

"THE JEWEL OF THE NILE"

Joan Wilder's Greatest Adventure!

by

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"THE JEWEL OF THE NILE"

FADE IN

BLUE LAGOON AT SUNDOWN

1

In a cove below a cliff, is the timeless silhouette of an old schooner framed against a postcard sky of flamingo pinks, vivid crimsons, and robin egg blues. Small, festive torches flicker along the schooner's rails. We hear the GENTLE SHORE BREAK of the sea, the distant call of a tropical bird. A VOICE FADES UP.

MISSIONARY

(voice over)

The time has come...the time  
for you to declare yourself.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON JOAN WILDER

Radiant, the glow of sky lighting her face. A white rose is tucked in her hair, Spanish lace falls off shoulder. She smiles demurely and turns to...

JACK COLTON. Bronzed, lean, in a loose white shirt. PULL BACK TO a white-suited Missionary conducting the ship-board ceremony. His nose wrinkles in a small delight as he turns to Jack.

MISSIONARY

Will you marry this woman and  
take her to your heart, forever  
devoted and forever young?

JACK

(softly)

I will.

GUESTS smile as he produces a sparkling emerald ring and holds it just beyond Joan's hand.

MISSIONARY

(to Joan)

And will you marry this man and  
take him to your heart, forever  
devoted and forever young?

The love shows in her eyes, in Jack's eyes, in the guests' teary eyes. Joan starts to respond...

Cont.

THWACK! -- The ring flies from Jack's hand, carried on a RUSH OF AIR. It slams into the mast and spins around the shaft of a long fencing foil.

EVERYONE

2

whirls in horror TO REVEAL PIRATES swarming over the gunnels led by CAPTAIN LEVASSEUR, a hairy, hulking beast.

Jack pushes Joan behind him -- all the guest crowd behind both her and the Missionary, expectantly waiting for Jack to defend them as well. He gives them a strange look, then with resigned sigh, gamely accepts his role and draws his sword.

LEVASSEUR

I'll have what I came for this day.

JACK

Kiss steel, you bastards!

Eight pirates close in, four from each side -- Jack swings the boom, neatly sweeping four straight off the deck and over the side as the other four pounce -- Jack is swallowed in a CLASH OF BLADES.

JOAN

(voice over)

It was a shame that Captain Levasseur picked that moment to visit the island.

Guests cower and then flee to the bow as Captain Levasseur advances toward Joan...clutching the Missionary. She seems frozen in fear. Captain Levasseur extends a beckoning, hairy forehand -- the Missionary holds up a cross to a fat pirate. He swallows it. The Missionary flees.

Alone to face her fate, Joan grabs a tiki torch and waving it before her, stems Levasseur's advance. Pulling a sword out of a dead pirate, she defends herself valiantly. Jack rises from a clump of pirates, spots Joan in trouble, backing down the steps to the lower deck.

JACK

Hold tight, I'm comin'!

He ducks quickly -- a dagger pierces the railing behind him, a boot kicks the sword from his hand -- two more pirates. Jack grabs the dagger, pulls, pulls harder, can't budge it. He rolls a barrel toward one pirate, tackles the other hand-to-hand.

Cont.

The barrel slams into a wall, pinning the first pirate and spilling its contents...an oily slick spreads over the deck.

Jack KO's the last pirate...

Joan's torch flame is waning...

Jack runs toward her, skids on the oil slick...

Joan's torch is almost out...

Jack skids off the upper deck and in a somersault, flies into Captain Levasseur, Jack's boots slamming into Levasseur's head. Levasseur crumples.

JOAN  
(voice over)  
It was Jack.

Exhausted, Jack enfolds Joan in his arms.

JOAN  
(voice over)  
My one true love had fought  
bravely...but it wasn't enough.

JOAN

3

looks off...

Ten more pirates emerge from over the stern.

Spent, Jack just eyes them a weary moment. Then he takes the torch, and throwing it astern, pulls Joan toward the bow.

The last flicker of torch flame ignites the oil slick.

At the bow, Joan and Jack look over the side -- the Missionary is untying an already crammed lifeboat surrounded by churning waters and shark skins.

JOAN  
(voice over)  
There was only room for one more.  
It was either my love or myself.

Cont.

JOAN  
(to Jack)  
You take it, my darling.

JACK  
No. I won't let that maggot  
get his hands on you.

JOAN  
He won't have me for long. I  
have consumption and will be dead  
within the year.

JACK  
What? Why didn't you tell me?

JOAN  
I didn't want to spoil things.

JACK  
You were going to marry me  
with consumption?

JOAN  
Go now. Live to fight another  
day.

Jack looks around, quickly considering his options: Stay  
with his true love and face certain death, or flee at the  
cost of abandoning her.

JACK  
(takes Joan  
in arms)  
Well, if it'll make you happy.

Jack jumps over the side.

JOAN  
(voice over;  
ruefully)  
With Jack, my happiness always  
comes first.

Joan turns...out of the flames behind her come the pirates,  
like the angels of death, more and more until they fill  
the screen.

JOAN  
(voice over)  
I faced my fate alone...the ten  
turned to twenty, the twenty to  
forty...Could this be the end of  
my freedom? My salvation? My...?

Cont.

JACK

(o.s.)

Hey gorgeous, how's it going?!

JOAN

4

looks off and squints through the flames cropping up around her. There is a TREMENDOUS ROAR. The white flames dissolve into a...

Blinding sunburst reflecting off the Mediterranean. It scatters to REVEAL JACK COLTON bombing along on a slalom ski in full dress Hawaiiin baggies. He jumps the wake of the sleek jet-black cigarette boat towing him, and waving, hits a fluke. He somersaults out of control and o.s.

BEGIN TITLES

PULL BACK TO Joan Wilder, wincing. PULL BACK FURTHER TO REVEAL her hunched over her typewriter on the deck of the ANGELINA, bobbing at anchor in the bay of Villa Franch. She is surrounded by other pleasure boats. White-gunked nose, Joan half rises, eyes fixed with concern. (THE NOSE LEVEL IS HIGH: OTHER CIGARETTE BOATS, LOUD PARTY MUSIC o.s., DISTANT PILE DRIVERS.) Joan sits again, gives a small, tense return wave.

She looks back at the typewriter page, reads:

JOAN

'Was this the end of my freedom?  
My salvation?'...My career?

Strain and tension show. She closes her eyes to think. They pop open. She glares at the party boat spewing MUSIC nearby.

She glares at the two cigarette boats drag racing past, one rooster-tails spraying her in a fancy move. She sits perfectly still, that moment...the WOU-WOU-WOUFF OF A CHOPPER WASHES OVERHEAD.

OUT 5

JOAN

6

in total frustration, in total abandon, she hefts up her typewriter, and in one graceful lurch, slings it overboard.

6

UNDERWATER

7

The Smith-Corona heads for the bottom, BUBBLES GURGLING  
IN ITS WAKE.

An EYE-GOGGLED FROGMAN turns to see the typewriter sink  
past. Then he returns to his task...the attachment of a  
remote controlled explosive device to the hull of the  
Angelina.

WATERS

8

CHURN OVERHEAD as a ski boat draws near.

JACK  
(o.s.; very distant)  
Watch out!

CUT TO:

THE ANGELINA

8-A

Joan's eyes widening...

A ski boat is towing Jack straight for the Angelina at  
80 mph...Joan ducks as:

JACK

8-B

lifts off the wake and clears the back deck for the  
Angelina, boom and all.

Joan is awed, astonished, breathless...but ultimately,  
not too happy. She picks up the stack of pages that still  
sit on the typing table and takes them below the deck.

CUT TO:

PHOTO MONTAGE

8-C

A series of snapshots of Joan and Jack over the past  
six months.

EXT. ANGELINA

8-D

A slalom ski hits the deck, followed by a dripping Jack.  
He grabs a towel and waltzes over to Joan. She is staring  
out to sea, but not exactly what you'd call relaxed.

JACK  
Outstanding day! Did you see  
me? I was flying!  
(extra sweet)  
Honey, did you by chance get time  
to --

JOAN

JOAN

Sorry, I didn't have time to  
ransack Monte Carlo to find  
you a case of Millers.

Jack shies at her tone, measures her mood. He comes up  
behind her, and sitting on the cushions, lays a soft kiss  
on her neck.

JACK

Tough day, eh?

JOAN

You could say that. But then  
when the going gets tough, the  
tough, the tough -- God I don't  
know what the tough do anymore,  
what pirates do, I don't know  
what anybody does. Oh, Jack...

She melts into his arms, seeking comfort. And gets it.  
He smooths back her hair.

JACK

I know, I know...but Joan...  
(nodding to horizon)  
...look out there, what do you  
see?

JOAN

(longingly)  
Bloomingdales?

Jack groans, points her head in the other direction.

JACK

No, this way.

JOAN

(looking, hopefully)  
What?

JACK

Greece.

JOAN

(recoiling)  
Greece?

JACK

Yeah, you know...Mykonos,  
Lesbos, Rhodes --

Cont.

JOAN

(rising)

I thought you said we could go  
back to New York for awhile.

JACK

right, right after summer...

Grabbing sunscreen, Joan nervously tours the back deck,  
lotioning her arms as...

JOAN

I don't want to wait, I don't  
want Greece or Rhodes or anymore  
ruins right now -- Jack, time is  
flying by, I mean, shouldn't we be  
doing something more?

JACK

(feeling great)

What more? Sailing the Greek Isles  
on the Angelina, getting to see  
the Parthenon -- the Parthenon!  
Who knows how much longer it'll  
be there.

JOAN

Great, but I need shore leave or  
something, extended shore leave.  
I mean, I'm supposed to finish  
this book but I...I can't! I  
don't know what happens next!

Jack sits there, bewildered by her quandry, trying hard  
to understand.

JACK

I thought you wanted to see the  
world with me.

JOAN

I do, but not all of it this week  
-- it's all become a blur of  
exotic ports, great parties, and  
spectacular sunsets.

JACK

Yeah, that is pretty rough.

JOAN

Jack, it's it's both too much  
and not enough. It's --

Cont.

JACK  
(bristling)  
Not enough?

JOAN  
It's, it's...

She turns away, not able to face him or quite make sense of it. Now, Jack rises, frustration also catching him.

JACK  
It's what? Isn't this it, isn't  
this the way you always wanted  
it? You said it was.

He steps around eye-to-eye, motions to himself, the Angelina, the bay of sunshine.

JACK  
You got what you wanted and now  
you don't want what you got?

JOAN  
I've got work to do is what,  
serious writing I should be doing  
instead of more of, more of --  
(grabbing up  
manuscript pages)  
-- I mean, how much romance can  
a woman take?

JOAN

9-A

She leans over the railing in abject frustration just as a BOUQUET OF WHITE ROSES RISES INTO FRAME.

RASHID  
(o.s.; thick accent)  
Miss Joan Wilder?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a mysterious looking MESSENGER.

RASHID  
White roses from the sacred garden.

JACK  
Sacred garden...Huh?

ANGLE

9-B

As the Messenger leaves, Joan opens the enclosed card, Jack reading over her shoulder.

Cont.

JACK  
'Tonight we shall meet...awaiting  
the moment,' Tonight?

He shoots Joan a glance.

JOAN  
Must be someone who's coming  
to my party.

JACK  
That's not 'til next Tuesday.

JOAN  
This is next Tuesday.

They stare at each other, two people at an impasse.

OUT 10-  
15

CUT TO:

BOAT DOCK - DAY 16

A HIDDEN P.O.V. OF Jack and Joan struggling out of the  
dinghy. Jack and Joan are stunningly dressed.

ONE LONE VEHICLE 16-A

a motorcycle. Joan drops Jack's hand.

JOAN  
(dismayed)  
I thought you were going to  
get a car.

JACK  
Sorry, sweetheart, slipped my mind.

JOAN  
(quietly)  
It's okay.

JACK  
(climbing on)  
It's not that far, really.

JOAN  
I said okay.

Cont.

Their eyes quietly clash a moment. Jack starts the bike, and as it roars off we PULL BACK TO A HIDDEN P.O.V., someone's presence evidenced by a low-throated growl, possibly human.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAND CORNICHE

16-B

Jack and Joan, dressed like F. Scott and Zelda, roar along on Jack's chopper past Rolls Royces and Mercedes -- it's a mixed metaphor.

CUT TO:

INT. CALIFORNIA CLUB - MONTE CARLO

17

Joan forces a smile. Behind her, large picture windows open into gardens that overlook Monte Carlo Harbor. She stands dolefully next to a silver-haired BARON on a small dias. She has a PLAQUE in one hand and a glass in the other. The entire room of snooty guests hold crystal champagne glasses aloft to her.

Jack squirms, puts a finger into his tight-fitting collar and scowls at GLORIA, Joan's publisher, who seems to find some perverse amusement in his discomfort.

BARON

A toast -- to the woman who  
keeps the romance in our lives.  
May Joan Wilder write a  
thousand more!

JOAN

17-A

CRASH! Joan drops her glass. The last thing she needed to hear. The guests are poised to applaud.

JOAN

(embarrassed)

Sorry, I...

GLORIA

17-B

moves in to start the applause. The PIANO PLAYER begins playing. The applause ebbs and the guests disperse.

ON A WAITER

17-C

in a ill-fitting wig. Dark, middle-eastern features. He swoops in unusually prompt to hand Joan another glass. Stares long and hard into Joan's eyes and moves away.

FOLLOWING JACK

as he comes up to hug Joan.

JACK  
You were great, honey!  
(leans in)  
Let's get out of here.

Gloria scowls as several HOITY-TOITY doyennes surround Joan.

HOITY-TOIT  
Oh Miss Wilder, I'm your  
biggest fan.

JOAN  
Thank you...uh, this is my  
publisher, Gloria Horne, and  
this is...

HOITY-TOIT  
(taking Jack's hand)  
Of course, this must be  
Mr. Wilder.

Joan cringes, looks apologetically to Jack.

JACK  
Colton. Jack Colton.

Another MATRON is shaking Gloria's hand.

MATRON  
A publisher! How nice...  
(to Jack)  
...and what is it you do?

JACK  
About what?  
(shooting Joan a  
look, fed up)  
I'm goin' to the casino.

JOAN  
(stopping him)  
Jack?...

He holds up.

HOITY-TOIT  
(to the Matron)  
What is it he does?

Cont.

MATRON  
Casino work, I think.

The last straw. Jack takes a stack of casino chips from his pocket.

JACK  
Right, I'm gonna go punch in.

He leaves. The press of people gets to Joan.

JOAN  
(to Gloria)  
Can we get some air?

INT./EXT. ACROSS THE RESTAURANT TO THE TERRACE

Joan hurries Gloria through the guests.

GLORIA  
You can't blame Jack. These literary crowds...I mean, Jack's favorite author is the man who wrote, "pull tab to open."

JOAN  
(strained)  
Gloria, I'm his favorite author, as it happens.

GLORIA  
Still?...Okay, it's not my business. But I'll tell you what is my business. I'm your publisher and your book is three months late.

JOAN  
(deep breath)  
My heart's not in it. Romances don't seem real to me anymore.

GLORIA  
Real? You don't write real. You write about people that sail off into the sunset.

JOAN  
But what about the next day? When the sun comes up?

Cont.

GLORIA  
No one cares. That's why they're  
romances. Just finish it!

JOAN  
I can't! After seventeen books,  
I don't know how it ends.

GLORIA  
(cutting to the core)  
Your books or your life?...Listen  
Joan, your books end happily. As  
for your life...trust me, I know  
guys like Jack. The only long term  
commitment they'll make is season  
tickets for the Yankees.

INTO THE GARDEN - A MOB SCENE AS JOAN AND GLORIA ENTER 19-A

Elegantly pushy fans -- Women in tiaras, men in tuxedos,  
offer copies of her book for signing. Joan is swept  
away from Gloria.

JOAN  
Don't leave me...!

Gloria is almost o.s.

GLORIA  
(calling)  
Remember to smile!

FLASH! AN ASSAULT OF REPORTERS

Blinded by flashbulbs, Joan veers off course. Pressed  
by the crowd, champagne dizzy, she teeters on the EDGE  
of a Baroque fountain.

TO THE RESCUE

Someone pulls her free, away to a small gazebo. Joan's  
eyes slowly adjust to the light.

OUT 20-  
21

INTO FOCUS - A WHITE ROSE

21-A

offered by every woman's dream -- exotically handsome,  
sultry, tumbling out of Scheherazade.

Cont.

OMAR KHALIFA couches his attractiveness in the spiritual trapping of a silk white KAFTAN. Several devout followers stand discreetly nearby. One, Rashid, is a huge, onyx-skinned African - grey-haired but deadly as a rhino. He is never far from OMAR, more bodyguard than disciple.

OMAR

'White for love's purity.  
White for an eternity of  
devotion.'

A brilliant smile.

JOAN

(amazed)

Do you have the right woman?

OMAR

(an easy, friendly  
laugh)

You write those lines! In  
'Angelina's Betrayal' -- the  
young priest hides white roses  
in the confession box. It was  
wonderful. You are wonderful!

(steps closer)

My name is Omar Khalifa. I  
have travelled one thousand  
miles to tell you I need you.

JOAN

(flustered)

I know you...I've read all  
about you!

OMAR

(bows)

Ah yes, TIME magazine. I'm  
afraid the Western press cannot  
understand the spirit of my  
vision.

(sincere)

You are a writer who can understand  
Joan Wilder. You must write my story.

Joan is nonplussed. Omar is at once holy and handsome.

JOAN

But I only write romance novels.

Cont.

OMAR

(pressing)

You are a gifted storyteller.  
You create heroes in a world  
of cynics. Strong men in a  
world of weaklings. I have  
risked my life for a great  
cause. Journey with me down  
the Nile and I will give you  
the chance to record history!  
Come! We leave tonight!

Joan feels one of her feet slipping down the rabbit hole.

JOAN

I...I can't. This is...  
I mean...I can't just  
walk off...

OMAR

In my country we say fate will  
only once open the door to your  
dreams.

CUT TO:

A CHAMPAGNE CORK POPPING!

22

A FIST CLOSES AROUND IT AS IT THRUSTS UPWARD...

Jack opens his fist and lays the cork on the cozy table  
where Joan and Omar have been conversing.

Omar's "disciples" make a step towards Jack. Rashid  
looms menacingly.

JACK

(a cool smile)

And just what is it we're  
celebrating now?

Rising, Joan grabs his hand.

JOAN

(elated)

The Nile!

As Omar also stands, Jack gives him a quick once-over.

JACK

The Nile?

Cont.

JOAN

(bubbling)

We're invited to North Africa.

(presenting them)

Jack Colton, Omar Khalifa.

(as they shake)

He's asked me -- ME -- to  
write his story. Oh Jack,  
this is what I've always  
wanted to do.

OMAR

Now Joan's work will receive  
the serious attention it  
deserves. This will be her  
greatest book...my biography.

Jack is very skeptical. Caught by his anger, he  
absentmindedly swigs from the bottle.

JACK

(at Joan)

What's so important that you'd  
just take off like this?

JOAN

(repeating verbatim)

He's been chosen to unite the  
tribes of the Nile and end the  
eternal strife that has bloodied  
his land! He will carry on the  
work of their great Redeemer  
who has disappeared.

Omar smiles at Joan.

OMAR

You have listened well.

JACK

You got all that in twenty minutes?

OMAR

As Miss Wilder's friend, of course  
you are welcome to be my guest as  
well.

Omar bows to Jack. Jack looks at the stoney-faced Rashid.  
It's a mixed message.

Cont.

ANGLE - THE ARAB WAITER

Tense, he eaves drops from behind a curtain. Watching, listening, waiting.

BACK TO JACK

Jack takes Joan's arm. Tugs.

JACK  
Please excuse us.

OMAR  
(slight bow)  
Certainly.

Jack guides Joan off by the parapet. The sea sparkles below them.

JACK  
The Nile? -- I thought you  
wanted to go to New York.

JOAN  
That's all changed.

JACK  
That fast.

JOAN  
Jack, to write a biography,  
something real, that's the  
kind of thing I've been  
looking for.

JACK  
Come on, Joan. I think this  
is a little over your head.

Joan feels challenged.

JOAN  
This is a big chance for me,  
and you're invited -- it might  
be fun, you might like it.  
Africa, the Nile.

Jack studies her.

Cont.

JACK  
(quietly)  
Got your heart set on it, then.

Joan nods.

JACK  
Well, mine's set on Greece.

Neither says anything a moment. Jack attempts a smile.

JACK  
So you're going then. When?

JOAN  
Well...tonight. He's got  
this private jet and...

Her voice trails off.

JACK  
Aah, private jet...

They look at each other, a bittersweetness falling over  
the moment.

He sees a hint of tears in Joan's eyes.

JACK  
Hey, we had a good run.

JOAN  
Jack, this is only gonna be  
four or five weeks of research.

JACK  
Right. Maybe that's what we  
need. A little break.

JOAN  
I know it's been a little tough  
lately.

JACK  
Yeah, and when the going gets  
tough, the tough go to Greece.

JOAN  
Maybe I can meet you there.

JACK  
Sure, yeah. Or maybe I'll come  
down the Nile...

JOAN  
Yeah.

Cont.

The tone is all of false assurances and plans of two people who sense something is slipping away and don't know how to stop it. Two people caught in the slip-slide.

JACK  
Right. Either way.

JOAN  
I'll write you.

JACK  
Yeah.  
(a beat)  
Where?

They kind of smile, at a loss.

JOAN  
Yeah, right. Where?

Always Mr. Casual, Jack covers his losses, feins a grin.

JACK  
You know, I think I'll go  
give that roulette wheel one  
last chance.

He gives her a quick kiss, edges away. Joan stands there, torn.

JOAN  
Jack, you'll take care, won't you?

JACK  
You bet. Stay out of trouble, huh?

He gives her a last smile...Joan watches him go, turns away to hide tears of confusion.

ANGLE

23

Jack walks past Omar, pauses, stares at him a long moment, measuring the man.

OMAR  
I offer you this comfort. She  
leaves you for a higher purpose.

Jack offers no reply, just a stylish nod of acknowledgement before moving on.

CUT TO:

21

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

24

A black stretch limo rolls up among other fancy cars that gather guests. Moving to the limo, with Omar, Joan slides in back. At that moment...

VOICE

Al-jawhara!

A FLASH OF STEEL!

24-A

A knife plunges toward Omar's chest as a man darts past -- we do not see the knife enter, but the force of the blow knocks Omar into the limo as simultaneously: the limo door is slammed by a bodyguard. As others pursue the attacker, a SHOT IS FIRED, the limo roars off.

THE ATTACKER - THE ARAB WAITER

24-B

bleeding from the shoulder, barges through the horrified guests and runs straight for a terrace railing. He dives over, effects a somersault in midair, and lands in the ocean below. He's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO

25

Joan is staring wide-eyed at Omar as he regains his seat though not his composure. With a fierceness, he enlarges the knife tear in his tunic, ripping the fabric half off TO REVEAL a steel mesh vest encircling his chest. Noticing Joan:

OMAR

Don't be frightened. A man of vision has many enemies, it is my destiny to outwit them.

Regaining his composure some, he smiles reassuringly, pats her arm.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

25-A

Headlights fall on Jack as he glides to a stop on his motorcycle. A moment later the limo pulls past. Jack keeps his eyes straight ahead, refusing to look back... but as it passes, we SEE Joan look over through the open window, straining for a last look.

Jack cuts the motorcycle, and staying in the saddle, walks it toward the Angelina...passing a dockside storage box. It's top slightly rises. WE HEAR A STRANGE LOW-THROATED GROWL.

JACK

26

is loading provisions from the dock onto the dinghy,  
(cases of beer, Cheez-its, pretzels, etc...)

JACK

Admit it, Colton. You blew it.

He jumps back onto the dock. Gives in.

JACK

Okay, I admit it.

(beat, then sincere)

She was the best time I ever had.

As he carries a case back onto the dinghy, we SEE the  
top of the dockside storage box open...Out pops  
RALPH, last seen on his knees in Cartagena. He  
points a gun at Jack.

RALPH

Don't cry, scumbag. I'll keep  
you company.

JACK

(surprised, almost  
delighted)

Hey, Cartagena! Columbia!...God,  
you look terrible.

BLOOEE! Ralph fires a SHOT above Jack's head.

RALPH

Hands up!...I know your moves.  
You'd rearrange the furniture in  
Helen Keller's living room.

JACK

(getting back on  
his feet)

Easy with that gun.

Jack takes a step forward. BAM! Ralph fires again.

RALPH

Go ahead. Give me a reason. It  
would make my...year...Did ya miss  
me? I missed you. You're all I've  
thought about for the last six  
months. They threw me in a jail  
filled with rejects from the  
communicable diseases ward...every  
wacko, drippy, open-sored lowlife  
was in that joint. Most of 'em  
tried to hire on as my proctologist.

Cont.

RALPH (Con't)  
(eyes shudders,  
eyes glazed)  
...and Rats...all over me. When  
one of 'em bit me, I had ten weeks  
of rabies shots like this --  
(holds his hands  
two feet apart)  
--and I was thinking of you...Only  
you.

JACK  
Hey, I'm flattered, but I'm pullin'  
out tonight. I'd be glad to give  
ya a C-note.

RALPH  
A C-note? I'll give you a one-way  
ticket to harp land! This boat  
ain't going nowhere. Down on the  
dock.

RALPH

26-A

keeps both hands on his gun. Jack climbs ONTO THE  
DOCK. Hands in air. Ralph is possessed.

RALPH  
(breathing hard)  
No more games. What'd you do with  
it.

JACK  
What?

RALPH  
The stone, moron. I'm cocked here!

JACK  
If you'd just put the gun down, we'll  
talk about it...like gentlemen.

RALPH  
Gentlemen!...  
(moves closer)  
Did I tell you I got malaria in  
jail? I still get the shakes...in  
my trigger finger. I think I feel  
an attack coming on. And if that  
happens, it's the end of Mr. Lucky.  
The end of --

Cont.

RAT TAT TAT - SIX BEJEWELED KNIVES

catch the drape of Ralph's sleeves, pinning him to the storage box on the dock. He tries to move. Immobile.

JACK

What the --

PRESTO!

PRESTO! Dropping down in a flash before Ralph's eyes is a six foot vision of fear. A beard and white burnous, it's the Arab Waiter, bloodied shoulder, wild-haired and wild-eyed.

RALPH

(in shock)

Holy shit! Holy shit!

Kicking Ralph's fallen gun off the dock, the Arab bounds over to him.

ARAB WAITER

Silence! Next time you will not be as fortunate!

Ralph remains pinned.

ARAB WAITER

(to Jack, wild urgency)

I am Tarak! You must come with me, now!

JACK

I'm not going anywhere.

TARAK

But you must! -- Omar has stolen our precious jewel. AL-JAWHARA, The Jewel of the Nile.

Ralph perks up.

RALPH

Jewel?

TARAK

(to Jack, wildly)

You were invited with the woman. You can get inside the palace, my people cannot.

Cont.

JACK  
Wait, wait, just hold on.

TARAK  
We must find the jewel.

RALPH  
What jewel?

TARAK  
The Jewel of the Nile. Our most  
holy Jewel.

RALPH  
This Jewel...what's it worth: In  
round numbers...

TARAK  
Priceless! And all powerful! Only  
the appearance of the Jewel in  
KHADIR can stop Omar.

RALPH  
Oh, that jewel.

JACK  
(to Tarak)  
Look, I don't know where you're  
from or what you're on, but I'm  
sailing. Tonight.

WHOOSH! From out of nowhere Tarak flips a dagger.  
It lands between Jack's feet.

TARAK  
Your woman is in danger, as are my  
countrymen -- Omar is a false  
prophet who trades lives for power --  
and with the jewel in his hands,  
nothing can stop him.

Ralph is listening carefully. Thinking fast.  
Planning.

RALPH  
That scum! I spit on him.  
(sweetly)  
Jack, buddy, let's help this fine  
man get his jewel back!

TARAK pulls out his knives...freeing Ralph. Ralph  
falls to his knees.

Cont.

JACK

Look, Drac..., if she's in trouble  
it's her own fault. Let her get  
herself out.

Tarak menaces Jack with his knife. His voice  
threatening.

TARAK

You will come! Omar's proclamation  
is in three days.

JACK

(daring)

I'm getting on my boat. Do what  
you want...

ON THE ANGELINA

26-B

A beat, as it rocks in its mooring. Then...POW!  
An apocalyptic explosion. The ANGELINA goes up in a  
ball of fire. Mast toppling, sails flaring, it all  
burns like firewood. Sinks quickly into the  
Monte Carlo harbor.

Jack, Tarak and Ralph are hurled across the dock.

RALPH

The boat blew up, the BOAT  
BLEW UP!

(grabbing Jack's  
lapels)

I was almost killed! Who are you?  
The Prince of Darkness? Don't you  
got any friends?

Jack throws Ralph off. Walks to the water. Big  
pieces of the boat drift by -- a hunk of wood with  
the letters "ANGEL" -- pages from Joan's novel.  
Jack is devastated.

Tarak walks up to Jack.

TARAK

This is Omar's work.

JACK

...But why?

Cont.

TARAK

In case you interfered. In case you did not. It would make no difference to him. And if the writer woman had refused him, he would not have wanted her to live.

(a beat)

I will take you to Omar.

Jack nods.

RALPH

I'm comin', too.

JACK

The hell you are.

RALPH

You owe me. So wherever you're going, I'm going...where we going?

Jack looks out to the blackness of the sea, barely hearing him.

JACK

Africa.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH AFRICA - DAY

27

A group of dark-skinned women in traditional dress move slowly down a village road carrying cords of twigs on their heads, the same way it's been done for for thousands of years.

The black HELICOPTER streaks overhead. The women pay no attention to it, just keep on moving along.

We FOLLOW the helicopter as it descends on Omar's village -- one of those sun-baked, walled-in desert outposts that's probably been standing since the dawn of time.

The helicopter floats over the city and what appears to be a military compound complete with runway and rows of military equipment that's been supplied by both the East and the West (e.g. desert half-tracks, armored vehicles, trucks, etc.) Also present is a gleaming, sleek F-16 fighter jet.

Cont.

## WHIRLING SANDS

Kicked up by the blades of Omar's HELICOPTER. FROM INSIDE Joan strains to see where she's landing. The dust blocks her view. Omar leans to her.

OMAR

(shouting over the  
noise)

It's good to come home!

## JOAN'S P.O.V. - AS THE DUST SETTLES

They have been surrounded by twenty men in jet black galabehs and scarlet red burnous, all armed with automatic weapons. These are Omar's WARRIORS.

JOAN

(open-mouthed)

I wrote this...!

OMAR

Yes, yes! 'The Return of the King.'

I had the same costumes designed!

AN ASTIN-MARTIN convertible, top down, pulls up as the helicopter door opens and Rashid steps out, followed by Omar and then Joan, now dressed in a stylish safari suit, Nikon camera around her neck. They make their way under the blades to the Roadster.

JOAN

Is this all yours?

OMAR

Yes.

Joan picks up her camera to photograph the F-16.

## JOAN'S P.O.V. - THROUGH THE CAMERA LENS

focusing -- then everything goes black! Rashid has stopped in front of the camera, blocking the view. Omar lowers the camera for her.

OMAR

Why point out the negative.

(takes her to  
the car)

Cont.

OMAR (Cont.)

In three nights the moon will be  
full and my people will unite behind  
me in peace.

(points to the  
military hardware)

Then none of this will be necessary.  
Come, let me show you my humble  
village.

Rashid helps Joan into the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND

27-A

as the entourage leaves. The Astin-Martin is  
surrounded by guards on motorcycles.

EXT. THROUGH THE VILLAGE - DAY

28

Tearing recklessly through his village. An ancient  
Casbah. High mud walls and a labyrinth of dirt  
streets.

Omar cuts through a cat's cradle of wash lines.

Then through an old archway into the SUQ of the  
village.

As they came through, an old VENDOR is settin up an  
enormous pyramid of BASKETS. Omar's guards knock it  
over.

EXT. SUQ - SAME

29

The old rundown marketplace is lined with villagers  
chanting: "Omar, Omar, Omar..." Behind them we SEE  
fierce-looking soldiers in desert camouflage fatigues  
bearing rifles. Everywhere there are posters and  
pictures of Omar.

CLOSE ON OMAR AND JOAN

30

OMAR

(waving to the  
chanters)

My people love me. I am blessed.

JOAN

(observing the  
soldiers)

Yeah, they all seem so...enthusiastic.

Cont.

OMAR

(pointing)

There. There I have a good shot for you. A little boy holding up my picture.

JOAN

Yes, that's wonderful.

Joan snaps the picture.

BANG!

30-A

Suddenly, one of the trailing VEHICLES in Omar's motorcade BACKFIRES. Instantly Omar dives for cover and every soldier in the Suq steps forward, rifles pointed everywhere, looking for a possible "assasin". An eerie beat of silence, then the driver of the backfired vehicle calls out something in his native tongue. The soldiers relax. Omar sits up as if nothing happened.

OMAR

(pointing)

Ah, my house. It is not much, but we are poor people.

THEIR P.O.V.

31

Up ahead is Omar's palace, a very simple, formless clay structure framed by two long walls, one of which has an old tower attached.

OUT

32

INT. PALACE - MOMENTS LATER

33

Unlike the outside, the inside, the interior is spectacular; a garden courtyard of flowers and fountains. Joan is astounded.

Gathering to meet Omar are several servants, darkly clad harem women, an energetic group of small children, and, always, GUARDS. Joan spins around slowly to take it all in. A young woman kneels to take off Joan's shoes and replaces them with slippers. Joan passes by a regal FALCON perched on what can only be called a small throne.

OMAR

What you will need, they will bring for you.

JOAN

(overwhelmed)

I don't know what to say...Thank you!

Cont.

OMAR  
 In my country, only strangers say  
 'thank you' --  
 (touched his heart)  
 It is never for family or friends.

As they cross towards the staircase, we HEAR a LOUD  
 PIERCING SCREAM from somewhere in the interior of  
 the palace.

JOAN  
 (startled)  
 What was that?

Omar ponders the sound for a moment.

OMAR  
 Cats.  
 (then)  
 Come.

They head up the staircase.

JOAN  
 Oh...I have a cat.

INT. JOAN'S SUITE - CLOSE ON THE DOOR - A FEW SECONDS 34  
 LATER

as Omar shows Joan into the room.

OMAR  
 I hope this is satisfactory.

JOAN'S P.O.V. - AROUND THE ROOM 35

decorated for a Grand Vizer. Plush carpets and downy  
 pillows. A large bed and many African artifacts. At  
 one end of the room an enormous desk dwarfs an IBM  
 typewriter sitting atop it. Next to the desk is an  
 EXERCISE-MATE BICYCLE.

A large window looks out into the courtyard. Along  
 the wall are many framed photographs.

BACK TO SCENE 36

JOAN  
 Yes, this will be...okay, fine.

OMAR  
 (crossing to desk)  
 Here you will write your masterpiece.

JOAN  
 I...I have some questions...

OMAR

The writer is already at work.  
 Good. Explore your new world.  
 Feel free to go anywhere, see  
 anything, talk to anyone. I'm  
 glad you're here Joan Wilder.  
 Together, we'll make history.

He goes out the door leaving Joan alone in the spacious  
 cell.

JOAN

36-A

closes the door, walks back into the room and steps  
 behind the enormous desk and looks at the framed pictures  
 on the wall. They are of Omar at various stages of  
 his life.

Suddenly, another HORRIBLE SCREAM.

JOAN

36-B

runs to the door. Throws it open. Five of Omar's  
 guards snap to attention, rifles at port arms.

JOAN

(as if explaining  
 to them)

Cats...

She closes the door, crosses to window, and opens the  
 shutters.

JOAN'S P.O.V.

36-C

Hard sand, rock, and desert everywhere.

EXT. SAID DU SUDD INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

37

A TWIN - ENGINE JET glides in for a landing.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

38

As the plane comes to a stop, it seems to be parked  
 in the middle of the desert.

Ralph, Jack, and Tarak follow the passengers out of  
 the plane, down the mobile staircase. Ralph's suit  
 is topped off by a Panana hat.

Tarak stops -- not following the line towards the  
 terminal.

Cont.

RALPH

What's up?

JACK

Aren't we going into the terminal?

TARAK

No, we go this way.

He points out towards the far end of the runway.

CUT TO:

INSERT SHOT

38-A

Liquid heat waves ripple off the blacktop.

RALPH

I don't see nothing.

Tarak stops, throws his head back and sounds the high-pitched DERVISH CRY. o.s., we HEAR IT RETURNED by several voices.

ANGLE - OUT OF THE MAISMA

38-B

Just like Omar Shariff's entrance in "Lawrence of Arabia." Charging towards them are a BAND OF DERVISHES, mounted on brilliant white Arabian STALLIONS and CAMELS. One swoops down and lifts Tarak beside him. They ride circles around Jack and Ralph, whirling penants and swords.

RALPH

Oh, Colton, I can see we've hitched our wagon to a star.

OUT

39

CUT TO:

EXT. SUQ - DAY

40

Joan followed by five soldiers.

Market activity is at its peak as Joan strolls through picking up local color, e.g., bazaars, old men drinking coffee as a man pours from five feet, snake charmers, etc. It's all very exotic and mysterious.

Joan is taking pictures. She's obviously distracted, nervous, weighing matters.

## JOAN'S P.O.V. - A CROWD OF VILLAGERS

40

Are crowded into a small cafe. She walks over to investigate.

## CLOSE ON A TELEVISION SET

40-A

in one of the bazaars. A couple of the villagers are watching "Dynasty" (dubbed into their native tongue). Just as Alexis Carrington is about to ruin someone else's life, the picture goes black for a second and Omar's smiling face appears for his daily speech.

As the CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A LONG SHOT of the Suq, we HEAR GROANS from the many villagers, all of whom had been watching "Dynasty" on their portable sets.

## ON OMAR - DELIVERING HIS MESSAGE

40-B

He's seated in front of an obviously fake desert panorama. His own version of a fireside chat. Behind him, his FALCON is perched and hooded.

OMAR

(delivered in Arabic)

Blessings to you my good people. Once again we meet to talk about our magnificent future... and the great danger our enemies present to us...

## BACK TO JOAN

40-C

She continues to walk, the guards continue to follow. They turn a corner to find a young BOY of about 12 spray-painting some sort of Arabic graffiti on a wall. The guards yell "Halt" in their native tongue. The Boy turns, sees them, and takes off.

The guards drop to their knees and chase the kid away as they OPEN FIRE on the wall, pelting it with their automatic weapons.

Joan is in the middle of this, startled to her wits end, no place to hide. The frightened villagers in the vicinity SCREAM and run for cover. The guards continue FIRING, shooting up the whole wall.

JOAN

(covering her ears)

Stop! What are you doing?  
Stop!

Cont.

Shaking, she instinctively reaches for her camera. Starts shooting pictures.

Hiding behind a water trough is an old VILLAGER.

JOAN

What was he writing!? Why  
did they shoot?

Several guards have spotted Joan.

VILLAGER

(ready to flee)

'Al-Jawhara.' He say, 'Return  
the Jewel.'

Joan pronounces the strange word with difficulty.

JOAN

Al-Jawhara? 'Return the Jewel.'  
What 'Jewel?'

Too late! The old man limps quickly away. ONE GUARD  
grabs Joan's camera and pops out the film. He crushes  
it beneath his foot!

JOAN

You can't do that! I'm a  
professional!

The Guard gives orders in Arabic. Joan is furious.  
Stomps off. The Guards run after her.

JOAN

We'll see about this!

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

41

The lights go off and Omar stands.

A TV CAMERA is being pushed along the floor by a CAMERAMAN  
in a skull cap and Jallabah.

Joan enters. The FALCON is in the b.g.

Cont.

JOAN

Please make arrangements to put  
me on the next plane to New York.  
I'm going home.

Omar hands a towel to an assistant.

OMAR

Impossible. Tomorrow we journey  
to Khadir. A thousand tribes  
will choose me to lead them.  
You must be there. It will  
be your most important chapter.

JOAN

I can't write your book if you  
keep secrets from me.

OMAR

(surprised)  
What secrets?

JOAN

Al-Jawhara.

Omar reacts. Then quickly covers his surprise. Joan  
presses him:

JOAN

What is the Jewel?

OMAR

The Jewel is a legend.  
I am real.

(softens, on comes  
the charm)

Do not be diverted from  
your mission Joan Wilder.  
Write an important and lasting  
work. Make yourself comfortable.  
You will be with me until our  
book is done.

JOAN

(all bravura)  
You can't keep me here!

Cont.

OMAR

Go. You are free to leave!

(voice drops)

Did you ever see what happens  
to a body after an hour in the  
desert? Of course, you could  
reach Khadir across the  
mountains...but there are tribes  
there so primitive even my men  
wouldn't go near.

Joan's fortitude is melting quickly.

JOAN

(more to herself)

And I guess if someone were looking  
for me, he couldn't find me...

OMAR

Only the worst kind of fool  
would tempt our desert alone.

OUT 42

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - CLOSE ON JACK - LATER 43

braced against the wind. Determined.

PULL BACK - A CREST OF DUNES 43

We HEAR the DERVISH cry pierce the stillness. A  
caravan of camels and stallions race across the barren,  
but beautiful desert. Tarak rides the lead, followed  
by his brothers. Jack and Ralph, well of the pace,  
share the last camel.

Ralph is sucking out the last drop of water from his  
canteen. His face is cracked and nettled. He hurls  
the canteen.

RALPH

(panics)

I need water. I got active  
sweat glands. I'm dehydrating  
before my own eyes.

(checking his pulse,  
blinks)

My vision's going blurry.

Cont.

He motions with his head to the distance.

JACK  
Don't worry. I think I see  
a Hilton.

Ralph looks.

RALPH'S P.O.V.

44

nestled below, THE DERVISH CAMP! As night starts to fall...A storybook come to life. A nomadic camp of billowing white tents. Bonfires like small suns wind along an oasis. As night nears the DERVISHES turn to their true faith -- fun! Juggling, dancing, spinning, music. Small children try to imitate their parents.

Tarak goads the camels and horses into the camp. They are met by families and comrades.

Ralph almost falls off the camel. Jack brushes the sand from his clothes. Tarak and his brothers, SARAK, KARAK, ARAK, and BARAK come over.

TARAK  
Come.

KARAK  
We have food.

ARAK  
We have drink.

Arak takes his wineskin and, spinning; squirts Dervish fire water into each of his brother's open mouths. Ralph has not opened his mouth and gets a faceful.

RALPH  
Do you have a toilet?

OUT 45-  
46

CUT TO:

EXT. DERVISH CAMP - NIGHT

47

Jack and Ralph weave through the camp. Fires scattered, dinners cooking. A boy with giant BLASTER bops along in front of Tarak and his brothers. The MUSIC is intoxicating -- and very hip.

Cont.

Armed to the teeth, the brothers are as curious about Jack and Ralph as they are about them.

TARAK

You are tired?

Ralph and Jack, two dusty guys, eye each other.

JACK

(bravado)

I'm up for anything.

The brothers smile knowingly at each other.

TARAK

Tonight you rest.

BARAK

Tomorrow we face Omar.

KARAK

And take back our jewel.

They sit under an open tent eating. But dinner is not a normal sit-down affair with this tribe. Utensils and fruit are not so much passed as they are thrown and some objects always seem to be in the air, e.g., fruit skewers, knives, etc.

Ralph smiles a thief's smile at Jack.

RALPH

You guys really need that rock, huh?

TARAK

The Jewel is the source of all light...

ARAK

Forged by the fires of the earth!

KARAK

In the desert there are many different tribes --

BARAK

With many different ways,

Cont.

TARAK  
and yet, before Omar's men took  
away our Jewel,

DERVISHES  
we all managed to live together.

KARAK  
Now there is only suspicion and  
injustice.

TARAK  
Help us find the Jewel, and we  
will give you a fitting reward.

RALPH  
(sotto, to Jack)  
Hear that, Colton! They trust us!

JACK  
(sotto)  
You better watch yourself.

One of the brothers flips Tarak a sharp SKEWER which  
he catches easily.

TARAK  
But if you betray us...

ALL THE BROTHERS  
...YOU WILL DIE!

A cocky Ralph takes out a cigarette.

RALPH  
You can count on us!

He looks for a light. A Dervish next to him turns. A  
flame bursts from his mouth, lighting Ralph's cigarette.

A group of Dervishes, men, women, and children clear the  
food. They gather near Tarak. Tarak slaps Ralph on  
his back.

TARAK  
Come! We dance, we sing!

BARAK  
We celebrate our oneness  
with heaven. With joy!

Cont.

KARAK

This is the Dervish path!

ARAK

Our dances are holy!

KARAK

Passed down through the generations!

The young boy turns up his blaster. When the first bar of music hits, we PULL BACK TO SEE the brothers juggling for the music.

RALPH

(elbowing Jack)

Will you look at these guys?

No sheep is safe tonight.

But Jack has something else on his mind.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DERVISH CAMP - LATER

48

Music and dancing in the b.g. Jack sits in the darkness beneath the MOON -- almost a full moon -- and smokes a cigarette. The sky is alive with shooting stars.

RALPH

(o.s.)

Right down the middle, Colton  
fifty-fifty.

JACK

What?...

Ralph presses.

RALPH

Don't play stupid. The jewel.  
And do not even think about  
messing with me...

(he cups his ear)

...Oh-Oh. What's that I hear?  
A heartbreaking...Keep your  
mind on business. You're too  
smart a guy to get yourself  
killed over some broad who's  
dumped ya!

He walks back. Jack looks up to the MOON. We know  
where his mind is...

CUT TO:

42

INT. JOAN'S SUITE - NIGHT

49

Joan at the window, has been contemplatively looking up at the same shimmering moon. She hears voices from the courtyard below.

JOAN'S P.O.V. - INT. COURTYARD

50

Three of Omar's guards are carrying crates into the palace. In large red letter stencilled on the crates: THIS SIDE UP -- but the arrows point incorrectly to the ground.

A dark Peugeot drives up, screeches to a stop. The Arab driver leaps out to open the rear door. But pushing his way out is a tall, Englishman, DEREK, with the imperial acerbity of a rock 'n' roll kingpin. Runs to the crates.

DEREK

(berating them)

You bloody wogs, can't you  
read! UP! UP!

Confused, the guards all look to the sky. Exasperated, Derek wipes sweat from his brow, looks around.

DEREK

(with Cockney disdain)

Tell Omar his wizard has arrived.

CUT TO:

JOAN

51

Curious to investigate, she SEES the silhouettes of guards through the door. Knowing she has to go unnoticed, she moves back to the window and climbs out on the balcony.

EXT. PALACE COURTYARD - SAME

52

Joan moves cautiously along the upper balcony of the courtyard. Hearing VOICES below, she climbs in an adjoining window to avoid detection.

INT. OMAR'S OFFICE

53

A large room decorated once again in Omar's ego. On a table is a large WAR MAP of the Nile Valley. On the map

Cont.

are several of Omar's flag pins, branching out in the directions he plans to enlarge his country. Joan starts taking pictures. The falcon scares her with a SHRIEK. Then silence again. Suddenly, the silence is pierced by a scream. Joan ducks behind the window, then looks out.

JOAN'S P.O.V. - THROUGH THE FRENCH DOORS

53-A

Omar bursts into the courtyard with the sleeve of his military tunic aflame. Derek runs after him. Omar leans into the fountain to dash the flames. He clutches his hand -- shaking it at Derek.

OMAR

I felt pain!

DEREK

I didn't say it wouldn't hurt you. I just said it wouldn't burn you.

(grabs Omar's hand)

See...no blisters. I've done this onstage a hundred times.

OMAR

(back to his icy  
composure)

This is not a cheap theatrical stunt. It is a miracle... my people must believe it.

Rashid appears with a new tunic. Omar changes garb.

DEREK

I've made gods out of Rock and Roll stars. I can make one out of you.

Absolute silence as Omar broods. A hint of doubt appears on his face.

OMAR

(to himself)

...this Western technology...

(makes up his mind;

barks at Rashid)

...I must see him now!

He flies into the courtyard through a shadowed doorway, leaving Derek behind.

CUT TO:

OMAR AND DEREK

54

They cross the courtyard, heading toward Joan.

CUT TO:

JOAN'S REACTION

55

She bolts for the door, then freezes as she hears Omar's guards pass. Taking a deep breath, she exits into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - ON JOAN - CREEPING DOWN THE HALLWAY

56

Hearing Omar's voice, she tries several doors -- all locked. Then she runs for the staircase.

INT. STAIRCASE

57

Joan climbs higher and higher. She stops. Hears someone on the stairs behind her. Continuing to climb, out of breath, she rounds the last turn and comes to the end of the stairs. Looks up. A small wooden TRAPDOOR. Previously standing on the railing -- she pushes it open and climbs out.

OUT

58-

62

EXT. THE TOWER ROOF - DAY

63

Dizzy heights above the Casbah. Joan crosses the worn roof of the Palace.

Across the way she can see a guard. Before the guard can catch her in his line of vision, she drops prone. CREAK! The boards moan.

From below, Joan hears OMAR'S VOICE. She leans her ear to a split in the boards. Strains to see into the darkened room. We can SEE the silhouettes of Omar, Derek and another FIGURE.

OMAR

Tell him how it is done, magician.

There is no answer. We HEAR a SLAP.

PRISONER

(o.s.)

It is not a magic trick you need.  
It is a miracle.

Cont.

DEREK  
(arrogantly)  
I don't need instruction from  
this snakecharmer.

OMAR  
Silence!...Tell him! I am losing  
patience.

PRISONER  
(o.s., unconcerned)  
Then you must kill me. Or does  
even Omar fear the power of  
al Jawhara!

OMAR  
(o.s.)  
In two nights I'll watch you die.

A door slams as Omar exits.

BACK TO JOAN ON THE ROOF

64

She whispers to herself.

JOAN  
...al-Jawhara!

She waits 'til the guard moves away. Then, she rises  
carefully. Takes a step. CREAK! Now she tests the  
board. Solid. Continues across. Step. Step. Then.  
CRACK!

Joan disappears! Crashes through to:

INT. ROOM - DAY

65

Joan has fallen through the roof. She's in a canopy  
of an old four-poster. A beat and it tears through.

Joan is upside down on a pile of pillows. A few  
beats to gather her wits. She rolls over.

FACE TO FACE

With a strange MAN with a silky beard, wearing a  
skull cap.

The man squeezes her nose. Touches her cheeks, mouth,  
eyes, teeth.

Cont.

OLD MAN

(amazed)

A woman! Is...Is...unexpected.

(feels her biceps)

Not very strong. Oh well. Up,  
up!

Cont.

He pulls Joan to her feet. She's still dazed from the fall. Rubs her head.

JOAN

I...I...where am I? I have to  
get out of here...

(grabs man,  
suddenly screams)

...I have to get out! I have to  
stop Omar...!

MAN

(amazed)

But in my dream, I speak those  
words! But not to you...to a  
great warrior...

(doubtful)

...You have an army?

JOAN

No...I'm just Joan Wilder.

MAN

Ah, Justjoan...Omar has outsmarted  
us both. As little boy, he was  
afraid of dark. Now he has become  
the darkness...

(sighs)

...Neither of us will ever see  
Khadir.

JOAN

I will. I'll let his people  
know the truth...I'll really  
write a book about Omar.

OMAR

(o.s.)

...but not the book I wanted you  
to write.

JOAN

65

turns around. Joan almost faints. The man is gone!  
Omar stands like a madman. Rashid stands behind. Omar's  
rage cuts through his studied deportment.

OMAR

Where is the Jewel!

Cont.

JOAN  
(genuinely  
confused)  
The Jewel? I don't...

He SLAPS her across the face. As her eyes tear, her defiance is steeled.

OMAR  
The Jewel of the Nile. Do  
not cross me.

No answer. Omar steps to the side. Joan is left facing Rashid.

VOICE  
(o.s.)  
The Jewel is here, Omar.

The seemingly helpless Man steps out from behind the door that Omar has opened into the room.

JOAN  
(to Old Man)  
You have the Jewel?

Omar laughs.

OMAR  
Miss Wilder...this is the  
Jewel!

The Man bows gracefully to Joan. Clasps his hands to his forehead.

OMAR  
...Abn al Mahdi, Defender of the  
Faith, Sage of the Desert, Crystal  
light forged by the Earth's fires,  
whose blood descends through two  
thousand years of history...  
Al-Jawhara! The Jewel of the Nile.

Joan does double, double-takes.

JOAN  
You're the Jewel?!

Cont.

JEWEL

On the full moon, Omar will  
address my people...to say he  
has replaced me. As the new  
Jewel, he will march across  
North Africa like madman...make  
war on our good neighbors.

OMAR

The world will see me as the  
savior of my people.

Joan fights her fear. Challenges Omar.

JOAN

People won't believe it! I  
saw your true vision in your  
office. The world will find out,  
I'll write the truth about you.

OMAR

You don't know the truth. You  
fantasize everything. Why do  
you think I brought you here?  
You will stay here and write what  
I tell you to write.

JOAN

Jack will come for me.

OMAR

Jack? I should have told you.  
Jack is dead.

JOAN

(rising hysteria)

Dead? He is not, don't be  
ridiculous, Jack would never  
die without telling me.

OMAR

Nevertheless, he is dead.

Joan falls silent, refusing to believe.

Omar moves to the door.

OMAR

(smiles)

You look pale, Miss Wilder. I  
will send you my personal physician.

Cont.

Omar leaves.

Joan's sorrow overwhelms her.

JOAN

Can't be true...

She softly sits down on a pillow. The Jewel sits down in front of her.

JEWEL

This Jack...he friend for you?

JOAN

(through her tears)

My best friend.

The Jewel touches her hand.

JEWEL

Then in your heart he will be forever.

CUT TO:

OUT 66

EXT. OMAR'S CITY - DAY

67

Twenty-five plus sufis, including Jack and Ralph, peer across a dry riverbed at Omar's walled city.

TARAK

We can go no further.

JACK

(trying)

This Omar tried to kill me once already.

TARAK

(hand on his dagger)

You were invited. Locate the Jewel for us and accept your fate!

EXT. DRY RIVERBED - DAY

67-A

Jack and Ralph emerge from cover, heading to the city.

Cont.

RALPH

Sure I'll tell 'em if I find  
the jewel...I'll send them a  
candygram from Passaic.

JACK

First we got to get in. Just  
do exactly what I told you.

INT. TOWER CELL - SAME

68

From the small barred window, a shaft of light streaks  
the room.

A small stool smashes against the wall, breaking into  
pieces. Joan grabs one of the legs from the broken  
stool and looks at it.

She starts to pound the leg against the bricks in the  
wall around the window.

JEWEL

What for you doing?

JOAN

In 'Angelina's Savage Secret,'  
she used her nail file to loosen  
the mortar around the window until  
she was able to make a hole large  
enough to crawl out.

JEWEL

How long this take?

JOAN

Two pages.

JEWEL

Is not window that makes cage...  
is the desert.

Joan continues chipping away.

JOAN

(determined)

I'll travel at night. I've got  
to get to Khadir...

(stops, realizes)

...You've got to get to Khadir.  
You're the only one who can  
stop Omar.

Cont.

She goes to him, takes his hand.

JOAN  
We'll do it together!

He studies her face -- looking for something.

JEWEL  
But I'm afraid.

JOAN  
We'll be afraid together!  
(voice breaks)  
Jack would want me to...I'll  
do it for Jack. I swear!

She starts crying. The Jewel cups her face with his hands.

JEWEL  
Maybe you are the one.

The Jewel reaches under his bed for a satchel and an umbrella. Quickly combs his few remaining tufts of hair. He stands at attention in front of Joan.

JEWEL  
I accept. We are sworn,  
Justjoan.

JOAN  
Good! Now if we can just get out  
this window...

JEWEL  
But I tell you. Is not the window.

He crosses and easily pops out the grating.

JOAN  
(amazed)  
Magic!

The Jewel shrugs. Flips a turban onto his head.

JEWEL  
Dry rot.

The Jewel helps her up.

CUT TO:

EXT. OMAR'S PALACE - ENTRANCE

Three GUARDS in black gallabahs and wraparound sunglasses stand in a casual group. Machine guns at rest. They perk up as Jack and Ralph approach the door. Ralph nervously looks around.

JACK

Hi there, my name's Jack Colton  
...and I'm...uh...a personal  
friend of Omar's. He invited  
me to come down and see your  
lovely country...and, uh, I'm  
supposed to meet this other  
guest here...an American woman  
...kinda tall...pretty...stubborn...

Jack stops himself before he makes a mistake. Looks at Ralph to see how he's doing. Ralph just stares at the ground.

The Guards now spread out a little. One cradles his gun on the crook of his arm. Lets Jack sweat a little bit.

GUARD

(heavily accented)

She not want to see you. Good-bye.

He translates what he said to the other Guards who laugh at Jack. Jack brings a very unwilling Ralph, front and center.

JACK

(trying to  
sound together)

Maybe I didn't make myself clear.  
I'm traveling with an official  
representative of the American  
government. This is Mr. DePalma...

Ralph smiles, more like a grimace.

JACK

...from our embassy...could you  
handle this Sir?

Pushes Ralph one step forward.

RALPH

Yeah, right...Now look, we don't  
want to create an international  
incident. I'm a nice guy. I don't  
like making reports. Just let us in  
to see this woman and as far as I'm  
concerned, mums the word.

Cont.

A beat, and all three Guards CLICK their machine guns.

GUARD  
Les papers, please...

Ralph looks at Jack. It's over.

JACK  
(patting his  
pockets)  
Paper?...sure...maybe they're  
back in the hotel.  
(nudges Ralph;  
sotto)  
Nice and easy. No sudden  
movements.

They walk backwards, then turn and walk, as slow as they  
can stand it, trying to blend in with the villagers.

A beat, then they take off down a narrow alley along the  
palace wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. PALACE ROOF

70

Joan and the Jewel sneak along the roof like bandits.  
The Jewel takes her hand. Joan fights vertigo. They  
climb onto wall above a large camel corral.

EXT. ALONG THE WALL

71

Jack and Ralph are hiding by the corral.

JACK  
(looking)  
There's got to be another  
way in.

RALPH  
Ooh, I can't wait. Another  
smooth con from Mr. Lucky.

JACK  
I'm not leaving without her.

RALPH  
You don't even know she's here!

EXT. FROM HIGH ON THE PALACE WALL

Joan and the Jewel have stopped. No where to go. Then  
Joan spots Jack.

JOAN

Jack, you're alive!...you  
bastard!

Jack reacts to seeing Joan. To Ralph's horror, he stands  
up and calls out.

JACK

Hey, Joan Wilder, doing research  
for your book?

RALPH

Will you pipe down and forget  
this broad! You'll get us  
killed. I got to find that  
jewel.

JOAN

71-B

slips off the wall, crashing through the camel tent,  
and slams into Jack, knocking them both down.

Dust kicks up around them.

JOAN

Oh, Jack...

He gets up and pulls Joan to her feet. She jumps on him, clutching him madly.

JACK

Easy, easy...

JOAN

I never thought I'd see you  
again...you're here!! You're here!!

She's squeezing him so hard they topple over into the dust again. She ends up on top of him. Joan cups his face, almost starts crying.

JOAN

They told me you were dead  
but I didn't believe it...  
(presses her lips  
to his cheek)  
...I don't ever want to feel that  
way again.

JACK

(a beat, then)  
Does that mean you apologize?

Warning cries are heard coming from the wall of the palace. Ralph runs over to them.

RALPH

Are you crazy? Get up! Get up!  
This ain't Malibu Beach.

ANGLE ON THE WALL OF THE PALACE

72

Several guards have spotted them.

JACK AND JOAN

73

stand up. SHOUTS from the guards. Jack and Joan are still caught up in their reunion. Jack shouts back to the guards.

JACK

Will you guys calm down? I'm just  
saying hello to an old girl friend.

Cont.

Ralph's eyes bulge out. He's convinced Jack and Joan have gone mad.

RALPH  
You two losers deserve each other.  
I'm going to get what I came for.

Ralph runs off as fast as his feet will carry him.

EXT. OMAR'S PALACE WALL

74

The Jewel opens his umbrella like a parachute and confidently steps off the wall. He comes crashing down onto the canopy, pulling the tent down, and landing in the straw at Jack and Joan's feet.

JACK  
What the hell is this?

JOAN  
Uh...This is my friend.

Joan's not sure what to say.

JACK  
You made friends here?

JOAN  
NO...I mean, yes...I mean,  
not exactly.

The Jewel steps forward.

JEWEL  
I am honored to meet you. I  
am the...

Joan stops him -- blurting out...

JOAN  
Joel. This is Joe. He can  
help us. He'll be our guide.

EXT. PALACE WALL

75

Omar's guards start spraying warning shots. Dust flies.

JOAN, JACK AND THE JEWEL

76

dive for cover.

Cont.

JACK

We don't need a guide. We need  
a miracle. Say good-bye to your  
friend. Let's go.

Jack starts to run, Joan pulls him back.

JOAN

Jack...he's coming with us.

The guards are charging along the wall towards them.

JACK

(incredulous)

Forget it. NOW MOVE!

Joan plants her feet. The Jewel watches them carefully.

JOAN

Not without my friend.

Jack watches the guards bear down on them. Joan crosses  
her arms defiantly. Jack shakes his finger at her.

JACK

Don't start Joan! I just walked  
across Africa to rescue you.

JOAN

Rescue me! I was doing fine without  
you.

The guards are almost there. A few seconds more and it  
will be too late.

JACK

And I suppose these guys just want  
your autograph...

Shots explode around them.

JACK

All right, all right, let's go.

JOAN

Then he's coming with?

JACK

All right, we'll take him out of  
the village. But then he's on his own.

Cont.

57

76 Cont.1

Joan smiles wonderfully at the Jewel.

JOAN, JACK AND THE JEWEL

77

spring from cover, running down a narrow street, machine guns strafing them. They stop for a breath behind a water trough. Getting out isn't going to be as easy as Jack thought.

JACK

If we ever get out of here alive,  
Joan Wilder...I may just have  
to kill you.

Joan smiles and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

JOAN

Jack...

CUT TO:

EXT. PALACE ROOF

78

Omar enters half-dressed.

OMAR'S P.O.V.

79

of Jack, Joan, and the Jewel running and Omar's men firing at them.

EXT. PALACE ROOF

80

OMAR

(Arabic)

After them!

EXT. OMAR'S VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS

81

Tarak and his Dervish brothers hear the gunfire. Tarak calls out to the men. The Dervish cry rises as they mount their horses and camels.

JACK, JOAN AND THE JEWEL

81-A

running for their lives through the Suq.

EXT. VILLAGE - DRY WATER BED

81-B

The Dervishes at full gallop charging to the entrance of Omar's city.

58

JACK, JOAN AND THE JEWEL

82

reach a dead end, climb over a wall, and find themselves smack on the edge of Omar's Military Compound.

JACK, JOAN AND THE JEWEL'S P.O.V.

82-A

behind oil drums of Omar's soldiers, scrambling out of the compound gate towards the palace. A claxon horn is blaring an alert.

OUT 83

EXT. SUQ - SAME

84

Ralph is creeping along the edge of the palace. He stops two old women.

RALPH

Excusez, Le Jewel? Ou est le rock?

The women just hurry away. Ralph continues along the front of the palace to the entrance. WHAM!! A number of Omar's soldiers knock him down as they exit the palace door. Ralph, picking himself up, runs smack into Omar.

Ralph tries to cover himself with a snarl. Looks way up at Omar.

RALPH

Who are you?

OMAR

Who are YOU?

RALPH

Don't test me, pal, I'm having a rough day.

Omar is astonished at Ralph's crazed hubris. Ralph pushes him off balance, heading for the palace. Then Rashid appears.

RALPH

Uh-oh.

He backs away. Rashid is ready to kill him. But Ralph is saved by the SOUND of the Dervish CRY. Ralph, Omar, and Rashid turn to look.

RALPH'S P.O.V.

84-A

A band of shrieking Sufis are charging down on them.

OMAR

84-B

reacts, jumping back in behind the doors, slamming them closed. Ralph, with no place to hide, dashes across the open square in front of the charging horses, and rolls into a tent, which is occupied by a donkey.

THE SUFIS

84-C

attack Omar's palace in full force.

EXT. WALL OF THE MILITARY COMPOUND

85

Three guards peer over the wall.

THE GUARD'S P.O.V.

85-A

Jack, Joan and the Jewel are nowhere to be seen.

EXT. MILITARY COMPOUND

85-B

A jet pilot racing to his F-16 as an engineer plugs in the generator, starting the jet engine.

EXT. F-16

85-C

The pilot climbs the ladder to the cockpit and is confronted by Joan, Jack, and the Jewel inside the plane. Jack has the drop on the pilot with a flare gun he's found in the plane.

JACK

Ok, flyboy, your estimated time  
of departure is right now!

The pilot tears open his flight suit. Grabs the gun and puts it against his heart. Martyr-mad, he starts screaming in Arabic and backs down the ladder, hoping Jack will shoot.

INT. OF F-16 COCKPIT - JACK'S P.O.V.

85-D

He sees the pilot running to the guards for help.

INT. F-16

86

The Jewel is dazzled by the technology of the cockpit. He touches a control. The jet lurches, almost knocking Jack and Joan off. Now the plane comes alive. Lights flashing, cockpit opening and closing, as the jet starts TO ROTATE ON ITS TRICYCLE WHEELS, making a 360 degree turn.

INT. F-16

Jack has no choice but to grab for the controls. Joan falls into the Jewel in the rear seat.

JOAN

Make it stop spinning.

Jack is wrestling with the controls.

JACK

I'm trying. This isn't like space invaders.

He grabs the joystick and the 20mm canons start firing.

JACK'S P.O.V.

20mm shells are ripping across the wall. Guards jump out of the way.

BACK TO JACK IN THE COCKPIT

JACK

(face lights up)

It is like space invaders.

The guns fire again. Shells SLICE ACROSS Omar's helicopter. Glass shatters. Jack turns the guns on the oil drums. They explode.

With a little more control, Jack gets the jet to jerk forward and start lumbering across the compound.

EXT. OMAR'S PALACE - TOWER

Omar is stunned as he watches the explosions.

THE SUFI

battle rages below.

RALPH

tries to mount the donkey. Struggles.

EXT. MILITARY COMPOUND

The F-16 is wobbling down the runway. Suddenly, an M48 moves into its path.

JACK

tries to take the jet into a U-turn. Joan and the Jewel are thrown on top of each other.

61

INT. F-16 91

Jack can see the entrance to the compound.

JACK  
It's gonna be tight!

EXT. OF MARKET PLACE - NEXT TO COMPOUND 92

The F-16 crashes through the gate. It wings shear the guard huts as two guards go flying out.

EXT. MARKETPLACE 93

EXTREME WIDE SHOT of the jet entering a crowded marketplace. Jack has to make a large circle to get back to the road out of the village.

Animals scatter. All the villagers run to one side for safety. But as the F-16 turns, they have to run the other way. They can't figure out which side is safe as the plane sweeps around the place.

The jet's exhaust sweeps through all the goods, smashing across food stands, etc.

INT. COCKPIT 94

JOAN  
(back seat driving)  
Will you be careful! You're going to hurt somebody.

JACK  
(screams back, incredulous)  
You want to drive! Fine, I'll pull over.

The Jewel leans forward, just as calm as can be.

JEWEL  
(big smile)  
This is my very first time in a plane.

Jack tries out what he's learned so far.

JACK  
This should do it.

62

VILLAGERS 95

A touch of the AFTERBURNER and the F-16 jumps away. The villagers run for the street out. The jet moves out of the marketplace.

INT. MILITARY COMPOUND 96

as the plane crosses the entrance, the M48 tank takes a shot, missing the jet, but destroying part of the military compound wall.

EXT. OF M48 TANK 97

The TANK COMMANDER pops out of his hatch and shouts to his soldiers to get their vehicles and chase them.

EXT. SUQ 98

F-16 lumbers around a corner, shearing off part of a building, and its right wing.

OMAR 98-A

fighting in front of palace, shouting orders in Arabic.

EXT. OF OMAR'S PALACE - TOWER - OMAR'S P.O.V. 99

The F-16 lumbers down the Suq street with screaming villagers and animals being herded in front of it.

INT. COCKPIT P.O.V. 99-A

The jet is bouncing down a series of shallow steps. Joan and Jack can see the fight before them. The Jewel has found a flight cap. Puts it on.

The jet knocks over a high display of baskets. (the same display Omar's guards knocked over when Joan arrived.)

EXT. PALACE 100

The Dervishes and Omar's soldiers react in horror as the F-16 heads towards them. Stunned, they all watch the jet make a right turn -- and as the cockpit passes by, they see Jack, Joan, and the Jewel!

RALPH AND THE DONKEY 100-A

He tries to push it from behind. As the F-16 passes, the donkey bolts.

TARAK

100-B

struggles to calm his stallions. He spots Ralph.

TARAK

Your friend has taken the Jewel.  
Betrayer! I will be back for you!

He goes off. Ralph runs out to see Jack disappearing in the jet. Shakes his fist.

RALPH

The jewel!...Colton, I'll feed  
you to the maggots! Nobody  
double-crosses me twice!

EXT. SUQ

101

The Sufis jump on their horses to chase after the F-16. They ride up to the site of Omar's military vehicles rolling down the Suq street.

EXT. SUQ - WIDE ANGLE

102

Omar's military vehicles start firing, forcing the Sufis to take cover.

EXT. OF PALACE

103

Omar exits palace doors and runs through the fire storm to his vehicles, chasing after the F-16.

EXT. OF NARROW SUQ STREET

104

wool drying above forming a canopy. The F-16 cutting a swath. Its left wing hits something solid and is sheared off. Continuing down the narrow street, its tail rips down the drying wool.

EXT. OF SAME RAVAGED SUQ STREET

105

Omar's vehicles tearing down the street. The exhaust from the F-16 blows the wool into the face of the driver of the lead vehicle. He swerves out of control, crashing into a building, blocking the path of the pursuing vehicles.

ANGLE ON DIFFERENT NEW SUQ STREET

106

The F-16 enters the shot and stops.

INT. COCKPIT - JACK'S P.O.V.

107

The guards are closing the village gates -- no way out.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

107-A

Jack confidently gets ready to shoot his 20mm guns again. Tries to fire. OUT OF AMMO.

JACK

Great...and I'm out of quarters.

Frustrated, he searches for something. Joan leans over.

JOAN

Try that!

He hits a button: MISSILE RELEASE...CLANK! A missile simply falls to the ground from the wing. The jet is almost at the gate.

JACK

Thank you...now what!

Angry, he slams his hand down on a red button.

FROM THE JET

107-B

WHOOSH!!! A swing missile scorches the gates. POW!!! Blows them to smithereens.

ANGLE ON JOAN

107-C

as the dust clears -- DESERT AND FREEDOM. Joan smiles.

JOAN

Not bad for your first time.

EXT. OMAR'S VILLAGE - LONG SHOT

108

The F-16 roars through the destroyed gates, followed by the armoured vehicles in pursuit.

A beat, then...

The Dervishes, on camels and horses, charge through the city gates, also in pursuit.

A very long beat, then...

The last of the entourage, Ralph, on a broken-down donkey trudges out of the town, choking on the dust that everyone else left behind.

EXT. DESERT - SAME

109

A silence, an OLD WOMAN is walking along a dirt road. She's hunched over, carrying a tremendous load of twigs on her back. A strong wind blows. We begin to hear a high-pitched whining sound which continues to get louder and louder until, WHAM!!! The F-16 blurs through the shot, its broken wing slicing through the center of the twigs. As quick as it came, the F-16 is gone. Twigs are raining down over the old woman's head. She attempts to straighten up and see what hit her.

OLD WOMAN'S P.O.V.

109-A

A cloud of dust disappearing on the horizon.

EXT. DESERT - ANGLE ON THE OLD WOMAN

109-B

The old woman looking puzzled as military vehicles roar past her.

EXT. DESERT - ANGLE

109-C

Tracking shot alongside Omar's landrover as he passes an armoured vehicle. He screams to the tank commander just as he's about to destroy the jet.

OMAR

(Arabic, subtitled)

Don't destroy the jet!

CUT TO:

INT. BATTERED RENAULT

Arab driver sings along to radio music. Jet engine noise overpowers the radio. He fiddles with the radio controls, then, realizing that the sound is from behind him, he looks up into the rearview mirror.

CUT TO:

ARAB'S P.O.V. - REARVIEW MIRROR

110-A

F-16 trying to pass the car.

ANGLE DESERT

110-B

F-16 passes over Renault as the car bounces off the road. Omar's vehicles pass.

EXT. DESERT - WIDE PANORAMA - MATTE SHOT

111

Omar's jeep is weaving past his own vehicles, speeding for the lead, the F-16 is just ahead.

ON THE HORIZON

111-A

we SEE a small black stripe. It's unclear what it is.

INT. COCKPIT OF F-16

112

Joan twists around to see Omar gaining on the jet. The Jewel, however, is staring intently to the horizon.

JOAN

Faster, Jack!

The jet does a shake, rattle, and roll. We can hear rivets popping from the fuselage.

JACK

I can't. We're almost flying.

The Jewel leans over. Taps Jack.

JEWEL

Pardon...

The Jewel tries to point to the horizon.

JACK

Not now!

EXT. OMAR'S JEEP

113

Omar shouts orders in Arabic. Boldly, he stands up, keeping his balance as the jeep rumbles along the bumpy road. Raises his gun, trying to get a shot off at Jack.

INT. COCKPIT

114

Shattered by one, two, three bullets.

JACK

Get down!

Joan ducks as bullets come crashing down through again. On the horizon, the black stripe has grown ominously -- covering half the sky.

OMAR'S JEEP

115

has to swerve to avoid a boulder. The driver pulls up again. Omar rests his gun across his arm.

INT. COCKPIT

114-B

Joan sees Omar right outside.

JOAN

Jack...!

EXT. OMAR

115

Now he's got the bead. Aims.

INT. COCKPIT

116

Jack desperately looks around for something.

JOAN

What are you going to do?

He finds the AFTERBURNER lever. Takes a deep breath.

JACK

Save us...or kill us.

He pulls the lever.

EXT. F-16 - EXTREME LONG SHOT

117

as the jet BLASTS AWAY from Omar and his men. Omar almost tumbles from his jeep.

INT. COCKPIT

118

as the g-force presses Joan and the Jewel against the seat. Jack is fighting for control.

JACK

(lets out a whoop)

What a rush!...We're home free!

Jack relaxes. Smiles.

JOAN'S P.O.V.

118-A

A wing flap blows off. Sand is pouring through the bullet holes.

JOAN

(to the Jewel)

What is it?

JEWEL

I try to say to you...Habo'ob.  
Sandstorm.

P.O.V. - STRAIGHT AHEAD

118-B

black, rolling clouds of sand.

EXT. THE JET

118-C

starts bouncing as the wind lifts the nose. The cockpit cover starts rattling. A loud RUMBLE all around.

The Jewel pulls up his hood as the sand starts to fill the cockpit. Joan screams to Jack.

JOAN

The plane's breaking!!!

JACK

(screaming above the  
roar)

No...No...We're safe in here!

WHOOSH!! The cockpit cover blows. Sand swirls around them.

EXT. LONG SHOT - F-16

119

as the rolling blackness swallows them.

SCREEN GOES BLACK.

FADE IN

CLEAR SKIES

120

The desert has settled under silent blue skies. A hot, crimson sun sits above the mountains.

SAND DUNE

121

still. Then over the ridge comes a white-flecked FIGURE...It's Ralph, covered so completely in sand that he looks like a sugar doughnut.

Down the ridge he tumbles to a small OASIS -- He doesn't notice several SMALL MOUNDS OF SAND BEHIND HIM.

As Ralph washes and drinks, the mounds start to move. Then...TARAK and the DERVISHES arise, protected from the storm in the ancient Berber way: their Gallabahs become tents.

121-B

Cont.

ELONGATED SHADOWS

121-C

fall across Ralph.

RALPH - LOOKING UP

122

he sees the Dervishes. Ralph screams, runs, but they quickly surround him. Karak and Sarak leap on Ralph, pull him to his knees. Tarak walks a circle around Ralph. Now they bend his head.

TARAK

You were warned!

RALPH

(crying)

Not my head, c'mon guys!

TARAK

Tell why your friend has gone  
with the Jewel of the Nile?

CLOSE ON RALPH

123

he forgets where he is and who he's with -- shakes  
his head free.

RALPH

That mook! He did it to me again!  
Listen to me. I never saw that  
Jewel!

ARAK

No?

They press his head down again. Karak yells and  
raises a broad sword high.

RALPH

(choking)

Wait, wait, for God's sake. You  
need me. I can help you find him.  
I -- know his habits. His M.O.  
He's a psycho. Real smart.  
You'll never find him without  
me.

TARAK

He not be your friend?

Cont.

RALPH  
Friend! Not even close. I chased  
this guy 'cross three continents  
and he knows I will not be denied.  
He's probably quaking right now  
at the thought of me!

CUT TO:

JACK

124

silhouetted against the sun. He stands high on the F-16.  
Its tail is free but its nose is ostrichlike in the dune.

JOAN

125

almost buried in the sand bank. Wiggles to get free.  
Spits out sand -- in her hair, eyes, teeth. Blind  
for a moment -- she rubs her eyes. Squints.

JOAN'S P.O.V.

125-A

for a moment Jack's silhouette reminds her of "Jesse"  
-- the lover of her dreams.

JOAN

Jack?

ON JACK

125-B

half-amused, half-disgusted. He looks at her, then at  
the desolation around him.

JACK

Sure beats the hell out of Greece.

Jack's holding a safety kit from the plane. Throws  
away everything but a compass and map.

JOAN

Is everyone okay?

ON JEWEL

125-C

JEWEL

We swore an oath...me and  
Justjoan. We go to Khadir.

JOAN

I promised him.

Cont.

Jack rubs his eyes like it's all a bad dream.

JACK

So that's that. It's got to be your way. Everything's got to be your way. Just like on the boat.

JOAN

(astounded)

The boat! It wasn't my idea to spend six months on your boat. We could have been in New York. I missed an entire Broadway season!

Now the Jewel steps in between them.

JEWEL

Oratory. Debate! Good, I enjoy.

JEWEL

125-D

sits himself down like an audience. Looks up attentively.

JACK

125-E

turns his head to Joan, speaks softly.

JACK

What's with this guy?

JEWEL

Louder please! I must hear.

That does it. Jack bursts.

Cont.

JACK  
THIS LOUD ENOUGH FOR YOU?  
(circles Joan)  
Want to know what this woman has  
put me through?...Canary Islands.  
Midnight. Sound asleep. Three  
crazed Joan Wilder fans decide  
they want the anchor of the  
Angelina as a souvenir. We  
drifted for days...And how about  
the time...

The Jewel cuts him off.

JEWEL  
No, it is turn of Justjoan.

Joan smiles at Jack, circles him.

JOAN  
(taunting)  
What about Costa Del Sol,  
Jack?

He cringes, tries to look away. Jean stays on  
him.

JOAN  
You were supposed to meet me for  
a formal dinner at the Governor's  
mansion. You showed up with the  
entire Italian National Basketball  
Team.

JACK  
Hey, they were hungry.

JOAN  
Exactly what I'm talking about.  
Everything's a joke to you.  
(sincerely)  
I was humiliated that night, Jack.  
I just wish sometimes you could  
think about me.

JACK  
And I suppose you were thinking  
about me when you ran off with Omar...  
By the way, did I tell you he blew  
up my boat?

Cont.

JOAN  
(reflexive)  
Our boat.

JACK  
Oh, now it's our boat.

The Jewel has stood up. He comes over again.

125-F

JEWEL  
Good debate. I say even. No  
winner.

It's just hit Joan.

JOAN  
He blew up the boat?

JEWEL  
Come Justjoan. We must hurry.

The Jewel gathers her things for her. Pulls her  
with him by her hand. She's still stunned.

Jack watches, then runs, backpedaling as he talks  
to Joan.

126

JACK  
Will you wait a minute. Just  
tell me why you got to risk your  
life for this guy. Look at him.

JOAN  
(hoping he'll  
understand)  
I made a committment, Jack.  
I won't break it.

Jack stops. They are leaving. He calls out.

126-A

JACK  
Fine. Go!...want to know the  
truth? I didn't come here for  
you anyway. I'm on to something  
big. A jewel!...The Jewel of  
the Nile!

ON JOAN AND THE JEWEL

126-B

A million different emotions flood through Joan.  
The Jewel turns to Jack.

Cont.

JEWEL

Come with us. Maybe I can help  
you find the Jewel.

JACK

(stubborn)

No thanks, Joe. I'll be fine on  
my own. I don't need anyone.

That cuts through Joan. She starts to cry, but  
hides it the best she can.

JOAN

(calling back)

Don't stay here. You can't be  
around when Omar finds his  
favorite toy.

And off she goes with the Jewel towards the  
mountains.

STAY WITH JACK

127

He goes under the jet's one remaining wing, slings  
down his pack. Cursing under his breath. Looking  
around.

A long beat, then he looks up. Under the exhaust,  
in Arabic lettering, is stencilled a warning:  
DANGER - FUEL.

P.O.V. ON JOAN - FROM A DISTANCE

127-A

She can't resist turning back for one last look.  
She hears a pop! -- and -- ROLLING THUNDER! The  
F-16 goes up in a ball of black grease and fire.

BACK TO JACK - CLOSE UP

127-B

A smile the size of Montana comes across Jack's face.

JACK

That's for the Angelina...  
I still owe you for Joan.

CUT TO:

EXT. DERVISHES - IN THE DESERT

128

Ralph sits hands tied behind him. Bug-eyed, he  
watches the Dervishes debating his fate. Barak makes  
a gesture of slitting his throat. Arak mimes tearing  
out his eyes.

Cont.

RALPH  
 (looks toward heaven)  
 Let me live God, and I promise  
 I'll be a good boy, starting  
 tomorrow.

ACROSS THE DESERT

129

a funnel of black smoke is rising on the horizon.

Sarak spots it -- points

129-A

TARAK  
 Fire! The Jewel has sent us a  
 sign!

They all leap to their horses except Tarak, who  
 draws his knife and turns toward Ralph. Ralph  
 closes his eyes for the worse. WHOOSH! Tarak  
 cuts through the binds. Arak rides up with a  
 steed for Ralph -- an ill-tempered CAMEL. They  
 shove Ralph on and charge off towards the smoke.

ON RALPH

129-B

looks up to heaven again.

RALPH  
 But tonight I got to kill  
 Jack Colton.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. - THROUGH BINACULARS

130

sweeping along the white sands until the mountains  
 come into view. Two distant FIGURES moving quickly  
 towards the foothills. He PANS to the left -- one  
 man is walking by himself.

OMAR

130-A

drops his field glasses. Before him is the wreckage  
 of his F-16. Smoke sweeps along the charred fuselage.  
 Behind him his men stand at a safe distance.  
 Personnel carriers nearby. Rashid doesn't dare speak.

OMAR  
 (in Arabic; points to  
 the mountains)  
 Go!!

Cont.

Rashid starts to complain. Omar cuts him off.  
Personnel Carriers are already moving as Omar and  
Rashid run to jump on board.

CUT TO:

ROCKY PLAIN - SAME

131

Joan is walking under the Jewel's umbrella. Her  
nose is fire engine red.

JEWEL

(softly to Joan)

You did not tell your friend.

JOAN

I know him. He'd go half-way  
round the world for a good party,  
but he wouldn't go cross town  
for a noble cause.

JEWEL

This is a great sadness.

JOAN

He'll never change. He'll  
always be Jack.

The Jewel takes a small stone and puts it in Joan's  
hand. Closes it.

JEWEL

Like a stone is always a stone.

JOAN

(confused)

Exactly.

JEWEL

Open you hand, Justjoan.

Miraculously, a brightly colored butterfly sits on  
Joan's hand. She gasps, holds her hand aloft. It  
flutters away.

JEWEL

Sometimes change is unseen. For  
Jack, a journey of a thousand miles  
was his first step. Jack is  
changing. Let him.

He smiles at Joan. Then a VOICE closing in.

Cont.

JACK

(o.s.)

Let's see some hustle.

Joan and the Jewel turn to see Jack running at them. Dripping in sweat, he reaches them, turns, jogs in place.

JACK

You got company.

(at Joan)

Guess Omar can't live without you.

JOAN

What...?

Jack points.

Sand devils flying towards them on the horizon. By the time Joan turns back, Jack has run on ahead of them.

The Jewel hikes his Gallabah above his knees.

JEWEL

We are jogging, yes?

JOAN

We are jogging...

They take off after Jack.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - MONTAGE

132

Transition shots of Joan, Jack, and the Jewel racing across the hot sands, closer to the mountains. Jack stays ahead. The Jewel moves in long, loping strides.

And always, moving closer to the horizon, SAND DEVILS, REPRESENTING Omar's pursuit.

EXT. THE CLIFF - SAME

133

Mammoth sandstone walls at the foot of the mountain range.

Cont.

The Jewel has reached the cliff first. He opens his umbrella. Not a bead of sweat, he's still fresh and alert.

JACK AND JOAN

running like zombies, exhausted, are just approaching the hills. They're breathing so hard they can hardly speak.

JACK

Hell of a place to put a mountain.

JOAN

(carefully)

Does this mean you're coming with us?

Jack looks back. P.O.C. -- the swirls of Sand Devils grow nearer. Jack still plays it cool.

JACK

Right now I ain't got much choice.

Jack and Joan reach the Jewel. Jack looks far away up. Spots.

JACK

C'mon, this way.

Jack starts up an EASILY SLOPED PATH to the side of the cliff. Joan starts to go with him. Then notices that the Jewel is staring straight up the cliffs. She stops. Jack turns around.

The Jewel is pointing up with his umbrella.

JEWEL

No, we go this way.

JACK

Are you nuts? You got heat stroke? There's a path here.

The Jewel looks at Joan.

JOAN

Jack, I think that he probably knows these mountains better than you do.

Jack throws up his hands.

Cont.

JEWEL  
America. Democracy. We vote!

He takes a step towards the cliff. Raises his hand. Jack looks at Joan with a 'don't you dare'. A beat, then, Joan steps by the Jewel. Raises her hand. Two to one. They start climbing the face of the cliff.

LONG SHOT - OMAR'S TANKS

134

approaching the cliff.

HIGH ANGLE - JACK, JOAN, AND THE JEWEL

134-A

climbing up the large cliff. Small sand slides and they go higher and higher.

JOAN  
(nervous)  
Omar said there were dangerous  
tribes in these mountains.

JACK  
(only as a joke)  
Sure, sure, cannibals.

Joan gives him a 'You guessed it' look.

JACK  
That's great.

PANNING TANKS UP THE ROAD - ANGLE OVER OMAR'S  
SHOULDER

134-B

Their guns search for the fugitives, sweeping the cliffs. A Guard suddenly points, yells in Arabic.

Omar looks up. OMAR'S P.O.V.: Joan, and the Jewel, three tiny figures high on the mountain wall.

JOAN, JACK, AND THE JEWEL

134-C

Jack looks down to see the tanks grinding up the road.

ON THE TANKS

134

kicking up dust, loud grinding as they close in. Omar orders them to stop. Looks up again. Surprise. There's no sign of them.

CLOSE ON JACK, JOAN AND THE JEWEL

135

huddled on a narrow ledge. Faces pressed against the rock.

JOAN'S P.O.V.

135-A

She leans ever so slightly to get a better look. The tank guns sweep back and forth. Joan presses herself even closer to the rocks. Her foot slides. A small rock is loosened.

As THE ROCK BOUNCES DOWN THE CLIFF

135-B

seems unbearably loud in the desert silence. It clangs off one of the tanks.

OMAR REACTS

135-C

The noise echoes through the gorge. Omar shouts an order. His men pour out and start spraying the cliffs with bullets.

BACK TO JOAN, JACK, AND THE JEWEL

136

moving a little higher, trying to hide.

Jack glares at Joan.

JACK

A black day for democracy.

ON OMAR

136-A

shouts up to the fugitives.

OMAR

I wish you no harm! Surrender!

His voice echoes in the gorge. It seems to come from everywhere.

ON JACK AND JOAN

136-B

He yells at her.

JACK

Did you do something for this guy,  
Omar, that you never did for me?

BACK TO OMAR

136-C

Rashid brings him a ROCKET LAUNCHER. Omar tries to aim it but the angle isn't right. He walks back. Tries to sight them.

ON THE CLIFF

136-D

The Jewel opens his umbrella. Puts it in front of Joan like a shield.

OMAR - PURPOSELY MOVES THE SIGHT TO SHOOT BY THEM - FIRES

136-E

VAROOM!

The missile hits the ledge. But it sets off an avalanche that buries most of the tanks.

Omar is outraged. He hurls the launcher into the cliff.

OMAR'S P.O.V. - JACK, JOAN, AND THE JEWEL

137

Three tiny figures scampering higher and higher up the enormous mountain. Suddenly JACK'S VOICE RAINS DOWN IN A CUTTING ECHO.

JACK

Excuuuuuuse...me.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF THE CLIFFS - JOAN, JACK, AND THE JEWEL

138

almost there. All that remains is a nearly straight eight foot rock face. Jack tries once or twice but can't get a grip. Joan's become a cheerleader.

JOAN

Just give me a boost.

Jack and the Jewel give her an upsadaisy.

Joan gets one hand on the top. Feels for something to grab onto.

JOAN

Okay! Here I go.

Her hand fastens around a tree root. She pulls herself waist up. Looks up. She's holding a black foot.

JOAN'S P.O.V.

138-A

Six Nubians are at the edge of the cliff, staring back.

CUT TO:

EXT. NUBIAN VILLAGE

139

built onto the side of the mountain. Elongated daub and wattle huts arranged into smaller families.

A PROCESSION

140

led by brash, young men. Star attractions -- Jack, Joan, and the Jewel. Small children dance behind them. Women in blood-red robes laugh loudly, point, touch Joan.

JOAN

Who are they...!?

JEWEL

These are the Nubians.

(beat)

I had hoped we could avoid them.

Jack looks at Joan severely.

JACK

(sarcastic)

Sell any books here?

CHIEF'S HUT

141

dappled white to stand out from the others. Stepping out is a very tall, ageless man, his grey hair arranged in thick corn rows.

With the CHIEF is a very frail young man, meekly remaining behind his shoulder.

The Chief offers a toothless grin. His words squish out.

JEWEL

(translating)

He says the mountain is very high, very old, very powerful. He wishes us a good journey...

JACK

(to the Jewel)

Tell him thanks.

Cont.

He takes Joan's arm to lead her away.

JOAN  
(nervously)  
'Bye-'Bye.

The young man next to the Chief taps the Jewel.  
Whispers to him.

JEWEL  
The Chief's son gives his blessing  
upon your babies.

Joan responds casually.

JOAN  
Oh, we're not married...

The Chief reacts. Shouts an order.

ON JACK

142

as a solid wall of Nubian warriors suddenly blocks  
their escape. Ugly murmurs among the villagers.

JOAN  
Did we do something?

JEWEL  
(translating)  
Since you are not married, the  
Chief's son wishes to court you.

JACK  
Forget it! She's with me!

Joan is surprised at Jack. Smiles. Ominous grumbling.  
The warriors point and gesture. The young son waves  
at Joan.

JEWEL  
They only recognize marriage.  
Since there is more than one  
suitor, the suitors must fight!

CHEERS from the Nubians. Gives the frail kid a  
once-over.

Cont.

JACK  
 (cocky, to Joan)  
 This I should be able to handle.

The Chief clarifies.

JEWEL  
 He has another son.

JACK'S P.O.V. - A PARTING IN THE CROWD

143

Lumbering through is a Nubian Goliath. The lovesick son. Bare chest and leonine hair.

JACK  
 (blanches)  
 Tell 'em we lived together  
 for six months!

The Chief graciously leads Joan and the Jewel away.  
 Jack turns to take his shirt off.

JACK  
 (calling to the Jewel)  
 Well, what are the goddamned  
 rules!?

POW!

The big son cold-cocks Jack.

Everyone turns to see Jack in a heap on the ground.  
 The big son shrugs angelically. The match begins.

JOAN AND THE JEWEL

144

sitting with the Chief as Jack fights hopelessly against  
 the gargantuan kid.

Jack is knocked clear out of the circle. He slides  
 Pete Rose head first. Lands right at Joan's feet.  
 Looks up at her.

JACK  
 No pain. No gain.

The big son grabs his feet. Pulls him back into the  
 ring.

Cont.

Joan is beside herself. The Jewel is casually playing with his umbrella. Balancing it on his finger.

JOAN

We've got to try to help Jack!

JEWEL

We are.

ANGLE ON - TWO WARRIORS

145

begin to notice the Jewel doing tricks with the umbrella. They smile. Forget the match.

ON JACK

145-A

twirled like a sack by the big son.

THE JEWEL

146

now standing, umbrella balanced on his nose. Even the Chief is smiling. One by one the Jewel is attracting the crowd. He now starts doing some wonderful tricks.

Now even Goliath notices the hub-bub.

JOAN'S P.O.V. - CLOSE ON THE JEWEL

147

This frail creature seems momentarily something more -- something...holy.

The Jewel has the tribe in his thrall.

ON JACK

148

noticing the big son straining to see. Jack stumbles on a thick LOG. Takes a practice swing. Then...

KABOOM! Jack returns the sneaky blow. THUD! The giant comes tumbling down.

When the crowds turn back, Jack stands victoriously. A wrinkled smile for Joan.

Joan comes rushing over to Jack.

JOAN

That was great!

Cont.

JACK  
Great? I coulda been killed!

The Jewel appears with a bunch of kids bounding around him.

JEWEL  
There was no real danger for  
either of you. The Nubians  
are hopeless romantics. They  
love the contest of Love...  
Their games are fun, no?

Jack touches a wet bruise.

JACK  
No.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

149

The eerie quiet of the desert is broken only by the  
distant SOUND of JACKALS crying for food. The moon is  
high above.

A SPRAY OF HOT COALS

149-A

Tarak and his brothers are raking their fire into a  
long path.

Ralph, a blanket wrapped around him, walks over to them,  
moaning through the clatter of his teeth. He can't  
believe they're dispersing the fire.

RALPH  
Are you crazy! It's cold here...  
Who'd have figured the Goddamned  
desert gets cold.

TARAK  
We give you warmth of brotherhood.  
Join us.

Tarak throws off his boots and dances across the burning  
embers. Ralph looks at him like he's a looney.

RALPH

Uh, no thanks, I just had my feet resoled.

TARAK

You are afraid?

RALPH

Damn right I'm afraid. I'm always afraid.

The brothers whiz across the path, barefooted. Karak takes Ralph by the shoulders and SPINS him.

KARAK

Your fears are foolish.

Ralph spins to Arak -- who spins him again.

ARAK

Your heart will never bring pain...

Dizzy, nauseous, Ralph bumps into Sarak who keeps him spinning.

SARAK

Trust your heart!

Stumbling restlessly, Ralph tries to break away.

RALPH

No, no...it'll hurt...  
I won't!

He stops. Tarak is smiling at him.

TARAK

Look down...my brother.

Ralph looks down. He's been walking across fire! The Dervishes cheer. Ralph scurries off, shaken but amazed.

RALPH

I...I...did it. I DID IT!  
I'm one of us!

He leans back and with all his heart lets out a DERVISH CRY. The others join in. Exuberant, the Dervishes now all start spinning. Ralph spreads out his arms and joins in.

Cont.

TARAK

Spin! Throw off your doubts and  
pain...spin!...Tomorrow we take  
the Jewel or die!

CUT TO:

EXT. NUBIAN VILLAGE - NIGHT

150

A celebration! Three STILTWALKERS dance by a grand fire. Beneath them a swirling flow of red feathers turn out to be several more dancers. Joyously chanting, beautiful Nubian women dash past them! Their faces are painted in bold patterns with bright colors -- their topless bodies are oiled.

The single young men of the village sit in a semicircle watching. Jack and Joan are at the edge of the circle, as well. Joan wears a ceremonial white wraparound dress.

Discretely separating Jack and Joan, the Jewel watches the festivities. A few of the Nubian girls run giggling to Joan. They coax her to join them. Hesitant, she lets them pull her into the circle. One of the women slops a bright Nubian neckless onto her.

Outside the circle, the big son is still stretched out cold. He wakes up. Looks around perplexed. Falls back -- out cold again.

BACK TO JACK

151

watching, tapping an imaginary drum. Nudges the Jewel.

JACK

Joe, these people know how  
to party.

A stiltwalker comes gliding in front of them, stepping directly over Jack as he twirls a fiery torch. A burning ember floats down and lands on the Jewel's arm. The Jewel doesn't move. Jack quickly brushes it off. Takes his arm. It should be scorched. Instead, he shows no effect.

JACK

Hey! It didn't burn!

JEWEL

A small test. There will be  
greater ones ahead for all of us.

JOAN DANCING

152

As she gains confidence, she lets herself go. The women command the night and Joan becomes one of them. The girls flirt with the men in the village through the dance.

JACK AND JEWEL

152-A

The Jewel is watching Jack watch Joan.

JEWEL

I like Justjoan much.

(a beat)

So do you.

JACK

Yeah...I do. But we can't make it work. She's never satisfied. She'll never change. She's just...Joan.

JEWEL

Exactly. Justjoan. She will never change...one never does... alone.

(Jack looks out to  
Joan dancing)

Don't be afraid. Your fears make you foolish.

P.O.V. -- DANCING

152-B

The Nubian women choose their partners.

CLOSE ON JOAN

152-C

now by herself. She looks at Jack.

CLOSE ON JACK

152-D

staring at Joan.

BACK TO SCENE

153

Finally, Jack runs to Joan, sweeps her up into his arms and carries her into the darkness.

The Nubian men look at Jack. Then at their own women. Imitating Jack, the men carry off the dancers. A new custom has began.

INT. A HUT ON THE EDGE OF VILLAGE

154

Joan and Jack lay entwined. They've made love.

JOAN

Jack...I'm sorry I got people  
shooting at you again.

JACK

Are you kidding? We're great  
when it's like this. We'd be  
the perfect couple if we could  
just find somebody to shoot at  
us everyday...

(beat)

...I'm not so good on the slow days.

JOAN

No. It's both of us. You're  
wonderful the way you are. I've  
no right to expect anything else.

JACK

Maybe we both expect too much.

JOAN

Thanks for going with us to Khadir.

She kisses him. Jack talks through the kiss.

JACK

Did I say that?

He smiles. Joan leans back. She really does want an  
answer.

JACK

Joan Wilder, you always did  
drive a hard bargain.

He leans in to kiss her as they fall o.s. PAN UP TO:

THE MOON

154-A

cold and white above the mountain. One day from full.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN - DAY

155

Joan, Jack, and the Jewel have come to the crest of the  
great mountain. Suddenly, the Jewel breaks into a  
funny run.

Cont.

JACK  
Where's Joe going?

They follow him.

ANGLE - COMING UP BEHIND THE JEWEL

155-A

Jack and Joan stand to either side. A strong wind billows their clothes.

P.O.V. - JACK, JOAN AND THE JEWEL

155-B

The vista below. The magnificent, verdant lushness of the Nile Valley. The Jewel closes his eyes. Takes long, deep breaths.

JEWEL  
(arms wide to the Nile Valley)  
This is the gift of the Nile.  
The life of my people.  
(sighs)  
I have been too long from its waters.

He strides off down the mountain.

Jack watches the Jewel run. Joan is nervous. She clutches her knees to her chest.

JACK  
You know, I like Joe. He's growing on me.

JOAN  
(looking out over the mountain)  
I like him too.

JACK  
(really sympathetic)  
Yeah...too bad he doesn't have anything going for him.

JOAN  
Jack...

JACK  
Maybe we can help him out. You know, if we find that Jewel, we should share it with him.

Cont.

Joan dreads this task.

JOAN  
(deep breath)  
Jack...we have the Jewel.

JACK  
We do?...Where?

JOAN  
There...

She points down to where the Jewel is walking.

JACK  
Joe's got the jewel?

JOAN  
He is the Jewel! He's a Holy Man.  
It's his title.

JACK  
He's the Jewel of the Nile.

Jack is genuinely hurt. He gives her look and then walks by himself to a rocky outcropping. Sits down. Looks off into the valley. Joan comes over, and sits beside him.

A long beat.

JACK  
(softly)  
I don't know...this ain't going to work Joan...not like this.

JOAN  
I'm sorry Jack. I'm really sorry.

JACK  
(interrupting)  
...how could you keep this from me? What were you thinking? Really, what were you thinking?

JOAN  
I wanted you to come, Jack. And I knew if I told you, you wouldn't.

Cont.

JACK

You're sure about that, huh? Maybe  
I would've surprised you. Maybe  
I would've surprised us both.

(thinks about it)

Nah, you were probably right. I  
never gave you any reason to  
believe you could count on me.

Joan opens up, passionately, sincerely.

JOAN

No! You were just being human.  
That's something I'm not used to.  
Up 'til now, every man I've ever  
loved was just a character in one  
of my books. If he didn't work  
out, I wrote another one. I lived  
alone so the men in my life could  
be what I wanted them to be. But  
I can't rewrite you. And that's  
what I was trying to do.

JACK

Hey, Joan, don't forget who you're  
talking to. When things didn't  
work out for me, I just headed for  
another place. No address. No  
commitments. No regrets.

A silence. Then wind whistles through the mountain.

JOAN

I know this...you taught me  
how to live, Jack Colton.

JACK

You taught me how to love,  
Joan Wilder.

CLOSE ON JOAN

realizing this is it, but waiting for one last moment  
for a reprieve.

CLOSE ON JACK

It doesn't come. He stands, helps her to her feet.  
Both pretend not to hurt.

Cont.

JACK

(smiles)

What do you say we finish with style. Let's get the Jewel to Khadir.

JOAN

(smiles back)

That's how I'd end this story.

Joan extends her hand. A beat, Jack takes it. They shake.

JACK

Is it okay if I still call him Joe?

CUT TO:

EXT. INTO TRAIN STATION - LATER

156

Joan, Jack and the Jewel are trudging slowly across a muddy field. Two haunting BLASTS sound.

P.O.V. SHOT - THE TRAIN

157

appears, an old diesel engine that once carried colonial armies. It moves into a tiny station.

JEWEL

Fortune smiles on us. This is the train for Khadir. If we are careful, we arrive tonight!

Joan watches the mobs of pilgrims.

JOAN

So many people!

JEWEL

They are pilgrims. They go to the false redeemer.

JACK

...you mean Omar.

JOAN

We'll see about that.

She smiles at the Jewel. Jack shrugs off his doubt as best he can. They move on.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - SAME

158

Mobbed with pilgrims. Families have camped out for days. Animals, children, campfires. A crowd pushes its way towards the tiny ticket office.

The train enters the station, obscuring the crowds.

The engineer applies the brakes.

ALONG THE TRAIN

158-A

On one side, the pilgrims jump to their feet, ready to leap on board. But on the other side, Jack, Joan and the Jewel run up from the fields along the track. They do not see several of Omar's guards working their way along the track, stopping pilgrims, questioning, checking papers.

JOAN, JACK AND THE JEWEL

158-B

dash across the tracks and almost slam into the guards. Jack does a rapid about-face and hurries Joan and the Jewel into the crowd. Just in time:

RASHID AND MORE GUARDS

158-C

storm into the station in jeeps. Joan spots a heavily laden MULE. The three hide behind it as Rashid jumps to the ground, followed by a guard, Rashid marches into the TICKET OFFICE. Pushes people out of the way. Confronts the ticket seller with a book.

INSERT ON JOAN WILDER NOVEL - BACK COVER PHOTO

159

JACK, JOAN AND THE JEWEL

160

are focused on Rashid. The Jewel makes gentle sounds, grabs the mule, and makes a moving shield to lead them away.

The pilgrims continue to push their way on board. Some are hoisted through the windows.

RASHID

161

finishes with the ticket seller. Then he comes out and signals the GUARD ON THE TRAIN that he can move on. Rashid moves to the rear of the train.

97

INT. TRAIN CABIN - THE ENGINEER 162

has to make way for several more guards.

ANGLE - THE TRAIN 163

as it starts up again and begins to move slowly out of the station. No sign of Joan, Jack or the Jewel.

SMALL HOUSE 163-A

along the track. We SEE Joan, Jack, and the Jewel perched on the roof, ready to jump onto the train.

First Jack leaps...then the Jewel...

ON JOAN 163-B

She hesitates! The train lumbers by. A dizzy target.

JACK REACTS 163-C

Joan is receding into the distance. He stands, waves, implores her.

JACK  
(as loud as  
he dares)  
Joan Wilder move your ass!

JOAN JUMPS 163-D

A little too well! She falls head first over the car, just barely managing to grab on to the roof's rail. Hanging precariously, she watches the tracks pass below.

ON JACK 163-E

for a minute, it looks like she's gone over.

Joan screams to Jack.

JOAN  
Jack!

Jack stands up on the roof, starts moving towards Joan.

OMAR'S GUARDS P.O.V. - BY THE CABOOSE 164

They do not see Joan hanging.

ON JACK - LEAPING BETWEEN THE CARS 164-A

dangerously crossing over the tracks.

BACK TO THE GUARDS

164-B

They spot Jack. Seeing Jack leads them to spot Joan, dangling from the side. One takes off to intercept Jack.

EXT. TRAIN - WIDE ANGLE

165

as the train continues to pick up speed. Jack is almost to Joan. The guard climbs over a stack of pipes.

EXT. JOAN AND JACK

165-A

The train is rumbling along. Joan grabs for Jack's hand. Jack doesn't see the guard.

ON THE JEWEL

165-B

NOW NOTICING the guards appear on Joan's car. The train is passing over a steep precipice. The Jewel carefully stands. Yells.

JEWEL

Mr. Jack!

He points.

BACK TO JACK AND JOAN

165-C

as Jack sees the guards. He has no choice but to engage them. He lets go of Joan. She slides back down. Jack's frozen for a moment. Then the guard raises a gun.

Jack lunges for the rifle. Fight starts.

EXT. THE DERVISHES

166

looking down on the train from a mountain pass. Tarak leads them to a gallop.

BACK TO JACK

167

knocking the guard off the train.

AT THE CABOOSE

167-A

another guard steadies to get a shot at Jack as he goes to help Joan again.

JACK

167-B

hits the deck as bullets spray around him.

INT. ENGINE - GUARD'S P.O.V.

168

sees commotion, then sees Joan's feet disappearing over the top of the train. Calls to the other guards and they scramble toward the rear of the train. Two set off through the cars.

ON THE JEWEL

168-A

relieved that Joan is safe. But he doesn't see a guard come up behind him. He waves happily to Justjoan, now that she's out of danger.

ON THE DERVISHES

168-B

coming up along the train.

OMAR'S GUARD

168-C

taking aim at the Jewel.

Joan and Jack are pressed to the car roof. They can't save him.

On horseback, Tarak takes aim. Fires!

The guard is shot, falls off the train. The Jewel turns to look. He sees the Dervishes.

JACK AND JOAN

168-D

climb down the car ladder by the coupling. The Jewel moves to join them.

INT. TRAIN - ON THE GUARDS

169

as they enter the next car. It's packed with pilgrims. Sitting four to a seat. Stretched out in the aisles. Singing. All heading for the Holy City.

The soldiers start searching the car.

BY THE WINDOW

169-A

three Arabs MOVE IN CLOSER -- It's Joan dressed in Chador. Nearby, a lucky pilgrim is counting some American dollars. Jack hides behind a drum played by an Arab musician.

As the guards move closer, Joan looks at Jack nervously. Jack pretends to look out the window...anything to hide his face.

JACK'S P.O.V. - OUT THE WINDOW

169-B

Right out of Alice in Wonderland -- Ralph, dressed for the first time as a Dervish, is staring Jack right in the face. He bounces madly atop his camel. Shakes his fist. Lets out a Dervish yell.

RALPH

Colton!...

Jack tries to shush Ralph. Ralph won't be denied.

RALPH

The bells toll for thee,  
Colton!

The Guard spots Ralph...then Jack. He lunges at Jack. Another Guard coming up the aisle is knocked out as the Jewel opens the lavatory door.

THEN THE SCREEN GOES BLACK

170

We HEAR scuffling, screaming, shots, yells, animals.

EXT. TRAIN

171

as it exits a long mountain TUNNEL.

INT. THE SAME CAR

172

The Guard finds that he's grabbed a lamb on the floor. It bleats. The Guard sees the rear door to the car has been opened.

EXT. BY THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE

173

The Dervishes are stopped on their horses. Unable to follow. A giant mountain separates them from their Jewel.

Next to the tunnel, Ralph leans flat against the rock. Slides down. Manages to murmur.

RALPH

...Colton...

BACK WITH THE TRAIN

174

Jack, Joan, and the Jewel are scrambling over the pipes.

THE GUARDS

stick their rifles into their pipes and start shooting through them. Jack is on the side, crouching down. Joan and the Jewel by the other.

Joan sees the chain hooked to the car that holds the pipe in place. She takes a hold of the Jewel's leg and slides down 'til her foot reaches the hooking. Kicks once, kicks twice. The Jewel strains to hold her. SNAP! Joan kicks free the chain.

ON THE GUARDS

174-B

They've started climbing over the pipes. Now they slide with the pipes off the train.

P.O.V. -- Jack, Joan, and the Jewel watch them roll off...

The Jewel helps Joan to her feet as Jack comes over.

JEWEL

Justjoan, you are a great warrior.

He makes a little bow to her. She grins at Jack. He bows to her too. The train moves on quickly now.

JACK

(opens the  
caboose door)

After you, great warrior.

JOAN

Thank you.

Happily, Joan, and the Jewel precede Jack into the caboose.

INT. CABOOSE

175

The three are amazed to see a plushly decorated room with billowy curtains and glorious rugs.

JACK

All right...it's the V.I.P.  
lounge.

Jack sees Joan's books on the table.

At the far end of the car, the curtains ripple. Then, a gun barrel appears.

The Jewel sees it first. Touches Joan.

JEWEL

(heartbreaking)  
I am sorry, Justjoan.

Cont.

Jack and Joan look into the same direction.

RASHID AND SEVERAL GUARDS

175-A

and between them steps Omar!

OMAR

I don't usually travel by train  
but unfortunately, my other  
transportation has been disabled.

EXT. THE DERVISHES

176

blocked by a deep gully, they watch as the train heads  
into the sunset...soon they reach the Holy City. Ralph  
stands among them.

TARAK

Omar's vengeance will be fearsome.  
May we reach Khadir in time.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NILE - DUSK - MATTE SHOT OF HANGING MINATURE 177

The great river shimmering in the twilight as ancient  
vessels move quietly by sail down her waters.

OUT 178

EXT. A PROCESSION OF PILGRIMS - SAME 179

Tribesmen from the towns and villages, from the deserts  
and the seashore, file in one long procession to observe  
Omar's proclamation.

Moslem and African, most are dressed in robes. Shivering  
CRIES of strength and courage sound from the throng.  
Omar's guards collect and stack GUNS as the pilgrims  
pass under an arch into the temple.

ANGLE ON A GROUP OF PILGRIMS 179-A

slipping by the guards who are busy with the weapons.  
We SEE it is Tarak, Ralph, and the Dervishes disguised  
as sheperds.

Arguments, scuffles throw ripples across the crowd. Men  
wave their fists, knives aloft.

OUT 179-B- X  
180-A

INT. ANCIENT CELL

Jack is staring down a thick RAT stalking from above.  
Hands tied above his head, Jack can only SPIT.  
Bull's-eye. The rat scurries away.

Jack and Joan are suspended over a pit. The Jewel has  
been chained to a wall.

Across from Jack, Joan is tied similarly.

Rashid ignores Jack and goes to a side chamber. In the darkness, Jack and Joan can see him doing something with their ropes.

JOAN

What's he doing?

Omar STEPS INTO THE CELL.

OMAR

Rashid applies goat's blood to Mr. Colton's rope.

JEWEL

A scent well known to the inhabitants of the catacombs.

Omar bows to the Jewel.

The eerie sound of scratching claws and high piercing squeaks of the rats can be heard.

JACK

Rats...

OMAR

They will eat through the rope. And then...

JACK AND JOAN'S P.O.V. - A LARGE PIT

182

like a black mouth below them. Omar takes a large ROCK over his head and hurls it into the dark HOLE. A beat, they wait. Nothing. Still nothing.

JOAN

(realizing something)

Oh, Jack...

JEWEL

No man has heard the bottom of the temple well.

JACK

Don't worry. I'll land on my feet.

Cont.

OMAR

Oh, but you shall not be alone  
Mr. Colton. Rashid is placing  
a bottle of acid that will drip  
slowly through Miss Wilder's  
rope.

JACK

Only a sick, perverted mind would  
take the trouble to do this Omar.  
Why don't you just shoot us?

JOAN

Jack...

JACK

(won't be stopped)  
What kind of demented psychopath  
could even think this up?

Omar bows to Joan.

JOAN

(moans)  
'The Savage Secret.'  
(almost crying)  
It was my biggest seller.

Rashid reappears. Still no sound of the rock hitting  
the bottom.

OMAR

Think of the pit as your last  
adventure...My people await me.  
By tomorrow the world will know  
the story of Omar...with or without  
you, Joan Wilder.

He leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLY SQUARE - DUSK

183

CAMERA CRANES UP looking over the top of the wall  
REVEALING what appears to be the biggest rock concert  
since Woodstock. Five thousand warriors are assembled  
facing a giant stage. Above the stage is an  
enormous replica of Omar's insignia.

X

HIGH ON THE TEMPLE WALL

184

A figure in a dark gallabah, watching the crowd through binoculars. He checks his watch. Throws back his hood. It's Derek.

He adjusts the board on a tower overlooking the throng. He will be the wizard "behind the curtain".

EXT. IN THE CROWD

185

The Dervishes mingle, alert, searching for the Jewel. Tarak spots the door to the catacombs. Signals the others.

RALPH

Where are we going?

TARAK

That is the door to the ancient catacombs. There is much evil there. But we must search.

CUT TO:

INT. CATACOMBS - ON THE ROPES

186

Rats have gathered on Jack's rope. One tries a nibble. Then another. Jack's rope starts to shake. He drops a bit.

JOAN

Don't go before me, Jack!

JACK

(looks into  
dark pit)

Don't worry. I'll probably die of natural causes before I hit the bottom.

Tsst! The acid starts to drip from the urn onto Joan's rope. Now her rope drops lower than Jack's.

JOAN

(scared)

Jack!

JACK

Joan Wilder, we were good together, weren't we?

Cont.

JOAN

The best.

JACK

We're going to make it.

JOAN

Yes.

JACK

I love you, lady.

JOAN

I love you, too Jack.

JACK

And I don't want you ever  
leaving me again.

(turns to Jewel)

Listen, Joe, I don't have a  
license...but do you think you  
can marry us anyway?

Joan's eyes tear.

JEWEL

I am very honored.

JOAN

You're not saying that because  
this is it?

JACK

No. I'm saying it because  
I'm not afraid to say it  
any more.

SPLASH! The distant reverberation of Omar's rock  
finally hit the bottom. Joan and Jack look at the  
pit, then at each other.

JACK

So, where do you want to go  
on the honeymoon?

CUT TO:

EXT. STAGE

187

The crowd is restless. Suddenly, an EXPLOSION, FOLLOWED  
by a streaking WHISTLE. A full GOLDEN MOON has risen  
above the city.

HIGH ABOVE THE TEMPLE

187-A

A multi-colored firework bursts into magnificent colors against the FULL MOON.

AROUND OMAR'S TEMPLE - OMAR'S GREAT SHOW

187-B

Laser lights and fireworks erupt. The crowd watches in awe as the sky becomes day. And as the embers and sparks float to earth, a hundred trumpets sound.

SPOTLIGHT - THE REAR OF THE STAGE

188

Like a ray of sun, Omar stands, hands outstretched, above his warriors. Crowd chanting: "OMAR! OMAR!..."

The crowd hushes. Then a mighty ROAR shatters the silence. Five thousand lusty voices echoing off the temple walls. They quiet as he begins to speak.

(NOTE: DELIVERED IN ARABIC -- USED TO INTERCUT IN REST OF FINALE.)

OMAR

Out of the Past, from the first  
dawn to The Last Sunset, from the  
darkness of ancient times to  
The Light at The End of the World,  
I come to you, oh my people, as

Cont.

## OMAR (Cont.)

your servant, humble, proud,  
asking only your blessings for  
the great test that lies ahead!  
Once our people ruled from the  
wide blue seas of Agadir to the  
Ports of Aden and Mocha. We  
cast a Giant Shadow across the  
mother of continents. Once invincible!  
Once mighty! Once worshipped by  
slave and freeman! But once is  
not enough! The Brotherhood of our  
tribes has disintegrated like the  
lost villages of the Sudd. Where  
are our Paths of Glory? Even The  
Walls of Jericho fell beneath the  
will of the faithful. Where is  
our faith now? Where is our Lust for  
Life? Lonely are the brave people  
of the river. The Devil's Disciple  
has taught us to live like women,  
tending sheep, making blankets to hide  
from the cold of the deserts winds!  
What is this way of life? What  
more than A Lovely Way To Die? For  
Seven Days in May I fasted by the  
mother Nile. Like Ulysses I listened  
for the siren's call. A voice came to  
me from Twenty Thousand Leagues Under  
the Sea and it called to me...Omar!  
Omar! Abandon not your people. Come  
to Khartoum and be Champion. Not  
for love or money, but for glory!  
Fear not your enemies, for what are they  
but a Glass Menagerie! Tonight as  
I look across this reverend ground I  
see The Way West, the way to restore  
our rightful empire! We have not  
gathered to cry but to celebrate!  
Look to The Big Sky! The stars tell  
us to reclaim our heritage. No longer  
shall we be strangers when we meet. We  
have a new arrangement! Unified in  
battle! Fellow soldiers of the sword!  
From Omdurman and Sodiri, from Dilling  
and El Abbasiya, from Lake Nuba and  
Muglad, from Qala, Umm Ruwaba, Gallabat  
and Ghazal, from Kordofan, Juba, Loka,  
Ayod, Abu Zabad, and Jebel Oda, from  
Akasha and Halaib, from North and South  
I summon you! The War Wagon will chase  
out the moneychangers! We are one

Cont.

OMAR (cont.1)  
blood of my blood, Like Spartacus,  
each man called by the same name.  
No longer do I walk alone. Destiny  
is our Ace in the Hole! Like  
Joshua, the young man with a  
horn, hear my clarion call!  
Trust not a man without a star!  
But be my Posse. The large and  
the small. The poor and the rich.  
The bad and the beautiful. All!  
Follow me to holy war! Be fierce  
as Vikings! And in terrible unity  
we will restore the great empire  
of our father's fathers. Lift  
up your arms! Let loose your  
voices! Listen for the last train  
from Gun Hill! It calls to you!  
And the call is...OMAR!

INT. THE CATACOMBS STAIRS

189

Tarak, his brothers and Ralph. Strange echoes and the  
sounds of water -- beneath the city.

The guards are distracted by the Siren's call of  
Omar's speech. The Dervishes slip by.

They start to descend. Ralph freezes. A large RAT  
blocks his way.

TARAK

Hurry!

RALPH

I...I...can't. I was on a  
boat...anything but rats.

Tarak kicks the rat away. They move on.

DEEPER INTO THE DARKNESS

190

One by one, the Dervishes slinter off into the numerous  
branches of the tombs. Only Ralph and Tarak remain.  
They stop along the rocky wall. We can hear the echo  
of Omar's voice.

Ahead, the path forks.

TARAK

You will be on you own, brother.  
Leave your fear behind!

Cont.

Tarak disappears. Ralph starts creeping along.  
Grimacing at the bones and bodies. He comes face to  
face with a skull.

RALPH

What are you looking at!

CUT TO:

EXT. ONSTAGE

190-A

Omar continues his great address. The crowd's cheers  
become more frenetic.

CUT TO:

INT. CATACOMBS - CLOSE ON JACK AND JOAN

191

locked in a lovers' gaze. The Jewel is performing their  
wedding ceremony.

JEWEL

...the joy of lovers brings  
happiness to the world...

He suddenly stops. Sees something outside the door.

JACK

What's wrong?

Jack looks.

JACK'S P.O.V. - THE ENTRANCE TO THE CELL

191-A

Ralph is at the entrance. He is immobile. Between him  
and their freedom are...rats. Sweat beads down his  
face. He's shaking.

JACK

(screams)

Get in here and help us!

RALPH

(can't move)

Rrrrrrrrats. Not rats...

ON THE JEWEL

191-B

Fixes a mighty gaze on Ralph.

Cont.

JEWEL  
A Dervish is without fear!  
Come!

RALPH  
No! I...can't!

JEWEL  
I say to you...banish fear!  
I COMMAND YOU TO BE STRONG!  
Come!

Ralph takes a shaky step. A rat scurries across his blue sneakers.

OUR P.O.V.

191-C

We can SEE him staring straight ahead -- ALMOST IN A TRANCE. He shivers, but keeps walking. He hesitates.

JACK  
There's no time! Hurry!

The sound of Jack's voice breaks the spell. Ralph, the Dervish, in a flash, becomes Ralph the crook.

RALPH  
Colton! You...forget it, pal.  
I'm gonna watch you go down the tubes!  
(looks around;  
screams)  
RATS!!!

RALPH

191-D

retreats -- back, away from the rats.

ON JACK'S ROPE - THE SIDE ROOM

191-E

The rats are nibbling away.

JACK'S ROPE

191-F

starts to sway.

JOAN  
Oh, Jack...your rope!!!

SNAP

ONLY IT'S JOAN'S ROPE THAT BREAKS!

Jack makes himself swing out. Joan grabs on like a trapeze artist. Her arms are locked around his waist.

THE JEWEL

191-H

now ROARS, all energy directed to Ralph.

JEWEL

In the name of al-jawhara tu Nile...  
The Jewel of the Nile...COME!!

RALPH

191-I

lets out a Dervish yell and...RACES down the length of the cell.

RALPH'S P.O.V.

191-J

as his momento almost carries him to the pit. He grabs at a STONE COLUMN, knocking it over into the base of the wooden beam from which Joan and Jack are suspended.

JACK'S ROPE

191-K

at that instant it BREAKS, but the domino effect of the tumbling structures knocks he and Joan to safety, past the pit.

JACK AND JOAN

191-L

embrace.

JACK

Untie the Jewel!

Joan runs to the Jewel.

Ralph is flat on his back moaning.

ON JACK'S SHOULDER - A BLACK HAND

191-M

He's spun around. RASHID! A blow staggers Jack. Rashid hurls him into the pit.

RALPH

191-N

crawls on his hands and knees towards Jack. Jack is dazed by the mouth of the pit.

RASHID

takes a TORCH from the wall, moves toward Jack. Ralph screams -- springs out.

RALPH

Hey!

(Rashid turns)

...need a light?

Ralph exhales. The TORCH FLARES. Rashid screams, stumbles backwards into the pit.

JACK

(to Joan)

RUN!

They spring from the cell with the Jewel who stops to let out a DERVISH CRY! We HEAR faint echoes of it deep within the catacombs.

CUT TO:

EXT. ON OMAR - THE STAGE

192

As he comes to the crescendo of his speech, the stage has RISEN, like a miracle, higher and higher, bathed in great spotlights.

The crowd goes into a frenzy.

Suddenly, OMAR'S VOICE CUTS OUT. He yells into his mike but there's no sound. A jerk...and then he starts to sway back and forth. The crowd is puzzled. Omar looks to Derek at the board.

EFFECTS TOWER - JOAN

193

in charge of the board, ruining the spectacle. Jack is struggling with Derek. The scaffolding shakes as they fight.

OMAR

193-A

yells to his guards to get Joan.

IN THE CROWD

194

Tarak and the other Dervishes throw off their robes to engage Omar's men.

OMAR - DANGLING ABOVE THE STAGE

194-A

He grabs onto the scaffolding behind the stage to work himself free. Manages to escape.

JACK AND DEREK

194-B

go tumbling off the side. Derek falls into the crowd. Jack grabs the support ropes. Slides down to help the Dervishes.

OMAR'S INSIGNIA

195

has been swaying. It now comes crashing down onto the stage. A FIRE ERUPTS.

114

ON JOAN 195-A

The tower is rocking. Several Guards are climbing up to her. She smashes the board and runs onto the CATWALK leading away from the tower to behind the stage.

ON THE CROWD 195-B

Furious at the intuders, they surge towards the Dervishes, Tarak and his brothers are being pressed into a corner.

A VOICE IN THE CROWD SCREAMS. People begin pointing.

VOICE

AL-jawhara!

The Jewel of the Nile!

ON THE STAGE 196

through the flames, resplendant, aglow with the very fires that engulf him.

THE JEWEL 196-A

walks unmolested, magnificent.

THE CROWD 196-B

is spellbound. In an instant there is great silence. Some fall on their knees.

OMAR 196-C

realizes all of his dreams are ashes within the flames. Hiding atop the wall, he crawls along. Then stops, smiles.

OMAR'S P.O.V. - JOAN

is running straight at him along the catwalk.

JACK'S P.O.V. - IN THE CROWD 197

He sees Joan. Then starts climbing the scaffolding to get to her.

ON JOAN 197-A

at the wall as the catwalk collapses into the flames. She's safe...almost. Omar appears.

Cont.

OMAR

I am dead, Miss Wilder. All that  
will be written for Omar is an  
epitaph...But I will not go alone.

He lunges at Joah. She dashes along the wall. Running  
for her life.

THE CROWD

198

now has its attention focused on the wall.

TARAK

198-A

has climbed into one of the spot towers. Swings the  
giant light around.

JOAN AND OMAR

198-B

He's caught her. She fights as best she can. Suddenly,  
the blinding light hits him. Joan breaks free.

She runs along the wall until it ends. Omar stops  
only feet away. Smiles.

OMAR

Who's going to save you now,  
Joan Wilder?

Joan sees something. Smiles.

JOAN

Her hero, of course.

JACK

198-C

swings out on a rope attached to the rear of the wall  
and boots Omar's balance.

OMAR

198-D

as he tumbles into the flames below. They soar. His  
stage becomes his pyre.

THE JEWEL

198-E

extends his hands to the crowd -- the hushed silence is  
slowly transformed into a chilling melody. The words  
Al-jawhara become a song of peace and freedom.

Around the courtyard, people tear down Omar's insignias.

ON STAGE

198-F

Tarak and his brothers are at last reunited with their Jewel. The Jewel produces -- magically -- a flower, hands it over to Tarak who passes it to a man in the crowd. Now the Jewel produces more flowers -- children rush to catch them. Behind the Jewel, the Dervishes spin in ecstasy. The JEWEL TURNS AND BOWS TO:

JACK AND JOAN

198-G

arm-in-arm, above the stage. They bow back to him as the crowd chants and sings. The fire subsides while above Khadir, the FULL MOON illuminates our lovers.

CUT TO:

EXT. NILE RIVER - SUNRISE - MATTE

199

The great white sailing boats of the Nile in procession. One grand boat is moored along the shore.

ON DECK

199-A

Jack and Joan are dressed in: silky white kaftans, heads bowed, Jack winks at Joan. She looks beautiful. Winks back.

THE JEWEL

199-B

officiating at the wedding of Joan Wilder and Jack Colton. Witnessing are Tarak and his brothers.

Ralph is Jack's best man.

Gloria is weeping.

THE JEWEL

200

smiles warmly.

JEWEL

We begin!...Do we have the ring?

Jack looks at Ralph. Ralph reaches into his pocket. GASPS! Pats it. Tries the other pockets. Now the Dervishes all turn to stare suspiciously at Ralph.

Ralph opens his palm, smiles. The ring!

Cont.

RALPH

I was just kidding.

He hands Jack the ring.

RALPH

(to himself)

As always, zilch for Ralphie.

Tarak taps Ralph. Ralph watches as the brothers flip something one to the other until Tarak catches it and presents to Ralph a JEWEL ENCRUSTED DERVISH KNIFE. For once Ralph can't think of a line.

RALPH

Aw...guys.

JOAN AND JACK

200-A

the world's favorite couple, now turn to the Jewel.

JACK

Let 'er rip.

JEWEL

On this glorious day we  
gather to witness your greatest  
adventure...

PULL BACK

201

as the great Nile carries the SAILBOAT towards the  
sun.

JEWEL

(voice over)

...marriage!

OUT

202

JOAN

(voice over)

Of course, a lot has happened  
since then. Ralph went back to  
New Jersey and pawned his sacred  
knife...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A NEIGHBORHOOD PIZZA PARLOR

203

Ralph is throwing a pizza -- by twirling like a Dervish.

JOAN

(voice over)

...it seems all he ever really  
wanted was a place of his own. From  
what we hear the Jewel is well...

EXT. A SMALL GARDEN

204

The Jewel is seriously contemplating something o.s.

JOAN

(voice over)

...Peace has returned and he  
is busy with matters of state...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL FIVE TINY GRANDCHILDREN, all dressed  
as Dervishes, learning to juggle oranges with the Jewel.

JOAN

(voice over)

...Oh, and Jack and I decided on  
that apartment on the upper West  
side...

EXT. NEW YORK

205

STOCK SHOTS of typical New York scenes ending with  
Bloomingdales.

JOAN

(voice over)

And though it's taken me a long  
time to understand it, I realize  
now it never matters where you are  
or what you do as long as romance  
is in your heart.

EXT. AIRPLANE - CLOSE ON DOOR

206

Jack has one hand on the wing. Wind whipping through  
his hair. He's got a parachute and goggles.

JOAN

(voice over)

So Jack and I made an arrangement.  
Six months in New York. Oh, and  
I've got offers from TIME and  
NEWSWEEK. But I don't have to  
make that decision 'til we get  
back after Jack's six months  
are up...

Cont.

Below -- STOCK SHOT of farms, tiny from the plane's P.O.V. Coming up beside Jack, also in a parachute and goggles, is Joan Wilder. Jack gives her a "thumbs up" sign. Joan grimaces. They hold hands and jump!

JOAN

(voice over)

...providing I don't tell him  
how much I like it!

FREEZE FRAME - JACK AND JOAN

forever devoted and forever young.

FADE OUT

THE END