

VOICE
That you, Mister Shaft?

SHAFT
Me, baby.

VOICE
A Mister Ramila's been calling you
every ten minutes since two o'clock.

SHAFT's front door crashes in, bursting its hinges, spewing out the night chain.

OSSIAT
You come.

SHAFT opens the drawer, brings out a snub-nosed .38, thumbs back the hammer, levels the front sight at the giant's solar plexus.

SHAFT
You stay!
(into the phone)
If Mister R calls back, tell him I got
so many friends with troubles, I don't
do business with strangers.

He hangs up, sees the giant advancing.

SHAFT
You better freeze ass, baby.

But the man keeps coming, one hand out, the other beginning to raise the long stick.

37 Continued

37

SHAFT

Very foolish.

SHAFT fires into the man's solar plexus.

Incredulously enough, OSSIAAT keeps coming as though the .38 slug is something from a pea-shooter.

SHAFT fires once more at point-blank range before the long hardwood stick slams the gun out of his hand.

SHAFT jumps up directly in front of the giant, both feet kicking out, catching the man by surprise, crashing him back. SHAFT dives for his gun at the far side of the room.

38 LOW ANGLE SHAFT ON THE FLOOR

38

gets his .38 back into his hand, swings around to fire from the floor.

39 EXTREME CLOSE ON SHAFT

39

reacting to:

40 HIS POV ANOTHER AFRICAN

40

This one lean, hollow-faced. This is WASSA. Pointing a strange-looking gun at SHAFT. The gun makes a soft clapping SOUND.

41 SHAFT

41

slumps, his hand going limp, the .38 falling out.

WASSA's hand reaches into SHOT, takes SHAFT's gun, then extracts the tiny, finned pellet-missile from SHAFT's chest. ANGLE WIDENS to include the two Africans staring down at the inert SHAFT.

WASSA speaks to the giant in an African dialect.

The giant picks SHAFT up, goes out with SHAFT in his arms, WASSA following.

OUT OF SHOT we ZOOM our MAIN TITLE:

SHAFT IN AFRICA

42- EXT. NEW YORK CITY AND LONG ISLAND SUBURBS 42-
42X5 (SECOND UNIT - NEW YORK FOR NEW YORK) DAY 42X5

CAST AND CREDITS PLAY OVER A SERIES OF SHOTS of a Mercedes 600 limo carrying the unconscious SHAFT out of New York and into the countryside - ending with the limo turning into a big-gated estate set back off the highway. The gates close into CAMERA as the limo speeds up a private road toward the estate.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

43 INT. STABLES AND GARAGE AREA THE NEW YORK ESTATE 43
(MADRID FOR NEW YORK) NIGHT CLOSE ON SHAFT

coming back into the world. He sits up, discovers he's naked.

44 ANOTHER ANGLE SHAFT 44

sees a hardwood stick about five feet long, similar to the one the African giant had been carrying, lying next to him on the floor. He hefts it, decides it may come in handy. He gets up, ANGLE WIDENING so that we now become oriented - SHAFT is in an area with stable stalls for horses. He moves toward a doorway leading into a garage.

45 INT. A GARAGE SHAFT 45

comes in, exploring, sees the parked Mercedes limo. He hears a sound, reacts to:

46 HIS POV THE DOORWAY OF THE GARAGE THE GIANT 46

comes in, his stick in attack posture.

47 ANOTHER ANGLE SHAFT AND THE GIANT 47

The giant moves toward SHAFT with a catlike grace remarkable in so large a man. SHAFT raises his stick in a defensive position. The giant circles SHAFT, suddenly flicks out his stick in a slash, catching SHAFT a hard blow across one shoulder. Then he pulls the stick back, grasping it near its head, steps in close and drives the point into Shaft's unprotected belly. SHAFT grunts with pain, swings his own

47 Continued

47

stick at the giant who blocks it easily. The giant slams his stick into Shaft's left leg. Hurt, SHAFT rushes at the big man, using his stick like a spear, but the giant turns SHAFT aside, whacks him over the head and drives SHAFT to his knees.

SHAFT, groggy, shakes his head clear, gets up, once more attacks the giant, this time demonstrating some ability, learned from his days on the street with improvised clubs, but every blow he delivers is blocked by the giant, who seems to be playing with him.

WASSA appears in the doorway from the courtyard outside, watches the two men fighting.

48 ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING WASSA

48

WASSA

(to Shaft, as Shaft
manages to get his
first solid blow in
against the giant)

Where did you learn stick fighting,
Mister Shaft?

SHAFT attacks, is blocked, takes a thump in the ribs.

SHAFT

(in pain)

When I was conducting the New York
Philharmonic.

WASSA

The Emir will be pleased. Also by
the fact you're already circumcised.

SHAFT half turns to give WASSA a reproachful look and the giant strikes him sharply across the head. SHAFT goes down, rolls over and does not move.

WASSA speaks to the giant in dialect. The giant picks up the limp SHAFT, carries him out the doorway.

CUT TO

49 INT. THE COUNTRY ESTATE A CELLAR (MADRID FOR NEW YORK) NIGHT 49

ANGLED UP AT A BLAZE OF LIGHTS

Brightness radiating downward. Pulsing and blinding lights.

50 CLOSE ON SHAFT 50

opening his eyes to the maze of lights above him.

51 ANOTHER ANGLE SHAFT 51

still naked. Lying on a bank of fine white sand. He looks around, sees the room is filled with sand from wall to wall. Deep sand. So deep that the level of the fill comes halfway up the wall. The lights are beyond his reach, just above the tips of his fingers if he were to stretch upward, attached to cross beams, as though in a studio.

Shaft's body is bathed in sweat as the lights continue to bake and burn him.

He crosses to the door half buried in sand. He examines the door, sees it has no knob, no hinges on his side. He pounds on the door. But it stands solidly.

He turns away, once more considers the savage lights above him.

WASSA'S VOICE

The temperature is one hundred and ten degrees. Are you comfortable, Mister Shaft?

SHAFT

I'd be more comfortable if you'd forgot to pay the light bill.

WASSA'S VOICE

We want you to walk back and forth across the sand for the next eight hours. If you survive, we will talk.

SHAFT

Lissen, man, I already got my tan. Let's talk right now.

51 Continued

51

WASSA'S VOICE

Walk, Mister Shaft! Walk - or die!

SHAFT drops to his knees, begins to dig into the sand. He digs deeper and deeper, burrowing in until his body is covered. Only an upraised arm, shielding the top of his head, remains above the surface.

WASSA'S VOICE

Very ingenious, Mister Shaft.

Suddenly the lights go out.

The door is unbolted from the outside, slid open, soft light behind him silhouetting a man in the doorway.

MAN

(Oxford accent)

Forgive us, my son.

52 ANGLED ON SHAFT

52

emerging from the sand.

53 CLOSER ANGLE THE MAN IN THE DOORWAY

53

tall, dignified-looking, in his fifties. Wearing a business suit.

54 SHAFT

54

moves to the doorway.

WASSA and the giant appear behind the man.

WASSA

This is Emir Ramila. Leader of the Manta tribes in East Africa.

SHAFT

Outside my turf.

RAMILA

And this is Wassa, my brain ... and Ossiat, my strong right arm. They will prepare you.

54 Continued

54

RAMILA moves off down the corridor, leaving his two aides smiling at SHAFT.

CUT TO

55 INT. HALLWAY THE ESTATE (MADRID FOR NEW YORK) 55
NIGHT

SHAFT comes down the stairway, WASSA and OSSIAT behind him. SHAFT is wearing his own clothes, still adjusting his shoulders into his jacket.

At the foot of the stairs, WASSA moves past SHAFT, crosses to a door, opens it, gestures SHAFT inside.. SHAFT approaches warily.

56 INT. THE STUDY FAVORING RAMILA 56

He smiles as SHAFT enters, gestures to a young African girl wearing a servant's smock to carry the tray she's holding to SHAFT. The girl moves to SHAFT who considers the glass and the pitcher of ice water with narrow-eyed disapproval.

RAMILA
Mineral water, Mister Shaft. Quite pure.

SHAFT
Whiskey, man!

RAMILA picks up a decanter from the serving tray, brings it to SHAFT as WASSA and OSSIAT take positions inside the study on either side of the door. SHAFT tilts the decanter, lets the whiskey run into his throat.

RAMILA
(watching)
I know a great deal about you, but until tonight it was all hearsay -
(a beat)
I had to know.

SHAFT
Know what?

RAMILA
Would you kill a man?

56 Continued

56

RAMILA speaks softly in dialect to the servant. She goes out.

RAMILA

You fired two shoots at Ossiat without hesitation. Yes, I learned. You would kill a man.

SHAFT

About those shots. I know they were both in the ten-ring. Why is brother Ossiat still breathing?

The giant picks up a heavy object on the chair next to him, tosses it across the room. It lands at Shaft's feet.

57 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT

57

picks up the object. It's a flak vest. SHAFT sees where his two bullets have flattened themselves half an inch apart in dead center of the chest area.

SHAFT

Next time, baby, between the eyes!

58 FAVORING RAMILA

58

RAMILA

My second question - how good are you with the stick.

SHAFT

Cat named Shaft ain't gonna be bad with his stick.

RAMILA

From childhood, the men of my tribes use the stick to herd cattle, ward off hyenas, and to fight. If you were awkward with the stick, it would have taken too long to train you.

SHAFT

Thanks for the offer, but I live in a restricted neighborhood - no hyenas allowed. You want to call me a cab, man?

58 Continued

58

RAMILA

(ignoring this)

Third question - could you survive
under desert conditions. I liked what
you did - burying yourself in the sand.
We've found our man, Mister Shaft.
You!

SHAFT moves toward the door.

SHAFT

Okay, I'll walk.

RAMILA

I make you a most generous offer ...

SHAFT finds the doorway blocked by OSSIAT and WASSA. WASSA
has the stun-gun leveled at SHAFT.

RAMILA

... Twenty-five thousand dollars.

SHAFT turns, considers the Emir.

SHAFT

American or Hong Kong?

RAMILA

Fifteen now, ten later.

SHAFT

What do I do?

A man's voice strikes SHAFT from behind.

VOICE

Become a slave.

SHAFT turns.

59 SHAFT'S POV ANOTHER AFRICAN

59

in the doorway. He's in his mid-thirties, with a lean hard body his
business suit does little to conceal. He has a seasoned face, sharp,
penetrating eyes. He comes into the study.

60 ANOTHER ANGLE

60

RAMILA

Colonel Gondar ... John Shaft.

The COLONEL shakes Shaft's hand - a good strong grip.

RAMILA

The Colonel is with the Central Police Authority in Addis Ababa. He's working with us and with the Organization of African Unity.

SHAFT sizes up the COLONEL - and vice versa.

GONDAR

A good deal of time and money has been invested in selecting you, Mister Shaft.

SHAFT

I guess what you did was - you flipped through the yellow pages of the Addis Ababa phone book - and there I was, John Shaft - investigator - right?

GONDAR

It was somewhat more involved than that.

SHAFT

What's this slave jive, man?

GONDAR

Two months ago a truck crossed the border from Italy into France ...

CUT TO

61 EXT. A SMALL FRENCH TOWN DAY MOVING SHOT 61
WITH A TRAILER TRUCK

It sputters into town, radiator HISSING, steam billowing from its grill.

The truck stops. The DRIVER, a young FRENCHMAN, jumps out of the cab, manages to raise the hood. Flames spiral out of the engine.

He reacts to the sound of human cries and loud moans from the trailer.

62 ANOTHER ANGLE THE DRIVER 62

runs back, tries to open the door of the lorry from which the cries are coming, but the sealed lock resists his efforts.

The flames begin to envelop the cab of the truck.

63 ANOTHER ANGLE 63

Villagers have begun to gather. The driver pleads with them (in French) to assist him. An old man comes forward with an ax. The driver grabs it from him, smashes the lock, tugs the door free.

From inside scores of young Africans pour out. They have been crammed in among sewing machines. They fall to the ground, hiding their eyes from the sun and pleading for water in a dozen dialects.

64 ANGLED ON THE FACES OF THE VILLAGERS 64

registering shock and surprise.

65 ANOTHER ANGLE A GENDARME 65

moves among the people, takes in the situation, starts toward the driver. The driver begins to run. The GENDARME shouts after him, then slowly, for he's a heavy man, pursues.

GONDAR'S VOICE (over)

The driver managed to escape. The French authorities gave the men water and time to rest, then hustled them back across the border into Italy and marked the incident closed.

CUT TO

66 INT. STUDY THE ESTATE (MADRID FOR NEW YORK) 66
NIGHT FAVORING SHAFT

SHAFT

Italian wetbacks, huh?

GONDAR

Young Africans. This particular group had been smuggled in from the Ivory Coast to Italy, then into France.

SHAFT

Why smuggled? For what?

GONDAR

To do all the dirty, back-breaking jobs
white Europeans refuse to do ... in road
gangs, factories, kitchens ...

SHAFT

Bad scene. But maybe they need the
bread.

GONDAR

The recruiters are luring thousands
of young Africans into Europe every
month. They have no work permits,
no social security, no health benefits.
If they complain, they're deported.
They work a sixteen hour day, seven
days a week, literally for pennies ...
This, Mister Shaft, is slavery in the
twentieth century.

SHAFT

Arrest the cals who come down to hustle
the people - and that's the end of it.

GONDAR shakes his head.

GONDAR

We want the men at the top.

(a beat)

We need a trained investigator - someone
they don't know - to infiltrate their
organization. To do that, he has to let
himself be recruited in Africa...

SHAFT

Get an African investigator!

GONDAR

They know all our men.

SHAFT

Then try somebody who's not an investigator.

GONDAR

We did.

66 Continued 66

He looks over at the Emir.

67 CLOSER ANGLE RAMILA 67

RAMILA

My son let himself be recruited in East Africa. His body was found last week in Paris ... In a ditch.

68 FAVORING SHAFT 68

thinking about it. Thinking about it deeply.

SHAFT

They'd see me coming a mile away, an uptown dude like me.

69 FAVORING GONDAR 69

GONDAR

Not if you're briefed in tribal ways ... and learn the Manta dialect.

SHAFT

Baby, I was twenty-one before I found out the word "isn't" is some other way to say "ain't".

GONDAR looks over at RAMILA again. RAMILA nods, calls out.

In a moment, a girl enters the study.

70 FAVORING THE GIRL 70

She's young, tall, slender, with a noble neck and exquisite dusky features. She wears the latest Paris fashion.

RAMILA

My daughter - Aleme.

71 CLOSER ANGLE THE GIRL 71
looking directly into SHAFT's eyes.

72 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT 72
looking back at her.

73 ANOTHER ANGLE 73

RAMILA

Aleme has come to instruct you, Mister
Shaft.

74 CLOSE ON SHAFT 74
smiling at her.

75 CLOSE ON ALEME 75
smiling back at him.

CUT TO

76 EXT. EAST RIVER DRIVE NEW YORK (SECOND UNIT) 76
SUNSET

SHAFT AND ALEME (DOUBLE FOR ALEME)

walk along the East River with its passing water traffic.

ALEME'S VOICE (over)

... they vanished in the fourteenth century
as mysteriously as they first appeared.
But they left behind our spoken culture and
their drums, their copper spears, their
beaded crowns

77 EXT. (MADRID FOR NEW YORK) SHAFT AND ALEME DAY 77
(CENTRAL PARK)

Behind them we see the giant figure of OSSIAAT following.

77 Continued

77

ALEME

(dialogue continuing)

Nobody knows what happened to them ...
but our tribes are descended from these
proud ancestors.

SHAFT laughs.

ALEME

Don't laugh, Mister Shaft. Your survival
depends on how much you can remember.

SHAFT

Who's laughing? I was just thinking -
they made us study Shakespeare in school.
Man, was he ever a Johnny-come-lately
compared to your cats grooving on poetry
a thousand years ago! Sure blow their
minds at P.S. 64!

CUT TO

77A EXT. MADRID FOR NEW YORK (SECOND UNIT) SHAFT
AND ALEME A SKYSCRAPER SEEN THROUGH TREES
(SEARS) DAY

77A

SHAFT walking with ALEME, the lessons continuing.

ALEME

Our officials fall into two categories -
Bogalla and Heiyu. The Bogalla are
hereditary, succession passing from
father to eldest son. The Heiyu are
elective, chosen from rich and poor
alike on the basis of personal qualifications.

SHAFT stops, looks back at:

HIS POV THE GIANT OSSIAI

following them also stops.

CUT TO

78 INT. SHAFT'S APARTMENT (MADRID FOR NEW YORK) 78
NIGHT ANGLED ON A MAP OF AFRICA

pinned to the wall. ALEME pointing to a spot in East Africa, SHAFT concentrating. To one side of the room, sitting hugely in a chair, the watchful giant Angagaw.

SHAFT

Macha?

ALEME

No.

(pointing)

The Macha territory is here ...

She points to another area.

SHAFT

Tulama.

ALEME

Beautiful.

(again moving the pencil)

SHAFT

Hey, baby, enough for tonight. Anyway, why do I have to learn about these other tribes? I'm supposed to be a Manta.

ALEME

Our tribesmen know their neighbors. So you'd better know them too.

(a beat)

But then - I don't imagine you even know about your own antecedents.

SHAFT

Who says?

ALEME

All right then, tell me, who were your ancestors?

SHAFT

Redcaps.

78 Continued

78

ALEME

Which is their territory?

SHAFT

Penn Station.

They laugh together, but SHAFT is looking over at:

79 HIS POV OSSIAT

79

staring straight back at SHAFT without expression, one huge hand holding the stick upright.

80 FAVORING SHAFT

80

SHAFT

(lowering his voice - to Aleme)

Why don't you send the Jolly Black Giant back to the witch doctor? Then we can concentrate on some of the - finger strokes.

ALEME

Ossiat has guarded me since I was born. Sometimes I think of him as my living chastity belt.

SHAFT

Man that size, that's a lot of chastity, baby.

ALEME

I'm still in my first age-grade - we call that Fareita. Nobody is permitted to marry while they're in Fareita.

SHAFT

What do you do to relax?

ALEME

I enter Chela - my second age-grade - this February - Then even I, the Emir's daughter, may have sex and marry. After my clitoridectomy.

81 CLOSE ON SHAFT
wincing.

SHAFT
Your - what?

82 FAVORING ALEME

ALEME
My clitoridectomy - female
circumcision.

SHAFT
Where they cut off your...?
(hesitating)

ALEME
Are you afraid to say the word?
My clitoris? Yes, that's what
we do at the time of Chela.

SHAFT
No wonder the natives get restless.

ALEME
The emphasis in our marriages is
not upon sexual pleasure, but
upon the rearing of children.

SHAFT
Child, February's just around
the corner. How you ever going
to know what you'll be missing
unless you give it a little wear
and tear before they take it away
from you?

ALEME
Are you volunteering?

SHAFT
(a big smile)
Got to free the slaves.

She's smiling back at him when OSSSIAT thrusts a stick
in between them. SHAFT looks around at the giant.

OSSIAT
Where your stick?

82 CONTINUED

ALEME
Time for your lesson.

SHAFT
(more or less to himself)
Sh - eee - eet!
(to Ossiat)
The other room. You get it.

Ossiat goes out of the room to get the stick.

SHAFT
(to Aleme)
Come on!

He grabs her hand, hurries her out of the apartment.

83 INT. THE CORRIDOR - SHAFT AND ALEME

come out. He crosses to the elevator, punches the button.

84 INT. SHAFT'S APARTMENT - OSSIAT

appears from the bedroom, discovers Shaft and Aleme are gone. He rushes out.

85 INT. THE CORRIDOR - OSSIAT

sees the elevator signal - lights descending. He pushes another button for the second elevator. It arrives. He gets in. The door closes. He goes down, CAMERA HOLDING, then ANGLING AROUND to show us Shaft appearing with Aleme from around the corner. He takes her back into his apartment. We hear the door locked.

86-100 - OMITTED

CUT TO:

101 INT. SHAFT'S APARTMENT (MADRID FOR NEW YORK) - NIGHT
SHAFT'S FRONT DOOR

erupts into CAMERA - once more breaking off its bolts and spitting out its night chain. OSSIAT comes flying through, RAMILA and WASSA right behind them.

They react to:

102 THEIR POV SHAFT AT THE MAP OF AFRICA

102

with ALEME sitting in a nearby chair and listening to him. He has one hand over his eyes, the other pointing at the map. Both he and ALEME are fully clothed.

SHAFT

The Tingat ... the Wulan ... the Saho ...

103 FAVORING RAMILA

103

He covers his suspicions, but only with a major effort.

RAMILA

(to Shaft sternly)

Here is your first payment, Mister Shaft,
a check for fifteen thousand dollars.

And your airlines ticket.

(a significant beat)

You leave in the morning!

CUT TO

104 EXT. THE SKY A JETLINER IN FLIGHT (STOCK FOOTAGE' 104
FROM SKYJACKED) DAY

105 INT. THE JETLINER ANGLED ON SHAFT

105

looking out the window. The passenger next to him in the aisle seat is white, tending to fat, a business-type. He is WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS

From up here it doesn't look so big, does
it?

SHAFT looks away from the window, then to the man, keeps his face deliberately blank.

WILLIAMS

I mean, New York. Actually, it's not so
big. L. A. 's got more square miles.
Tokyo and London both have more people.

SHAFT

Kom nen shong tikar?

105 Continued

105

WILLIAMS

You don't speak English?

SHAFT continues staring at him blankly.

WILLIAMS

You must be African?

SHAFT nods, points to himself.

SHAFT

Manta.

WILLIAMS

My name's Williams ... Well, if
there's anything you need, just -
let me know ...

His voice tapers off. He opens a copy of the Wall Street Journal, turns
to the day's market quotations.

SHAFT

(pointing to the
listings)

Stan - dard Oil?

SHAFT grins proudly, as though showing off his limited English.

WILLIAMS

By God, now, that's something! Can't
speak the language, but knows about
Standard Oil.

He smiles approvingly at SHAFT.

WILLIAMS

How about - General Motors?

SHAFT

(grinning back)

Cok - a - co - la?

CUT TO

106 EXT. THE JETLINER (STOCK) DAY 106
touching down.

CUT TO

107 INT. THE TERMINAL OUTSIDE PARIS (MADRID FOR ORLY) 107
DAY

MOVING WITH SHAFT

through the terminal. He senses something in the flow of passengers around and behind him. He stops, looks into the glass of an exhibit panel for a French perfume, studies the reflections of the passengers walking past him. One reflection stops, then pretends to turn away.

108 CLOSE ON SHAFT 108
concentrating on this reflection.

109 HIS POV IN THE GLASS 109
The reflection is that of Williams, the business-type who had been his seat companion out of New York.

110 SHAFT 110
continues ahead, but more warily now. WILLIAMS saunters after SHAFT, SHAFT watching him from the corner of his eye.

SHAFT heads for the washroom. An ugly-looking Frenchwoman is mopping the floor ahead of him. SHAFT goes around her and into the john.

111 INT. THE MEN'S ROOM SHAFT 111
crosses to a row of urinals. Two men are at the urinals, zippers open, doing their thing. SHAFT heads for the middle of the row, giving himself room on either side, but he keeps his head partly turned to see if WILLIAMS will be following him in.

112 SHAFT'S POV IN THE DOORWAY 112
The cleaning woman appears, something weird-looking about her. She pulls a big automatic from under her coat, points it at Shaft's back, FIRES exactly as SHAFT, reacting, throws himself off to one side.

113 ANOTHER ANGLE THE WOMAN

113

swinging the gun at SHAFT to correct her first missed shot.

SHAFT scampers into one of the water-closet stalls, slamming the door behind him.

The woman advances into the room, FIRES two more shots into the door.

Behind her the two men who've been pissing into the urinals stand frozen, cocks in hand, heads turned, jaws dropping.

114 SHAFT

114

has hit the deck and is sliding under the partition to the next stall as the two bullets whack through the door.

The woman pulls the door open. Discovers SHAFT is not there.

She squats down to aim under the partition.

Behind her WILLIAMS appears. He is holding a Luger as though he's held it many times before. He puts three rapid-fire SHOTS into the squatting woman. She leans over, quite dead, into the crapper, her gun CLATTERING to the tile.

WILLIAMS

(calling)

Okay, Mister Shaft.

SHAFT peers out from the adjoining stall, comes out, still in shock. He looks down at the dead "woman," sees that her wig has fallen off, that she's a he - bald at that, and that underneath the dress is a man's suit.

The two guys at the urinals have now zipped themselves up and run out fearfully.

WILLIAMS

Go catch the plane to Addis.

SHAFT

Who are you?

WILLIAMS

I'm not with Standard Oil.

114 Continued

114

SHAFT
(nodding at the dead
man)

Then I guess he's not with Coca-Cola.

SHAFT starts out, stops, looks back at the man who's saved his life.

SHAFT
Thanks.

But WILLIAMS is already going through the dead man's pockets.

SHAFT hurries out.

CUT TO

115 EXT. AMAFI'S OFFICE-RESIDENCE PARIS (MADRID 115
FOR PARIS) DAY RE-ESTABLISHING SHOT

116 INT. AMAFI'S GARAGE (MADRID FOR PARIS) AMAFI'S 116
ROLLS ROYCE

being washed by an ATTENDANT.

AMAFI'S VOICE (over)
To quote your exact words - "He will
never live to reach Africa".

117 INT. AMAFI'S OFFICE CLOSE ON AMAFI 117

AMAFI
Yet I'm told he's already boarded
Ethiopian Airlines at Ciry - Flight 175
en route to Addis Ababa. How do you
explain that?

CAMERA BACK to reveal a distraught-looking WASSA in front of
Amafi's desk.

WASSA
They had somebody with him out of
New York. He took my man by surprise.
Shaft was simply lucky.

117 Continued

117

AMAFI

Luck can run out - even for you,
my black brother.

WASSA

The flight stops at Rome. Then
Asmara - before it reaches Addis.
Plenty of time too ...

AMAFI

(overlapping)

May I suggest you don't rush it this
next time. Because it has to be the
last time - both for Shaft - and for
you - if you follow me, Mister Wassa.

WASSA

Consider him a dead man.

AMAFI

I was under the impression you planned
to kill whoever the Emir hired in New
York. Wasn't that our agreement?

WASSA

The Emir might have suspected me -
and anyway, this man Shaft seemed
much too dangerous on his home ground.
But in Africa ...

AMAFI smiles at WASSA.

AMAFI

Then I can see we have no further
worries. Ciao, Mister Wassa.

WASSA goes out, AMAFI staring after him thoughtfully.

CUT TO

118 EXT. THE SKY DAY AIR-TO-AIR SHOT A JETLINER 118
(STOCK FROM "SKYJACKED")

119 CLOSER ANGLE ONE OF THE WINDOWS 119

and a face in it - that of JOHN SHAFT - looking out.

119 Continued

119

ALEME'S VOICE (over)

I wish I could be with you when you
first see Africa. I wonder what you'll
feel ...

120 SHAFT'S POV THE GREEN AND BROWN QUILT-LIKE EARTH 120

on the Ethiopian highlands outside of Addis Ababa.

121 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT'S FACE 121

at the window.

122 HIS POV A CLUSTER OF NATIVE HUTS 122

below him.

SHAFT'S VOICE (over)

Is it bigger than Texas?

123 HIS POV A FAR VISTA OF LAKES AND MOUNTAINS 123

ALEME'S VOICE (over)

Far, far bigger.

SHAFT'S VOICE (over)

Then I'm going to feel fine.

CUT TO

124 EXT. BOLE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT ADDIS ABABA DAY 124
ANGLED ON A SILVER LION ON A RED FIELD

with Amharic script above the lion - and below the words ADDIS
ABABA. CAMERA BACK from this towering landmark of the airport
to reveal the Ethiopian jetliner bearing SHAFT easing in, its jets
WHISTLING into silence, another golden lion on its tail.

125 CLOSER ANGLE THE DOOR OF THE JETLINER 125

opening as the deplaning stairway is locked into position. SHAFT
appears in the doorway, comes down the steps. A pretty girl in

125 Continued

125

tribal robe - a passenger agent for the Airline - greets the new arrivals - and SHAFT takes her in appreciatively.

CUT TO

126 EXT. STREET IN ADDIS ABABA DAY
MOVING WITH A TAXI

126

SHAFT in the back seat.

127 INT. THE TAXI CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT
looking out at:

127

127A HIS POV A MINI-SKIRTED CUTIE
strolling along.

127A

127B CLOSE ON SHAFT
digging the chick.

127B

128- SERIES OF SHOTS HIS POV'S
130128-
130

revealing the highlights of this modern African city. We pass Africa Hall - see a line of flags fluttering in the breeze - the flags of the independent African nations. We CUT INSIDE to show the large reception hall highlighted by a huge stained-glass window portraying the history of Africa.

131 EXT. THE HILTON ADDIS ABABA ANGLED ON THE
IDENTIFYING SIGN AT THE ENTRANCE THE TAXI

131

turns into the grounds, stops at the front of the long walkway leading into the lobby.

132 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT

132

gets out with his one bag, pays the driver, turns to enter the hotel, finds his way blocked by a smiling Ethiopian PHOTOGRAPHER and a huge, black-maned lion.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Picture, sir?

SHAFT studies the lion dubiously.

132 Continued

132

PHOTOGRAPHER

He is quite tame.

SHAFT

I hope you'll both be very happy.

SHAFT tries to move around the man and lion, but the lion stops him.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(lowering his voice)

Colonel Gondar sent me.

(raising his voice)

This way, please, Sir.

The PHOTOGRAPHER and his lion move off to one side, away from the entranceway, SHAFT coming after them.

133 ANOTHER ANGLE THE PHOTOGRAPHER

133

poses the lion next to SHAFT.

PHOTOGRAPHER

We have a choice of poses - you may
kneel and put your arms around him ...
straddle and ride him ... or put your
head in his mouth.

SHAFT

Got a better idea. Let him put his
head in my mouth,

The PHOTOGRAPHER snaps the lion as it's about to lick Shaft's face.
Then he hands SHAFT a piece of paper, as though it's a receipt.

PHOTOGRAPHER (voice low)

You are to go at once.

(raising his voice)

Thank you, sir. Keep your receipt,
I'll see you get your photograph tomorrow
morning.

The PHOTOGRAPHER moves away with the lion. SHAFT looks at the pap

134 CLOSE SHOT HIS POV THE PAPER

134

One word written on it. IBEX.

CUT TO

135 EXT. A CLUB DAY 135
ANGLED UP AT A SIGN

IBEX

CAMERA DOWN to show SHAFT stepping out of a taxi. The cab drives off. SHAFT starts toward the entrance, sees a blind beggar, hand out, coming toward him, being led by a boy.

136 CLOSE ON SHAFT 136

watching the oncoming twosome suspiciously.

137 THE BEGGAR AND THE BOY 137

coming closer.

138 SHAFT 138

decides to gamble, brings out a coin, presses it into the hand of the blind man. The man nods his thanks and the boy smiles at SHAFT. They continue past him. SHAFT goes to the front door of the club, finds it locked. He moves around, CAMERA TRACKING him, toward the back.

He finds a side entrance - and a partially open door.

He pushes it back as quietly as he can, eases inside.

139 INT. THE CLUB (INT. MOROCCO CLUB MADRID FOR ADDIS) 139
COLONEL GONDAR

sitting at a table, watching SHAFT come in. He's got various objects on the table. An old African woman with a truly striking, seamed face is mopping the floor.

GONDAR

(to Shaft)

Sorry about all this cloak and dagger business, but the incident at Orly gave us a nasty shock.

SHAFT

Me, baby, not us!

(watching the old woman mopping)

Can you trust her?

GONDAR

She's a cousin of mine.

SHAFT

I'll never turn my back on a cleaning woman again.

SHAFT crosses to the bar, goes behind it and makes himself a scotch.

SHAFT

Who was the cat in drag who tried to kill me?

GONDAR

A Sardinian named Bocco. An assassin with a long criminal record.

SHAFT

And the dude who saved my ass - who is he?

GONDAR

Working with us.

(a beat)

Well, Mister Shaft, it seems we've brought you a long distance for nothing. Obviously, the opposition knows about you. If you choose to call it off, we'll understand.

SHAFT comes back with his drink to join GONDAR at the table.

SHAFT

And blow twenty-five grand?

GONDAR

Only money brings you here?

SHAFT

Not really. I like to get my picture taken with lions.

GONDAR

(with disapproval)

As a black man, you should have more anger in your heart.

SHAFT

I'm all love, baby.

GONDAR

Your forebears were dragged in chains from this continent, packed like cattle into slave ships and dumped onto the cotton plantations of America - I should think you'd want this assignment for stronger motives than money.

SHAFT

You got it wrong. My people weren't in cotton. They were in tobacco.

GONDAR shakes his head, forces himself back to the business at hand. He picks a fighting stick off the table.

GONDAR

The Emir tells me you've learned how to use this.

SHAFT waits.

GONDAR

This particular fighting stick is a rather special one ...

He turns one end, reveals a hollowed-out section. Then he picks up a Minox camera, clicks it into place within the stick.

GONDAR

Thirty-six exposures. Extra film in here ...
(showing Shaft two additional
rolls of film)

He closes the compartment, tosses the stick to SHAFT. Then GONDAR unzips a canvas bag, a cheap plaid carryall.

(PRODUCTION NOTE: On SHAFT's journey show several passersby with the same type of carryall)

GONDAR

You'll leave your bag with me and take this one. There's food in here and this ...

139 Continued

139

He brings out a small pouch, opens it, reveals an electronic device three by four inches in dimension.

GONDAR

Tape recorder. To record, press
this ...

(indicating the clasp
on the pouch)

To stop recording, open the clasp.

He hands the pouch and recorder to SHAFT.

SHAFT

I'm not James Bond, Colonel. I'm only
Sam Spade.

GONDAR ignores this, hands him the robe too.

GONDAR

Wear the pouch around your waist -
under this robe.

SHAFT considers the tribal costume.

SHAFT

I hope that's a size thirty-eight long.

GONDAR

Better put it on right now. You'll live in
it - along with these sandals - until the
recruiters issue you Western work clothes
- if you get that far.

SHAFT slips out of his suit jacket.

SHAFT

What about iron?

GONDAR

Iron?

SHAFT

A dog, man. A piece.
(he points his finger
at Gondar)

Like POW!

GONDAR

No gun. Too difficult to hide and a dead giveaway if somebody should search your bag. Manta tribesmen don't use firearms. Anyway, you've got your stick.

SHAFT

Sure, baby, I got my stick. If I get in trouble, I'll just point it at 'em and yell bang, bang, you're dead.

GONDAR

We've selected a zabana who speaks English. He won't leave your side.

SHAFT

A zabana?

GONDAR

A bodyguard.

SHAFT

Man, if you think a gun's conspicuous, a bodyguard's like putting it on the six o'clock news!

GONDAR

Once you leave Ethiopia, you'll be in territory where everybody has zabanas. Even the zabanas have zabanas. Yours is named Kopo. He'll join you along the way.

SHAFT, getting into the robe, is grinning from ear to ear.

GONDAR

What amuses you?

SHAFT

An old song, man "Yes, we got no zabanas, we got no zabanas today."

He hands SHAFT a map.

GONDAR

Study this. It's a route we've laid out which should bring you into contact with the recruiters ... If you live long enough to get

139 Continued

139

GONDAR (Cont)

to Paris, there's a telephone number
written here - memorize it - and call
the moment you arrive.

GONDAR gets up.

GONDAR

Burn that map and that number before
you leave this room.

(a long beat)

I wish you luck, Mister Shaft. God knows
you'll need it.

CUT TO

140 EXT. BUS STATION ADDIS ABABA DAY
HIGH ANGLE SHOT A CROWD

140

and a bus pulling out of the station.

141 ANOTHER ANGLE A WHITE MAN

141

watches the bus pass. He has a knife-scarred cheek. He wears
a crumpled white linen suit. He is SASSARI, a Sardinian.

142 INT. THE BUS FULL SHOT

142

The bus is crammed with Africans of various ethnos, their
children, their belongings - among them SHAFT. Now in native
robe and sandals.

143 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT

143

A YOUNG GIRL sits next to him - smiling at him. She's wearing
Western-style clothes. She takes out a compact, looks into its
mirror as she applies lipstick.

SHAFT, watching her, catches sight of something in her mirror:

144 HIS POV THE REFLECTION

144

A white man, looking out of place among the Africans, sits several
rows behind SHAFT - staring ahead at SHAFT's back. This is PIRO.

145 CLOSE ON SHAFT 145

registering the thought - better watch that baby.

146 ANOTHER ANGLE THE GIRL 146

puts her compact away, speaks to SHAFT in dialect. SHAFT stumbles through an answer in dialect. The girl, pleased, starts to chatter away at him.

147 ANGLED AT PIRO 147

staring hard at:

148 HIS POV SHAFT 148

CUT TO

149 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE A TINY GATHERING OF HUTS AT THE 149
SIDE OF THE ROAD THE BUS DAY

stops, letting out passengers, including the girl.

She waves goodbye to SHAFT, seen at the window inside the bus.
He waves back.

150 THE DRIVER 150

climbs up on top of the bus, throws down luggage to the departing passengers.

151 INT. THE BUS PIRO 151

moves forward three rows. Now he's just one row behind
SHAFT - on the opposite side of the bus.

152 CLOSE ON SHAFT 152

watching the man from the corner of his eye.

CUT TO

153 EXT. THE COUNTRYSIDE LONG PANNING SHOT 153
THE BUS NIGHT

coming down a pitted mountain road through formidable scenery.
Some distance behind an old Buick follows.

154 ANOTHER ANGLE THE BUS AND THE BUICK 154

The Buick overtakes and passes the bus.

CUT TO

155 INT. THE BUS FULL SHOT THE PASSENGERS 155
(EARLY MORNING DAWN)

The bus is only one-third occupied now. The passengers are
all asleep or dozing.

156 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT 156

alone in his row, head against the window, eyes closed.

157 PIRO 157

brings a stiletto from his jacket, conceals it in his sleeve, gets
up slowly, moves abreast of the sleeping SHAFT, eases down
alongside him, hand thrusting toward SHAFT's kidney.

158 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT AND PIRO 158

SHAFT's right hand darts out, grasping PIRO's knife hand, even
as SHAFT pivots, his left fingers spear-like, thrusting hard into
Piro's throat. PIRO struggles to inhale, his larynx collapsing
closed.

SHAFT simply holds the knife hand inert and waits for PIRO to
strangle - a matter of swift seconds. PIRO relaxes, slumps.
SHAFT gets up, moves PIRO into his place, letting the dead man's
head roll back against the seat. SHAFT takes the man's wallet,
moves back to PIRO's abandoned seat, sits down and goes to sleep.

CUT TO

159 EXT. THE COUNTRYSIDE (ARBA MINCH) LONG SHOT 159
THE BUS DAY

approaches CAMERA down what seems to be an endless road.
Finally it stops.

160 CLOSER ANGLE THE DRIVER 160

Comes out, followed by the few remaining male passengers
(except SHAFT and the dead PIRO). The group moves toward
the ditch.

161 INT. THE BUS SHAFT 161

gets up, takes his fighting stick and carryall, moves toward the
open bus door, stops a moment in the doorway, looks back at:

162 HIS POV PIRO 162

head against the window, body slumped, as though in slumber.

163 SHAFT 163

steps outside, looks at:

164 HIS POV THE DRIVER AND OTHER MALE PASSENGERS 164

all pissing into the ditch.

165 SHAFT 165

slips into the underbrush on the opposite side of the bus.

166 ANOTHER ANGLE THE DRIVER 166

heads back to the bus, climbs in, the other passengers trailing
after him and getting in.

167 ANGLED ON SHAFT 167

in the brush, looking out at:

168 HIS POV THE BUS 168

The door closes, the bus rumbles out.

169 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT 169

looking out at:

170 HIS POV MOVING WITH THE BUS 170

and HOLDING on PIRO at the window. PIRO's eyes are open.
His dead stare seems to linger on SHAFT's face.

171 FAVORING SHAFT 171

The bus speeds away down the road. SHAFT takes out the dead
man's wallet, goes through it until he finds an identity card.
Man's name Pietro Piro. Home address Caligari, Sardinia.

172 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT 172

turns the end of his fighting stick, exposing the camera. He
photographs the card, closes the aperture in the stick, tears the
card in half, throws the wallet into the brush.

Then, ANGLE WIDENING, SHAFT steps onto the road. The bus
has vanished. SHAFT is alone in the middle of wilderness.

He begins walking.

173 HIGH ANGLE LONG SHOT SHAFT 173

a tiny figure on an alien landscape.

CUT TO

174 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE DAY 174
ANGLED ON A BUSH

Eyes peer out at:

175 POV

175

SHAFT's back. SHAFT is seated on a bank off the side of the road and is eating food from his carryall..

176 ANGLED ON THE EYES IN THE BUSH

176

They move into and past CAMERA - and we see the eyes are those of a lean dog who now trots out toward SHAFT, our ANGLE WIDENING.

177 ANOTHER ANGLE SHAFT

177

hears something coming from behind, whirls around, his stick in guard position. He sees the dog, relaxes. The dog comes in, circles him, and looks hungrily at SHAFT's food.

SHAFT tosses him a piece of it. The dog catches it, gulps it down.

SHAFT

That's all, baby. Got to make it last.

SHAFT closes the bag, gets up, comes down from the bank and onto the road, starts walking.

The dog follows him.

CUT TO

178 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE (ARBA MINCH) SUNSET
ANGLED ON A THORNTREE

178

Past it, from the far b. g. SHAFT and the dog are seen walking along the dirt road crossing from nowhere to nowhere, the sun setting ahead of them.

179 ANOTHER ANGLE ALONG THE ROAD

179

Ahead of SHAFT the road reaches up a hill, behind it clouds hanging on the tips of vast mountain ranges. A plume of dust appears in the distance, but coming closer at great speed.

180 FAVORING SHAFT

180

stopping to look off at the oncoming dust plume. He conceals himself at the edge of the cornfields which border the road. But the dog lies down in the middle of the highway.

SHAFT

Hey, dumb-dumb, move it!

The dog watches him, but doesn't move.

SHAFT looks off at:

181 HIS POV THE PLUME OF DUST

181

has now become a car, rushing toward them.

182 SHAFT

182

dashes out, grabs the dog by the scruff of the neck, pulls the animal into the cornfield.

The car - the old Buick we had seen following, then passing the bus - brakes, stops at the point where SHAFT has vanished off the road, SOUNDS its HORN.

183 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT

183

peers out from between cornstalks. The dog starts BARKING at the car.

184 SHAFT'S POV THE CAR

184

ALEME behind the wheel.

185 SHAFT

185

emerges from cover, makes a hitch-hiking gesture. ALEME gets out from behind the wheel, crosses toward him.

ALEME

Follow me.

She moves into the cornfield.

185 Continued

185

SHAFT

We're not supposed to know each other.

ALEME

No one will see us out here.

He follows her, the dog following him.

186 EXT. THE CORNFIELD ALEME

comes to a curious structure about nine feet high - a huge nest on man-erected legs. She climbs up, starts to take off her clothes.

SHAFT arrives at the foot of the structure.

ALEME

My people build these look-outs to scare
crows away from the corn.

By now she's naked. She picks up a sling shot and a rock.

ALEME

The farmer gets up here and ...
(swinging the sling
over her head)
... fires away.

A rock goes zinging out of her sling toward the cornfield.

187 FAVORING SHAFT

187

staring up at:

188 HIS POV ALEME'S BREASTS

188

seen from below.

189 FAVORING SHAFT

189

He climbs up.

SHAFT

Seems like a good place for a man to get
off his rocks.

190 ANOTHER ANGLE WITHIN THE NEST

190

SHAFT and ALEME look at each other. Then, hungrily, she begins kissing him.

CUT TO

191 EXT. THE CORNFIELD NIGHT
THE DOG

191

howling at the moon.

192 WITHIN THE CROWSNEST SHAFT AND ALEME

192

naked together, looking at the moon.

SHAFT

How come the Jolly Giant wasn't tagging along?

ALEME

He just had his sixth child. I slipped away while he was celebrating. I followed the bus across the border - but you weren't on it. When I saw them carrying that dead man off, I knew what must have happened ... so I doubled back ... I had to see you, John, before you...

(she stops herself)

Were you disappointed I wasn't a virgin?

SHAFT

Grateful, Baby. You had some fine teachers.

ALEME

John ...

SHAFT

Mmm?

ALEME

Because of you - and what I felt tonight - I've made an important decision.

SHAFT

My papa told me - John, he said, the one time you should never make any kind of decision, is right after you've just made love.

192 Continued

192

ALEME

It's about my clitoridectomy.

SHAFT

That's one of the big decisions all right.

ALEME

When February comes, I'm not going to let them do it.

SHAFT

Good girl.

He eases on top of her - and they start up again.

CUT TO

193 EXT. THE CORNFIELDS EARLY MORNING SHAFT

193

climbs down the ladder, stretches, grins up at the girl above him as she finishes dressing.

She climbs down.

ALEME

Please be careful, John.

SHAFT

I'll try and hang in.

ALEME

I'll be waiting in Paris.

SHAFT kisses her softly, then looks down at the dog.

SHAFT

Okay, Spot, let's hit the road.

The dog stares at him and remains unmoving.

SHAFT

Sorry about that ...

He calls the dog in African dialect. The dog bounds toward him, wagging his tail.

193 Continued

193

SHAFT
 (waving to Aleme)
 Ciao, baby.

He moves toward the road, Aleme looking after him worriedly.

CUT TO

194 EXT. A REMOTE AFRICAN TRIBAL VILLAGE (ARBA MINCH) 194
 DAY SHAFT

approaching. A figure appears in the pathway between him and the village.

195 SHAFT 195
 stops.

196 HIS POV THE FIGURE 196
 stands, stick in hand, blocking his way.

197 SHAFT 197
 gets his stick into position, advances. Close enough to see that the man waiting for him is young, in magnificent physical condition, with an open, intelligent face.

YOUNG MAN
 I am Kopo, your zabana.

SHAFT
 Hold out your hand.

KOPO holds it out. SHAFT lays some skin on him.

KOPO
 What is the meaning of this gesture?

SHAFT
 It means, brother, I'm sure glad to see you.

From the nearby village faint CHANTING is heard.

197 Continued

197

KOPO
(listening a moment)

Come.

KOPO starts toward the village, SHAFT and the dog coming along. SHAFT carries his stick in one hand, KOPO carries his stick behind his neck and over his shoulders, each hand loped over the ends.

He stops, looks at SHAFT.

KOPO
Is that how you were taught to carry
the fighting stick?

SHAFT corrects his position, places his stick in the same position as KOPO's. Now, together, looking like twins, they move toward the village.

198 EXT. THE VILLAGE MOVING WITH SHAFT KOPO AND THE DOG (ARBA MINCH)

198

through the village. The huts and narrow lanes are deserted, but the rhythmic blending of voices seems louder and closer.

199 ANOTHER ANGLE SHAFT AND KOPO

199

continue on through the village until they join a circle of villagers under a big tree with hanging vines. The village HEADMAN, an old fellow with remarkable eyes, is dispensing justice and hearing local disputes while a line of women behind him sing out in a high-pitched ululation,, sounding like seagulls.

200 CLOSE ON SHAFT

200

looking past the circle of villagers at:

201 HIS POV THE HEADMAN

201

finishes talking to a village couple. They move off and the HEADMAN gestures to KOPO and SHAFT.

202 ANOTHER ANGLE KOPO AND SHAFT

202

come forward, stand in front of the old man. He speaks slowly in his language, his voice soft yet authoritative. Then he is silent. KOPO thanks him in his dialect, begins to lead SHAFT off, our ANGLE WIDENING.

SHAFT

(whispering)

So what was that number?

KOPO

(voice low)

He is the district headman. Everything that happens around here he knows. He says the white man this week takes our people from the town of Maiberra - to the north.

SHAFT

So we go north.

SHAFT leads off, KOPO coming with him, the dog tracking after - until the HEADMAN rises from his place under the tree and calls to KOPO.

KOPO and SHAFT stop. The old man walks up to them, speaks softly to them in dialect, then turns away.

SHAFT sees that KOPO has become very thoughtful. He waits. KOPO looks at him gravely.

KOPO

He says that in Maiberra ... When the sun stands above our heads two more times ... two men will die.

CUT TO

203 EXT. MAIBERRA (HARRAR) DAY SHAFT AND KOPO

203

come into the busy central piazza of the African town. Here there are busses and a few cars, but also herds of goats, donkeys, people in various kinds of dress, some shops decorated with plastic stringers hanging in their doorways.

- 204 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT 204
looking up at:
- 205 HIS POV THE SUN 205
climbing into position directly above his head.
- 206 SHAFT AND KOPO 206
moving along with the others, blending with the natives.
- 207 ANOTHER ANGLE TWO TRUCKS 207
grind along the narrow road and pass SHAFT and KOPO.
- 208 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT 208
reacting to:
- 209 HIS POV THE TRUCKS 209
both outfitted with benches along either side of their flatbeds -
with tarps tied back over the framing above the flatbeds.
Africans drive the trucks, but SHAFT spots a white man sitting
in the cab of the lead truck.
- 210 ANOTHER ANGLE SHAFT 210
gives KOPO a high sign, starts on the double after the trucks.
- 211- SERIES OF SHOTS THE TRUCKS 211-
215 SHAFT and KOPO after them through the narrow, crowded
streets.
The trucks disappear around a corner.

216 ANOTHER ANGLE SHAFT AND KOPO

216

finally reach the corner, see the trucks already parked - nobody in them.

The two men, the dog after them, advance toward the trucks.

CUT TO

217 EXT. A COURTYARD FULL SHOT A GATHERING OF
YOUNG AFRICANS DAY

217

around one side of the yard. The area is faced on one side by a wall, on another by the back of a building, on another by the front and balcony of a broken-down house and on the fourth by its own house with a wide front porch. The yard is half-filled with stored oil drums. Chickens and pigs roam everywhere.

218 CLOSER ANGLE THE PORCH

218

The white man SASSARI (who spied on SHAFT as his bus left Addis) and his African assistants are setting up a check-in table and arranging documents.

The Africans appear to be following the orders of a tough-looking black with filed teeth. This is ZIBA, Sassari's second-in-command. He carries a fighting stick with which he seems forever to be crowding and poking his assistants.

219 ANOTHER ANGLE SHAFT AND KOPO

219

enter the courtyard in time to join the throng of young Africans waiting to sign up for labor in Europe.

Suddenly ZIBA shouts at Shaft's dog to get out. The dog pays no attention. ZIBA swings his stick at the dog's head, killing the animal with one mighty blow.

220 CLOSE SHOT SHAFT

220

reacting.

221 ANOTHER ANGLE SHAFT

221

moves toward ZIBA, starts to swing a hard right at him, corrects himself in time, instead swings the stick which ZIBA blocks.

221 Continued

221

Everyone clears an area for the two men - except for KOPO who rushes forward to protect SHAFT. SHAFT grabs KOPO by the shoulder, spins him around to tell him ZIBA is his personal challenge.

ZIBA takes advantage of the split-second argument by bringing his stick down on KOPO's skull, dropping the young man. Now it's clearly SHAFT versus ZIBA.

They circle each other, looking for position, sticks poised for attack.

222 FAVORING SASSARI

222

on the porch. His eyes narrow as he watches:

223 HIS POV SHAFT

223

circling ZIBA.

224- SERIES OF SHOTS THE STICK FIGHT
230224-
230

This sequence has to be choreographed for maximum action. The fight will occur in and around the courtyard, up the stairs onto the balcony of one of the houses, onto the oil drums, in between the donkeys, both SHAFT and ZIBA attacking, blocking, counter-attacking with dazzling timing.

ZIBA manages to block SHAFT's stick in a position which brings the two combatants face to face. ZIBA suddenly lets go of his stick, uses both hands to grab SHAFT's head and tries to bury his filed-down teeth in SHAFT's throat. SHAFT gets his stick up between his throat and ZIBA's teeth, but we'll want a CLOSE UP here of these damned teeth of ZIBA's less than an inch from SHAFT's jugular vein before SHAFT, in turn, shoves back hard, releases his own stick and uses both palms of his hands, slamming them in hard against ZIBA's ear drums, destroying the man's equilibrium.

As ZIBA staggers back, spinning, out of control, SHAFT calmly, but passionately, demolishes him with his stick, smashing at his knee caps, bringing him to his knees, crashing against his ribs, thrusting and pounding until ZIBA's cheekbone is laid bare, blood pouring down his face. ZIBA rolls onto the ground.

224- Continued
230

224-
230

SHAFT raises his stick to drive its butt end down into the man's heart, but looks around, sees all the faces - including SASSARI's - no pity, no mercy, no call to stop, on any face.

SHAFT lowers his stick, contents himself with spitting on his opponent, then walking over to help KOPO, now recovering, back to his feet. The other Africans move SHAFT to the head of the line, KOPO just behind him.

In the b. g. two of Sassari's Africans help the shattered ZIBA to his feet.

231 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT

231

In front of the recruiting desk - face to face with Sassari. SHAFT reaches under the fold of his robe, presses the clasp on the pouch at his waist, activating the tiny recorder.

SASSARI holds out an application blank and a pen.

SHAFT looks at the paper, pretends he can't read.

SASSARI
(using pidgin English)

You sign.

SHAFT
(in a sing-song
pidgin English)

What I sign?

SASSARI
You say yes payback - food, fly-fly,
clothes.

With each word SASSARI uses sign language - food (gesturing to the mouth) fly-fly (his hand like an airplane) clothes (the appropriate gesture).

SHAFT
What you pay me?

SASSARI
Two hundred francs - each month.

SHAFT pretends to be overcome by this.

231 Continued

231

He makes an X on the paper.

Name? SASSARI

Jowi. SHAFT

SASSARI writes it down in his record book, then signals KOPO forward. SHAFT starts to move away.

Jowi! SASSARI

SHAFT looks back at the Sardinian.

Go bury your dog. SASSARI

SHAFT nods, moves toward the dead animal as KOPO advances to the table and begins to sign up.

SHAFT kneels beside the dog, turns off the recording device in his waist pouch.

232 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT AND THE DEAD DOG 232

SHAFT lifts the dog in his arms. starts out with him.

233 ANOTHER ANGLE KOPO 233

now signed up, hurries over, picks up SHAFT's fighting stick and SHAFT's carryall bag, follows SHAFT out of the courtyard.

CUT TO

234 EXT. THE TOWN (HARRAR) DAY 234
ANGLED ON SHAFT

scooping out a shallow grave with his stick and his hands, KOPO helping him. The area is in an abandoned part of town. Only the backs of crumbling stone and mud houses remain. There are mounds and weeds and cactus back here, yet faintly from the distance the SOUNDS of the town can be heard.

234 Continued

234

SHAFT looks down at the dead dog.

SHAFT

Nobody ever cried for you, did they,
baby?

He picks up the animal, lowers it into the earth.

SHAFT

And nobody knows you're gone.

SHAFT straightens, looks down at the dog.

A faint popping sound (a gunshot from a revolver with a silencer) is heard, then the bullet goes WHINING off, close to SHAFT.

KOPO pushes SHAFT toward a crumpled wall and puts himself between SHAFT and the unseen gunman. A second pop - and KOPO falls.

235 ANGLED ON SHAFT

235

gaining the shelter of a crumpled wall. He squirms along the ground, peers out from the base of the wall as another shot SLAMS at him, chipping the wall above his head. But SHAFT has seen the flash of a man's movement in a ruined house twenty yards away.

236 ANOTHER ANGLE SHAFT

236

squirms along behind the foundation, looks up at the ruined house from which the gunfire has been coming. Less than ten yards away now.

SHAFT jumps up, darts right, then left, rolling and weaving as two more bullets bite at him from above, miss him because of his dodging course. He gains the base of the ruined house, the gunman concealed somewhere above him.

SHAFT picks up two rocks, lobs one to the right, the other to the left, and runs hard, out and up to the right - in the direction of the first rock he's thrown.

237 ABOVE IN THE RUINED HOUSE

237

SASSARI whirls to fire at the first rock, sees it's only a diversion, whirls as the second rock lands, starts to fire, realizes it too is a diversion, begins to turn back to the original position, but too late, for SHAFT is looming up, his stick in a sweeping arc which snaps SASSARI's forearm and knocks the revolver from his grip.

238 ANOTHER ANGLE

238

SHAFT knocks SASSARI's legs from under him, jabs him hard in the ribcage, cracking bone, then kneels to the fallen man, the stick coming down over SASSARI's windpipe, SHAFT's hands levering down savagely to cut off SASSARI's breath.

SHAFT

You know who I am, don't you, you bastard? All that shit about fly-fly - that pidgin English.

The Sardinian struggles for breath.

SHAFT

Who told you? Who?

The Sardinian gestures to his throat. SHAFT lets up on the pressure. The man struggles to suck air into his lungs.

SHAFT

Who sent that cat after me at the airport?
And on the bus? Who sent you? Talk,
you motherfucker!

The Sardinian's hand eases toward his belt - and the knife at his waist. He lunges upward with the blade, ripping SHAFT's robe, but missing flesh.

SHAFT puts all his weight on the stick, pressing down into SASSARI's throat.

SASSARI drops the knife, shudders, slumps still.

SHAFT releases the pressure, satisfies himself that SASSARI is dead.

SHAFT takes out the dead man's passport, photographs it then photographs the dead man's face.

238 Continued

238

SHAFT looks at the passport again, then turns on the recording equipment in his pouch, dictating into it.

SHAFT

Marco Sassari ... another late, not-so-great Sardinian ... died from lack of oxygen ... December 12th ... in a town called Maiberra ...

(he looks up at
the sun)

... just as the sun stood overhead ...

SHAFT throws the passport on SASSARI's body, closes the camera opening in his fighting stick, turns off the recording device and moves to the edge of the ruined wall to look down at:

239 HIS POV KOPO'S FIGURE

239

slumped dead below.

240 SHAFT

240

hurries down toward KOPO. As he goes, he activates the recorder.

SHAFT

(to the recorder)

The headman predicted two men would die. He was wrong ...

(he stops next
to Kopo's body)

Only one man died ... and two dogs.

SHAFT brushes the flies off Kopo's face, raises the dead man's robe over his peaceful features, folds Kopo's hand on his chest and places Kopo's fallen stick alongside his body.

SHAFT turns away quickly, runs back up to where he's left Sassari's body.

241 ANOTHER ANGLE SHAFT

241

comes in past Sassari on the earth, picks up the dead man's revolver with its silencer, flips open the cylinder and ejects the empty cartridges. SHAFT fumbles through the dead man's pockets, finds a handful of bullets.

241 Continued

241

He reloads, places the weapon in the bottom of his carryall, then heads up toward the center of town.

CUT TO

242 EXT. THE COURTYARD IN MAIBERRA (HARRAR) LATE
AFTERNOON THE AFRICANS

242

now signed up are being separated into groups for seat assignments in the trucks. SHAFT joins the group of some fifty young Africans, all in various clothes and tribal dress.

243 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT

243

He looks around:

244 HIS POV ZIBA

244

being patched up, the wounds SHAFT gave him almost all attended to by now.

ZIBA keeps looking at his wrist watch impatiently. Obviously wondering where in hell Sassari has got to. Then he and the two truck drivers start discussing it, all we understand of their dialogue being the name "Sassari" repeated again and again.

245 SHAFT AND THE OTHER YOUNG AFRICANS

245

settling on the ground among the chickens and pigs and donkeys and oil drums.

246 ZIBA

246

makes his decision. He calls out to the waiting men.

ZIBA

(in pidgin English)

Come! Hurry! We go! Go - go - now!

Everyone gets up, SHAFT among them. They file out of the courtyard.

247 EXT. THE STREET ANGLED ON THE TWO PARKED TRUCKS 247

The young Africans climb into the trucks.

248 FAVORING SHAFT 248

climbing into the first truck, taking his place on the bench in the back. ZIBA climbs onto the running board of the cab of the lead truck, looks back, making sure everyone is aboard. Then he gets into the cab and the driver pulls out, the second truck coming after.

249 PAN SHOT THE TWO TRUCKS 249

rolling out through the narrow streets of Maiberra.

CUT TO

250 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE DAY AND NIGHT (SECOND UNIT 250
DAY AND DAY FOR NIGHT) LOCATIONS TO BE
ESTABLISHED SERIES OF SHOTS

TRACKING the two trucks across formidable tablelands, past mountains, lakes, along the bank of a river - progressing from daylight into dark. As night falls, the trucks stop. Everyone piles out.

CUT TO

251 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE (HARRAR) NIGHT (NIGHT FOR 251
NIGHT EXTENDED DAY)

ANGLED ON PATTERNS OF ORANGE EYES GLOWING IN THE DARK.

252 CAMPFIRES 252

The Africans are huddled around the fires in different groups, ZIBA and his men off by themselves, the labor recruits divided into clusters according to the villages from which they've come. Some of the Africans are eating grain, some meat, some drinking milk, some drinking blood.

But all stare out anxiously at:

- 253 THEIR POV THE BURNING EYES 253
- circling them in the darkness.
- 254 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT 254
- is with three young Africans - SHIMBA, OYO, and MASA. OYO takes a large chunk of meat, gets up, moves toward the circle of eyes. He calls in a strange tongue, dangles the meat invitingly.
- A hyena shoulders out from the darkness, then another hyena, then another, until the animals stand in a ring outside the flickering fireline of the campfires.
- OYO continues calling. One hyena, head down, savage jaw agape, comes toward him. OYO holds up the meat. The hyena snaps the meat from OYO's hand, wheels back and runs into the darkness.
- 255 ANOTHER ANGLE ALL THE OTHER AFRICANS 255
- laugh and applaud OYO.
- 256 OYO 256
- rejoins SHAFT, SHIMBA and MASA at their fire.
- SHAFT smiles up at OYO. OYO smiles back. Then SHIMBA begins to SING, OYO and MASA joining in. They CLAP HANDS with an alternate rhythm to their song, then cross hands with each other without missing the clap-clap of their palms.
- SHAFT joins in, trying to match their dialect, slapping his hand with theirs, until he catches their rhythm.
- 257 ANGLED ON THE FOUR OF THEM 257
- SHAFT has found three friends. They sing and clap hands.
- 258 ZIBA 258
- steps from the shadows and looks at:

259 HIS POV SHAFT 259

with the other three.

260 CLOSE ON ZIBA 260

His face is bandaged and swollen from the beating SHAFT gave him. His eyes are unforgiving.

CUT TO

261 EXT. THE HIGHWAY DAY HIGH ANGLE LONG SHOT 261
THE TRUCKS (SECOND UNIT)

in the valley below, traveling north. The countryside is more desolate and barren than ever, angling into desert.

262 INT. SHAFT'S TRUCK SHAFT 262

sits alongside SHIMBA, OYO and MASA. Around them other young Africans. Nobody speaks now, for the sun is high, the air hot and humid.

263 CLOSE ON SHAFT 263

His lips are parched. Sweat streaks his face.

264 EXT. THE TRUCKS PANNING THEM 264

along the road toward even bleaker desert country.

CUT TO

265 EXT. A REMOTE VILLAGE (ASMARA DISTRICT) SUNSET 265
FULL SHOT THE TOWN

has a more Islamic look than any we have seen so far. A mosque rises above the sun-baked white walls. From the distance the two-truck caravan appears, coming on in a cloud of dust against the sunset.

266 ANOTHER ANGLE 266

a group of Bedouins and a large herd of saddled camels wait outside the town.

267 CLOSE ANGLE THE BEDOUINS 267

carry rifles and are swathed in robes for a desert crossing.

The Beds look out at:

268 THEIR POV THE APPROACHING TRUCKS 268

269 INT. THE LEAD TRUCK SHAFT 269

peers ahead through dust-caked eyes at the waiting Beds.

270 EXT. THE DESERT AREA ANOTHER ANGLE THE TRUCKS 270

grind to a stop alongside the waiting caravan. ZIBA jumps down, crosses toward the Bedouins.

271 ANOTHER ANGLE 271

FAVORING the leader of the Bedouins, a tall, hawk-faced man - ABID ZUBAIR.

He seems disturbed by the absence of Sassari and annoyed by the fact that ZIBA appears to have taken over.

ZIBA comes in. ZUBAIR and ZIBA begin to argue in Arabic, ZIBA gesturing toward the trucks, ZUBAIR demanding to know where Sassari is. Again, the name "Sassari" emerges constantly from the heated argument in Arabic.

272 SHAFT 272

gets out of the truck. Some of the other Africans follow his example. SHAFT moves toward the argument, gets as close as he can without calling too much attention to himself, switches on the recording apparatus in his pouch.

273 ANGLED ON ZIBA AND ZUBAIR 273

Apparently, ZIBA prevails. The Bedouin leader opens a leather pouch concealed under his robes and brings out a sheath of paper currency.

274 FAVORING SHAFT

274

watching ZIBA recount the currency. Satisfied, ZIBA turns to the Africans.

ZIBA

(calling)

Here! All come here!

The Africans, including SHAFT, carry their gear toward the camels, gather in a group next to ZIBA and ZUBAIR.

ZIBA

(pointing)

This - Zubair. He take you - cross desert. Goodbye.

ZIBA crosses toward the trucks, stops close to SHAFT.

275 CLOSER ANGLE ZIBA AND SHAFT

275

ZIBA

I no forget you.

SHAFT makes a threatening move with his fighting stick. ZIBA jumps back, eyes alive with hatred. The other Africans LAUGH aloud. Furious, ZIBA goes to the truck, gets in. The trucks wheel away in a cloud of dust.

276 ANGLED ON ZUBAIR

276

He has missed none of this. He comes over to SHAFT, speaks to SHAFT in Arabic. SHAFT shakes his head.

ZUBAIR

Spik English?

SHAFT

(holding up one
hand, two fingers
close)

Little.

ZUBAIR

Ziba - you beat him?

276 Continued

276

SHAFT

(smiling)

I beat.

ZUBAIR

Good. I no like Ziba. You ride front
with me. You know camel?

SHAFT

No ride camel. Me ride ass.

ZUBAIR

You learn ride camel ... I show ...

ZUBAIR mounts his kneeling camel, makes the beast rise. He
guides it forward, showing SHAFT how to roll with the plodding
movement of the animal.

CUT TO

277 EXT. THE DESERT (ASMARA DISTRICT) THE CARAVAN 277
OF CAMELS SUNSET THE AFRICANS

all mounted on camels, all rocking along and laughing like
children.

278 SHAFT

278

bumping along on his camel just behind ZUBAIR and two armed
Bedouins at the head of the caravan.

SHAFT watches ZUBAIR send one of the two ahead to scout their
point, the Bed galloping off and disappearing around a promontory.

CUT TO

279 EXT. A RACETRACK AND JOCKEY CLUB PARIS 279
(MADRID FOR PARIS) A STABLE BOY

showing off a rearing black stallion within an enclosure, a
small group of elegantly dressed men and women watching from
private boxes surrounding the ring.

280 CLOSER ANGLE ONE OF THE PRIVATE BOXES AMAFI 280
AND JAZAR

watching the stallion. Except that AMAFI is not watching the animal. He's watching JAZAR watch the animal.

281 CLOSE ON JAZAR 281

She's wearing dark glasses, but her nostrils are flared and her lips slightly parted as she stares down at:

282 HER POV THE STALLION 282

and its fantastic male member.

AMAFI'S VOICE (O.S.)

Now what possibly can you be thinking about, my dear?

283 AMAFI AND JAZAR 283

She lifts her dark glasses, glances from under them at Amafi and smiles. He smiles back at her. An ATTENDANT enters with a telephone, plugs it in next to Amafi.

ATTENDANT

An overseas call, M'sieur.

AMAFI lays a banknote in the attendant's palm, takes the call as the man exits.

CUT TO

284 INT. A SECTION OF A SMALL PALACE IN AN AFRICAN 284
TOWN (ASMARA DISTRICT) WASSA DAY

on the telephone.

WASSA

Piro and Sassari both dead!

Amafi's voice is heard, but not distinctly, a sound of shock and surprise.

WASSA

Shaft killed them ... Piro on a bus ...
Sassari in Maiberra.

285 EXT. JOCKEY CLUB FAVORING AMAFI 285

AMAFI

Where is Shaft now?

286 INT. THE SMALL PALACE CLOSE ON WASSA 286

WASSA

Crossing the Western desert to the port
of El Jardia.

287 EXT. JOCKEY CLUB ANGLED ON AMAFI 287

AMAFI

(deadly courteous)

I can see, Mister Wassa, you're letting
him have the complete tour. Why don't
we just hand him all of our routes and
the names of all of our associates? It
does seem a shame to make him take that
long camel ride without giving him what
he's after. Don't you agree?

288 INT. THE SMALL PALACE CLOSE ON WASSA 288

WASSA

He'll never leave El Jardia alive!

289 EXT. JOCKEY CLUB CLOSE ON AMAFI 289

AMAFI

That has a familiar - and increasingly
monotonous - ring ... Shaft was never
to leave Paris alive. Never to leave
Addis Ababa alive. Never to leave
Maiberra alive. Now it's El Jardia
he'll never leave alive.

290 INT. THE SMALL PALACE ANGLED ON WASSA 290

WASSA

My life or his! That's how sure I am!

291 EXT. THE JOCKEY CLUB ANGLED ON AMAFI

291

AMAFI

I'm glad you said that. It saves me
having to say it.

AMAFI hangs up, smiles over at JAZAR. She's still staring down at the glistening black stallion, but, conscious of AMAFI watching her, she playfully lays her riding crop across his cheek.

CUT TO

292 EXT. DESERT (TENDAHO SECOND UNIT) CAMEL
CARAVAN PASSING EVENING

292

293 EXT. DESERT NEAR SOMBRIERO (FIRST UNIT TO MATCH
TENDAHO) CLOSE MOVING SHOT SHAFT

293

on camelback, getting his spine jolted. His face is speckled with sand, his lips parched.

WASSA'S VOICE(over)

Are you comfortable, Mister
Shaft?

RAMILA'S VOICE (over)

Third question - could you survive under
desert conditions?

SHAFT lowers his head on his chest, lets himself be jounced along.

294 LONG SHOT THE CARAVAN

294

approaching a camping area.

295 CLOSER ANGLE THE CARAVAN FAVORING ZUBAIR

295

shouting to his men in Arabic, motioning for them to make camp. SHAFT's camel stops alongside Zubair's camel.

ZUBAIR reacts to:

296 HIS POV A DEAD ANIMAL

296

nearby and a flock of vultures circling overhead.

297 ZUBAIR

297

raises his rifle, aims at the vultures. He fires. Misses. The vultures circle undisturbed.

ZUBAIR aims more carefully this time, fires, again misses. Now, he fires again, makes a hit, one of the vultures plummeting straight down. He seems pleased - and proud of himself.

He turns, sees SHAFT shaking his head, unimpressed by his marksmanship.

ZUBAIR

(proudly)

Zubair - best in Sudan.

SHAFT

(shaking his head)

Three ...

(flexing his trigger
finger)

... pull-pull.

(holding up one
finger)

One kill.

He shakes his head, showing his disapproval. Challenged, ZUBAIR holds out the rifle to SHAFT.

SHAFT takes it, pretends to examine it as though it's the first time he's ever held a gun.

Some of the other Africans, already dismounted, and including OYO, MASA and SHIMBA gather around SHAFT, still mounted, and stare up at him as he holds the gun.

298 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT

298

half raises the rifle to his shoulder, and ZUBAIR corrects his firing position - then SHAFT, without seeming to be aiming, fires.

299 ANGLED UP AT THE CIRCLE OF VULTURES 299

One of them drops straight down. We hear SHAFT's second shot, then his third, almost simultaneously, and two more birds drop.

300 CLOSE ON ZUBAIR 300

staring off at:

301 HIS POV NEARBY THREE VULTURES 301

landing - dead - one - two - three - less than ten yards from each other.

302 FAVORING SHAFT 302

He tosses the rifle back to ZUBAIR, slides off the camel. Instantly, he's surrounded by his fellow Africans, clapping him on the shoulders and embracing him, OYO taking his fighting stick and pointing it up at the sky.

OYO

Paw ... Paw ... Paw ...!

303 FAVORING ZUBAIR 303

regarding SHAFT with narrowed eyes.

ZUBAIR

Where you learn shoot like that?

304 FAVORING SHAFT 304

SHAFT

One time ... see film in city ... great white hunter ... point ... pull ... him kill lion.

304 Continued

304

SHAFT (Cont)

(a big grin)

Jowi ...

(pointing to
himself)

He point ... pull ... kill bird.

305 FAVORING ZUBAIR

305

He smiles back at SHAFT, slides off his camel - and he too
slaps SHAFT on the back in congratulation.

306- OMITTED
316306-
316

CUT TO

317 EXT. THE PORT TOWN OF EL JARDIA (MASSAWA) 317
FULL SHOT THE TOWN DAY ESTABLISHING

A town designed for the tastes and appetites of men who have
been weeks in the desert. A filthy place. Noisy chatter.
Polyglot population. Muslim and pagan, Negro and Arab.
Prostitutes and "bouza" grog shops. Stalls selling leather
from Kordofan, Egyptian soap, Venetian glass, Ethiopian gold
and Dongola horses.

318 ANOTHER ANGLE THE CAMEL CARAVAN

318

enters the town. Nobody pays any attention to it. Apparently,
groups like this enter all the time.

- 319 MOVING WITH THE CARAVAN 319
FAVORING SHAFT as he looks down at the mixed population.
- 320 HIS POV WHORES 320
in open stalls call out to the Africans. The whores make pounding gestures on their open palms with their closed fists and grin brazenly up at the passing men.
- 321 ANOTHER ANGLE ZUBAIR 321
leads the caravan into an open area where other animals are tethered. A watering place for camels and donkeys. ZUBAIR dismounts.
- 322 ANOTHER ANGLE SHAFT 322
slips off his camel. He can hardly walk, so cramped are his legs.
- 323 ANOTHER ANGLE THE OTHER AFRICANS 323
all getting off, all equally exhausted.
- 324 ZUBAIR 324
shouts for them to make a circle around him. The group gathers around the Beduoin leader.

ZUBAIR

Boat come tomorrow. You be here
first light ... Now you go town ...
get girl ... buy gift for home ...

OYO

No money.

ZUBAIR

I give ... You sign paper ... you pay
later ...

Delighted, the Africans flock around him, holding out their hands. ZUBAIR motions to his assistants who open a small chest, begin to count out money, one counting as the other collects the names and X-marks of the Africans.

325 CLOSER ANGLE ZUBAIR

325

and SHAFT.

ZUBAIR

You - my guest. Good shot. You
come with me.

SHAFT has no choice. The tall Beduoin leader strides out toward the center of town, SHAFT coming with him, bearing his fighting stick and his carryall bag.

CUT TO

326 INT. WHOREHOUSE (MASSAWA) - A MIXED GROUP OF GIRLS DAY 326

black and Arabic sitting around a brazier on which coffee is heating. They are mostly undressed, a really dreadful lot of women, running to fat.

ZUBAIR enters with SHAFT.

You'd think ZUBAIR was ERROL FLYNN the girls are so delighted to see him. They lose their listlessness, jump up, swarm all over him. He reaches into his robes in the manner of a magician and produces a handful of cheap beads and glass trinkets which he distributes as though he were handing out emeralds. The girls squeal their appreciation, chatter at him in Arabic, and hold their beads around their necks, showing them off to each other.

One of the girls discovers SHAFT. In Arabic she asks ZUBAIR who this is. ZUBAIR tells her. We can understand from his gestures, as though he's using a gun, that SHAFT is the hot news item of the day - actually out-shot Zubair, the greatest rifleman in the Sudan.

The girls surround SHAFT. They start bidding spiritedly in Arabic among themselves.

ZUBAIR

(to Shaft)

No charge. They pay you. High
bidder - she take you upstairs.

The highest bidder is a well-turned Arab chick with enormous breasts showing through flimsy gauze. She grabs Shaft's hand, leads him up the stone stairs toward the dingy bedrooms above, the other women shouting encouragement to SHAFT. ZUBAIR grabs one of the other

326 Continued 326

whores around the waist, leads her up the stairs after SHAFT. He waves to SHAFT, goes into a bedroom with his whore.

327 INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM UPSTAIRS THE WHORE 327

leads SHAFT into a tiny room. Curiously, it is almost like a child's room, with plastic and glass geegaws.

The whore removes the gauze from around her gigantic breasts. She takes a paper towel, wipes the sweat from under her breasts, then opens the wrap around skirt which covers her hips. She's a robust, strapping animal.

SHAFT regards her with a sense of challenge - she says one line in her dialect, advances toward him, pushing up her bosoms coquetishly.

SHAFT

(in sheer admiration)

No wonder they call Africa the Mother
Country! Baby, I ain't gonna fight it.

But the challenge is forestalled. Voices from below - one in particular rivet his attention.

SHAFT goes past the whore, slapping her ass in route, regretfully, and eases out the door to investigate.

328 INT. BALCONY SECOND FLOOR THE WHOREHOUSE 328
SHAFT

moves along the balcony toward the stairs leading down to the bar, reacts to something below:

329 HIS POV ZIBA AND THREE BLACK TOUGHS 329

ringing the Madame and, threatening her. Frightened, she points upward. The name "Jowi" is heard. ZIBA and the three blacks move toward the staircase, ZIBA and the others whipping out revolvers as they come up.

330 SHAFT 330

goes out a laticed window in one hell of a hurry.

331 EXT. THE WHOREHOUSE A BALCONY SHAFT 331

pops out, climbs over, hangs a moment, drops to the street below, begins to run. CAMERA WHIPS back up, HOLDS on ZIBA, gun out, but not firing, for SHAFT has already rounded a corner. ZIBA shouts at the three men with him, still inside the whore house, climbs over the balcony and drops down, the three men following, and the four run in the direction SHAFT has taken.

332 EXT. A HUGE CENTRAL MARKET PLACE 332

In the center of the square the market teems with buyers and sellers, fruits and vegetables laid out in baskets, goods piled high in scores of individual areas. SHAFT appears at one corner of the square and runs across and into the merchant area.

We HOLD SHOT, SHAFT disappearing among the vendors and customer until ZIBA and his three toughs come into the square the way SHAFT has come. They also run into the merchant area.

Almost at once we hear screams, shouts, imprecations, then a police whistle blowing.

333 WITHIN THE SELLING AREA 333

One of the toughs with ZIBA has knocked over a display of fruits and has been seized by an instantaneous crowd of vendors who band together to pound on him and heap insult upon injury.

334 ANOTHER ANGLE ANOTHER TOUGH 334

being grabbed by two policemen. The third thug hides behind an exhibit of rugs.

335 ANOTHER ANGLE THE MARKET PLACE SHAFT 335

runs out on the far side of the square and enters a narrow alley. Behind him, ZIBA alone is seen pursuing, having lost his three cut-throat friends in the bedlam of the market place.

336 EXT. THE ALLEYWAY MOVING WITH SHAFT 336

running. He ducks into a doorway. Above him we see the sign: DENTISTA - and below this word the equivalent in another language with odd script.

- 337 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT 337
- hears the oncoming footfall of the running ZIBA.
- He slips into the dentist's shop.
- 337A INT. THE DENTIST'S SHOP SHAFT 337A
- hiding inside the waiting room. A patient comes out from surgery, his mouth bloodied and exits past SHAFT, the DENTIST following him to the door.
- The DENTIST motions SHAFT to come into surgery. SHAFT sees ZIBA approaching outside at a run.
- The DENTIST begins to be insistent with SHAFT and creates a furor. SHAFT slaps a hand over the dentist's mouth.
- 337B SHAFT'S POV THE ALLEYWAY 337B
- as ZIBA runs by.
- 337C SHAFT 337C
- comes out, the DENTIST after him, shouting at him at the top of his voice.
- 337D ANOTHER PART OF THE ALLEYWAY ZIBA 337D
- hears the altercation, starts back.
- 337E FAVORING SHAFT 337E
- Once more running back the way he's come, ZIBA after him, the DENTIST screaming at both men.
- CUT TO
- 338 EXT. THE DOCKS AMONG PACKING CRATES AND FISHING NETS SPREAD OUT TO DRY MOVING WITH SHAFT 338
- creeping along behind the crates. He observes ZIBA through a crack in the piled boxes, steps behind them and waits.

339 CLOSE MOVING SHOT ZIBA

339

comes round the corner of the crates and directly into:

340 HIS CLOSE POV SHAFT'S FIGHTING STICK

340

driving straight out at ZIBA's chest.

341 ANOTHER ANGLE ZIBA

341

takes the blow in the solar plexus. He grunts in pain, drops to his knees, trying to get back the strength to raise his revolver and shoot SHAFT. SHAFT strikes his wrist with the stick, knocking the gun to the ground, then pinions one of ZIBA's arms behind him, levering upward, picks up the revolver, presses its muzzle behind ZIBA's ear.

SHAFT

Names, baby! I want every name you know. Who pays you ... who sent you to get me ...

(levering Ziba's arm)

WHO?

ZIBA

If I tell, they kill me.

SHAFT

What do you figure I'm gonna do if you don't tell me ... I'm for fuckin' sure - right now. They're only for maybe - later on!

ZIBA

No kill me. I your friend. I go back, kill man who send me. I do this for you.

SHAFT

Sure, baby.

(a beat)

TALK!

341 Continued

341

ZIBA grits his teeth, shakes his head.

SHAFT pulls up on ZIBA's pinioned arm, breaks it, slamming his gun hand over ZIBA's mouth to stifle the man's scream of pain.

SHAFT

Talk - or I'll break the other one.

SHAFT moves his hand away from ZIBA's mouth to let him answer. ZIBA bites SHAFT's hand.

SHAFT manages, though in pain now himself, to keep hold of the revolver. He pulls his hand back, smashes the gun hard against the side of ZIBA's head.

ZIBA crumples, lies unmoving as SHAFT transfers the gun to his other hand, sucks blood from the hand ZIBA has bitten.

It occurs to SHAFT that the force and accuracy of the blow to ZIBA's temple may have killed the man. He feels for a pulse. ZIBA is quite dead.

SHAFT

(continuing to suck
his hand)

Next time, you motherfucker, don't bite
off more than you can chew.

He puts Ziba's gun into the carryall with Sassari's, then reaches up for one of the drying nets, pulls it down over Ziba.

SHAFT walks away from the piled crates, heads back toward the center of town. As he moves away, CAMERA IN

342 CLOSER ANGLE ZIBA

342

Looks like a big fish caught in a net.

343 OMITTED

343

344 EXT. A ROAD UNDER CONSTRUCTION OUTSIDE PARIS
(MADRID FOR PARIS) A ROADGANG DAY

344

of African laborers at work, their bodies, naked from the waist up, glistening with sweat.

Down the road toward CAMERA comes Amafi's approaching Rolls-Royce.

- 345 INT. THE ROLLS AMAFI AND JAZAR 345
He's watching her with amusement and expectation.
- 346 CLOSE ON JAZAR 346
gazing out at:
- 347- HER POV SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS 347-
347X5 THE BEAUTIFULLY MUSCLED BLACK BODIES 347X5
of the young men.
- 348 FAVORING AMAFI 348
watching the girl.
- 349 HIS POV JAZAR 349
She puts one hand on each of her breasts, stares out hard at the men, her lithe body starting to move around its own axis, her breath coming faster, then suddenly she climaxes, her body shaking and fluttering wildly a moment, trembling as though a vibrator has gone wild inside her. Then she goes limp. She lets out a long breath.
- 350 FAVORING AMAFI 350
smiling at her.

AMAFI

I'd give ten years of my life if I could
do that ...

JAZAR smiles at him languidly, like a crocodile in heat.

AMAFI

... to be able to see the world only in
sexual terms ... and feel it - the way you
do, Jazar.

She doesn't answer, simply looks out, nostrils flaring, at the
workmen in the hot sun.

351 EXT. THE ROAD THE ROLLS

351

stops alongside a construction shack. The CHAUFFEUR HONKS the horn. From the shack a white SUPERVISOR appears. He recognizes AMAFI, comes over to the car window.

AMAFI

How is this new group doing?

SUPERVISOR

Good strong workers. Best in a long time.
Where did you get these?

AMAFI

From Central Africa. I was wondering if
you noticed any difference in their output.

SUPERVISOR

They're still new. No bad habits yet.
We'll see ...

AMAFI waves goodbye to him. The SUPERVISOR returns to the construction shack. The CHAUFFEUR starts to pull forward, but hears a frantic HONKING from behind him from an approaching car.

352 ANOTHER ANGLE THE CAR

352

buzzes in, stops alongside the Rolls. WASSA is behind the wheel. He gets out anxiously, crosses to the Rolls.

353 ANGLED IN AT AMAFI

353

looking out impassively at the oncoming African.

354 AT THE WINDOW OF THE ROLLS

354

WASSA and AMAFI - a fecund silence for a long moment, then:

AMAFI

Such diligence, Mister Wassa. I'm
impressed. Imagine, you flying up from
Africa to be sure your laborers are doing
well! Look at them ...

AMAFI nods toward the men, but WASSA's eyes don't leave AMAFI's face.

354 Continued

354

AMAFI
... happy in their work.
(eyes back to Wassa)
Are you? Happy in your work?

WASSA
He killed Ziba too!

AMAFI
(a long beat)
In El Jardia? The town Mister Shaft
was never to leave - alive?

WASSA nods. AMAFI opens the car door, reaches out suddenly and savagely, pulls WASSA into the Rolls, heaving him on the fur rug lining the floor of the back seat.

355 INT. THE CAR AMAFI

355

places his foot on the side of WASSA's head, keeping the man's other cheek pressed against the rug.

AMAFI
The last time we talked - it was Shaft's
life or yours!

WASSA
(pleading)
He'll be boarding Vanden's boat tomorrow
morning. Vanden is your man, Mister
Amafi, not mine. I flew in to ask you to
contact Vanden. Get him to delay his
departure.

AMAFI
I will not contact Vanden. He's too weak
in the stomach. I suggest you get down to
El Jardia today - and handle Mister
Shaft personally.

JAZAR leans into SHOT.

JAZAR
May I help?

AMAFI looks at her.

355 Continued

355

AMAFI

How?

JAZAR

I could divert his attention - while Wassa did whatever he wishes to do.

AMAFI

The real reason, my pet.

JAZAR

I'm bored. I need excitement.

AMAFI

We both do.

AMAFI lifts his foot from WASSA's face.

AMAFI

Listen to me, Mister Wassa. I don't love this young lady. I don't even particularly like her. But she's the only person in the world I've ever found who can get it up for me.

(a long beat)

I want her back by Friday of this week. If anything should happen to her - or if Shaft is still breathing by this time tomorrow - I'll have you killed wherever you happen to be ...

(looking at his watch)

... at this exact time.

WASSA gets out, stares in fearfully at AMAFI.

AMAFI

The young lady will meet you at the airport in one hour.

AMAFI leans forward, taps the CHAUFFEUR on the shoulder.

The Rolls pulls forward.

355A INT. CAR MOVING SHOT

355A

AMAFI

I wish I could watch you with Shaft. Where will you do it?

355A Continued

355A

JAZAR

On the boat. I like the way it rocks you
back and forth.

AMAFI

Get it on tape. Play it back for me
Friday... Incidentally, have you ever
considered what it would be like to seduce
a man - then have him killed while he's
ejaculating?

JAZAR looks delighted at the thought.

JAZAR

What a delicious idea!

AMAFI

If you do it, I'll buy you an emerald.

JAZAR

(smiling at him)

How large an emerald?

He smiles back at her.

CUT TO

356 EXT. A WHARF IN EL JARDIA DAY (EARLY MORNING) 356
ANGLED ON A LUXURY YACHT

tied up at the wharf. She's a private yacht with a high bow, good
long lines, large salon and cabins opening onto the main deck.

357 CLOSER ANGLE ABOARD THE YACHT TWO WHITE MEN 357

in yachting uniforms. One is VANDEN, the captain, the other
is SADI, of Egyptian extraction, the first officer.

358 THEIR POV A PROCESSION 358

coming toward them from town - ZUBAIR, two of his Beduöins,
and the line of young Africans.

359 MOVING WITH SHAFT AND HIS THREE AFRICAN FRIENDS 359

360 MOVING WITH ZUBAIR 360

dropping back to walk alongside Shaft.

ZUBAIR

Sorry you have no whore. That Ziba -
he bad. Girls tell me he come to kill
you ... You run ...

SHAFT

Ziba - he go.

ZUBAIR

You kill him?

SHAFT

I kill him.

ZUBAIR

An eye for an eye. Is good.

ZUBAIR strides forward, leads the group toward the ship, then
motions them to hang back. He and his Beds board the waiting
yacht and advance toward the two waiting white men.

361 CLOSER ANGLE THE WHITE MEN AND ZUBAIR 361

VANDEN

All that lot?

ZUBAIR

I am to be paid for forty-one.

VANDEN

What do you think we're running - the
Queen Mary.

ZUBAIR

I am to be paid for forty-one.

VANDEN brings out a money pouch from under his jacket, counts
cash into ZUBAIR's hand as ZUBAIR recounts it.

361 Continued

361

ZUBAIR

Four hundred and thirty-five more.

VANDEN

For what?

ZUBAIR

I bring you happy men. They take
whores in town ... buy gifts.

(producing the I. O. Us.)

They sign ... you pay.

SADI makes a threatening move toward ZUBAIR, his hand on his knife.

VANDEN

All right, Sadi, stow it. The man's
entitled to his money. That's the contract
- any expenses advance have to be
collected on delivery before the next leg
of the trip ... Don't worry, we'll get it
back when we dock.

VANDEN counts out four hundred and thirty-five more.

ZUBAIR climbs from the yacht onto the dock with his Beds, stops
a moment in front of SHAFT, his eyes glinting with admiration,
embraces SHAFT.

ZUBAIR

Allah be with you.

Then he goes.

362 FAVORING SHAFT

362

watching ZUBAIR stride away down the dock and back toward El
Jardia.

363 ANOTHER ANGLE VANDEN AND SADI

363

VANDEN

All right, gentlemen, everyone into the
Arc - Christ knows how! Up forward ...
up this way ... come on now .. You'll find
work clothes stowed below. Get out of your
robes and into them, right?

- 363 Continued 363
- He motions them forward and up a gang plank. Fearfully now, for this is truly a new and frightening experience, the Africans begin to board.
- 364 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT 364
- smiles reassuringly at his group of three, moves with them toward the gangplank.
- 365 EXT. THE BOW AND FORWARD AREA OF THE YACHT 365
SHAFT AND HIS THREE FRIENDS
- come aboard, follow the others toward the open hold, its hatch braced open. SHAFT - like the others with him - reacts to:
- 366 HIS POV JAZAR 366
- sunning herself on a mat near the open hatch. She has on the most minimal of bikinis, barely covering her nipples above, her snatch below. She seems to be sleeping under her dark glasses and totally unaware of the line of passing young men.
- 367 MOVING ALONG THE FACES OF THE YOUNG AFRICANS 367
- as they stare at the girl, then disappear down a ladder into the forward hold.
- 368 CLOSE MOVING SHOT SHAFT 368
- as he climbs down.
- 369 HIS MOVING POV 369
- the girl on deck. She vanishes from view as SHAFT goes down the ladder.
- 370 INT. THE YACHT SHAFT 370
- comes down into a compartment - filthy and suffocating - as sordid below as the yacht is trim above decks. SHAFT looks around at rows of pipe-bunks from the deck to the top of the long cabinway - four

370 Continued

370

bunks, one above each other, with hardy inches separating them. Then, from above, the hatch is slammed down - dogged tight - the only light coming through the bars in the hatch.

Then at once the SOUNDS of engines turning, the calling of VANDEN to crewmen as the mooring lines are cast off.

371 EXT. THE WHARF THE YACHT

371

The last line is freed and the boat begins to glide out.

372 INT. THE CARGO HOLD BELOW DECKS FULL SHOT
THE YOUNG AFRICANS

372

packed in, all trying to sort themselves out and to stow their gear or climb into the squeezed bunks.

373 FAVORING SHAFT AND HIS GROUP OF THREE

373

SHAFT and OYO help SHIMBA climb into the top bunk. SHAFT reacts to:

374 HIS POV THROUGH THE BARS IN THE HATCH ABOVE JAZAR 374

looking down at him.

375 EXT. THE DECK JAZAR

375

She reacts to a shadow on her bare body. She looks up from peering in at SHAFT to see WASSA blocking her sun. He has one finger on his lips, then he motions her away from the hatch. She comes over to where he stands. WASSA is beaming.

WASSA

Well?

JAZAR

(excitedly)

When did he bathe last?

375 Continued

375

WASSA

Very soon now - in five hundred feet
of water.

JAZAR

Not till he's spent the night with me.

WASSA

What if he hurts you?

JAZAR

I'm counting on it.

WASSA

Look, if anything happens to you -
Amafi will kill me.

JAZAR

If I don't get to spend the night with this man,
I'll tell Amafi you raped me. You know
what he'd do to you?

WASSA looks glum, nods his assent.

JAZAR

When it's dark, have the Captain bring
the men above decks in small groups for
fresh air - and exercise.

CUT TO

376 EXT. THE FORWARD DECK SHAFT AND HIS THREE 376
AFRICAN FRIENDS NIGHT (DAY FOR NIGHT)

along with several others, are forward, sniffing the pure sea air
and stretching their muscles.

377 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT 377

senses somebody behind the small boat stowed on davits.

He half turns.

378 HIS POV JAZAR 378

smiling at him.

379 SHAFT 379

looking back at her evenly.

380 THE GIRL 380

motions to him, steps back into shadow. SHAFT moves toward the shadow.

381 ANOTHER ANGLE AT THE SMALL BOAT 381

SHAFT discovers the girl next to him.

JAZAR

They're planning to kill you.

SHAFT looks vague.

JAZAR

No use pretending you don't understand me. You're John Shaft.

He points to himself.

SHAFT

Jowi. Me - Jowi.

JAZAR

Mister Shaft, I'm offering you life.

SHAFT

(a long beat)

Why?

She smiles at him.

JAZAR

If you help me, I help you.

SHAFT

(giving the matter some thought)

My place or yours?

381 Continued

381

She holds out her hand. He looks toward her stateroom.

CUT TO

382 INT. JAZAR'S STATEROOM NIGHT JAZAR

382

leads SHAFT inside. He locks the door from the inside, checks the bathroom, the closet, satisfies himself the cabin is empty.

JAZAR

I do hope you're not looking for the shower. I like natural men.

SHAFT

Who's planning to kill me?

JAZAR

Wassa.

SHAFT reacts.

SHAFT

So that's where it leaked?

JAZAR

How long is your phallus, Mister Shaft?

SHAFT

My what?

JAZAR

Your cock.

SHAFT

Baby, right now it's shrunk down to twenty inches. Wassa, huh? That son-of-a-bitch!

JAZAR

You can usually tell by the size of a man's nose - or the length and thickness of his thumbs. I always look for men with prominent noses - and long, thick thumbs.

SHAFT

Look, it's not turning me on. I got other things in mind.

382 Continued

382

She drops her blue jeans. In panties and the see-through blouse she's something else.

JAZAR

A man who's been in the desert as long as you have?

She takes off her blouse. She's got magnificent knockers.

JAZAR

The man who pays my bills thinks I'm oversexed.

SHAFT

Whatever gave him that idea?

JAZAR

He's the worst lay in Europe.

JAZAR steps out of her panties and goes to the bed.

JAZAR

Shall I recite some of my pornographic poetry?

SHAFT

Baby, this may blow your mind, but I ain't about to fuck you. I'm taking you out of here - right now - as a hostage.

383 CLOSE ON JAZAR

383

looking at SHAFT.

JAZAR

Do it later. Please?

384 FAVORING SHAFT

384

He shakes his head.

SHAFT

Move it, baby.

384 Continued

384

JAZAR slips off the bed, crosses to the dresser, opens a drawer.
SHAFT dashes across, spins her around.

JAZAR

No hidden gun ... look for yourself.

He reaches in, brings out a turning tape recorder. She pushes her finger on the stop lever - and the spindles stop.

JAZAR

We were being recorded.

SHAFT

For which network?

JAZAR

That lousy lay - he's a voyeur too.
He asked me to put our love affair on tape.

SHAFT

What 's his name?

JAZAR

If I tell you, will you come to bed?

SHAFT

Tell me - then I'll decide.

JAZAR

He's the one you're looking for. Vincent
Amafi - head of the whole enchilada.

SHAFT

And of course you're going to take me to
him, aren't you?

JAZAR

I know he'd like to meet you.

SHAFT

Where is he?

JAZAR

Paris.

(she sees Shaft's reaction)

So we may as well be comfortable together
while we cross the Med.

384 Continued

384

He gives this a little thought, then moves past her to the bed. He sits on it, turns his back to her, swiftly pulls Sassari's gun from under his robe, the gun with the silencer attached, slips it under his pillow.

Then he starts to undress.

SHAFT

What's your name?

JAZAR

Does it matter?

She starts toward him. He stands up, naked.

385 CLOSER ON JAZAR

385

looking at his manhood.

JAZAR

Oh, God, God, God!

386 FAVORING SHAFT

386

smiling back at her.

SHAFT

My nose isn't too prominent, baby,
but I got two of the longest, thickest
thumbs you ever saw on a man.

She comes into his arms and CAMERA PANS AWAY, HOLDS on another tape recorder, discs turning, half hidden under the bed.

CUT TO

387 EXT. THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE JAZAR'S STATEROOM
NIGHT WASSA

387

comes up, gun in one hand, master key in the other. He unlocks the door as silently as he can, eases it open.

388 INT. JAZAR'S STATEROOM WASSA 388

slips into the dark cabin. JAZAR is asleep on one side of the bed, an arm and leg draped possessively over SHAFT.

WASSA moves around to get a clear shot of SHAFT without danger of hitting the girl.

389 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT 389

one eye open, tracking WASSA.

390 WASSA AND SHAFT 390

WASSA gets into position, begins to raise his gun.

SHAFT fires Sassari's gun from under the pillow, the shot muffled both by silencer and pillow.

WASSA stands a moment in total astonishment, his chest blossoming in blood, tries to raise his gun higher for a shot at SHAFT. He dies on his feet, falls forward into the dresser, his gun shattering its mirror.

391 ANOTHER ANGLE SHAFT 391

jumps out of bed, switches on the lights, relocks the cabin door.

He turns back to discover that JAZAR is sitting up in bed, rubbing her eyes sleepily, and looking down casually at WASSA's body.

JAZAR

You saved Amafi the trouble.

SHAFT

Get dressed!

SHAFT is already pulling his clothes on.

JAZAR

Why?

SHAFT

There's a motorboat on deck. We're taking it.

391 Continued

391

JAZAR

You're the first man who's ever made
love to me - the way a man should.

SHAFT

You can write my congressman later.
Get dressed!

JAZAR

(getting out of bed)

Whatever you say, John.

CUT TO

392 EXT. THE DECK NIGHT SHAFT AND JAZAR 392
(BOTH NOW DRESSED)

advancing along the deck, keeping to shadow, SHAFT with
Sassari's revolver in one hand.

393 ANOTHER ANGLE 393

SHAFT and the GIRL reach the motorboat, stowed on davits forward.
Together, they begin to hand-crank the boat down toward the water.

394 INT. THE DECKHOUSE SADI 394

at the wheel. He finishes lighting a cigarette, sets the automatic
pilot, leaves the wheelhouse.

395 EXT. THE DECK SADI 395

stands outside the wheelhouse, smokes, suddenly reacts to:

396 HIS POV TWO FIGURES 396

forward, lowering the boat.

397 SADI 397

pulls his knife, hurries down and onto the deck, CAMERA PANNING
him forward.

398 SHAFT AND JAZAR

39

They have the boat lowered now, riding alongside. JAZAR sees SADI sneaking up behind SHAFT.

JAZAR

John!

SHAFT whirls, gun out, fires exactly as SADI throws the knife. The bullet drives SADI over the railing. He vanishes in the sea. His knife flashes past SHAFT's face, missing by inches.

SHAFT turns back to JAZAR.

She is sitting on deck, her back against the davit, and is smiling up at SHAFT.

SHAFT

Thanks, baby.

Something about her fixed smile strikes him. He goes to her, discovers the handle of Sadi's knife protruding below her left breast.

SHAFT lifts her.

399 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT AND THE DEAD GIRL

39

He holds her in his arms a long moment, letting the night wind blow her hair. It flutters across his face. He bends his forehead and touches her forehead with his. In a gesture of farewell. Then he lowers her into the motorboat and frees the davit lines.

The boat is left behind. CAMERA PANS SHAFT toward the wheelhouse

400 INT. THE WHEELHOUSE SHAFT

40

comes in, rips out the radio connections, smashes the instrument panel with the butt of Sassari's gun, runs out.

401 EXT. THE FORWARD DECK SHAFT

40

runs forward, undoes the hatch, vanishes down the ladder into the hold, closing the hatch after him.

CUT TO

402 EXT. PARIS STREET (MADRID FOR PARIS) DAY 402
MOVING WITH THE ROLLS ROYCE

AMAFI'S VOICE (over)
Yes, operator, put him on ...

403 INT. THE ROLLS AMAFI ON HIS CAR PHONE 403

AMAFI
Good morning, Captain ...

CUT TO

404 INT. BEACHSIDE CAFE SOUTH OF FRANCE 404
(MASSAWA FOR SOUTH OF FRANCE) VANDEN

at a telephone in the back of the cafe, his voice low.

VANDEN
A bloody rotten morning! Wassa's
dead - shot to death. My first officer
deserted at sea - my ship-to-shore
radio smashed to hell ... and the police
due any minute ...

405 INT. THE ROLLS CLOSE ON AMAFI 405

AMAFI
(a long beat)
And the girl?

406 INT. BEACHSIDE CAFE CLOSE ON VANDEN 406

VANDEN
Who the hell knows? Probably ran off
with Sadi in the motorboat.

407 INT. ROLLS CLOSE ON AMAFI 407

He gives this painful thought.

AMAFI
(finally)
The men you brought across ... where
are they now?

408 INT. BEACHSIDE CAFE FAVORING VANDEN

408

VANDEN

In the trucks - on the way to Paris.
Where else should they be?

409 INT. ROLLS ANGLED ON AMAFI

409

AMAFI

Idiot! You let them go?

410 INT. BEACHSIDE CAFE FAVORING VANDEN

410

VANDEN

Listen, a goddamned corpse aboard -
and a hold-full of illegal Africans -
you think I could explain them to the
police? I'm in enough trouble as it is.
This is going to cost you extra money,
Mister Amafi. Otherwise, from now on,
you get yourself another captain.

Vanden hangs up the phone.

411 INT. THE ROLLS CLOSE ON AMAFI

411

His face registers shock.

CUT TO

412 EXT. PARIS (SECOND UNIT PARIS FOR PARIS)
PANNING A TRAILER TRUCK

412

into the awakening city.

413 EXT. THE AFRICAN GHETTO (MADRID FOR PARIS)
THE TRAILER TRUCK

413

turns into the narrow streets of this area in the northern part of
Paris beyond Sacre Coeur - a section tourists seldom see, one
of the world's worst ghettos - Little Africa - a tough, grimy
warren of streets lined with cheap clothing stores, cafes and small
run-down hotels.

- 414 ANOTHER ANGLE THE TRUCK 414
 stops in front of a dingy building. The Africans are unloaded, begin to file into the building at the urging of the two drivers.
- 415 CLOSE MOVING SHOT SHAFT 415
 Picking up on:
- 416 HIS POV A PARKED SEDAN ACROSS THE STREET 416
 and two white HOODS sitting in it, watching him.
- 417 ANOTHER ANGLE SHAFT 417
 enters the building.
- 418 A FIAT 418
 arrives in front of the building into which SHAFT and the Africans have disappeared. A cheerful little Frenchman - PERREAU - gets out, whistling, carrying a briefcase. He enters the building.
- 419 CLOSER ANGLE THE PARKED SEDAN 419
 and the two white HOODS inside. One of them checks the time on his wristwatch.
- 420 INT. THE DINGY BUILDING PERREAU 420
 goes up a rickety stairway to the second level, CAMERA ANGLED DOWN at him as he comes up, then PANNING him to a door. He knocks briefly, then enters.
- 421 INT. THE ROOM SHAFT AND HIS GROUP 421
 plus six others of the newly arrived Africans are still unpacking and trying to find turning room in the ugly interior as the Frenchman comes in. The room is cramped, beds literally stacked one upon the other. The FRENCHMAN smiles at the AFRICANS.

PERREAU

Me - Perreau. Friend ...

(pointing to them)

... to you. Me - tell you what to do -
where work ... I collect money - your
money ... save you time ... Also, take
out cost bring you here ... this room ...
your clothes ... food ... Perreau - I take
care of everything. Now - room - she
cost you each ...

(pointing to each of them)

... one hundred francs a month.

SHAFT

We earn two hundred! Half - this room?

PERREAU

No space Paris. Very costly. No room,
you in street. You in street, come police.
Ask question. Send you home. But - you
can't go home - not till pay back money
bring you here. So - go prison. Lock up.
Never go home again.

He sees their sombre faces looking at him. He smiles back at them,
shrugs.

PERREAU

So - one hundred francs a month. Everybody
stay happy ... Now, this is clock - alarm
clock ...

He pulls out a lever and the alarm rings. He depresses the lever.
The ringing stops.

PERREAU

Perreau set time. You sleep three hours.
Then clock ring. You get up. I come -
pick you up - we go work today.

He spreads francs on the table.

PERREAU

Here ... francs for soap ... candy ...
you divide ...

(holding up three fingers)

Three hours - I come back.

421 Continued

421

He goes out as cheerfully as he came in. SHAFT takes some of the francs, goes to the door, looks out, making sure Perreau is not in sight, then SHAFT goes out the door into the corridor.

422 INT. THE CORRIDOR SHAFT

422

hurries along the corridor and up the staircase.

423 EXT. ROOFTOP SHAFT

423

comes out a doorway in the roof, runs across the roof.

424 INT. GHETTO BUILDING SHOOTING FROM INSIDE DOORWAY
TO STREET OUTSIDE

424

The car we had seen parked earlier now pulls up in front of the doorway. Two HOODS pile out, come in toward CAMERA. We recognise one of them as ANGELO.

425 UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR THE HOODS

425

run up the stairs and fan out along the corridor, opening the first door.

ANGELO

Jowi ... We friends Jowi ... Jowi in here?

SOUND of voices from inside. Telling them Jowi is not in this room. ANGELO and his fellow HOOD continue on to the next room.

CUT TO

426 EXT. GHETTO STREET (MADRID FOR PARIS) SHAFT

426

moves quickly down the street.

427 ANGLED ON A NEARBY CAFE SHAFT

427

approaches the entrance, looks around to be sure he's not being followed, enters.

428 INT. CAFE (MADRID FOR PARIS) SHAFT 428
enters, goes to a wall phone.

429 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT 429
deposits francs, dials.

CUT TO

430 INT. THE GHETTO BUILDING ANGELO AND HIS FELLOW 430
HOOD IN A DOORWAY WITH ONE OF THE YOUNG AFRICANS

The AFRICAN points to the next door.

AFRICAN

Jowi ... not here - Oyo - his friend -
that room.

ANGELO and the other HOOD turn away, move toward the indicated door.

431 INT. SHAFT'S ROOM THE AFRICANS 431
are sleeping. ANGELO and his fellow thug burst in. The room is semi-dark, the only light burning from a table in room-center - from a kerosene lamp.

ANGELO drags one of the Africans out of his cot, slaps him awake.

ANGELO

Oyo? Your name Oyo?

OYO, from an upper bunk, leaps onto ANGELO's shoulders, pitching him onto the floor. The second HOOD saps OYO from behind, dropping him. Now SHIMBA and MASA go to the aid of their fallen friend, but the HOODS beat them mercilessly with guns and blackjacks, the fight raging through the bedroom, then out into the corridor, in the process tilting the table and pitching the kerosene lamp onto the floor and under a cot, where spilled fuel instantly flames up.

432 INT. THE CORRIDOR THE HOODS 432
drag OYO down the stairs, leaving SHIMBA and MASA semi-conscious in the corridor.

433 INT. THE BEDROOM FLAMES 433

shooting up through the bed. The remaining Africans try to beat out the fire.

434 INT. THE LOWER HALLWAY SHOOTING OUT AT THE STREET 434

at the hoods shoving OYO into the car.. The car speeds away.

435 INT. THE BEDROOM THE FLAMES 435

out of control. The Africans run out, shouting to the others.

436- SERIES OF SHOTS THE FIRE 436.
440 440

out of control, fanning out of the bedroom ... catching the corridor on fire ... Africans milling around, trying to salvage their few possessions, some overcome with smoke, others carrying the fallen, the staircase on fire, Africans running down the flaming stairs, the staircase collapsing ...

CUT TO

441 INT. SURETE NATIONALE HEADQUARTERS 441
(MADRID FOR PARIS) SHAFT DAY

hurrying down a corridor behind a gendarme, police activity all around him. The GENDARME stops in front of a door, opens and holds it for SHAFT. SHAFT enters.

442 INT. THE OFFICE ALEME, COLONEL GONDAR, AND A 442
FRENCHMAN IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES

all waiting for SHAFT. ALEME runs into his arms. He holds her close a moment, then looks past her shoulder at the two men.

GONDAR

Inspector Cusset ... John Shaft.

CUSSET

A pleasure, m'sieu. All of us are -
impressed - and grateful.

442 Continued

442

SHAFT untangles himself from the girl, lays the coverall on the desk in front of the INSPECTOR.

SHAFT

Pictures and tapes - starting with the cat who tried to take my seat on the bus out of Addis - and ending right here in Paris with a little gopher named Perreau who's coming to pick us up in three hours.

CUSSET

We'll process this immediately. Then - if you're not too tired - a police stenographer will take down your entire statement.

SHAFT

I'm not too tired.

ALEME opens her purse, holds out a check..

ALEME

My father wanted me to give this to you personally, John, his check for the rest of your fee.

SHAFT looks at the check in her hand, but doesn't take it.

SHAFT

Later, baby.

CUSSET

Perreau ... Perreau ... the name is unknown to me. But - a little gopher, you say, coming to pick you up? Surely he can't be the kingpin of African recruiting!

SHAFT

Kingpin's a cat named Vincent Amafi.

CUSSET and GONDAR look at each other.

CUSSET

Another unknown name. We'll see if we can come up with a m'sieu Amafi and put him under surveillance.

442 Continued

442

SHAFT

I'll find him.

CUSSET

I'm grateful, m'sieu, but from now on
we will do the work.

SHAFT

I got a personal thing with Amafi.
It's too big to let it go down.

CUSSET

I remind you, m'sieu, you are now back
in a civilized country where due process
of law prevails.

GONDAR

(bristling)

I resent that implication, Colonel.
My country was building churches while
your people were still living in caves.

CUSSET

Forgive me, Colonel, I did not mean to
imply ...

SHAFT

(overlapping - then
to Cusset)

Get your steno in here. I'll give him ten
minutes, then I got things to do.

CUSSET looks directly into SHAFT's hard, angry eyes, shrugs,
starts to press a button on his desk, but his phone rings. He picks
it up, listens, his eyes, suddenly showing shock, turning to fasten
on SHAFT.

CUT TO

443 EXT. GHETTO DAY HIGH ANGLE SHOT

443

An ambulance streaking away with the injured. A row of blanket-
covered bodies on the sidewalk. Police cordon - silent spectators -
and SHAFT, ALEME, INSPECTOR CUSSET near the bodies, SHAFT
lifting each blanket and looking a moment at the bodies.

444 CLOSER ANGLE FAVORING SHAFT

444

as he finishes his search. One of the dead men is SHIMBA. SHAFT straightens, comes face to face with CUSSET.

SHAFT

Amafi did this - trying to find me!

CUSSET

The law will punish him, m'sieur.

SHAFT

Fuck the law! What's the law doing about the shitheads who charge these people a hundred francs a month to live in craphouses like this? Why don't you really clamp down on the slave trade? I'll tell you why! Because your black ghetto in Paris is as far from the Champs Elysees as Park Avenue is from 125th Street! And because you need a bunch of poor bastards to work on your roads and in your kitchens! Don't lay that law-will-punish-him shit on me!

SHAFT moves out savagely, INSPECTOR CUSSET starting after him, but thinking better of it. ALEME, however, does hurry in pursuit of SHAFT, catches him just as he rounds the far corner of the block.

445 EXT. THE STREET AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE
BURNED BUILDING ANGLED ON A SMALL CAR

445

approaching. SHAFT moves into SHOT, ALEME behind him, and blocks the way of the car. The car stops.

PERREAU steps out, grinning cheerfully.

PERREAU

Alarm - she work?

SHAFT grabs him by the coat, shoves him into a dark doorway.

SHAFT

Where do you take the money you collect?

PERREAU starts to babble protectively in French. SHAFT back-hands him, almost knocking his teeth loose.

445 Continued

445

SHAFT

Where does Amafi do business?

PERREAU

Perreau - what does he know?

SHAFT drives a fist into the man's gut. PERREAU bends in pain and SHAFT slams him again. PERREAU starts to weep. He falls at SHAFT's feet, begging for mercy. SHAFT pulls him up, cocks his fist once more.

PERREAU

(screaming it out)

92 Rue Chalet!

SHAFT lets him sag, gets into PERREAU's car. ALEME hurries around, climbs in. SHAFT guns the car forward

CUT TO

446 EXT. AMAFI'S RESIDENCE ANGLED ON THE
NUMBER 92 DAY

446

We hear the o. s. squeal of brakes, then a car door slamming closed.

447 ANGLED ON PERREAU'S CAR

447

in front of Amafi's residence, SHAFT already out and stopping only for a moment at ALEME's window.

SHAFT

Stay here - and keep your head down!

SHAFT pulls Sassari's gun from under his shirt, crosses toward the coachhouse door, finds it unlocked, slips in.

448 INT. COACHHOUSE SHAFT

448

comes in, moving fast, but alert to the slightest sound or motion. Nothing in the coachhouse. Shaft goes up the stairs to the front door.

449 AT THE FRONT DOOR SHAFT

449

He tries the knob, again, the door's unlocked. SHAFT kneels low, reaches up with his left hand, pushes the door open and stays back, down low. As the door swings, automatic gunfire sprays the doorway above him.

SHAFT fires from the floor.

450 INT. THE RECEPTION AREA A WHITE HOOD

450

takes SHAFT's bullet in the throat. He drops his sub-machine gun, goes down, clutching at the blood and already kicking. SHAFT darts in, still keeping low, looking around at the deserted desks, the open and empty drawers of filing cabinets. He picks up the sub-machine gun, dashes to the closed office door, kicks it open and wheels in firing in a wide, sweeping arc.

451 INT. AMAFI'S OFFICE SHAFT

451

eases up on the trigger. Nobody in here. Only Amafi's big desk - with nothing on it and its drawers pulled open and emptied. There's a faded spot on the wallpaper where the map of Africa had been.

SHAFT hears a sound from the reception hall. He moves back to the door, starts to fire, stops just in time.

452 HIS POV ALEME

452

looking down at the now unmoving figure of the Hood SHAFT has killed.

453 INT. THE RECEPTION AREA SHAFT

453

comes out, exhaling a long breath.

SHAFT
(reproachfully)
Close, baby.

ALEME
I heard shooting.

453 Continued

453

SHAFT

You heard right ... Look around ...
 Check every file ... every drawer ...
 Anything that'll lead us to Amafi.

She starts for the nearest file as SHAFT heads back into Amafi's office.

CUT TO

454 EXT. CHATEAU MONTFORT ANGLED ON THE OPENING 454
 TO THE SUBTERRANEAN STONE STAIRWAY REPEATING
 THE SAME SHOT WITH WHICH WE BEGAN THE FILM

From BEHIND CAMERA the two HOODS with OYO appear, drag the African into the pillbox-like entrance and down the stairs.

455 ANGLED UP THE STAIRS AT THE DOWNCOMING MEN 455

Now we see how deep into the earth the staircase penetrates. The men reach a lower level, then turn, CAMERA PANNING them and TILTING DOWN to HOLD on them as they descend a second equally deep staircase angling into the earth at right angles to the upper staircase.

456 INT. A LONG CORRIDOR AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SECOND 456
 STAIRCASE

From cells along the eighty-foot corridor the SOUND of imprisoned men. The two HOODS appear at the foot of the staircase with OYO, push him along the corridor to one cell, unlock it, and go in with him.

457 INT. THE CELL 457

ANGELO

Now - you tell us - where is Jowi?

OYO remains silent. ANGELO nods to his fellow HOOD who cranks up a small coil-type generator attached to twin wires and set near a long narrow table. The HOOD touches OYO with the wires, sparks leap. The young African cries out in pain.

457 Continued

457

ANGELO

Jowi!

OYO shakes his head. ANGELO and the other HOOD rip off his trousers.

458 INT. THE CORRIDOR OTHER HOODS

458

One of them takes up a long iron crowbar and resumes picking a hole in the masonry walls of the underground corridor. The others continue laying demolition lines and planting charges in holes already dug.

As they work, the prisoners in cells adjacent to the hoods start shouting in African dialects, imploring the men to stop what they're doing. The HOODS pay no attention, work grimly at their task.

Suddenly, from OYO's cell, we hear the whining of the generator, then a piercing scream from OYO.

CUT TO

459 INT. AMAFI'S RESIDENCE AMAFI'S OFFICE SHAFT

459

going through the books in the study adjoining Amafi's office. From somewhere OFF he hears ALEME's scream. He runs out of SHOT.

460 EXT. COURTYARD AMAFI'S RESIDENCE CLOSE ON ALEME 460

She has stopped screaming. Now she stares o. s. and tears roll down her cheeks.

ANGLE WIDENS as SHAFT runs in with the sub-machine gun. He looks around, sees nobody else, turns back to ALEME, discovers the tears on her face.

He looks at what she's looking at:

461 SHAFT'S POV THE WALL WHERE THE YOUNG AFRICAN WAS SHOT AT THE OPENING OF THE FILM 461

Two bullet holes - then below them - the strange, scratched-out symbols.

461 Continued

461

ALEME'S VOICE (over)
This is where they killed him.

462 FAVORING SHAFT AND ALEME AT THE WALL

462

SHAFT

Who?

ALEME

My brother.

(a beat)

He wrote this. In our language.

SHAFT

(examining it)

What's it mean?

ALEME

Castle ... Mountain ... Fort ...

SHAFT

(repeating)

Castle ... mountain ... fort?

CUT TO

463 INT. MUSEUM AND REFERENCE LIBRARY PARIS 463
(MADRID FOR PARIS) DAY SHAFT AND ALEME

in a high-vaulted room, with tables and carved chairs, walls of old books. ALEME and SHAFT are both turning the pages of a big volume whose pages are heavy with mounted photographs.

ALEME

(voice low)

Chateau Marquis ...

464 CLOSER ANGLE SHAFT AND ALEME

464

ANGLED PAST THEM and DOWN at the book. We see a photograph of a magnificent residence. The page turns.

464 Continued

464

ALEME

Chateau Michelle ...

Another page, another photograph, then:

ALEME

(a long beat)

Chateau Montfort ...

CAMERA PUSHES in on the page to HOLD on the front of the country residence from which, at film's opening, we saw the Emir's son trying to escape.

465 FAVORING SHAFT AND ALEME

465

She reads the text in French, but translates as she goes.

ALEME

Chateau Montfort ... built by Count Andre Montfort in 1787 ... family residence until commandeered by German occupying forces, used as a Gestapo headquarters and prison from 1942 to '44 ... situated fourteen kilometers outside Paris on the main road to Amiens.

SHAFT

Call Cusset. Tell him where I've gone.

He runs out.

CUT TO

466 INT. STONE STAIRCASE INTO UNDERGROUND BUNKER
ANGLED OUT

466

The radiator and hood of Amafi's Rolls appears in SHOT. Engine off. Door slamming shut. Amafi comes into CAMERA and starts down, PAST CAMERA. OVER we hear the near-hysteria pitch of the cries of the imprisoned men below.

467 REVERSE ANGLE - PAST AMAFI 467

descending and toward three of his hoods, now running
the demolition lines up the stairs.

468 INT. LOWER CORPIROD - THE PRISONERS 468

chanting in unison at the tops of their voices.

AMAFI comes in, listens a moment, then shouts:

AMAFI
Shut up! Everybody!

Dead silence. AMAFI walks along the cells, enters the
one with OYO.

469 INT. OYO'S CELL - OYO 469

is huddled in one corner, his trousers off, and
moaning in pain.

AMAFI
Has he told you?

ANGELO shakes his head. AMAFI goes out.

470 ANOTHER ANGLE - AMAFI 470

looks down at the emplaced charges and at the demolition
lines one white hood is now locking in place. He
considers the faces of the Africans staring out at him
from their cells.

AMAFI
You dumb bastards! Forcing me
to do this! Threatening to run
away, start demonstrations, go
to the police!

He walks past the cells, delivering his indictment to
every prisoner.

470 CONTINUED

470

AMAFI

Look, I don't give a fuck about
your color - I deal in cheap
labor - If I could get cheap
white labor, I'd sell their
asses too! I got no prejudice!

He picks up the plunger, now connected by wires to
the planted charges.

AMAFI

Because of you troublemakers,
because of that bastard, Shaft,
I have to leave here now - start
all over again somewhere else.
So I'm going to bury you - along
with the evidence!

Suddenly from o.s. SHOTS are heard. AMAFI reacts.

CUT TO:

471 EXT. THE FRONT OF THE CHATEAU - PERREAU'S FIAT
SHAFT AT THE WHEEL

471

speeds down the approachway toward the fountain in
front of the chateau as two HOODS stand in the middle
of the road and continue firing at the oncoming car.

472 INT. THE MOVING CAR - PAST SHAFT - ANGLED TOWARD
THE GUNMEN SEEN AHEAD THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

472

They fire at SHAFT, two bullets cob-webbing the
windscreen just to the right of SHAFT. He drives
the car directly into them, knocking one HOOD off
to one side and into a tree trunk, catching the
SECOND HOOD straight on, the body flying back along
the bonnet of the Fiat and up against the windscreen,
partially blocking SHAFT's view.

473 EXT. THE FRONTSTEPS OF THE CHATEAU THE FIAT 473

SHAFT drives the car straight up the steps, crashing it.

474 CLOSER ANGLE THE FIAT 474

totally demolished. SHAFT kicks the jammed door open from inside, slides out with the submachine gun under his arm, checks the body of Amafi's man who's flown onto the porch with the car's impact, then runs to the front doors.

475 AT THE FRONT DOORS SHAFT 475

kicks them open, goes in, gun ready.

476 INT. THE CHATEAU CLOSE ON SHAFT 476

reacting to:

477 HIS SWEEPING POV THE INSIDE OF THE CHATEAU 477

The formerly magnificent home is gutted. The interior is a shambles, a collapsed shell.

478 FAVORING SHAFT 478

left with a full head of steam, his adrenalin pumping. He runs back out.

479 EXT. THE CHATEAU SHAFT 479

coming out. He hears a shot, hears the bullet ricocheting next to his head. He half turns, triggers the sub-machine gun, CAMERA WHIPPING OVER to HOLD on one of Amafi's four surviving hoods as SHAFT's rounds cut him down. The man falls halfway between SHAFT on the porch and the entranceway to the underground bunker.

480 ANOTHER ANGLE SHAFT 480

races toward the underground bunker.

CUT TO

481 INT. UPPER STAIRWAY TWO HOODS 481

running up, each with revolver in hand.

482 AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE SHAFT 482

flattened back against the wall, the echoing of the approaching footsteps growing LOUDER.

483 MOVING WITH THE TWO MEN TRACKING AFTER THEM 483
AS THEY RACE UPWARD

Suddenly, above them, SHAFT looms into CAMERA, the sub-machine gun firing downward, the muzzle flashes dancing toward CAMERA.

The two HOODS spin around, bloodied, and fall out of SHOT.

SHAFT comes down, more carefully now, a step at a time.

CUT TO

484 INT. LOWER CORRIDOR AMAFI AND THE ONE SURVIVING 484
HOOD ANGELO

AMAFI waves to ANGELO to hurry, finish wiring the charges, then, his own automatic out, AMAFI moves up the lower staircase.

485 INT. LOWER STAIRCASE CLOSE MOVING SHOT AMAFI 485

inching up the stairs, keeping himself to one side, his automatic pointing upward.

486 INT. LOWER CORRIDOR ANGELO 486

stands in mid-corridor, listening, straining. CAMERA PANS OVER to OYO, one arm extending through the bars, reaching for the long crowbar the other hoods have left on the floor.

487 CLOSER ANGLE OYO 487

gets the bar, brings it back quietly into the cell.

488 ANOTHER ANGLE OYO

488

signals to the Africans across the corridor, only partially seen past ANGELO's back. They nod their understanding.

OYO hefts the crowbar, holding it like a spear, aims at the HOOD outside between the bars, gives a mighty heave, the crowbar passing between the cell bars without touching them and driving into ANGELO's back.

The man is slammed forward by the blow. He falls near the cell on the far side. Arms reach out, one of the seeking hands finding the key.

CUT TO

489 INT. THE STAIRCASE SHAFT

489

snugged against the wall of the upper staircase, but at its bottom, AMAFI flattened against the wall of the lower staircase, but at its top.

AMAFI

Mister Shaft ...

SHAFT

Me, baby.

AMAFI

I've played the tapes. Listened to you making love to her ... and her to you ... Why did you have to kill her?

SHAFT

Some cat threw a knife my way. Your little fox was in the wrong place - at the wrong time.

AMAFI

Then why wasn't her body still aboard?

SHAFT

I promised her a boatride.

490 CLOSER ANGLE - AMAFI

490

AMAFI
She would have liked that.

SHAFT'S VOICE
Better drop your iron and stand
clear. No way out now.

AMAFI
I've wired this place for
demolition. I've got twenty
hostages down below...

CAMERA PANS AWAY, lets us see, creeping up the stairs
behind AMAFI, OYO, SHIMBA, MASA and the others.

AMAFI'S VOICE (o.s.)
Unless you drop your gun - and
step out where I can see you...
I'll set off the charges.

491 FAVORING SHAFT

491

caught in a dilemma.

SHAFT
You're bluffing, baby.

AMAFI'S VOICE (o.s.)
Look down at your feet.

SHAFT looks down. He sees wires running up - and
running down.

AMAFI'S VOICE (o.s.)
No point you trying to pull those
lines. The wires you see are for
the upper staircase only. I've
got the detonator down here for
the cell blocks.

SHAFT pulls Sassari's gun from his waistband, tosses
it onto the stone landing, even as he gets set with
the sub-machine gun.

AMAFI'S VOICE (o.s.)
All right. Now - out where I can
see you.

492 ANGLED ON AMAFI 492

raising the automatic. The Africans are within six feet of him now and coming up silently.

493 ANGLED ON SHAFT 493

getting closer and closer to the edge of the adjoining staircase. His finger loops over the trigger of the sub-machine gun.

He throws himself forward, low, bringing the gun up to fire.

494 HIS POV AMAFI 494

gun raised toward him - and directly behind, his friends and the other Africans.

495 ANOTHER ANGLE 495

SHAFT deliberately holds his fire as AMAFI gets off one shot, smashing into the masonry above SHAFT, just as the Africans leap on AMAFI from behind.

They scream triumphantly, carry him up and past SHAFT.

CAMERA MOVES IN on SHAFT. He holds out one hand. Shaking like a leaf in high wind.

496 EXT. THE UNDERGROUND BUNKER THE AFRICANS 496

bear the squirming AMAFI on their upraised arms like some sacrificial animal. We MOVE with them past the front of the estate toward the big fountain and pond.

497 ANOTHER ANGLE AT THE POND THE AFRICANS 497

throw Amafi in. He struggles to catch his breath. They swarm around him, push him under.

498 CLOSER ANGLE BLACK ARMS AND HANDS 498

keeping him under - holding him below the surface.

CUT TO

- 499 INT. THE LOWER CORRIDOR SHAFT 499
looks into the last empty cell, comes out, disgust on his face, hurries toward the staircase past Angelo's body.
- 500 ANGLED DOWN THE STAIRS TOWARD SHAFT 500
PAST immediate f.g. - the detonator with its plunger sitting on the steps where AMAFI had been. SHAFT picks up the detonator, Carries it, connected, up the second stairway, CAMERA PANNING AROUND and HOLDING on him as he hurries upward.
- 501 EXT. THE DOORWAY TO THE BUNKER SHAFT 501
runs out, angrily depresses the plunger. The earth shakes, the bunker doorway collapses in a shattering of masonry and tumbling earth.
- 502 THE AFRICANS AT THE POND 502
release AMAFI, look off:
- 503 THEIR POV SHAFT 503
running clear of the debris.
- 504 ANOTHER ANGLE AT THE POND AMAFI 504
floating face down among curious goldfish.
- 505 ANOTHER ANGLE POLICE CARS 505
drive in, stop.
- 506 CLOSER ANGLE THE LEAD POLICE CAR 506
CUSSET gets out, looks around:

507- HIS POV - SERIES OF QUICK CUTS 507-
512 512

AMAFI dead in the water; Perreau's smashed car on the front steps; the bodies of three hoods; smoke and earth still moiling out of the collapsed underground bunker; finally - SHAFT coming toward him.

513 ANOTHER ANGLE - CUSSET AND SHAFT 513

as SHAFT comes in. The two men look at each other a long moment.

CUSSET

M'sieu, unless you hurry, you're going to miss your plane.

SHAFT

Where does a cat get a cah around here?

In reply, CUSSET opens the door to a police car. SHAFT gets in. CUSSET closes the door, the car pulls out. CUSSET looks around at the shambles. He sighs.

CUT TO:

514 INT. JETLINER - SHAFT - DAY 514

at a window seat.

ALEME'S VOICE (o.s.)

Excuse me, sir. One of our passengers has asked if you mind company.

SHAFT looks up, sees:

515 CLOSER ANGLE - ALEME 515

smiling down at SHAFT.

516 CLOSER SHAFT 516

grinning up at her.

SHAFT

Put it down here, baby.

517 TWO SHOT

517

ALEME settles down beside him as he pats the seat. On their look at each other:

CUT TO

518 EXT. THE SKY THE JETLINER (STOCK)

518

heading into sunset. Heading West. Heading home.

FADE OUT

THE END