

UNTAMED

by Clayton Emery

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FADE IN

EXT. JUNGLE - DAWN

The jungle is quiet. BIRDS TWITTER. WATER GURGLES.

TITLE OVER

Cameroon, West Africa, 1914

TITLE OVER

THE UNTAMED

PAN ACROSS a placid river.

JOHN CLAYTON BURSTS from underwater with a wriggling FISH.

JOHN CLAYTON, Lord Greystoke, formerly Tarzan, is 44 YO, hair collar length. His naked body is muscled, magnificent, and criss-crossed with scars.

John LAUGHS -- then slips, FLOPS, and loses the fish.

MUTTERING, John wades ashore. Limp on a turned ankle.

GROWLS, SNARLS, BLEATS sound not far off.

His old knife is stuck in a tree. He grabs it and stalks.

NEARBY

A mother ANTELOPE guards her KID atop a rock or in a small tree. Four HYENAS SNAP and SNARL. Mom defends with horns.

One Hyena leaps to bite -- is CONKED by a thrown rock.

JOHN (O.S.)

(Ape language)

Kree-gah, Dango!

Hyenas spin, gauge, slink to encircle John.

Antelope and Kid bound away. One Hyena turns to chase.

JOHN

Dan-do, Dango.

Knife in hand, John YANKS the Hyena's tail, but his weak ankle fails. He staggers. Hyenas POUNCE.

John catches a Hyena by the head, but it bowls him over. They ROLL.

Jagged bone-crushing teeth SNAP inches from John's face.
John SNAPS back, bites its snout, SLASHES its throat.

A Hyena BITES his side, rips flesh. John SLAMS it with dying
Hyena. Scrambles clear. SLASHES, KICKS, PUNCHES.

Three Hyenas run off.

John PANTS. His bitten side is raw, seeping, painful. He
flips the dead Hyena, cuts out its liver, eats it raw.

AT THE RIVER

John washes off blood and dirt. Stands a while, drinking in
the quiet, then limps off.

EXT. RANCH - MORNING

Tall crops meet jungle. A rag hangs on a bush.

John exits jungle with only his knife. Wraps the rag like a
bath towel. Holds his bleeding side, limps between crops.

PAN BACK TO REVEAL a plantation fills a valley. A ranch
house has gardens. A native village is neat.

FARMERS tend crops. Most black, some white. Many SING.

FARMERS

Good morning, Captain Clayton!

John waves one-handed. A FARMER brings a corn leaf. Tips
his hat. John keeps walking.

FARMER

Captain, morning. Corn's showing
white streaks. Maybe copper
deficiency. And Number Three Pump
is sucking mud --

JOHN

Tell Hamisi.

FARMER

And something got at the peacocks --

JOHN

Hamisi.

EXT. RANCH STABLE

John walks to stables. HAMISI tends a horse.

Hamisi is a older Waziri, slow-speaking but sharp. Ranch foreman in Western clothes.

JOHN
Jambo, Hamisi.

HAMISI
Habari, Jumbe.

But Hamisi SIGHS to see his wound.

MOMENTS LATER

Hamisi, wearing reading glasses, uses a horse needle from a veterinary kit to stitch John's wound. John GRUNTS.

HAMISI
When you die, John Clayton, you must
will me your skin for a quilt.

JOHN
But not a canoe? Throw my carcass
to the jackals. It's only fair.

John nods at Hamisi's new reading glasses.

HAMISI
My daughter grew tired of reading
farm journals out loud.

Hamisi finishes, closes his vet case.

HAMISI
Comes a time a man must hang up his
spear.

JOHN
And what does a man do then?

HAMISI
This man hopes to fish.

JOHN
Tried that.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE

Establishing. A neat ranch house with a porch all around. Gardens surround it. PEACOCKS strut.

John circles to the kitchen door.

INT. RANCH - KITCHEN

Large, spotless. Black COOKS work. MERIEM checks a list.

Meriem is 18, Arab, petite, capable.

John enters. Meriem blocks him.

MERIEM

Captain, I won't allow that filthy
rag in my clean kitchen.

He hands it over, walks on naked. Cooks GIGGLE. Meriem
rolls eyes.

INT. RANCH - DINING ROOM

Bright, airy, with African decorations. French doors stand
open. Table has linen, silverware, flowers.

JANE takes breakfast, reading a newspaper.

Jane Clayton is 41 YO, blonde, American. She wears a work
blouse, jodhpurs, ascot.

Meriem works at a desk. A Butler hovers, refilling coffee.

John enters in bush shirt, jodhpurs, riding boots,
neckerchief. Unknowing, his wound seeps blood on his shirt.

He KISSES Jane, sits. She sees the blood.

JOHN

Just coffee. I've eaten.

JANE

I see the fish are biting.

JOHN

What news?

JANE

The war has stalled in the trenches.
Every battle is a slaughter.
Casualties are -- on a scale never
seen in human history. And no end
in sight.

JOHN

A good time to live in Africa.

MERIEM

Oh. There's a letter.

Meriem puts an official letter, and John's reading glasses,
on a silver tray. Butler delivers it.

John slits open letter, squints, dons reading glasses, reads.
Everyone waits with bated breath.

JOHN

The Ministry of War requests I
reenlist with my former rank.

John CRUMPLES the letter. Everyone breathes.

JOHN

They must be in dire straits. Have
you seen Jack?

MERIEM

He rode out yesterday, Lord Greystoke.
Said he'd bring home a surprise.

JANE

The last surprise was a black lion.

JOHN

And the time before that, Meriem.

Meriem hides a smile.

JANE

John, dear, Henrik thinks the corn
is copper deficient, but I believe
it's manganese.

JOHN

Tell Hamisi. Anything else?

MERIEM

The Governor's soiree is tonight.

JOHN

Not Italian opera?

JANE

Excerpts from Das Nibelungs. And
some announcement. It's a good
opportunity to discuss coffee prices --

JOHN

Take Meriem.

Jane is miffed. John rises, but has no place to go.

Outside, HOOFBEATS arrive. Back door SLAMS.

JACK (O.S.)

Hi-ho!

Meriem loves Jack but tries to conceal it.

MERIEM

It's Master Jack!

She hops up, runs, screeches to a halt, backs up.

JACK enters with a swagger, saber JINGLING.

Jack Clayton, 20 YO, wears the dashing uniform of a British
Cavalry soldier, even to saber and spurs.

His swagger stops at shocked faces.

JANE

Oh, son. What have you done?

MERIEM

You're going away?

JOHN

You -- imbecile.

JACK

I say, this isn't the hearty "Welcome
the conquering hero" I expected.

John comes close. Jack stands his ground.

JOHN

The British Army breaks a man to the
wheel and then throws them into fire.
Don't you read the news? This war
is madness, hell on earth.

MERIEM

Jack, how long will you be --

Jane stops Meriem, drags her to safety.

JACK

I recall you served with honor and distinction, Captain Clayton.

JOHN

Independently, behind enemy lines. You're not even an officer, just a dog's body --

JACK

What shall I do, hide here and run naked through the jungle?

JOHN

Don't mock me, boy.

JACK

A man must grow up, father.

JOHN

I order you to take off this ridiculous uniform --

John grabs Jack's shirt. Jack clamps his hand. Struggle --

-- Tempers snap. ROARING, the two men CLASH.

They tumble, grapple, HOWL. Overturn the table. Jack YANKS his saber. John grabs a chair and WRENCHES it away.

They CRASH through the French doors onto the porch. Jack KICKS John back inside.

Diving, John grabs a knife. Jack grabs a bottle.

Not knowing, Jack SLAMS John's wounded side. John RECOILS. Jack WALLOPS John with the bottle, out cold.

Jack stops, appalled. His uniform is shredded.

Jane enters, gathers up his hat and saber.

JANE

Take the war to the enemy, Jack.

She shoos dazed Jack out the door.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE

Jack's brown horse has military tack, traveling gear, a rifle in a scabbard. Stablehands groom the horse.

Nearby, Meriem prays on a rug, having donned a head scarf.

Jane hustles John out. He's stunned, near CRYING.

JACK
I didn't want -- I thought Father
would be proud.

JANE
He's just -- surprised.

JACK
Now he hates me.

JANE
Never. You're just too much alike.

JACK
I could never be like him.

JANE
You've chosen, Jack. Seek your
fortune with head held high.

Jane glances at Meriem finishing prayers. KISSES Jack's
cheek and marches for the stables, SNIFFLING.

Meriem comes. Tries to fix Jack's uniform, but it's ripped.

MERIEM
You might have told me.

JACK
Not you, too. Father never shirked
a fight.

MERIEM
And "The Killer" never quibbled.
How long is your enlistment?

JACK
Four years.

MERIEM
And us?

JACK
Mum and Dad need time to warm to the
idea. And we can't live here, pinned
under my father's thumb. I need a
career --

MERIEM
Whatever you say, Jack.

JACK
May I have your blessing?

MERIEM

You saved my life, Jack. Everything
I have is yours.

JACK

All I want is your heart.

MERIEM

You have that. Keep it close.

They KISS. Energized, Jack bounds into the saddle.

JACK

Tell Father, when he wakes up --

MERIEM

He knows.

Rearing his horse and saluting, Jack rides off.

WEEPING, Meriem enters the house, hides in the kitchen.

INT. RANCH - KITCHEN

Meriem enters, weeping. Black female COOKS sympathize.

COOK

Your man is gone? Just as well.

(Huh?)

Please don't get your hopes up, Miss
Meriem. Rich white men don't marry
poor colored girls.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - PORCH

Groggy, John crawls onto the porch for fresh air, sees --

-- Six Waziri lion hunters gathered in the garden.

WAZIRI WARRIORS, male and female, dress like Zulus or Watusis
with long spears and cowhide shields.

Their leader is MUVIRO with many scars. All are puzzled.

MUVIRO

Jambo, John Clayton.

JOHN

My friends, *jambo*.

MUVIRO
We go to hunt lions. Will you come?
Though it looks as if you already
met a buffalo.

John rolls to rise, but slumps.

JOHN
I fear I cannot hunt. I -- would
slow you down.

MUVIRO
Wambusi leads in my absence.

Waziri trot off. John just lies, adjusting to a new paradigm.

Jane rides by on a horse.

JANE
I'm off for Number Three pump. Don't
forget the soiree. Three hours of
Wagner and gossip.

EXT. BRITISH CAMP - GATE - DAY

Next country over, British-held Nigeria.

British Army camp is temporary, just tents. A short flagpole
flies the Union Jack. A Sentry guards an imaginary "gate".

Grim and sore, Jack rides in his ragged uniform, salutes the
flag. Sentry gawks.

EXT. BRITISH CAMP - DUTY TENT

Big tent, front propped open. CLERKS go over lists. Soldiers
idle nearby. These are Infantry, not Cavalry.

Jack dismounts, presents papers. Clerks stare at his rags.

CLERK
You're out of uniform.

JACK
Jack Clayton, Private First Class.
Enlistee for the Queen's Royal
Lancers.

Clerk checks his paper against the roster.

CLERK
Your commanding officer is...
Lieutenant Sanchez. Duty Sergeant
is Sgt Beckham.

Soldiers HISS.

JACK
And where do I find --

SGT BECKHAM (O.S.)
What the bloody bleeding hell is
this atrocity?

SGT BECKHAM snatches Jack's enlistment paper, reads his name.

Sgt Beckham is an old-school sergeant in a precise uniform.

Idle Soldiers wander to see the show, grinning.

SGT BECKHAM
Private, you look like a dog's dinner.

JACK
Apologies, sergeant --

SGT BECKHAM
Belt up, you civilian maggot. Who
d'ya think you are riding in here
like a bleeding scarecrow?

JACK
I am Private --

Beckham balls up enlistment paper, tosses it.

SGT BECKHAM
Like hell. That's the Queen's uniform
you've disgraced. Who's drug you
through the mill backwards?

JACK
My father and I exchanged words over
my enlistment.

SGT BECKHAM
You should have listened to the old
codger. The Huns wouldn't take you
in those rags. Shuck 'em.

Jack controls his temper, barely.

JACK
Sergeant?

SGT BECKHAM
You're not fit to wear a cook's apron,
Jack Clayton. Strip.

Seething, Jack strips to boots and underwear. Soldiers gawk.
He has the body of a Greek god laced with scars.

SGT BECKHAM
Bleeding ballocks, were you raised
by wildcats?

JACK
I was raised by the finest --

SGT BECKHAM
Shut your gob, you miserable louse.
You're not fit to curry shit out of
a horse's tail.

JACK
Sergeant, I'm the finest horseman
you'll ever see.

Soldiers HISS. Sgt Beckham is speechless.

In underwear and boots, Jack mounts his horse.

He trots down the street, turns, BOOTS his horse.

Jack gallops down the street. Soldiers scramble. Jack LEANS
and SNATCHES Sgt Beckham's hat.

Jack rides for the flagpole, hops on the saddle, balancing,
JAMS the hat atop the flagpole, thumps back in the saddle.

Spinning, Jack DRAWS his bayonet from the saddle, THROWS it,
PEGS the hat.

Thundering back, Jack reins and leaps before Sgt Beckham.
Throws a snappy salute, grinning.

JACK
Private Jack Clayton, Master Horseman,
reporting for duty.

Amazed, Sgt Beckham feels his hatless head. Still --

SGT BECKHAM
Bugger that. I'll have you digging
latrines until the Huns occupy London.
You and your genius pater --

Jack PUNCHES Sgt Beckham flat. Beckham bounces right back.
They BRAWL.

JACK
Kreegah! Bundolo!

MPs run up and CLUB Jack flat. Beckham is ragged as Jack.

SGT BECKHAM
Throw this mad bastard in the
stockade.

Two BRITISH MPs haul groggy Jack off, dragging his heels.

EXT. BRITISH CAMP - STOCKADE

The stockade is just a big wooden cage.

MPs throw Jack inside. LOCK a chain with a padlock. Throw
in his ragged dirty uniform.

BRITISH MP
Gotta say, laddy, a hell of a show.

JACK
(grins)
Thanks.

BRITISH MP
Too bad it's your last.

Huh? MPs move to shade. Jack looks around, breathes.

JACK
Well, Father, you were right.

EXT. DOUALA - EVENING

Douala is the port capital of Cameroon. Houses are brick
and wood. The bay is a glittering turquoise by day.

Steamships and clipper ships crowd the harbor. Lights blaze.
One big ship disgorges German soldiers and supplies.

John and Jane ride in a buggy. Meriem jostles in back.

>> Jane wears a ball gown, gloves, African necklace, wrap.

>> Meriem wears an Arabic gown and head scarf.

>> John wears a tuxedo and top hat. Tugs at his collar.

JANE
Leave off. You'll soil it.

JOHN
Americans call this a "monkey suit".

JANE
Then it should fit like a glove.
Don't be surprised at any news.
Rumors are the Germans will reinforce
the port. We may need to relocate
to Nigeria for the duration.

JOHN
No German swine will dislodge me
from my home.

JANE
Why not? You hate it.

JOHN
I do not.

JANE
You run off to the jungle at every
chance. For two pins you'd leave me
and everything else behind.

JOHN
I crossed this continent three times
over to be with you.
(beat)
Tonight we'll learn the Germans'
plans. The first rule of war is to
scout the enemy.

JANE
Don't get pig-headed. Even "The
Terrible" can't take on the German
Army single-handed.

His look says "Watch me."

JANE
I warn you, John Clayton. Embarrass
me before high society and you'll
wish the German Army killed you.

JOHN
Whoa!

Turning a corner, they run into a new barricade.

Six German Soldiers, crack troops, wear khakis and sun
helmets, smart and severe. A German Cavalryman rides a
magnificent horse.

Soldiers surround the wagon. Leer at women. John steams.

JOHN
 Raise the barricade, you louts.
 We're expected at the Governor's
 Mansion.

GERMAN SOLDIER
 Your papers?

JOHN
 I'm John Clayton, the biggest
 landholder west of the city.

A Soldier checks a list, nods. They raise the barricade.

An EXPLOSION sounds down at the harbor.

JOHN
 What the devil is that?

GERMAN SOLDIER
 Clearing obstacles in the harbor,
 mein Herr.

He signals to move on. John SNAPS the reins. GRUMBLES.

JANE
 An evening to remember.

EXT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - EVENING

The mansion is ablaze with lights and draped with German-
 flag bunting. Coaches drop off dignitaries in fine clothes.

John drives up. Tosses reins to a groom. Helps Jane and
 Meriem down.

JOHN
 Did you bring our invitations?

JANE
 I'm Jane Clayton, wife of the biggest
 landholder west of the city.

INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

The foyer is crowded. Awful martial OOM-PA-PA MUSIC sounds
 from the ballroom.

Civilian men wear tuxes. German Officers wear fancy uniforms
 hung with medals and swords. Ladies wear gowns and fan
 themselves.

John and Jane enter. Meriem trails.

MAJORDOMO greets them, checks a list. LT JUNG notes their names on his own list.

Majordomo is a black servant in an elaborate uniform.

Lt Jung is 24, recruiting-poster handsome in a stiff uniform.

MAJORDOMO

Lord and Lady Greystoke. We're honored by your presence. The Governor and his Ladyship will be down presently.

John and Jane move on. But Majordomo blocks Meriem.

JANE

If you please, she's my handmaiden.

MAJORDOMO

A separate ball for Coloreds is held in the lower chambers, milady.

MERIEM

Enjoy your ball, milords.

John and Jane enter the main ballroom.

JANE

"Coloreds". That girl is worth a dozen of these stuffed shirts.

Meriem turns for the down stairs. Lt Jung watches her go. NEHRU and MRS NEHRU are also steered downstairs.

Nehru is an Indian businessman, 40s, in a tux and turban.

MRS NEHRU is his wife, 40, in a sari.

DOWN THE STAIRS

MRS NEHRU

Miss Meriem. So pleased you can join us.

MERIEM

Lucky us, only segregated, not kicked to the curb.

MRS NEHRU

The Germans plan some big announcement. Mustn't miss that.

NEHRU
German, British, French, Belgian.
What difference who wields the whip?

MERIEM
A great difference, sir, if the winner
pens us behind barbed wire.

NEHRU
Nonsense. Who would work?

Nehru spots someone, moves ahead.

MERIEM
Whatever the Germans plan, Lord
Greystoke will oppose them.

MRS NEHRU
And free you to marry Jack Clayton?

MERIEM
Is it that obvious?

MRS NEHRU
Only to every woman on the West Coast.

MERIEM
(frets)
Every?

Mrs Nehru pats her head, smiles.

INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - BALLROOM

The ballroom is draped in German bunting. There's a podium
at one end. People dance, drink, CHATTER. A military
orchestra plays awful oom-pa-pa MUSIC.

John holds a beer. Jane drinks wine. They talk to the upper
class. Everyone knows everyone.

GIROUX is a French merchant, 40s, laid back.

MISS GIROUX is his sister, 35, a Nervous Nelly.

DEKLERK is a Dutch shopkeeper, 50, smart, an opportunist.

MRS DEKLERK is his wife, Dutch, 50, matronly, jolly.

MRS DEKLERK
No sooner does one war end, ja, then
they start a new one.

MISS GIROUX
Rumors are they'll inter foreign
nationals.

JANE
We're not foreign, Miss Giroux. We
live here. Our farms pay the taxes.

GIROUX
Has anyone said anything to you,
John? As commander of the militia?

JOHN
Isn't that why we're forced to attend?

JANE
"Invited." And you wanted to scout
the enemy.

Jane takes John's arm, leads him through the press.

Local dignitaries talk to SCHNATZMANN.

General Isaac Schnatzmann is 45, intelligent, ruthless when
necessary. And Jewish. His splendid uniform drips with
medals. His gold sword has a lion's head hilt.

Lt Jung has his checklist ready.

LT JUNG
General Schnatzmann, may I present
Lord and Lady Greystoke, John and
Jane Clayton.

SCHNATZMANN
Not "the English peer raised by apes,
the King of the Jungle"? I thought
you were a myth spun from dime novels.

JOHN
The stories are fiction. The man is
real.

SCHNATZMANN
So the "Great Apes that dance by
moonlight" don't exist?

John keeps his temper in check.

JOHN
No.
(Aha)
They're extinct, wiped out by
poachers. General, what are your
intentions for Cameroon?

Everyone gawks. Jane intervenes.

JANE

My husband means to ask, Herr General,
if there's any way we can help fulfill
your mission.

SCHNATZMANN

Lady Greystoke. American?

JANE

American by birth, British by
marriage, African by choice.

SCHNATZMANN

The best of all possible worlds.
Where in America?

JANE

Michigan. I imagine you're unfamiliar
with the name.

SCHNATZMANN

On the contrary, I studied History
and Engineering at Marquette
University.

JANE

You're not a "Golden Eagle"? Our
team loved to stomp them. History...
Ye gods. Not with Professor
Wallenstern?

SCHNATZMANN

You mean "Walrus-Puss?"

Both LAUGH. John frowns.

LT JUNG

Herr General, they're ready for your
announcement.

Schnatzmann KISSES Jane's hand, moves off.

DANCE MUSIC starts. Jane tows John onto the dance floor.

They dance, stiff at first. But with natural grace, soon
sweep the floor. Bickering the while.

JOHN

Chummy. Made a tennis date?

JANE

Don't be an ass. How else can I
wheelie out his intentions?

JOHN
His intentions are plain.

JANE
Bunkum. Ooh. When you get your
nose out of joint, you are
insufferable.

Bickering, they don't see the crowd stop to watch them dance.

JOHN
Is it my fault that every man who
lays eyes on you is besotted?

JANE
Asks the handsomest man in Africa,
who could have any woman just by
crooking his finger.

JOHN
I hadn't noticed.

JANE
I have.

JOHN
Once I laid eyes on you from up in
that tree, I've never looked at
another woman.

JANE
Then you'd think this one could keep
her man home -- Eh?

APPLAUSE all around. They stop, embarrassed. Bow.

LT JUNG (O.S.)
Ladies and gentlemen!

Lt Jung stands at the podium. Behind stands Schnatzmann,
German officers, city officials.

LT JUNG
Thank you all for attending tonight's
gala. We're here to show the
solidarity of the peoples of Cameroon.
And to honor our newest visitor and
new Military Governor, appointed by
no less than Kaiser and Supreme War
Lord Wilhelm II -- General Isaac
Schnatzmann!

Crowds APPLAUDS, mixed reactions, BUZZ. Military Governor?

Schnatzmann steps up, deadly serious.

SCHNATZMANN

Good evening. I'll keep my announcements brief. It would be a shame to interrupt such exquisite dancing.

MILD LAUGHTER as Schnatzmann nods to Jane. He dons reading glasses to read notes.

SCHNATZMANN

Cameroon was reinforced today by the 2nd African Expeditionary Force. In pursuance of the Kaiser's orders, regrettably, martial law is declared. New rules take effect immediately.

(beat)

All foreign nationals must register with civil authorities. Carry government-issued identification at all times. Report untoward activities or travel. Surrender all firearms except small-caliber hunting rifles. Submit to house searches and a review of their financial statements --

JOHN (O.S.)

No!

Schnatzmann startles. People BUZZ. John comes forward.

JOHN

Unacceptable. We're not "foreign nationals", we're residents. Many were born here. We pay taxes and obey laws. We won't be herded like a flock of sheep.

SCHNATZMANN

Perhaps you missed my point, Lord Greystoke. Germany and your homelands are at war. Any foreign national -- not of German stock -- is subject to scrutiny and, if suspect, internment.

JOHN

You'll have little luck, General. We know Cameroon down to bedrock. Many have bled for this country. We won't be cowed by a "military governor" with a gold sword.

Not arguing, Schnatzmann folds his glasses and notes.

SCHNATZMANN

The new rules will be posted tomorrow.
Obedience, calm, and order are
required. Enjoy your evening.

Schnatzmann steps down. People BUZZ. Giroux and DeKlerk
and other civilians rush to John.

DEKLERK

Brave, my boy, but perhaps we should
not antagonize our new -- heirs.

GIROUX

John, how does this apply to us, the
militia?

JOHN

There is no more militia. Nor
freedom. Not until this expedition
quits Cameroon.

DEKLERK

Europe has settled to a good long
war. Herr Schnatzmann is here to
stay.

People argue with John. Jane tugs John's arm.

JANE

John, we should go. Immediately.
John.

Schnatzmann approaches, steamed. German Officers trail.
The orchestra strikes up bad DANCE MUSIC.

SCHNATZMANN

Lady Greystoke. With business out
of the way, may I have this dance?

JANE

I'm afraid not, General. We need to
get back to our holdings.

SCHNATZMANN

Please, I insist.

Schnatzmann hooks Jane's arm. John turns, sees the grab,
and PUNCHES Schnatzmann flying into a food table.

German Officers round on John. Draw swords. Before they
can stab, John BULLS into them. He THROWS one, ape-like,
into the crowd. BASHES another atop the head. Locks and
BREAKS another's arm.

Citizens hang back. Jane stays clear.

GERMAN SOLDIERS rush, grab John, SHRED his suit. Mob him, bury him under bodies. John flexes and shoves upright against the mass. He kicks heads, wrenches arms, claws faces.

Soldiers finally rush with a German flag pole. WALLOP John flat. Pile on.

Citizens YELP and TWITTER. Jane is absent.

Schnatzmann comes with Lt Jung. Takes off his gloves.

SCHNATZMANN
Arrest this man for disturbing the
peace.

John is hauled up, gripped by a dozen men. Still he struggles and almost jerks free.

JOHN
Set foot in my territory and I'll
tear you limb from limb.

SCHNATZMANN
No. I don't think you shall.

Schnatzmann SLAPS John across the face with his gloves.

JOHN
You were warned.

Soldiers drag John out. Schnatzmann detains Lt Jung.

SCHNATZMANN
(low)
Drag him down to the docks, shoot
him dead, and throw his body to the
sharks.

LT JUNG
They have crocodiles here, sir. But
yes, Herr General.

Schnatzmann looks for Jane, doesn't see her.

SCHNATZMANN
Citizens, resume dancing. Enjoy
your evening. That's an order.

FOYER

Roused by noise, Meriem and other "Coloreds" surge upstairs from below. Jane snags Meriem.

MERIEM
Milady Greystoke, what's happened?

JANE
The usual. Come on.

Jane tows Meriem out the door.

BALLROOM

Giroux, DeKlerk, ladies confer. Nehru and Mrs Nehru join.

MRS DEKLERK
Whatever our allegiances were, we
now have a common enemy.

MRS NEHRU
Colored or white.

MISS GIROUX
But "internment" means concentration
camps like the Boer Wars. Disease.
Women and children died like flies.
We'd never survive.

MRS DEKLERK
Neither would we profit by
collaborating. That's slow death.

NEHRU
Still, whom can we trust?

DEKLERK
The balance is against us.

GIROUX
And we're one less, I am thinking.

Unsure what to do, the party breaks up.

EXT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - NIGHT

People flow into the street, confused, upset, TWITTERING.

Jane tows Meriem away. She yanks off Meriem's conspicuous
head scarf, wraps it around her own blonde hair.

JANE
John's been arrested. We need to
get back to the ranch.

MERIEM
We'll leave him to German justice?

JANE

There's no way to free him immediately. We need a solicitor, or however it's done under the new rules, if at all. Everyone on the ranch is in danger. Pick up your feet.

They hurry into the night.

EXT. DOUALA DOCKSIDE - NIGHT

The dock is old. Splintered bollards lean at the end.

Lt Jung and eight Soldiers drag John down the dock. Lash John to a bollard. Form a firing squad.

John sets his feet and pushes to test bonds and bollard.

LT JUNG

(flustered)

By order of -- Under direct orders from -- Uh, never mind. Any last requests? Sir?

JOHN

(grunting)

Go back to Germany.

LT JUNG

If every farmer fights like you, sir, perhaps we should. Squad, make ready!

Rifles COCK. John pushes backwards against the bollard. Slammed many times by boats, it CREAKS but holds.

John squats as if to shrug ropes over the bollard.

LT JUNG

Take aim! Fire!

With a little slack, John flips up into a backwards handstand. SHOTS hit the bollard. John lands back on his feet.

LT JUNG

What the -- Make ready -- again!

John heaves forward. The bullet-ridden bollard SNAPS off.

John, still tied to the bollard, charges. Firing squad retreats, raises rifles.

John BOWLS over Soldiers and DIVES into the harbor. Sinks.
Soldiers rush to the water's edge.

LT JUNG
Well, shoot!

Soldiers drill the water with SHOTS. See nothing.

LT JUNG
Back to your duties.

Soldiers MARCH OFF. Lt Jung looks at the water, exits.

The water stays calm. Then --

-- John BURSTS from underwater, still tied to the bollard.

He FLOUNDERS on the muddy bottom, might drown with the awkward
burden, but gains his feet. Slogs under a pier.

He GRINDS the ropes on sharp barnacles on pilings. Gets
free. Rips off a jagged hunk of wood. Creeps ashore.

CLOPPING approaches. A German Cavalryman on a horse.

Clutching jagged wood in his teeth, John climbs the pier.

EXT. BRITISH CAMP - STOCKADE - MORNING

Jack has donned his ragged, dirty uniform.

Locked in the wooden cage, Jack strains to uproot one side.
It doesn't budge, but he keeps trying.

A biplane BUZZES overhead.

It's painted with a British rondel and a martini glass.
It's Jack's friend PERCY and his "Dry Martini".

Jack waves up through the bars.

PERCY'S BIPLANE

PERCY is a dashing English rogue, a pilot who doesn't expect
to live very long so enjoys life to the fullest. He wears a
leather jacket, leather flying helmet, goggles, ascot.

Percy looks. Is that Jack? Tilts the biplane on one wing --

STOCKADE

-- And SWOOPS impossibly low, ZOOMS past the stockade. MPs
GASP and FLOP as the biplane almost kisses the ground.

Jack waves wildly. Percy tips an imaginary hat.

LT SANCHEZ approaches with some Cavalrymen. But their HORSES SHY and WHINNY as the plane SWOOPS overhead.

Lt Sanchez is young, hard-headed, but open-minded. He wears a bright silver whistle on a cord around his neck.

He dismounts at the stockade. Jack salutes smartly, grins.

JACK

Lt Sanchez? Private Jack Clayton,
sir, assigned to your company.

Lt Sanchez is not impressed by a scraped-up ragamuffin.

LT SANCHEZ

So I heard. You're out of uniform,
Private.

JACK

Only one I have, sir.

Jack resumes tugging on the rear wall.

LT SANCHEZ

The clerk's docked you 2 and 6 for
Sgt Beckham's hat.
(serious)
You know you're in deep dutch.

JACK

Been in worse predicaments, sir.

LT SANCHEZ

Ever been shot?

JACK

Thrice. Stabbed, sliced, thrown
over cliffs, dropped into pits, mauled
by lions, stampeded by buffalo, nearly
burned at the stake once. That hurt.

Soldiers SNICKER. Jack just CHUCKLES.

PERCY (O.S.)

Jack, you soggy sack of sausage!

Percy trots up. He and Jack mock-embrace through the bars.

JACK

Percy, you old poop! Haven't seen
you since we busted up The King and
Crown! How's Rosie? And Gwen?

PERCY

Who? Oh. I had to get out of town,
barely had time to button my britches.
But when did you join --

LT SANCHEZ

(clears throat)

JACK

Lt Sanchez, lads, Captain Harold
Percy Smyth-Oldwick. They made him
a pilot because he's a maniac with a
car. Percy, my troop of cavalry,
once I get out of here.

Percy THUMPS the bars.

PERCY

Lieutenant, Jack Clayton is worth a
company of Jerries. Have you heard
the stories?

LT SANCHEZ

I've seen him ride.

PERCY

Do you know who his father is?

JACK

Percy...

LT SANCHEZ

Do you understand Jack Clayton may
face a firing squad?

Jack and Percy exchange glances, burst out LAUGHING.

PERCY

You probably won't have time. The
Huns have landed a massive expedition
in Douala.

JACK

When?

PERCY

Yesterday. Just flew in the bulletin.
I'm waiting for a reply.

BUGLE CALLS. Soldiers run to duty stations.

JACK

Lieutenant, spring me. I'm needed.

Lt Sanchez shakes his head, runs off.

PERCY
Go to fly, Jack.

JACK
Drop a hacksaw.

Percy salutes and trots off.

Jack nearly busts a gut trying to uproot the bars, but can't.
Dropping, he digs like a dog.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - MORNING

Before the ranch house are crates, sacks, luggage, weapons.

Stablehands load horses and wagons. Meriem dispenses excess
supplies to Waziris. Jane talks to Hamisi and Elders.

Oddly, Jane and Meriem wear pretty frocks but sturdy boots.

JANE
... Bring in the harvest if you can.
Take any price but only hard money --

A biplane BUZZES into the valley. Percy's "Dry Martini".

MERIEM
Is that --

JANE
One of ours. See the rondel?

MERIEM
No, I mean it's --

The biplane swoops, turns, bumps to a landing. Jane sends a
Servant on a horse. Percy rides back, dismounts.

MERIEM
Percy!

PERCY
Meriem, pretty as a peacock but still
skinny as a plover. Lady Greystoke,
I presume. I'm a friend of Jack's.

JANE
Is he all right?

PERCY
He's -- in a safe sturdy place.
Made a grand first impression.

MERIEM

As bad as that?

PERCY

I'm sure he'll win them -- Eh?

More BUZZING. Three biplanes ZOOM in, square and gray, painted with big Maltese crosses: German.

PERCY

Apologies. Got to run.

Leaping on the horse, Percy GALLOPS for his biplane. Jumps in. Servant spins the prop. Plane COUGHS, STARTS, rolls. Percy COCKS his machine guns.

German Pilot 1 points. Planes 2 and 3 ZOOM at Percy. STRAFE.

Jane grabs a rifle, COCKS, SHOOTs, HITS the machine guns on Plane 2. Plane 2 veers wildly.

Plane 3 SHOOTs holes in Percy's wings. But Percy takes off.

Jane SHOOTs, HITS Plane 3 in the engine. It smokes and catches fire. Dives to land.

German Pilot 1 bores for Percy. Percy evades, SHOOTs, kills. Plane 1 CRASHES in a fireball. Natives CHEER.

Plane 2 wings in. Percy whips an Immelmann, SHOOTs it down.

CHEERS as Percy spins a victory roll and soars straight up.

MERIEM

It's a wonder Jack didn't join the Royal Air Service.

JANE

Probably because his father would have approved --

HOOFBEATS gallop. A Native rides in fast, SHOUTs, points.

A German squad car enters the valley. Troop trucks follow.

JANE

Show's over. Everyone scat. Heed your leaders --

Nobody runs. They're too loyal.

JANE

There's nothing to be gained by dallying. We'll be fine. Oh, bother!

German squad car stops. Troop trucks stop. German Soldiers jump out and form lines.

Schnatzmann and Lt Jung get out. Take Jane's rifle.

SCHNATZMANN
Fox hunting, Lady Greystoke?

JANE
Pigeons. Why are you here?

SCHNATZMANN
I want to see the estate your wild man thought so precious. I regret he was shot dead while trying to escape last night.

JANE
(catches her breath)
What -- have you done with his body?

SCHNATZMANN
He went into the bay.

Jane SIGHS with relief. Weird response, but he pushes on.

SCHNATZMANN
Lady Greystoke, Germany has no quarrel with you. America has wisely chosen to stay out of the fight.

JANE
To their eternal shame. Just as well. The Michigan Wolverines could thump your beggars hung over.

Suddenly WAMBUSI SCREAMS, rushes from the cover of crops and HURLS a spear. Schnatzmann ducks. Spear KILLS a Soldier.

Wambusi is Muviro's son, more brave than smart.

German Soldiers SHOOT. Wambusi hurls a second spear. More Waziri hidden in crops hurl spears and SHOOT arrows.

Germans fire steadily. Wambusi is killed with other Waziri.

SCHNATZMANN
Put these two in the car! Uncover the trucks!

JANE
Run!

Natives bolt. Too late.

In the trucks, Soldiers throw off canvas covers to reveal Maxim machine guns.

SCHNATZMANN
Kill the *Schwartzes*!

They MACHINE-GUN Natives. People SCREAM, die, dodge.

German Soldiers reach for Meriem and Jane. Hamisi runs to shield them. He's SHOT, wounded, and flops.

Jane yanks up her skirt and pulls a six-shooter strapped to her thigh. She BLASTS three men before they KNOCK her down.

JANE
Meriem, run! That's an order!

No. Meriem drags up her skirt and plucks slim knives from thigh scabbards. SCREECHING like a wildcat, she SLASHES soldiers but is KNOCKED down. Jane frowns at her.

MERIEM
Why should I be the only one to obey orders?

Natives are dead or run off.

SCHNATZMANN
Destroy it all.

Machine gunners SHOOT up the house and stables. The house catches fire and burns. Horses run or are SHOT.

SCHNATZMANN
Lieutenant, leave nothing standing but the stable.

LT JUNG
Stable, sir?

SCHNATZMANN
We need to show the other landowners who rules Africa's West Coast.

He adds an unheard order, points at the stable wall.

Jane and Meriem are bound and stuffed in the car. Schnatzmann gets in. Squad car rolls off.

BUZZ. Percy's biplane drops from the sky. Flies alongside the squad car. Soldiers SHOOT. Percy SOARS away.

Inside the car, Jane WEEPS for her dead devoted farm hands.

But hidden among crops, Village Elders speak to young men who run off in different directions.

EXT. BRITISH CAMP - STOCKADE

Dirt is tamped down. Jack is shackled with a ball and chain. Still, he THUMPS the ball on the bars to weaken them.

Camp bustles for evacuation. Men load wagons, strike tents. Single British MP patrols, antsy.

Percy trots up. MP blocks him.

BRITISH MP

No visitors.

PERCY

Wouldn't dream of it. I'm hunting a lost bottle of whiskey. Oh, wait. Is that it?

Percy points. On a distant rock sits a bottle of whiskey.

BRITISH MP

I'll check it out. You stay here.

Percy salutes. MP moves off. Percy runs to Jack.

PERCY

Jack, the Huns sacked your ranch just after dawn. Your mother and Meriem were carried off.

JACK

What of my father?

PERCY

Didn't see him. Jack...

JACK

Nothing you can do, Perce. Go.

PERCY

You do have a talent for trouble, even without my help.

JACK

A family failing. Good luck.

They shake through the bars. Percy dashes off.

Jack JANGLES his shackles. Frustrated, SLAMS the ball against the bars. MP runs back with a rifle: Knock it off.

Lt Sanchez rides up with his cavalry squad, who look sheepish.

LT SANCHEZ

Jack, I'm sorry, but the orders are fixed. You're to be shot at dawn.

Jack thinks hard, weighs his words.

JACK

At least I'll be shot in the chest.
Not like you lot.

LT SANCHEZ

Excuse me?

JACK

Or shot in the back retreating.
Running from the enemy.

Men MUTTER, GROWL.

LT SANCHEZ

Private, you address the Queen's
Royal Lancers.

JACK

The British Army's elite. And what
will you tell your sweethearts and
parents? "We were the bravest of
the best until the Huns showed up.
Then we ditched out lances and ran
like rabbits."

LT SANCHEZ

We have orders.

JACK

I thought the paramount order was
"Find the enemy and attack."

LT SANCHEZ

We're pulling back to South Africa --

JACK

Cavalry on a boat? Why not ride
cross-country?

Men MUTTER agreement. Lt Sanchez thinks.

LT SANCHEZ

We'd need a native guide...

Jack grins.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - EVENING

Bodies are laid out, wrapped, carried to the village.
Tribespeople SING DIRGES. A SHAMAN burns incense.

Hamisi, walking wounded, helps direct operations.

Lion hunters under Muviro cluster at the stable wall.

Militiamen -- blacks, whites, Indians, Sikhs -- gather with
rifles and trail gear. Many are veterans of the Second Boer
War of 1902. Giroux, DeKlerk, and Nehru ARGUE what to do.

John rides in on a German cavalry horse. He wears a German
uniform with the patches ripped off. Dismounts stiffly.

HAMISI

They took Lady Greystoke and Miss
Meriem.

STABLE

John approaches. Waziri part. Wambusi's BODY is nailed to
the wall. They pry him loose gently with tools.

MUVIRO

Runners fetched us in, John Clayton.
Too late.

JOHN

I sorrow for your son, Muviro.

MUVIRO

He was brave as a lion.

JOHN

This is my fault. I provoked them.

HAMISI

They would have come eventually.
Lady Greystoke prepared us.

Giroux, DeKlerk, Nehru trot up.

DEKLERK

Men trickle in from the city and
farms.

GIROUX

Captain Clayton, we're sorry for
your loss. They caught us by
surprise.

JOHN
We'll start last and finish first,
together.

Men MUTTER agreement, encouraged.

MUVIRO
What is first?

JOHN
Do we know the General's objective?
I twisted a few arms, but the blokes
off the boat can't find Africa on a
map.

GIROUX
He's Military Governor. Fortify the
capital?

NEHRU
Raise sepoy battalions?

DEKLERK
Bleed the locals white to raise funds?

JOHN
I wonder. He commands the 2nd African
Expeditionary Force. Doesn't that
imply they'll march overland?

MUVIRO
Aplenty of targets. West is British
Nigeria, east the Belgian Congo,
north is Chad, south the FEA.

John scans the sky.

JOHN
We'll wait the night. New recruits
might bring news.

HAMISI
What of Lady Greystoke and Miss
Meriem?

JOHN
They're the Germans' hard luck.

Hoofbeats DRUM. A Militiaman rides into the valley. Fires
a SHOT in the air. Points east.

EXT. BRITISH CAMP - STOCKADE - NIGHT

Lights everywhere. Men CALL. Trucks RUMBLE. MPs pace.

Lt Sanchez and his cavalry troop ride up. They're hung with JINGLING gear and supplies. They lead a spare horse.

Lt Sanchez dismounts. Presents orders to MP.

LT SANCHEZ
Orders to engage a local guide.
I've chosen that man.

BRITISH MP
He's a prisoner, sir.

LT SANCHEZ
He was.

Lt Sanchez takes keys. Cavalrymen UNCHAIN the door and Jack.

Jack pulls on the spare uniform and hat. Salutes, grins.

JACK
Private Jack Clayton finally reporting
for duty, sir.

LT SANCHEZ
You'd best perform as well as you
boast, or I'll shoot you myself.

Jack and others mount. Lt Sanchez grasps his whistle.

JACK
East.

LT SANCHEZ
I'll say this once. I give the
orders.

JACK
(serious)
Yes, sir. And thank you.

LT SANCHEZ
Don't thank me. I'm out to make
this entire company die like heroes.
Company, forward.

Lt Sanchez blows his WHISTLE (loves blowing it). To the men's puzzlement, they turn toward the center of camp.

EXT. BRITISH CAMP - DUTY TENT - NIGHT

Officers pore over paperwork. Soldiers point, gawk as.

Lt Sanchez leads his troop down the street.

Sgt Beckham, wearing his patched hat, sees Jack and GROWLS.
BRITISH COMMANDER double-takes.

BRITISH COMMANDER
Lt Sanchez, I distinctly ordered you
to -- Oh, clever boy.

LT SANCHEZ
We have our orders, sir. "Find the
enemy and attack."

BRITISH COMMANDER
I should have you scurvy skivers
shot.

LT SANCHEZ
I promised the lads the Jerries get
first crack. With your permission?

British Commander salutes. Lt Sanchez returns it. BLOWS
his WHISTLE.

LT SANCHEZ
Company, forward, at the double!

The troop sets off at a trot. Jack skims his hat to Sgt
Beckham. Soldiers CHEER as the troop trots out.

EXT. RAIL YARD - MORNING

A rail staging yard north of Douala.

A long train has an IDLING engine at each end, passenger
cars, box cars, flat cars covered with tarps. German Soldiers
and pressed Workers load supplies, horses, field cannons.

North of the train is a temporary German tent camp.

Beyond that are hills, brush, or trees.

BEHIND HILLS OR BRUSH OR TREES

John watches through binoculars. With him are Giroux,
DeKlerk, Nehru, 20-odd Militiamen.

A recent arrival is HOFFMAN, 28, a German-born farmer.

Muviro has male/female lion hunters and a few more Warriors.

MUVIRO

They hurry to begin their expedition
to wherever. Efficient.

HOFFMAN

(German accent)

Germany has been fighting for 60
years. They are masters of war.

MUVIRO

You are German?

HOFFMAN

African, born and bred.

MUVIRO

That's good. Because those Germans
cut down half my tribe.

SHOT THROUGH BINOCES: Workers carefully load crates marked
"MONDRAGON" and "MAUSER".

DEKLERK

German guns I would like to hold in
mine hands.

GIROUX

You and me both, *mon ami*.

SHOT THROUGH BINOCES: A truck rolls up. Soldiers help Women
descend, including Jane, Meriem, Mrs DeKlerk, Miss Giroux,
Mrs Nehru.

JOHN

Hostages. Is that your wife, DeKlerk?

DEKLERK

And mine mother-in-law. Her the
Germans can keep.

GIROUX

They have my sister. She is twittery
as a hummingbird.

JOHN

Jane and Meriem will comfort them.
Still no word on where this expedition
is bound?

NEHRU

They marched the troops off the boat
straight to this camp. And staff
officers are not talking.

HOFFMAN

Spilling beans should not a man's
last words be.

DEKLERK

Those flatcars. What do they hold?

SHOT THROUGH BINOCs: Several flatcars are stacked high and
covered with tarps.

JOHN

No matter. This train won't get ten
feet. Tonight we rescue the hostages
and dynamite the engines.

DEKLERK

22 men we have.

MUVIRO

More arrive all the time. A legion
by dusk.

JOHN

DeKlerk, sneak into town and listen.
Someone might slip up. Try the
telegraph office. Buy drinks for
our "new friends". And fetch tools
to break locks. Giroux, make up two
explosive charges with timed fuses.
Nehru, Hoffman, take the militia out
of sight. Drill and inspect. Muviro,
study the guards' routes, map the
fields of fire. If I'm not back by
4 AM, start the raid.

GIROUX

What will you do?

JOHN

Enlist more help.

John mounts a horse and rides off.

DeKlerk and Giroux study the train.

DEKLERK

Those rifles. Brand new from the
world's finest armories.

GIROUX
Tempting as a woman's bottom.

MUVIRO
A simple plan is best, but all must
work together.

They ignore him. Muviro waves his wicked spear head in front
of their binoculars, gets their attention.

MUVIRO
Those soldiers crucified my son.
Any fool who disobeys Captain Clayton
will pay with his life.

Muviro moves off.

SHOT THROUGH BINOCs: Female hostages are boosted into a
boxcar. Giroux notes the boxcar number.

GIROUX
645-32.

DEKLERK
The rifles are two cars down. 544-
99.

GIROUX
544-99.

INT. TRAIN - BOXCAR

An empty boxcar littered with straw. Hot as the sun rises.

Jane, Meriem, Mrs DeKlerk, Miss Giroux, Mrs Nehru and other
Female Hostages are LOCKED in. Most fret.

MRS NEHRU
Democracy creeps. No segregation
here.

Jane and Meriem study the train and camp through gaps.

MERIEM
I can't count the soldiers, Lady
Greystoke. They keep moving.

JANE
Count the tents. Six soldiers to a
tent or two officers.

MRS DEKLERK
When will they release us?

MISS GIROUX
Will they force us into brothels?

JANE
We're too valuable. And worry won't
gain us a thing. We need a plan.

MRS DEKLERK
Locked in like cattle, what plan
could we execute?

MISS GIROUX
It would be foolish to provoke them.
We're helpless.

Door SLIDES open. Lt Jung directs. Soldiers aim rifles.
Two more Women are boosted in. Jung nods to close the door.

Jane nods at Meriem. She rushes. Lt Jung waits. He
remembers her from the ball.

MERIEM
(coy, despairing)
Good sir. We need water. We suffer
from thirst.

LT JUNG
Miss, you'll get water when --

MERIEM
Please, sir. This car is like an
oven.

JANE
Your commander wouldn't want his
guests to die under your care.

LT JUNG
I'll -- speak to the quartermaster.

Door SLIDES closed.

MISS GIROUX
We shouldn't remind the Huns we're
at their mercy. They may use us
like harlots.

MRS DEKLERK
They hold all the cards, my husband
would say.

JANE
Then we'll cheat.

MRS NEHRU
 Lady Greystoke, I heard about your
 husband. I'm so sorry.

JANE
 He can't be dead. Our last words
 were angry.

Door SLIDES open. German soldiers hand in water cans and
 cups. Meriem clasps Lt Jung's hands. He's smitten.

MERIEM
 Thank you, kind sir. So good to see
 common decency so gallantly displayed.

LT JUNG
 Um, that's not -- It's a pleasure.

Door SLIDES closed. Women drink. Jane smiles at Meriem.

JANE
 A woman always has a weapon.

EXT. VELDT - EVENING

Veldt / savanna runs for miles. Wildlife abounds.

John has stripped to a tank top, jodhpurs, and boots. He
 rides to a hilltop, stops. Horse WHINNIES in fright.

John dismounts, strips saddle and bridle, SLAPS horse off.
 Walks down the hill -- into a herd of ELEPHANTS.

He approaches the lead bull, slow but bold. Talks, gestures.

JOHN
 (Ape language, gentle)
Tantor. Tarmangani yo. Tand-utor.
Yud, ramba.

Slowly the elephant accepts him. John climbs atop.

JOHN
Unk, Tantor. Unk.

John steers the elephant herd south. He smiles, happy.

An elephant SQUEALS in fright. John stands on its head.

A LION and three LIONESSES stalk the herd.

He dismounts and approaches lions, bold.

JOHN
 (commanding)
Numa. Tand-panda! Ramba, Numa!

Lion SNARLS. Crouches to spring. John PUNCHES it on the nose. Surprised, the lion is cowed.

JOHN
Ko-Numa, Ko-Sabor. Yud tarmangani!

John remounts the elephant and waves. Lion and lionesses follow at a distance.

John holds a hand under the sun. Urges them on: Hurry.

INT. TRAIN - BOXCAR - EVENING

While two women keep watch, Jane and Meriem draw plans on the floor with a stick.

MRS DEKLERK
 Someone comes!

Jane covers drawings with straw. Door SLIDES open. Lt Jung.

LT JUNG
 Lady Greystoke. Your presence is requested.

That's a surprise. Jane stalls.

JANE
 I need my handmaiden.

MERIEM
 I'm sure the brave lieutenant --

Lt Jung longs for Meriem, but no. Jane hops out, clumsy, leaning on Lt Jung. Door SLAMS.

EXT. TRAIN - EVENING

Final loading is frantic. Jane and Lt Jung walk alongside.

They pass a passenger car being converted into a prison car as workers bolt iron shutters over windows. Jane notes the order: Prison Car, Mail Car, Lounge Car.

JANE
 Where are you taking me?

LT JUNG
The commandant, Madame.

Lt Jung indicates a lounge car. Helps Jane climb in.

INT. TRAIN - LOUNGE CAR

Schnatzmann's rolling headquarters has a cupola (raised windowed roof). Opulent. A table is set with silverware, fine food, champagne. Stewards hover.

Schnatzmann wears a splendid mess uniform and sword. Jane is filthy. He waves at a bathroom.

SCHNATZMANN
You'd care to freshen up?

JANE
If my sisters in bondage cannot wash,
neither shall I.

Schnatzmann holds Jane's chair. She sits, wary and puzzled. He sits and eats. Jane does not.

SCHNATZMANN
I'd apologize for inconveniences,
but such is war.

JANE
My husband is executed, my home
destroyed, myself kidnapped. I'd
say more than an apology is in order.

SCHNATZMANN
I regret your husband's death.

A Steward pours champagne. Jane covers her glass with a hand, takes only water.

JANE
You will, more than you possibly
imagine.

SCHNATZMANN
Africa is ripe for a firm hand,
Milady. The Hottentots are cannibals
incapable of self-rule.

JANE
When your Vandals lived in smoke-
filled huts, Africa had universities,
irrigation systems, courts, libraries.
But yes, there are still cannibals.

SCHNATZMANN

So it falls to white men to civilize
the Dark Continent. Our Master Race.

JANE

Charles Darwin suggests your Master
Race descends from the Negro race.

SCHNATZMANN

British, French, Dutch, Belgians,
their efforts are haphazard. Grubbing
for minerals and oil.

JANE

They came to conquer Africa, and
were themselves conquered.

SCHNATZMANN

An orderly people with a systematic
plan can re-make this continent.

JANE

To the German "Kultur"? Yet
"Schnatzmann" is a Jewish name, is
it not?

SCHNATZMANN

The empire's mathematicians,
scientists, doctors, engineers. The
Jewish race will always have a special
place in Germany.

JANE

Even a smart man can make a stupid
mistake.

Schnatzmann is getting irritated.

SCHNATZMANN

Germany invests her best and
brightest, Lady Greystoke. I expect
to be stationed here ten years.

JANE

Ten years? What sin did you commit?

Schnatzmann reaches for his sword. Jane is wary. He lays
it, sheathed, on the table. The hilt is a lion's head.

SCHNATZMANN

Lady Greystoke, this sword, with its
symbolic lion, was presented to me
by Kaiser Wilhelm. He bade me wield
it to forge an empire.

Jane finds it funny, tries not to laugh.

JANE

An Africa empire. With you its ruler?
Emperor Isaac the 1st?

Now he's miffed.

SCHNATZMANN

Let me be blunt. You're a widow. A
powerful man could give you a life
of luxury.

JANE

General, I've drunk scummy water and
eaten raw plantain. I've walked
leagues in the rain in nothing but a
shift, dug parasites out of my feet
with a splinter, and slept in trees.
And never was I happier.

A Messenger brings a note. Schnatzmann reads, scribbles an
order, sends it off.

Jane tucks a steak knife and fork in her stocking top.

Outside, WOMEN YELP and COMPLAIN. Jane runs to the window.

SHOT OUTSIDE TRAIN: Female hostages, including Meriem, are
prodged by bayonets toward both ends of the train.

SCHNATZMANN

As you wish. Everyone must pay his
or her way.

Schnatzmann signals. German Soldiers drag Jane out.

Alone, Schnatzmann locks the door. Goes to a box, takes out
a yarmulke, prayer shawl, and prayer book.

Sitting, rocking, he RECITES a Jewish prayer.

SCHNATZMANN

(prays in Hebrew)

May it be Your will, God, that You
lead us toward peace, and make us
reach our desired destination in
life, gladness and peace. May you
rescue us from the hand of every
foe, ambush, bandits and evil animals
along the way...

EXT. TRAIN - FRONT ENGINE - NIGHT

Engineers tend the IDLING engine.

Jane and Meriem and other Hostages are boosted into the coal car behind the front engine. Lt Jung oversees.

They are handcuffed, then long CHAINS are passed through the handcuffs and LOCKED to a rail. Jane nods to Meriem.

MERIEM
Monsieur Lieutenant? Why are we
treated so cruelly?

LT JUNG
My regrets, Miss. General's orders.

MISS GIROUX
Will they feed us into the boilers?

JANE
I said we were valuable. We're human
shields.

MISS GIROUX
Comment?

MERIEM
For the train.

Engineers are busy. Jane pulls a fork from her stocking.
Bending tines, Meriem expertly picks at the lock.

MISS GIROUX
Oh, no, dear, you mustn't antagonize
them -- Ulk.

Jane FLIPS chain over Miss Giroux's neck and CHOKES her quiet.

JANE
Let the child play.

LT JUNG (O.S.)
(clears throat)

Lt Jung stands below, hand out.

MERIEM
Oh, Monsieur, you embarrass me with
your kind attention --

LT JUNG
The porter counts the silverware.

Jane and Meriem hand over knife and fork. He walks off.

MERIEM

Now what, Lady Greystoke?

JANE

I could chew through the chains.

EXT. VELDT - EVENING

Jack's cavalry rides steadily to not tire the horses.

Jack suddenly stands in the stirrups.

JACK

Lieutenant.

SHOT: A hunting party of Waziri trot across the veldt. They're armed with bows, arrows, shields, spears.

Jack veers their way. Lt Sanchez NICKERS. Jack stops. Lt Sanchez takes the lead.

Tribesmen stop, wait patiently.

LT SANCHEZ

Gentlemen, good day. I say, have you seen any Jerries mucking about? German infantry or cavalry?

Tribesmen look blank. Jack shifts. Lt Sanchez SIGHS, nods.

JACK

(in Swahili)

Jambo, rafiki. Seen any cabbage-eaters?

Waziri 1 replies, pointing two ways.

WAZIRI 1

(in Swahili, points)

Many potheads gather at the lair of the iron snake above the big water village. We go too.

(points other way)

A hunting party listens to the wind wires an hour's trot.

JACK

(thanks in Swahili)

Asante.

Tribesmen trot off.

LT SANCHEZ
Local gossip?

JACK
Jerries muster at the railhead north
of Douala. A telegraph crew works
six miles that way.

Lt Sanchez waves. They ride toward the telegraph crew.

LT SANCHEZ
Worth a look. Was that Swahili?
What else do you speak?

JACK
Bantu, Yoruba, Ubangi, Afrikaans. I
can swear in Arabic. And Ape, of
course.

LT SANCHEZ
That'll come in handy for the
infantry.

EXT. RAIL YARD - NIGHT

Loading continues by lantern light. Some tents are struck.

FRONT ENGINE

In the coal car, Meriem tries to pick a lock with a hairpin.

MERIEM
It always works in romance novels.

JANE
Even if we get free --

Engineers fire the boilers. One pulls the whistle: HOOT!
Jane frets, watches the distance for signs of rescue.

EXT. VELDT

John trots ahead of lumbering elephants. Lions stalk
alongside, eyeing elephants hungrily.

John SWATS lead lion's head. It SNAPS but shies off.

JOHN
(Ape language)
Ko-Numa, yud!

John looks at stars to gauge time. A distant TRAIN HOOTS.

John jerks an elephant's ear. It TRUMPETS angrily. Animals are barely under control, getting rebellious.

JOHN
Ko-Tantor, yud!

Cresting a hill or quitting brush or trees, John sees the German tent camp. Closest is a machine gun nest. German Soldiers pack the gun.

John checks the stars, SWATS the animals forward.

JOHN
Tantor, Numa! Bundolo!

Lions ROAR and charge. Elephants TRUMPET.

GERMAN TENT CAMP - MACHINE GUN NEST

German Soldiers look up and SCREAM as lions swarm.

EXT. RAIL YARD - NIGHT

Germans SLAMS doors, done loading. Soldiers board passenger cars and boxcars.

BEHIND HILLS OR BRUSH OR TREES

Giroux and DeKlerk wait with Militiamen. Muviro's Waziri have spears, shields, bows, war clubs. Giroux has a satchel of dynamite. A Militiaman has a second satchel.

Militiamen check watches. Muviro has a borrowed pocket watch.

MUVIRO
Heed Captain Clayton's instructions.
At 4:00, rescue the hostages, then
dynamite the engines.

GIROUX
Oui, oui. Boxcar 645-32 is the one.

DEKLERK
And 544-99.

MUVIRO
Why two boxcars?

GIROUX
They split the women up just before
dark.

DEKLERK

Move we better. They board the last.

MUVIRO

32 and 99 then. My warriors will
clear any obstacles --

Not far off, lions ROAR, elephant TRUMPETS, GUNSHOTS.

MUVIRO

We go.

The group splits into two squads: Giroux's and DeKlerk's.
Muviro waggles his spear as a warning.

>> Giroux's Squad, with some Waziri, circle the German Tent
Camp, bound for the rear engine.

>> DeKlerk's squad, led by Muviro and Waziri, rush through
the German Tent Camp, bound for the box cars.

RAIL YARD - GIROUX'S SQUAD

They race around the tent camp, hopping or dodging brush or
railroad equipment. Giroux sweats with the dynamite satchel.

GERMAN TENT CAMP - DEKLERK'S SQUAD

Waziri trot past tents still standing. Most are empty.

A German Soldier steps out, gawks, and is brutally SPEARED
by a female Waziri. Militiamen gawk.

MUVIRO

Lionesses do the hunting.

A German Cook carrying a slops pail is SPEARED to a post.

More German Soldiers carrying gear are SHOT with arrows.

They trot to the last line of tents. So far, so good.

TRAIN - REAR ENGINE - GIROUX'S SQUAD

Giroux's Squad runs out of the dark. German Soldiers on
guard turn, are SHOT.

Giroux's Squad surrounds the rear engine. German Train
Engineers raise hands.

Giroux prepares his dynamite satchel. A Waziri points.

GIROUX

Nom de Dieu!

Hostages (not Jane or Meriem) are chained in the coal car.

GERMAN TENT CAMP - MACHINE GUN NEST

Germans SCREAM and SHOOT wild as lions RIP men to shreds.

John dodges lions, grabs the machine gun and a belt of ammo.

JOHN
Numa, Sabor! Yud! Numa --

The lions frenzy-feed. John is BOWLED out of the nest.

He shoulders the machine gun and ammo belt, runs. He points the elephants to camp.

JOHN
Tantor! Bundolo!

Elephants TRUMPET.

GERMAN TENT CAMP

John runs through the tent camp. Meets a German Sergeant and Soldiers running toward the noise.

They gawk at charging elephants. Some SHOOT, most run. German Sergeant BELLOWS men into line.

Soldiers SHOOT at elephants. Elephants SQUEAL.

John SHOOTS the machine gun, mows them down. But the barrel gets searing hot. John slings his belt around it and runs.

Lions run past him, eager to attack. But a wounded elephant COLLAPSES, bleeding. Lions pounce, tear at it.

JOHN
Numa, dan-do! Bundolo! Ko-Tantor, bundolo!

Elephants scatter, TRAMPLE Soldiers, tents, lions. Lions ROAR. John gives up animals, runs on with the machine gun.

INT. TRAIN - LOUNGE CAR

Schnatzmann entertains officers with brandy and cigars.

Outside sound GUNSHOTS. Lt Jung runs in.

SCHNATZMANN
Who attacks us? How many?

Window glass CRASHES. A bullet WHINES. Everyone flinches.

LT JUNG
Looks like local militia, sir. And
very tall Negroes with feathers.
And -- elephants and lions.

SCHNATZMANN
That sounds like -- Get everyone
aboard. Go!

Lt Jung runs out. Officers run out. Grabbing a pistol,
Schnatzmann runs out.

EXT. TRAIN - VARIOUS

All around camp sounds SHOTS, SCREAMS, LION ROARS, ELEPHANTS.

TRAIN - LOUNGE CAR

Lt Jung and Officers drop off the train.

LT JUNG
Officers! Positions!

Schnatzmann drops off the train, runs for the front engine.

TRAIN - ALONGSIDE

Germans Soldiers hop off the train. Some SHOOT flares that
arch high, POP a tiny parachute, and illuminate the train.
But before they can organize --

-- Waziri HOWL, fight Germans with arrows, spears, and
snatched rifles.

TRAIN - REAR ENGINE - GIROUX'S SQUAD

Giroux mounts the coal car. Women SQUEAL to be released.
Giroux RATTLES the chain.

GIROUX
Andre! Attend!

A Militiaman, Andre, brings bolt cutters and CUTS the chain.
Militiamen help Women down, shoo them at the dark. Drag
German Train Engineers away.

Giroux jams a dynamite charge under the train's boiler.
Lights the SPUTTERING fuse and runs.

GIROUX
*Alons, mes enfants! Vous sauver qui
 peut!*

TRAIN - BOXCARS - DEKLERK'S SQUAD

DeKlerk's militiamen, Muviro, Waziri, reach the boxcars.

Waziri SPEAR Germans or SHOOT with arrows. Others grab German rifles. German soldiers SHOOT from inside the train.

DeKlerk reads numbers on boxcars. Finds 544-99.

DEKLERK
 544-99. This one we want.

MUVIRO
 What of the other, 645-32? Where is
 it?

DEKLERK
 Two cars down. Run and check.

Muviro runs with some Waziri and militiamen. Others stay and SNIPE at soldiers.

MILITIAMAN
 Free the women, DeKlerk!

DEKLERK
 Yah, yah. This car will all our
 problems solve.

DeKlerk uses bolt cutters to CUT the lock. SLIDES door open. Inside are stacked weapons and ammo. DeKlerk dances a jig. Until four German soldiers posted inside SHOOT him.

DeKlerk's Squad scatters. Waziri bolt to Muviro.

TRAIN - TWO BOXCARS DOWN

Muviro finds Boxcar 645-32. SNIFFS, grimaces. A Militiaman cuts the lock. Opens the door.

Inside are horses. Muviro re-checks the number.

MUVIRO
 Cursed be all fools.

Waziri 2 runs up.

WAZIRI 2
 War chief! The women are chained
 behind the head of the iron snake!

Waziri and Militiamen are SHOT as more Germans open fire.

MUVIRO

Fall back to cover! DeKlerk!

Germans in the rifles-boxcar SHOOT DeKlerk's fleeing men --

-- Militiaman carrying the dynamite satchel EXPLODES.

TRAIN - ALONGSIDE

Schnatzmann runs for the front engine.

An elephant runs close, then veers as a lion runs by.

SCHNATZMANN

Elephants. Lions.

Dynamite-satchel EXPLOSION makes him run faster.

TRAIN - BOXCARS

Muviro and Warriors fall back from GUNFIRE. They run along the train, using it as cover...

TRAIN - FLATCARS - CONTINUOUS

... Reach a tarp-covered flatcar. Despite taking fire, Muviro SLASHES the tarp to see inside.

Under the tarp are stacked iron rails and wooden sleepers. Muviro notes several more flatcars must hold the same.

They run as bullets ZING around.

TRAIN - FRONT ENGINE

Schnatzmann climbs up. Sees Jane and Meriem and Women chained. Aims his pistol at German Train Engineers.

SCHNATZMANN

Get this train rolling!

Engineers throw levers. Brakes HISS, engine PUFFS.

RAIL YARD

John FIRES his machine gun at groups of Soldiers. But the gun overheats and JAMS. He drops it and runs for the train.

Giroux, running, waves him away. So does Muviro. But the train is ROLLING. John runs for it.

JOHN

Jane!

TRAIN - FRONT ENGINE

Schnatzmann draws a breath as the train gets underway.

SCHNATZMANN

(to Jane)

Do you know anything about this?

TRAIN - REAR ENGINE

With a massive explosion, the rear engine EXPLODES.

John is blown off his feet.

TRAIN - FRONT ENGINE

Schnatzmann stares as the rear engine EXPLODES.

The train DRAGS a few wrecked cars that finally fall free.

Chained, Jane rises. Sees elephants and lions run off.

JANE

I know my husband is alive.

RAIL YARD

Smoke rolls from the burning rear engine.

Train pulls out. Soldiers SHOOT from windows and doors.

Militiamen and Waziri hunker, watch it go.

EXT. VELDT - TELEGRAPH CAMP

Telegraph poles run along the railway.

German Signal Engineers, a repair crew, camp. They sit around a campfire, smoke, eat, chat.

Stacked are panniers of tools, coils of wire. MULES and HORSES graze.

Two overhead telegraph wires are temporarily spliced, and a splice hangs down to a telegraph key.

Telegraph CHATTERS. A German copies the message in a notebook.

OUT IN THE DARK

Lt Sanchez and Jack lie in grass watching.

LT SANCHEZ
Definitely worth a look.

JACK
How so, sir?

LT SANCHEZ
Militiamen must've shot down the
wires. This lot effects repairs and
intercepts the latest dispatches.

Lt Sanchez readies his whistle, pistol.

LT SANCHEZ
(calls in German)
Soldiers of the Kaiser! We are the
British Army! You are surrounded!
Throw out your weapons and you won't
be harmed!

TELEGRAPH CAMP

Germans jump, grab weapons, hunker behind equipment.

OUT IN THE DARK

Lt Sanchez BLOWS his whistle.

LT SANCHEZ
Good men.
(calls)
Have at them, lads!

CAVALRYMEN
For Saint George and the Dragon!

Germans are night-blind from staring at the fire, and rattled
by the sudden attack. They SHOOT wild.

Lt Sanchez leads, SHOOTs calmly with his pistol. Cavalrymen
rush and HACK with sabers.

Jack bounds in empty-handed. Leaps like an ape, vaults
equipment, TACKLES Germans, SLINGS them bodily.

Germans are soon down, dead or wounded. Cavalrymen listen
for the whistle to stop. No whistle. They go looking.

Jack throttles a dazed German Engineer.

JACK
The soldiers at the railhead. How
many, where --

CPL HARRIGAN comes, grabs Jack, hauls him like a rag doll.

Cpl Harrigan is Irish, a rogue, brawler, good soldier.

JACK
What the hell? Unhand me.

Relentless, Cpl Harrigan mashes Jack down by Lt Sanchez.
He's shot through the lungs, WHEEZING, dying.

LT SANCHEZ
(wheezes, can't speak)

JACK
Sir, I'm so sorry, what is it?

CPL HARRIGAN
He asked for you.

With bloody hands, Lt Sanchez pushes his whistle into Jack's hands. DIES. Jack stares at the bloody whistle. Shocked.

CPL HARRIGAN
Heavy, ain't it?

Jack looks at a circle of grim Cavalrymen.

JACK
Now just a damned minute. I'm no leader.

CPL HARRIGAN
Lt Sanchez put you in charge. What are your orders - sir?

Cavalrymen wait. Jack sucks it up.

JACK
Bury him. With full honors. See to our wounded. Round up the livestock. Collect the rifles and ammo. Burn the equipment.

They go. Jack slings the whistle around his neck. Collects Lt Sanchez's ID tag and wallet.

JACK
I won't let you down, sir.

Cpl Harrigan brings a messenger bag. Jack pulls out telegraph slips, note books, a code book, all in German.

JACK
Anyone read German?

No. A faraway BOOM sounds. ANOTHER.

CPL HARRIGAN
What d'ya reckon that is, sir?

JACK
Douala. Likely the railhead. Likely
my father. Mount up, lads.

CPL HARRIGAN
(clears throat)

Cavalrymen wait by a grave. They wrap Lt Sanchez in a blanket
and lay him down gently. Look at Jack, doff hats.

JACK
Lord... We commend to thee Lt Sanchez
of the Queen's Royal Lancers... A
fair man and a stout leader. May we
all aspire to his example.

CAVALRYMEN
Amen.

Jack goes to mount. Cavalrymen have loaded German weapons
on captured mules and horses. One Cavalryman, MAYES, wears
a sling. Harrigan thumbs at worried German prisoners.

JACK
Leave 'em.

CPL HARRIGAN
They shot Lt Sanchez.

JACK
And he'd be the first to say we don't
execute prisoners of war. Mount up.

Cavalrymen mount. Jack rides. Men stay put. Jack: "What?"

Cpl Harrigan nods at whistle. Jack gives a FEEBLE BLOW.
They wait. Jack gives a SHARP BLAST.

That does it. Cavalrymen trot behind Jack. Who resists
wiping sweat from his brow.

EXT. RAIL YARD - MORNING

Blackness. (John is out cold.)

JACK (O.S.)
Father. Father...

John opens his eyes. A vision of Jack swims.

JOHN
 (groggy)
 Jack? What now? Not rinderpest in
 the cattle again --

Remembering, John sits up, head aching.

Jack has Cavalrymen, carries a German map case. Muviro has Warriors. Militiamen have many wounded. Some dead are laid out in blankets.

John rises, sways, dizzy and battered. Looks for the train.

MUVIRO
 Gone, three hours now.

An antique train engine IDLES. It tows empty flatcars.

JOHN
 Why weren't both engines destroyed?

MUVIRO
 DeKlerk chose to loot firearms. He
 was shot. Giroux did blast his
 engine.
 (but...)

Two Waziri bring Giroux, trembling. Muviro steps OS.

JOHN
 Did you know DeKlerk would disobey
 orders?

John is scary as he advances. Giroux backs up.

GIROUX
 We thought -- German rifles, new
 from the factory. The militia could
 use them -- Uck!

Giroux backs onto Muviro's long spear head. The blade SLICES through his body. Muviro lets him slide off, dead.

John's clothes are shredded. He RIPS off the shirt and slashes the legs off jodhpurs.

John turns to Jack, but sways from a throbbing skull.

JOHN
 That's an officer's whistle.

JACK
 Captain Clayton, meet Lieutenant
 Clayton.

Cavalrymen BUZZ. Cpl Harrigan approaches.

CPL HARRIGAN
Sir, you're John Clayton? Lord
Greystoke? The one they call --

JOHN
Not any more.

Cavalrymen surge like little boys. Jack is both miffed and proud of his father. He frets John may be injured.

CPL HARRIGAN
Sir, an honor. That story of the
Jewels of Opar, that La, Queen of
the Troglodytes, the lost colony of
Atlantis. Those magazines went
'rounds the barracks till the covers
fell off.

JOHN
Don't believe everything you read,
Corporal. How did you come here?

JACK
We're ordered to Port Harcourt.
(so why...)
Africa's a big place. Easy to get
lost.

Muviro CLEARS THROAT, nods at waiting antique train.

JOHN
Your mother and Meriem and others
are hostages on the train.

JACK
God help the Huns.

JOHN
We've no way to know their
destination. The line splits a half-
dozen times in the next 50 miles.
At 300 miles a day...

JACK
About that.

He opens the map case. John studies German notebook.

JOHN
Hoffman!

Hoffman approaches, arm in a sling. Reads, shuffles.

HOFFMAN

Gibberish.

JACK

And the code book.

Jack hands code book. Hoffman frowns, waves more German-speaking Militiamen to help decipher.

Forced to break, British Cavalry tend horses. Militiamen mill, pick through supplies, restock.

CPL HARRIGAN

Orders, Lieutenant?

JACK

For now, resupply and rest.

Jack picks up a Waziri bow and quiver.

CPL HARRIGAN

Hardly British Army issue, sir.

Jack nocks an arrow, scans, and kills a vulture on the wing.

JACK

Tell that to King Henry V.

John pores over a map, trying to guess the Germans' route. But falls asleep sitting up. Jack almost approaches, doesn't.

HOFFMAN

Got it! Stanleyville!

John jerks awake. Hoffman holds up a message.

NEHRU

Germany invades the Belgian Congo?

JACK

Word is the Belgies are in in Uganda punching up Lettow-Vorbeck.

JOHN

To reinforce German East Africa, they would have sailed there directly, not land and cross the continent.

MUVIRO

They plan for more than war. Those covered flatcars were heaped with rails and sleepers. Many.

JOHN

So they'll lay track -- where?

JACK
I'll ask when we catch them.

Jack blows his WHISTLE. British Cavalry scramble.

JOHN
Jack, you can't just hare off cross-country.

JACK
"Find the enemy and attack."

Muviro signals his Waziri to board the flat cars.

MUVIRO
The Waziri go to hunt Huns.

John is caught flat-footed as Militiamen await orders.

NEHRU
John, you're leader of the militia.

JOHN
The militia is disarmed and disbanded.

MILITIAMAN
If we leave, the Germans will pick off our homesteads one by one.

JOHN
As they did mine.

HOFFMAN
They hold my wife hostage. I go.

NEHRU
Mine too.

Hoffman and Nehru go for horses. John decides.

JOHN
Volunteers only. Any man who wants to return home is released. The rest, mount up or climb aboard.

Militiamen mount horses and mules. Waziri climb on flat cars. Men staying hand up ammo and supplies.

Cpl Harrigan reports to Jack.

CPL HARRIGAN
Mayes is wounded, sir.

JACK
Can he ride?
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
(gets no answer)
What should I ask, Corporal?

CPL HARRIGAN
Lt Sanchez would send him back with
a report.

JACK
Capital idea. Likely they'll return
orders to shoot or hang me, but let's.

Jack scribbles a quick report. Harrigan gives it to wounded
Mayes, who salutes and rides off.

John's militiamen mount, ARGUE about which way to go.

Jack steers his troop in front. Uniformed British Cavalry
outshine the ragtag militia.

JACK
We'll take the lead, Captain.

JOHN
I'm leader of the -- resistance,
Jack.

JACK
With all due respect, sir, as an
active officer in the British Army,
I outrank you.

John gawks. Jack blows his WHISTLE.

JACK
Company, for-ward!

They ride. The antique train CHUGS underway. Waziri CHEER.

INT. TRAIN - LOUNGE CAR

The opulent car has broken windows, smashed lamps.

Schnatzmann enters, flops in a chair, lays down his pistol.
A Porter brings beer. He gulps it.

SCHNATZMANN
Bring the women.

SOON

Jane, Meriem, Miss Giroux, Mrs DeKlerk, Others are brought
in, still in handcuffs.

JANE

General, we've served our purpose.
Your train got away unscathed. Please
drop us at the first crossing --

Schnatzmann picks up his pistol, points at Jane.

SCHNATZMANN

Hostages are always useful. But
you, Lady Greystoke, are probably
more dangerous alive. We are haunted
by your unkillable husband's quest
for rescue.

JANE

I assure you, sir, my husband is in
hot pursuit of this train, but my
rescue is no longer his objective.

SCHNATZMANN

Then what would be?

JANE

The destruction of your entire
expedition.

Miss Giroux WHIMPERS. Meriem gently SHUSHES her.

SCHNATZMANN

One man.

JANE

More like all of Africa. Or so it
will seem.

SCHNATZMANN

It is death to thwart the ambitions
of the German Empire.

Miss Giroux WAILS.

JANE

We are at war, General. I am duty-
bound --

Schnatzmann SHOOTS Miss Giroux dead. Women SHRIEK, CRY.

SCHNATZMANN

Thus the German Empire dispatches
her enemies. Guards!

Soldiers herd Women out. Carry out Miss Giroux's body.

EXT. TRAIN - LOUNGE CAR PLATFORM

The tiny porch at the couplings between trains.

The women are herded roughly into the Mail Car.

Two Soldiers pitch Miss Giroux's body off the train.

Meriem CRIES. Jane cradles her head.

EXT. VARIOUS

John, Jack, Cavalry, Militiamen ride across country.

SERIES OF SHOTS

>> Over veldt.

>> Through jungle.

>> Across rivers.

>> John speaks to locals: white, black, Indian. Shows a map, signals to bring arms and follow. Some men nod and grab gear. Others provide food and water.

>> The company rides on, larger.

>> On the antique train, Waziri ride flatcars, pick up more tribesmen, practice fighting, SING war chants.

EXT. VALLEY RIDGE - DAY

A brushy ridge has a few trees cut down.

Two German Sentries patrol. Meet, exchange cigarettes. Turn around -- and bump into John and Jack, who hold knives.

MOMENTS LATER

Two British Cavalrymen wear the dead Germans' sun helmets and carry their rifles. They fake patrolling.

John, Jack, Nehru, and Hoffman lie flat, study the valley with binoculars.

SHOTS THROUGH BINOCES:

>> A German engineering camp builds a bridge over a river gorge. Hundreds of slaves toil. Overseers crack whips.

>> The bridge is nearly complete. New tracks stop just short. Slaves prepare a roadbed on the far side.

>> There is no train. There are two small field cannon.

JACK

We've beaten Schnatzmann's train.

JOHN

They're almost ready for Muviro's track. Going east...

NEHRU

Still no Belgians.

HOFFMAN

Germany conquered Belgium. Perhaps they reckon this colony theirs.

JACK

Huh. From here it's just a hop, skip, and jump to --

Oh. John and Jack scramble for maps. John plies a pencil.

CLOSE ON: Map. John's pencil extends the railway from Cameroon through the Congo to German East Africa.

JOHN

They're linking Cameroon to German East Africa by rail.

JACK

Cutting the continent in half.

JOHN

The 2nd German Expeditionary Force.

JACK

For a second German empire.

Men are stunned by the plan's audacity.

NEHRU

Is that possible? It'd deuced hard to build a railway through virgin land in peace time.

JACK

The Americans began their Atlantic-Pacific line while fighting a civil war.

HOFFMAN

German engineers could build a railway
to the Moon.

NEHRU

Especially with unlimited slave labor.

John calculates. Shakes head.

JOHN

I'll intercept the train. Muviro
can free the slaves when they arrive.
Jack, you destroy the bridge.

JACK

I should think cavalry to chase a
train and infantry to tackle a bridge.

JOHN

No. Our tasks can succeed or fail.
The bridge is vital.

HOFFMAN

Best man for the toughest task.

Jack is non-plussed.

JACK

If we do drop the bridge and you
don't stop the train...

Quiet. John is grim. Jack more so.

JOHN

This is no longer about saving our
women. It's saving all of Africa.

JACK

(gulps)

Mother -- and Meriem -- would agree.

John picks four Cavalrymen, including Cpl Harrigan, and rides
one way. Jack's Cavalry and Militiamen ride the other way.

INT. TRAIN - PRISON CAR

One passenger car is now a makeshift prison with iron shutters
bolted over windows. Supplies are stacked at one end.

Soldiers shove in Female Hostages, still in handcuffs.

Meriem "stumbles" against Lt Jung, apologizes. Germans exit.

MRS DEKLERK
 Poor Miss Giroux. That verdammte
 Schnatzmann must pay.

JANE
 Keep that thought in mind. Meriem?

Meriem produces a pickpocketed key and uncuffs them.

MRS NEHRU
 How did you...

Jane circulates, testing windows and fixtures. Meriem
 investigates supply boxes.

MERIEM
 The lids are nailed down, Lady
 Greystoke.

Jane helps lift boxes, prying them together to drag off lids.

JANE
 Since we're roommates, call me Jane,
 dear.

MERIEM
 Oh, no, milady, I never could. Not --

JANE
 Until you and Jack are married?

Meriem gawks. Jane kisses her cheek.

JANE
 I have wanted a daughter forever.
 And grandchildren.

Meriem blushes. Jane steers her to work. The boxes hold
 mostly bandages. Meriem digs.

MRS NEHRU
 We should perhaps not meddle. We
 may antagonize our captors.

JANE
 Poor Miss Giroux said the same.
 Better to try than not try.

MERIEM
 What do we seek?

JANE
 Weapons.

MRS DEKLERK
I doubt the Germans would stack
munitions in a prison car.

JANE
My husband says anything is a weapon
in the right hands.

Meriem finds a locked box painted with a Red Cross.

MERIE M
Medicine.

JANE
And any medicine in large doses is a
poison.

Meriem pulls out a wire and picks the lock.

MRS NEHRU
Where did you learn such skills?

MERIE M
The Thieves Quarter of Cairo.

JANE
Where Meriem attended finishing
school.

CLICK. Meriem opens the box.

JANE
Now let's forswear helpless damsels
and make men miserable.

MRS DEKLERK
That I can do.

EXT. JUNGLE - RAILROAD TRACKS

John rides with four Cavalrymen down a jungle path. Daylight
beckons. Wary, he leads on.

They come to a cut with railroad tracks. John presses an
ear to rails. Hears CLINK-CLANK. Points.

FARTHER ON

A tree has toppled on the rails.

German OVERSEER WHIPS a Native Track Crew to clear the tree
with axes, saws, machetes, crowbars. Four German Soldiers
guard, two at each end.

Overseer is a big cruel man with a whip and pistol belt.

On foot, John and Cavalry peek. John points Cavalrymen at guards. He'll take Overseer. They pull back.

BACK A WAYS

Two Cavalrymen mount, draw sabers, circle one way. Two more circle the other way. John slings a coil of rope, goes afoot.

AT THE TRACKS

John climbs a tree above Overseer. A Native spots him. John signals "Shush." Overseer WHIPS Native.

OVERSEER

Work, you stinking kaffer, or I'll
slash your rocks off and feed 'em to
the vultures.

Overseer raises his arm to whip. A noose drops over his arm, YANKS him into the air.

John drops alongside, holding the rope. Still, Overseer PUNCHES John with his free hand.

OVERSEER

Ach, idiots! Shoot!

German Soldiers raise rifles. HOOFBELTS thunder.

CAVALRYMEN

For Saint George and the Dragon!

Cavalrymen GALLOP from jungle. Guards SHOOT. Natives throw tools at Guards. Cavalrymen HACK them with sabers.

OVERSEER

Are you the devil?

JOHN

Some say. When is General
Schnatzmann's train expected?

John takes Overseer's pistol belt, straps it on. Takes the whip, makes a satisfying CRACK.

OVERSEER

Will you spare my life?

JOHN

I will if you hurry.

OVERSEER

Tonight or tomorrow morning.

John walks to Native Track Crew. Picks up a German rifle, hands it to EVRARD.

Evrard, spokesman, is a Congo native. He speaks French.

JOHN
(in Swahili)
Jambo, my friends. I am John Clayton.

EVRARD
(in French)
I am Evrard. We are at your service.

JOHN
(in French)
Finish clearing this tree. We want
the train to run freely.

Natives puzzle. John signs a "plunge into the gorge".

JOHN
How many of you are pressed?

EVRARD
Hundreds. Tribes from the jungle
and hills have been driven here.
Kongo, Teke, Mbochi.

JOHN
Spread the word to all who would
take up arms. Help is on the way.

John moves off. Evrard cuts down Overseer, hands him a crowbar. Overseer scampers to work.

Cavalrymen clean blood off sabers. John slings a German rifle and ammo belt. They go.

CPL HARRIGAN
Won't the camp investigate when the
work party don't return?

JOHN
Another mystery of the Dark Continent.

INT. TRAIN - PRISON CAR

Jane hands out small medicine bottles and pills.

JANE
Tincture of cannabis, marijuana
flowers dissolved in alcohol, makes
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)
 one sleepy. Nebula Asthmatica
Composita, atropine and cocaine,
 induces euphoria and blurs vision.
 Belladonna, another sedative. Use
 them wisely, ladies.

Jane tucks bottles in her bodice and pockets. Meriem hands out scalpels with cardboard sleeves. Points to the side of the neck, inside of wrists.

MERIEM
 One quick deep slash, like striking
 a match.

Door OPENS. Women squirrel stuff away. Lt Jung enters. Porters have food. Jane nods to Meriem.

MERIEM
 Oh, good sir, might I beg some fresh
 air? Confined so, I fret myself
 into a tizzy.

LT JUNG
 I, uh, Miss, you have plenty --

MERIEM
 Perhaps you could grant a turn on
 the platform? Just the two of us,
 under the moonlight?

LT JUNG
 I'll, uh, see. Wait. Weren't you
 handcuffed?

MERIEM
 Monsieur le Capitan, do we fluster
 you so?

Women look innocent. He shoos out Porters. Jane approaches.

JANE
 Captain --

LT JUNG
 A mere lieutenant, Madame.

JANE
 Not for long, surely. In wartime
 bright men soar up the ranks. Would
 you convey to General Schnatzmann
 that I have a business proposition?
 Please?

LT JUNG
Yes, I, uh, shall.

He exits.

MRS DEKLERK
Ach, when I was nineteen, boys
fluttered about like bees.

Jane sits and takes her hands.

JANE
Why not tell us all about it, while
the soup simmers.

EXT. RAILROAD BRIDGE - DAY

The near-finished bridge spans a river, wide but shallow.
German Engineers and Overseers force Slaves to work.

Down the gorge, something dangles in brush. Light WINKS.

PAN DOWN THE GORGE to reveal...

Amid brush, Jack hangs on two ropes and studies the
understructure through binoculars.

JACK
(mental notes)
Sixteen, twenty. Four abutments,
thirty girders.

He jerks a rope and is hauled upward.

Behind boulders or brush, Militiamen and Cavalry grab Jack.

JACK
Nobody can build like Germans. Pity
we must drop the whole kit and
kaboodle in the river.

HOFFMAN
War is waste and want and no women.

NEHRU
And no explosives.

JACK
The Jerries have gallopers. They
must have blasted those rocks. TNT
and black powder can't be far off.

NEHRU

We need a safe way to set off the charges lest we join the ranks of the exalted.

HOFFMAN

Me, I mash ten thumbs tying my shoes.

JACK

Get some rest. Keep out of sight.
Tonight we'll shop.

INT. TRAIN - LOUNGE CAR - NIGHT

Porters set a table, light candles. Oddly, a GERMAN DOCTOR stands by. Schnatzmann, in mess uniform, samples wine, nods.

Jane enters. Neat and clean, though her frock is shabby.

SCHNATZMANN

Lady Greystoke. Such a pleasure.
But first, one formality.

Doctor takes Jane aside. She sneaks something into her mouth. Doctor frisks her, apologizes, leaves. Jane "coughs" in her hand, spits out a medicine bottle.

Schnatzmann holds her chair. She sits. Admires the table.

JANE

Doctors should not wear cologne.
You think of everything.

Jane touches his hand as he pours wine. She secretly tips medicine into his glass. They toast and drink.

SCHNATZMANN

My duty as leader of an historic expedition. May I ask, why this audience? Does it stem from the discovery your husband is alive?

JANE

You are Germany's best and brightest. John and I own a great deal of property in Cameroon. As British subjects, we expect it to be confiscated. If someone in high command could protect our investment, John and I would reward him -- handsomely.

SCHNATZMANN

(slurring)

Americans. Business always trumps
politics. War -- being an arm of --
Oh, no.

Realizing he's drugged, Schnatzmann lurches to his feet.
Jane comes to "help", but he shoves her away.

SCHNATZMANN

G-Guards!

Lt Jung and two Soldiers with pistols run in. Ducking in a
bathroom, Schnatzmann makes himself PUKE. Jane rushes to a
window but it's wedged tight. Schnatzmann staggers back in.

SCHNATZMANN

To think I trusted you.

JANE

What do you expect? Your elegant
manners and shining uniforms and
fine china are bosh. You're nothing
but barbarians.

SCHNATZMANN

Barbarians who broke the Roman Empire
and then built their own in the north.
And we'll build another here on the
bones of inferiors.

JANE

You'll leave your bones for the
vultures, same as all the rest.

SCHNATZMANN

We will triumph, milady. And you'll
regret losing the chance to sit by
my throne.

Surprisingly, Jane touches his cheek fondly.

JANE

General Schnatzmann, I do appreciate
your kind attention and your proposal.
But there's only one lord for me.

Schnatzmann pulls her hand off his cheek.

SCHNATZMANN

Take Lady Greystoke to the mail car
and shackle her to a wall.

JANE

Go back to Germany.

SCHNATZMANN
Then shoot the Arab girl.

JANE
No!

LT JUNG
Meriem, sir?

SCHNATZMANN
Or I'll have you shot as well!

Jane jumps to grab a knife or bottle. A Soldier KNOCKS her sprawling. She's dragged out KICKING. Schnatzmann HURLS his wine glass against the wall.

INT. TRAIN - MAIL CAR

The mail car has a small desk and wood stove bolted to the wall. There are sacks and supplies.

Jane fights like a wildcat. Soldiers handcuff her to the cold iron stove. She sits on the floor, glaring. Soldier 1 leers, reaches for his fly. Soldier 2 is uncertain.

JANE
Try it. I dare you.

Soldier 1 grabs her legs. Soldier 2 reaches gingerly. Jane stays oddly complacent. But Lt Jung COCKS his pistol.

LT JUNG
Can you fools not follow orders? We must -- shoot the Arab girl.

They exit. Jane curses, yanks at her handcuffs. SOBS.

JANE
Damn, damn, damn. Not Meriem.
Please.

INT. TRAIN - PRISON CAR

Bored women play cards. A Female Hostage helps Meriem decipher a First Aid book written in German.

Door OPENS. Lt Jung and two Soldiers enter.

LT JUNG
Miss? If you would accompany me?

MERIEM

Cherie, shall we walk by moonlit?

He's stiff with dread. She goes quietly. Women SNIFFLE.

MRS DEKLERK

Always they take the bravest.

EXT. JUNGLE - RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT

Along this cut, trees almost overhang the train.

Cpl Harrigan waits in a tree. He's stripped for action, strapped with a pistol, bayonet, and whistle. A rope arches over the tracks to trees opposite.

John comes silently. Half-naked, strapped with a pistol, bayonet, Overseer's whip, coil of rope.

JOHN

Orders?

CPL HARRIGAN

Swing aboard, hunt up the women,
break them out, blow the whistle
thrice, bail. Otherwise, scotch any
target of opportunity and jump.

JOHN

Excellent. What's an Irishman doing
in the British Army?

CPL HARRIGAN

Stay home and thump me brothers for
free, or ship out and thump strangers
for pay.

JOHN

I read in a book that the Irish saved
civilization.

CPL HARRIGAN

That we did. And while we were hung
over from celebrating, the English
pinched it. Sir, that son of yours.
He's crackerjack.

John smiles. A CHUFF announces the train. Smoke blooms.
John drops, runs, vaults into another tree, grabs a rope.

JOHN

Coming, dear.

EXT. AMMO DUMP - NIGHT

German ammo dump is a dome of dirt half-dug into the ground, far from camp. Entrance is down a dirt ramp. No guards.

Jack, Cavalrymen, Militiamen watch from bushes. Faces dirty, they carry knives and tree-branch clubs.

HOFFMAN

Germans leave ammo unguarded never.
Not with thieves like us lurking.

JACK

Changing of the guard?

NEHRU

There'd be twice as many. Maybe
posted inside?

One way to find out. Jack goes forward. The rest follow.
Jack comes to an obstacle. A DEAD GERMAN, throat slit.

HOFFMAN

Fast work.

JACK

Not mine.

MUFFLED FRENCH sounds inside the dump.

NEHRU

French?

They creep. Find another DEAD GERMAN. Creep down the ramp.

INT. AMMO DUMP

Lit by shielded lanterns. Stacks and sacks and crates of ammo and a long work table. Two DEAD GERMANS lie to one side. Soldiers in tan uniforms and kepis assemble charges.

Jack and comrades creep in.

JACK

D'Arnot?

MAJOR PAUL D'ARNOT whirls, almost fires his pistol.

D'Arnot is 49, with the French Navy, an old family friend.

He leads French Foreign Legionnaires of various nationalities
(but not French, hence "Foreign") with bush jackets and kepis.

D'ARNOT

Jack!

JACK

What the devil is the French Foreign
Legion doing in the Belgian Congo?

D'ARNOT

Congo? *Mais fois*, have I turned the
map downside-up?

They embrace, LAUGH. Jack's men go "How does he do that?"

D'ARNOT

Et vous? Why do you not study Italian
Poetry and English girls?

JACK

Blowing up bridges is more
instructive.

D'Arnot waves to the table and explosives.

D'ARNOT

Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera.

Men assemble satchel charges. Jack finds blasting caps.

JACK

Didn't bring an engineer? We'd hate
to ignite these charges with hammers --
Oho, blasting caps.

D'ARNOT

Did your father never tell you I
graduated first in my class from
L'École Polytechnique?

JACK

No. He did say you transferred from
a seminary.

D'ARNOT

Mon papa, he wished I become a priest.
God bless Le Diable for war.

HOFFMAN

Me, I want to study medicine, but my
papa make me a butcher. Same thing.

NEHRU

My father insisted I join the Indian
Regiments. I ran to Africa to avoid
the army, yet here I am.

JACK

I wanted to be an ape.

They work.

INT/EXT. TRAIN - VARIOUS

Train rolls along. Jungle is close on both sides.

LOUNGE CAR PLATFORM

Lt Jung leads Meriem onto the platform. Two Soldiers take
positions with pistols pointing up.

MERIEM

Monsieur le Capitaine, you frighten
me with your stern demeanor.

LT JUNG

My apologies, Miss.

Meriem puts hands in slashed pockets. Actually reaches into
garters and pulls TWO SCALPELS she hides between her fingers.
Meriem presses close, helpless. Reaches to caress his cheek.

MERIEM

Can you not dismiss your bodyguard?
Or do you fear I will swoon into
your arms?

Lt Jung pushes her back with an effort.

LT JUNG

I fear I must follow orders, even
unto death.

Meriem caresses his cheek, genuinely sorry.

MERIEM

So sad, *mon brave*.

She SLICES Jung's throat. He staggers, SPURTING blood.

Spinning, Meriem SLICES Soldier 1's hand. He drops his pistol.
She KICKS him off the platform.

Meriem ducks behind dying Jung as Soldier 2 SHOOTs, hitting
Jung's body. She yanks Jung's pistol and SHOOTs Soldier 2.

Soldiers SHOUT inside the train. Boil out the door. The door SMACKS Meriem so she loses the pistol.

Meriem kicks off shoes and climbs a ladder to the train roof. Soldiers climb after.

TRAIN ROOF - CONTINUOUS

As first Soldier tops the ladder, Meriem grabs his rifle.

MERIEM
(Arabic "Thank you")
Shukran.

Meriem BUTT-STROKES him down the ladder onto his fellows. Runs for the lounge car with raised cupola.

TREES OVER TRAIN

As the train passes under trees, Cavalrymen swing aboard.

>> Cavalryman 1 swings, overshoots, slides overside, CRASHES on road bed.

>> Cavalryman 2 swings, SMACKS a pipe, breaking bones. Hunkers in agony.

>> Cavalryman 3 swings, lands between box cars, looks for a ladder. Nope, he's stuck.

Cpl Harrigan, sweating, swings aboard --

PRISON CAR PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

-- Harrigan SLAMS into a ladder, but grabs tight.

CPL HARRIGAN
Luck of the Irish.

He slides down the ladder -- between two German Soldiers.

TREES OVER TRAIN

Up a tree, John prepares to swing. But he spots Meriem running, hurries the swing --

TRAIN ROOF - CONTINUOUS

-- John SPRAWLS by Meriem, wobbles. She grabs his hand.

MERIEM
Lord Greystoke!

JOHN
Bless you, child.

MERIEM

Lady Greystoke is a prisoner --

JOHN

Down!

John mashes Meriem flat. Pulls the whip from his belt.

German Soldiers, armed, stagger along the train roof.

John SNAGS the whip around a man's ankle and FLIPS him into comrades. Two SPILL off the train HOWLING.

John BULLS into Soldiers and MASHES them down the ladder.

But a Soldier has climbed atop the next car. Aims. John SLINGS back the whip, too slow.

A SHOT sounds. Soldier falls off the train. Meriem shot him. Lying flat, she works the bolt and SHOOTs.

MERIEM

The lounge car with the cupola,
milord!

John runs. Meriem SHOOTs.

EXT. RAILROAD BRIDGE - UNDERNEATH - PRE-DAWN

Underneath the bridge, Dead Germans are draped over beams.

D'Arnot, Jack, and Others lash explosives to beams. The charges are a godawful mix of bags of black powder, sticks of TNT, and cannon shells.

D'ARNOT

To properly prepare such a demolition
would require six month's planning
and two weeks' execution.

Jack looks at the sun rising. Hears GUNSHOTS.

JACK

I'd give us --
(hears gunshots)
No time at all.

ON GORGE LIP

Cavalrymen, Militiamen, Legionnaires are SHOT at, SHOOT back.

UNDER BRIDGE

Jack and D'Arnot finish hastily.

D'ARNOT
Time to retreat.

JACK
I thought the French never retreat.

D'ARNOT
True. Time to partake of cafe' and
croissants.

They climb to the gorge lip. SHOTS intensify.

INT/EXT. TRAIN - VARIOUS

The train RATTLES through jungle close at hand.

PRISON CAR

Women gather at the locked door. Hear SCUFFLE, then silence.
Mrs DeKlerk readies a heavy bag to belt someone.

Door OPENS. No one enters.

CPL HARRIGAN (O.S.)
(bawls, sings)
"H, A, double R-I, G-A-N spells
Harrigan..."

Women SQUEAL. Cpl Harrigan enters. Filthy, bloody, grinning.

CPL HARRIGAN
Corporal Patrick Harrigan, Queen's
Royal Lancers by way of Donegal.
You be the women hostages in need of
rescuing? This way, then.

PRISON CAR PLATFORM

Two German Soldiers are dead. Cpl Harrigan kicks them off.

The train RATTLES through jungle on both sides.

MRS DEKLERK
Stop the train you will before we
dismount, no?

CPL HARRIGAN
Uh, no.

Pulling the whistle, he blows THREE WHISTLE BLASTS.

LOUNGE CAR PLATFORM

Schnatzmann stands on a platform in his elegant mess shirt, sword in hand. Soldiers climb ladders to the train roof.

SCHNATZMANN

Get up there and --

A Soldier reaches the top and hollers down.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Herr General, a man --

He's SHOT and falls. Then all Soldiers TUMBLE down the ladder almost onto Schnatzmann. Staggered, he gawks upward.

MAIL CAR

Jane is shackled to the stove. Soldiers TROT past. She TRIPS one, but he keeps going. She YANKS at her handcuffs.

LOUNGE CAR PLATFORM

Schnatzmann tries to bring up his sword --

-- as John SNARLS it with the whip and leaps among the tumbled Soldiers. ROARING, he throws Germans off the train.

JOHN

(bellows like an ape)

MAIL CAR

Jane, shackled twenty feet away, calls.

JANE

John, I'm here! John, behind you!

LOUNGE CAR PLATFORM

John BELLOWS too loud to hear Jane. Schnatzmann retreats into the lounge car. John charges after.

LOUNGE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Schnatzmann bolts, hampered by Soldiers crowding forward.

John charges in. Twists away rifles and swings them like clubs. Throws men through windows. Hurls furniture. SHOTS, CRASHING, SPLINTERING GLASS.

Schnatzmann turns to fence. John pulls his battered knife.

SCHNATZMANN

This sword was given me by the Kaiser.

JOHN

This knife was given me by my father.

They fence. Schnatzmann is balletic, formally trained. John slashes, kicks, throws furniture.

Schnatzmann's sword goes flying. Weaponless, he throws something and runs. John runs after.

OTHER LOUNGE CAR PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Schnatzmann stumbles out of the lounge car. In the car opposite, Soldiers prepare something.

SCHNATZMANN

Kill him!

A Soldier pulls Schnatzmann aside and down.

GERMAN SOLDIER

General, cover your ears.

John bursts from the lounge car -- screeches to a halt. In the opposite car, Soldiers FIRE a MACHINE GUN.

John leaps straight up, catches the train roof. SHOTS chase him, blowing chunks off the rail car.

John flips atop the train roof, runs. SHOTS chase him.

EXT. RAILROAD BRIDGE - DAWN

Jack, D'Arnot, and Others climb from under the bridge.

Cavalrymen, Militia, Legionnaires trade SHOTS with Germans. A Legionnaire is SHOT. A Militiaman is SHOT.

D'ARNOT

Fall back, *mes braves*!

SHOOTING, they retreat to brush. Jack picks up the Waziri bow and arrows. BULLETS ZING around.

D'ARNOT

Never a better time, *mon ami*.

CAVALRY SNIPER pulls a sniper rifle from a case. Jack points him to one side of the bridge.

JACK

Follow my lead.

Jack runs under the bridge for the opposite side.

Jack sticks arrows, with blasting caps taped on, in the dirt. Strikes a match, lights a SIZZLING blasting cap-arrow.

INT/EXT. TRAIN - VARIOUS

The train RATTLES through jungle close at hand.

MAIL CAR

Shackled, Jane hears FOOTSTEPS RUN overhead.

JANE

John!

He doesn't hear. Jane curses and yanks at her handcuffs.

TRAIN ROOF

John skids to Meriem. Out of ammo, she chucks the rifle.

JOHN

Jane's not in the lounge car --

Harrigan's THREE WHISTLE BLASTS sound.

JOHN

There. She's free.

MERIEM

But she wasn't in the prison car either.

JOHN

What? Then where --

Soldiers climb to the train roof. One big German BRUISER has a cutlass. He rushes John.

But John turns his back, faces the front of the train.

SHOT: Ahead, the jungle ends and veldt begins.

SHOT: A leafy branch oddly hangs in mid-air above the tracks.

JOHN

Time to go.

MERIEM

Lady Greystoke?

JOHN

In a moment. Hang tight.

John slings Meriem on his back like a monkey. Runs.

German Bruiser grins, grips his cutlass, chases.

JUNGLE ENDS, VELDT BEGINS

The train ROARS out of the jungle onto the veldt. The German Engineering Camp is minutes away, the bridge just beyond.

John, carrying Meriem, leaps for the mid-air hank of brush. It marks a rope slung between trees.

John snags the rope. Hooks Meriem on the rope. She clings with all fours like a monkey.

JOHN

Find Jack!

MERIEM

He's here too?

(sees danger)

Lord Greystoke!

As the train rushes underneath, German Bruiser arrives --

-- SLASHES the rope. John FLOPS to the train roof --

-- While Meriem SWINGS wildly into trees.

MERIEM

Ahhhhh!

German Bruiser SWINGS to cut John in half. More Soldiers stagger their way. John bounds up, battles Bruiser as...

... Train races toward the Engineering Camp and bridge, where the tracks end.

EXT. RAILROAD BRIDGE

D'Arnot directs men SHOOTING at Germans.

Cavalry Sniper sights on bridge, waiting. Jack aims his blasting cap-arrow.

JACK

Hooray for Guy Fawkes!

Jack SHOOTs. Sniper SHOOTs.

UNDER BRIDGE

A bullet hits a cannon shell. EXPLODES.

A SIZZLING arrow hits a sack of gunpowder. EXPLODES.
More bullets and arrows trigger more EXPLOSIONS.
Bridge timbers are knocked out, CREAK, begin to topple.

INT/EXT. TRAIN - VARIOUS

The train races across veldt toward the camp and bridge.

PRISON CAR PLATFORM

Cpl Harrigan leans out, sees the German camp approach.

CPL HARRIGAN
Time, ladies.

MRS DEKLERK
What should we -- Ahh!

He SHOVES Mrs DeKlerk off the train to BOUNCE on grass.

CPL HARRIGAN
Tuck and roll!

He boosts the ladies off the train into grass. Sees the bridge collapsing. Jumps.

MAIL CAR

Jane uses a dropped rifle to pry against her handcuffs.
Schnatzmann runs through, rips rifle away, keeps going.

JANE
You were warned!

MAIL CAR PLATFORM

There's a locker on the wall. And a brake wheel.

Schnatzmann sees Cpl Harrigan jump. Spins. Sees the bridge collapsing. He opens locker, grabs a mallet, HAMMERS the train coupling.

Coupling PARTS. Lines SNAP. Train halves separate.

Schnatzmann turns the SCREECHING brake wheel. The back half of the train GRINDS, slows, slows...

The engine and front cars rush on.

RUSHING TRAIN HALF - ROOF

John battles German Bruiser. But he's getting tired. He BLOCKS a cutlass swing, knocks the cutlass flying, but gets PUNCHED flat. Bruiser STOMPS him with hobnailed boots.

Soldiers see the bridge collapse. SHOUT. Bail. German Bruiser looks. Unaware, John tackles him so --

TRAIN PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

-- Tangled, John and Bruiser fall onto a platform.

They're TRAMPLED by German Soldiers scrambling to abandon the train. But keep fighting. Bruiser HAMMERS John's head against iron, STRANGLES him. John weakens.

EXT. RAILROAD BRIDGE

The collapsing bridge TEARS UP EARTH around the gorge.

Jack and Cavalry Sniper fall back to D'Arnot and Militiamen. BULLETS ZIP. Germans advance steadily.

The bridge GROANS, FALLS.

D'ARNOT

Having accomplished our mission, I suggest we report to Headquarters for new orders.

JACK

Headquarters?

D'ARNOT

Paris or London. Your choice.

SHOOTING, they run for brush --

-- Are plunged in shadow. Look up, shocked.

EXT. RUSHING TRAIN HALF - PLATFORM

Half-blind from fatigue, John battles Bruiser, unaware Soldiers dive off the train.

Bruiser finally sees the downed bridge, quits fighting, tries to dive off. But dazed John hangs on grimly.

EXT. GORGE RIVER

The train runs out of track --
 -- Arches, falls, falls, falls -
 -- And CRASHES in the shallow river.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - UNDERWATER

Bruiser POUNDS John to get free as they SUBMERGE.
 John lets go Bruiser. TANGLES in bars or a ladder. BLOWS
 BUBBLES. May drown. Sees daylight above. YANKS loose.
 Swims for the surface. But daylight turns black. Huh?

EXT. GORGE RIVER

John breaks the surface, GASPS. He's in shadow.
 Hanging over the camp is a giant (400' long) zeppelin!

EXT. STOPPED TRAIN HALF - MAIL CAR PLATFORM

Schnatzmann SIGHS as back half of the train SHUDDERS, stops.
 He enters Mail Car, carrying the mallet.

INT. TRAIN - MAIL CAR

Jane is shackled to stove. Schnatzmann enters with mallet.

JANE
 That racket sounded like a train
 wreck.

SCHNATZMANN
 An English lord plunged to his death.

Schnatzmann SMASHES a chunk off stove. Finds a cord and
 drops it around Jane's neck.

JANE
 I've heard that before.

He drags her out.

EXT. GORGE RIVER

John slogs for shore. Bleeding and sore.

Some German BODIES float. Bruiser is one. CROCODILES slither into the river to feast.

Two CROCODILES swim toward John. As one closes, John grabs it around the snout, SLAMS it atop the other croc.

JOHN

Not now.

He slogs ashore and collapses.

EXT. ZEPPELIN ON GROUND

The zeppelin moors as Soldiers grab ropes and tie it down.

It fills the sky, big as a fallen skyscraper.

EXT. GERMAN ENGINEERING CAMP - MORNING

Dragging Jane, Schnatzmann exits the stopped train. He retrieved his sword and pistol.

At jungle's edge, Germans SHOOT at D'Arnot and Jack's men.

German Soldiers hop off train, open box cars, fetch equipment, assemble, very orderly. 100+. Bad news for our heroes.

SCHNATZMANN

Where is Lt Jung?

Nobody knows.

JANE

Ask "the Arab girl".

Schnatzmann hands Jane's leash to a Soldier. GERMAN ENGINEER OFFICER runs up with other Officers.

GERMAN ENGINEER OFFICER

General Schnatzmann? We had no warning --

SCHNATZMANN
 You are senior officer? These are
 your staff?
 (to Soldiers)
 Shoot them.

German Soldiers SHOOT Engineer Officers dead.

SCHNATZMANN
 Staff Sergeant!

An old-time Engineer Staff Sgt comes forward, trembling.

SCHNATZMANN
 Sweep the jungle. Keep the saboteurs
 away from the zeppelin. Go!

Staff Sgt BAWLS. German Engineers BLAST the jungle.
 Schnatzmann heads toward the zeppelin. Jane is dragged along.

EXT. JUNGLE

D'Arnot and Jack's men retreat through jungle. They SHOOT.
 BULLETS ZIP.

JACK
 You blow up one little bridge --

SHOTS become FURIOUS. They FLOP in brush. Cavalryman Sniper
 rises to shoot, but is SHOT.

JACK
 Cease fire! Conserve your ammunition!

D'ARNOT
 10 to one out there. More.

JACK
 We've got a thousand miles of
 uncharted jungle behind us.

A Militiaman HISSES. Evrard, his Track Crew, and more Natives
 scoot through brush with axes, machetes, captured rifles.

EVRARD
 John Clayton sent us. What can we
 do?

Jack points at Germans. Natives slither off. D'Arnot looks
 at Jack: How does he DO that?

EXT. JUNGLE TO VELDT

Cpl Harrigan collects Female Hostages. He carries one Woman with a twisted ankle. SHOOTING in German camp intensifies. They move back down the railroad tracks into jungle.

MRS DEKLERK

Can we count on you to protect us,
Corporal?

CPL HARRIGAN

Ma'am, comforting stray women is my
specialty, but I must report -- Eh?

Far down the railroad tracks, a train HOOTS.

They hide, then Harrigan recognizes it. It's the antique train hauling flatcars of Waziri.

Train stops. Waziri point in wonder at the zeppelin. Muviro approaches Cpl Harrigan. Distant GUNFIRE is intense.

MUVIRO

Jambo. Where is John Clayton?

CPL HARRIGAN

Where it's raining.

Muviro waves. Waziri dismount.

CPL HARRIGAN

Sir, he requests you free the slaves
and get them to safety. But you're
outnumbered.

MUVIRO

Germans are soldiers. Waziri are
warriors. What is that thing?

CPL HARRIGAN

A zeppelin. Ship of the air?

Muviro shakes his head. Warriors disappear into the jungle.

Antique Train Engineer signals: They're going back home.
Harrigan boosts Women on the train. Mrs DeKlerk KISSES him.

MRS DEKLERK

Our guardian angel.

CPL HARRIGAN

Even me mum would dispute that, Ma'am.

He tips an imaginary hat as the train pulls back.

EXT. JUNGLE

GUNFIRE slackens as Native Track Crew CHOPS down Germans.
Jack and D'Arnot SHOOT carefully to conserve ammo.

John walks up behind. Wet, battered, near-naked. Silent.

JOHN

Jack.

Everyone jumps. AHH!

JOHN

Meriem is safe -- up a tree somewhere.
Your mother --

John sags to one knee. Jack hands binoculars. John looks.

SHOT THROUGH BINOCES: At the zeppelin, Schnatzmann gives order.
Jane is nearby on her leash.

JOHN

Thank Providence.

John shakes hands with D'Arnot.

HOFFMAN

Him you know too?

JOHN

When I met Paul, I was an animal.
He taught me how to be a man.

D'ARNOT

Hardly a kindness, given the state
of mankind.

EXT. ZEPPELIN ON GROUND

Schnatzmann hand-picks 20+ Soldiers to board the zeppelin.
He keeps Jane close. He sends the rest to attack.

JANE

20 men to build an empire, General?

SCHNATZMANN

We will triumph. We are invincible.

JANE

You're invaders. We'll hound you
night and day until you're dead or
gone --

Schnatzmann HAMMERS her with a pistol. Drags her aboard.

EXT. JUNGLE

German Engineers and Soldiers SHOOT. Our heroes can't reach
the zeppelin. Jack watches through binoculars.

JACK

I see where I inherited my rowdy
temper.

JOHN

He'll die slowly.

JACK

The general abandons the field?

NEHRU

The bridge demolition sets them back
months. And their grand scheme will
soon be exposed to the world.

HOFFMAN

Abandon the East-West link altogether
they may.

JOHN

Likely he pulls back for new orders.
But where?

D'ARNOT

A zeppelin can travel 50 miles an
hour. Faster with a tailwind.

JOHN

Anywhere in Africa in two days.
Europe in three.

JACK

Germany?

JOHN

Jane...

The zeppelin casts off lines and rises.

D'ARNOT

Bon voyage.

John rises to go forward -- and faints.

EXT. ZEPPELIN ON GROUND

The zeppelin rises, turns slowly, bores away north. GUNFIRE
PAUSES as men watch it fly out of sight. Then Germans press
a new attack, SHOUT.

EXT. JUNGLE

Bullets ZING. Jack and D'Arnot haul unconscious John deeper
into the jungle. Lay him down. John revives somewhat.
Jack frets but looks at his men.

D'ARNOT

Duty calls.

Jack runs off. D'Arnot gives John first aid.

D'ARNOT

Mon ami. If I taught you anything,
when we can no longer rely on
ourselves, we rely on family and
friends.

JOHN

(groggy)

I'm a danger -- to everyone.

D'ARNOT

An inspiration.

In BG, Jack's WHISTLE and COMMANDS ring out.

JOHN

That's my boy.

D'ARNOT

Pity the Code of Fatherhood dictates
we must never praise them.

JOHN

Would you believe Jack trounced me?
Only man to ever beat me in a fight.

D'ARNOT

Old lions give way to young ones.

JOHN

Then lay down to die.

John closes his eyes. D'Arnot works faster.

D'ARNOT
No, no, no --

D'Arnot pauses. Hears a -- BUZZ?

EXT. SLAVE CAMP

Not far from the work site, back in the jungle.

Squalid native huts are packed tight. Natives, enslaved, are chained together and to thick posts in the ground.

GUNFIRE sounds at the Engineer camp. GERMAN GUARDS patrol, fret, wonder what to do. KEY RINGS JINGLE.

A Waziri arrow ZIPS, kills a Guard. ZIP, kills another. Waziri charge, HOWLING. Guards break. Slaves trip them.

BATTLE is short and bloody.

Muviro directs. Warriors take keys and unshackle slaves. Slaves are joyous, exhausted, weeping.

MUVIRO
Send your women and children to
safety. Any who would fight, join
the Waziri.

Many Slaves grab tools. CHATTER. Muviro signals: Silence. Distant GUNFIRE sounds. They fade into the jungle.

EXT. VELDT

Jack rallies Cavalrymen, Militiamen, and Legionnaires, but BULLETS keep them pinned down.

JACK
I'm liable to hold the shortest
commission in the British Army.

Cpl Harrigan scurries up, flops.

CPL HARRIGAN
The hostages are safe, sir, on a
returning train. Your Whats-Its
Warriors showed up.

JACK
The Waziri. Where are they?

Suddenly Jack freezes, listens. Hears a BUZZ. He signals men to keep firing, then melts into brush.

EXT. GERMAN ENGINEERING CAMP

BUZZING gets louder. Three British biplanes fly from over the jungle. One is Percy's "Dry Martini".

IN THE COCKPIT

Percy is unsure whose camp this is. Signals other Pilots to veer wide.

EDGE OF JUNGLE

Jack digs in a pouch, pulls a flare gun, loads a green cartridge, FIRES into the sky.

IN THE COCKPIT

The flare arcs high. Percy waggles wings: "Attack". Pulling levers, Pilots drop small bombs amid Germans.

IN THE CAMP

German Engineers run every whichway to evade BOMB EXPLOSIONS.

German CANNONEERS SHOOT down a British plane that CRASHES.

Percy and other pilot STRAFE the camp.

EDGE OF JUNGLE

Jack YELLS in triumph. Runs back to his men.

CPL HARRIGAN

Sir, something's brewing --

Waziri Warriors and freed Slaves HOWL as they rush past.

JACK

Come on, lads. Don't let the local boys have all the fun!

CPL HARRIGAN

You heard "Crackerjack"!

Jack, Cavalrymen, Militiamen, Legionnaires charge. German Soldiers, leaderless and under fire, panic.

Waziri CLUB Germans. STAB with spears. SHOOT with arrows. Slaves attack with tools. SHOUTS, SCREAMS, SHOTS.

Attacked from all sides, German Engineers are wiped out. No mercy. Men argue over who kills the last Germans.

The two British biplanes ZOOM overhead. Jack salutes.

Waziri start a VICTORY DANCE, stomping and hollering. Jack runs and jumps in. Cavalrymen are boggled.

MERIEM (O.S.)

Jack!

JACK

Meriem!

Meriem comes running. She's filthy, dress in shreds, bare feet bloody from running miles. But well.

Jack opens his arms to hug her. Men nudge and grin. But Meriem suddenly halts. Angry, hands on hips.

MERIEM

So, here you are, gallivanting with your friends.

JACK

Uh, well, I...

MERIEM

Tell me the truth, Jack Clayton.
Did you come to fight the Germans or to rescue me?

JACK

A -- little of both?

Meriem SNIFFS and walks off. Guys give Jack the HORSE LAUGH.

EXT. JUNGLE

Slapping, prodding, D'Arnot finally wakes John.

D'ARNOT

Come on, old lion. One more fight in Her Majesty's service.

JOHN

(groggy)

What --

D'Arnot gives John a slug from a flask, takes one himself.

D'ARNOT

Deeds, not words.

D'Arnot drags him up and away.

EXT. GERMAN ENGINEERING CAMP

Percy lands his plane. The other biplane lands.

D'Arnot half-carries John to Percy's plane. John rallies with new hope. Jack runs to help.

PERCY

Jolly fun potting Jerries. Got any more?

JACK

Women. You got my message?

PERCY

Your ogre-ish commander's orders were, "Get up in that blinking kite and find out where this blinking Lieutenant Clayton has taken my blinking cavalry!" Except he didn't say "blinking".

(to John)

You, sir, can only be --

JACK

My father, John Clayton.

They shake, but John leans on the plane. Everyone worries. Except D'Arnot. He points north.

D'ARNOT

Captain, the zeppelin. Can you catch it?

PERCY

Hard to miss, isn't it? I'm low on petrol, low on ammo, and haven't had a drink since breakfast, but anything's possible.

Percy runs to the other plane, commandeers petrol and ammo.

John's clothing is shredded. He strips, takes a leopard skin from a dead Waziri -- with a prayer of apology -- fashions a loincloth, keeps his boots.

He collects his old knife, a bow and quiver, coil of rope, rifle, ammo belt. Jack follows, worried.

JACK
You know those sausages explode if
you sneeze on them.

JOHN
We'll be gentle.

JACK
We can't follow. That country's
impassable, unexplored.

JOHN
I've been there.

JACK
Father, I'd go, but --

John presses his shoulder.

JOHN
Jack, I couldn't be more proud. Go,
serve the king.

JACK
You'll always be my king.

They shake hands.

PERCY
Ready, old top! Contact!

Percy REVS the engine. John straps in the back seat. Note
his cockpit has a joystick and pedals.

They fly off. Men CHEER and FIRE GUNS in salute.

John strips his boots and drops them overside, finally down
to his classic outfit.

Jack watches the biplane fly off.

CPL HARRIGAN
Sir, all them balmy stories. They
ain't real, are they?

Jack just grins.

MINUTES LATER

Tiny Meriem is consoled by towering Female Waziri splashed
with blood. They glare as Jack runs up -- and kneels.

MERIEM
What are you doing?

JACK

Meriem. I apologize for slighting you. This may not be the best time or place, but I would consider it the greatest honor if you would consent to be my wife.

MERIEM

I will.

FEMALE WAZIRI

Whoo-oo-oo!

Jack and Meriem KISS.

INT. ZEPPELIN GONDOLA

The gondola, slung underneath, is like a ship's bridge with windows all around.

Jungle stretches below.

Zeppelin Crew steer and watch gauges. ZEP CAPTAIN and ZEP OFFICER scan with binoculars and a telescope.

Schnatzmann enters. Jane trails. She's no longer in handcuffs or leash, but watches for a chance.

SCHNATZMANN

How soon until we reach Douala?

ZEP CAPTAIN

Prevailing winds flow west. Nine hours should see it.

SCHNATZMANN

It better. I shot the last crew of incompetents.

JANE

You'd do well to drop me off, General. Even in uncharted jungle.

SCHNATZMANN

Lady Greystoke, perhaps you confuse yourself with Cleopatra. The German Empire is the master of the skies.

Jane walks to a window, gazes out, hoping.

PERCY'S BIPLANE

Percy flies. Hands John binoculars. John scans the sky.

PERCY

You know, your lordship, Jack always brags about your exploits. Dinner was always "My father this, and my father that."

JOHN

Must have bored you to tears.

PERCY

What I mean is, Jack thinks the world of you.

JOHN

And I of him.

PERCY

That's one thing Jack never said.

(beat)

Not that I don't mind a good donnybrook, but just we two will brace the Kaiser's finest?

JOHN

If our luck holds, I hope to recruit a few hundred more. Ah. There.

SHOT THROUGH BINOCES: The zeppelin bores on.

PERCY

Right-o!

Percy gooses the throttle. ENGINE REVS. John stops him. ENGINE QUIETS.

JOHN

No, hang back. Let them run.

PERCY

Sir, we only have a range of 200-odd miles.

JOHN

(calculates)

That should do it. Wake me in an hour.

John conks out. Percy looks down at forbidding jungle.

PERCY

And where will we be then?

AN HOUR LATER

Late afternoon. Percy flies. The plane rocks in the air.

PERCY

Milord!

John jolts awake. Below, jungle flows up hills toward a mountainous ridge. John is galvanized. Checks his rifle.

JOHN

Just over that ridge is a wide valley.

PERCY

With a landing strip, refueling station, and pub?

JOHN

Something better. Catch the zep.

Percy gooses the throttle. ENGINE REVS.

PERCY

If I crack up one more kite, the RAF will garnish my pay.

JOHN

Land in that valley and I'll buy you a fleet.

Huh?

ZEPPELIN GONDOLA

Crew flies. Schnatzmann studies maps, makes calculations. Jane gazes out windows, puzzles at landscape. Peeks at Schnatzmann's map, nods. Now he's puzzled.

Zep Officer at the telescope spots something behind.

ZEP OFFICER

Commander, we're being pursued. By a... British Sopwith Camel.

Jane runs for the rear window, delighted.

JANE

Aha!

SCHNATZMANN

You have a scout plane? Release it. And arm your cannons.

JANE

May I freshen up? I want to look my best when my husband arrives.

ZEPPELIN AIR SPACE

A bay in the zep's belly opens. A German biplane is winched down, released. It BORES for Percy's plane. TESTS MACHINE GUN. RAT-A-TAT!

PERCY'S BIPLANE

Percy flies. John COCKS his rifle.

PERCY

We're low on ammo. Shall I return
fire or knock him out of the sky
with sheer dashing bravado?

JOHN

Allow me.

John SHOOTs at the German biplane.

GERMAN BIPLANE

Bullets PUNCH holes through the wings. German biplane dives.

PERCY'S BIPLANE

John SHOOTs chips off the German biplane. Percy flies at the zep, sees a port open, shakes his head grimly.

ZEPPELIN CANNON COMPARTMENT

A small compartment near the zep's tail. A hatch leads to the zep's interior.

A port swings opens. German Gunners arm a small cannon.

PERCY'S BIPLANE

Percy flies, calls back.

PERCY

You do know it's not easy to torch a
sausage? You need tracers -- Whoops!

A CANNON ROUND EXPLODES nearby, a ball of smoke and heat. Percy's plane rocks. John would pitch out if not for straps.

German biplane bores in and SHOOTs. John aims his rifle, but Percy's biplane wobbles, tilts.

JOHN

Percy, keep her steady --

Percy is DEAD, shot. The engine catches fire. Streaming oil spins back in flames. The biplane tailspins.

John grabs his controls and flies: he knows how. Unhooks the straps, ditches bow and quiver and rifle.

German biplane soars close, PEPPERS Percy's burning biplane. Desperate, John flips the plane over -- and JUMPS.

PERCY
God speed, Percy.

John hurtles through the air --

GERMAN BIPLANE - CONTINUOUS

-- and THUMPS down on the German biplane's wing.

Wings are covered with painted fabric, so John actually PUNCHES through cloth and hangs onto the wooden frame.

In BG, Percy's burning plane spins away, lost in the jungle.

ZEPPELIN GONDOLA

Zep Officers, Schnatzmann, and Jane see John's jump.

ZEP OFFICER
Not possible!

Jane LAUGHS.

GERMAN BIPLANE

German Pilot, shocked, waggles the plane to flip John off.

John clamps his knife handle in his teeth and climbs down the wing like a spider.

German Pilot struggles to pull a pistol. John takes the pistol and tosses it. SLASHES pilot's straps.

Tosses German Pilot out. Drops into the seat. ZOOMS for the zeppelin.

ZEPPELIN GONDOLA

Zep Officer grabs a speaking tube.

ZEP OFFICER
Gun crew, fire on that plane. Yes,
our scout plane. Shoot it down.

Schnatzmann pulls a pistol, holds it to Zep Captain's head.

SCHNATZMANN
Take us down.

ZEP CAPTAIN
It's jungle. There's nowhere to
land.

SCHNATZMANN
Down.

ZEP CAPTAIN
Pilots, crash dive. Ballast captain,
crack the valves.

ZEPPELIN AIR SPACE

The zeppelin tilts nose-down. Valves atop the zeppelin POP
open and SPILL hydrogen. The zeppelin drops rapidly.

GERMAN BIPLANE

John aims the German biplane at the zeppelin's top.

CANNON COMPARTMENT

Gun crew SHOOTs the cannon, then can't elevate to hit him.

GERMAN BIPLANE

John uncoils rope, trails a long loop, lassos the zep's tail.
JUMPS. Swings in space, soaring.

ZEPPELIN AIR SPACE

Biplane CRASHES atop the zeppelin's metal skin. BURNS.

ZEPPELIN GONDOLA

Officers SCREAM orders. Jane watches John.

JANE
John! I'm here!

ZEPPELIN AIR SPACE

John, swinging on the rope, SLIDES alongside the gondola --

-- Sees Jane through a window. They touch through glass.

Zep Officers pull pistols, SHOOT out the glass. John KICKS
away, climbs and swings into --

CANNON COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

-- John THUMPS to a landing. German Gunners gawk. John
pulls his knife, bares his teeth. His goal is the hatch to
the zep's interior.

ZEPPELIN AIR SPACE

The top of the zeppelin EXPLODES. Metal skin peels as internal gas bags EXPLODE ONE BY ONE. The zeppelin, low over the jungle, CRACKS in half.

CANNON COMPARTMENT

John SLASHES wildly at German Cannon Crew. The zeppelin rocks, tilts. John spills out the port --

ZEPPELIN AIR SPACE - CONTINUOUS

-- John falls into treetops. BANGS, BANGS, BANGS into branches, and is knocked out.

Zeppelin FLOPS on the jungle canopy.

EXT. OPAR RUINS

Opar, a long-lost colony of Atlantis, is overgrown by jungle. Only a few ziggurat corners are visible.

The broken zeppelin hangs in the jungle canopy. A few German Bodies litter the ground.

German Soldiers drop rope ladders and reach the jungle floor. All have weapons: rifles, pistols, potato-masher grenades. They strip the dead of more weapons and ammo.

Schnatzmann gains the ground. Jane is "escorted" by Soldiers. He directs the force out from under the burning zeppelin.

Catching breath, they look around. Finally notice towering ruins under the greenery.

ZEP OFFICER

Where are we?

Jane parts greenery, nods. The terrain seemed familiar.

Ancient carved runes show scenes of Atlantis.

JANE

Opar.

SCHNATZMANN

What did you say?

JANE

O-par. A long-lost colony of Atlantis. My husband visited here.

SCHNATZMANN

Poppycock.

JANE

You wanted an empire? This was one.

ZEP OFFICER

What shall we do, Herr General?

SCHNATZMANN

Deport ourselves like Germans. Camp for the night and move out at dawn.

JANE

I don't know if that's wise.
According to -- one source, Opar is still inhabited.

They listen. Eerie silence.

SCHNATZMANN

Sergeant Major, schedule pickets.
Engineers, dig a fire pit and latrines. Quartermaster, inventory our supplies. Move, you louts.

JANE

And what shall I do, Herr General?

SCHNATZMANN

Wait for rescue by your uber-husband.

Jane looks around warily.

JANE

Or his friends.

EXT. TREETOPS - EVENING

John sprawls in a tree fork, unconscious. Still has a coil of rope and his knife.

Something OS Tugs at his feet. He wakes, dazed.

JOHN

(dazed)

Jane. No biting.

John is JERKED hard. A PYTHON swallows his feet.

JOHN

(Ape language)

Sord Hista. Tand-popo tarmangani.

Calmly making a loop of rope, John PUNCHES the python in both eyes. It HISSES, lets go his feet, lunges --

-- John catches its head in the loop, snugs the python tight to the branch. It THRASHES. John cuts off excess rope.

JOHN

I will grant you freedom, Hista.
Later.

John drops to ground. Hears GERMAN VOICES. Stalks.

EXT. OPAR AMPHITHEATER - NIGHT

Germans camp in a stone amphitheater. A pig roasts over a fire. Some try to sleep, but can't. Nervous Sentries patrol inside firelight. It's eerie-silent.

Out in the darkness, GLOWING EYES watch.

Jane sits and eats fruit. Schnatzmann broods over a map, compass, and star readings. Frustrated.

JANE

I'm not sure we're on your map.

SCHNATZMANN

And that means?

JANE

Didn't Albert Einstein, a German,
posit that space and time are
relative? That space can be warped
by outside forces? If true, couldn't
time also be warped in remote regions?

Schnatzmann SNIFFS, but leery Germans listen.

ZEP OFFICER

Do you mean, milady, we may have
stepped out of the 20th century?

SCHNATZMANN

Cease your Socialist jabber.

JANE

I think you'll discover wonders.
Those who survive the night.
(beat)
Most African animals are nocturnal.
Why is this forest so quiet?

ZEP OFFICER
Something frightens even predators?

SCHNATZMANN
The next man who posits fairy tale
nonsense will be shot for
insubordination.

ZEP OFFICER
Yes, Herr General. Of course, it
might be a good idea to double the --

At the edge of firelight, a nervous Sentry paces as --

-- A rope SNARES his neck and YANKS him into darkness.
Sentries FIRE blindly.

SCHNATZMANN
Cease fire! Conserve ammunition!
You, you, you, find that sentry.

Terrified Soldiers creep into darkness.

A rope drops over a man from above, WHISKS him into a tree.
Soldiers SHOOT wildly upward, run for the campfire.

EXT. TREETOPS

John coils rope, props a neck-broken Soldier in a fork.
Takes the Soldier's grenades and boot laces, fashions a bolo
with grenades for weights.

He moves to drop to ground, but stops.

Below, SINISTER hunched SHAPES surround the camp.

John nods, diverts.

EXT. OPAR AMPHITHEATER

Schnatzmann berates his troops.

SCHNATZMANN
Remember your oath as soldiers. If
you think the darkness fearsome, try
crossing me --

A DRUMBEAT starts, slow and sinister. Soldiers cower.

Jane yawns, stretches, and walks toward jungle.

SCHNATZMANN

Where are you going?

JANE

Some things a woman must do alone.

SCHNATZMANN

You do not fear the darkness?

Jane LAUGHS, steps into darkness, turns a corner --

-- And meets a LEOPARD! She SCREAMS. It ROARS.

NOT FAR OFF

John primes three grenades on the bolo, WHIPS it.

The bolo snarls three Soldiers standing back to back.
Grenades THUMP their chests.

OS, Jane SCREAMS. Leopard ROARS.

JOHN

Jane!

Grenades EXPLODE, blowing up Soldiers. That's it for
discipline. Germans scatter.

John dashes through them. Finds Jane's dress soaked in blood.

JOHN

Jane... Jane!

John goes berserk. He runs amid Germans, ROARING, SLASHING.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS

>> Germans run to a stream, cross "stepping stones" that are
CROCODILES, fall in the water, get SNAPPED UP.

>> Germans stumble on "rocks" that are HIPPOS, get TRAMPLED.

>> Germans run into a "man", actually a GORILLA, are attacked.

>> Germans run into rawhide loops, are YANKED up to strangle.

>> Germans run, TRIP over ropes, are BLUDGEONED by clubs.

>> Germans run headlong onto crude spears held by hairy arms.

EXT. OPAR AMPHITHEATER - DAWN

Schnatzmann backs to three Soldiers. Points a pistol and sword all around, defiant.

SCHNATZMANN

Come out and fight, you coward --

A German Soldier is SPEARED. Soldiers SHOOT. A Soldier is CLUNKED by a rock. Schnatzmann hangs onto last Soldier.

SCHNATZMANN

I do not fear you, ape man!

Last Soldier is jerked from Schnatzmann's hand.

John, streaked with blood and dirt, silent and grim, hoists Soldier overhead, hurls him to BREAK on a rock.

Schnatzmann aims pistol. John easily grabs it. BANG, CLICK. John twists, tosses it.

Schnatzmann levels his sword. John pulls his knife. Easily flicks Schnatzmann's blade aside, CLICK, CLICK.

SCHNATZMANN

You cannot defeat me! You are inferior -- Aggh!

John easily catches his hand and BREAKS his wrist.

SCHNATZMANN

We will conquer -- Uck!

John picks Schnatzmann up, THROWS him against a wall. Against the ground. Against a tree. Then strangles him slowly.

JANE (O.S.)

John!

John doesn't hear, doesn't stop.

JANE

John Clayton, stop this instant!

Dimly, John hears. Looks around.

Jane wears an opulent strange robe dripping with gold and jewels. A bloody claw marks her cheek. She smiles.

JANE

John, dear. I'm tired. Can you take me home, please?

John drops Schnatzmann and hugs Jane ever-so gently.

JOHN

Jane.

JANE

(clears throat)

PAN BACK. The amphitheater is ringed by TROGLODYTES of Opar, brutes like black Neanderthals.

Standing before them is LA, their queen.

La is a Negro woman, beautiful, obviously kidnapped as a child. She wears finery from the glory days of Atlantis.

JOHN

La.

Wordless, La points to go. Troglodytes part. Jane curtseys.

JANE

Merci, your highness.

John leads Jane by the hand down a jungle path.

Schnatzmann, with a broken wrist, staggers up and follows.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH

John covers Jane's eyes as they pass --

-- German corpses hung like beef. FEMALE TROGS slice hunks.

SECONDS BEHIND

Schnatzmann sees the butchers and corpses, runs on.

AHEAD

John walks with Jane. Hears RUNNING behind. Picks up a fallen spear. Waits.

Schnatzmann runs, stops, straightens bravely, cradling his broken wrist.

SCHNATZMANN

Strike.

JANE

John...

SCHNATZMANN

A kinder fate than awaits me here,
or back home.

Tame again, John can't kill a wounded man. He looks to Jane.
She nods, "Your choice."

A RUSTLE sounds above. Or a LEAF falls. John looks up.

JOHN

Comes a time a man must hang up his
spear.

John THROWS the spear into the trees. It doesn't come down.

Taking Jane's hand, they exit down the path.

Schnatzmann looks up, waits, resigned as --

-- Giant python, a severed rope around its neck, drops.

AHEAD

John and Jane walk. John stops, kneels.

JOHN

Jane, I'm sorry --

JANE

Hush. The Lord of the Jungle must
never be tamed.

They KISS.

EXT. VALLEY EDGE

John and Jane top a rise, look over vast unending jungle.

JOHN

We've a long walk.

JANE

We've much to discuss.

JOHN

I gave Jack my blessing.

JANE

I gave Meriem mine.

Huh? Jane gestures, "You'll see".

JOHN

You were right. A move to Nigeria
for the duration. The Waziri can
watch what's left of the ranch.

Jane toys with her gold and jeweled necklaces.

JANE

I propose we buy land. A big tract.

JOHN

Another coffee ranch?

JANE

The war will take a toll on Africa's
wildlife. A game preserve is what's
needed. Forests, veldt, lakes running
for leagues, animals and birds needing
a gamekeeper's protection.

JOHN

A range like that would keep a man
busy for a lifetime.

JANE

And happy?

John takes a deep breath.

PAN BACK over endless jungle as the VICTORY CRY OF THE BULL
APE rings out.

FADE OUT