TARZAN

Written by

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TARZAN

CAST AND SET LIST

LIST OF CHARACTERS

TARZAN (LORD GREYSTOKE)
HELENA VICHAY
EL KAL
D'JIN
CAPTAIN D'ARNOT
DOCTOR McIVERS
TONY FLEMMING
SELAH
GOVERNOR PICKERING
LADY PICKERING
TU'IN
LA
RICHARD TEMPLETON
LUXAHLT
BA'AL RA

BIT PLAYERS

WITCH DOCTOR
WAZURI CHIEF
PLANTER GREEN
MRS. GREEN
HEADBOY
FIRST PLANTER
CIVIL SERVANT
MAIA
COACHMAN
THIRD PLANTER
PLANTER'S WIFE
ARMY COLONEL
SECOND PLANTER
HEADMAN
MASAI TYPE
CONSTABULARY OFFICER
WAZURI CHIEFTAIN
WAZURI
FIRST WAZURI

EXTERIOR SHOTS:

AFRICAN RIVER VALLEY
ROCKY PASS
RAINFOREST JUNGLE
AFRICAN PLAINS
AGRICULTURAL COUNTRY
KIROBI NATIVE QUARTERS
REAR OF GOVERNOR'S MANSION
GREYSTOKE ESTATE
GREYSTOKE PLANTATION ENTRY
GREYSTOKE MANSION

CONTINUED

TARZAN

CAST AND SET LIST

EXTRAS:

NATIVES (WAZURI WARRIORS AND ATTENDANTS AT GREYSTOKE ESTATE)
BEDOUINS
EXTRAS (FOR GOVERNOR'S BALL)
TEMPLE WOMEN

ANIMALS (STOCK AS AVAILABLE)

MONTAGE WILD LIFE
MONKEYS
BLACK MANED LION
LEOPARD
CHEETA
HORSES
LIONESS (SIMBA)
CROCODILES
PYTHON
GIRAFFES
ZEBRAS
HYENAS
JUNGLE BIRDS
HAWK OR EAGLE

TARZAN

FADE IN:

1 EXT. AFRICAN RIVER VALLEY - PANORAMIC VIEW - DAY 1

Spectacular! A horizon to horizon view! Our aim -- a powerful combination of picture and MUSIC which promises to the audience full excitement - jeopardy of this mysteriour Dark Continent and its bigger-than-life Title Role.

2 MONTAGE - ANGLES DOWN ONTO WILD LIFE 2

Wild animal footage ranging from African plains herds, through river and/or lake wild life, to tropical jungle animals. Believability of up-coming action makes it important to suggest that our opening location is a place of considerable terrain variety.

3 WIDE ANGLE - DOWN ONTO AFRICAN RIVER VALLEY 3

The location of our opening action. A ring of African buzzards are circling in the sky. Far below them we can see the tiny figures of a mounted man in an Arab costume followed by a dozen native bearers on foot. They are treking upslope toward a rocky narrow pass some miles distant.

4 GROUND LEVEL - EMPHASIZING MOUNTED MEN 4

He is EL KAL, an Arab of immensely commanding presence. He is one of those men whose carriage and unique strong features make it obvious at one glance that he is an extreme of some sort -- either unusually wise or extraordinarily cunning and ruthless. One of that rare breed of men who makes his own destiny... and whatever he is, he willed himself to be exactly that. The native bearers, in line behind him are standard African types. They are showing noisy nervousness at the vultures circling ominously overhead and the African native HEADBOY, his superior rank indicated by his remnants of civilized costume, is having some difficulty keeping them in line.

HEADBOY
This Wazuri country, B'wana.
(indicates upward)
Vultures wait us become dead. Our boys much fear...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

EL KAL
Then see thy whip is feared more!

Headboy lays the whip hard across stragglers who cry in pain and hurry to close the line of march. Then a CRY OF ALARM from one of the lead bearers who points toward something in the distance. El Kal reins his horse to a stop, peers in that direction.

5 POV - EL KAL'S 5

A cloud of dust trailing a distant horseman who gallops down the slope toward us. He has come over the hills from one side, avoiding the narrow rocky pass directly ahead. As he rides near, we can make out that he too wears Arab robes.

6 ANGLE TO INCLUDE EL KAL AND APPROACHING HORSEMAN 6

The approaching Arab riding expertly and fast, glances over shoulder to see that he has not been followed. This is SELAH, no doubt a cutthroat but with irreverent humor in his features and mannerisms. He reins in expertly, throws an Arab gesture of salutation toward El Kal.

SELAH
I salute El Kal. May one hundred virgins warm thy bed.

EL KAL
Is all prepared?

SELAH
(nods)
Thy followers await thee in Kirobi.
(indicates ahead)
But let us return by the path I used...

EL KAL
The direct path lies ahead. I must be in Kirobi by nightfall.

Selah throws a glance toward the already nervous bearers, moves his horse into CLOSER TWO SHOT and speaks quietly:

SELAH
Has thee forgotten this pass, master? It marks the White Ape's domain.

(CONTINUED)

6 6 CONTINUED:

EL KAL
Thee will not die this day, Selah.

El Kal leads line of march ahead toward the pass. Selah hesitates, then spurs to ride alongside obediently. They begin to round a small knoll.

7 EXT. AFRICAN RIVER VALLEY - KNOLL BELOW ROCKY PASS - DAY 7

A strange barbaric sight confronting El Kal's group as they round the knoll. Directly in their path is an elderly Wazuri WITCH DOCTOR. He is clad in the costume of his rank -- leopard skin from elbows to claws at hands, also from knees to similarly clawed feet. A leopard head is his loin covering. He carries a feather-ornamented skull totem. To one side, a small signal drum. A pair of almost totally nude Wazuri warriors flank the Witch Doctor, each carrying the long (eight foot) deadly Wazuri lance. The bearers have given an ALARMED CRY and begin to WAIL in fear, start dropping their loads in panic. The frightened Headboy does what he can with his whip. Selah lifts his rifle, nervously.

EL KAL
Patience! It is as I planned.

Witch Doctor plants the skull totem in their path, begins to CHANT a Wazuri-dialect warning to turn back.

SELAH
(quietly)
It is well thy robes hide thy face, sire. Should they recognize thee...

Then Selah is stunned to see El Kal spur his horse forward a few steps, pull his robes away, exposing his face.

EL KAL
Behold! It is El Kal!

The two Wazuri warriors react and immediately attack with WILD WAR CRIES. Before either can fling a lance, El Kal's SHOT drops one and Selah FIRES and kills the other. The Witch Doctor still stands there in stunned disbelief.

WITCH DOCTOR
El Kal!

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

Selah has drawn his long, curved Arab knife and begins to spur his mount toward the elderly Wazuri. But El Kal restrains him.

EL KAL
(to Witch Doctor)
Has't forgotten, old man? El Kal! Who burned thy compounds, whose raiders slew the mate of the White Ape who leads thee...

The Witch Doctor races for the drum, begins to beat out a SIGNAL. Selah is appalled; El Kal has the pleased look of a man whose plan is going perfectly.

8 EXT. ROCKY PASS - HARD CUT TO ANGLE ON WAZURI CHIEF 8
DAY

He stands listening to the DRUMBEAT from the Witch Doctor's drum coming from the approaches to this narrow defile. Behind him are a pair of SUB-CHIEFTAINS. They all wear the proud dress of the men of the tribe -- a splendid array of lion skin and teeth. All carry the deadly looking eight foot lances. To the side, a much larger signal drum with heavy, carved drum strikers. (Important: the drum is located in a culvert here, out of direct view of the canyon pass and protected from it by a low rocky out-cropping.)

9 EMPHASIZING WAZURI CHIEF 9

reacting hard at the DRUM SIGNAL message he hears from Witch Doctor.

WAZURI CHIEF
El Kal!

The Chief snaps a Wazuri dialect order and the Sub-Chieftains exit to opposite sides, running. The Witch Doctor's DRUMBEAT pauses; the Wazuri Chief whirls to his own signal drum, uses his hands to BEAT a short answering response. (The heavy strikers will be used later for longer distance signals.) Then from the approaches to this pass, the Witch Doctor's DRUMBEAT SIGNAL continues.

10 EXT. KNOLL BELOW ROCKY PASS - DAY 10

The Witch Doctor continuing the DRUMBEAT SIGNAL we heard begin again.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

HEADBOY

B'wana...

The frightened Headboy is indicating something to one side.

11 ANOTHER ANGLE 11

To one side, in the distance a fleeting glimpse of Wazuris racing to flank El Kal's party. Selah reacts as he sees something in the other direction, points.

12 OPPOSITE ANGLE 12

In the distance to the other side, a similar glimpse of other Wazuri warriors executing a similar flanking movement. Any retreat is being cut off.

SELAH
We are well mounted, sire. There still remains time to...

EL KAL
(interrupting)
I have promised thee will not die this day, Selah!

SELAH
(frightened; rapidly)
Master, not even our death will now satisfy the Wazuri. Our bellies will be slit; our ears and noses and parts of even greater value will be cut from us; burning coals will be pressed into our eyes...

EL KAL
(interrupting)
Behold!

El Kal pulls from his robes a strange looking object ... a silver-metal cylinder, about two feet in length, antique looking, carved with strange writing.

13 CLOSER - THE SILVER-METAL CYLINDER 13

The carvings on it somewhat like Egyptian hieroglyphics but much more sophisticated than mere "picture writing," suggesting a more complex language. The open business end of it is burned dark as if some sort of "muzzle."

14 BACK TO SHOT 14

Selah's face is a study in worried confusion as he eyes the innocent appearing cylinder. He looks back to find El Kal smiling at his uncertainty. In b.g. the bearers are MURMURING in wild-eyed fear. The Headboy's rhino-hide whip is no longer necessary... to straggle or flee now would take them into the arms of the dread Wazuri who have cut off any escape.

SELAH
Most... interesting, master. However...

EL KAL
Has't thee sworn to follow me, Selah?

SELAH
(hesitates)
I have sworn to follow El Kal.

EL KAL
(nods, indicates Witch Doctor)
His signal is done. Kill him.

15 EXT. ROCKY PASS - PANNING WAZURI CHIEF - DAY 15

reacting as he hears the Witch Doctor's DRUM SIGNAL suddenly cut off in mid-beat. He SIGNALS on his own drum, listens... hears no response.

16 EXT. ROCKY KNOLL - DAY 16

SHOCK CUT to Witch Doctor's body, lying bleeding across his smaller signal drum. Then CAMERA BACK to reveal Selah straightening up in saddle, wiping and replacing his long curved knife. El Kal begins to ride ahead toward the pass. Selah, uncertain, spurs his animal ahead to ride by El Kal's side.

17 EL KAL AND SELAH 17

Selah watches curiously as El Kal makes what seems to be some sort of adjustment on the mysterious silver-metal cylinder he carries.

HEADBOY
B'wana... b'wana...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

El Kal does not turn and the Headboy has no choice but to hurry after them. The bearers, driven together by their fear of the Wazuri, quickly lift their loads and follow too.

18 EXT. ROCKY PASS - HIGH WIDE ANGLE - DAY 18

ESTABLISHING El Kal and his pitifully small group approaching the narrow, rocky defile, the flanking Wazuri warriors closing in slowly from the rear, escape impossible. Then WHIP PANNING to reveal the large force of Wazuris in hidden groups along the line of ambush in the narrow defile ahead. Like the Zulus, these are warrior people with discipline and a knowledge of maneuver which matches the skill of a trained Western army.

19 PANNING WAZURI CHIEF 19

The Chief lifts the ornately carved, heavy strikers and DRUMBEATS HARD a short signal... obviously an "attention" signal, call for someone in far distance to listen. The heavy strikers and huge drum produce a LOUD REVERBERATING BEAT which can be heard for many miles. He waits, repeats the SIGNAL.

20 EXT. RAINFOREST JUNGLE - HIGH ANGLE - DAY 20

Establishing this area of dense forest giants, the tops of some of the trees towering 200 feet into the air. Per our format, the vegetation is extraordinarily heavy. Passage at ground level would require hacking one's way through tangled thickets, often knee deep in mud. In comparison, the thickly intertwined trees offer "arboreal pathways" by which passage can be rapid and relatively easy for one with the strength and agility to use them.

21 GROUND LEVEL ANGLE - ANIMAL SCENES 21

ACTION ANGLES on jungle beasts, a life and death drama of nature at work here. Ending with an animal sensing and reacting to something high above, CUEING CAMERA TO WHIP PAN UP to reveal a tiny (at this distance of at least a hundred feet above our heads) figure hurtling through the trees.

22 ANGLE - RAINFOREST TREETOPS (OPTICAL OR SPECIAL EFFECTS) 22

introducing TARZAN. We aim for the spectacular in this opening view -- emphasizing his superb muscular coordination and agility to use branches, vines and almost invisible finger and toeholds to travel with the ease, speed and deftness of a runner on a cinder track. We avoid repetitious trapeze-like "vine swinging."

At some places limbs as broad as huge tree trunks allow Tarzan to run along them for twenty or thirty feet before a leap or a vine or the spring effect of a sapling is required to traverse an open area. With this speed and agility, even relatively small and fragile vegetation can be used since no one piece of it must support the Apeman's full weight at any one time. In short and in effect, he travels as a combination trapeze artist, sprinter, and Olympic champion gymnast.

During which we become aware of the Wazuri jungle telegraph DRUMBEATS in the far distance.

23 ANOTHER ANGLE - TARZAN 23

Hearing the distant DRUMBEATS, hurtling to a high perch where he stops the limbs swaying. Tarzan listens.

24 ANGLE ON MONKEYS 24

excited by Tarzan's presence, CHATTERING.

25 ANGLE ON LEOPARD 25

missing a kill, SNARLING, enraged.

26 BACK TO TARZAN 26

The monkey CHATTER, leopard SNARLING and other jungle SOUNDS interfering with his clearly hearing the distant DRUMS. He breathes in deeply, chest expanding mightily... then the famed TARZAN CRY.

27 BACK TO VARIOUS ANIMAL SHOTS 27

as the animals react to the reverberating, wild TARZAN YELL. The monkeys scatter; the leopard slinks away; antelopes and other animals at ground level are galvanized into flight. Another ground animal burrows into its hole as if trying to escape the warning anger of it.

28 BACK TO TARZAN 28

As he finishes the savage YELL... the jungle around him has gone silent. Hanging from his precarious perch, he now listens intently to the DRUMBEAT, beginning to frown as he understands the message. We can guess from the expression on his face he is hearing about the identity of the Arab who is approaching the pass. This galvanizes him into determined action ... he leaps from his perch, swinging into rapid flight through the trees in that direction.

29 EXT. ROCKY PASS - EL KAL AND GROUP 29

as they begin entering the narrow defile.

SELAH
Their signal drum will tell the White Ape that El Kal lives.

EL KAL
(nods)
As I planned, Selah.

SELAH
He has thought thee long ago drowned by the troops which pursued thee. But he will now forever follow thee...

EL KAL
(indicates cylinder)
Again, as I planned, Selah.

Suddenly, to one side, ANGRY WAR CRIES and dozens of Wazuri warriors appear, lining the ramparts above.

30 ANOTHER ANGLE 30

Other WAR CRIES, other Wazuri warriors appear, lining ramparts on the other side. Several of the bearers panic and start to flee toward a side canyon... right into still other Wazuris who suddenly appear in their path, expertly flinging their deadly lances. These fleeing bearers SCREAM in fear and agony as the razor-sharp lances transfix them. El Kal, the silver-metal cylinder in hand, indicates the bearers to the frightened and mystified Selah.

EL KAL
As they panic and flee, the full forces of the Wazuri will expose themselves to me.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

Singly and in groups, the fear-stricken bearers trying to flee out of the trap closing around the group. And each time, more Wazuri warriors appear, striking them down.

31 ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING HEADBOY 31

seeing the bearers dying, turning to El Kal imploringly. El Kal throws him his rifle, indicates a direction.

EL KAL
Escape if thee can.

The Headboy wheels, rifle in hand, tries to flee. More Wazuri warriors rise up in his path. Headboy FIRES and drops one, draws his belt knife... dies trying to use it.

32 BACK TO EL KAL AND SEIAH 32

Turning from the Headboy's death, El Kal completely unmoved. He eyes the Wazuri.

SEIAH
No lances come our way. They wish us alive.

EL KAL
Pray Allah their White Ape has heard their drum.

SELAH
(nods)
Pray Allah! We will at least die quickly.

EL KAL
(shakes head)
He will die himself... with his warriors.

El Kal smiles. Selah eyes the strange cylinder then El Kal again, puzzled at his master's calm assurance. The REVERBERATING BEAT of the hidden huge drum is continuing, sending out its SIGNAL of who has been trapped in the ambush here.

33 VARIOUS ANGLES - TARZAN HIGH IN TREES 33

Tarzan traveling fast. In the distance, the SIGNAL DRUMBEAT.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 33

Again we stress both believability plus Tarzan's amazing strength and agility. Using MATTE and/or SPECIAL EFFECTS as necessary, we emphasize the dizzying heights. To insure believability we show the dank, marshy thick growth below which would make foot travel impossibly difficult... contrast it with the "arboreal pathways" above, the profusion of huge pathway limbs, dead trees tangled and held high in the dense canopy of vegetation, matted networks of vines across which one can run if deft and fast enough, and only occasionally (thus believably) the handy vine across which Tarzan can cross an empty space between trees.

34 ANOTHER ANGLE 34

where the height of the rainforest has begun to lower, Tarzan's path taking him near the treetops now where lower and more sparse rainforest growth will permit a view over the treetop growth ahead.

35 CLOSER - TARZAN IN TREE FLIGHT 35

as we hear the distant SIGNAL DRUMBEAT abruptly stilled. Then an odd SOUND from the distance in the same direction. Somewhat like THUNDER but with an odd sharp shrilling quality too. Tarzan halts high on a supple, swaying branch, listens puzzled as he hears the odd SOUND again, then quickly peers ahead as his attention is caught by:

36 POV - TARZAN'S 36

In the distance, toward where the forest begins to level down into plains with hills -(the rocky pass location) ahead, FLASHES OF WHITE-RED LIGHT accompanying the strange THUNDER-LIKE SOUND.

37 BACK TO TARZAN 37

puzzled. The distant SIGNAL DRUM has begun again but the beat seems slow and feeble now... the kind of last effort a wounded and dying man might make. Another THUNDER SOUND and FLASH OF LIGHT and this last DRUM SIGNAL is abruptly halted. Below him, Tarzan sees:

38 POV - TARZAN'S 38

Below, jungle animals fleeing wildly as if sensing instinctively something strange and frightening going on.

39 ANOTHER ANGLE - TARZAN 39

swinging down to ground level, running through the thinning trees out toward the plains where we see herds of plains animals stampeding in fear. Tarzan starts across the plains at a ground consuming lope toward the rocky hills in distance.

40 ANGLE ON PRIDE OF LIONS 40

fleeing too. Tarzan passes in distance, crossing the plains in the other direction.

41 ANGLE TOWARD ROCKY HILLS 41

closer than previous ANGLES, revealing smoke rising toward the sky, but thinning and blowing away as if whatever has happened there is finished.

42 EXT. ROCKY PASS - ANGLE ON BUZZARDS - DAY 42

feasting on some indefinable charred remains. Something frightens them and they NOISILY claw their way into flight. The SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS and we WHIP PAN to reveal Tarzan entering to see:

43 WIDE ANGLE TO INCLUDE ROCKY PASS 43

scorched as if by sun-flashes of thousands of degrees temperature. As if someone had squirted devastating paths of devastating heat along the ambush ramparts where hundreds of Wazuri warriors once stood. We can see burned splinters of lances, smoldering bits of charred lion skin costume at places where some outcropping deflected the terrible heat. In the open only charred cinders where earlier we saw dozens of warriors. At some places, the rock is fused and glazed by heat. One sheer canyon wall is charred black except for unburned patterns in the images of Wazuri warriors... as if their bodies absorbed the searing fire and left in the charred rock their "shadow" where they stood as they died.

44 ANOTHER ANGLE - TARZAN 44

investigating, nearly burning himself at a place where the rock is still almost red hot. Along the sweeps of devastation, all vegetation burned completely to ashes. Even at some distance away, it is withered or smoking. Tarzan whirls at a WEAK CRY, hurries toward signal drum where the Wazuri Chief stirs weakly. He is able to whisper only feebly:

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

WAZURI CHIEF
El... Kal...

45 CLOSER - EMPHASIZING TARZAN 45

bending over Chief. Almost fiercely in his desire to know of the Arab.

WAZURI CHIEF
From his hand... Tarmangan... the fire... of the sun...

He tries to rise; Tarzan gently presses him back.

WAZURI CHIEF
(continuing)
The men of... three tribes, Tarmangani. Your bravest warriors ... gone...

TARZAN
The white troops said El Kal is dead, M'mintada.

WAZURI CHIEF
A jackal... will pretend death...

TARZAN
You are certain? You saw his face?
(gets weak nod; fiercely)
What path?

The Chief feebly pointing out a direction up canyon. He collapses back; it's obvious he's dying and fast. Tarzan tries to help him but the Chief shakes his head and summons up the last of his fading strength to speak in Wazuri dialect, obviously trying to describe the mysterious silver-metal cylinder as he uses his hands to gesture out its shape and size, and how El Kal used it. Before he is finished, he gasps, sinks back. Tarzan checks, finds he is dead. Then CAMERA PANS Tarzan up as he stands erect, catches his look of cold terrible anger.

46 EXT. AFRICAN PLAINS - AT WATERHOLE - DAY 46

Animals scattering as El Kal and Selah gallop in and dismount.

47 ANGLE - EL KAL AND SELAH 47

The subordinate Arab still staggered by what he has only recently experienced. As they lead their horses to drink:

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

EL KAL
There is little to tell of the device, Selah. The man I robbed of it...
(smiles)
... died soon after.

El Kal brings the cylinder out of his robes; Selah examines it curiously.

SELAH
I have seen such writing. On certain tombs along the Nile.

EL KAL
(nods)
The old writings of Egypt.
(indicates)
The symbol of the sun-god Ra appears many times.

SELAH
(quickly)
There is no god but Allah...

EL KAL
(interrupts)
So Mohammed said. But before him, more ancient prophets said other things.
(takes cylinder back)
With such weapons, Selah, what could a man achieve?
(smiles at Selah's expression)
We will be led to these and things of equal wonder by a certain woman now in Kirobi.

El Kal and Selah remount. A LION GROWL attracts their attention and El Kal pivots in saddle, again drawing out the cylinder device.

48 ANGLE - LION 48

in the grass nearby, GROWLING, disputing the rights to the waterhole.

49 BACK TO EL KAL AND SELAH 49

Selah swinging himself into saddle, restraining El Kal with a touch on the arm.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

SEIAH
As the last Wazuri died, the fire from this was not so great. What remains may be needed for the White Ape.

EL KAL
Wisely spoken, Selah.
(checks sun)
Would there were time to wait in hiding for him.

SEIAH
If we rode seven thousand leagues, he would follow now.

EL KAL
Pray Allah he does.

They turn their mounts away from the waterhole, spur them into a gallop, exiting into the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

50 EXT. AFRICAN PLAINS - LONG SHOT - TARZAN - DAY 50

loping along the plains, pausing only briefly to check the trail he follows, then continuing on. Once, he squints up worriedly at the sun.

51 EXT. AGRICULTURAL COUNTRY - NATIVE COMPOUND - DAY 51

The country here is pastoral, greener than preceding locales. The natives are peaceful herdsmen. El Kal and Selah ride past in the distance, the natives at the compound eyeing the Arabs' passage curiously and a bit nervously.

52 EXT. AFRICAN PLAINS - LION AT WATERHOLE - DAY 52

at its kill, tearing at the meat. In b.g. Tarzan enters, loping along, following the trail. The lion looks up, GROWLS warningly. Tarzan moves in, crouches, GROWLS back.

53 TARZAN AND LION 53

Tarzan moving in, crouches again, GROWLS: the lion GROWLS back. It's a battle of wills and the king of beasts is not driven from his kill easily.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

But there is something in the assured manner of the man-creature which makes the lion hesitate. It has eaten its fill, its hunger satiated... the GROWLING man-creature is moving closer and closer. Finally Numa gives way, turns and trots off. Tarzan hurries in, cuts a strip of the meat away, quenches his thirst at the waterhole, eyes the lowering sun worriedly. Then he lopes off, following the trail again, tearing at the strip of raw meat he holds.

54 EXT. AGRICULTURAL COUNTRY - AT WATER DITCH - DAY 54

El Kal eyeing the position of the sun too as they pull up to water their horses at a water ditch. A native at an ox-driven plough eyes the Arabs nervously, decides to abandon his work, trots away.

55 EL KAL AND SELAH 55

El Kal amused, watching the native exit.

EL KAL
The blacks were well fed, plentiful again. A hundred gold sovereigns in slaves could be taken here.

SELAH
Those days have passed.

EL KAL
Men will always buy men. The English dogs own whole nations but call it by other names.

Selah throws his flintlock rifle away into the water, turns.

SELAH
We will soon be in Kirobi, sire. It is well to remember the English are masters there...

EL KAL
(spits)
The English are arrogant fools...

SELAH
Thee must humble thyself before any thee meet. Only by this have I lived untroubled among them.

El Kal nods impatiently, remounts. Selah, a trifle worried at El Kal's attitude, remounts too and they gallop off.

DISSOLVE TO:

56 EXT. AGRICULTURAL COUNTRY - AT NATIVE COMPOUND - SUNSET 56

ANGLE on the sun, huge and tomato red as it begins to dip over the horizon line. Tarzan appears in the distance, loping toward the village.

57 ANOTHER LONG ANGLE 57

A moment of excitement as the natives see him coming. Then their Headman, carrying his stick of office, goes out to meet Tarzan, and we see them palavering. The village Headman points out the direction taken by the Arabs. A woman brings out an earthen jug, proffers it with great respect and Tarzan drinks from it thirstily.

58 EXT. KIROBI GOVERNOR'S MANSION - NIGHT 58

ESTABLISHING the main government building of a medium-sized 1890 Crown Colony City. Horse drawn carriages are arriving being taken in hand by uniformed blacks while white colonists and their wives, dressed for a formal social function, enter the main door into the bright candled-chandelier entry.

59 INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION BALLROOM - NIGHT 59

A gay affair and apparently a major one, welcome as a break in Colony routine. We can see the beribboned CROWN GOVERNOR PICKERING and his wife, LADY PICKERING, in reception line greeting Colonists and Wives, plus a few Army and Constabulary Officers, a Diplomat or two, and a scattering of other European nationals. As with outside, the servants here inside are black, uniformed in the Governor's colors and very sub-servient. In b.g., a staircase which will figure later.

60 CLOSER - RECEPTION LINE 60

In line, approaching the hosts, is D'ARNOT, faultlessly clad in his French naval Captain's uniform. As always, perfectly at home in society, gay and witty with impeccable manners and Gallic charm which he concentrates especially on every female in sight, young or old, pretty or plain. We'll learn there's much more to this man who is Tarzan's oldest and closest friend, but for now it makes a colorful contrast to the plainly clad dour Scot in line with him. This is DOCTOR McIVERS who quickly loses interest in people or conversation if the subject cannot be turned to medicine. They reach Governor Pickering and wife.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 60

GOVERNOR PICKERING
Welcome to our little affair, Captain D'Arnot.

D'ARNOT
Une soiree splendide, Monsieur le Gouverneur, excede seulement par la beaute de dotre femme charmante.
(kisses her hand)
Vous m'enchantez, Madame.

Lady Pickering is delighted and a bit too coy for a stout matron in her fifties.

LADY PICKERING
The French Navy is always welcome in the Governor's house, Captain.

Meanwhile McIvers shakes the Governor's hand, eyes him sharply, and in a thick Scot accent:

McIVERS
Governor, did I not prescribe ye liver pills twice daily?
(brief bow)
Lady Pickering. You'd do well to see he follows doctor's advice in this damned climate. How's your own itch, Madam? My salve help at all?

GOVERNOR PICKERING
See here, doctor, this is no blasted house call you're making...

LADY PICKERING
(quickly laughing to D'Arnot)
A small skin disturbance caused by the insects...

D'ARNOT
Who show impeccable taste, Madam.
(to McIvers)
Come long, doctor, time for a drink.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
Hold on, D'Arnot. Where in the devil's Greystoke? He promised to drive in with you two.

LADY PICKERING
Our guest of honor especially asked to meet him.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2) 60

FLEMMING
After all, he is the main oddity in our little colony. She'll find him amusing.

Spoken by TONY FLEMMING, a young planter, late twenties, who has just come up in line. Flemming's tone makes it clear he doesn't care much for the "Greystoke" just mentioned. D'Arnot gives Flemming a cold look.

D'ARNOT
You speak of my closest friend, Monsieur. Was it insultingly?

GOVERNOR PICKERING
(quickly)
Nothing meant I'm sure, Captain D'Arnot.
(to Flemming)
Tony, for God's sake, at least tonight...

LADY PICKERING
(interrupting; indicating staircase)
Our guest of honor, gentlemen.
(calling out)
Attention, please. Ladies and gentlemen, attention! May I present our guest of honor... Lady Helena Vichay!

61 ANGLE TO EMPHASIZE STAIRCASE 61

Our first sight of LADY HELENA VICHAY... and we can understand the still which falls over the ballroom. She's incredibly lovely, exquisitely gowned. She pauses, graciously acknowledges the MURMUR of greeting and the burst of APPLAUSE which most enthusiastically comes from the young planters and civil servants present. From them we hear murmured asides such as:

FIRST PLANTER
By Jove!

CIVIL SERVANT
Bloody something, I'd say!

62 D'ARNOT, McIVERS AND FLEMMING 62

watching her.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: 62

D'ARNOT
Ravissante!

Flemming spots someone of more interest, CAMERA PANS him across room to where he accosts MAIA, a pretty African maid. With all eyes on Helena, he speaks to the maid unobserved. The Maid whirls at Flemming's voice. From both their expressions we gather there has been some past hanky-panky between them.

FLEMMING
(quietly)
Maia. Where is our guest of honor's room?

MAIA
(hesitates, then)
The East Wing guest quarters...

FLEMMING
I'd like her balcony window unlatched.
(as she hesitates; he smiles)
I've missed you, Maia. I'll call on you soon.

MAIA
(demanding)
Tonight.

Tony nods agreeing. She smiles, moves off for the staircase.

63 CLOSER AT STAIRCASE 63

As she descends the staircase, the Governor has crossed in to take her arm, escorting her TOWARD CAMERA. The African maid, Maia, will pass unnoticed up the staircase in b.g. This CLOSER ANGLE emphasizes Helena's slightly golden complexion and red hair of a remarkable flame color. Her face, though beautiful, shows strength and intelligence... which we'll see amply demonstrated later. For the moment, she's content to be totally female and charming and with a slight trace of accent. (Important: From a gold chain around her neck hangs an antique-looking gold medallion. Quite lovely and in harmony with her clothing, rather "Egyptian" in character.)

HELENA
What a delightful company, what a sparkling affair, Governor.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: 63

HELENA (cont'd)
I feel as though I'm in London or Paris.

The Governor escorts her down into the gathering where not a few of the men are crowding in to meet her.

64 D'ARNOT AND McIVERS 64

watching her. Even the dour doctor is reacting.

McIVERS
A healthy filly, that.

D'ARNOT
(eyeing her admiringly)
"Healthy?" Doctor, I despair of you completely. A pity Jean (Jon) is missing this)

McIVERS
The governor's right; he did promise to drive in with us, ye know. John has no conception of time. The man should be made to carry a watch.

D'ARNOT
(quietly)
Where? In his loin cloth?
(moving toward Helena)
Excuse me, doctor. This is wild life which interests me.

McIVERS
(calling after him)
Best ye not catch it, mon. Not at your age!

65 EXT. KIROBI NATIVE QUARTER - NIGHT 65

Near the edge of town, largely mud huts and ramshackle buildings. Our scene should suggest that Kirobi, including the native quarters, is a colorful place in which interesting characters, drama, and intrigues are likely to occur. Since the year is 1890, lighting is exclusively lantern, candles and torches. The street contains a typical African market place and the street is thronged with mixed types ranging from native black through various types half-breed, laborers from India, plus a few other non-Western nationals. No Arab robes are seen.

66 ANGLE INSIDE ALLEY 66

El Kal and Selah riding into view and TOWARD CAMERA FULL SHOT, Selah indicating a place to rein in and dismount. A ragged Beggar, wearing eye patch, appears out of the darkness and gives El Kal a quick Moslem greeting gesture as he takes the reins, disappears into the darkness, leading the horses away.

SELAH
We must walk from here. Fine horses would arouse questions.

EL KAL
(surveying the throng)
A street of pigs. Bred to English tastes.

SELAH
Master, I implore thee! Words like this, overheard...

Selah bites off his words as an Indian clerk type passes up the alley with his wife. They see El Kal's proud, arrogant look and eye him and Selah curiously as they pass. Then:

SELAH
(continuing)
I beseech thee follow me humbly, with head bent thus.

El Kal makes a half-effort to emulate his subordinate's humble appearance.

67 ANGLE ON STREET 67

as Selah leads the way out of the alley and down the street. They've gone only a few steps when a horse driven coach enters down the street, driven by livery-wearing native coachmen. A stout, middle-aged red-faced man named GREEN, very much the authoritative "Puhka Sahib" type with him, the rather plain MRS. GREEN. Both are formally dressed for the Governor's ball. The street crowd slows the carriage progress here and the planter leans out his window, shouts to his coachmen to hurry. El Kal forgets himself, watching this with interested contempt. The planter's eyes fall on the proudly erect stance and rather arrogant face of El Kal. Their eyes meet; Selah makes the mistake of quickly trying to tug El Kal away and the planter notices this too and is immediately suspicious.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 67

GREEN
Stop the coach!
(opening door; to coachman)
Charles, who's that Arab? Seen him before?

COACHMAN
No, B'wana.

MRS. GREEN
Cecil, please.

GREEN
Hold your mauser ready.
(to El Kal)
You. Come here!

One of the coachmen has lifted a bolt action rifle onto his lap, ready. El Kal has started to react to the planter's abrupt summons. Selah tugs at his robes very quietly:

SELAH
Humility, master... great humility.
(steps out in front)
Dos't remember me, lord? Selah, a Christian by conversion, praise Jesus who showed me the true...

68 CLOSER ANGLE 68

Green squinting toward Selah, interrupts:

GREEN
Yes, you I know.

SELAH
(indicates El Kal)
This is my brother, lord. His village is small and your great city frightened him.

GREEN
(to El Kal)
You! I said step out here! Don't look much the simple villager to me.

El Kal can do nothing but obey; he steps out, exposing himself to Green's searching look.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: 68

GREEN
(continues to coachman)
Notice the nose, Charles? The eyes? Like a damned hawk.

COACHMAN
Yes, B'wana.

MRS. GREEN
We're late to the reception already, Cecil.

GREEN
I know a Bedouin when I see one, dear. Any planter with eyes would stop him.
(to El Kal)
That's right, isn't it? Bedouins are the scum of the earth.

Green watches El Kal closely for reaction.

GREEN
(continuing)
Speak up! Aren't they? Their damned Allah encourages slavery. Sell their own mother for a piece of silver.

EL KAL
(bows; gravely)
So it is said by some.

SELAH
My brother D'Jin is Christian also, lord.

MRS. GREEN
Cecil, the Governor is expecting us.

GREEN
I should take him in to be checked by the constables.

MRS. GREEN
Cecil, please! We're late already!

Green hesitates, uncertain.

EL KAL
(gravely)
Why do you hate me, lord? Are we not brothers in the sight of sweet Jesus?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2) 68

Green gives El Kal a long look then smiles, amused.

GREEN
Brothers? Best study your Bible again.
(to coachman)
Drive on!

Green shuts his door and the coach moves off. El Kal watches it go. Selah starts to move on but El Kal registers as he sees the departing coach turn off the busy street onto a darkened one. Selah starts to protest but El Kal ignores him, heads quickly in that direction.

69 ANGLE INTO DARKENED SIDE STREET 69

The coach passing, then CAMERA WHIPS to reveal El Kal hurrying into view, Selah following. They move into MEDIUM SHOT, El Kal pulling the mysterious cylinder from his robes.

SELAH
Sire, if thee uses what power remains...

EL KAL
Pig! English pig!

70 OPTICAL ANGLE - EL KAL AND DEPARTING COACH 70

as El Kal raises the cylinder, touches a concealed control, and it emits a BRILLIANT STREAM OF LIGHT (OPTICAL) which envelops the coach and the vehicle breaks immediately into flame. But the SHRILLING THUNDER SOUND is less than we heard before and both LIGHT BEAM and SOUND abruptly FADE RAPIDLY.

71 OPTICAL ANGLE - EL KAL 71

We can already hear AGONIZED SCREAMING from the direction of the coach as the OPTICAL BEAM and SOUND fades entirely and the device goes dead in his hand. Selah reacts, points.

72 ANGLE TOWARD COACH 72

on fire but the figure of a coachman has leapt to the ground, rolling to extinguish his burning clothing. El Kal points the device in that direction, depresses the control, gets only a CLICK.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: 72

SELAH
Its power is gone, master!

As we hear RUNNING FOOTSTEPS and excited VOICES approaching, Selah leads the way into the darkness between buildings and they exit before they are seen.

73 INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION BALLROOM - EMPHASIZING 73
HELENA - NIGHT

The reception in full swing. Lady Helena is at the center of attention of a group with Lady Pickering, First, Second and Third Planter, plus a portly Army Colonel.

HELENA
But I am disappointed. If he's your Commissioner of the Interior, he must know the jungle quite well.

THIRD PLANTER
Greystoke's actually a crashing bore. And anyone of us could guide you as well.

PLANTER'S WIFE
Why must you go on this silly expedition at all?

HELENA
My fiance, Madam...

LADY PICKERING
(interrupting)
We don't mean to be cruel, dear, but it is over twenty months since he's been heard from at all.

ARMY COLONEL
The blighter's dead. Face it, what?

He's shushed into silence. D'Arnot has entered SCENE. Lady Pickering introduces him and he bows over Lady Helena's hand.

LADY PICKERING
Mon Capitan, where <u>is</u> Lord Greystoke? Do you expect him?

SECOND PLANTER
Bad manners, you know. He said he'd come.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

FIRST PLANTER
(to Helena)
He's quite unreliable. Consorts with blacks, lowers himself to their level.

D'ARNOT
(to Helena)
What the... gentleman means is that Lord Greystoke has trained himself to speak local dialects.

HELENA
(smiles to D'Arnot)
It would seem a useful accomplishment here.

FIRST PLANTER
(to Helena)
What I meant is the man's a native lover! Shouldn't wonder that somewhere out in the bush he keeps...
(trails words; warned by D'Arnot's look)
... whatever one would like to think he keeps, Mon Capitan.

HELENA
(smiles)
He really sounds quite interesting. I should like to hear more of him some time, Captain D'Arnot.

D'Arnot bows his willingness; Helena is moved a few feet away by Lady Pickering into a new round of introductions to Civil Servant, FIRST WIFE, and others. D'Arnot turns to First Planter, pulling a card from waistcoat.

D'ARNOT
My card, monsieur. Should you care to continue this at...

McIvers has elbowed in, snatches D'Arnot's card away.

McIVERS
They've a right to their opinion, D'Arnot. Let's have a drink. Come along, boys.

SECOND PLANTER
(exiting; to D'Arnot)
It's British to be honest, Captain. You must admit Greystoke <u>is</u> a bit eccentric.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2) 73

McIvers has gotten the planters started off, now turns back to D'Arnot, hands him back his card and hisses.

McIVERS
"My card" indeed! One day you and your damned French temper...

Hearing something interesting from Lady Helena's direction, D'Arnot gestures McIvers into silence; they overhear:

FIRST WIFE
It's only a native legend, Lady Helena.

LADY PICKERING
Or the nightmares of whiskey-soaked animal hunters. There is no "Tarzan," dear.

D'Arnot and McIvers exchange quick looks.

HELENA
What does your Commissioner of the Interior think?

LADY PICKERING
Lord Greystoke? He laughs at the idea.

HELENA
Really? Why would a man who respects natives scoff at their legends?

FIRST WIFE
If this Tarzan did exist, he'd be little more than an animal. The story says he was raised by great apes.

CIVIL SERVANT
Quite a smelly childhood at best.

LAUGHTER at this; Lady Helena drifts off with the other guests. D'Arnot mulls what they've overheard.

D'ARNOT
Nothing I suppose. But we should warn our friend she's very clever.

McIVERS
(nods)
The worse quality possible in a woman.

They exit.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. REAR OF GOVERNOR'S MANSION - NIGHT 74

where the lawns broaden out into one of those park areas with which the English adorn their Crown Colony government building complexes. In distant b.g. the well lit Governor's mansion with the reception in progress. In f.g., a carriage en route to the mansion, passes a MASAI African type and son who are moving a small herd of goats along a path there. CAMERA STAYS with the Masai-type as he herds his animals... then El Kal and Selah appear in the darkness, cross through scene en route to the Governor's mansion.

75 EMPHASIZING THE AFRICAN - PROFILE VIEW 75

as he catches a fleeting glimpse of El Kal's face. He almost gives himself away in surprise, quickly wipes off the expression and averts his face. El Kal and Selah, upset that they've been seen, give the passing Masai a sharp look but it seems to them he's hardly noticed them. They exit. Then, as the Masai type turns to watch them cross on toward the mansion, we see the other side of the native's face... the scars of the slaver's cruel "S" branded prominently on his cheek. And we also see the look of hatred on his face. His son notices, looks inquiringly at him ... the Masai-type father touches the scarred "S" mark, then indicates toward the men who have just exited. He hands his son the shepherd's staff, turns and runs off through the night toward the town.

76 CLOSER - GOVERNOR'S MANSION 76

El Kal and Selah moving stealthily now as they enter scene at rear mansion lawn area, cross to small garden pavilion and enter the deep shadows under its roof. They look around as if expecting someone. Selah moves to cautiously peer into the shadows. They speak quietly.

EL KAL
Who was to meet us here?

SELAH
An English planter...

EL KAL
Are thee mad?!

SELAH
One whose very soul could be purchased with sufficient gold. He dealt with us in slaves, sire. Since his plantations have failed and...

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 76

Interrupted by the sudden flare of a match being struck. It's applied to the tip of a cigar and we see Flemming who has been standing there in deep shadow. El Kal has snatched his curved knife from his robes, hesitates as:

FLEMMING
... and he has great need of money.
Quite right, Selah, I prefer gold.

SELAH
Anthony Flemming... my Lord El Kal.

EL KAL
(appraising
Flemming, then)
Thee walks softly for an Englishman.

FLEMMING
I'm a bad planter, but there's few better hunters about.
(indicates mansion)
The woman's here. But she leaves for the interior tomorrow. Which brings us to price. And why she's important to you.

EL KAL
I could grow to like this Englishman, Selah.
(to Flemming)
Has thee intelligence to match thy spirit?

FLEMMING
I've guessed some of it. Her fiance Templeton's been missing for twenty-two months. Why would she arrive now? I'd say Templeton sent for her. And he's onto something big, otherwise you'd hardly be this interested.

EL KAL
(smiles, nods)
He sent his most trusted boy with a message for the woman... and certain other things of interest.

El Kal reaches into his robes for a small leather bag, opens it and withdraws something and extends an object out into darkness on his palm. Flemming checks if it's safe to do so, then strikes a match; El Kal holds the object out near the flame. It's a huge uncut diamond! Flemming reacts, grabs it, inspects it closely.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2) 76

FLEMMING
Raw diamond! My God, three hundred carats or more!
(looks up)
He's sitting on a diamond mine?

EL KAL
Much more. Serve me well...
(indicates diamond)
... and this is but first payment.

FLEMMING
(inspecting diamond again)
No wonder she didn't want any of us coming along.
(pockets it, looks up)
You figure she's got to have a map. How else could she find him?
(turns; indicates)
The left balcony. A window's been left open.
(brings out a small pistol)
You won't be disturbed.

77 EXT. KIROBI NATIVE QUARTERS - OUTSKIRTS AT COMPOUND 77
NIGHT

ESTABLISHING a ring of thatched huts here, the city just beyond. CAMERA TRUCKS in to where we see the native compound HEADMAN and a group of rural type blacks squatting around a small fire. Tarzan enters on the run... the startled natives leap to their feet to flee, then recognize him.

HEADMAN
The Great Tarmangani honors us.

TARZAN
Tarzan seeks two in Arab robes. Trail lost where they entered Kirobi. Ask all who are friends of Tarzan to seek them. Quickly.

Village men race out into the night toward Kirobi.

78 EXT. REAR OF GOVERNOR'S MANSION - NIGHT 78

Flemming waiting below as El Kal and Selah use vines and handholds in the rough masonry blocks to scramble over the railing, move to the window.

79 INT. HELENA'S ROOM - NIGHT 79

A pair of night candles throw flickering light on El Kal and Selah as they enter through the window. Selah crosses quickly to CLICK the door latch shut. Then they begin to search.

80 EXT. REAR OF GOVERNOR'S MANSION - NIGHT 80

Lots of trees and garden bush foliage here. He has picked an area of shadows where he can stand unseen, keeping watch.

81 INT. GOVERNOR'S BALLROOM - NIGHT 81

The reception in full swing. D'Arnot is with Helena, his wit and manners capturing her attention from the young colonists who crowd around. The Governor and Doctor McIvers cross in.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
May I borrow our charming guest a moment, gentlemen?
(moving her off)
Join us if you will, D'Arnot.

CAMERA TAKING them away from the others. The Governor stops, faces Helena.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
This... "expedition" of yours into the interior, my dear. I rather assumed I'd have time to talk you out of it.

McIVERS
But Collins tells us you plan to leave tomorrow. Alone.

HELENA
Not alone really. I've gathered a large safari party. Well armed.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
I'm afraid I can't allow it. Not alone. We have a dozen men here who would be quite willing...

HELENA
(interrupting)
Since Richard went into totally unexplored regions, Capitan, your white hunters or guides are of no value to me.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 81

D'ARNOT
It would be hopeless. Unless you have some exact idea of his direction.
(eyes her)
Do you know the route Templeton took?

HELENA
No doubt I shall blunder about a bit, but don't you understand? I know now I should never have let Richard leave. Worse, I've waited much too long after he disappeared. And now I must impose this penalty upon myself. Myself alone.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
Sounds very noble, I'm sure. But you won't find the jungle that romantic.

HELENA
Quite likely I'll become frightened and exhausted and return much sooner than I expected.

FIRST PLANTER
(entering; smiling)
They've monopolized you long enough, mademoiselle. If you've a moment...

GOVERNOR PICKERING
Dash it, I simply cannot allow this exped...

The Governor has swung around, gesturing irritably... collides with First Planter whose drink is knocked over Helena's gown. The Planter begins ad lib apologies, interrupted by:

HELENA
(smiling)
On the contrary, you've saved me an argument with my host, and given my female vanity an excuse to display another gown.
(turns)
You will excuse me while I change?

82 INT. HELENA'S ROOM - NIGHT 82

The room in disorder. In their frantic haste, El Kal and Selah use their knives to begin slashing pillows, garment and suitcase linings in their effort to find the map they are certain is here.

83 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF KIROBI - THE NATIVE HUTS - NIGHT 83

A pair of villagers have brought in the Masai-type goat herder with the slavers' "S" branded on his cheek. He's insisting:

MASAI TYPE
El Kal, Tarmangani!
(indicates cheek brand)
Him slave me one time. Him face me know too well.

TARZAN
(frowns)
Big feast at Governor's house this night. Many people.

MASAI TYPE
El Kal go behind of house, Tarmangani. Much bush this place, much dark.

84 EXT. REAR OF GOVERNOR'S MANSION - NIGHT 84

Flemming still standing guard in the shadows outside. Beginning to grow impatient, he eyes the balcony.

85 INT. HELENA'S ROOM - NIGHT 85

A complete shambles now. It's obvious El Kal and Selah have searched every conceivable hiding place.

SELAH
If a map exists, sire, it is cleverly hidden.

EL KAL
Or the woman carries it on her person.

Selah starts to shrug, then there's a furtive KNOCK at the door. El Kal quickly crosses there, listens.

MAIA'S VOICE
B'wana. The lady comes.

We hear Maia's FOOTSTEPS exit. El Kal makes his decision, reaches down and UNBOLTS the door.

86 INT. MANSION CORRIDOR - NIGHT 86

Lady Helena moving toward her room. Maia crosses unnoticed the other way in b.g. CAMERA TRUCKS Helena to her door, she opens it.

87 INT. HELENA'S BEDROOM - TIGHT ANGLE ON DOOR - NIGHT 87

CENTERING on Helena as she enters. Then the door is suddenly closed, BOLTED behind her and she is grabbed, a hand over her mouth. CAMERA BACK to reveal El Kal holding Helena and Selah turning from the door to help his master force the struggling girl against one of the bedposts. Selah quickly rips strips from the bedsheets and binds her arms behind the bedpost. El Kal whips a length of ripped bed clothing across her mouth, binding her head to the bedpost and gagging off any cries.

88 ANOTHER ANGLE 88

as El Kal and Selah begin to search her clothing. Selah's eyes glint as he sees the gold medallion, looks to El Kal who nods permission. Selah yanks it, breaking the chain, puts the piece of jewelry into his robe. Then he gets off one shoe and checks it, narrowly avoids a kick, gets the other one and begins checking them. Meanwhile El Kal begins to check her garments. No false modesty.... he lifts skirt and petticoats, checks all the hams and lining under her clothing.

89 CLOSE - HELENA 89

working to loosen the bedclothing strip across her face. It hooks on a bedpost projection, she begins to work it loose from her mouth.

90 EXT. REAR OF MANSION - NIGHT 90

with Flemming as he senses someone approaching in the darkness, sinks back into deeper shadow, pulling his pistol out.

91 ANGLE - THE BUSHES 91

Tarzan silently entering SCENE. He too senses something in the darkness with him, lifts his head, sniffs for a scent. He frowns, uncertain.

92 ANGLE ON CLOUDS 92

moving, beginning to expose the moon, hidden until now.

93 ANGLE ON FLEMMING 93

moving behind a tree. He checks the moon, waits... then reacts as he sees:

94 POV - FLEMMING 94

A brief view of the apeman, the moonlight reflecting on his bare skin as he moves silently behind another bush.

95 BACK TO SHOT 95

Flemming reacting surprised... then a small smile, pleased. He raises his revolver, aiming... waiting.

96 ANGLE ON TARZAN 96

carefully, silently begins to move again. Then a SCREAM from the direction of the bedroom window... Tarzan moving partially upright to look in that direction, exposing himself only a brief instant.

97 ANGLE ON FLEMMING 97

as he FIRES.

98 ANGLE ON TARZAN 98

as he goes down, hit, into the thick bushes there. CAMERA FOLLOWS him down and we see blood flowing from where he clutches at a wound in his abdomen, just above his loincloth.

99 INT. HELENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 99

The gag hanging loose but El Kal has his curved knife pressed against Helena's throat.

EL KAL
Again... and I open thy lovely throat.

FOOTSTEPS and VOICES from outside; Selah padding quickly across to the window, carefully looks out.

100 EXT. REAR OF MANSION - NIGHT 100

The Governor, D'Arnot, McIvers and others hurrying across the lawn to where Flemming stands in the moonlight, revolver in hand.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: 100

Where Tarzan fell the bushes are thick; we can't see him.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
What is it, man? We heard a shot...

D'ARNOT
I'm certain the scream came from the house...

FLEMMING
(indicates mansion)
Yes, from outside, over there. Some black thief prying at one of the windows...
(shrugs)
... screamed when he saw my pistol. I missed, he got clean away.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
Lucky you were out here.

FLEMMING
(nods)
Stepped out for a breath of air.
(calling)
I've already looked about, doctor.

McIvers, starting to check the bushes, turns.

McIVERS
Won't hurt to look around a bit.

A couple of the planters start to join him... distracted uniformed CONSTABULARY OFFICER running toward them, calling:

CONSTABULARY OFFICER
Governor, Sir Herbert...
(crossing in, breathless)
Terrible, sir... Green and his wife... burned to cinders...

GOVERNOR PICKERING
What's that?

CONSTABULARY OFFICER
On their way here... coach caught fire somehow...
(to McIvers)
Better come with me, doctor. Their coachman's alive, but dying I think.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2) 100

Effectively distracting all attention to the bushes. McIvers quickly follows the Constabulary Officer out of SCENE, the others following. Flemming is left alone.

101 INT. HELENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 101

El Kal's knife still at her throat. Selah returns. From the window, nods that all is well. Although frightened, Helena forces herself to speak calmly, quietly:

HELENA
Who are you? If it's money you want...

EL KAL
Where is the map? Quickly!

HELENA
Map? I have no idea what you're...

El Kal presses the knife closer against her throat.

EL KAL
Thy throat differs little from a hundred I have slit.

SELAH
(alarmed)
Master...

(at El Kal's angry look)
She has great beauty, and I have served thee well. Perhaps, another way...

EL KAL
(understands; to Helena)
Shall I let my servant use thee?

We can see Helena fighting to keep her face emotionless. She manages a shrug. El Kal sees something in her eyes, examines her closely.

EL KAL
No fear? It is my trade to know females. I say thee are virgin.

HELENA
(hesitates)
I did not... expect to remain so forever.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: 101

Selah has started to move in, expectantly. Suddenly Helena lashes out with a kick, hard into Selah's groin. He goes down MOANING, doubled up. El Kal is amused, eyes his subordinate.

EL KAL
I doubt she fears thy manhood now, Selah.

SELAH
Wait, master...
(tries to rise; GROANS)
... give me only... time to recover...

EL KAL
(shakes head)
We must find what she fears more.

102 EXT. REAR OF MANSION - IN THE BUSHES - NIGHT 102

Tarzan is hit hard, a serious wound. He presses damp moss over the wound, tries to get to his feet but is still groggy from the bullet impact and sinks back. He tries to crawl, stops at the sight of feet and legs in his path. CAMERA BACK to reveal Flemming, pistol in hand, looking down at Tarzan.

FLEMMING
John Clayton, Lord Greystoke... and Tarzan of the Apes. Both with one shot.

Tarzan grabs, trying for the gun, but Flemming easily avoids him and the weakened Apeman drops face down.

FLEMMING
(continuing)
Hurt badly, old boy? I trust.

Tarzan tries to rise up but Flemming kicks out viciously at the wounded area... Tarzan goes down, stifles a groan. Flemming kneels, pistol ready.

FLEMMING
(continuing)
Greystoke who let the Governor know I was still using slave labor. And Tarzan who stampeded the elephant herds off when I went after ivory. You ruined me, you know.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: 102

TARZAN
Flemming... where is... El Kal?

FLEMMING
Ah, the cultivated Lord Greystoke speaking. How does the other half talk? With animal sounds?

TARZAN
El Kal... his raiders killed... my wife..

FLEMMING
And his new partner just killed you. Or will soon, if this bullet hasn't done it.
(smiles)
Hope the one shot does it, though. Much easier to explain. Fired at what I thought a native thief, came upon you dead in the bushes here. Nice and simple.
(smiles)
Pity I can't march you in there. At best, you're hardly not popular with most planters. They'd find it amusing Greystoke's actually an animal at heart.

Tarzan has sunk back, breathing hard.

TARZAN
One thing pleases me... Flemming. You'll die too... after El Kal has finished... using you.
(catches breath)
Although I hate him... he's a lion ... you're a jackal...

FLEMMING
I'm a bit more than that, I'd say. Haven't I bagged the legendary "Lord of the Jungle?" And let's...

Flemming kicks out suddenly again, knocking away the damp moss Tarzan is pressing at his wound.

FLEMMING
Get rid of that damp moss. Seems to be stopping the proper bleeding. Jungle remedy of some sort?

Tarzan has sunk back in pain. The sound has resumed bleeding again. Flemming eyes this interestedly, pleased.

103 INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION BALLROOM - NIGHT 103

Festivities at a standstill. The Governor and our principle males congregated with the Constabulary Officer. The women aside, buzzing over the death of the planter Green and his wife.

ARMY COLONEL
Some disgruntled native, what?

SECOND PLANTER
More like a half-breed. It'd take some white ingenuity to construct a fire bomb.

D'ARNOT
(smiles)
I'll agree we whites are more efficient killers than the blacks.

SECOND PLANTER
That's a damned funny way to put it!

FIRST PLANTER
(to Governor)
Didn't Lady Helena say she'd be right back?

Interrupted, their attention again distracted, by Doctor McIvers entering from outside.

McIVERS
Their coachman's dead. Couldn't tell us much.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
What did he say? Let's have it all!

As they congregate about McIvers:

104 INT. HELENA'S ROOM - SPECIAL EFFECTS ANGLE - NIGHT 104

CLOSE on curved Arab knife slashing razor-sharp, cutting through Helena's outer garment but so expertly it doesn't touch her skin. CAMERA BACK to reveal Helena, gasping in fear, despite herself. El Kal, the curved knife in hand, watches the reaction, pleased.

EL KAL
Do you admire my skill? Note the skin is untouched... as yet.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: 104

HELENA
(fighting fear)
There is no map...

He slashes again, and the outer garment drops, cut away and exposing a shoulder. Selah watches in admiration.

105 EXT. REAR OF MANSION - NIGHT 105

Tarzan seems weaker, lies breathing hard, eyes closed. Flemming crouches next to him as in last SCENE here, pistol held not quite as alertly.

FLEMMING
True, El Kal doesn't know I'm his partner yet. But he'll learn.
(indicates mansion)
Yes, at the moment, he's searching the room of the governor's guest. Seems this Lady Helena Vichay has a map of some sort.

Tarzan has reacted, opened his eyes, looks toward the balcony indicated.

FLEMMING
(continuing)
Upsets you, old boy? Good. Might hasten the bleeding along. Seems her boyfriend has found something important in the interior.
(displays diamond)
This is part of it. But the smallest part of it, I'd guess. Any idea what it could be?

Tarzan's eyes roll, showing white for a moment.... he controls them, sinks back, seeming to be fighting to hold onto consciousness. He appears to be rapidly growing weaker. Flemming eyes him suspiciously but uncertain.

FLEMMING
Animal trick. You don't fool this hunter that easily.

Flemming waits, suddenly jams hard with the pistol barrel. He gets no reaction. Now Tarzan seems unconscious or lifeless. Flemming, wary, savagely prods Tarzan again at the abdominal wound area. Tarzan doesn't stir. Flemming reaches in, starts to lift an eyelid to check for signs of life...

106 ANOTHER AREA 106

Tarzan suddenly grabbing the wrist of Flemming's pistol hand... so hard that Flemming GASPS in pain and the pistol drops from his hand. In the same movement, Tarzan swings with the other hand, a giant blow against the side of Flemming's head. It SMACKS loudly as if Flemming had been hit with a club, rolls him a full six feet into an unconscious heap. Then Tarzan gets painfully to his feet, pressing the damp moss back into the wound area, stands over the unconscious planter. Then, quickly as his wound permits, Tarzan begins stripping the formal evening dress from Flemming's still form.

107 INT. HELENA'S ROOM - NIGHT 107

as El Kal slashes from waist down, razoring through Helena's dress and petticoats. He lifts them, exposing her leg as he shows her the neatly sliced layers of garments.

EL KAL
Until now, my knife has touched thee not. But now...

HELENA
I... require good men. I will employ you both at excellent wages...

El Kal SLAPS her hard, interrupting:

EL KAL
I know thy fiance sent for thee! It is I who permitted the message to pass!

HELENA
There is no map!

A KNOCK at the door.

FIRST PLANTER'S VOICE
Lady Helena... are you all right?

Selah has raced silently to the door, draws his own curved knife. Another KNOCK.

FIRST PLANTER'S VOICE
(continuing)
Lady Helena?

El Kal, his knife pressed menacingly against her throat, nods to Selah who noiselessly opens the bolt of the door. Another KNOCK, then the door is tried, cracks open.

108 CLOSER AT DOOR 108

revealing First Planter calling through the crack. He's stopped short of entering, can't see much into the room if he stays where he is.

FIRST PLANTER
It's Collins. Are you there?

109 EL KAL AND HELENA 109

He menaces her with the knife, indicates she is to answer.

HELENA
Please don't come in.

FIRST PLANTER
There've been some odd things happening tonight. So when you didn't come back downstairs...

HELENA
I'm quite all right.

FIRST PLANTER
I thought I heard you cry out.

HELENA
I... was angry at... my dress. Please don't, I'm not clothed.

FIRST PLANTER
Perhaps I...
(tentative laugh)
... should make certain you're all right.

At the door, Selah lifts his knife, ready. El Kal presses his own knife threateningly against Helena's throat.

HELENA
If you come in, I shall be very, very angry.
(waits a beat)
We could meet in the garden. In, say, five minutes?

FIRST PLANTER
Fine. Five minutes, then.

He closes the door. Selah waits, then silently closes the bolt, turns:

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: 109

SELAH
Five minutes!

EL KAL
(to Helena)
Now I must convince thee hurriedly.

HELENA
Of what? If I don't know what you're after...

EL KAL
Thee are not that great a fool! What jungle, which path, to what destination?

El Kal is beginning to show impatient anger. Selah, who has been listening at the door, crosses in:

SELAH
She delays us too long, sire...

EL KAL
(to Helena)
Quickly!

HELENA
I've... memorized the direction. So you see, if you kill me...

EL KAL
Thee will not die.
(knife to her face)
But only wish thee had.

At a gesture from El Kal, Selah quickly whips a strip of bedclothing about her mouth and bedpost as before, gagging off any cry. Selah seems excited about what is to happen. El Kal indicates this to Helena.

EL KAL
He gains pleasure from pain. A weakness.
(checks knife edge)
In my hands, pain is but a useful tool. Thus I apply it with great skill.

110 CLOSER - EMPHASIZING HELENA 110

unable to keep terror away now. El Kal raises his knife.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: 110

EL KAL
Eyes... most lovely and expressive. They will tell me when thee are ready to speak. Indeed, they will plead to speak.

A SOUND from the window, El Kal whirling and CAMERA WHIP PANS to reveal Tarzan (now Lord Greystoke) in Flemming's evening wear, coming into the room fast.

111 ANOTHER ANGLE 111

Selah nearest, his own knife still in hand, leaping into intercept. Tarzan (Greystoke), even wounded, has incredible speed as well as strength, and we see it in the way he allows Selah to move in slashing with the knife. So close that it seems that Tarzan (Greystoke) cannot possibly avoid the blade... but the Arab subordinate is dealing with one who has learned since childhood to avoid much faster and more powerful claws and fangs of jungle beasts. But it happens much faster than any description of it... Selah slashes, Tarzan (Greystoke) moves just enough to narrowly avoid the blade, snatches up the struggling form of Selah and uses it to shield himself from the onrushing and more dangerous El Kal.

112 TARZAN, SELAH, EL KAL 112

El Kal almost knifing his subordinate, so fast is he moving and so unexpected Tarzan's (Greystoke) counter move. Selah drops his knife and CRIES out in surprise and pain at the incredibly powerful and crushing grip which has lifted him as effortlessly as a man lifts an infant. Selah tries frantically to struggle out of the grip that almost paralyzes him with its bone crushing force.

SELAH
(groaning it out)
Master... have care! Thee promised...

Still happening fast, only a couple of seconds have elapsed... El Kal, a master knife fighter, has already feinted, and again stops his blade barely averting stabbing his frightened and almost paralyzed sub-ordinate.

SELAH
(continuing)
... I would not die... this day.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: 112

Tarzan (Greystoke) watching El Kal's feints almost calmly, suddenly reaches out with one arm, striking backhanded with the speed of a striking cobra. El Kal is spun to the floor and Tarzan (Greystoke) throws Selah away with such force that the Arab subordinate is flung SLAMMING into a wall with such hurtling force that plaster cracks and dust rains down on the twisted form slumping to the floor.

113 INTERCUT - HELENA 113

watching, incredulously.

114 ANOTHER ANGLE 114

Tarzan (Greystoke) whirling, is upon El Kal who rolls, bringing out the silver-metal cylinder, clubs Tarzan (Greystoke) hard with it. Then follows up fast, pivoting and jabbing a hand into Tarzan's (Greystoke) wounded side. Despite himself, Tarzan (Greystoke) is unable to fully suppress a GROAN, staggers, clutching at his side. During this, FOOTSTEPS, SHOUTS, and someone beginning to BATTER at the bolted door.

115 INSERT - ABDOMEN INJURED AREA 115

to reveal where the evening coat is pulled open, blood soaking into the white shirt at Tarzan's (Greystoke) side where his hand cluthces.

116 BACK TO SHOT 116

The bedroom door being BATTERED down as Tarzan intercepts El Kal heading for the window and at the same moment the door SPLINTERS open. El Kal CLUBS with the cylinder again, gets away, but Tarzan (Greystoke) has wrested the device from the Bedouin's hand. First Planter, D'Arnot and Governor Pickering race into the room, followed by others. Tarzan (Greystoke) quickly buttons his coat over the soaking blood area, hides the mysterious cylinder under coat at the same time. The alarmed First Planter instinctively grabs at him as Tarzan (Greystoke) tries to follow El Kal.

FIRST PLANTER
Hold on! What's going...

GOVERNOR PICKERING
Greystoke! What the devil?!

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 116

Tarzan (Greystoke) is still staggering from the Arab's hard blows, his speed and strength impaired. Although Tarzan (Greystoke) has yanked away from First Planter, he finds the Governor in his path... during which El Kal has thrown himself out the window, and we hear his FADING SOUNDS as he scrambles rapidly down the side of the mansion into the night.

117 ANOTHER ANGLE 117

The other men have turned, concerned, to free Helena. Tarzan (Greystoke) crosses to the window but D'Arnot crosses quickly and restrains him from following El Kal, throwing a worried look. They speak quietly.

D'ARNOT
(quietly)
You're hurt. How bad?

Unseen by the others, Tarzan (Greystoke) quickly hands him the mysterious cylinder device.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
Hide this. Say nothing.

FIRST PLANTER
I saw him! Some Arab bugger!
(turning)
Synder, get someone after that man!

WIDEN ANGLE. Several men turn and hurriedly exit. Meanwhile, they work at freeing Helena's bonds. McIvers and others have hurried in too, are helping release her. Someone is checking Selah's prone form too.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
Get this blanket around her. They've cut the clothes half off her body.
Is she hurt at all, doctor?
(as they cover her)
And get the blasted gag from her mouth!

118 BACK TO CLOSE ON TARZAN (GREYSTOKE) AND D'ARNOT 118

The French naval captain eyeing his friend questioningly. Quietly:

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
It was El Kal. Alive.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: 118

D'ARNOT
(flabbergasted)
You've got to let someone know. If he gets away...

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(shakes head)
He won't go far. Wanted something here. Didn't get it.

Becomes aware the Governor has spoken to him.

119 INCLUDING OTHERS 119

The Governor has turned from his concern over Helena, repeats again a question he's asked Tarzan (Greystoke).

GOVERNOR PICKERING
I asked what happened, man. Speak up!

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
I was arriving late, heard a scream from the window here, sir. Decided to climb up and look into it.

During which, Helena's gag is finally removed. Her first thought is of the man who saved her and she looks toward him, interrupting:

HELENA
Are you hurt?

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(shakes head)
Quite all right -- only knocked the wind from me.

Helena, eyeing Tarzan (Greystoke) starts to say something more then catches something in his eye which decides her against it. We can see Tarzan (Greystoke) has read her look too and wonders how much she really knows.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
But you couldn't have heard a scream, Greystoke. She was gagged.

HELENA
No. It slipped away for just long enough.
(eyes him curiously)
So you're Lord Greystoke. I am very much in your debt, sir.

120 ANGLE - INCLUDING SELAH'S BODY 120

Second Planter turning from inspecting it.

SECOND PLANTER
This beggar's dead. Back's broken.
(indicating splintered wall; incredulous)
Must've hit like a cannonball. You do this, Greystoke?

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
Not really. He... was rushing at me quite hard and tripped, I suppose...

121 INCLUDING HELENA 121

who has thrown another quick look toward Tarzan (Greystoke). She saw him lift Selah bodily, throw him.

FIRST PLANTER
The whole room's a bloody shambles.
(to Helena)
They must've been here when I knocked.

HELENA
(nods)
They... were after my jewelry.

She exchanges another look with Tarzan (Greystoke). She's wondering now how much he knows.

SECOND PLANTER
Right you are!
(turns; extending medallion to Helena)
This one had the gold antique you were wearing.

During the above, we've seen D'Arnot motion Doctor McIvers aside, speak quietly to him rapidly. McIvers has thrown his friend Tarzan (Greystoke) a worried look and has crossed to eye him worriedly. Helena has caught this out of the corner of her eye, turns toward them again.

HELENA
Are you certain you're all right?

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(smiles, apologetically)
Sorry, I suppose I am shaky. A man hardly pops into a thing like this every day.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: 121

GOVERNOR PICKERING
Still, it was a good piece of work, Greystoke.

Similar ad libs from other men present.

McIVERS
Come with us. We'll pour you a brandy.

Tarzan (Greystoke) allows McIvers and D'Arnot to lead him from the room.

122 INT. BALLROOM - PANNING GOVERNOR'S WIFE - NIGHT 122

Guests gathered in groups, chattering about the occurrence. Lady Pickering crosses to where her husband stands.

LADY PICKERING
But to have it happen here! It's an outrage!

GOVERNOR PICKERING
Agreed, my dear, agreed. How is she? Did you get her to rest?

LADY PICKERING
(shakes head)
The others will have her down as soon as she's dressed. Wants to thank Greystoke again.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
Plucky girl.

Ad libs from the others... "Hear, hear!" "Quite!" and so on.

123 ANOTHER ANGLE 123

Tarzan (Greystoke) entering with D'Arnot, McIvers. The doctor tries to take his patient's elbow, has it brushed away. Quietly:

McIVERS
Damn it, man. Ye've got a hole in you!

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
I've been clawed as badly by Simba and still walked.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: 123

McIVERS
Open that wound once again and you won't.

D'ARNOT
Why in the devil must you stay?

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
I rather think "Tarzan" will be making an entry soon. Complete in loincloth.

D'Arnot reacts, uncertain what he means. But before he can ask:

HELENA
Lord Greystoke...

124 PANNING HELENA - AT STAIRCASE 124

Helena entering down staircase with some of the wives fluttering anxiously nearby. She wears a fresh gown. Also the gold medallion again.

HELENA
(to wives)
Thank you. But if you'll excuse me a moment...

She manages to disengage, cross toward Tarzan (Greystoke).

HELENA
I haven't completely thanked you. May we talk a moment? Alone?

CAMERA PANS them as they cross, getting some ad libs congratulating Helena on her escape and Greystoke on his bravery.

125 CORNER AT WINE TABLE 125

where they find an area of privacy. Helena sits, indicates the seat beside her. But Tarzan (Greystoke) remains standing, pouring each a glass of wine.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
D'Arnot tells me you plan...

He turns to hand her a glass of wine, starts to sway, catches himself. She rises, anxiously.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: 125

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(continuing)
... to leave on safari tomorrow. Why is this expedition so important to you?

HELENA
It should be obvious. My fiance has been missing for...

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(overlapping)
... for much too long for a search to be suddenly necessary now.

HELENA
(hesitates, then)
If I wait until you're ready, will you guide me?

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
Will you tell me the true reason for finding him now?

HELENA
Richard wrote you're the one man who knows the interior. I should hate to have to force you.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
Interesting. How?

HELENA
I saw the blood. Why is it so important no one knows you're hurt?

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
You must have been mistaken.

HELENA
And the one who's dead up there... I saw you lift him, throw him as if he weighed nothing.

Tarzan reaches down, lifts her medallion by its chain, inspects it. Helena wants to politely disengage but Tarzan (Greystoke) keeps hold of the gold medallion, examining it interestedly.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
Egyptian. Quite old I'd say.

HELENA
It has sentimental value. My father gave it to me as a child.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (2) 125

TARZAN
(releases medallion)
What were we discussing? Blackmail, wasn't it?

HELENA
And I shall use it if necessary.

SOUND of excited voices from the main door area, someone entering.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
You may have that opportunity. Now.

126 INCLUDING ENTRY 126

where we see a groggy Flemming clad in loincloth, being assisted in by the planters who went after the fleeing El Kal. Tarzan (Greystoke) CROSSES IN, joined by a concerned D'Arnot and McIvers.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
Where's his clothing? What's this all about?

THIRD PLANTER
Found him lying in the bushes like this. Along with these.

Third Planter and Army Colonel are carrying Tarzan's jungle knife, vine lariat, bow and quiver of arrows. McIvers moves in to examine Flemming's bruises.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
What's that you're wearing, Flemming? A loincloth?

Flemming, still groggy and a bit befuddled, recognizes the voice and turns, trying to pull free from McIvers' examination.

FLEMMING
You! Damn you... I'll...
(sways, holds head)
Damn you... my head...

McIVERS
Stand still, man! Let me see that bruise.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(to Governor)
I'd no idea Flemming had that sense of humor.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: 126

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE) (cont'd)
(at Governor's puzzled look)
Don't you see?
(indicates Flemming)
He's made himself up as Tarzan. To amuse your guest of honor, no doubt.

ARMY COLONEL
By god, I'd say that's it! She was asking about the Apeman story earlier...

Ad lib agreement from the guests. Flemming tries to break in, still groggy but his head beginning to clear:

FLEMMING
The Apeman happens... to be no "story"....
(indicates Greystoke)
Not me.. him, he's... the one...

D'ARNOT
(interrupting)
Yes, that's it. He must have planned to swing in through the trees, give us all a start.

ARMY COLONEL
Deucedly clever, what? Would have been quite amusing.

Several guests begin to CHUCKLE.

McIVERS
Hold still, man! You've had quite a fall...

FLEMMING
Damn you! I haven't... fell!
(growing angrier; points at Greystoke)
It's no joke! There's your apeman! He's even wearing my evening clothes! I dropped him with a pistol shot...

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
You say you put a bullet through me, old boy? Why me?
(chuckles, looks down)
And where? I must check this out!

More LAUGHTER now from guests. Flemming pulls free from the doctor, almost hysterically angry now. His head is clearing rapidly.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2) 126

FLEMMING
You all ran out, don't you remember? I said I'd shot at something...

GOVERNOR PICKERING
Yes. You said you saw someone at a window. Must have been one of the Arab buggers.

FIRST PLANTER
Quite! While you've been lying there, old chap, we've been through quite a thing here...

GOVERNOR PICKERING
Pity your shot missed. They must have climbed up into our guest of honor's bedroom....

FLEMMING
(interrupting; angry)
I know perfectly well what they did!

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
How? Tell us. Did you see them?

FLEMMING
(trapped)
No, I didn't see them! And I demand you take off my coat!
(to Governor; indicating)
You'll find a bullet hole in him! Right here!
(to the others)
You've all commented how odd Greystoke is. Haven't you? Why he built his place on the edge of the jungle as he did...

McIVERS
(breaking in; to Governor)
Bad sign this raving. If we don't get him off his feet...

FLEMMING
No, doctor, I've got their attention now.
(back to others)
He disappears into the jungle weeks on end. We all know that.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (3) 126

FLEMMING (cont'd)
Has his place overrun with black savages, all that. Doesn't it fit? If Greystoke's "Tarzan," wouldn't it explain things we've all wondered about?

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(another chuckle)
Let's get this straight. I'm Tarzan? And wounded? Am I badly hit?

But this time only a couple of the guests join him in the chuckle. Several of them are now eyeing Tarzan (Greystoke) curiously.

FLEMMING
You're hit hard enough. Wouldn't taking the coat off settle it quite easily?

More curious eyes turn toward Tarzan (Greystoke).

HELENA
Just a moment, please...

127 ANOTHER ANGLE - EMPHASIZING HELENA 127

as she moves into CAMERA EMPHASIS with Tarzan (Greystoke).

HELENA
How dare you let Lord Greystoke be put on trial this way? While Mister Flemming was up to whatever he was doing out there, Lord Greystoke was saving my life.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
No, I really don't mind. If they'd care to look...

Tarzan (Greystoke) moves to unbutton his coat but Helena stops him.

HELENA
I will not have you suffer the indignity of undressing even a button!
(to the others; angrily)
If you cannot see the nonsense of a supposedly wounded man fighting off both my assailants, at least show him some gratitude on my behalf!

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: 127

ARMY COLONEL
Hear, hear! Well said!

Some agreeing ad libs.

FIRST PLANTER
Hear hear! I saw what Greystoke did up there!
(turning)
I apologize for the lot of them, Greystoke.

General agreeing ad libs now. During which:

GOVERNOR PICKERING
I'm sorry, Greystoke.
(to Flemming)
Concussion or not, I think the less we see of your face...

FLEMMING
That suits me fine!
(turning to exit)
You'll hear more of this, Apeman!

Flemming angrily exits.

HELENA
I'm suddenly very tired. May we call the evening finished?

GOVERNOR PICKERING
I'm sorry it ended this way, my dear.

HELENA
(offers hand to Greystoke)
I'm sure you're exhausted, too. Thank you again for saving me.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(smiles)
My gratitude for <u>your</u> kind defense, Lady Helena.

Helena begins exiting with the other women. Tarzan (Greystoke) shakes hands with the Governor.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
I should have stopped Flemming's nonsense sooner. No offense, I trust?

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
None taken.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: (2) 127

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(smiles)
In fact, it became a most interesting evening. Good night, sir.

128 ANOTHER ANGLE 128

Tarzan (Greystoke) exiting with D'Arnot and McIvers, he starts to sway a bit; McIvers takes his arm.

McINVERS
Watch that loose bit of carpet, John. Tripped on it earlier myself.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
Clumsy of me. Thank you, doctor.

He casually gets rid of McIver's support, they exit with ad lib "Good nights" to the guests they pass.

129 EXT. GREYSTOKE ESTATE - PANORAMIC MONTAGE - DAY 129

A beautifully laid out African plantation of considerable size. Well kept fields, orchards, water systems, etc. Healthy appearing African livestock in pens... zebras, water buffalo, gazelles, etc. Native workers, neat native living compounds.

130 VERY LONG SHOT - GREYSTOKE PLANTATION ENTRY GATE 130

ESTABLISHING, then Flemming rides horseback into f.g. He wears jungle dress, rifle in saddle scabbard, pulls to a halt and takes binoculars from the case around his neck. He sweeps the road leading toward the plantation, fixes upon something approaching o.s. He lowers the glasses, looks pleased.

131 CLOSE ON ENTRY GATE LEGEND 131

The legend "GREYSTOKE" carved into one of the two rather imposing stone colonnades. The look of the entry is in keeping with the considerable estate we've seen in the plantation MONTAGE. We hear approaching HOOFBEATS, then CAMERA PULLS BACK, ANGLING to INCLUDE a carriage approaching. It's Lady Helena Vichay, as pretty in fashionable day garments as she was in evening wear, driving into f.g. to eye the colonnade and its carved stone legend; then she turns the carriage through the entry and into the plantation.

132 REVERSE ANGLE - HELENA'S CARRIAGE 132

MOVING INTO LONG SHOT into the Greystoke plantation, then WHIP PAN to first Wazuri warrior as he steps into view from where the stone colonnades make a convenient place from which he guards the entry and inspects visitors. He is joined by second warrior, carrying small signal drum, and as the carriage exits view, they begin DRUMMING out a jungle telegraph alert and we hear a DISTANT DRUM answer from far ahead.

133 ANGLE ON HELENA 133

driving carriage, curious at the DISTANT DRUMMING.

134 EXT. GREYSTOKE MANSION - ESTABLISHING - DAY 134

A blend of English and African colonial, the huge mansion suggests dignity, pride, as well as considerable and secure wealth. In b.g. beyond the surrounding fields is jungle. We can hear the distant DRUM BEAT of the message being forwarded here.

135 INT. TARZAN'S BEDROOM - TARZAN (GREYSTOKE) AND McIVERS - DAY 135

Tarzan (Greystoke) in English dress but at the moment bare from the waist up as McIvers changes the dressing on his wound. Tarzan (Greystoke) moves to the window to hear the DISTANT DRUM BEAT better:

McIVERS
Hold still, blast you! Shouldn't even be on your feet yet!

Tarzan (Greystoke) motions him into silence, listens to the distant DRUM. A Wazuri Chieftain, lance and barbaric garb as we've seen before, has entered noiselessly to listen to the drums too. This is TU'IN, tall, slim, highly intelligent looking as befits his rank as leader of Tarzan's intimate plantation bodyguard. McIvers turns for more bandaging material, jumps nervously as he sees the fierce looking Wazuri almost at his elbow, MURMURS an irritable "Blast!" turns back to complete the bandaging with the stern medical command:

McIVERS
If it's news of El Kal, ye'll not go after him yet.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
The message isn't about El Kal.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: 135

McIVERS
But I know ye've had these heathens sweeping the countryside for him.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
Those still alive. Hardly two dozen warriors left out of all three Wazuri tribes.

McIVERS
I can guess how ye feel. But if ye exert yourself and open this wound again, you're a dead man too. What'll that profit ye?

The DRUM SIGNAL ends; Tarzan (Greystoke) ad libs a terse Wazuri order to the waiting Wazuri Tu'in, gets an ad lib acknowledgement. Then Tu'in turns and quickly exits the room. McIvers finishes the bandaging.

McIVERS
Must I always ask you what your blasted drums say?

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
They said... I may be changing my mind about something. Since my warriors can't find El Kal, I need a way to bring him to me.

136 EXT. GREYSTOKE PLANTATION - FLEMMING 136

following the carriage, unseen behind the high rolling terrain. CAMERA PANS him over a rise; he reins to a quick stop as he finds himself confronted by El Kal with a half dozen armed mounted, Bedouin retainers. One of these we will know as D'JIN, second in command.

137 EMPHASIZING EL KAL 137

riding into TWO SHOT with Flemming, D'Jin moving in on the other side. Flemming indicates.

EL KAL
Why doest thee follow the woman, Flemming? Thy task for me is done; did I not give fair payment?

Flemming has thrown a nervous glance toward D'Jin and the Arabs who surround him. He slips his hand casually into his shirt at the belt line, holds it there.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: 137

FLEMMING
I've information you'll want.
About Greystoke.

EL KAL
That he is the White Ape?
(at Flemming's surprise)
I have known for many years. Am I woman to attack an admired enemy with gossip?

D'Jin casually shifts the rifle which lies across his lap, a move which points it directly at Flemming's stomach.

D'JIN
My master awaits an answer. Why doest thee follow the woman?

FLEMMING
(to El Kal)
When El Kal passes out a diamond that size, that freely, I'd say there's something fairly large involved. Your men know my reputation. I can make a useful partner.

EL KAL
A partner? Has thee courage and cleverness to match such ambition?

FLEMMING
I believe so.

138 ANOTHER ANGLE 138

Flemming shifts his hand at short waist as casually as D'Jin shifted the rifle... REVEALING Flemming's revolver point directly at El Kal's stomach.

FLEMMING
For example, I know El Kal prides himself on his word. You can accept my offer or tell me I can ride away safely. Either will do.

EL KAL
(seems to consider it)
An English partner might have advantage. Would thee accept Allah and be circumsized as our faith requires?

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: 138

FLEMMING
Gladly.

El Kal nods to D'Jin who scabbards his rifle and draws his curved dagger. As he moves his horse in alongside Flemming, the Englishman protests in surprise:

FLEMMING
You mean here? You must be...

EL KAL
A test of thy word... and thy worthiness.

D'JIN
A simple thing. Does pain frighten thee, Englishman?

139 ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING MED. SHOT OF FLEMMING 139

Keeping his pistol aimed at El Kal, hesitating. He knows El Kal would prefer not to die, nor does Flemming want to die immediately afterwards. And the stakes are undoubtedly large; worth a little pain. Finally, he nods. Keeping the pistol trained, he moves his free hand down out of SCENE to prepare himself. D'Jin leans over, moving his knife down OUT OF FRAME, too. Flemming tightens his teeth, preparing for the pain. Then a look of paralyzed astonishment on his face; he GROANS and begins to sink out of saddle.

140 WIDER ANGLE 140

The Englishman toppling dying to the ground. D'Jin dismounts, withdraws his knife with a show of apology to El Kal.

D'JIN
A slip of my blade, master.

EL KAL
(smiles)
It might have gone worse for him.
Thee were always clumsy with a knife.

D'Jin has extracted the small leather bag from Flemming's pocket, exhibits the diamond Flemming was given in payment, hands it to El Kal. Also Flemming's binoculars. Then he remounts and the Arabs take off, following Helena in the direction Flemming had been taking.

141 EXT. GREYSTOKE PLANTATION MONTAGE - DAY 141

Helena driving carriage through the vast and unusually well operated Greystoke plantation. Natives (not Wazuris) working in fields. Others passing, SINGING, carrying sacks of grain and other produce. She passes a well ordered native living compound, waves and gets good natured waves in return.

142 INT. GREYSTOKE BEDROOM - DAY 142

McIvers has finished dressing the wound and Tarzan (Greystoke) finishing putting on shirt and smoking jacket over his magnificent torso.

McIVERS
I say I want ye back into that bed, mon!

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
You doctors should take internship in the jungle, McIvers. If you're meant to stay off your feet, nature will see you can't get up. If you can, you'll heal faster to move about.

D'Arnot enters, crosses in, the mysterious silver cylinder in hand, looks up and smiles at the familiar arguments.

McIVERS
Poppycock! If a trained physician listened to your jungle superstitions...

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
All medicine started with nature, doctor. It'll learn to go back to it someday.
(to D'Arnot)
Found anything?

143 ANOTHER ANGLE 143

Tarzan (Greystoke) crossing in to eye the device D'Arnot holds.

D'ARNOT
As a naval officer I know something of metal, mon ami. But this... it responds to no known test. Ten times the hardness of the finest steel, perhaps even a hundred times.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: 143

McIVERS
Impossible! No such metal exists.

D'ARNOT
(nods; indicates)
Agreed. And my study of the hieroglyphics is equally interesting. Note... somewhat "Egyptian" in flavor but...
(looks up)
... much more than ancient picture writing. It suggests a complex written language.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(indicates)
But using the symbols for the gods Ba-al and Ra.

D'ARNOT
Since Ra also symbolizes the sun, it could mean the god Ba'al using the fire of the sun. This would fit what you saw at the pass.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(nods)
And I saw these same symbols somewhere else recently.
(at D'Arnot's questioning look; smiles)
On Lady Helena's gold medallion. You could use jungle lessons yourself, mon capitan. Civilized eyes look so much and see so little.

D'ARNOT
(smiles)
Perhaps I saw things <u>you</u> didn't, mon ami. You should someday see such a woman through a Frenchman's eyes.
(turns device upward)
The metal is burned black about this opening. But when I placed it in your forges, three men pumping them until white hot...
(to doctor)
You speak of impossibility? We could not heat <u>this metal even warm</u>!
(to Tarzan, indicates muzzle)
Whatever emitted from here is heat beyond imagination!

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (2) 143

D'Arnot depresses an almost hidden control on the cylinder surface, sliding away the metal which sheathes the "business end" of the strange device. It exposes a long red ruby-colored rod which extends on into whatever mechanism lies in the unopened part.

D'ARNOT
This much I have learned to open.

Tarzan (Greystoke) takes the device and inspects the red rod.

144 INSERT - CYLINDER 144

EMPHASIZING the rod.

145 BACK TO SHOT 1 145

Tarzan (Greystoke) looks up from it.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
A clear substance? Crystalline?

D'ARNOT
(nods)
Ruby!

McIVERS
Impossible! No ruby crystal is that symmetrically perfect!

D'ARNOT
Nevertheless, this is ruby. Of an...
(slight bow to McIvers)
... "impossible" perfection and clarity. But its function...
(shrugs)
... I cannot guess. Our most advanced science today suggests no clue. I can send it up coast to our naval station for further tests if you wish.

The Wazuri Chieftain, Tu'in, has re-entered, interrupts now.

TU'IN
Tarmangani... visitor come soon.

Tarzan (Greystoke) hands the device back to D'Arnot.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: 145

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
Yes, I'd like it checked at your naval station.
(to McIvers)
And no doubt I'm keeping you from your business, too, doctor.

McIVERS
After I've learned why ye want to be rid of us now.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(smiles)
Our visitor is red headed... quite lovely.

D'ARNOT
Ah? We may make a Frenchman of you yet.

McIVERS
Lady Helena? She planned to leave for the interior three days ago.
(throws suspicious look)
I warn ye, mon, if ye try romance in yer present condition...

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
I promise I have much more serious things on my mind, doctor.

As D'Arnot and McIvers move to leave:

146 EXT. GREYSTOKE MANSION - WIDE ANGLE - DAY 146

EMPHASIZING the size and richness of the Greystoke mansion as Lady Helena drives her carriage into scene. Native servants hurry in to take the reins, assist her from the vehicle. (Again, servants and workers are never Wazuri who act only in bodyguard and warrior capacities. We see D'Arnot and McIvers ENTER SCENE from the mansion, extend bows and salutations as they move out to another carriage.

147 INT. GREYSTOKE MAIN FLOOR - AT DOOR - DAY 147

as we hear the CHIME and a house servant shows Lady Helena in, CAMERA PANNING her into the richly appointed main living area.

148 CLOSER ANGLE - HELENA 148

surprised at the exquisite furnishings, the fine paintings and art objects here near to the jungle. She stops to admire a fine vase.

HELENA
(to self)
Exquisite.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE) VOICE
Thank you.

149 ANGLE TO INCLUDE TARZAN (GREYSTOKE) 149

crossing INTO SHOT with her as she turns.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
My wife Jane loved the jungle as much as I...
(indicating room)
... but she was enough a woman to enjoy this occasionally too. I agree she did have exquisite taste.

HELENA
I've been told Lady Greystoke died in a slave raiders attack on this plantation. I don't wonder you hate Bedouins.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
I don't. They're a bold race, true to their beliefs.
(indicates side doors)
Shall we lunch in the garden? I've been waiting it for you.

HELENA
You're not surprised at my visit?

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
Should I be? I think you realize your map really isn't that precise.

HELENA
There is no map...

Trails her words as Tarzan (Greystoke) reaches out, lifts the gold medallion from where it hangs about her neck.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
True. Although the shapes of certain rivers and mountain chains are hidden in the design here.
(MORE)

149 CONTINUED: 149

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE) (cont'd)
It's become a map only to one who knows the interior regions.

He lets the medallion fall back, indicates the side door again. And a surprised and wary Helena is led toward the exit.

150 EXT. TROPICAL GARDEN - ANGLE ON LION - DAY 150

Huge, black maned, dangerous looking as it pads through the foliage, sees something ahead, crouches, tail lashing. Then WHIP PAN to leopard, crouches in a tree, looking down. Then WHIP PAN to giant boa snake, curling its way down out of another tree.

151 TARZAN (GREYSTOKE) AND HELENA 151

seated at luncheon near a crystal clear pool in this almost incredibly luxuriant and beautiful tropical garden setting. House servants clear the table, leave dessert and brandy, depart.

HELENA
No, I've never heard of a small metal cylinder which spits fire. My fiance's only message was that he was alive.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
And...?

HELENA
That's all.

Tarzan (Greystoke) continues looking at her and under his direct and strong gaze she falters a bit, adds:

HELENA
Except for a... highly personal matter. I'm not French, I was adopted as a small child. It seems Richard has found some traces of a ... civilization which may have bearing on my own bloodline.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
That sounds quite mysterious and interesting.

HELENA
And, as I said, highly personal.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: 151

Tarzan (Greystoke) catches the reproof in her tone, nods. She finishes a bit of dessert sweet.

HELENA
Delicious. I... rather expected raw meat. Isn't that what Tarzan eats?

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
So the story goes.

He sips brandy, turning his head to glance unnoticed at something in the bushes beyond her, CAMERA ANGLING to reveal the black maned lion crawling into sight, tail lashing, as if about to charge.

152 BACK TO SHOT 152

Tarzan (Greystoke) strangely unmoved as he turns back politely to Helena.

HELENA
You've deceived the rest of them quite cleverly. But not me... Tarzan.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
You have my word, Lady Helena, that the man seated here with you is John Clayton, Lord Greystoke.

Stated so simply and sincerely that Helena becomes uncertain. She frowns.

HELENA
I... find it hard to believe you'd give your word and still lie, but...
(hesitates; indicates table and Greystoke)
I will admit all this seems to be a man who would be welcome in the best club in London...

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(smiles)
I <u>am</u> a member of the best club in London.

CHIMPANZEE SOUNDS and CHEETAH enters SCENE, jabbering and gesticulating.

153 ANOTHER ANGLE 153

Tarzan (Greystoke) taking Cheetah into his lap.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(to Cheetah)
Yes, I know. Jad-bal-ja is here. With Sheeta, Hista and others.

HELENA
I don't understand...

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
You will. In the meantime, you're here to ask again if I'll lead into the jungle.
(shakes head)
No, Lord Greystoke won't. But Tarzan might. If you can travel his way. And if you can be the kind of bait he needs.

HELENA
Bait?

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(nods gravely)
Which brings El Kal to Tarzan.

Delivered coldly, matter-of-factly, leaving Helena a bit nervous. She tries to laugh it off.

HELENA
I expect the natives to dramatize Tarzan a bit, but...

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
I assure you that Tarzan hasn't an ounce of civilized chivalry about females. You're not his mate; he has no ties to you, no reason for affection. And if you die, a stranger dies. Death occurs constantly in the jungle all about him.
(eyeing her)
If Tarzan decides to take you, if you both live through it, he will deliver you to your destination.

Helena hesitates. She can see Greystoke isn't lying; his message has gotten through to her.

HELENA
If he decides to take me? How will he decide?

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED: 153

Tarzan (Greystoke) looks off to a tree near their table at one side. Her eyes follow his... she reacts hard, SCREAMS.

154 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE THE PYTHON 154

The huge constrictor snake only a foot from her, HISSES in response to her sudden move and cry. Helena is half up out of her chair when she sees Tarzan (Greystoke) is seated there, unmoving, watching her curiously.

155 HELENA 155

fighting her panic, forces herself to settle back into the chair.

156 TARZAN (GREYSTOKE) AND HELENA 156

She sits tensely, hardly daring to look at the huge snake as it slithers the rest of the way down out of the tree, departs. Tarzan (Greystoke) now signals toward the bushes toward her.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
Jad-bel-ja!

Helena freezing at an ANSWERING LION ROAR.

157 THE BLACK MANED LION 157

padding across the lawn to the table where Tarzan (Greystoke) ruffles its black mane.

HELENA
(voice quivers)
A... pet?

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(shakes head)
Jad-bal-ja is totally wild. But he and Tarzan and I have an understanding.
(indicates upward)
As with Sheeta.

Helena looks up, can't repress a start.

158 ANGLE ON LEOPARD 158

crouched on a limb close overhead, watching them.

159 ANGLE ON CHEETAH 159

The chimpanzee seeing leopard too, fleeing CHEEPING in fear.

160 BACK TO ANGLE ON TABLE 160

as the huge black maned lion passes almost brushing Helena as it departs. She has just begun to take a breath when twenty Wazuri warriors summoned by the black maned lion's ROAR, trot into scene. They scream their blood-curdling WAR CRY as they assemble, lances in hand while the Chieftain we met in the house earlier, Tu'in, crosses in carrying loin cloth, vine lariat, and bow with quiver of arrows.

TU'IN

Tarmangani!

The last we see of Tarzan (Greystoke) in this angle is him standing and reaching for the belt of his smoking jacket.

161 EMPHASIZING HELENA 161

Tarzan (Greystoke) o.c., Helena watching half-frightened and half-fascinated as the Wazuris take up the cry "Tarmangani," leaping, thrusting their spears at imaginary enemy.

162 ANGLE ON LEOPARD 162

turning on his tree limb, fleeing the native cries.

163 REAR ANGLE 163

past Tarzan (Greystoke), his back to us, totally naked and reaching for the loin cloth as the Wazuri Chieftain, Tu'in, proffers it. Helena turns to see Tarzan standing there in his splendidly muscled nakedness. She SHRIEKS, leaps to her feet and backs away.

164 HELENA 164

shocked, both by the unexpected nakedness and by the new expression which was not on that face a moment ago.

165 ANGLE ON TARZAN 165

pulling his loin cloth tight about him, watching her as he hangs the knife into place. CAMERA DOLLIES INTO CLOSE SHOT, emphasizing the expression which says this it a totally different man. Then he whirls OUT OF SHOT.

166 WIDER ANGLE 166

catching Tarzan in the midst of a dive into the pool, knifing through the water with powerful strokes which turn him back to the back where he emerges as if washing civilization from his body. His hair unkempt now, his huge frame glistening wet as he picks up his vine lariat, his bow and quiver. Then to Helena:

TARZAN
Come. We go.

He turns, leads the way off, the Wazuri filing behind. Tu'in waits for Helena.

HELENA
We can't just... go! We've no food, no tents...

TU'IN
This way, more bettah! Travel fast, make traps for El Kal!

She hesitates; the savage Chieftain gives her up and starts to follow the others.

HELENA
No, wait!

She hurries after them. CAMERA HOLDS as they exit through the trees, then:

167 EXT. RAINFOREST JUNGLE - ANGLE ON EDGE OF JUNGLE - DAY 167

Tarzan leading the way at a fairly rapid pace, approaching the edge of the jungle. He is now completely changed. The way of the jungle is simple... live or die. We'll see that even his language has changed to reflect these simple basics. He's "home" now, the White Ape raised by the tribe of Kerchak, proud and alert to the sights and sounds and challenges about him. We can see Helena making an effort to overtake him where he leads the Wazuri line of march.

168 CLOSER - HELENA AND TARZAN 168

as she catches up, exhausted, breathing hard, angry.

HELENA
But this is... the jungle already. I assumed... you'd have an encampment... supplies...

TARZAN
No camp. If El Kal waits, must follow fast also.

HELENA
Surely you... can see I can't... travel in these clothes...

TARZAN
(glances at her dress)
Good clothes for travel. Safari clohtes foolish, too hot, too wet in rain...

HELENA
(angrily)
I happen to know... you are capable of... more than two syllable words!

TARZAN
Words not important here.

HELENA
Lord Greystoke, I... appeal to you. If.. this is some kind of joke...

She trips, goes down. Tarzan doesn't turn, continues on.

169 ANGLE PAST JUNGLE EDGE KNOLL 169

where El Kal enters scene at a gallop, followed by his twenty or more Bedouins. He waves his men to a halt, slows his own mount and reins carefllly up the slope of the knoll, followed by D'Jin.

170 CLOSER - EL KAL 170

moving carefully now, reining in to where he can see over the top of the knoll without being observed. As D'Jin joins him, he is unslinging the binoculars which belonged to the late Flemming, peers through them. CAMERA IN CLOSE as we see him fasten his eyes onto something in the distance at the jungle edge.

171 POV - EL KAL'S - THROUGH BINOCULARS 171

In the distance ahead, Tarzan leading the Wazuris into the jungle. Helena barely visible among the warriors as she gets to her feet, to keep pace.

172 EMPHASIZING HELENA 172

trying to keep up with at least the Wazuri rear guard. Tu'in, apparently assigned to her, keeps at her side. As she falls, he helps her quickly to her feet. She's growing exhausted, breathing hard at the pace.

HELENA
He must be a madman! No sane... person can have... two separate identies...

TU'IN
More fastah, lady. Tarmangani he much angry.

HELENA
What is he trying... to prove?... His... masculinity? There's no... reason for... this pace!

TU'IN
(grinning)
This no fast march, lady B'wana.
This much slow for Tarmangani.

They move on, CAMERA PANNING to reveal them quickly obscured in the thickening rainforest jungle.

173 BACK TO KNOLL 173

El Kal seeing the way clear, waves to his men and they gallop after him down the slope and toward the jungle edge.

174 ANGLE ON JUNGLE TRAIL - AT AMBUSH SITE 174

where another Wazuri group is busy at work. Some are hurriedly scattering loose dirt they've dug, hiding it, while others are placing the last tree fronds over what must be a deep pit. Tarzan enters scene at the lead of what we see of his band, quickly gives a couple of terse Wazuri commands and the Wazuri begin scattering into ambush concealment on the other side of the trap.

175 EMPHASIZING HELENA 175

with the Wazuri rear guard as they come in. She falls, rests, exhausted. Tarzan totally ignores her as he supervises the finishing touches to the pit covering.

176 AT POISON POT 176

A small iron pot BUBBLING with an unwholesome looking thick mixture. The Wazuri there uses a hook branch to lift the pot out to where warriors begin dipping their spear tips into it while he scatters and hides the coals.

177 BACK TO HELENA 177

as Tarzan, satisfied with the covering now cleverly hiding the pit, gives a Wazuri dialect command and these warriors move away into hiding. Helena raises herself to her elbow as he crosses near, pulling the arrows free from his quiver.

HELENA
That pace was unnecessary. We both know it.

TARZAN
(indicating further along trail)
Chieftain Tu'in will hide you.

TU'IN
(motioning)
Come, lady B'wana.

Helena ignores this, gets painfully to her feet, and follows Tarzan to where he squats over the pot, carefully dipping the ends of his arrows, treating the poisoned ends most respectfully. She angrily displays a rent in her already soiled dress.

HELENA
This will rip to shreds. Is that what you're after? Some strange need for nudity. To force me to expose myself as you did?

Tarzan has worked with absolutely no signs he's heard her. Now he turns to carefully replace his arrows into quiver, sees the dress being held there, Helena angrily exposing the rent. No flicker of emotion on his face, not even a sign of understanding as he turns back to get the remainder of his arrows into place. Then he turns and moves to a tree.

178 ANOTHER ANGLE 178

Tarzan rapidly ascending into the foliage above. CAMERA PANS BACK to an angry Helena as Tu'in touches her arm and points out the way down the trail in the direction Tarzan indicated. She exits and Tu'in follows, carefully brushing from sight any trail marks she leaves. As they exit, we can see lance carrying Wazuri settling back into ambush in the foliage, waiting.

179 AT BEGINNING OF JUNGLE TRAIL 179

where El Kal and his Bedouins enter SCENE, horses stumbling a bit in the undergrowth. They spot the trail and turn onto it. As always, El Kal rides in the lead.

180 TARZAN IN TREETOPS 180

The Apeman hears DISTANT SOUNDS of approaching Arabs. He carefully selects an arrow, fits it to bowstring, then he waits.

181 NEAR JUNGLE TRAIL AMBUSH 181

El Kal slowing to halt, sits alertly eyeing the silent jungle ahead and around him.

182 CLOSER - EL KAL 182

sensing something, frowning. D'Jin reins in beside him, questioningly.

D'JIN
Master?

EL KAL
Where are the monkeys? The birds?
The jungle is too silent here.

D'Jin turns in saddle, motions to his men, who bring out their firearms, readying them. El Kal motions them ahead, moving at a trot but cautiously.

183 NEARER AMBUSH SITE 183

CAMERA PANNING across the seemingly empty foliage, past where we know a pit is hidden. Then CAMERA CENTERS on trail approach where we see El Kal leading the lead of his band into view through the trees.

184 JUNGLE TRAIL AT AMBUSH 184

CAMERA PANNING Wazuris hidden in ambush there, tensing and readying themselves as HOOFBEATS near.

185 EL KAL AT AMBUSH SITE 185

as the Bedouin leader spots or senses something wrong almost directly beneath him, spins his animal whinnying and rearing to the side.

186 TREETOPS - TARZAN 186

bowstring taut, following the aim of his target moving below. He loosens his arrow.

187 BACK TO SHOT 187

The loose dirt at pit edge gives way, tripping El Kal's mount; stumbling and falling, El Kal throwing himself to safety as Tarzan's arrow hits quivering in a tree trunk only inches away from him. At the same moment, Wazuri WAR CRIES and the POPPING of Bedouin flintlocks and muskets.

188 WIDER ANGLE 188

Wazuris coming into view, throwing lances. A Bedouin goes down, transfixed... and a couple of Wazuris are hit by bullets. D'Jin has escaped the pit to the other side but the next following Bedouin and mount disappear into it, the rider SCREAMING in fear.

189 TARZAN IN TREETOPS 189

notching another arrow, seeking an opportunity at El Kal in the melee below. Wazuri WAR CRIES and SOUND of FIREARMS.

190 PANNING D'JIN 190

wheeling his mount expertly around to where El Kal can leap on behind. A warrior's lance narrowly misses them, hits another Bedouin as D'Jin spurs his animal into retreat.

191 TARZAN IN TREETOPS 191

releasing his arrow.

192 D'JIN AND EL KAL 192

following their Bedouins in retreat, El Kal riding behind his subordinate. Tarzan's arrow lodges in El Kal's outer robes, obviously only a flesh wound. El Kal yanks it free.

193 CLOSER - EL KAL AND D'JIN 193

El Kal drawing his knife, slashing at himself where the arrow entered.

D'JIN
How badly?

EL KAL
A scratch. But with poison.
Ride quickly.

194 ANGLE ON TARZAN 194

dropping agilely to the ground. The retreating Arabs are already out of sight and their HOOFBEATS FADING, the pursuing Wazuri already giving up the useless chase and heading back. Tu'in races in indicating where Tarzan's arrow struck El Kal. Helena entering too, hearing:

TU'IN
We follow?

TARZAN
Into Bedouin ambush, Tu'in?
(indicates fallen rifle; shakes head)
If El Kal lives, he will follow.
If El Kal dies, good. Job done.

TU'IN
(grins)
He die.
(indicates Tarzan's arrow quiver to Helena)
Good Wazuri poison. He die.

HELENA
(incredulous)
Poison? That's... unforgiveable. It's against every civilized rule of warfare!

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED: 194

TU'IN
(nods; enthusiastically)
Here war very bad. White man's war more bettah! Kill many man fastah. Very good!

HELENA
I didn't mean that at all. I simply meant...

Trailing her words as Tarzan, ignoring all this, reaches to lift her medallion, examines it. Then he indicates a direction.

TARZAN
We go. Many days travel.

HELENA
You're guiding me now? As promised?

TARZAN
This is not the white man's world. Here we keep promises.

He leads the way off.

195 EXT. JUNGLE ENCAMPMENT - ANGLE ON HELENA - DUSK 195

She lies prone on the jungle grass, sleeping. Various ENCAMPMENT SOUNDS are heard and a native hand reaches into SCENE, shakes her. As she comes awake, looks around, CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal it's Tu'in who is indicating a sleeping hut on which a couple of Wazuris put the finishing touches. Another is matting the floor with leaves. She's surprised.

HELENA
It looks positively comfortable. Thank you.

196 WIDER ANGLE 196

as Helena looks around, revealing other Wazuris at a fire, game being roasted. The encampment is tactically well situated, Wazuris on guard in b.g., a stream faintly seen through the trees in the growing darkness. Helena crosses to sink into a crude bough-and-vine chair at the hut entrance; a Wazuri brings in roast meat on a leaf, sets it beside a pile of fruits lying there on another leaf.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: 196

HELENA
I thought I was too tired to eat.
But I'm famished.

Tu'in passes her a knife; she cuts a strip of the roast meat, devours it, nods and cuts another strip.

197 CLOSER - EMPHASIZING HELENA 197

eating again, but pensively now.

HELENA
He could have explained why we were traveling so fast. How was I to know he had an ambush planned? Don't you agree?

TU'IN
Why important you know, B'wana lady? Change nothing.

198 EXT. RAINFOREST JUNGLE - THE ENCAMPMENT - MORNING 198

The sun rising over the horizon, Wazuris already stirring.

199 ANGLE ON HELENA'S SLEEPING HUT 199

as she stirs inside, comes sleepily to the door, finds a pair of Wazuri on guard outside, leaning on their lances. Tu'in crosses in, indicates fresh fruit at the doorway.

TU'IN
Leave soon. You eat.

HELENA
Is there some place I can wash first?

Tu'in indicates a direction toward the stream seen through the trees. She heads in that direction.

200 ANGLE IN TREES 200

Tarzan moving through trees, spots something moving below and leaps to a stop on a swaying branch, watches as we HEAR A SPLASH and he exits scene in that direction.

201 ANGLE ON STREAM - HELENA 201

glimpses of a lovely female body as she begins to luxuriate in the cool water under the canopy of trees.

202 ANGLE IN LOW BRANCHES OVER STREAM 202

Tarzan squatting there, watching with interest. From the direction of his gaze, it's obvious he's almost directly overhead Helena.

203 BACK TO HELENA 203

swimming, reaching midstream now.

TARZAN'S VOICE
Too far that way.

The voice very near and from directly overhead, startles Helena so completely that she goes down, surfaces choking and looks up, gasps.

204 POV HELENA'S 204

Tarzan directly overhead, crouched on a limb there.

205 HELENA 205

trying to hide in the water, comes up choking, furious.

HELENA
Go... away! How dare you?!

TARZAN'S VOICE
Swim back. Stay in shallow water.

HELENA
I will not! Go away!

206 TARZAN 206

indicating toward other bank.

TARZAN
Look!

207 HELENA 207

looking where indicated, GASPS again, this time in fright.

208 STOCK FIIM - LARGE CROCODILES 208

matching opposite bank. Huge reptiles sliding into the water, swimming TOWARD CAMERA.

209 HELENA 209

All thoughts of Tarzan gone from her mind now, swimming back. She makes it into the shallows, gets footing to flee, remembers she's nude and sinks back into the water, screaming over shoulder.

HELENA
Go away! I won't get out until you go away!

No answer; she takes a quick look over shoulder toward opposite bank where she sees:

210 STOCK FILM - CROCODILES 210

approaching nearer.

211 ANGLE ON HELENA THROUGH FOLIAGE 211

furiously screaming now.

HELENA
I don't care! They can eat me but I won't...

A crocodile head entering SCENE toward her and she abruptly turns, and we see only a flash of her racing away to safety into the rocks where she left her clothing.

212 HELENA 212

peeking back over a rock toward the trees covering the stream.

213 ANGLE ON LIMB 213

where Tarzan was crouched. Empty now.

214 BACK TO HELENA - PEERING OVER ROCKS 214

surprised. Then another thought and she quickly grabs a garment up, covering herself as she realizes there are trees overhead too. But she sees nothing in the branches here either.

215 EXT. RAVINE - ANGLE ON EL KAL - DAY 215

The Arab stripped to the waist, a bandage on his arm where the arrow hit. Fires are heating a half circle of rocks placed around the leaf bedding on which he lies... he is perspiring profusely. He's trembling occasionally, obviously in considerable pain although stoically hidden. We hear HOOFBEATS approaching over the rocky surface and El Kal opens his eyes, looks to see:

216 D'JIN AND BEDOUIN 216

riding to a stop, D'Jin,a parchment map roll in hand, leaps from saddle and crosses in to El Kal.

D'JIN
The pain, sire. Does it cease any?

EL KAL
(snaps through gritted teeth)
I live! Their path, quickly!

D'Jin rolls open the hand drawn parchment map, indicates positions on it.

D'JIN
They have encamped here... and here.
(indicates)
Their path leads thus... toward the Great Plains, here.

217 CLOSER - EMPHASIZING EL KAL 217

inspecting the map, then sinking back, closing his eyes in thought. Finally:

EL KAL
We leave. Have my garments brought.

D'Jin considers arguing this, then looks up to find El Kal's eyes open and challenging him. D'Jin nods, exits.

218 EXT. AFRICAN PLAINS - LONG WIDE ANGLE - DAY 218

Distant figures of Tarzan, Helena and Wazuris moving out of jungle toward the open plains.

219 MONTAGE OF ANIMALS - DAY 219

STOCK FILM as necessary. ESTABLISHING the excitement of the variety of animal life here.

220 INTERCUT ANGLES - FOR MONTAGE 220

Tarzan, Helena, and other ANGLES of the group making its way across the plains. REAR PROJECTION as necessary.

221 EXT. AFRICAN PLAINS - LONG PANORAMIC - DAY 221

In the distance, Tarzan's party crossing the African plains. Then CAMERA WHIP PAN TO FULL SHOT of El Kal watching Tarzan's party through the binoculars. Waiting behind El Kal, his Bedouins.

222 EXT. SEA OF GRASS - DAY 222

Tarzan, Helena and Wazuris beginning to enter an area where the grass grows higher, thicker, finally extending over their heads and beginning to cut off their field of vision.

223 CLOSER - TARZAN 223

as Helena, concerned, hurries up to walk alongside Tarzan in the lead. She notes that Tarzan is looking up, carefully checking position of sun.

HELENA
Tu'in calls this "the sea of grass."

Tarzan nods.

HELENA
(continuing)
There's no continent quite like this, is there? He says one can become lost in here, wander about, sometimes starve to death.
(waits, then)
I noticed you checking the sun's position.

Tarzan nods. She waits for him to explain; he doesn't.

HELENA
(continuing)
Is it something you learned as you grew up among the great apes?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED: 223

HELENA (cont'd)
They do say animals have a sort of built-in compass in their minds.
(gets another nod; smiles apologetically)
I suppose I'm nervous, afraid of being lost. Females do have a way of chattering when they're afraid. It must be the same way with animals. Males and females <u>are</u> basically different...

TARZAN
(nods)
Good difference.

Helena flushes, continues quickly:

HELENA
In more than just in physical ways, I meant.
(hesitates, then)
I... am not a prude. I have very good reasons for not wanting to get... 'involved'....
(as Tarzan smiles; angrily)
And I'm sure it must annoy you. Animals <u>are</u> accustomed to just taking a female whenever they want one.

224 ANOTHER ANGLE 224

Tarzan shakes his head negatively.

HELENA
It <u>is</u> so! I've seen them just... leap at females. Suddenly.

TARZAN
Only when female says she is ready. One way... female begins chatter, chatter, chatter, moves closer and closer, brings male's attention from other things to mating...

Helena realizes she has indeed begun to walk closer to him during the conversation. She moves away, flushing and angry, slows to walk with Tu'in behind Tarzan.

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED: 224

HELENA
Of all the pompous animal egotism
I've ever heard!

She throws an angry look toward the Wazuri Chieftain Tu'in who quickly erases the trace of a smile he has on his face.

225 EXT. EDGE OF SEA OF GRASS - ARAB HOUR GLASS - DAY 225

A large one, the sand trickling through slowly, almost run out.

226 WIDER ANGLE 226

revealing El Kal squatting at the glass with D'Jin looking over the parchment map which is pegged out open on the ground before them. His tribesmen rest in b.g.

D'JIN
But the girl may die too. Would it not be safer to let them lead us to their destination?

El Kal shakes his head, indicates a place on the map.

EL KAL
Once they enter this great rainforest, the White Ape could lose us.

El Kal turns the hour glass which has just emptied its top chamber. The sand begins slowly sifting through it the other way. El Kal points out a closer position on the map.

EL KAL
(continuing)
We act as they reach this point.

227 EXT. SEA OF GRASS - DAY 227

Tarzan's party making its way through the head-high grass. Tarzan occasionally checking the position of the sun.

228 HELENA 228

following Tarzan. Her eyes wander to the Apeman who precedes her.

229 POV - HELENA'S 229

rear view of Tarzan, emphasizing his magnificent physique.

230 BACK TO SHOT 230

Helena watching him, then becomes aware Tu'in is watching her. She turns quickly away, pretends interest elsewhere.

HELENA
Must be late afternoon. Will we get through it by evening?

Tu'in nods.

231 EXT. EDGE OF SEA OF GRASS - ACTION ANGLE ON BEDOUIN RIDER - DAY 231

YELLING, spurring his mount into motion, CAMERA PAN-NING him to reveal he it towing on a rope an oil soaked, flaming bundle which sets fire to the grass.

232 WIDER ANGLE 232

El Kal in f.g. watching as other Bedouins are revealed, also towing flaming bundles, setting fire to the entire face of the sea of grass here. The dry grass, flames fanned by the wind, begins to burn furiously, setting afire the whole edge of the sea of grass here.

233 EXT. SEA OF GRASS - HIGH ANGLE TOWARD FIRE - DAY 233

In the distance, we see the flames growing, burning this way.

234 ANGLE IN THE GRASS - TARZAN AND OTHERS 234

making the difficult way through the tall grass. Then Tarzan halts, sniffs the air, turns to Tu'in, alarmed:

TARZAN
Hahtah!

The Wazuris begin to ad lib excitedly in their dialect. Tarzan quiets them with a command, checks the wind direction, sniffs again.

235 EMPHASIZING HELENA 235

alarmed, not certain what is up. Then we begin to HEAR SOUND OF DISTANT FIRE, growing. She whirls to Tarzan.

HELENA
What is it?

TARZAN
Fire.

TU'IN
Much big fire, Tarmangani.
(wets finger, checking wind)
This way, much fast, much bad!

Tarzan turns, another native dialect command and several Wazuri quickly begin cutting long handfuls of grass, twisting them into what we'll later see are backfire torches. Another Wazuri has produced flint and steel, crouches to make fire. The SOUND of the FIRE is growing rapidly, approaching them and we begin to see the first signs of smoke drifting this way with the wind.

HELENA
(alarmed)
Then why are we stopping?

TARZAN
(shakes head)
Too far, fire comes too fast.
(to Tu'in)
Take girl! Keep sun here!

Tarzan indicates direction and his shoulder indicating to Helena and Tu'in the angle over their shoulder where they should keep the sun. But she is already protesting.

HELENA
No, I can't just leave you here...

The fire SOUND growing INTO ROAR, the wind beginning to blow harder, smoke becoming thick.

TU'IN
(indicating preparations)
They fix to make backfire, Lady B'wana. Maybe not all die...

TARZAN
(strongly)
Obey Tarzan! Go!

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED: 235

He shoves her in the proper direction and Tu'in grabs her arm, begins propelling her through the grass in the direction indicated, checking the sun over his shoulder.

236 ANOTHER ANGLE - TARZAN AND WAZURI 236

The fire ROARING now, wind still higher, blowing smoke beginning to obscure SCENE. The backfire torches have been completed. The Wazuri with flint and steel has blown his sparks into flame and the torches are ignited there and the warriors disappear into the grass with them along a long line facing the rapidly approaching fire.

237 EXT. EDGE OF SEA OF GRASS - EL KAL - DAY 237

mounted, watching the fire through the binoculars.

238 POV - FRAMED THROUGH BINOCULARS 238

The fire now some distance, blazing furiously, the entire horizon in flames and smoke.

239 EXT. STREAM - NIGHT 239

STOCK FILM as applicable. Herd type animals drinking. Suddenly they sense something approaching, break into flight.

240 ANGLE ON TARZAN 240

traveling bent, eyeing the ground for tracks. He's scorched, begrimed, obviously very tired. Then, he stops, sniffs closely at the ground, moving TOWARD CAMERA. Then he spots something, eyes it closely, sniffing again, turns and begins to rapidly follow the trail he's found.

241 FURTHER ALONG STREAM - PANNING TARZAN 241

as he pulls up shot, CAMERA ANGLING TO REVEAL the body of Tu'in lying there shot to death. Tarzan bends to inspect the tracks around the body.

242 INSERT - THE TRACKS 242

in the soft dirt here, clearly horses' hooves.

243 BACK TO SHOT 243

as we hear some muffled SOUND of men, CAMERA ANGLING to reveal a scant dozen Wazuris approaching, half of them seriously burned and being supported or carried by others. Tarzan calls a command and first Wazuri hurries over. Like Tarzan, he's scorched and begrimed, but ignoring it. He eyes Tu'in's body, proudly hiding any emotions he feels. Then, spotting the hoofprints, he kneels to examine them.

FIRST WAZURI
Bedouin!

TARZAN
(pointing out other prints)
The woman... El Kal.

WARRIOR
Wazuri go with Tarmangani.

TARZAN
(shakes head)
Wazuri return village.

FIRST WAZURI
(indicates Tarzan's wound)
Blood now much bad, Tarmangani!

244 CLOSER - INCLUDING WOUND 244

which is beginning to show a trickle of blood beneath the leaf and moss wrapping. Tarzan draws himself up commandingly. The warrior wants to protest but the challenge in Tarzan's eyes stops him. He stands silent, watching as Tarzan turns, trots out into the night, following the tracks.

245 EXT. AFRICAN PLAINS WATERHOLE - ANIMALS - DAY 245

STOCK FILM INTERCUT as applicable. Something at the waterhole is keeping the animals away.

246 CLOSER AT WATERHOLE 246

Tarzan, lying there, eyes open, resting, exhausted and in some pain from his re-opened wound. Then, checking position of sun, he gathers up waterscum, compressing it into a crude packet, applies it to his wound. Then he rises, trots off across the plains, following the tracks.

247 EXT. AFRICAN PLAINS - ROLLING GRAZING LAND - DAY 247

ESTABLISHING the terrain here, bare except the low cropped grass and the few odd shaped, small trees characteristic of some African plains. Giraffe, zebras, other animals as available or as can be INTER-CUT WITH STOCK FILM. Tarzan in distance, follows the tracks down into a broad and level bowl-like depression surrounded by low, rolling knolls.

248 CLOSER - TARZAN 248

following the horses' hoof tracks. Then suddenly, BEDOUIN YELLS, HOOFBEATS, GUNSHOTS.

249 WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDING BEDOUINS 249

Tarzan has been led into a well laid trap. El Kal's mounted Bedouins are appearing over the knolls surrounding him, cutting off any direction of escape. His position is completely in the open... no trees or refuge of any kind. He eyes them, takes his bow from shoulder, selects an arrow.

250 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE MOUNTED BEDOUINS 250

coming from all compass points, congregating at full GALLOP into a wide, loose circle of riders, surrounding the Apeman at a distance well out of his bow range. Their GUNSHOTS are into the air, their YELLS victorious... their attitude, that of a group with an animal at bay... one they intend to capture alive. For this purpose, each Bedouin rider carries on saddle a bundle which we will later identify as a throwing net such as used in animal capture.

251 TARZAN 251

No panic, no time or energy wasted in useless regrets. He's coolly determined there is no defense position better than the place he stands; he doesn't intend to let the SHOUTS and GUNFIRE panic him into senseless attempts to outrun the horsemen, or wasting his arrows. He conserves his strength, patiently waiting their next move.

252 ANGLE AT KNOLL - EL KAL F.G. - TARZAN AND HORSEMEN 252
B.G.

The Arab leader watching, pleased. Beyond him, Tarzan and the circling riders... the magnificent figure of the Apeman like a wagon train surrounded by circling Indians.

253 TARZAN AND BEDOUIN RIDERS 253

Suddenly one of the Bedouins breaks out of the circle, loosening his net as if for a throw, feinting to capture the Apeman's attention while a second rider now races in from the rear. Tarzan holds his ground, pretends not to be aware that he is threatened from the rear. Tarzan waits, then suddenly turns, lets his arrow fly.

254 ANGLE ON SECOND RIDER 254

as the arrow transfixes him and he drops from saddle.

255 TARZAN 255

whirling and expertly in the same move notching a second arrow, which he lets fly at the first horseman, easily dodging the net thrown as that Bedouin, too, topples from saddle, clutching at the arrow in his body. Tarzan tries for the riderless horse but its momentum carries it galloping out of reach, into the other side of the circling riders.

256 ANGLE ON D'JIN 256

as El Kal gallops into scene with him.

EL KAL
Fools! The White Ape will not panic!
(indicating)
From all points, as I instructed!

D'Jin nods, rides out to give the order to the circling men.

257 TARZAN AND CIRCLING BEDOUINS 257

This time, a number come from all compass points at the same time, YELLING and shaking their nets into throwing position. Tarzan gets one, has time to wound another. He is able to dodge the first net thrown but is entwined in the second net.

258 CLOSER - TARZAN IN NET 258

The Bedouin who threw the net quickly wheeling and throwing himself out of saddle to race in to secure his quarry. But his mistake was in not waiting for the others and Tarzan's knife driving through the net, dropping the Arab to the ground.

259 ANOTHER ANGLE 259

Tarzan out of the entwining net now, racing to get to the dead rider's horse. But the Arabs are magnificent horsemen and one of them rides in fast, lashing the riderless mount into movement before Tarzan can get astride, tumbling the Apeman to the ground. And at the same moment, other nets are thrown over him, several riders leaping out of saddle to race in and secure him.

260 TARZAN IN NETS 260

Knife in hand, almost reaching another Bedouin with it but the Bedouins on the other side pull hard at the woven ropes, pulling him back off balance. Struggling to the last, Tarzan is finally subdued by rifle butts, knocked unconscious, entwined and helpless. SOUND OF APPROACHING RIDER.

261 ANGLE UP ON EL KAL 261

The Bedouin leader looking down from saddle toward Tarzan's unconscious form, well pleased.

262 EXT. ARAB ENCAMPMENT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 262

Arab tents, cooking fires, horses tethered in a grazing group out to one side. One tent dominates the rest and we see D'Jin crossing toward that tent, carrying a copper tray heaped with food and drink.

263 INT. EL KAL'S TENT - ANGLE ON TARZAN - NIGHT 263

unconscious, hanging in slave manacles and chains which secure him to a heavy post which has been sunken deeply and firmly into the earth. D'Jin's FOOTSTEPS as he enters, his shadow passes the Apeman as D'Jin crosses in.

D'JIN'S VOICE
Shall I serve thee, master?

264 EMPHASIZING EL KAL AND D'JIN - HELENA IN B.G. 264

The Bedouin leader seated on a thick rug, in front of where Helena lies crouched in a small bamboo and woven vine cage. D'Jin has set the tray of roasted meats, other food and drink, just past where she can reach it through the bamboo bars. El Kal sits watching Tarzan's unconscious form, waves D'Jin away.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED: 264

EL KAL
Leave me.

D'Jin exits.

265 ANGLE ON HELENA 265

Her hair is matted and unkempt, her clothing ripped in a dozen places and exposing bruises and scratches on her arms and legs. It's obvious she underwent considerable, both in her flight from the fire and in the struggle of her capture.

She's watching the food hungrily, but still with the spirit and courage we've seen in her before. Suddenly, she throws herself against the cage, snatching out as far as she can reach.

266 INCLUDING EL KAL 266

Helena's desperate attempt carrying her fingers just an inch short of the food. El Kal ignores her completely, begins to eat without taking his eyes from the unconscious Apeman.

267 INTERCUT HELENA 267

Angry, hungry, too proud to beg.

268 EL KAL - INCLUDING TARZAN 268

as the Apeman, still unconscious, stirs and GROANS. El Kal crosses to there, sets down the flagon and cup he carries, kneels and examines curiously the Apeman's wound. He lifts the leaf covering, sniffs at it distastefully. Then he picks up the flagon, refills the cup, sips thoughtfully, turns toward Helena.

EL KAL
He could be saved.... with thy help.
The word of El Kal! He will live
if I am told thy destination!

Helena stares back, defiantly. El Kal whirls back, throws the cup of liquid in Tarzan's face. The Apeman stirs, begins to fight his way back to consciousness.

269 EL KAL 269

grabbing up a rhino-hide whip from a tent post, lashes out full strength, the whip CRACKING like a rifle shot across the half-conscious Tarzan's form.

HELENA
No! Please, no!

270 ANOTHER ANGLE 270

Tarzan, only half-conscious and confused, struggling weakly to his feet, trying to avoid the whip which CRACKS across him again and again. Then CAMERA IN ON Tarzan as he comes to full consciousness, recognizes what is happening and the identity of his tormentor.

271 POV - TARZAN'S 271

El Kal swinging, WHIPPING directly INTO CAMERA POV.

272 ANGLE EMPHASIZING TARZAN 272

Suddenly lunging out but pulled short by his chains. Unable to reach El Kal, but conscious now and too proud to groan or struggle, he stands accepting the punishment. Only his eyes move, going to Helena who CONTINUES TO PLEAD with El Kal to stop. El Kal, showing signs of exertion, stops now, turns to the woman and exhibits whip.

EL KAL
The rhino-whip, born of the slave trade.

He whirls, lashing out at Tarzan again, a CRACKING blow.

273 TARZAN 273

This time, the whip mark bringing out a line of blood. He's swaying, eyelids fluttering.

274 ANGLE INCLUDING HELENA 274

as El Kal turns back to her.

EL KAL
Used thus, it flays the skin from the body. Few deaths are more painful.

(CONTINUED)

274 CONTINUED: 274

Tarzan's knees suddenly give way, he falls hanging in the chains again, unconscious. Helena breaks into tears, SOBBING uncontrollably. CAMERA PANS El Kal to Helena where he stands watching her as she tries to control herself. D'Jin has entered, stands watching.

EL KAL
(continuing;
to Helena)
I give thee until he regains his consciousness.

El Kal turns, indicates the food to D'Jin who picks up the tray and follows his master out, exiting. Helena's SOBS quiet, she lies crouched in the small cage, desperate and uncertain. Then her eyes are attracted by a movement and she turns to see Tarzan coming quietly to his feet, carefully avoiding any clinking of the chains. He looks toward her and Helena digs into her dress, comes up with the gold medallion which she exhibits to him. Tarzan nods, inspects his chain, selects a handhold on two ends of it, begins to tug at it.

HELENA
(alarmed; quietly)
No! Your wound!

275 TARZAN 275

sucking in and expelling his breath in huge gulps, his huge muscles beginning to stand out, his veins swelling under the pressure, he pulls at the chain harder and harder. It's old but thick. It seems impossible he can break it.

276 INTERCUT HELENA 276

watching, fascinated by his fierce bursts of energy as he concentrates all his vitality into the task. Finally:

HELENA
Please! It's impossible!

277 INTERCUTTING TARZAN 277

bathed in perspiration now his muscles knotted out in great cords. Finally he reels, has to rest, but with the chain still in hand. Then he lifts it to continue ... the chain CLINKS. A VOICE from outside, FOOTSTEPS moving this way.

278 WIDER ANGLE 278

Tarzan letting himself carefully down to lie limply in the chains again, pretending unconsciousness. He barely makes it in time as a Bedouin guard, musket in hand, enters. In her cage, Helena pretends sleep. The guard crosses, inspects the Apeman suspiciously ... suddenly lashes out with a kick. Tarzan doesn't stir. Satisfied, the guard exits and we hear his VOICE, his FOOTSTEPS FADING outside.

279 TARZAN 279

onto his feet again, this time very careful with the chain. And again, the awesome display of muscle and concentrated energy. But is having its effect on his wounded condition... he reels, but keeps up the powerful surges.

280 INSERT - A CHAIN LINK 280

beginning slowly to warp out of shape.

281 HELENA 281

watching, frightened. We can hear Tarzan continuing to take in and expel his breath as he builds up the awesome concentration of force we've seen.

282 TARZAN 282

as the chain finally gives, but CLINKS again as it falls free. And a VOICE, sharper tone, with the guard approaching, FOOTSTEPS hurrying this time. CAMERA PANS Tarzan as he staggers from the pain of his exertions, barely makes it to the tent flap as the guard enters. He is seized and yanked into the darkness.

283 HELENA 283

Muffled SOUND of a brief struggle, then the tent goes quiet. Tarzan appears at her cage, the manacle key in hand, releases his wrists, turns to her cage, although he's near collapse, the powerful muscles which broke the chain easily pull the bamboo and vines apart. As she climbs out, massaging aching muscles, he locates his knife, vine lariat, bow and arrows.

284 EXT. EL KAL'S ENCAMPMENT - LONG SHOT AT FIRESIDE - NIGHT 284

D'Jin at the fire with a group of the tribesmen.

285 ANGLE ON GROUND 285

In the night lighting, picking up a trail of blood. CAMERA PANS along it to CENTER on Tarzan in the shadows holding onto an outside tent rope, resting. His face is wet with perspiration, his knees are near buckling from pain and weakness. Helena, at his side, watches worriedly as he brings up a hand from his wound, finds it wet with freely running blood. At the same moment, his eye catches something out in the encampment.

286 POV - TARZAN'S 286

El Kal crossing into the ring of firelight, sitting down beside D'Jin, a perfect target.

287 BACK TO SHOT 287

Tarzan gathering strength with a deep breath, unslings his bow and pulls out an arrow, notches it.

HELENA
(extends hand; whispers)
Give me your knife first.
(at his puzzled look)
I won't be their captive again.

TARZAN
El Kal... I must kill him.

HELENA
(nods)
That's why you came. You warned me; I agreed.
(extends hand again)
Your knife.

Tarzan hesitates, then replaces arrow and puts bow over shoulder again. She follows him silently through the shadows, supports him as he staggers, helps him into the night.

288 BEDOUINS AT FIRE - EMPHASIZING EL KAL, D'JIN 288

EL KAL
The White Ape, we hold for the Tangiers market. I pledged only to save his life.

(CONTINUED)

288 CONTINUED: 288

D'JIN
(shakes head)
No man can re-open such a wound and live.

EL KAL
Perhaps. But he is half beast.
(considers, then)
To the woman, I have pledged freedom if she speaks.

D"JIN
From the cage only. Thee did not promise more.

EL KAL
I am tempted, D'Jin. There is a strange fire within her...

Interrupted by HORSES WHINNYING, followed immediately by many HOOFBEATS. As the Bedouins jump to their feet, as we HEAR a SHOT from the corral, and they race in that direction.

289 WIDE ANGLE 289

Helena riding the horse, Tarzan hanging on limply behind as they disappear driving the other horses with them. Another guard enters on the run, FIRES, misses.

290 EXT. RAINFOREST JUNGLE - STOCK FOOTAGE - DAY 290

Monkeys, other tree animals, disturbed by something going on below. We hear frantic WHINNYING of a frightened horse.

291 ANGLE ON HELENA AND HORSE 291

The heaviest, swampiest jungle we've seen. Incredibly dense growth at ground level where the Arab horse is mired waist deep in thick mud and steadily sinking deeper. To the side, Tarzan lies face down on the only solid ground in sight and Helena is knee deep in mud and water trying to pull the horse free. A GROWLING ROAR and she whirls, looks up to see:

292 STOCK FOOTAGE - LEOPARD 292

A leopard moving to crouch there, watching, tail lashing as it decides whether to attack.

293 PANNING HELENA 293

to Tarzan as she attempts to lift his heavy shoulders, pull his bow free. Then a last FRIGHTENED WHINNY from the horse and she whirls, balances to see:

294 POV - THE MUD 294

The horse disappeared into it, a few thick bubbles marking the spot.

295 STOCK FOOTAGE - LEOPARD 295

The free meal gone, the leopard departs.

296 HELENA AND TARZAN 296

as the Apeman stirs, Helena managing to get him to his feet, supports him as they stumble through the tangle of creeper, vines and thorns there.

DISSOLVE TO:

297 EXT. RAINFOREST GLADE - HYENAS - DAY 297

The carrion eaters GROWLING and snapping, wanting to attack and trying to gather enough courage. An arrow WHACKS into a tree nearby.

298 WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDING HELENA 298

A particularly lovely forest setting but at the moment a scene of desperation. Mud-caked, exhausted, down to torn blouse and the remnants of her last pettislip, Helena is fitting another of Tarzan's arrows to bow-string. She makes a brave attempt to frighten the hyenas off, shouting:

HELENA
Go! Go!

Behind her, lying under a very crudely built lean-to is Tarzan, still unconscious. But he's been washed, cared for, clean strips of her petticoats bandage his wound. A fire burns nearby.

299 CLOSER - TARZAN 299

Helena's SHOUTS reach through and he stirs, comes conscious and lifts weakly to an elbow, turning to see her trying to fight off the beasts.

300 WIDER ANGLE 300

Tarzan weakly to his feet, pulls a burning limb from the fire and throws it directly at the beasts. At the same moment, he gives his YELL... a bit weak but effective. The beasts turn and run off. Helena whirls, races in to support him and forces him back to the bed of boughs and leaves which she has built.

301 TWO SHOT - TARZAN AND HELENA 301

as he lies there... takes in her condition, eyes her crude attempt at a forest encampment.

TARZAN
How long?

HELENA
Here? I don't really know. A week eight or nine days...
(sinks down; exhausted)
Thank God you're conscious now.

He lifts the bandage covering, checks his wound, looks back at her surprised.

TARZAN
Good.
(looks up)
El Kal?

HELENA
We were two days in swamps before we reached here. He must have lost us.
(sinks back exhausted)
Can you stay... awake a while?
I must sleep.

She lays her head down in the grass beside his pallet, is almost instantly asleep. Tarzan looks at her a long moment, a smile flickers briefly on his face.

TARZAN
Good.

DISSOLVE TO:

302 EXT. RAINFOREST JUNGLE - PANNING A SECOND SWAMP AREA - DAY 302

ESTABLISHING wild animal life, then to El Kal, D'Jin and their Bedouins and mounts.

(CONTINUED)

302 CONTINUED: 302

They are very nearly mired down, making their way with difficulty to semi-solid ground. CAMERA PANS Bedouins and mounts, revealing them filthy from the muck, torn and scratched by the heavy torn foliage.

303 EL KAL AND D'JIN 303

as El Kal unrolls his map, squints up through the trees for the sun direction. D'Jin is so exhausted he is almost falling from saddle.

D'JIN
Master... for thirteen days we have searched now...

EL KAL
(interrupts; indicates a direction)
We search now to the south.

SOUND of distant LION ROAR as it makes a kill. D'Jin turns back to El Kal, continues:

D'JIN
Sire, the White Ape was dying of his wounds...
(trails words at El Kal's look)
I obey thee.

D'Jin turns his mount to begin giving orders.

DISSOLVE TO:

304 EXT. JUNGLE GLADE - CLOSE ON TREE SHELTER - DAY 304

Woven fronds being laid down, CAMERA PULLING BACK to reveal Tarzan, still a bit weak and working slowly, being assisted by Helena. She's washed and clean now, her torn blouse tied at midriff, the loose ends of the pettislip cut away to make a short sarong-dress arrangement.

DISSOLVE TO:

305 EXT. RAINFOREST - ANIMAL FOOTAGE - NIGHT 305

STOCK FILM selected to intercut with:

306 PANNING BEDOUIN CAMP 306

Night fires and a bare minimum of an encampment on a precariously small bit of the only solid ground in sight. Some of the Bedouins washing the muck from their robes as best they can but most lie exhausted while a scant meal of wild game is being cooked. CAMERA CENTERS on El Kal as D'Jin brings him food on a broad plant leaf. The Arab leader holds the parchment map by firelight, again studying it.

EL KAL
The old map holds true.
(indicates)
We know from hoof marks and a trail of blood the White Ape entered the jungle here.

D'JIN
El Kal, thy followers must rest...

El Kal ignores it, indicating another place on the map.

EL KAL
And beyond the jungle, a wall of high mountains. I believe that to be their destination.
(looks up)
But to which place there? Though they be dead, D'Jin, we must find a footprint, a thread caught on a thorn, some proof of their direction intended through this jungle.

DISSOLVE TO:

307 EXT. JUNGLE GLADE - ANGLE ON POOL - DAY 307

We hear Helena's LAUGHTER, then she DIVES INTO SCENE, swimming into the clear pool. She turns, calls:

HELENA
Careful now. Easily the first time.

308 ANOTHER ANGLE 308

Tarzan letting himself gently into the pool. The water feels fine! He swims slowly, carefully, then grins. Behind them, we can see the tree shelter a bit further constructed.

DISSOLVE TO:

309 EXT. JUNGLE GLADE - THE TREE SHELTER - DAY 309

as the final finishing touches are put on it. Although not large, it includes a ladder, vine pulleys, the familiar Tarzan treehouse arrangements.

310 TWO SHOT - TARZAN AND HELENA 310

Helena throws herself down beside Tarzan. So relaxed she's unaware of how much midriff and thigh she is exposing. He is finishing inspecting his wound.

TARZAN
Two weeks more...

HELENA
If you say two, we'd better make it three, before we go on.

TARZAN
Perhaps four?

Helena sees the look at her bareness, decides to get up.

HELENA
The fish you caught look lovely. I hope you'll try at least one roasted my way tonight.

She turns and moves toward the ladder.

TARZAN
Lord Greystoke... would be delighted.

Helena whirls, a look of complete surprise on her face. Tarzan rises, leans against a projection of tree trunk. He continues:

TARZAN
I realized you're a bit afraid of Tarzan. Greystoke can explain why you needn't be.

311 ANOTHER ANGLE 311

as Helena moves back to him, curious.

HELENA
Just like that? You're back?

TARZAN
Partly, I suppose I could always be either or both.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

311 CONTINUED: 311

TARZAN (cont'd)
But there's never before been a reason to do it. Tarzan belongs out here, Greystoke doesn't.

HELENA
I think I understand that now. The two lives are so totally different one would have to keep them separated.

Tarzan indicates her brief costume.

TARZAN
Neither Tarzan nor Greystoke can help noticing you're incredibly lovely. But I wanted you to know that although their codes may differ, friendship and gratitude mean the same to both. That gratitude is such that neither could cause you harm nor embarrassment.

HELENA
Thank you.
(quickly)
I'm not a prude. But I have reasons. Perhaps I'll explain some time.

TARZAN
That should prove interesting.

HELENA
(flushing)
I'll fix the fish.

She moves to climb down the ladder, exits. CAMERA IS ON Tarzan as he surveys the scene about him, taking stock of it. Then, to himself:

TARZAN
Well, old boy, we're together for once. I hope we don't trip over each other.

312 EXT. JUNGLE GLADE - STOCK FILM OF LIONESS - NIGHT 312

The lioness prowling, misses a kill and ROARS ANGRILY.

313 ANGLE IN TREE SHELTER - TARZAN AND HELENA 313

She looks up at the ROAR, but not nervously now. Then she sees him look toward her and she smiles.

(CONTINUED)

313 CONTINUED: 313

HELENA
Simba. She missed her kill.

Tarzan nods approvingly. He's feathering new arrow shafts; Helena is cutting feathers into the proper shape for him. The shelter is lit by a handmade pitch lamp. Tarzan finishes the arrow he's working on, sets it aside with the others he's completed.

TARZAN
Sleep now. We finish tomorrow.

He stands, blows out the pitch lamp and SCENE DARKENS as he moves away. Helena calls to him:

HELENA
Since we've had our talk, I don't feel at all nervous about you. If it's more comfortable to sleep here...

But he's exited already. Is she disappointed? Certainly she's thoughtful about something.

DISSOLVE TO:

314 EXT. JUNGLE GLADE - CLOSE ON HAND AND DEERSKIN - DAY 314

stitching a garment with bone needle and sinew. CAMERA BACK to reveal it's Tarzan working on the very soft deer or antelope skin. Helena ENTERS SCENE in b.g., crosses in, carrying fresh fruit. She sets it down, LAUGHING, begins to tie up another rent in her still more abbreviated garments.

HELENA
You were right about the thorns there. I shall soon be down to nothing.

He doesn't look up. Again, is she disappointed? He finishes the skin he is sewing on, tosses it to her feet and goes to work on another partly finished job, still without looking up.

TARZAN
Try on.

HELENA
Here?

She hesitates then picks up the skin garment and examines it appreciatively.

(CONTINUED)

314 CONTINUED: 314

TARZAN
If Lady Helena believes the tailoring staff of Tarzan and Greystoke is that unreliable...

HELENA
No, I've found the staff here totally dependable. Please forgive me.

She begins to slip out of her tattered cloth garments.

315 ANGLE ON TARZAN - HELENA'S LEGS IN B.G. 315

as we see the remains of her cloth dress drop to the ground and the skin garment lifted to be donned. Tarzan finishes the part he's working on, fully absorbed in his work, he turns and hands it to her, CAMERA ANGLING to include Helena. She has donned what is the bottom half, holding it with one arm, has her breasts covered with her free arm. But he doesn't even look up, turns his attention immediately to applying the bone needle and sinew to the loose bottom half which she has donned. He begins using bone needle and sinew to sew it so it fits properly about the waist without being held.

316 ANOTHER ANGLE 316

Tarzan turns her, finishes the rear of the bottom half. Helena dons the top half, covering self with it. Now Tarzan stands, turns her back to him, makes a final sewing adjustment to the top half, drawing it expertly into a proper fit. He checks the garment with detached professionalism, nods pleased.

TARZAN
Good. Hunt food now.

He picks up his bow and arrow, begins exiting.

HELENA
It's lovely. Comfortable, and yet so sensible for life in...

But he's gone again. And this time she's definitely showing signs of disappointment.

DISSOLVE TO:

317 EXT. JUNGLE GLADE - ANGLE ON POOL - DAY 317

as Tarzan's form knifes through the air and SPLASHES into the pool.

318 TREE SHELTER 318

Helena looking out, calling:

HELENA
Good morning!

319 POV - HELENA'S ON POOL 319

Distant ANGLE on Tarzan swimming far below. His loin cloth and weapons are visible on a nearby rock. From the pool, his arm waves.

320 PANNING HELENA 320

climbing down from tree shelter and crossing to water's edge.

HELENA
I was determined to be up before I heard your splash this morning.

TARZAN
(swimming)
Always swim in morning when water cool.

HELENA
It does look refreshing. I thought for a change I might swim with you now.

She glances at his loincloth lying there, then she moves to take off her clothing.

321 TARZAN IN WATER 321

swimming. Then we hear her SPLASH and she swims into SCENE, eyes him nervously. But, splashing and enjoying the cool water, he pays her little attention. She begins to relax, enjoy it too.

322 EXT. RAINFOREST JUNGLE - DAY 322

The thickly grown, dank and marshy area where Helena lost her horse. First, several of El Kal's Bedouins using curved swords to machete a path. They're followed by El Kal and the rest of the band leading their horses. One of the tribesmen in the lead sinks almost to his waist in the thick mud which entrapped Helena's horse earlier. He's pulled out with difficulty, and a way is found through knee deep water over more solid footing. Then a CRY from the man now in the lead... he's found something.

323 PANNING EL KAL AND D'JIN 323

to where the Bedouin in the lead triumphantly displays a remnant of Helena's dress snagged on a thorn bush. D'Jin moves on ahead, searching. El Kal makes his way to dry ground where the parchment map is again unrolled and inspected.

324 CLOSER - EL KAL 324

The Arab leader inspecting the map as D'Jin enters carrying a wad of matted fabric hard with brown stains.

D'JIN
Part of the woman's undergarments.
(proffering it)
She attempted to stop the White Ape's bleeding.

EL KAL
(nods; inspecting it)
He continued to bleed heavily.

D'JIN
He can only be dead now. Both devoured by beasts.

El Kal considers this. Then he turns back to his map, indicates a path.

EL KAL
Why through the jungle here where most difficult, unless their destination lay here.
(sees something on map, squints)
And at this very point, a faded inscription.

He tries to read it, passes the map to D'Jin who angles it for the best light, inspects it carefully. Then slowly indicating:

D'JIN
The mark of a temple... perhaps a tomb. Beside it the sign of the evil one, Ba'al...
(quickly)
... although there is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his prophet.

D'Jin looks up to find El Kal smiling, pleased.

(CONTINUED)

324 CONTINUED: 324

EL KAL
We know our destination, D'Jin. The metal cylinder carried also the sign of Ba'al.

325 EXT. JUNGLE GLADE - EDGE OF POOL - DAY 325

Tarzan dressed now but with his skin still wet from the water, lies at the edge of the pool, relaxing with eyes closed. Helena enters, sets a breakfast of fresh fruit, playfully puts it in his mouth. He makes an appreciative SOUND; she runs her eyes over his huge form, relaxing there so catlike. Then she inspects his wound.

HELENA
In less than three weeks, almost healed.

TARZAN
(eyes still closed)
Good doctor.

She smiles, picks up a leaf, idly tickles him with it.

HELENA
And an unusual patient. Robust constitution...
(tickling)
... extraordinary physical condition... this doctor has never witnessed such ... such an incredible...

Tarzan has opened his eyes, locking gazes with her.. she falters.

TARZAN
Care for a comment from Greystoke on that?

HELENA
I was just being friendly...

TARZAN
And every day a bit more so. By all the rules out here, you're beginning to say... let's mate!

HELENA
That's not true!

(CONTINUED)

325 CONTINUED: 325

TARZAN
If you're playing some game civilized women play... this is the wrong place for it.

Tarzan shrugs, shuts his eyes again. She throws a look toward him, then:

HELENA
Let's not quarrel.

TARZAN
No quarrel. Friendly warning.

SOUND of monkeys CHATTERING overhead. Helena sits a long beat, then looks up as her attention is caught by:

326 STOCK FILM - MONKEYS IN TREES OVERHEAD 326

watching the two humans below.

327 TWO SHOT - HELENA AND TARZAN 327

as she stretches, lies back beside him, sighs happily.

HELENA
It's just that I've never been so at peace. No wonder you couldn't give this up.
(lies back beside him)
Shall I be honest? At first I thought you had to be some kind of... lunatic. How could two completely different men live in the same body? Even use language so differently.

TARZAN
And Helena? Two women.

HELENA
(surprised; then nods)
Yes. Except that I don't know my other half as well as you know yours.
(beat)
I was only a child when the Vichay family found me. All I remember of my father is he was secretly some kind of a priest... Some ancient cult. I was too young to understand.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

327 CONTINUED: 327

HELENA (cont'd)
But I remember him telling me our blood line wasn't Egyptian... it was much older.
(rolls over; eyes him)
Can you be Greystoke a moment longer? I think you should know what Richard was looking for... and why I'm here now.

Tarzan opens his eyes, turns facing her. He nods.

TARZAN
I'd heard of your fiance before he came here, of course. A brilliant man, perhaps the world's foremost expert on dead languages.

HELENA
Did you know he had lost his university post over his strange theories?

TARZAN
(nods)
That the ancient gods were actually living beings. Called "The Wanderers." That the beginning of civilization, particularly of Egypt, had its start with them.

HELENA
This was Richard's real interest in me. I realize now we were never in love. The truth is... I used him as much as he used me. I had to know what my medallion meant.
(touches medallion)
If there was something in Africa which was part of me.

TARZAN
What do you know of the medallion?

HELENA
Just that it's incredibly old. My father gave it to me just before he was killed. By men trying to get information from him.
(indicates medallion again)
I think this map is what he was hiding.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

327 CONTINUED: (2) 327

HELENA (cont'd)
You see, my father believed the old gods were real too. Also that...
(hesitates)
... I know this sounds foolish, but he used to say that the women of our tribe, especially ones with my color hair and skin, carry the bloodline of those gods... that one of us someday will bring the gods back to life again.

TARZAN
Do you believe that?

HELENA
(hesitates)
I don't know. But...
(embarrassed)
... when I was seventeen, I became ill and my foster parents had me examined by a doctor. I am... in some ways different from other women.

Tarzan turns, eyes her. She flushes.

TARZAN
You've said several times you have reasons for avoiding love. Is that what you meant?

HELENA
I've never... made love. I feel...
(shakes head)
No, I know I have some... kind of wildness inside. I wake at night, wanting love, screaming strange words I don't understand. I know I have strengths and... emotions other women do not have. I know that an ordinary man...

328 CLOSER TWO SHOT 328

She falters. Tarzan rolls over, eyes her curiously.

HELENA
... an ordinary man... might be hurt or even destroyed by me.

TARZAN
This why... you fear Tarzan?

(CONTINUED)

328 CONTINUED: 328

HELENA
(rolls, facing
him; pleads)
Please stay Greystoke! I'm afraid. I've waited so long for an equal... a man as strong as I...

TARZAN
Eyes say... you not want Greystoke here...

Helena's eyes are becoming wild. She edges closer as if drawn by something beyond her control. She moves closer to him, still pleading:

HELENA
Please! Please go. Leave me... quickly...
(still closer; begins
to caress him)
Tarzan... darling, please! If I'm wrong... if you're not that strong...
(beginning to shudder;
rises over him)
Darling... darling... help me!

SCREAMS, throws herself across him wildly seeking his lips.

329 ANOTHER ANGLE 329

finding his lips, pressing eagerly, trembling hard as her arms seek out an embrace. Then suddenly and with surprising strength she actually lifts his huge form rolling over onto her. Then she rolls him onto his back again. She pulls away to kneel over him, eyes wild, her chest heaving with excitement, her body trembling violently, making strange and wild MOANING sounds. Then she SHRIEKS words in a strange tongue which seem torn from her.

HELENA
Ba'al inat t'eta Ba'al!

She lashes out, clawing at his face.

330 ANGLE - EMPHASIZING TARZAN 330

Her nails drawing fine lines of blood at his cheek. Totally ignored by Tarzan.

(CONTINUED)

330 CONTINUED: 330

Without understanding what it means or what has happened to her, the half animal male of him recognizes he is being challenged and welcomes it, answering with a RUMBLING GROWL. Again, the words screamed:

HELENA
Ba'al inat t'eta Ba'al!

Tarzan grabs her, throwing her THUMPING hard to the ground.

331 STOCK FILM - ANGLE ON MONKEYS 331

We hear her SCREAM again. The monkeys, screeching in excitement, are fleeing away through the trees.

332 STOCK FILM - ANGLE ON JUNGLE BIRDS 332

leaving the trees above in sudden flight.

333 STOCK FILM - AFRICAN HAWK OR EAGLE 333

From Helena a long ECHOING SCREAM as the bird of prey plummets down SCREECHING to make a kill. It and its prey falling, interlocking in a frenzied struggle, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

334 EXT. RAINFOREST JUNGLE - WIDE ANGLE THE TREES - DAY 334

ESTABLISH jungle animals that this is another day, another place. Then we hear Tarzan's echoing YELL, and he races INTO SHOT through the trees, leaping for a vine, swinging.

335 CLOSER - PANNING TARZAN (MATTE AND SPECIAL EFFECTS AS REQUIRED) 335

Helena waiting on a branch. She LAUGHS delightedly as he sweeps her up with one arm as he passes.

336 ANOTHER PAN ANGLE - TARZAN AND HELENA 336

passing through the trees, swinging to a broad limb where he sets her down and in the same move runs agilely along the limb, motioning for her to follow.

(CONTINUED)

336 CONTINUED: 336

CAMERA PANS them to reveal Tarzan stopping and indicating to her a rainbow garden of huge orchids and other bloods high in the treetops here. She gasps at the splendor of it.

HELENA
Oh! Oh, it's impossible. They're too lovely.

TARZAN
For Helena.

Tarzan extending a thick lei of almost incredibly colorful orchids which he has woven together and left there. Radiantly happy, throws her arms about him and they kiss.

337 CLOSER 337

as they disengage.

HELENA
My jungle lord! I am impossibly happy.
(takes his hand)
Let's go home and love.

TARZAN
First Tarzan make kill. Need meat.

HELENA
(laughing)
Helena treats Tarzan badly. He needs food for strength?

TARZAN
Need for journey.
(touches her medallion)
Many days travel. Must cut meat now, dry in sun.

HELENA
Why can't we stay?
(then understands)
Is it El Kal? Do you want him more than you do me?

TARZAN
(touches her medallion)
Helena forget this... Tarzan forget El Kal.

(CONTINUED)

337 CONTINUED: 337

HELENA
No, I... must know who I am.

Tarzan nods; she's made her choice. He swings off, is gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

338 EXT. PANORAMIC OF PLATEAU (MATTE) - DAY 338

rising out of the thinning jungle, a broad and high plateau with its top shrouded in clouds and mist. Sheer towering cliffs guard the top from intruders.

339 EXT. CLIFFS - CULVERT AT CLIFF BASE - DAY 339

The horses of El Kal's band tethered here, hidden by the culvert. The pair of Bedouin guards on duty are looking upward, straining their eyes to see:

340 ANGLE - FACE OF CLIFFS 340

El Kal and the remainder of his band, trying to scale the sheer cliffs. They're only part of the way up, clinging with difficulty to a slender ledge. Ahead of them the ledge has narrowed to almost nothing and El Kal has sent a Bedouin ahead with the end of a rope which that tribesman is now attaching to a rock projection.

341 BEDOUIN ATTACHING ROPE 341

as the ledge suddenly crumples underneath his feet... he claws for the rope but the rock projection gives way under his weight too. He falls SCREAMING.

342 EL KAL AND D'JIN 342

as two other Bedouins try to stop the man's fall with their end of the rope... one is yanked from this part of the ledge too, the other man has to let go and scramble to keep his footing.

343 POV - EL KAL'S 343

The falling Arabs, plunging out of sight, SCREAMING in fear.

344 BACK TO SHOT 344

D'Jin turning to the cliff face above them.

D'JIN
A fly could climb no further, master.

EL KAL
(eyeing the cliffs above)
The temple is clearly marked above us yet.

One of the Bedouins has caught D'Jin's eye, indicating below. D'Jin looks, reacts.

D'JIN
Master...

El Kal turns, follows D'Jin's pointed direction, reacts too. He motions his men into hiding behind the rocky outcroppings.

345 POV - EL KAL'S 345

At an angle, far below, the tiny figures of Tarzan and Helena are briefly visible crossing a clearing as they move toward the base of the cliffs.

346 ANGLE AT BASE OF CLIFFS - TARZAN AND HELENA 346

approaching the cliffs. He motions, they stop and she takes the medallion from her neck and Tarzan examines it closely. Then he studies the base of the cliffs, compares it with the medallion again.

HELENA
I doubt Richard could have scaled those cliffs.

Tarzan finds his direction from the medallion, leads off at a slight angle, aiming toward a point he has noted.

347 ANGLE ON FACE OF CLIFFS - EL KAL AND D'JIN 347

D'JIN
The White Ape lives!

EL KAL
Praise Allah. They will show us our way.

348 LONG ANGLE AT BASE OF CLIFFS 348

We see the figures of Tarzan and Helena picking their way toward a point at the bottom where the cliffs show no sign of a path upwards.

349 ANGLE AT CULVERT 349

El Kal leading the way down the cliffs, hurries as the going gets easier, waves his men to their horses.

350 LONG ANGLE - EL KAL 350

leading his mounted Bedouins, reining to a halt where they cannot be seen.

351 CLOSER - EL KAL 351

dismounting, climbing to peer over rocks. He brings out his binoculars, centers them on:

352 POV - THROUGH EL KAL BINOCULARS 352

Tarzan leading Helena to the cliff base, the Apeman turns again to refer to her gold medallion.

353 ANGLE - TARZAN AND HELENA 353

as he compares the inscriptions on the medallion against the bare rock which towers above them. Then he spots something. He checks the medallion again, then CAMERA PANS him toward the sheer rock face.

354 AT CAVERN ENTRANCE 354

as Tarzan ENTERS SHOT, finds a slit in the rock walls which would be imperceptible from more than a few feet away. He examines it carefully. Helena ENTERS and watches curiously as Tarzan puts his shoulder to the rock, throws his weight against it. Some struggle but finally it gives. CREAKING, it swings open on hidden pivot hinges, exposing a dark cavern beyond. He motions to Helena and they exit into the darkness.

355 GROUP SHOT BEDOUINS - EMPHASIZING EL KAL 355

as he spurs his horse into movement again, waves his men to follow and they ride carefully and quietly toward the place at the cliff base where Helena and Tarzan disappeared.

356 INT. CAVERN - PANNING TARZAN AND HELENA 356

Tarzan and Helena move through the blackness, see a flickering light ahead. They come across a flickering fire at a small, Egyptian-looking altar carved in the cavern wall. Stacked nearby, pitch torches. A bit wary, Tarzan takes a torch, ignites it in the fire... it sputters into bright flame, ILLUMINATING the cavern interior there and a clearly defined path leading further into the cavern.

357 EXT. CLIFFS - AT CAVERN MOUTH - DAY 357

El Kal and his horsemen approaching the cavern mouth very quietly. He motions, Tribesmen dismount, cover the cavern entrance with their rifles as El Kal and D'Jin dismount at the entrance, approach it cautiously.

358 INT. SILVER METAL CHAMBER 358

First, the approaching flickering light of the pitch torch, then Tarzan and Helena ENTER and are surprised as their presence seems to trigger a relay -- we hear a CLICK and pale blue LIGHT illuminates a room they are ENTERING. It's rectangular, with walls of the same strange silver-metal as the mysterious cylinder device. The room, obviously fabricated for some purpose, is a strange blend of unearthly but advanced science. Not "Egyptian" at all except in the very complex hieroglyphic script we've seen before.

359 INT. CAVERN - AT ALTAR FIRE 359

El Kal, followed by D'Jin and tribesmen, is examining the altar which holds the flickering fire. D'Jin sees the pitch torches, starts to take one to ignite it. El Kal motions negatively, then leads them stealthily through the darkness in the direction taken by Tarzan and Helena.

360 INT. SILVER METAL ROOM 360

Tarzan and Helena examining the rectangular room which seems a blind end. The only way in or out is the way by which they entered.

HELENA
I assumed the cavern would lead
to the top of the plateau somehow.
Why would it end in just a bare room?

(CONTINUED)

360 CONTINUED: 360

Tarzan is minutely examining the surface of the walls. Helena, disappointed, then catches sight of a small bas relief of the Ba'al Ra symbol in the inscriptions on the wall nearby.

HELENA
The Ba'al Ra symbol.
(touches it)
See? On my medallion, the same...

GASPS, jumps back in surprise. The symbol is a disguised lever and, at Helena's touch, the symbol has GLOWED with light and a hidden panel swings open. It's alien in conformation but obviously of a highly sophisticated science.

361 CLOSER - HELENA AT PANEL 361

as Tarzan moves INTO TWO SHOT and they examine it. He reaches out... halts his hand, surprised, at its very presence creates a HUMMING there. He moves his hand away from the panel, the HUMMING STOPS. He moves it closer again, the HUMMING STARTS again.

362 INT. CAVERN - EL KAL AND MEN 362

approaching the entry to the rectangular room. Reflected into the cavern we can see the dim glow of the strange blue light. The Bedouin leader moves silently toward where we can hear the HUMMING of the mechanism Tarzan has accidentally actuated. Also, ECHOING into the cavern from the room:

HELENA'S VOICE
It's... "alien" somehow. As if it's not even of this earth.

El Kal gestures silently and his tribesmen come up, rifles ready.

363 INT. SILVER METAL ROOM - TARZAN AND HELENA 363

As Tarzan reaches out and touches panel, HUMMING swells suddenly; tiny lights flash then and we hear relays CLICKING. Suddenly, a hidden silver-metal door WHISHES shut, enclosing them in the room. And they are thrown to the floor as the entire room rapidly begins to move upward, mechanism WHINING into high speed acceleration.

364 INT. CAVERN - EL KAL AND MEN 364

in surprised movement toward where the hidden silver-metal has unexpectedly closed them off from their prey. We can hear the high speed elevator WHINING SOUND going distant and FADING AWAY high above. The tribesmen have backed away in fear but El Kal frantically tries to find a way to open the silver-metal door.

365 INT. SILVER-METAL ROOM - TARZAN AND HELENA 365

Mechanism SOUND WHINING at maximum acceleration.

HELENA
We're moving.

TARZAN
(nods)
Upward. Very fast.

Tarzan starts to his feet, then we hear mechanism WHINE DECELERATING as rapidly as it began. He draws his knife, turns toward the door which had enclosed them in here. The mechanism WHINES to a stop, the door WHISHES open.

366 ANOTHER ANGLE - EMPHASIZING DOOR 366

Sunlight flooding into the silver metal chamber... pleasant meadow-like terrain outside. Tarzan motions Helena to follow him, moves toward the open door.

367 EXT. OUTSIDE TEMPLE - FULL ON SMALL STRUCTURE 367

A small shrine-like structure of hewn rock blocks, Egyptian in nature, but not in ruined condition. It houses the top of the mysterious "elevator." Tarzan and Helena appear at the opening.

368 CLOSER - TARZAN 368

Stepping out warily, looking around, followed by Helena. They both react as, at the same moment, the door behind them WHISHES closed, its camouflaged facing of hewn rock blending with the rest of the structure and leaving not a crack to suggest there was once an opening here.

369 ANGLE PAST TARZAN AND HELENA - THE TEMPLE (MATTE) 369

Only a hundred yards or so away, a magnificent Egyptian temple of gleaming marble, much as the great Nile temples must have once appeared during the height of the Egyptian civilization. It lies in the center of the meadow-like terrain here on the top of this broad plateau. In b.g., surrounding jungle. Of more immediate importance, Tarzan and Helena have been seen and a group of people in ancient Egyptian garb are congregating at the temple steps looking toward them while several Egyptian soldier-archers have leapt into a pair of chariots, LASH the horses into a SPRINTING GALLOP toward them.

370 ANOTHER ANGLE - TARZAN AND HELENA (TEMPLE O.S.) 370

The approaching chariots rein to a fast stop and the soldier-archers leap out, fitting arrows to the curved Egyptian bows and stand with bowstrings pulled taut and arrows ready to fly at the Apeman. Tarzan slowly, carefully puts his knife away, extends empty hands palms up in a gesture of peace. A figure in priest's robes steps from the lead chariot. He carries one of the mysterious silver-metal cylinders reverently in hand. This is LUXAHLT, elderly, his intelligent eyes closely scrutinizing them. He registers startled surprise at seeing Helena. Tarzan indicates Luxahlt's cylinder to Helena.

TARZAN
(quietly)
In his hand... one of the cylinder devices I mentioned.

Luxahlt has stopped, eyeing the young woman, then as if asking:

LUXAHLT
Ti'il bient'l, Ba'al Ra...

Helena has been regarding all this with a strange expression on her face... almost as if half-remembering or instinctively knowing something of this. She turns to Luxahlt.

HELENA
Ti'il ma'ahb bient'lah...
(frowns, searching for the words)
... ai mal'ahl la, Ba'al Ra.

The soldiers, reacting too, lower their bows, drop to their knees toward Helena.

(CONTINUED)

370 CONTINUED: 370

The elderly Luxahlt bows ceremoniously. Helena sees Tarzan's puzzled expression, explains:

HELENA
Old ritual words my father taught me. I'd almost forgotten. He just said to me... "Welcome to she, the chosen one of our god..."

TARZAN
And you answered with...?

HELENA
(frowns; searching memory)
"I shall awaken him. I am his."
(indicates temple)
It's strange... I've never been here, yet it seems so familiar. As if I'm coming home.

Tarzan indicates Luxahlt who is most reverently motioning Helena to a chariot. Tarzan starts to follow her but Luxahlt blocks his way.

HELENA
No! He attends me.

371 ANGLE INCLUDING TEMPLE (MATTE) 371

Tarzan is allowed to follow in the second chariot with Luxahlt as Helena is borne toward the temple in the first, led by CHANTING soldiers.

372 TEMPLE STEPS - EGYPTIANS AND PRIESTS 372

waiting as we hear SOUND of chariots approaching. As they are driven into SCENE and Helena steps out, the Egyptians there drop to their knees and the priests bow reverently. Helena, followed by Tarzan, is led by Luxahlt up the steps toward the temple entry. We hear a CYMBAL CLASH and a reverent CHANT begins from the temple interior.

373 INT. TEMPLE ENTRY - DAY 373

gleaming white marble columns and floors here. Priests bow low as they are led across the entry hall toward large ornate doors. The reverent CHANT from unseen singers is louder in here, giving a feeling of important mysteries about to be unfolded. Luxahlt pauses; indicating the doors to Helena. Then he CLAPS his hands and the huge doors begin swinging open.

374 INT. CRYPT OF BA'AL RA - ESTABLISHING - DAY 374

CAMERA ANGLES past Helena and Tarzan, revealing in shadows a spectacularly beautiful huge room in black marble. Sunken into the floor in the center, dominating the entire room, is an ornate crypt bearing a huge and ornate sarcophagus in which lies a startling looking eight foot long and ominously lifelike silver-metal statue of what could only be an ancient god. Half manlike, half some strange animal... three-claw hands and feet with talons, a fanged animal "alien" face. The silver-metal, carved in intricate detail, shows a short "Pharaoh's" waist garment, and except for this brief covering the body shows the mixed fur and reptilian scales of a magnificent muscled body which dwarfs the physique of the Apeman.

375 PANNING HELENA AND TARZAN 375

The doors closing behind them as they CROSS toward the crypt and the huge god-figure statue which lies face-up there. Helena stops and averts her face, shuddering. Tarzan turns to eye her curiously as she turns back to it fascinated as well as frightened.

TARZAN
The god, Ba'al Ra?

HELENA
(nods)
As in my father's temple. But ours was only a crude stone statue.
(represses shudder)
Nothing like this.

CAMERA PANS as they move to the statue. The power, placement, and lighting of the massive God-Statue add up to an almost overpowering dramatic effect. Helena's voice shakes as she eyes it, continues:

HELENA
(continuing)
He seems... almost alive.

Tarzan hears or scents something, whirls pulling knife, ready.

TEMPLETON'S VOICE
He is, my dear.

376 ANOTHER ANGLE 376

as Helena whirls to follow Tarzan's gaze to where a figure steps out of the deep shadows to the side.

(CONTINUED)

376 CONTINUED: 376

Clad in priest's robes, richer than the others we have seen. He, also, carries one of the cylinder devices. This is TEMPLETON and he throws off the cowl to reveal a thin, highly intelligent English face.

HELENA
Richard!

TEMPLETON
I had given you up, Helena.

Templeton moves into THREE SHOT; he and Helena make no move to embrace. In this CLOSER ANGLE we can see the strain on the face of Helena's fiance, the burning and almost fanatical look in his eyes.

TEMPLETON
And Lord Greystoke. Or do I call you Tarzan? I should have guessed you were one and the same.

HELENA
(touches Tarzan's arm)
Richard, there is something we must tell you about that. You see, Tarzan and I...

TEMPLETON
(interrupts; to Tarzan)
I almost died in the jungle after your refusal to guide me.
(turns to Helena)
I'm delighted you had better luck in securing his services.

Templeton CROSSING to a niche at the wall, pushes over a carved urn set there... it FALLS ECHOING on the floor, and from it pours scores of huge raw diamond crystals.

377 INSERT - THE DIAMOND CRYSTALS 377

Even the dim light reflecting their startling perfection, the incredible wealth they represent.

378 ANGLE - THE THREE 378

Templeton carelessly indicating the diamonds to Tarzan.

(CONTINUED)

378 CONTINUED: 378

TEMPLETON
Payment enough? Can you guess what a handful of raw diamonds of this size and quality will bring?

TARZAN
(ignoring diamonds)
The silver-metal cylinder device you carry...

TEMPLETON
Of no interest to you.
(indicates diamonds; impatiently)
Come on, man! You may have all you can take. So long as I have your word you'll forget all you've seen here.

HELENA
That may be quite impossible, Richard. On our way here... Tarzan and I fell in love. I'm sorry.

TEMPLETON
(to Tarzan)
That's inconvenient. I need her too.

Templeton touches a hidden button at the edge of the crypt and we hear a CHIME from outside the room. Tarzan quickly steps in, intending to grab Templeton who brings up his cylinder device, aiming it point blank at the Apeman and depressing a control.

379 OPTICAL ANGLE 379

An OPTICAL FLASH envelopes Tarzan. Of much less intensity than any we've seen before, it is still sufficient to knock the Apeman spinning backwards to the floor, hitting and lying unconscious. Helena SCREAMS, races for Tarzan but Templeton grabs her arm, stops her.

380 ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING ENTRY DOORS 380

Already opening and the Egyptian soldier-archers already racing in.

TEMPLETON
(to soldiers)
Take him to our "pets."

(CONTINUED)

380 CONTINUED: 380

HELENA
Don't harm him, Richard, I beg you! He brought me here... you owe him your gratitude...

TEMPLETON
And I'm extending it, Helena dear. We've long needed a man with...
(smiles, meaningfully)
... certain qualities which I'm sure you've discovered in him.

Tarzan's unconscious form has been pulled from the room and Templeton turns back to the crypt, touches another hidden button and a panel slides open, revealing a control surface with instrumentation similar to that we saw in the elevator room. Lights are FLASHING, it emits a low HUM. As he passes his hand expertly over the controls there, the HUMMING grows louder, hidden relays CLICK.

381 ANOTHER ANGLE 381

revealing a jointed golden mold sliding into view, opening to reveal each half of it is one side of a life-sized impression of a female form... a perfect female form. Miniature lights wink ON and OFF at dozens of key measurement points imbedded in both sides of the female impression... the overall effect should be that this is some highly sophisticated, probably solid state electronic, measuring device.

TEMPLETON
There are other females who come close to fitting it. Perhaps as I learn more of this engineering, I could adapt it to them. But it may not be necessary now.
(indicates Helena and the mold)
I suspect you'll fit it perfectly.

HELENA
Do you mean lie in it? Why? For what purpose?

TEMPLETON
Doesn't look like it's been here a hundred centuries, does it? But I guarantee it has. Waiting.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

381 CONTINUED: 381

TEMPLETON (cont'd)
(turns back to Helena)
I've discovered some answers here to your questions, Helena. Your father belonged to the same priesthood as this. A priesthood which carries a most ancient bloodline and which exists for a single purpose.
(indicates mold)
To one day produce a woman who will fit that mold. Genetically, it had to happen again someday. And legend had it that she'd have flaming hair and golden skin.

HELENA
I don't understand.

TEMPLETON
You're a throwback, my dear. A perfect duplicate of a race of women who existed at the beginning of time.
(indicates statue)
In all their travels these beings known as the Wanderers had never experienced love. They found it possible here with women of your race.

382 ANGLE EMPHASIZING STATUE 382

TEMPLETON
Don't you see the cosmic poetry which happened once here on Earth, my dear.
(indicates statue)
The Wanderers... strangers from Heaven knows what alien world. They brought earth its first beginnings of civilization. They were worshipped as gods by our simple ancestors. Isn't it significant that all early human cultures had in common a worship of a group of many similar gods?

383 ANGLE EMPHASIZING HELENA 383

as Templeton indicates the statue.

(CONTINUED)

383 CONTINUED: 383

TEMPLETON
How do all the old legends describe them? Godlike, yes... but also capable of disputes, jealousies, even lust.
(back to Helena)
In time, your ancestors rebelled. When they were punished, they scattered and hid what was left of their flaming haired women. And so the Wanderers grew weary of earth. Thuth, Ammon, Mazda and the others left. But one of them, the one named Ba'al Ra stayed behind here in this temple on this hidden plateau. Cared for by the priesthood he trained, he has lain sleeping, waiting for another such woman to be found for him again.

HELENA
You talk as if there's a... <u>thing</u> like this alive somewhere.

TEMPLETON
(indicates crypt)
He is alive, my dear.

HELENA
Richard... this is only a statue...

TEMPLETON
This is Ba'al Ra. Alive, existing in suspended animation, sheathed in this metal covering.
(indicates golden mold)
Just as you will take your place at his feet there.

Templeton activates another control and Helena turns to see the golden mold closing.

384 INSERT - GOLDEN MOLD 384

The two halves closing.

385 BACK TO SHOT 385

Helena blanching.

(CONTINUED)

385 CONTINUED: 385

TEMPLETON
An incredibly refined measuring device... awaiting the right combination, the exact key.
(turns to Helena)
If you fit it as perfectly as I believe you will... Ba'al Ra will awaken.

HELENA
(trembling in horror; voice quavers)
Richard...

TEMPLETON
Why are you frightened? This is what you were born for... it answers the strange longings you've always felt.
(indicates image)
He'll release you from the mold... take you as his bride.

386 INT. SILVER-METAL ROOM - CLOSE ON JAGGED ROCK 386

SLAMMING into a silver-metal wall, raising dust from the rock but without in the slightest marring or denting the strange metal. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal four tribesmen, two on each end of a rope tied to the heavy rock, swinging it SLAMMING into the silver-metal wall again and again... until with all their strength they SLAM it and the rock breaks in pieces.

387 INCLUDING EL KAL 387

carefully inspecting the rcom. He turns unhappily as D'Jin examines the wall unbelievingly, calls:

D'JIN
Nothing, master.

EL KAL
With my own eyes I saw the White Ape and woman at an opening in the wall there.

D'JIN
Perhaps the woman is a creature of evil magic...

(CONTINUED)

387 CONTINUED: 387

EL KAL
(angrily)
This is a device which bore them upwards! I heard the sound as they departed.

D'JIN
Perhaps she summoned demons to carry them.

EL KAL
Then I will summon them also!

He begins to inspect the room again.

388 INT. HALL OF WOMEN - CLOSE SHOT TARZAN 388

lying face up on the floor. His eyelids flicker, then his eyes open. Instantly alert, he turns his head to take in where he is... reacts with as completely surprised an expression as we've ever seen on the Apeman's face. He begins a sweep of the room with his eyes.

389 PANNING HALL OF WOMEN - MATCHING TARZAN'S EYE SWEEP 389

Beginning at one side, CAMERA PANNING ENTIRE ROOM, ENDING with FULL SHOT Tarzan as he moves to his feet, reacting almost unbelieving at what we have seen. Eleven lovely young females, each crouched expectantly watching Tarzan! They represent every color and race ... each of them wearing a gold collar with twelve feet of golden chain securely attaching each to the wall just out of reach of the other but allowing free movement over her own separate raised platform. There are twelve such platforms, six extending out from the walls on each side. One is empty. Each platform with a small doorway in the wall, leading to a small room for personal effects and privacy needs. Centered on each platform, an ornate couch.

390 WIDE ANGLE - EMPHASIZING TARZAN AND NEAREST WOMAN 390

The closest woman is LA. Proud, certain of herself, she is the only one not crouched like a ravenous animal ready to spring on its prey. Exquisitely lovely, she wears a brief garment of an unfamiliar and somewhat barbaric design, plus gold ornaments which include a forehead diadem bearing an unusual symbol. Her skin suggests Helena's gold but is lighter.

(CONTINUED)

390 CONTINUED: 390

Her hair, although blonde, does have a slight tint of flame color. Although she watches Tarzan, her look is more one of intelligent appraisal, estimating him. One of the women attracts Tarzan's attention with a throaty COOING SOUND... as he looks toward her, another woman LAUGHS invitingly. Then the room goes silent again. Not an eye has left Tarzan for an instant.

TARZAN
I am Tarzan. What is this place?

Another throaty COOING, an inviting catlike WHINING, another LAUGH. But none answers his question. He turns and moves to the heavy door behind him, obviously the entry by which he was brought here. It's locked strongly. As he exerts his full strength, trying to open it, CAMERA TRUCKS IN and EMPHASIZES the play of his magnificent back and shoulder muscles.

391 ANGLE ON WOMEN 391

Some ADMIRING SOUNDS at the splendid physique they see demonstrated. (NOTE: each woman's couch, garments and personal effects differ according to her race and level of culture. They range from a splendid ebony native woman clad in her tribal dress and dozens of wrist and ankle rings and her couch covered with zebra hide... through a striking half-caste, a couple of varied Moslem types, one who could be Greek, a sari-clad female of India, etc. But each obviously trained and disciplined somehow into a strange wildness and acceptance of this place.)

392 PANNING TARZAN 392

gives up at the door, turns to move back into the room, CAMERA PANNING him to include La who sits half reclining on her couch atop the first platform. The empty one is across from her. La's personal effects, a curtain, couch, are a bit richer in quality than the others. As Tarzan starts to move past her:

LA
I am La. Favored of the Hall of Women.

TARZAN
Why are chained?
(indicates self)
Why is Tarzan here?

(CONTINUED)

392 CONTINUED: 392

LA
Come. I will answer your questions.

La smiles, beckons him to cross and sit beside her. Tarzan eyes her, decides to explore the other end of the room first.

393 TRUCKING TARZAN 393

moving down the corridor formed between the platforms. And the ten other women there, five to each side, begin trying to attract his attention. Some make inviting SOUNDS. We hear WHISPERED "Pretty man, come!" in English, an inviting PHRASE in some other language. Some keep to their couches, arranging themselves invitingly. One on her back on the platform, her head lying over the corridor edge and her eyes pleading with him. Others move out to the full length of their chain...

394 EMPHASIZING GREEK WOMAN 394

crouched at platform edge, Tarzan approaching down corridor toward her. His attention momentarily caught by a woman he is passing on the other side, he strays out of the exact center of the corridor between platforms... with a triumphant SHRIEK the Greek female leaps to the full length of her chain where he has come into her reach. She grabs clawing, trying to pull him to her platform.

GREEK FEMALE
(demanding, pleading)
Mine! Come... come...!

Tarzan twists free in surprise at her wildly savage hunger, backs into reach of the ebony tribal woman who leaps on his back with surprising strength and force, her arms encircling and choking him as she wrests him off balance and to her platform.

395 ANOTHER ANGLE 395

The room a bedlam of excited SHRIEKS and CALLS now. Tarzan wrests free, narrowly avoiding another woman, stays to the exact corridor center where the females' chain length stops them just fingertip short of reaching him. The excited CRIES of the women dying away now as he examines this far end of the room, digs his fingers between the huge stone blocks, examining the mortar for any signs of looseness. Then he returns up corridor center.

396 ANGLE ON LA 396

showing none of the wild excitement of the others, she stays reclined and quietly watching the o.s. Tarzan with intelligent curiosity.

397 AT EMPTY PLATFORM - PANNING TARZAN 397

as he crosses quickly in, pushes aside the curtains at the small doorway into the wall. CAMERA REVEALS it contains a stone pool of water for bath, a half wall which probably shields toilet facilities, a low bench with polished brass mirror on one wall, but the room is completely enclosed with no way of escape here either. He turns and crosses back out where his eyes fall on La again.

398 EMPHASIZING LA 398

still sitting half-reclined, quietly watching him with her look of intelligent interest. Tarzan CROSSES INTO SHOT, within length of her chain... she makes no effort to leap at him, smiles.

LA
La is favorite of the high priest.
She has no need of you.

CAMERA MOVES INTO TWO SHOT as Tarzan crosses in and she makes room and motions for him to sit.

TARZAN
The High Priest... Templeton?

LA
(nods)
Ri-chard. He prepares La of Opar to be bride of Ba'al Ra.

TARZAN
Opar!
(examines diadem symbol)
Yes, I see this as a boy. A far journey to greatest rainforest, great ruins, small hairy men who speak language of great apes...

LA
(nods)
La is priestess there.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

398 CONTINUED: 398

LA (cont'd)
(spits it)
Our men now animals who mate with apes. But La carries blood of gods who taught our fathers. La will awaken Ba'al Ra to teach us again.

TARZAN
Tell me about Ba'al Ra.

DISSOLVE TO:

399 INT. SILVER-METAL ROOM - CLOSE ON EL KAL 399

watching something pleased. We can hear the familiar HUMMING SOUND. Then CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal they've found the key to opening the control panel. El Kal passes his hand over it, producing LOUDER HUMMING, and BLINKING LIGHTS. He turns to a frightened D'Jin.

EL KAL
We have our demon. Has night fallen outside?

D'JIN
Yes, master. But...

EL KAL
(interrupts)
Then set one man to guard our horses. Bring the rest here.

400 INT. HALL OF WOMEN - PAN SHOT - NIGHT 400

PANNING by the chained women. The torches are low, some are asleep, but some are still throwing looks up toward the end of the chamber where CAMERA PANS and CENTERS on Tarzan lying asleep on the empty platform. A door SOUND; Tarzan comes awake and alert, rolling to his feet to see:

401 ANGLE TO INCLUDE ENTRY DOOR 401

Templeton standing at the open door, soldier-archers at his side cover Tarzan with drawn arrows. Templeton crosses in now, followed by Luxahlt and a couple of other priests who carry personal effects to the empty platform.

(CONTINUED)

401 CONTINUED: 401

TEMPLETON
Helena will be joining you here. She's being stubborn but we've found the eagerness of the other women is usually contagious.
(indicates other women)
They all come unwillingly at first.

LA
Ri-chard... who comes?

TEMPLETON
A bit of a disappointment for you, I'm afraid.
(to Tarzan)
I wouldn't, old boy.

Tarzan has begun to edge toward a spring at Templeton, but the soldier-archers have fanned out menacing him with their arrows from every angle. Tarzan stops; it's obvious he could never make it. Then Helena is led in by the golden chain attached to her collar.

402 PANNING HELENA 402

being led in toward the empty platform. During the following, her end chain link will be HAMMERED closed at the hood imbedded in the stone wall. Subdued, so emotionally drained, Helena is almost sleep walking, offers no resistance.

403 EMPHASIZING LA 403

leaping to her feet as she sees Helena's golden skin and flame colored hair.

LA
Ri-chard! No!

TEMPLETON
(nodding)
Exactly as even your legends describe her... skin of gold, hair of flame.

LA
You swore it would be La!

TEMPLETON
Because I'd given her up. You were the next closest. I'm sorry.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

403 CONTINUED: 403

TEMPLETON (cont'd)
(to Tarzan)
I sincerely do feel for her. Of all the women they've brought here over the centuries, she's the first who came willingly. The same bloodline as Helena, I fancy, but not quite as perfect. Did she tell you about Opar? Undoubtedly it was an African colony of Atlantis, a civilization which matched Egypt before it sank beneath the waves. The Wanderers were there too, of course. You see how accurate my theories have proven?

TARZAN
This woman speaks of awakening Ba'al Ra.

TEMPLETON
(nods)
It's quite true, I assure you. Of course La didn't exactly fit the mold. Without Helena I would have risked tampering with the machinery, trying to make it accept her...

404 ANGLE INCLUDING LUXAHLT 404

The priest will look up sharply at Tarzan's words. In b.g. Helena has thrown herself face down on her platform couch, apathetic and without hope.

TARZAN
And if your theory is true, what do you know of it beyond it's a thing which lusted for a certain breed of earth woman...

TEMPLETON
(interrupting)
Damn it, man, can't you see this in civilized perspective? I'm not fiddling with some ridiculous legend; I'm a scientist trying to bring to life someone who can change the shape of our world! You've seen its machinery, intelligence and science beyond mankind's wildest dream. Can't you imagine what he will be able to tell us about our past, our future?

405 ANGLE - EMPHASIZING TEMPLETON AND TARZAN 405

TARZAN
And Helena...?

TEMPLETON
(looking toward Helena)
Isn't this waht she was born for? She admits she had strange needs, things inside so wild it frightened her.
(back to Tarzan)
You took some of that away. But I fancy this room will help her get over you. Since it means your life, she'd end by encouraging you to cooperate here.

LA
(quietly; answering Tarzan's puzzled look)
When the women here demand another male... you die.

TEMPLETON
And I see by their expression you've proved disappointing so far. Actually, there were sound psychological reasons for always having a man in here. The priests never knew which female might ultimately fit the mold. Competition over the male kept the women healthy and maturing properly.
(to Luxahlt)
And Greystoke is a fine specimen. He may last quite a time.
(to Tarzan)
There was a Senegalese soldier who stayed three months before the women tired of him. On the other hand, we had a Belgian trapper who was somewhat shy. The women had us come get him the same evening.

TARZAN
I will live, Templeton. To kill you.

Templeton is already exiting. The soldier-archers continue to cover Tarzan until the others are out, then they back through the door, SLAM it. Tarzan races for the door but we hear the outside lock CLICK shut as he reaches it.

406 ANGLE ON HELENA 406

as Tarzan crosses to stand over her. She lies face down, trembling but otherwise unmoving. He reaches, turns her over to face him... she throws herself into his arms, SOBBING.

407 EXT. OUTSIDE TEMPLE - FULL ON "ELEVATOR" STRUCTURE NIGHT 407

as the hidden "elevator" door SNAPS open and D'Jin steps out followed by tribemen. CAMERA ANGLES to reveal El Kal waiting with other tribesmen.

D'JIN
(quietly)
These are the last, master.

EL KAL
Quietly, then.

408 ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING TEMPLE (MATTE) 408

as El Kal begins leading his men in that direction.

409 INT. HALL OF WOMEN - ANGLE ON OTHER WOMEN 409

SHRIEKING in derision and anger, using cups and other personal effects to set up a CLATTER, all directed toward:

410 TARZAN AND HELENA 410

Tarzan lies on his back on the platform, eyes closed, ignoring the growing volume of SOUND. But Helena, in more control of herself now, is eyeing the women apprehensively. She looks toward La.

411 ANGLE INCLUDING LA 411

not taking part in the CLATTER, catches Helena's questioning look.

LA
They call for him to be taken.

412 TARZAN AND HELENA 412

as Helena turns to Tarzan.

(CONTINUED)

412 CONTINUED: 412

HELENA
I do not want you to die.

Tarzan opens his eyes, looks at her, shuts them again.

HELENA
Tarzan, I'm being selfish! I need you alive to protect me.

Tarzan rolls to his feet. But instead of heading for the other women, he grabs Helena's chain near the wall and with a mighty surge of strength, wrenches it free. Then he snaps the chain at her collar, then with eight or nine feet of the golden chain in his hand he turns and moves toward the CLAMORING women.

413 PANNING TARZAN - INCLUDING OTHER WOMEN 413

The women raising their SHOUTS and CLATTER louder. Some throw items at him, others spit angrily in his direction. Suddenly he swings the chain hard, and it CRACKS deafeningly against a platform inches away from a woman who retreats in fear. Tarzan whirls, swinging, the chain CRACKING into a couch, SPLINTERING it again inches away from another woman.

414 ANOTHER ANGLE - TARZAN 414

threatening another... the TUMULT dying away and the women retreating from his anger. Finally the room is silent, the women cowering from the huge man threatening them with a whip of link gold. But in the stillness now, suddenly a WHISTLING THUNDER SOUND from the other end of the room.

HELENA
Tarzan!

Tarzan whirls to see:

415 OPTICAL ANGLE ON ENTRY DOOR 415

The door covered with seething flame (OPTICAL) which is as quickly gone, leaving only charred remnants where a door stood moments ago.

416 ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING DOOR 416

Tarzan racing INTO SCENE and halts as he sees the priest Luxahlt entering, one of the silver-metal cylinder devices in hand.

(CONTINUED)

416 CONTINUED: 416

LUXAHLT
If you return to your homes, you will say nothing of this temple?

HELENA
Agreed. How do you speak our language?

LUXAHLT
Of all who live here only I have traveled into your world.
(indicates)
My task was to secure candidates for Ba'al Ra.

TARZAN
We must know Ba'al Ra will never awaken.
(indicates cylinder)
The mechanism must be destroyed.

LUXAHLT
I agree. Perhaps in ancient days the gods had their purpose, but I know men today would not bow down to Ba'al Ra.

HELENA
(to Tarzan)
The other women.

417 ANGLE INCLUDING SOME WOMEN 417

Tarzan turns, eyes them. But they seem frightened rather than interested in escape.

LUXAHLT
They have no wish to leave.
(turns, beckons)
Quickly.

418 ANGLE ON LA 418

reaching a decision.

LA
Release me also, Tarzan. I would return to Opar.

Tarzan crosses quickly, pulls her golden chain from the wall. Then they follow Luxahlt and Helena, exiting into the dark corridor beyond.

419 INT. TEMPLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 419

Tarzan hurrying alongside Luxahlt in the darkness as the women follow. Quietly:

LUXAHLT
Do you guess why Ba'al Ra stayed here?

TARZAN
(nods)
He risked eternity rather than leave the place where he could be worshipped...

LUXAHLT
... and satisfy his lusts.

420 ANGLE ON LA 420

beginning to lag behind. Then, at an intersection of another small dark corridor, she darts into it and disappears.

421 ANGLE ON THE OTHERS 421

as Helena misses La, calls quietly:

HELENA
La, Tarzan. She's gone.

LUXAHLT
(beckoning them)
There are a hundred corridors here. Come, quickly.

They move on.

422 INT. ANOTHER TEMPLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 422

Tarzan, Helena and Luxahlt come into view at another corridor intersection and Luxahlt stops to get his bearings. Tarzan indicates the cylinder the priest holds in his hand.

TARZAN
These are a danger also. With them a few men could conquer our world.

LUXAHLT
(nods)
They are stored in the crypt room.

He gets his bearings, motions them down the side passage.

423 INT. TEMPLE CORRIDOR AT DOOR 423

Luxahlt leading them INTO SHOT, motioning them into silence as he opens the door a bit and they peer in.

424 POV - INTO CRYPT ROOM 424

silent, dark.

425 BACK TO SHOT 425

Tarzan suddenly alert, sniffing the air. He restrains Luxahlt from entering, whispers:

TARZAN
Men. Many.

TEMPLETON
But only one here.

426 OPTICAL ANGLE - INCLUDING TEMPLETON 426

behind them, a cylinder in his hand too, leveled at them. Luxahlt whirls, bringing his cylinder up, but too late. A blinding FLASH OF LIGHT (OPTICAL) from Templeton's cylinder and Luxahlt is enveloped in an instant of seething FIRE(OPTICAL). Then it's gone and there's only ashes on the floor where Luxahlt stood a moment before.

LA
(nods)
Death to all who hate our God.

Templeton menaces Tarzan and Helena with the cylinder, motioning them on into the crypt room.

427 INT. CRYPT OF BA'AL RA - AT SIDE DOOR 427

through which Tarzan and Helena enter, followed by Templeton.

428 ANGLE ON TEMPLETON 428

adjusting his cylinder, raising it to fire three quick bursts of LIGHT (OPTICAL) igniting pitch torches on wall holders. But as the torches fill the room with light, Templeton reacts hard as he sees:

429 WIDE ANGLE - TO INCLUDE EL KAL AND MEN 429

with their rifles leveled, confronting the three who have just entered. Templeton levels his cylinder at them:

D'JIN
Master! A cylinder device...

EL KAL
(to tribesmen)
Hold!

The rifles are lowered. Helena whirls to Templeton:

HELENA
(to Templeton)
El Kal! I told you of him.

TEMPLETON
And I was much impressed.

EL KAL
And we have no quarrel with thee.
(indicates Tarzan)
It appears, indeed, we share a common enemy.

Templeton makes a quick adjustment on the cylinder, swings it toward Tarzan who reacts, leaping at Templeton.

430 OPTICAL ANGLE 430

Templeton touching a control and a BRIEF LIGHT BURST (OPTICAL) catches Tarzan in mid leap, SLAMS him spinning unconscious to the floor. Templeton turns smiling to El Kal.

TEMPLETON
Our common enemy is now helpless. Or I could have set it to destroy a whole city as easily.
(indicates cylinder)
For a dozen of these, what price would you pay?

EL KAL
(smiles)
My right arm, an eye, my tents and flocks...

TEMPLETON
(indicates image of Ba'al Ra)
Would you bow down and follow him?

El Kal turns, eyes the statue. He looks back sharply at Templeton, sees the question is dead serious.

431 ANOTHER ANGLE 431

Templeton has stepped to a wall projection, touches a hidden control; and the marble block slides open, revealing rows of the silver-metal cylinders.

432 INCLUDING EL KAL 432

as D'Jin turns from the frightening image to his master:

D'JIN
Master, no. There is no god but Allah...

EL KAL
(interrupting)
I swear there is no god but Ba'al Ra.

TEMPLETON
(smiles)
And Richard Templeton his prophet.

EL KAL
(smiles)
And El Kal his servant.

TEMPLETON
(indicates La)
Then bind this woman...

LA
No! I saved our god's life! You swore again...

Bedouins converge on her, muffling her pleas as they bind her.

DISSOLVE TO:

433 INT. TEMPLE ENTRY - NIGHT 433

We hear the CHANTING we heard earlier. A line of priests bearing torches and sacred symbols, are CROSSING into the crypt room.

434 INT. CRYPT OF BA'AL RA - ANGLE ON TARZAN - NIGHT 434

securely bound, still unconscious.

435 ANGLE AT IMAGE - THE GOLDEN MOLD 435

opening, revealing the two halves of the female form while Helena, being carried toward it, gives a last SHRIEK of horror, collapses and lies unconscious. She is laid inside the bottom half of the mold... the gold fitting perfectly about her body.

436 TEMPLETON 436

At the alien panel, touching a control, turning to:

437 ANGLE - INCLUDING GOLDEN MOLD 437

As it closes now over Helena's body. Pinpoint lights on the outside of the mold begin flashing, we hear a BEEPING, an eerie high pitched HUMMING which steadily increases in volume.

438 WIDER ANGLE 438

Templeton backing away from his panel which has begun to flash (OPTICAL OR SPECIAL EFFECTS). The SOUNDS growing in volume until they seem to shake the whole temple. Both Bedouins and Priests, shaken and frightened, back away awe-struck by whatever enormous energy is being released.

439 ANGLE ON IMAGE 439

As it shakes, then again more violently -- we hear a MUFFLED GROWL-GROAN sound. Then <u>suddenly the metal shell cracks down the center and the terrible, living form of Ba'al Ra raises up out of the crypt</u>. Priests, wailing, prostrate themselves. Bedouin tribesmen scatter, fleeing as the massive, eight foot form of Ba'al Ra stands and flexes its limbs. Then it moves to leave its crypt.

440 TARZAN 440

Coming back to consciousness, turning his head and registering as he sees the massive Thing stepping out of its crypt. His Bedouin Guards are fled or trembling prostrate and Tarzan begins struggling with his bonds, gets his teeth into one of the knots.

441 EMPHASIZING TEMPLETON 441

El Kal has backed carefully away but Templeton holds his ground and now steps out to confront Ba'al Ra. The huge thing sees him, turns toward him, opens its maw in a warning GROWL which becomes words. Not a human voice, it RUMBLES ECHOING with power through the temple:

BA'AL RA
HUMAN...! KNEEL TO YOUR GOD...!

(CONTINUED)

441 CONTINUED: 441

TEMPLETON
It is I who released you. I found the woman, fought others who did not wish you awakened...

BA'AL RA
OBEY!

442 ANOTHER ANGLE 442

Templeton sees it coming, shrieks in fear as Ba'al Ra's huge taloned hand sweeps him off his feet, catapulting him broken and bleeding into a lifeless lump across the room. Ba'al Ra turns toward the others who, including even El Kal and the Bedouins left, have prostrated themselves onto the floor.

BA'AL RA
OBEY!

Then the massive Thing turns to the golden mold, opens it, revealing Helena lying there.

443 TARZAN 443

Struggling rapidly, is working himself free. He throws a glance to see:

444 ANGLE - HELENA 444

As Ba'al Ra, RUMBLING PLEASURE SOUNDS, lifts her from the golden mold. As he lifts her into his arms, Helena's eyes open and her eyes go wide in horror. Her mouth moves, trying to SHRIEK but no sound comes out.

445 ANGLE - BA'AL RA 445

Turning, Helena in its arms, moving to the temple entry.

446 WHIP PAN 446

To Tarzan fighting the last of the bonds, then finally freeing himself. Unseen by the others who lie prostrate, averting their faces, Tarzan snatches up Templeton's cylinder, turns and races after the Thing.

447 EXT. TEMPLE ENTRY - BA'AL RA - NIGHT 447

The massive thing crossing, carrying Helena out into the night. Only as they begin disappearing into the darkness does Helena find her voice... shrieking again, again and again.

448 TARZAN 448

Racing out to the temple steps as the last SOUND of Helena's horror fades in the night. Estimating the direction of the last screams, Tarzan races into the darkness and is gone from sight, too.

449 EXT. PLATEAU JUNGLE - DAY 449

Tarzan still searching, cylinder in hand.

450 EXT. OUTSIDE TEMPLE - LONG SHOT TEMPLE (MATTE) - DAY 450

The last of El Kal's Bedouins hurrying from the temple, carrying silver-metal cylinders.

451 ANGLE AT "ELEVATOR" STRUCTURE - TEMPLE O.S. 451

El Kal and D'Jin waiting at a stack of the silver metal cylinders as the last of the Tribesmen pile theirs there also. D'Jin nervously to El Kal:

D'JIN
Enough to own the world, Master.
We must depart before it...

D'Jin breaks off as his eyes catch something. He screams in fear as Templeton did... and as a huge taloned hand sweeps him into the air.

452 ANOTHER ANGLE 452

Ba'al Ra, risen into view from behind the structure, lifts D'Jin high into the air, throws him spinning a dozen yards away and landing broken and dead. El Kal, cut off from the cylinders, finds the huge Thing turning on him. He flees, racing for the jungle while his Bedouins turn their rifles on the massive Ba'al Ra, begin FIRING. This distracts Ba'al Ra from El Kal, but the bullets seem to have no effect. Ba'al Ra scoops up a cylinder, turns toward them.

453 OPTICAL ANGLE - BA'AL RA 453

Pressing a control and we hear the SHRILL CRACKLING THUNDER sound of full power, see the brilliant light beam (OPTICAL) emitting from the device.

454 OPTICAL ANGLE TOWARD BEDOUINS 454

The whole area now a sheet of sparkling white flame. Then as the beam shuts off, the flame fades, leaving a quarter of the area seared, smoking ground where the Bedouin tribesmen once stood.

455 OPTICAL ANGLE - EL KAL 455

Reaching the trees, now turns to look over shoulder, reacts and throws himself into the trees at the side as the area where he stood bursts into brilliant flame (OPTICAL).

456 OPTICAL ANGLE - PAST BA'AL RA 456

Firing beam (OPTICAL) from his cylinder toward the distant tree again, but El Kal has disappeared.

457 INT. PLATEAU JUNGLE - ANGLE IN TREES - DAY 457

Tarzan running, swinging TOWARD CAMERA into FULL SHOT vantage point from which he searches the jungle with his eyes. He sees something, heads in that direction.

458 ANGLE UP INTO TREES 458

Tarzan coming into view, a leaping descent broken by skilled use of vines and saplings.

459 PANNING TARZAN 459

As he drops to the ground running, CAMERA ANGLING with him to reveal the figure of Helena! She lies by a small stream in an area where tall grass has been crushed flat. Tarzan runs in.

TARZAN

Helena.

Helena opens her eyes, looking up at Tarzan who runs anxiously into TWO SHOT. He's not prepared for what he sees next -- Helena smiling up at him, her face radiantly happy.

(CONTINUED)

459 CONTINUED: 459

HELENA
Yes, Tarzan?

Even the voice reflects happy contentment and Tarzan hesitates, puzzled. Helena smiling, understands his look.

HELENA
(continuing)
No, I'm not demented. Please try to understand... this is what I was born for. I was frightened only because I didn't understand.
(lays back in grass, arms out, stretching)
He may seem strange and alien to you, but to me he's become beautiful. He wants me so, needs me, cares so.

TARZAN
Templeton tried to sneak to it, tell it he had awakened it. It crushed him to death before he could finish.

HELENA
(smiles)
You promised to kill Richard yourself.

TARZAN
But your Ba'al Ra owed Templeton gratitude...

HELENA
Then my god knew what Templeton was. Ba'al Ra was wisdom beyond our understanding, Tarzan.

Then her eyes fall upon the cylinder he carries. She jumps to her feet horrified.

TARZAN
Come. I'll take you back.

HELENA
Don't Tarzan. If you try, you'll die.
(touches his arm)
Please, I loved you once. I still care for you. Don't make me hate you.

(CONTINUED)

459 CONTINUED: (2) 459

Then both turn as we hear something CRASHING through the underbrush nearby. Helena calls:

HELENA
(continuing)
Ba'al Ra, is it you?

The SOUND stops. Tarzan has moved out, scanning the jungle cylinder ready.

460 TRUCK SHOT - DENSE THICKET 460

Catching movement, then CAMERA TRUCKING IN to reveal it's El Kal! Dishevelled, robes torn, catching his breath from his flight through the jungle.

HELENA'S VOICE
There's a human here with a cylinder device!

El Kal looks up, very interested. He draws his curved knife.

461 TARZAN AND HELENA 461

Too far away to stop her warning call, he's turned to see hatred on her face. Then he turns back, scanning the jungle again, cylinder device held ready.

462 HELENA 462

Her eyes search frantically around, fall on a stout length of dead limb. Quietly, she reaches for it.

463 EL KAL 463

Beginning to crawl silently through the dense underbrush.

464 TARZAN 464

Picking up a scent, a sound beyond the range of any human ear. He crouches, going intent on that direction. Then WHIP PAN to Helena as she swings the stout limb. Tarzan senses it coming in time to avoid it with his head, but it THUNKS hard against his shoulder, knocking the cylinder device spinning out of his hand into nearby brush. Helena swings again, he avoids the limb, starts for the device but she's on him like a wildcat, screaming epithets, scratching, biting. He hears something coming, throws her aside.

465 ANGLE TO INCLUDE EL KAL 465

Racing in to sweep up the cylinder device. Tarzan turns to find himself looking at the weapon held in the hand of his oldest enemy. Then he sees Helena.

EL KAL
Ba'al Ra, thy "love?"
(to Tarzan)
It but confirms my own belief
that women are but pretty animals.
(eyeing Helena)
Having no soul, they respond only to beatings or caresses. And best to some of both.

TARZAN
I once had one who was more, El Kal.

EL KAL
No tribesman of mine saw thy wife die, Tarzan. Did thee find her body?

TARZAN
Two of your slave raiders carried her away. By the time my Wazuri found them, they admitted she had died of her wounds.

EL KAL
A man will admit many things under Wazuri torture. A pity they died without revealing her grave.
(adjusting device)
A pity I cannot risk thee living. By some twist of fate perhaps she does.

A REVERBERATING GROWL, El Kal whirling to the side, blanching as he sees:

466 OPTICAL ANGLE - INCLUDING BA'AL RA 466

Moving through the trees toward them. Helena turns, cries warningly:

HELENA
Take care! He has a...

El Kal fires a beam of light (OPTICAL) which catches Ba'al Ra full in the chest. Helena screams in fear for Ba'al Ra but the massive Thing reels, but keeps coming, bearing down on El Kal fast.

(CONTINUED)

466 CONTINUED: 466

EL KAL
(to Tarzan)
The adjustment for fire?
Does thee know it?

467 ANOTHER OPTICAL ANGLE 467

El Kal tries to adjust device, fires a brighter beam, sheathing Ba'al Ra in the familiar sparkling fire (OPTICAL) and the huge Thing staggers, ROARING in agony, but continuing ahead. Almost unable to believe he hasn't stopped it, El Kal tries to fire again but as he touches the control, the cylinder CLICKS.

468 ANOTHER ANGLE 468

The massive Thing, ROARING in pain, grabs the Bedouin, lifting him up like a toy doll. No easy death for this human who has burned him so... Ba'al Ra begins to rip at the Bedouin leader as a cat slowly kills a captured mouse. Despite his pride and strength, SOUNDS are torn from El Kal.

469 HELENA 469

Watching aghast.

470 TARZAN 470

Snatching up the cylinder, tries to make it work, but with as little success as El Kal. He tosses it aside, grabbing up El Kal's knife and leaps into the trees.

471 BA'AL RA AND EL KAL 471

The Bedouin leader dying as slowly and painfully as Tarzan could have wished only in his darkest moments of anger. Then appearing out of the trees, Tarzan leaps on the huge Thing's back, striking again and again with the curved Arab knife.

HELENA
Tarzan, no! Please no! You wanted El Kal dead!

Ba'al Ra, tormented by the human on his back, tries to reach him. Sensing another screaming human screaming at its feet, the huge Thing strikes at Helena, knocking her into the bushes where she tumbles into an unconscious heap.

472 ANOTHER ANGLE 472

Ba'al Ra smashing El Kal to the ground, broken and dead. Then with both hands free, it reaches and grips Tarzan. But the Apeman has dodged in time, is able to break free, leaping clear.

473 SPECIAL EFFECTS ANGLE - TARZAN AND BA'AL RA 473

Narrowly escaping Ba'al Ra's rush, leaps into the trees, retreating. The huge Thing sweeps up a half-ton boulder, throwing it with cannonball force, hitting a tree with a jar which almost shakes Tarzan to the ground.

474 CLOSER - BA'AL RA 474

Searching for another missile, comes upon Helena's still form. It stops, ceases its GROWLING, bends to tenderly lift her, caress her.

475 HELENA AND BA'AL RA 475

As her eyes flutter open.

HELENA
I'm all right. But you...

BA'AL RA
THE NAKED HUMAN... ESCAPED. HE MUST DIE.

HELENA
Kill him! He means you harm!

476 ANOTHER ANGLE 476

Ba'al Ra lays her tenderly on the grass, turns and stumbles off into the jungle in the direction we last saw Tarzan.

477 ANGLE IN TREES - TARZAN 477

Seeing the huge Thing passing below, follows it through the trees.

DISSOLVE TO:

478 EXT. SECOND PLATEAU JUNGLE AREA - CLOSE ON SMALL FIRE - DAY 478

Over the fire, a cupped rock bubbling with the thick, poisonous mixture we saw the Wazuris use. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Tarzan dipping into it the pointed ends of crude arrows he has hurriedly made. He looks up as we HEAR distant CRASHING through underbrush, then hurries with his task.

479 ANGLE ON BA'AL RA 479

Searching, ROARING in frustration.

480 ANGLE ON TARZAN 480

Testing a quick, makeshift bow. He quickly puts his arrows in a crude broadleaf quiver. They have only cut leaf bits to hold them true, pointed ends instead of arrowheads. But he's ready, stands and gives his JUNGLE YELL.

481 ANGLE ON BA'AL RA 481

Hearing the ECHOING YELL, turns and races in that direction.

482 TARZAN AND BA'AL RA 482

As Ba'al Ra crashes into view. Tarzan, from his tree perch just out of reach, releases his first arrow at the huge Thing.

483 TARZAN 483

Releasing further arrows quickly, expertly.

484 BA'AL RA 484

ROARING in pain, clawing at the arrows and trying to reach the Apeman as arrow after arrow lodge in its fur and scale hide. Then it whirls on the tree, shakes.

485 TARZAN 485

As the limb shakes, loses his bow and has to grab to keep from falling.

486 BA'AL RA 486

Turning to snap the hated bow. Then it spots a long dead tree trunk and lifts it to begin thrashing into the branches above with it. It peers, thrashes at a new area, then ROARS in rage as it realizes it has lost its quarry.

BA'AL RA
HUMAN! COME DIE OR BA'AL RA WILL TAKE VENGEANCE ON YOUR RACE.

487 TARZAN 487

In the trees, turning to hear:

BA'AL RA'S VOICE
A THOUSAND HUMANS WILL DIE FOR EACH MOMENT I WAIT.

DISSOLVE TO:

488 THIRD PLATEAU JUNGLE AREA - ANGLE ON TARZAN - DAY 488

Tarzan fashioning a series of powerful spring traps... vines hold saplings bent to their limit, six foot sharpened tree limbs are aimed and being camouflaged.

BA'AL RA'S VOICE
(distant)
BLASPHEMER HUMAN! HOW MANY THOUSANDS MORE WILL YOU KILL?

489 ANGLE ON BA'AL RA 489

Searching, then calling again:

BA'AL RA
I CANNOT DIE. YOUR FOOLISHNESS CONDEMNS WHOLE TRIBES TO MY VENGEANCE.

A crude mounted spear flashes through the air, hits Ba'al Ra in the chest but fails to penetrate.

490 ANOTHER ANGLE - REVEALING TARZAN 490

Ba'al Ra turning. Tarzan throwing again with as little result. Ba'al Ra rushes, Tarzan backs off. It's a dangerous game... Tarzan must stay close enough to tantalize the Thing, lead it along the path Tarzan wants. And Ba'al Ra is incredibly fast and powerful.

(CONTINUED)

490 CONTINUED: 490

At one point it seems to give up and turn away... and Tarzan is almost tricked as Ba'al Ra snatches up a huge length of dead log, only the Apeman's agility keeps him from being crushed by the sudden blow. A limb does spin Tarzan to the ground and he narrowly makes it away, Ba'al Ra following and almost overtaking him.

491 ANGLE AT THE TRAP 491

Tarzan barely ahead of Ba'al Ra, leads him into the spring-loaded ambush. Tarzan leaps the trigger vine.

492 INSERT - BA'AL RA'S FOOT 492

Snagging the vine which serves as a trigger.

493 ANGLE ON SPRING LOADED SPEARS 493

As the saplings snap upright, propelling the thick, sharpened spears with terrible force.

494 BA'AL RA 494

As the thick spears catch him full. He's staggered, snatches at them, ROARING in agony, yanking them from his body. Tarzan drops INTO SCENE from a tree branch, propelling his full weight on another of the sharpened spears, driving it into Ba'al Ra's body. It fights to reach and dislodge the Apeman who twists the spear, surging with all his strength to reach some vital organ.

495 ANOTHER ANGLE 495

As a talon catches Tarzan, spinning him to earth. He rolls, avoids Ba'al Ra's rush, and is gone again with the massive Thing again ROARING its rage as it stumbles in agony through the underbrush, trying to find the naked human.

496 EXT. OUTSIDE TEMPLE - PAST "ELEVATOR STRUCTURE" TOWARD 496
JUNGLE - NIGHT

CRASHING and ROARING from the jungle, Ba'al Ra's huge form appears in the darkness, lurching, stumbling toward the small structure.

497 TEMPLE STEPS 497

Helena appearing from Temple, hurrying into MEDIUM SHOT, then reacting as she sees Ba'al Ra.

498 P.O.V. - HELENA'S 498

The stumbling Thing reaching the structure. From the direction of the jungle, Tarzan's taunting JUNGLE YELL.

499 CLOSER ON BA'AL RA - TEMPLE IN B.G. 499

As it finds the stack of cylinder devices left by El Kal, lurching in weakness and agony as it snatches one up, fumbles and drops it. From the jungle, Tarzan's taunting YELL again. In b.g. we see Helena running this way, anxiously calling.

HELENA
Love, my love.

Ba'al Ra stumbles to its knees GROANING, snatches at a cylinder again.

500 OPTICAL ANGLE 500

Ba'al Ra's talons accidentally touching the firing control... a bright beam of light (OPTICAL) striking the other cylinders there.

501 WIDER OPTICAL ANGLE 501

As the entire stack of cylinders glow, begin bursting into sparkling fire about the huge Thing with a CRACKLING THUNDER SOUND exceeding anything we've heard.

502 HELENA 502

Thrown back by the growing fire explosion (OPTICAL) which shakes the whole plateau with THUNDER and illuminates the surrounding terrain brighter than day.

503 ANGLE ON TARZAN 503

Even several hundred yards away at the jungle edge, he has to shield his eyes from the blinding burst.

504 LONG OPTICAL ANGLE - FROM JUNGLE P.O.V. 504

A tornado of exploding fire (OPTICAL). Then it slowly dies away.

DISSOLVE TO:

505 EXT. GREYSTOKE PLANTATION - LONG SHOT MANSION - DAY 505

ESTABLISHING again.

506 WIDE ANGLE - GREYSTOKE PLANTATION ROAD 506

Native workers looking up in surprise as an approaching cloud of dust approaches and they see our Egyptian chariots driven by our Egyptian clad soldier-archers. One contains Tarzan, Helena and La. The other contains other of the females from the Hall of Women. Horses follow (Bedouin mounts) with Egyptian archer-soldiers in lead and at rear, escorting the remainder of the Hall of Women females. They gallop past who are accustomed to unusual sights here on the Greystoke Plantation, but certainly this is one of the strangest yet.

507 INT. GREYSTOKE MAIN FLOOR - DAY 507

Where D'Arnot and McIvers entertain Governor Pickering and wife.

MRS. PICKERING
But it's been over two months. Aren't you at all worried?

D'ARNOT
(shrugs)
Oui, Madam, but without knowledge of their destination...

A Wazuri hurries into room, Governor Pickering jumps perceptibly at the barbarically clad savage.

PICKERING
Blast!
(indicates warrior; to McIvers)
Proof of what I'm saying. Greystoke's unreliable or he wouldn't have these cannibals wandering about his house. You'll all wake up in a cooking pot one day.

(CONTINUED)

507 CONTINUED: 507

MRS. PICKERING
(crossing to window)
But his staff does keep things beautifully. Have you noticed the new rose garden?

During which Wazuri crosses quickly to D'Arnot, whispers something in his ear. D'Arnot has obviously hidden a look of surprise at whatever he learned. As the Wazuri exits, D'Arnot turns back and jumps perceptibly when he sees the Governor's wife at the window. He jumps to his feet, alarmed, crossing toward her.

D'ARNOT
Madam!

She turns questioningly at the sharp tone in his voice. D'Arnot stops, quickly composing himself. It's obvious he can't grab her and drag her away from the window however much he wants to do so.

D'ARNOT
(continuing)
If you love the roses, come see this.
(throwing McIvers quick look)
You must both feast your eyes on this.

D'Arnot escorts the woman across room to a glassed display cabinet. McIvers jumps to his feet, beckons Governor, takes his arm to help him rise.

McIVERS
Oh, indeed, yes, yes. You see these... ah...

D'ARNOT
Carvings.

McIVERS
Priceless ebony work.

D'ARNOT
Ivory...

GOVERNOR PICKERING
(holding his ground)
We've seen Greystoke's ivory...

(CONTINUED)

507 CONTINUED: (2) 507

McIVERS
(trying to propel him)
But it takes a second look to appreciate it, mon! If ye like roses...

GOVERNOR PICKERING
I hate roses...

During which, SOUND of HORSES HOOVES approaching and galloping past outside. The Governor turns to look toward window.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
(continuing)
What in the devil... ?

McIvers pretends to be equally interested, succeeds in stepping in front of the Governor's line of vision. But Pickering did get a glimpse of something extraordinarily puzzling to him and he races around McIvers to the window, but whatever it was is now passed by out of sight. Pickering turns to McIvers.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
(continuing)
Did you see that?

McIVERS
No, I mean yes. Plantation horses being driven to pasture.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
Chariots! With drivers who looked like ancient...

The Governor frowns, hesitates, hating to make a fool of himself. His wife crosses in, concerned.

MRS. PICKERING
Do you feel quite well, dear?

D'ARNOT
The boys often herd from the two wheel seed carts. Some of the tribal robes do look rather Egyptian now that you mention it.

McIVERS
(to Governor)
I'll not be worrying about your eyesight, mon! Like an eagle. Amazing at your age.

(CONTINUED)

507 CONTINUED: (3) 507

GOVERNOR PICKERING
(pleased)
Yes, I've always had rather good...

TARZAN'S (GREYSTOKE) VOICE
Hello, hello! We've guests?

508 ANGLE TO INCLUDE TARZAN (GREYSTOKE) AND HELENA 508

Entering. Both wear safari type garb. Helena is very subdued, is forced to work hard in order to carry this off. Tarzan crossing in with her, a slight bow:

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
Governor, Lady Pickering...

MRS. PICKERING
(crossing anxiously to Helena)
My dear, are you all right? You look positively exhausted.

HELENA
No, I'm... quite well...

TARZAN
(to D'Arnot)
Had no idea you two were here either. We made it in at noon, headed right for the kitchen.
(smiles at Pickering's)
Famished.

He becomes aware that Mrs. Pickering is eyeing Helena closely, sensing something wrong. His smile fades; quietly:

TARZAN
I'm afraid we... found Doctor Templeton...

HELENA
Yes.
(with a cold glance to Tarzan)
The one I love is dead.

MRS. PICKERING
(embracing Helena)
Oh, my poor girl, we're so sorry...

(CONTINUED)

508 CONTINUED: 508

GOVERNOR PICKERING
We all know it, my dear, tried to prepare you.
(eyeing garments; to Tarzan)
Doesn't appear you had a bad safari other than that.

HELENA
He spared nothing to see I was happy and comfortable.
(to Governor)
Could you drive me into Kirobi now? I should like to arrange a steamer as soon as possible.

Helena exits up the stairs. D'Arnot notices the bite in her words, has thrown Tarzan (Greystoke) a quick curious look.

MRS. PICKERING
Of course, my dear. She's naturally upset and tired, Herbert. Shall we leave?

Tarzan (Greystoke) escorts them to the door as:

GOVERNOR PICKERING
I'll get it all from you later, Greystoke. I know Lady Helena appreciates all you did.

HELENA
I shall never forget what he did. Nor shall I let my ch...

Almost says "child", bites it off and turns, exits with Mrs. Pickering. The Governor starts to follow them out, frowns, steps back in and eyes Tarzan (Greystoke) curiously.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
She wasn't about to say... "child?" Greystoke, you couldn't have!

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
I assure you, if the lady is pregnant, it is not with my child.

GOVERNOR PICKERING
(turning, exiting)
Should have taken a chaperone along, old man. Women do get strange ideas.

(CONTINUED)

508 CONTINUED: (2) 508

Door closes behind him, Tarzan turns to find D'Arnot and McIvers eyeing him curiously, suspiciously. Then, titters of LAUGHTER from behind them, they whirl:

509 INCLUDING STAIRCASE 509

Several lovely female faces appearing briefly, peeking out to see if the guests have left. They see D'Arnot and McIvers, pop back out of sight. Tarzan's two friends have stared at this unbelievingly.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(calls)
It's all right to bring them out, La.

La appears with the ten provocative and lovely females from the Hall of Women. They move down the staircase, most of them tittering and ahing at the size of the room, the furnishings, etc.

D'ARNOT
Sacre blieu!!!

McIVERS
I dinna believe it!

Then several of the wilder ones catch sight of D'Arnot and McIvers, scream in excited delight, race in and grab the surprised pair, begin struggling with one another for possession. At the same time:

McIVERS
(continuing)
Here there! Unhand me, young lady! And you also...!

D'ARNOT
At your service, my dears. No fighting now. I admire you both...

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
La!

At Tarzan's command, La uncoils a whip she is carrying, and with whiplash CRACKS at the females' feet, she drives them back from the men.

510 ANOTHER ANGLE 510

D'Arnot and McIvers eyeing Tarzan, and particularly the briefly clad, wildly lovely young females with astonishment.

(CONTINUED)

510 CONTINUED: 510

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
I've agreed to ship them to their homes. But they will need some instruction in deportment first.

D'ARNOT
At your service, Messieur.

McIVERS
Ye'll not take advantage of unfortunate children, D'Arnot!
(to Tarzan)
And that was a pair of Egyptians. Driving chariots! Saw them with my own eyes! Who in the devil are these females anyway?

LA
(to Tarzan)
I heard the Frenchwoman's words. She is with Ba'al Ra's child?

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
(nods)
At least she has part of him. Perhaps the good part.

D'ARNOT
Whose child?

LA
(ignoring him; to Tarzan, meaningfully)
Opar needs new blood also, Tarzan.

TARZAN
We'll discuss it.

McIVERS
(exploding)
Will someone kindly tell us what is going on?

TARZAN
(turns, smiles quietly)
Of course, Doctor. Lady Helena fell in love... La, here has certain genetic responsibilities to her people...
(indicating females)
... and a few young ladies who were lost and need help.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

510 CONTINUED: (2) 510

TARZAN (Cont'd)
(shrugs)
After a long safari there are always loose ends to tidy up.

511 ANOTHER ANGLE 511

Tarzan takes La's arm, starts to move out with her. Then he turns back and indicates the females.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
D'Arnot... the instruction they need is in useful citizenship. I hope I've made that clear.

D'ARNOT
(sees Tarzan is serious; face falls)
Mon ami! You must be joking.

McIVERS
(dead serious)
These girls need help, D'Arnot! What kind of man are you?

D'ARNOT
(eyeing girls)
Sacre Bleu! Instruction! In citizenship?!

Tarzan and La begin exiting while the females begin to edge toward D'Arnot and McIvers. Tarzan turns once more.

TARZAN (GREYSTOKE)
Incidentally, they do have one odd custom. If you fail them, they'll expect me to kill you.
(smiles)
Good luck, gentlemen.

Tarzan turns, he and La exit.

FADE OUT.

THE END