

"Tarzan"

Screenplay by
John Collee

Based on the novels of
Edgar Rice Burroughs

A BABY wakes, trying to comprehend its surroundings in the gray twilight.

Noises off: The sound of timbers creaking and the erratic slap of waves against a wooden ship's hull.

ABC bricks dangle among hangings of white lace, which swing violently as another big wave rocks the ship, the cabin, and the cradle.

Caption: S.S Fulawa. May 1878

Fade in the distant sound of men's angry voices. Alarmed, the infant's face crumples and it begins to cry.

LADY ALICE awakes, a beautiful Englishwoman of 25. She gathers up the baby, drops the shoulder-strap of her night gown and suckles it in the half-light.

LADY ALICE

Hush there, little one.

Then she hears the sounds which disturbed her baby: footsteps and angry voices - louder than before.

1ST MATE (O.S)

You've no business astern o' the mast! Back to your berths I say!

Lady Alice shakes her husband

LADY ALICE

John. John.

LORD JOHN CLAYTON wakes beside her - mid-30s, a leader of men.

LADY ALICE

Listen....

BLACK MICHAEL (O.S.)

Captain! Men want a word with you.

CAPTAIN (O.S)

What! ...Mutiny? ...Blast youse all to hell!!

Lord John Clayton is already out of bed, flinging open his sea-chest and rummaging for a revolver as...

Gun shots ring out. Then the noise of a sudden desperate battle on the quarter-deck.

JOHN CLAYTON

Get behind me!

He positions himself, revolver primed. Preparing to shoot whoever comes through the door.

Instead, a STEEL SPIKE steel spike drives through the ceiling of Clayton's cabin. Lady Alice screams. BLOOD drips off the spike onto Baby Tarzan's forehead, like a baptism.

The baby starts bawling. The sounds of fighting outside the cabin rise to a crescendo.

A fist batters on the door. BAMM!!...BAMMMM!!! and a third time BAMMM!!!. The wood starts to give. Clayton shouts through the door.

CLAYTON

Where is Black Michael? I want to speak to him!

In answer, the great head of an AXE splits the timbers.

CLAYTON

I have a gun aimed at the door! If any man enters I will use it.

The mutineers keep hacking down the door. Clayton braces to fire. A MAN WITH AN AXE bursts through. Clayton shoots him twice in the chest and he pitches forward

A MAN WELDING A CROWBAR charges over the fallen man. Clayton adjusts his aim a fraction and shoots the man in the middle of the forehead.

The third has a butcher's cleaver. Clayton's shoots him down and pulls out a second revolver from his waist as.

BLACK MICHAEL (V.O.)

(Bellows)

Leave the family alone!

A huge tattooed Negro comes down the corridor, splattered with blood and wreathed in cordite fumes.

Throwing men and splintered door-timbers aside, he takes in the scene - the cabin floor littered with dead - Clayton ready to fight to the death, revolver at the ready.

BLACK MICHAEL

This wasn't meant to happen. You and your wife have ten minutes to gather your things. Beyond that I cannot guarantee your safety.

5 **EXT. THE JOLLY-BOAT DAY.**

5

The wind takes the jolly-boat, carrying Clayton's family swiftly out of range. Lady Alice breathes again.

ADULT TARZAN (V.0)

Thus my noble parents Lord John and Lady Alice Clayton, left behind all that was familiar and known to them, for all that is dark and savage - all that is known to me.

Clayton flips open his compass and sets a course East.

JOHN CLAYTON

Somewhere over there we will find the West Coast of Africa

LADY ALICE

You think we can make it?

Clayton flips the compass closed again. It starts to rain. Ahead, there is no trace of land - only a bank of low cloud and, below it, worryingly, a thin strip of white.

Our POV speeds forwards, scudding over miles of ocean to....

6 **EXT. THE REEF. DAY**

6

An offshore reef, with massive waves breaking over it.

7 **EXT. THE JOLLY-BOAT. DAY**

7

The storm gains strength, obscuring Clayton's visibility. Rainwater pours off the sail into the bottom of the boat.

The baby is asleep, sheltered from the wind and water by the brim of Lady Alice's bonnet. Lady Alice has taken the rudder.

Lord Clayton stands by the mast, bold grey eyes scanning the line of surf: horizon to horizon without a break.

Borne on the wind comes an ominous pulsing rumble

LADY ALICE

Is there no way through?

Behind, huge thunderheads are bearing down on them. Clayton comes astern and changes places with Lady Alice, shouting to her over the wind:

JOHN CLAYTON

Should we founder, whatever happens hold fast to the child!

Lady Alice holds the baby tight on her lap. Baby Tarzan - looks up at his mother and gurgles.

John Clayton reefs in some sail. The rain is in his face, the storm front driving them inexorably onwards towards

8 **EXT. FACE OF THE WAVE. DAY.** 8

A great line of crystal water thirty foot high, towering, teetering, with a mist of spray blowing backwards off its crest and a great expanse of brown jagged coral at its base.

9 **EXT. THE JOLLYBOAT. DAY** 9

Approaching from offshore the height of the wave is impossible to judge. Clayton half-stands in the stern, left hand on the rudder, right hand on the main-sheet.

The sound and the spray is terrifying but it is too late to turn back. He spills some more wind for the sail, trying to judge the moment as....

10 **EXT. THE REEF** 10

The little boat speeds towards the crest of the breaking wave, and pitches straight over the top.

11 **EXT. THE JOLLYBOAT. DAY** 11

From lady Alice's POV it is as though they have sailed over the great foaming precipice at the end of the world.

John Clayton collapses the sail and throws all his weight onto the rudder. Lady Alice clings to the baby.

12 **EXT. THE WAVE. DAY** 12

The boat carves a trail diagonally across the face of the giant wave, which rears above them, wobbles and....

13 **EXT. THE JOLLYBOAT. DAY** 13

...comes crashing down on top of them, splintering the mast

For a few horrifying seconds the boat is tilted on its side, all is roaring foam and confusion.

Clayton grabs the machete from atop the sea-chest, frantically hacking them clear of broken spars and canvas.

14 **EXT. THE REEF. DAY** 14

The foaming tail of the wave drags them over the coral heads, rips off the rudder and stoves in a couple of planks, finally flushing them over the top of the reef into the relatively tranquil waters beyond.

Lady Alice picks herself off the bottom on the boat, drenched and bruised, still clutching the baby.

She grabs her bonnet and starts bailing.

15 **EXT. A BEACH. EVENING** 15

In fading light, the ruined jolly-boat, barely afloat, drives its prow into the dark volcanic sand of a deserted beach.

Lady Alice wades ashore.

With his last ounce of strength John Clayton drags their sea chest above the high-water line.

The jolly-boat is too heavy to beach. He leaves it wallowing in the tidal zone, being pounded by breakers, then slumps, exhausted, with his wife and child on the deserted shore.

16 **THE JUNGLE. DAY** 16

The jungle is impenetrable. Great roots and vines arch over each other like the buttresses of some demonic cathedral.

From within this alien architecture, a POV shot approaches breathing hard... then stops, hearing something:

THE STRAINS OF MOZART - as if played on a tiny harpsichord.

17 **EXT. THE BEACH. ENCAMPMENT. DAY.** 17

Lady Alice sits under an awning of salvaged spars and sailcloth. She is turning the handle of the small brass MUSIC BOX. Baby Tarzan lies listening to the music.

The jungle towers over the beach, fizzing with cicadas, mosquitos and sand-flies.

A FIGURE bursts suddenly from the wall of foliage: Clayton, scratched and sweaty, dragging a length of hewn timber.

18 **EXT. THE HUT. DAY** 18

The SOUND OF CHOPPING. John Clayton is constructing a hut at the jungle's edge.

LADY ALICE (V.O)
They're becoming bolder. Why do you
think they choose this place?

CLAYTON
Nothing to do with us... I hope.

The apes seem to be doing something on the sand - digging
holes and fighting over what they find there.

24 **EXT. THE BEACH. DUSK.**

24

They are a species of giant ape, roughly the size of
gorillas, but with the long, muscular limbs of tree dwellers.

They are digging some crunchy, edible substance from the
sand, grunting and hooting as though in conversation,
sometimes turning to look back curiously at Clayton's hut.

Their POV: With its wooden pegs bristling like spines, and
the sharpened stakes splayed like landing gear, the hut in
silhouette has a menacing, alien appearance - like the
landing craft of some fantastic invasion.

A MOTHER APE - KALA - sits slightly removed from the others

Her baby is dead. She strokes and cajoles it ...to no avail.
Unwilling to part with it she cradles the limp corpse against
her chest.

The other apes call to her as they head back into the forest.
Kala follows, carrying her dead Baby with her.

25 **EXT. THE BEACH. EVENING.**

25

The black sand is covered in recently-excavated holes.

A hundred yards from the hut, John Clayton kneels, digging
feverishly with his machete, and then his bare hands, until
he finds what the apes were foraging for: turtle eggs - the
embryos visible through the soft glistening shells.

Clayton crunches one between his teeth, swallows the slippery
contents, then and starts stuffing eggs into his shirt.

A growl alerts him and he turns:

One of the large male apes, TUBLAT has emerged from the
forest between Lord Clayton and the hut, clearly annoyed that
the newcomer is raiding the apes' food source.

JOHN CLAYTON
Shhhh now... Friend.

Tublat grunts, hoots and gestures. "Its our food, drop it and
get lost."

Note: The Language Of The Apes has its own proper grammar. From Tarzan's early childhood onwards he (and we) will hear it as English. To John Clayton it is merely animal noises.

Clayton picks up a driftwood log to defend himself. Tublat repeats his warning. Clayton tries to side-step. Tublat blocks him, Clayton swipes at Tublat, striking him.

Enraged, Tublat wrenches the wooden club from Clayton's grasp and clubs him with it. The eggs scatter.

In his own unintelligible language Tublat shouts: "*I told you to drop the eggs, why didn't you listen!*"

Then a shot rings out and Tublat feels a searing pain in his side. He turns to see Lady Alice, holding the revolver. Shrieking with rage, Tublat charges towards her.

JOHN CLAYTON

(shouts)

Run!

Lady Alice stands her ground, squeezes off another shot and misses. A second shot. The chamber is empty. She squeezes the trigger three times more.

The great roaring wounded ape is almost upon her. She fires again. There's a bullet in the last chamber. It hits Tublat full in the chest as he launches himself towards her.

JOHN CLAYTON

Alice!!

As the ape bears Clayton's wife to the ground Lord Clayton races across the sand to her.

She's alive, merely winded, struggling under the dead weight of the ape. But now the forest is ALIVE WITH HOWLING. The apes who witnessed what happened come charging down from the trees.

Clayton helps Lady Alice to her feet, stooping to pick up the fallen revolver.

JOHN CLAYTON

Back to the hut!

Together they race the last fifty yards to the hut.

25A

EXT./ INT. THE HUT. EVENING

25A

They climb into the tree house, then pull up the notched palm-trunk which serves as a ladder SLAM and bar the door, watched wide-eyed by the baby as....

Snarling with rage, the giant apes bound across the beach, or run along the branches of the great fig tree and drop onto the roof of the hut, jumping and pounding on the timbers.

Baby Tarzan listens, wide-eyed and terrified.

John Clayton rummages in the sea-chest for a box of ammunition. He finds six bullets and starts to reload the revolver, his hands trembling, the hut now shaking and shuddering like a ship in a typhoon as....

The apes swing on branches, crashing their heels against the walls, the ceiling and the floor, shaking the very fabric of the hut, spilling bullets from Clayton's grasp as...

The wooden pegs give way. The entire rear wall of the hut is torn off.

KERCHAK, the leader of the apes, launches himself through the gap, followed by others including KALA the bereaved female.

A single blow from Kerchak's huge fist dashes John Clayton's head against the door jamb and kills him.

Kerchak hurls Lady Alice to the floor and stomps on her neck, then looks for anything else on which to vent his rage.

Kala spies the rosy, human child. She drops her own dead baby just as Kerchak makes a sudden lunge for it and...

Kala whips the startled man-child out of its cot to safety, swinging him out and up through the broken rear of the hut, with Kerchack behind her bellowing vengefully as...

25B **EXT. TREES. EVENING.**

25B

Kala scrambles higher and higher up into the forest canopy, clutching the hairless infant to her chest.

Baby Tarzan clings on to his strange hairy rescuer, too confused and disoriented to cry.

34 **INT. KALA'S NEST. NIGHT**

34

A full moon rises over the jungle canopy.

From here the treetops extend forever eastwards - an undulating black sea. Somewhere the apes are howling a lament for Tublat.

In Kala's treetop nest of moss and branches she soothes the naked baby in the breathy, chattering language of the apes.

KALA

*You're cold. Put some moss around
you. Suck. Little naked ape. Suck*

She presses her leathery nipple to the human baby's lips. The baby gags against it, then suckles.

ADULT TARZAN (V.O.)

Is this me? Is this my voice. Are these my memories or just the imaginings which have replaced my stolen childhood.

(Beat)

I remember... deep in the jungle the great banyan where we played. I remember Sabor the Lioness

35

EXT. THE JUNGLE. DAY.

35

A bunch of juvenile apes move around in a banyan tree eating ripe figs. They hear the growl in the undergrowth below and start shouting a warning to each other.

JUVENILE APES

Sabor! Sabor! Look out, Where is everyone? Is everyone safe?

Below, a lioness stalks in the grasses.

JUVENILE APES

Where's white-arse?

Tarzan, aged six, is at the bottom of the tree, covering his face and body with black slime from a mud pool. He shouts up to the others in ape-language

TARZAN

Tarzan is not a white arse. Tarzan is a black arse like you now!

He bends over and shows them.

JUVENILE APE

You'll be a dead-arse if you don't get up here.

The lioness pounces. Tarzan springs up into the tree.

Sitting in the branches with the others he flings a branch at the prowling lioness and hits her on the nose.

JUVENILE

Good shot!

Sabor roars. The apes move on, adults calling to their children as they swing off through the trees.

35A **EXT. PORT GENTIL. MARKET PLACE, DAY.**

35A

Travelling shot: A little English girl of 6 years old pushes through a noisy crowd of Africans and colonials types, intent on seeing what everyone is staring at.

Her father PROFESSOR PORTER and her large African maid. ESMERELDA follow in pursuit.

 PROF PORTER
Jane JANE!

 ESMERELDA
Miss Porter.

The little girl ignores them, forcing her way between the legs of the crowd, past animals, bananas, crates of chickens, until finally she sees:

A raised wooden stage, and the surviving mutineers of the S.S. Fulawa lined up for execution by guillotine.

Black Michael is led forward. He is offered the hood and refuses. As they force him to kneel he addresses the crowd.

 BLACK MICHAEL
I beg no man's forgiveness. The captain was a brute, as Lord Clayton would have attested. Do your worst. We've had six years of liberty and better men than I now lie rotting on the fever coast. Lord Clayton to name but one.

He throws something into the crowd. A few people grab for it but they miss, it rebounds and falls at the feet of young Jane who pick it up: Lord John Clayton's signet ring.

Then her father arrives and scoops her up in his arms.

 PORTER
Jane. Its no place for children, you have seen enough death already.

She looks back, still holding the ring as

The guillotine falls. A cheer goes up from the Africans watching, and Porter delivers Jane back to Esmerelda.

35B **EXT. PORTER'S HOUSE. PORT GENTIL. DAY**

35B

A pretty colonial cottage. Boxes are accumulating on the front lawn

35C **INT. PORTER'S HOUSE. MAIN BEDROOM. DAY.**

35C

All Jane's mother's things are being packed by the African maids into boxes, trunks and Tea-chests.

They are leaving behind her fathers things - maps, and compasses, surveying equipment, piles of leather bound books

Jane sits under the mosquito net on her parents bed, watching the business of packing. She is clutching a framed photograph of her young, recently dead mother

JANE

Please papa. Come back to England with us.

PORTER

Soon. There is still so much work to do here. You will enjoy boarding school and I will be back before you know it.

36

EXT. THE JUNGLE. DAY

36

Tarzan is a teenager now, still smeared with mud, and moving with astonishing speed and agility through the tangled foliage - running along branches, leaping, and swinging.

ADULT TARZAN (V.O.)

I grew up fast in the jungle - though the others grew up faster

A series of quick cuts show his friends - "the Goodfellas" - in various typical postures

TARZAN (V.O.)

Bolangi liked eating. Fat Bolangi-strong, impulsive, reckless...

A cool-laid back ape squats in a tree-fork eating mangoes and throwing away the seeds.

TARZAN (V.O.)

Farikki liked chasing other peoples wives.

A tumult in the upper branches.

TARZAN

He already lost an ear to that sport and kept on trying to lose the other one.

Farikki is humping away at a female, until her "husband" sees them and chases him off, screeching.

TARZAN (V.O.)

Terkoz the tough guy - always bragging and picking fights. We all thought he would be chief one day. Well that's what we told Terkoz.

Terkoz, struts around, beating his chest and posturing. The other Apes pick fleas off each other, no-one paying Terkoz much attention.

TARZAN (V.O.)

But he was no match for Kerchak.

The leader of the troupe - the giant scarred silver-back who killed Lord Clayton.

TARZAN (V.O.)

Kerchak could split a full-grown tree with his bare hands or crush a buffalo skull under his heel. Kerchak decided when we moved and when we stayed. He took the best females for himself soon as they came in season. Not even Farriki would to contest that.

Two females groom Kerchak. Tarzan nears him- Kerchak charges at teenage Tarzan who flees up into the treetops.

TARZAN (V.O.)

Usually I stayed out of his way.
Not always....

37

EXT. THE PLACE OF TERMITE HILLS

37

A clearing in the jungle, dotted with huge termite hills.

The termite hills are flat monoliths, twelve feet high, all angled in the same direction to catch the sun. In the early morning mist this place has the look of a giants' graveyard

The apes move among the termite hills, breaking off chunks and eating the fat-white grubs they find inside - Bolangi eating individual grubs, like a gourmet, Farikki stealing the grubs which other people have uncovered, Terkoz making a big show of breaking off the biggest chunks of termite hill.

Adult Tarzan (he's now 20) emerges from the jungle, dragging a big hardwood pole. The apes carry on eating.

Tarzan finds a hole that an anteater has dug at the base of one of the termite hills. He pushes his pole deep into this hole then starts to pull down on the lever.

TARZAN

Bolangi! Terkoz! Farikki

The others look at him, then go back to what they're doing.

TARZAN

Come here! This will work!

Eventually his friends stop what they are doing and amble over. Tarzan shows them how to swing on the end of the lever.

TARZAN

Like this.

Terkoz shoulders him out of the way.

TERKOZ

I'll do it.

TARZAN

No, all of us. And swing.

They swing, jerking the pole up and down with their combined weight. Nothing happens. Farikki puts his legs around Bolangi to get a better purchase.

BOLANGI

Stop humping me!

FARIKKI

I'm swinging.

Other apes are watching and laughing. If there's one thing Terkoz can't stand its mockery. He starts really jerking down on the stubborn poleuntil.

TARZAN

It moved!

His friends renew their efforts. The termite hill moves again, then, like a tree being uprooted, the whole thing comes crashing to the ground.

Below it: an enormous crater, writhing with huge fat juicy grubs. From all over the clearing, adults converge on this feast. Tarzan pushes them away.

TARZAN

No. Go away. If you want some then knock over your own termite hill.

Kerchak comes over.

KERCHAK

This is for the tribe.

TARZAN

It's ours.

Kerchak charges him, pushing him back into the pit. Tarzan springs out of the hole and knocks Kerchak onto his back.

KALA

(shrieks)

No Tarzan!

The others apes stop eating. Kerchak shakes himself.

KERCHAK

You worthless pup. Come on then!

A furious charge drives Tarzan back against one of the termite mounds. Kerchak lands two rib-crushing blows before Tarzan dodges aside and kicks Kerchak in the balls.

The whole troop are screaming and shouting now. Tarzan is like the young Mohammed Ali - insolently self-confident, striking and dancing away.

Farriki laughs and starts chanting Tarzan's name. No-one else joins in - its dangerous to take sides before the fight is over, and it's a long way from being over yet.

Kerchak is like Joe Frazier - humourless and unstoppable. He picks up a branch and swipes at Tarzan's head. Tarzan ducks. The branch splinters on a termite hill.

Kerchak charges again. Tarzan ducks and comes behind him, attempting a full Nelson.

It's a powerful lock but Tarzan is not strong enough, Terkoz slams back against another termite hill then flips Tarzan over his head and stomps on Tarzan's arm.

We hear the bone break. Everyone knows the fight can only end one way now.

Kerchak bites Tarzan's skull, tearing a flap of scalp. Terkoz tries to intervene

TERKOZ

Alright. Stop. He's beaten.

Kerchak throws Terkoz aside, keeps coming after Tarzan, who keeps retreating through the jungle, his right arm useless, blood pouring over his eyes and blinding him.

Kerchak kicks him through a stand of palm trees. Tarzan gets up, gets kicked back again, crashing through foliage and down..

38

EXT THE RIVER-BANK. ESCARPMENT

38

...a 30 foot near-vertical escarpment, where the river in has gouged a great crescent- shaped cliff out of the jungle.

Tarzan falls head over heels, cracking his face hard on a stone at the base of the cliff, splitting his cheekbone.

KERCHAK

(shouts down)

Die. And stay dead!

All along the escarpment apes emerge from the brush - Tarzan's friends and his mother - anxiously running this way and that, but unable to descend.

Blood flows and mingles with the muddy water. The current catches Tarzan's apparently lifeless body and carries him down stream.

Kerchak chases the others back into the jungle.

KERCHAK

*We're moving away from here! Back
in the jungle all of you!*

39 **EXT. THE RIVER. DAY.** 39

Tarzan rolls in the powerful current. His bleeding face comes to the surface - Christ-like - then the boiling current carries him under once again.

40 **EXT. A SANDBANK. DAY** 40

Tarzan lies on his side half-submerged, unnaturally pale from his long immersion.

A crocodile moves towards him. Tarzan drags himself further up the sandbank on hands and knees.

WIDE SHOT: He's a few hundred yards from the shore and his arm is still useless. But he's alive.

41 **EXT. JUNGLE DAY** 41

A grasshopper sits on a leaf in the sun.

The long wet tongue of a tree-frog nails the grasshopper.

As the frog eats the grasshopper a big snake whacks the frog and swallows it whole.

A pointed stick shoots out of no-where and impales the snake.

Tarzan breaks the snakes neck, then flexes his right arm, which is healing, getting strong again. His scalp and cheek have healed also.

42 **EXT. JUNGLE. DAY.** 42

Tarzan moves through the forest, imitating the calls of tropical birds - drawing them towards him and killing them, eating constantly.

TARZAN (V.O.)

After the fight with Kerchak came the lonely-time. I followed the sunlight. Not knowing where it would lead.

43 **EXT. JUNGLE. DAY.**

43

Tarzan, moving through the jungle, stops suddenly, confronted with an unfamiliar sight: A dazzling band OF LIGHT, lancing through the trees.

He moves forward cautiously, the light becoming steadily brighter, the unfamiliar sound of the surf reaching his ears now as finally....

44 **EXT. TURTLE-EGG BEACH. LATE AFTERNOON**

44

He emerges on a black sand beach.

The place is foreign to him but somehow familiar.

He touches the edge of the surf and recoils from it, goes scampering off over the sand like a big shaggy dog hooting excitedly.

Then he sees it, between the forest and the sand: a strange half-remembered edifice - the ruined hut of his parents.

45 **EXT. THE RUINED HUT. LATE AFTERNOON.**

45

The seaward wall of the hut is encrusted with salt. The wood is aged and worm-eaten.

The back wall is torn off where the apes attacked. Great branches, vines and creepers have pushed inside, now almost entirely filling the interior. Tarzan climbs inside.

46 **INT. THE RUINED HUT. CONTINUOUS.**

46

A web of thick branches, illuminated by sunlight off the sea.

Something crunches under Tarzan's foot - the bleached bones of a human hand.

Tarzan picks it a small metal box and tries to eat it, then puts it to one side. There's a machete on the floor and a rusted pistol.

The old sea trunk is stuffed with clothes and books so ancient and mildewed that they resemble layers of compost

Tarzan digs around, unearthing a hairbrush, a mirror, and finally the ABC blocks which hung above his cot as a baby.

47

EXT. ON THE BEACH

47

On the sand under the tree-house, Tarzan studies the blocks - four of them, made of enamelled tin, with a letter and a picture on each face of each cube.

A is for Ape. S is for Snake. M is for Man.

Tarzan considers the Man. A sort of idealized Roman with a leather skirt and a short sword.

Sunlight reflects off the hand-mirror casting motes of intense light onto Tarzan's face as his brain works, pondering this mystery: the Ape. The Lion. The Man.

He copies the "M" on the sand. Then again and again... Then the "A" again and again. The Man. The Ape. The Man. The Ape.

The hand mirror is mottled with age. Tarzan's face swims into view. He considers his reflection. And for the first time he realizes: He's not an ape, but something entirely different!

48

EXT. THE JUNGLE. DAY

48

Tarzan jogs through the forest, SHOUTING EXCITEDLY

TARZAN

Terkoz! Bolangi! Farikki!

In his hand, like a sword, is the rusting machete discovered in his father's house. Round his loins he wears a scrap of animal hide like the one worn by the Man in the picture.

On his face there is the joy of someone who has literally found himself, and can't wait to share the news.

TARZAN

Bolangi! Farikki! Terkoz!

Finally he hears - not a call of welcome but a shriek of terror.

Tarzan starts to run. It's the first time we've seen him do this and its kind of magical:

In the densest jungle, Tarzan can sprint faster than an Olympic hurdler, running over branches and mats of suspended foliage, weaving, in the blink of an eye, through obstacles which appeared completely solid.

Crashing through bamboo and palms, he accelerates, driven by adrenaline and fear because the voice he can hear screaming in pain is one that he recognizes.

TARZAN

Kala!....MOTHER!

49

EXT. THE GRASSY CLEARING. DAY.

49

SABOR, the great scarred lioness has grown since Tarzan's childhood. She's much bigger than a conventional Lion with a blunt scarred face.

She has KALA's upper body in her jaws and is dragging her across the clearing into the darkness of the trees. The other apes hang back in the forests edge screeching.

Tarzan bursts like a missile from the forest wall and hits the great lioness head-on.

Tarzan has never wielded the machete in a fight before and he doesn't yet know how to use it. He starts clubbing the lioness on the head with the rusted blade until she drops KALA and rears up over Tarzan, teeth and claws bared.

Kala starts dragging herself away towards the other apes as Tarzan drops the machete, grabs the huge lioness round the body and wrestles her to the ground.

The lioness rolls. As Tarzan reaches for the machete the huge beast's jaws clamp down on his belly.

Tarzan yells in pain.

The apes in the trees, like the frantic crowd at a prize fight, keep yelling and screeching at the top of their lungs, crashing around in the surrounding trees to get a better view of the contest.

Finally Tarzan's groping hand finds the machete and stabs it into Sabor's flank. The lioness releases Tarzan and springs again, snapping and clawing at his throat.

Tarzan pulls away from the ferocious snapping jaws and drives the machete between her ribs again, the rough blade grinding on bone as he forces the blade deeper, deeper, deeper...

Finally the lioness lies dead.

Ignoring his own bleeding wounds, and the victorious whooping of the crowd, Tarzan hurries over to Kala.

TARZAN

Mother. Mother.

They embrace, petting and stroking until a growl from the forest darkness causes Tarzan to look up. Its Kerchak.

Tarzan grabs the machete.

KERCHAK

What did you come back for.

TARZAN

My family needs me.

Kerchak snorts dismissively but his wicked eyes keep returning to the blade. He knows it gives Tarzan an advantage.

KERCHAK

Just remember your place.

TARZAN

I have the scars to remind me.

His dark look says that one day he will be revenged.

Snorting, Kerchak returns to his wives in the branches.

When he's gone the Goodfellas gather around Tarzan, sniffing and patting him in welcome.

He cuffs his old friends and spars with them, still sore from the fight but pleased to be back among them.

TARZAN

Bolangi. Terkoz. You put on weight.

BOLANGI

*And you've got part of an antelope
on your butt - what's this, Eh?
What's this?*

Pulling at his loin-cloth, they josh and wrestle round the circular clearing, where Sabor lies dead, like a golden pupil in the green circular eye of the forest.

50 **EXT. THE JUNGLE AERIAL SHOT. DAY.**

50

Keep PULLING up and out through the forest canopy.

Higher and higher until the great tree-covered continent is laid out like a map, dark rivers turning gold in the setting sun. Mixing to:

51 **INT. ROYAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY. LONDON**

51

A huge map of central Africa circa 1890.

The coast has been charted and a couple of tiny settlements marked along the Congo river. The rest is largely blank.

JANE PORTER is a beautiful young woman of 20, pointing to the blank spaces with a gloved hand and reading what it says there.

JANE

"Unknown" "Unknown". "Unknown".

Though she is dressed like a woman of her time, there's a modern directness to her which disconcerts her elderly male audience: the committee of the Royal Geographical Society

JANE

...the late sir Richard Burton described that word as an insult to every red-blooded English explorer. It is still an insult.

The map is spread out on a huge committee table. The President, a Scotsman, speaks for all of them.

PRESIDENT

Yes, yes, Miss Porter, and many good men - your father included, have risen to the challenge. But for the Royal Society to send a woman - an mere untested girl - to the fever coast where one in three traders die in the first year of their arrival.

JANE

My father has for lived sixteen years there. If he were still sitting with you at this table....

PRESIDENT

(losing patience)

Well he is not, Miss Porter! Over the years we have listened to your petitions with some forbearance but this fellow in the hallway...

JANE

His name is Oye

PRESIDENT

Has not, by his own admission seen your father for three summers. This letter may not even be in his hand. As for the so called 'discovery' -

In in front of them there's letter with a pen-and-ink drawing of a huge volcanic rock rising above the jungle.

PRESIDENT

...it's a pretty enough drawing. But basically it's a volcanic plug and we have one of those in Edinburgh...

JANE

I've not yet shown you everything.

PRESIDENT

...So if you will excuse us

He turns away. The others of the committee follow his lead

JANE
Wait. Please.

PRESIDENT
(to his colleagues)
Gentlemen.

They file out via a private side exit. Jane dashes out via the main entrance.

52 **INT. LOBBY. ROYAL SOCIETY. DAY.**

52

She enters a grand, marble clad foyer full of pillars and marble busts. She looks around frantically then dashes over to the doorman.

JANE
Where is the gentleman I came with.

DOORMAN
Gentleman? Oh. He's outside.

JANE
What's he doing outside?

She hurries through the main doors.

53 **EXT. ROYAL SOCIETY. LONDON. DAY**

53

Its cold and raining.

Through a sea of black umbrellas she sees a stoical African with tribal markings on both cheeks, standing mutely in a blanket and rubber galoshes.

JANE
I need the box.

He hands her an ebony box from under his blanket. Turning, she sees the President and his party heading through the private gardens to the dining club.

Jane hitches up her skirts, climbs over the railings and runs after them.

JANE
Mr President!

54 **EXT. STEPS OF THE DINING CLUB .CONTINUOUS.**

54

He hands his broolly and cape to the door-man. Two janitors close ranks behind him, blocking Jane.

JANITOR
Women not allowed ma'am.

JANE
This is very important.
(Shouts)
Will you take your hands off me!

55

INT. ATHENAEUM CLUB LOBBY. CONTINUOUS.

55

Members turn towards the uproar. The President keeps heading for the dining room. Jane breaks loose

MEMBER#2
Damned suffragette or....

JANE.
Mr President!

As the janitors tackle her she lets go of the box which sails through the air and SMASHES on the tiles. Something round and hard rolls out.

MEMBER#1
It's a bomb!

A couple of members dive for cover. The President turns as the thing rolls towards him.

Its roughly the size and shape of a WW2 hand grenade but its not a bomb. Its a pineapple, crafted from solid gold.

The Janitor approaches, breathless and apologetic

JANITOR
Terribly sorry sir, shall we call the police?

The president looks from the pineapple to Jane.

PRESIDENT
No. I'll talk with her.

56

EXT/ INT. PALL MALL GYMNASIUM. DAY

56

The high arched windows, are at street level.

Various urchins squat on the sidewalk peering down, through floating pall of cigar smoke, onto the heads of...

A crowd of Victorian City types, gathered to watch a lunchtime demonstration in a basement gymnasium.

Dashing cavalry officer WILLIAM CLAYTON steps forwards to applause and cheers.

WILL CLAYTON
"Morituri Morphus" "Die or Become"
that has been the Clayton Family
motto for three centuries.

He takes off his ring and hands it to an assistant for safe keeping. Its John Clayton's signet ring, the one which fell on Jane as a child at the execution of black Michael.

WILL CLAYTON
Some would say it speaks of an
unhealthy family obsession with
the arts of fighting.

Laughter. The assistant is strapping Will Claytons fists.

WILL CLAYTON
Mr Oakley!

A heavyweight cockney slugger steps into the ring flexing his big, scarred hands.

The urchins pressed against the high arched windows cheer their working class hero.

WILL CLAYTON
Mr Oakley needs no introduction -
bare-knuckle champion for three
years prior to his voluntary
retirement ... and the involuntary
retirement of most of opponents.

Everyone laughs except Oakley.

WILL CLAYTON
I am now going to ask him to try
and hit me with one of his
legendary haymakers....

The strapping of Clayton's hands is complete.

CLAYTON
In your own time Mr Oakley.

Oakley takes a jab at Will Clayton's head. Clayton dodges it with deceptive ease and taps Oakley on the cheek.

WILL CLAYTON
A little bit harder there Mr Oakley

Oakley lets fly with a serious punch. Will Clayton steps out of the way and pokes Oakley in the face, bloodying his nose. Oakley tastes blood.

WILL CLAYTON
That's the spirit.

Oakley starts advancing on Clayton, punching hard but failing to do any real damage.

The gentlemen of the club offer encouragement, nervous that Clayton is going to be killed. The urchins at the high windows have no such qualms.

URCHINS

Squash him! Kill im Oakley! Smash
the bleedin toff's head in

Punches whistle past Clayton's head to left and right. Will Clayton keeps talking and weaving. His breathing is even, his voice deceptively calm, his concentration intense

WILL CLAYTON

You will notice that... It is all
in the timing, and requires the
reflexes of a rattlesnake ...but
you see.. as he strikes I recoil..
so the force of the blow is
limited. And then, as he
advances....

He steps under the big man's guard and hits him very hard -
WHAP! - on the Adams apple.

Oakley collapses to his knees, unable to breathe.

Clayton, oblivious to his distress, lifts up Oakley's chin to
show the bruise.

WILL CLAYTON

Thus ... His own great weight
...focussed on my knuckle...
exerts an enormous force on the
rather weak anatomical structures
of the larynx.

Oakley is turning blue. A doctor with bag presses forward to
give assistance. Will Clayton holds him back.

WILL CLAYTON

If you'll permit me, Doctor, with
luck, the larynx is merely in spasm
- and he will breathe. Give him
space. In four, three, two...

Still not breathing. Oakley is purple now.

WILL CLAYTON

....one.... Zero

On zero the big guy draws in a great breath and continues to
suck in air like an asthmatic as the crowd applauds, and the
doctor rolls Oakley on his back.

57

INT GYMNASIUM LOBBY. DAY.

57

A crowd surrounds Clayton, offering congratulations, asking him to sign copies of his boxing manual.

ADMIRERS

Thank you, Captain. Admirable.
Magnificent!

The well-wishers gradually disperse, leaving Clayton with his publicity agent - a man in a brown suit and an arm-load of books

PUBLISHER AGENT

...and this one for Lady Harringby.
And this.

WILL CLAYTON

To whom?

PUBLISHER'S AGENT

Well to me actually.

Clayton signs.

CLAYTON

Three shillings. Thank-you.

The agent wasn't expecting to have to pay. Embarrassed he rummages in his pocket for change.

As he counts out the coins, Clayton becomes aware of a lawyer in a black suit waiting to one side with a legal envelope.

PUBLISHERS AGENT

Two and three-pence, two shillings
ninepence.....

CLAYTON

Excuse me.

He strides towards the pale figure who smiles - obsequious but unflinching ...and presents him with the writ:

CLAYTON

What's that?

LAWYER

The mortgage on Berkley Square.

CLAYTON

(with venom)
You vultures.

LAWYER

Litigation is an expensive hobby
captain. Even lawyers need to be
paid.

CLAYTON
It's been ten years.

LAWYER
There are still other claimants....

CLAYTON
I am the rightful heir to the
estate.

LAWYER
(over this)
We have explained many times sir,
as Lord Clayton has never
officially been declared dead and
without a body...

Clayton pushes him against a pillar.

CLAYTON
My uncle was cast adrift twenty
years ago in a rowboat off the
coast of Gaboon! How much more dead
does a man have to be...

LAWYER
I repeat. There was no body...

CLAYTON
That can be fixed. If this doesn't
resolve quickly in my favour there
will be many bodies - Several.

Then Jane Porter enters the lobby. Clayton sees her and his
manner changes instantly.

WILL CLAYTON
Miss Porter. What news?

JANE
They said "Yes."

WILL CLAYTON
Ah! Well that changes everything.

Smiling now, he straightens the lawyer's jacket for him.

Fade in: The sound of drums, bugles musket-fire and African
singing.

Through towering primeval jungle, a strange procession
approaches, walking single file: The AFRICAN BEARERS wear
threadbare European rags, their bodies adorned with
clattering jewelry.

They are carrying bolts of cloth, trading beads, bales of dried fish, and, slung over half a dozen shoulders, a thirty foot python which someone killed for food. As they walk they chant, they fire off guns, blow bugles, beat on tambourines.

In the centre of this wild cavalcade we find Jane, wearing the full black crinoline skirts of the period, a tight high-necked bodice and sturdy boots.

JANE . (V.O.)

Fifteen years since I last set foot in Africa. It feels like becoming a child again. Our bearers - from the coastal tribes - are wildly suspicious of the forest and constantly make as much noise as possible to drive off evil spirits. So all in all, there is not much chance of botanizing

61 **EXT. JUNGLE. HIGH SHOT. NIGHT.** 61

Fires are visible, burning through the trees. Branches arch, cathedral-like, over the tiny camp. From among them, high above the camp-site, dark anthropoids are watching.

62 **EXT. CAMP-SITE. NIGHT.** 62

Among those settling down for the night we recognise Clayton, and the boxer Oakley (now Clayton's bodyguard), plus Oye and two company men: short, dapper TYPIN and lugubrious WORMOLD.

Jane sits at a polished wooden campaign desk in front of her tent, writing.

JANE (V.O)

After the heat and clamor of coast our nights in the forest are surprisingly peaceful. Another three weeks and we shall be above the rapids, to the trading post at Brazzaville pool, where our real journey begins.

She flicks back through the pages of her journal: tiny, neat handwriting interspersed with pen drawings of shipboard life, Port Gentil, forest plants.

63 **INT. JANE'S TENT. NIGHT** 63

By lamp-light she undresses to her underwear and slips under a blanket, listening to the night. Outside, the bearers sing a low, melodic lullaby.

By the oil lamp in front of her, a 12-inch preying mantis sways on its hind legs as if dancing to the music .

It catches a passing moth - and bites its head off.

64 **EXT. STANLEY POOL. DAY.**

64

The Congo river widens to a lake here: There's a shipyard with a paddle steamer and a flotilla of smaller river craft.

EXT. TRADING COMPANY COMPOUND. DAY

Warehouses and colonial accommodation. DR. MERCURIE comes out onto his dripping, thatched verandah as Jane's expedition emerge from the jungle.

We see him from the back at first, then pan around to his face. He's 40-something, once handsome, smoking with a cigarette holder through a damp surgical mask.

In profile, the contour of the mask reveals he has no nose.

66 **EXT. THE COMPOUND. MORNING**

66

The rain has passed. The compound is dotted with puddles where naked children play.

At the weigh-station native hunters wait to deliver their booty - elephant tusks and smoky balls of wild rubber.

Jane sees a queue of medical patients waiting patiently outside Mercurie's house.

DR. MERCURIE

Would you like to meet them, Miss Porter?

Turning, she sees him for the first time: making an effort not to react to his startling appearance.

DR. MERCURIE

....not that we can do much for them but we all need hope.

She follows, morbidly fascinated. Mercurie greets the patients in their own language - happy smiling people with missing digits and festering ulcers.

DR. MERCURIE

You can touch them if you like. You know that leprosy is not actually contagious.

CLAYTON
(shouts, Distant)
Jane! Jane!...

Clayton runs over, cupping a handkerchief to his nose.

CLAYTON
...Are you quite insane! These
people are a sump of infection.

JANE
(Introducing him)
Captain Clayton. This is?

MERCURIE
Dr Mercurie. Health care and
materials-man.

Turning his face towards Clayton

CLAYTON
Oh my God.

DR. MERCURIE
I believe you were asking for
Professor Porter's missing effects.

He excuses himself from his patients. Jane and Clayton follow
him between puddles and piles of rubbish waiting collection -
Clayton still holding the handkerchief to his face, children
following in a little comets-tail behind.

CLAYTON
(whispers to Jane)
What happened to his face?

Mercurie answers over his shoulder as he walks.

DR. MERCURIE
Mercury treatment for swamp fever.
Over time it destroys the frontal
bones. You lose the sense of smell
but your hearing is not affected.

Dr. Mecurie takes a key from his belt, then turns the rusting
lock and drags opens the heavy warehouse door, with a smile.

DR. MERCURIE
Enter. I call this place my
Warehouse of Wonders

He disappears inside: Jane and Will Clayton follow.

A long crank-handle opens the louvered skylights.

Shafts of light pierce the dusty air, illuminating a row of elephant feet and a life-sized wooden fetish doll, its belly full of spikes.

Jane and Clayton follow Dr. Mercurie deeper into the warehouse.

Jane observes - the prow of a dugout canoes with a circle of crocodile teeth imbedded in the hull, an next to it a stuffed giant ape of the species which adopted Tarzan.

All the time Dr Mercury keeps calling, beckoning

DR MERCURIE (O.S)
This way, this way.

Clayton hangs back. Jane turns a corner to see:

A tiny horse, one foot high. Standing stock still in a pool of light. It whinnies, and gallops off.

JANE
Dr. Mercurie?

DR. MERCURIE (O.S)
Over here!

She walks past a glass tank of formalin, standing upright. It contains an albino bat-creature the size of a human child with hair like moss, fingers and toes like tree roots.

Jane hurries on, spooked. Finally rounding a corner to find Dr. Mercurie stroking the miniature horse.

DR. MERCURIE
The Kru people found it, to the north. I'm hoping to breed from them - if they ever catch me another.
(Then)
This is your fathers trunk.

He's been sitting on it.

Clayton arrives. The tiny horse bolts. Mercurie looks up.

DR. MERCURIE
Captain Clayton, as a sporting man
I'd value your opinion on this.

Hanging from the ceiling above them is something that looks like an elephant skull. But the sabre-like "tusks" curve inwards and the rib-cage extends far back into the shadows.

WILL CLAYTON
An elephant skull.

DR. MERCURIE

Anatomically these are fangs rather than tusks. It's the front part of a python, By extrapolation a python long enough to stretch to the other side of the parade ground. Though we only have the head.

WILL CLAYTON

It's not real of course... Is it?

DR. MERCURIE

Well, if you penetrate the interior, and by some extraordinary fluke come out alive, then you will be able to tell me.

(Of the trunk)

Can you take the other side, Captain. It's rather heavy.

68 **EXT. THE TRADING COMPOUND. DAY**

68

The company men, Typin and Wormold, are sitting with a group with two other seedy looking characters - SMOKO and PIEBALD.

They all look up intently as Clayton and Mercurie go past, carrying the heavy trunk between them.

Oye and another local guy run over and offer to help.

69 **INT. VILLA. DAY.**

69

Jane shuts the blinds to keep out prying eyes. She's about to unlock the trunk when there's a knock on the door behind her.

CLAYTON

So..?

She opens the trunk. It is full of reference books - most of them translations of old Greek and Roman texts with certain passages marked in pencil. Tacitus, Horace, Ptolemy.

JANE

(reverently)

My father's library.

Clayton, disappointed, helps her remove the books, opening one just to check there's nothing inside. Weevils have gotten between the pages and carved channels through the text.

Below all the ancient leather-bound books Jane finds a bundle of notebooks wrapped in oilskin.

JANE

...and these are his expedition journals.

CLAYTON

Well, I'll leave you to it.

70

INT. JANE'S ROOM. TRADING COMPOUND. LATER

70

It's raining outside: a torrent of water battering on the roof and sluicing through holes in the rusted gutters.

Jane turns up the oil-lamp, still poring over the spidery handwriting of her father's expedition journals.

There are drawings, sextant readings and obscure diagrams in the margin, with cross-references here and there to page numbers in the Latin texts.

Another knock on the door, this time its the doctor

DR. MERCURIE

Mind if I come in?

She's unconvinced that he poses no health risk, but...

JANE

Please. Make yourself at home.

The floor is littered with books and maps.

DR. MERCURIE

Find anything interesting?

Jane hesitates, then decides to trust him

JANE

You probably know - he was looking for the lost city of Opar. The Romans thought it to be the umbilicus of the world. They sent an expedition there, found some kind of black mountain and constructed a temple....

DR. MERCURIE

(Quotes)

"...with a great frieze running around it, showing all the animals and plants of Africa: two cubits high, of solid gold."

She looks at him, startled.

DR. MERCURIE

Your father is not the only one who studied Herodotus.

JANE

Who else knows it?

DR. MERCURIE

No-one heard it from me. And I suggest you say nothing either. You'll have every villain in the colony, queuing up to accompany you upriver. Tell them you're looking for your father

JANE

Well that's the truth.

DR. MERCURIE

You know he's dead of course.

JANE

On the contrary, he sent me a letter, and a box.

DR. MERCURIE

That came through two years ago. And still there has been no sign of him.

JANE

Dr Livingstone was gone for five before they managed to contact him.

DR. MERCURIE

Dr Livingstone didn't want to be contacted.

(Beat)

But then, maybe that is your innermost fear - that you are simply of no interest to him.

She glares at him, offended. But it is the truth.

DR. MERCURIE

If so, I came to say - as a father myself - going in search of him is not a solution. The dead and the dead in spirit are best left alone.

JANE

He's alive. He thinks of me often

DR. MERCURIE

Then you'll find that written in his journals, without risking certain death up-river.

He smiles at her, with compassion and regret.

DR MERCURIE

Good night Miss Porter.

71 **EXT. THE WHARF. DAY.**

71

On the wharf, a queue of Africans waits to sign up for the journey up-river. Clayton, with Oye translating, takes names under an awning.

The two extra company men - PIEBALD and SMOKO - push to the front and are given contracts. PIEBALD is an Afrikaaner with a mottled skin condition, SMOKO is an Australian with an open wound in his cheek through which he can blow cigar-smoke.

CLAYTON

Sign here. You accept there are certain risks attached.

SMOKO

We all have to die of something.

A glance up at the boxer, Oakley, who guards Clayton, unsmiling, rarely speaking.

72 **INT/ EXT. RIVER BOAT. WHEEL-HOUSE. DAY.**

72

The river boat is loaded and ready to depart. As crew-men run about making final preparations the Danish Captain SVENSSON shouts down the tube to the engine room.

SVENSSON

Full steam Mister Garrick!

73 **INT. BOILER ROOM. RIVER BOAT. DAY.**

73

The engineers: Scots twins GARRICK and PYE - yell at each other above the noise of escaping steam.

GARRICK

Mair pressure!

PYE

Bloody boiler's all buggered frae
want o' white lead and rivets!
Mair lagging here! Lagging!!

His assistants bandage the pipes. Negro STOKERS hurl great hard-wood logs into the boiler.

Wall-eyed Garrick squints at the foggy pressure gauge.

GARRICK

Mair pressure!

PYE

Its comin' ye deaf blind eejit!!

The pressure needle creeps upwards to the mark. Garrick engages the gears, with a terrible crunching of cogs.

One of them unties a dugout and paddles back to secure the monster fish with a rope.

77 **INT. KITCHEN, RIVER BOAT - LATER** 77

Three men skin and butcher the catfish, which is the size of a Manatee. Jane walks in.

SMOKO

Don't be tempted to eat it miss.
Feeds off dead meat and tastes like
shit, if you'll Pardon the
expression.

JANE

Thank-you for the advice

77A **EXT. THE FISHING VILLAGE. DAY.** 77A

The wash of the passing river boat surges up to a deserted native settlement on an island in the river.

Apart from the huge fish traps of twisted branches there is no sign of life.

JANE (V.O.)

Day 24 on the river. This is as far
as my father reached on his first
expedition, ten years ago.

78 **INT. RIVER BOAT. JANE'S CABIN. DAY** 78

Jane is flicking through her fathers mildewed journals - he drew these fish traps.

JANE (V.O.)

I remember, after mama's funeral,
before he sent me home. He would
tell me stories of these people.

78A **INT. HOUSE IN PORT-GENTIL. THE PAST. NIGHT** 78A

A view through a lighted window: Six year old Jane lying in bed listening spellbound to her father's vivid stories of adventure.

Porter mimes a man raising a rifle, then being strangled.

ADULT JANE (V.O.)

He spoke, I remember of their
Invisible God who protected them
from harm and killed their enemies.

78B **EXT. JUNGLE NEAR THE FISHING VILLAGE. THE PAST. DAY** 78B

A SLAVE TRADER with a rifle threatens Prof Porter and his fisher folk companions.

A loop of cord drops round the slaver's neck and jerks him violently upwards into the trees.

NEXT DAY: The fisher folk leave fish, snakes and water lillies at the place as an offering.

78C **EXT. THE HOUSE IN PORT GENTIL. NIGHT.** 78C

The story is at an end

PORTER

Cuddle down now. Nothing bad can happen.

CHILD JANE

Why?

PORTER

Because I love you, silly.

He kisses her, then walks around her bed, tucking in the mosquito net.

78D **INT JANE'S CABIN. THE PRESENT. DAY.** 78D

Jane turns the pages reading her fathers spidery writing.

JANE (V.O.)

In papa's second and third journeys, the same ghostly protector recurs over and over.

The writing is smudged and barely legible but one word keeps recurring, ...zan arzaTarz ... Tarza...

JANE (V.O.)

His name is Tarzan.

79 **INT. RIVER BOAT. WHEEL-HOUSE. DAY** 79

The river is becoming narrower. Svensson peers ahead. The second mate on the prow directs him with hand gestures to the deepest channel.

CAPTAIN

(to Clayton)

Main danger from here is snags and sunken logs.... At least ve hope dat's de main danger.

81

EXT. PROW OF THE PADDLE STEAMER. EVENING.

81

The paddle-steamer pushes against the current, dwarfed by the giant trees. At the prow of the ship the second mate - his name is CHRISTIAN - stands alert and watchful.

CLAYTON

You see something?

CHRISTIAN

Dis tree people country.

JANE

Who are the tree people?

Christian looks at Oye "You tell them."

OYE

The tree people are spirits. They summon the rain and feed off dead bodies. The light attracts them.

(To Clayton)

Best tell your friends - no-one to sleep with a lamp burning.

CLAYTON

I'll put the word out. Thank-you.

JANE

Is "Tarzan" one of the tree people.

Christian looks sharply towards Oye - how does the white woman know the taboo name of "Tarzan?"

OYE

Tarzan is a Half-God. His mother was a sea-goddess and his father was a gorilla. He speaks the language of animals and can be many places at once. The fisher-folk leave him offerings. They say anyone who looks at him must die.

Clayton rolls his eyes at this nonsense and moves off, calling back to Jane over his shoulder:

CLAYTON

Dinner in ten minutes!

Oye watches him depart.

OYE

Why did you bring this man?

JANE

Strictly speaking he brought me. The Royal Society would never have given me my own expedition.

OYE

What does he want in Africa.

JANE

Fameadventure. We've run out
of wars to fight in India

OYE

and later... to marry you?

Jane is taken aback

JANE

He hasn't said anything.

OYE

But he wishes it.

JANE

Actually, Oye, his wishes and mine
are none of your business.

The dinner gong rings aft.

JANE

...if you'll excuse me.

Oye nods and joins Christian at the prow of the ship, as the
implacable walls of jungle drift past on either side.

82 **EXT. RIVER BOAT. NIGHT.**

82

The anchor chain rattles down as Captain Svensson moors the
boat mid-river.

In the prow, Christian keeps lookout, two spears and a
machete cradled in his lap.

83 **EXT. THE RIVER-BOAT AT ANCHOR. NIGHT.**

83

The sound of conversation and laughter mingles with the voice
of Oye respectfully knocking on doors.

OYE

Lights out. Lights out now please.

Voices fade. Lights are extinguished. The ship goes dark.

84 **EXT. PROW OF THE RIVER BOAT. NIGHT.**

84

The reflections of stars wobble in the black water, as though
the night sky itself is drifting past the boat.

Christian, beginning to doze, sees something ahead: the dark
outline of an uprooted tree floating slowly down-river.

TARZAN

Get down!

They hit the deck together, Jane still screaming as...

A hail of darts rain onto the ship.

90 **INT. DINING ROOM. PRE DAWN.** 90

Will Clayton, asleep in the dining room, wakes to the noise of shouting and running feet.

The table in front of him is strewn with playing cards and empty bottles from the night before.

The door slams open. It's Typin - wild eyed.

TYPIN

We're being attacked!

He runs off. Clayton grabs his revolver and follows.

91 **INT. RIVER BOAT. BELOW DECKS** 91

Everywhere men are falling over each other, hauling on their trousers, scrabbling for weapons.

Typin, rifle cocked, throws open the door to exterior. A thick wooden arrow parts his hair and kills the man behind him. Clayton is next in line. He kicks aside the body and slams the door shut as Oakley and Wormold come charging down the corridor.

CLAYTON

Back back!

92 **EXT. RIVER BOAT. ON DECK. DAWN** 92

Elsewhere crewmen stumble outside, confused and bare-arsed to be killed by the lethal rain of poisoned arrows .

93 **INT. THE WHEEL-HOUSE. DAY** 93

Svensson arrives in the Wheel-house wearing long-johns.

SVENSSON

What happened? Who the hell was on watch?!

Clearly the first mate, who is dead now, bleeding all over the floor. Svenson yells down to the engine room:

SVENSSON

Engage forward winch! Garrick where
are you?

93A **INT. BELOW DECKS** 93A

The cook awakes, opens the shutters a chink and gets a dart
straight in the forehead.

94 **EXT. PROW OF THE SHIP. DAWN.** 94

Crouching behind the gunwale, Tarzan shelters Jane with his
body, unable to stand without being peppered.

The door to the fo'castle opens. Clayton sees Tarzan's near-
naked body covering Jane and raises his revolver.

JANE

Don't shoot! He's protecting me!

Tarzan yells at Clayton and Oye in the language of the apes:

TARZAN

Stay where you are! Stay there!

Darts keep thudding into the half-open door. Clayton blasts
away at their invisible attackers in the trees

Everyone who's not been killed is firing from the interior.
The air is thick with cordite. Gun-smoke drifts down the
flanks of the ship.

95 **INT. ENGINE ROOM. DAY.** 95

Garrick checks the boiler pressure

GARRICK

Mair pressure! Wood! Wood!

The Stoker, at the top of the ladder, is killed by the darts.
The logs he was carrying come crashing below decks.

Svensson shouts down the speaking tube.

SVENSSON (O.S)

Engage winch!

Pye throws the big lever. The gears grind and engage.

96 **EXT. RIVER BOAT. ON THE WHEEL-HOUSE** 96

The River boat starts to inch forwards on its chain

SVENSSON

Finally!

He steps over to the steering wheel. A spear comes through the window and impales him to the back wall.

96A **BELOW DECKS**

96A

Piebald cracks open another case of Ammo.

TYPIN

She's moving!!

97 **EXT. PROW OF THE SHIP. DAWN**

97

The anchor chain tenses, then BREAKS! The whiplash snaps off the flagpole, just above Jane and Tarzan's heads.

There's a brief respite in the hail of darts. Clayton, shouts across the foredeck to Jane

CLAYTON

Get back here. Try and get back

Tarzan holds her, shouting in ape language

TARZAN

Move and you will die.

WILL CLAYTON

Run now!

TARZAN

Wait!

Cupping his hands he bellows at the top of his lungs, in the dialect of the tree people.

TARZAN

*Ho! There. People of the trees.
Stop shooting! They will give you
what you want.*

He takes his machete from his belt. Over the years it has been honed to a thin, irregular blade.

With it he makes a gash in his forearm, then raises his bleeding arm as a signal.

Through doors and shutters of the ship, crewmen and white trash watch as the jungle man rises to his feet in the prow.

He lifts up the corpse of the 2nd mate, Christian - and throws it over the side.

CLAYTON
What in hell is he doing?!

OYE
They want our dead. It is their
entitlement!

SMOKO
Shoot the bastard!

OYE
No! Give them everyone. Or they
will take the living also.

Clayton considers this.

CLAYTON
Do what he says.

100 **EXT. THE REAR OF THE SHIP.** 100

One by one the bodies are pitched overboard: Svensson, the first and second mate, the cook, the stoker...

They float down-river, revolving slowly in the current, finally disappearing under the low-hanging boughs where unseen beings haul them up out of the water.

When the last of the bodies is gone, Tarzan climbs up on the top of the boat, dives into the river and vanishes.

WORMOLD
Where's he gone now?

PIEBALD
....There!

A hundred yards away, Tarzan climbs up onto the opposite bank and disappears under the trees. Then the heavens open and it starts to rain.

101 **EXT. RIVER BOAT/ FOREST. DAY** 101

The rain continues. The river rises. The forest is full of strange sounds - not animal and not human.

102 **INT. DINING ROOM. DAY.** 102

The surviving members of the expedition have gathered in the dining room. The table is piled high with firearms.

Wormold peeks cautiously through the shutters. Smoko chews on a bit of dried meat.

WORMOLD

They're watching us, aren't they.

SMOKO

I reckon they're too busy eating.

CLAYTON.

Stay away from the shutters. Soon as its deep enough we'll be off and head straight back down river.

JANE

What, and abandon the expedition?

CLAYTON

We've already lost six men and a dozen porters. Why would one risk pressing further

GARRICK

Because we canny gang back.

Everyone turns and stares at him, sitting propped in a corner, cleaning his pipe.

GARRICK

It's impossible: river's too narrow to turn here.

CLAYTON

Then we reverse.

PYE

Paddles wud smash on the first snag we hit. Haf tae go up till we find turning space.

CLAYTON

Where would that be?

GARRICK

Ye'd huf tae ask Svensson, and he's deid.

As he says it, the boat lurches.

GARRICK

That's us free. Ah'll tak the helm.

CLAYTON

Have you piloted this boat before.

GARRICK

No.... Huv youse?

So its decided. Garrick will captain the ship.

103 **EXT. THE PADDLE-STEAMER. DAY** 103

The engines start. The ship, with a shudder, swings out into the current. The great paddle wheel begins to turn and she heads off upriver.

104 **EXT. THE TREES ALONGSIDE THE RIVER. DAY.** 104

Tarzan and his ape companions move through the trees, easily keeping pace with the slow-moving paddle-steamer.

TERKOZ

Remind me - why are we following them?

TARZAN

I'm interested.

TERKOZ

It's not as though they're friendly.

TARZAN

If you're scared, then go back.

He knows full well that impugning Terkoz's courage is a sure way to make him continue.

BOLANGI

Kerchak is going to be furious we've been hunting all this time and come back empty handed.

TARZAN

I don't care about Kerchak

FARRIKI

You should. One day he'll catch you without your knife.

BOLANGI

They're coming outside.

On the river-boat, the humans have seen something ahead and are coming out on deck.

Jane is among them. C.U. on Tarzan.

ADULT TARZAN (V.O.)

Why were we following? Because of her. I wanted to see the pale skin and the red lips again... I had never felt like that in my life - a need that was not about eating or sleeping - a need that made me feel hollow inside..

105 **INT. THE PADDLE-STEAMER. WHEEL-HOUSE. DAY.** 105

Garrick is at the helm, looking ahead

GARRICK
This is interesting.

The river widens into a pool with a mud-bank in the middle. Stuck in the mud-bank there's a dead tree with the tattered remnants of a British ensign hanging from it.

106 **EXT. THE TURNING-PLACE. DAY.** 106

A jetty appears. Behind it, in what was once a clearing, six dome-shaped huts are being slowly reclaimed by the jungle.

Garrick shouts down from the wheel-house to his brother in the engine-room.

GARRICK
Half-speed!

Then he yells outside.

GARRICK
Lines starboard!

107 **EXT/INT. THE PADDLE-STEAMER. TURNING PLACE. DAY.** 107

The river boat is looping slowly round the back of the mud-bank when it hits something underwater.

There's a horrible of rending woodwork as...

108 **INT. THE ENGINE ROOM. DAY.** 108

The great black limbs of a sunken tree burst in through the hull and water starts pouring in.

Knee deep in black water Pye yells up the speaking tube:

PYE
We're sinking!

109 **INT. THE WHEEL HOUSE. DAY** 109

Garrick feels the boat begin to tilt. Behind him, the paddle wheels hits the underwater snag and splinters.

GARRICK
Full Steam!

CLAYTON
(rushing in)
What are you doing!

GARRICK
Huf tae beach her.

The stricken boat surges forwards.

110 **EXT. THE PADDLE STEAMER. DAY.** 110

It destroys the jetty, crashes through the mangroves and stalls, in a wash of black water.

111 **EXT. PORTERS RIVER CAMP. EVENING.** 111

It's raining. Men wade ashore through black mud, salvaging essential supplies.

CLAYTON
Store it in those huts.

Jane considers the clearing beyond the wrecked jetty.

JANE
This is my father's camp.
He drew these huts in his journal.

Smoko and Wormold are distinctly uninterested in this detail. They dump a crate of climbing gear next to Clasyton.

SMOKO
So what's the plan from here?

CLAYTON
We go back, on foot or by raft.

SMOKO
Either way we'll want danger money.

CLAYTON
WellI have nothing to pay you with.

SMOKO
We'll agree a sum here. Pay us at the trading post.

CLAYTON
No money there either. I was planning to pay you in gold.

Jane is horrified at the breach of confidence.

JANE
William. You promised!

SMOKO/PIEBALD

What gold?!

CLAYTON

Her father found gold up country,
at the lost temple of Opar.

JANE

We don't know that for sure.

CLAYTON

We have the professors maps, and a
lump of gold the size of your fist.
I don't know about the rest of you
but that's incentive enough for me.

JANE

William. Can you and I talk please?

She pulls Clayton aside from the others. Oakley moves to
block her. Oye confronts him.

CLAYTON

Steady, there. Steady.

(to Jane)

I know what you're going to say but
these are changed times

JANE

You said no mention would be made
of it even if....

WILL CLAYTON

Then why should they help you find
your father?

JANE

I don't need their help.

WILL CLAYTON

Oh, come, how long would you
survive alone here?

JANE

We shall see.

WILL CLAYTON

We shall not see! Do you think I
could honourably return to England
having left you here? Either we all
go or no-one goes.

JANE

You have no right to force me.

WILL CLAYTON

And you have no right to ask these poor devils to die for five guineas a week. You've been headstrong and stubborn since you were a child but this is men's lives. We all share the risk and we share the spoils.

JANE

What "spoils"...?

She looks up to see a muddey delegation approaching: Smoko, Wormold, Typin and the others, angry but determined.

SMOKO

All right: We carry on.

111A **EXT. PORTERS RIVER CAMP. NIGHT.** 111A

A drizzle of rain The huts have been made habitable each one illuminated by an oil lamp. Inside the men of the expedition complain and conspire among themselves

A shadow flits unseen from one hut to the others, arriving finally at the lighted doorway of Jane's hut.

Tarzan, peers in the through the screen of mosquito netting.

112 **INT. EXT. JANES TENT. NIGHT.** 112

Isolated from the others by the rain and ill-feeling Jane sits cross-legged.

She's in her night gown, hair hanging loose, reading.

Tarzan watches her and mimics her every move with the book: smoothing the pages, gently flexing the spine.

She senses someone watching and turns. There's no-one.

113 **EXT. FOOD STORE HUT. NIGHT.** 113

Later, Wormold sleeps in the doorway of one of the huts.

Bolangi approaches, sniffing, drawn by the smell of food.

He squeezes past Wormold, negotiating his broad shoulders through the narrow door.

114 **INT. FOOD STORE. NIGHT.** 114

The bale of dried fish is tucked beside some tins. Bolangi reaches for it, tries pulling gently, then tugs it loose.

A pile of tins comes clattering down. Bolangi exits smartly and goes bounding off.

114A **EXT. RIVER CAMP. NIGHT**

114A

Wormold wakes, grabs his gun and shouts.

WORMOLD

Jesus. Thieves Intruders!!

He rushes to the clearing's edge, aiming at Bolangi who is racing off upwards through the trees

Wormold is about to fire when a knife flies out of nowhere, slicing a deep gash between Wormold's forefinger and thumb.

Wormold yells. The night is full of people emerging from huts and tents, swinging lanterns and shouting.

GARRICK AND PYE

Who.. where? What's happening?

WORMOLD

Sliced my bloody hand. A man or something. Threw a bloody knife!

CLAYTON

Show me.

He examines the hand: a deep, clean laceration.

CLAYTON

Where's the knife?

Wormold looks down at his feet. The knife has gone.

SMOKO

Probably our friend "Tarzan".

CLAYTON

I want an armed man on guard here there and over there. I want military discipline. Four hour watches through the night.

JANE holds her lamp close to the ground. She sees an ape's footprints heading into the darkness of the trees. And also a man's.

113A **INT. JANES TENT - DAWN**

113A

Jane wakes. Next to her bed, there's a gift - a damp pile of paper. It's an ancient book of nursery rhymes.

114 **EXT. PORTERS BASE CAMP. MORNING**

114

In daylight, Clayton is looking for the knife which wounded Wormold.

Swiping at the long grasses he uncovers a flat rock.

CLAYTON
Come and look at this.

Jane and others join him, crowding in to read the inscription: "H.P 1885. OPAR" then an arrow "200 Mi S.E."

CLAYTON
(to Jane)
Henry Porter - your father. Opar.
200 miles South East. He found it

SMOKO
Two hundred miles of solid bloody
jungle. How long will that take?

115-7 **EXT. THE JUNGLE. DAY.**

115-7

The expedition pushes through dense bush, cursing the vines and creepers which seem to willful ensnare and impede them.

Oakley, is in the lead, carving a path. When he finally becomes exhausted the next man in line takes his place.

Jane hangs back awhile, enjoying the peace of the jungle, away from the chopping, cursing and swearing of the men.

She sees a a swarm of butterflies circling in a shaft of sunlight and then - shockingly and briefly - what looks like a man's face - Tarzan - staring at her, out of the shadows.

She gasps, looks again and it is gone.

JANE
Tarzan?

Then Clayton's voice shouting to her

CLAYTON
Jane?!

JANE
I'm here!

He comes back, sweating and annoyed.

CLAYTON
Try not to fall back.

JANE
I'm sorry.

POV shot from above: Together they catch up with the others.

118 **EXT. JUNGLE CAMPSITE. NIGHT.**

118

Clayton squints through his sextant at the stars, then returns to the campfire and adds the estimated latitude and longitude to a map he is drawing, in ink.

GARRICK

How far today?

CLAYTON

Maybe four miles.

PYE

Jesus. At this rate we'll be dead of starvation before we get there.

PIEBALD

Break out a tin of biscuit. There has to be something warm blooded to be shot in this damned forest!

119 **EXT. THE FOREST. DAY.**

119

The expedition continues.

Jane has lagged behind again, allowing the others to get ahead of her. As their voices fade she peers up into the overhanging dome of green.

JANE

Tarzan?

(No response)

Tarzan!!

No response. But, faintly, from off to the side, comes what sounds like the neighing of horses.

Jane leaves the trail blazed by Clayton and his men, pushing through bamboo into a dappled glade.

A little herd of miniature horses are grazing on the forest floor. For a few magical seconds she watches them. Then she hears a gunshot and the horses scatter.

CLAYTON (O.S)

Jane!!

JANE

Yes!!

CLAYTON (O.S)

This way!!

JANE
I'm coming!!

She moves towards the voice; heading, she thinks, exactly towards it, but finding nothing.

JANE
Will? Will Clayton!!

CLAYTON
Over here.

JANE
Where are you!!

A faint call. It sounds like he's way off to the left, at right angles to where she was headed.

The light in the forest is growing dimmer, the air growing chill as a monsoonal rainstorm approaches

JANE
Will?!!

She changes course and starts running through the forest.

Behind her, and in the canopy above she fancies she can hear pattering feet.

She stops and looks up. It's the patter of rain on leaves.

120 **EXT. ELSEWHERE IN THE FOREST.** 120

It's raining quite hard now. Will Clayton calls to her:

WILL CLAYTON
Jane!
(To his men)
Fire your guns. Don't split up!

121 **EXT. THE JUNGLE. WITH JANE. FAILING LIGHT** 121

The rain gets heavier, the light growing dimmer.

Jane runs towards what sounds like a fusillade of gunfire then stops, confused by a fusillade of thunder.

Panicked now, she begins to race through the darkening forest, thorny vines tearing at her dress.

122 **EXT. THE JUNGLE RAVINE. DAY** 122

Abruptly, she finds her path blocked by a deep jungle ravine, traversed by fallen logs.

Jane searches for a log which will bear her weight.

Looking down into the depths of the ravine she sees a group of semi-human figures, crouching under the shelter of the logs: Huge humanoid apes, with white eyes and fangs.

As she hesitates, frozen with fear, a figure rises from amongst the apes, dark, scarred and almost naked - Tarzan.

CLAYTON'S MEN (O.S)
Jane! Miss Porter!! Ho!!

They are somewhere on the other side of the ravine.

Jane steps on a log and starts over it. Her foot skids and with a scream she plunges down in to the ravine.

123 **INT. THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE. DAY.**

123

She hits the ground hard and lies still.

WILL CLAYTON (O.S)
Jane! Jane!

The Apes turn and flee up the jungle ravine. Tarzan hesitates, approaches Jane and prods her.

TARZAN
Wake up. Wake up.

She's limp as a corpse.

Tarzan picks her up and slings her over his shoulder. He's starting to climb up the wall of the ravine when the little guy, Typin, appears, rifle pointed down towards Tarzan.

TYPIN
(yells to the others)
Over here!!

Tarzan freezes. Typin can't shoot for fear of hitting Jane.

TYPIN
Put the girl down. Drop her, you hear me!?

Tarzan starts to run along the base of the ravine.

TYPIN
She's here! The ape man's got her.

Men with guns appear from all sides, shouting as Tarzan races along the sunken gully. Some fire down at Tarzan's feeing form. Others shout:

MEN

- Don't fire!
- There!
- Where?
- After him.

They're chasing Tarzan along the gully, like hunters trying to flush out game.

Tarzan's POV: Voices and gunshots above. The gully ahead of him narrowing, forming a tunnel below the forest floor.

It ends, suspended in mid-air at a point where the ground suddenly drops away.

The pursuing men stop, arrested by the low cliff. Tarzan ...

124 **EXT. JUNGLE CLIFF FACE. DAY** 124

...HURLS himself into the lower branches of the trees opposite.

With Jane still balanced on his shoulder he climbs hand over hand up into the sheltering canopy.

Clayton's men can do nothing but shout after him.

VOICES.

Jane! (Fading) Jane!

125 **EXT HIGH AMONG THE TREES. DAY.** 125

She wakes, unsure if she heard her name being called, to find herself upside down, the forest floor spiralling far below.

Jane screams and struggles. Tarzan grips her round the thighs

TARZAN JANE
Don't wriggle! Stay still! Put me down!

Tarzan leaps into space. Jane screams and clutches him as....

126 **EXT. THE HIGH CANOPY. DAY** 126

He swings up higher and higher, hurling the pair of them from treetop to treetop.

They are flying two hundred feet off the ground, as Tarzan uses the whippy upper branches to propel him in great arcs.

JANE

Stop! Please stop!

Tarzan flings himself into the void again letting go of both her legs to grab the next branch.

JANE
Aaaah!...Unnngh!

Her hair falling loose as he slams into another branch and Tarzan grabs her thighs again to stop her plummeting head first to the ground.

JANE
Our father who are in heaven
hallowed be thy.... Uuungh !! Dear
God make him stop... aaah!

Until, quite suddenly, her prayers are answered.

127

INT. TARZAN'S TREETOP HUT. DAY.

127

High in the highest trees Tarzan drags her into a sort of out-sized wicker basket, carpeted with grass.

It's a weird replica of the hut that Lord Clayton built on the beach, made of saplings interwoven and tied together, every part of it creaking and moving with the wind.

JANE
Jane wants to go back down. Go
down. Do you understand, Tarzan?

He smiles and hoots. He understands "Tarzan"

TARZAN
Tarzan!

JANE
(touches her chest)
Jane...

Tarzan touches her on the breast.

TARZAN
Jane...

Jane grabs his hand. Puts it over her face.

JANE
Jane.

Tarzan touches her nose.

TARZAN
Jane...

JANE
No.

She gestures at him.

JANE

Tarzan....

She gestures at her *whole body*.

JANE

Jane...

TARZAN

Jane. *Man*. Tarzan. *Man*.

JANE

I don't understand you.

Tarzan rummages around in one corner of his hut and produces the enamel building block with the man on it.

TARZAN

Man.

JANE

Yes. *Man*. *Woman*.

He rummages around some more and finds Lady Alice's hair brush, now dull and tarnished with the bristles pulled out.

JANE

Hair brush.

She shows him. Pretending to brush her hair with it. Tarzan gives her a box, with the initials J.C. engraved on it.

JANE

Where did you find these things?

TARZAN

These are Tarzan's...

JANE

Did you steal them? Did you find them on a man?

TARZAN

...from the hut by the sea.

He puts his hands in the shape of a hut, then mimics the sound of waves, while spreading his arm to show the vast expanse of the ocean.

TARZAN

Whoosh. whoosh. Where every years we eat the turtle eggs.

He mimics eating. She doesn't get it

JANE

I am looking for my father. For Henry Porter. For Opar.

The names mean nothing to him.

JANE

The city of Opar. Look.

She undoes a couple of buttons of her bodice and takes out a paper she keeps there.

JANE

Opar.

A pen and ink drawing by her father. The square-topped plug of rock rising from the jungle.

JANE

Opar. Trazan can take us there?

Tarzan ignores the paper looking at her bodice. He moves closer, slowly, so as not to alarm her

TARZAN

You want to hump Tarzan?

JANE

I don't understand.

TARZAN

I'll show you.

Reaching for her hips

JANE

No. No. No. Tarzan. No.

Pushing away from her.

JANE

NO!

TARZAN

(makes the human sound)

No?

JANE

"No". No is the first word. "No" is what makes us human.

(Beat)

No. Say it. No!

Tarzan regards her moodily.

TARZAN

(finally, the human word)

No.

JANE

No.

She shows him the picture again.

JANE

Opar. Take Jane to Opar

He grunts, reaches in his bed again and gives her something - a small tin box.

JANE

For me? Thank you.

Inside there's a bundle of oily gray rags with something wrapped inside it.

Jane removes the rags to find the little brass music box. "*A gift from the people of Sierra Leone - March 1878*"

She turns the tiny handle and the box plays a few bars of Mozart - the tune Tarzan's mother played to him as a baby.

A tear rolls down Tarzan's cheek. He can't understand how the sound comes from the box, nor why it causes him such pain.

JANE

You turn the handle like this

TARZAN

No.

(Violently)

"No"!

Frightened by his reaction, she puts it down.

JANE

All right, it's quiet. Gone now.

(then softly)

Jane is frightened. Jane wants to go down from here. I want to go back to my own people. Please, Tarzan, take me down.

She stands up and makes as if to climb out of the window.

TARZAN

No! Stop. You will fall.

(Then in human language)

Opar! Opar!

She turns, frowning. Has he finally understood?

TARZAN

Tarzan will take you to Opar. No humping. Let me carry you.

She complies, finally succumbing to be touched by him. She folds herself over his shoulder, and lets his arm to come round her legs in a sort of embrace.

Tarzan swings out into space.

128

EXT. THE. FOREST. DAY

128

Clayton and his men have spread out in a search-line.

Walking at intervals of ten meters, rifles at the ready, they scan the branches above, and the crevices between the big buttressed roots, shouting

ALL

Miss Porter! Jane Porter. Jane.

SMOKO

This is useless. Just leave her and go back I say.

The others look to Clayton for a lead. He fiddles with his worry beads - little metal pyramids with the wire loops.

The shadows are lengthening, soon they will be out of light. Then a voice speaks:

JANE.

William. Over here.

Clayton squints sideways. In evening light Jane appears like a ghost among the trees.

JANE

...I'm here.

The others turn in astonishment. Clayton rushes back to her.

CLAYTON

What happened?

JANE

Tarzan brought me.

CLAYTON

Are you... intact.

Her clothes are ripped. She's bruised and pale, unsteady on her feet.

JANE

I'm fine. I'm fine.

Swooning, she collapses, in heap of black crinoline.

129

INT. TENT. FIRELIGHT NIGHT.

129

She's drinking a mug of broth. Clayton looks on anxiously.

CLAYTON

My only regret is that I didn't shoot the brute when first I clapped eyes on him. You must have suffered terribly.

JANE

No. I think he can help us.

CLAYTON

Help us?

JANE

I showed him a picture of Opar. He knows the place. I think he will take us there.

CLAYTON

(wry)

He speaks English?

JANE

He showed me some of his possessions. Clearly he has had some contact with humans. I think he helped my father. Perhaps he can be of some use to us.

This idea appeals to Clayton, as Jane knew it would, though she feels guilty as soon as she expresses it.

130-1

EXT. THE FOREST AMPHITHEATER. DAY

130-1

A U-shaped rock formation, with great trees overhanging, their branches extending like great cantilevered balconies

From the "stage" of this natural opera theatre, Tarzan calls up to the ape people.

TARZAN

Forest people! Listen to me. I want to say something important!

The apes stop their eating and grooming and turn towards him.

TARZAN

I am not one of you. Into the forest have come the people to whom I truly belong. Their name is Man. They want help.

ELDER

We know about Man. You're not telling us anything new.

TARZAN

They want me to lead them to the forbidden city. My brothers have agreed to come with me. Terkoz, Farikki, Bolangi. We will be gone for one moon, maybe two.

Kerchak drops down onto the rocks, with a roar.

KERCHAK

Enough. It's not going to happen.

TARZAN

This is not your business Kerchak.

KERCHAK

Of course it's my business. You think I'll let you take four of our best fighters.

TARZAN

You can't stop me.

He shouts up to his ape brothers.

TARZAN

Anyone coming with me - come!

Then he turns his back on Kerchak and walks away.

With a roar, Kerchak runs after Tarzan and kicks him with both feet in the back.

The long thin blade is knocked from Tarzan's hand. He makes no attempt to retrieve it. Instead, he runs at Kerchak, and aims a flying kick at his chest.

Kerchak dodges, swinging himself up onto a low-hanging bough.

KERCHAK

Fight me in the trees!

TARZAN

Anywhere!

Without hesitation, Tarzan swings up after him.

Holding onto the lower branches they exchange kicks and punches. Then Tarzan lets go and kicks Kerchak's legs from under him.

Kerchak falls, grabbing on to some vines to stop himself crashing to the ground.

Snarling, he swings himself up on his feet again, racing up through the web of branches, higher into the canopy.

Tarzan follows. The rest of the ape tribe crash upwards in pursuit, screeching support and advice.

FARIKKI

*Let him go, Tarzan! You can't win
up there!*

Ignoring him, Tarzan climbs higher and higher, never looking down, never seeming to look for a hand-hold or a foothold shouting to Kerchak, whom he can hear crashing through the foliage above and ahead.

TARZAN

*How far will you run, Kerchak?
Wherever you hide I will be there!!*

The canopy has gone silent.

TARZAN

Kerchak?!

Then Kerchak launches himself from above.

Claws and teeth bared, he knocks Tarzan from his perch and the pair of them tumble, screeching, through the forest canopy, slugging it out as they fall.

One will grab a branch and the other will kick or punch and the two of them will fall again - a blur of human and ape, crashing through the high branches.

As they descend the branches become bigger and more sparse with fewer hand-holds and harder landings.

The ground appears, spinning wildly, a hundred feet below.

Tarzan gouges, kicks, falls, grabs, plants his feet on a branch, punches, kicks, then falls again.

The next branch he grabs is rotten. He grabs wildly, saving himself with both arms round a big horizontal branch.

Kerchak drops down onto the same branch, standing upright.

He looks down into Tarzan's face.

Tarzan is breathing hard, grip slipping, unable to swing himself up.

Kerchak has got Tarzan exactly where he wants him. He calls up to the apes in the surrounding canopy.

KERCHAK

*You apes. Do you understand now
what I've said all along?*

(MORE)

KERCHAK (cont'd)

The hairless one is a traitor. I should have killed him at birth.

He raises a foot and kicks Tarzan in the head.

Tarzan takes the blow. He can't defend himself, can't let go. There's a stand of bamboo directly below, broken stems pointing upwards like thick spikes.

Kerchak stamps down on his head again. Tarzan grunts, spits blood, struggles to get a better grip on the bough. Kerchak is pulling back to stamp on him a third time when...

Tarzan swings himself upwards in a single looping move, kicking Kerchak behind the knees.

The alpha male pitches forwards, screeching, clutches for a branch and misses

Spread-eagled like a sky-diver, Kerchak falls. The stand of bamboo rushes up to meet him, its stems splintering under the impact of his fall, piercing every part of him like spears

The ape tribe look down, silent with horror.

A long silence. Tarzan addresses them

TARZAN

I am Tarzan of the apes. From now on you are my people.

(Then)

Bolangi. Terkoz. Farriki. We go.

132 **EXT. HIGH SHOT. FOREST AND GRASSLAND**

132

Seen from above - Jane Porter's expedition, in single file, pushes on through forest and grassland, making much faster progress than before.

Widen to reveal - a squad of apes providing a sort of military escort:

Tarzan is scouting ahead, marking the trail with his knife. Bolangi and Farikki guard the flanks, Terkoz guards the rear.

134 **EXT. A JUNGLE STREAM. DAY.**

134

The expedition arrives at some flat ground by a stream.

On one of the rocks, some food has been left for them: mangoes and figs, two dead lizards and a spiny ant-eater.

Men dump their packs. Jane shouts into the surrounding trees.

JANE

Thank you.

CLAYTON
He understands English?

JANE
He understands courtesy.

Above the sounds of the forest, a low rumble is audible.

CLAYTON
Waterfall.
(to Jane)
You want to go and see it.

She nods, the big silent Oakley, starts to come too.

CLAYTON
We'll be fine.

Piebald smirks at this. Oakley scowls at him.

135 **EXT. THE JUNGLE STREAM. DAY** 135

Tarzan watches unseen: sometimes from above, sometimes off to one side, as Clayton and Jane make their way upstream.

At times Clayton gives Jane his hand

136 **EXT. JUNGLE STREAM. FURTHER ON. DAY** 136

The sound of the waterfall is getting louder. A cooling mist of water drifts through the canopy. There are orchids growing here, brightly colored dragonflies and delicate ferns.

Clayton looks back at Jane - her hair glistening with airborne dew, her damp clothes clinging to her. She smiles.

He carries on, up a giant's staircase of limestone pools ...then stops

CLAYTON
My God.

137 **EXT. THE JUNGLE ESCARPMENT. DAY.** 137

Clayton's POV: A massive jungle escarpment, over which the entire Congo river seems to fall. The little stream they have followed feeds off the base of it.

Jane arrives and they gaze on the spectacle together in awe.

JANE
We must be the first whites to look on this.

CLAYTON

The second.

On the smooth trunk of a giant tree he has seen an inscription: "H.P May 87".

JANE

May of last year. He could still be alive!

In her joy at the discovery she embraces Clayton. Tarzan watches from the shadows.

CLAYTON

Marry me.

Jane laughs, off guard.

CLAYTON

...I mean, of course eventually, after we have found your father.

On Jane: It was once what she wanted. She's wondering why she feels nothing. She smiles to hide her confusion

JANE

Two weeks ago I'd have said I hated you.

CLAYTON

Well that's good. If you love someone too much it only puts you at a disadvantage.

Outwardly she smiles, inwardly she doubts this view of love as some kind of Darwinian struggle for dominance

JANE

I don't know what to say.

CLAYTON

(joking)

Unless Mr Tarzan has already proposed to you.

JANE

Not in so many words.

But actually, when she examines her feelings

CLAYTON

So there's no-one else.

JANE

No-one.

CLAYTON

May I take some encouragement from that?

JANE

You may. You have been most chivalrous.

He wants to kiss her. She's not about to do that but she lets him hold her for a moment.

Tarzan watches, then retreats backward into the forest.

141 **EXT. THE JUNGLE ESCARPMENT. WIDE SHOT. DAY** 141

The escarpment is near-vertical, densely clad in trees and foliage.

The expedition zig-zags up it, like ants on a green cliff.

It's tough, dirty work: scrambling upwards through rotting mulch which rains down on those climbing below.

The climbers constantly sink thigh deep in leaf litter, saved from falling by some thick vine or the hand arm of an ape.

The apes - previously invisible helpers - are now right in among the expedition. Tarzan leads the way

Clayton is getting sweaty and frustrated. Bugs and centipedes and lizards fall into his clothing.

142 **EXT. NEAR THE TOP OF THE ESCARPMENT.** 142

At the top, Tarzan and the apes leave the explorers and head off, taking with them the ropes they were helping to carry.

CLAYTON

Hey! Come back here!

(To Typin)

Where in hell have they gone now?

143 **EXT. THE RAVINE. DAY.** 143

The river churns through a deep ravine before boiling over the edge of the cliff.

Tarzan stands on the lip the ravine. He has tied a stone to one end of the rope. Now he throws it like a *bola* round a tree trunk on the opposite bank.

He tests the rope, ties it round a tree, then crosses the ravine hand over hand taking the free end with him.

BOLANGI (SHOUTS)
*I'm going to enjoy it when your man-
 friends try that.*

Tarzan secures the second length of rope and throws the free end back to Bolangi.

144 **EXT. TOP OF THE ESCARPMENT. DAY**

144

Clayton and the rest of the expedition climb up over the lip of the escarpment.

JANE
 He's made us a bridge!

A foot-rope and two hand ropes, strung tight over the plunging ravine.

Farikki bounces in the middle to demonstrate how safe it is.

TARZAN
 (shouts, angry)
*Don't bugger about, you'll scare
 them.*

CLAYTON
 Who's first?

Smoko slings his rifle over his shoulder, hooks his arms over the side-ropes and heads out. Its like walking a tightrope with minimal support on either side, but he makes it.

Typin follows....then Jane.

Half way across she starts to wobble. Tarzan shouts to her from the far bank, in the language of the apes.

TARZAN
Look at me. Look ahead!

Somehow understanding, she looks up and locks eyes with him. Tarzan looks back with a gaze of such hypnotic intensity that she entirely forgets her own fear.

The hand-ropes seem like solid bars, guiding her towards Tarzan, who stands on the other bank, willing her to follow. She makes it and leans on his arm

JANE
 Thank you.

145 **EXT. ON THE OPPOSITE BANK.**

145

Clayton pushes ahead of Piebald.

CLAYTON

I'll go next.

He steps onto the rope.

TARZAN

Not too fast!

Clayton keeps going, determined to make it look easy. Half way across, he feels something wriggling under his shirt.

Looking down he sees a dark fleshy tentacle slithering out from the space between two buttons.

TARZAN

Keep Going!

Clayton hooks the guide-ropes under his arms and rips open his shirt to reveal ...a mass of writhing leeches.

With a roar of horror he starts trying to pluck them off.

TARZAN

Leave them! Keep walking!

The warning comes too late. Clayton loses balance and pitches headlong into the ravine.

Tarzan jerks the rope loose from the tree, wraps it around his waist and dives after him.

146

EXT. IN THE RAVINE. DAY

146

Clayton hits the water, and the current takes him, flinging him with ferocious speed towards the lip of the waterfall.

Tarzan plunges in behind him and grabs his belt.

Clayton surfaces, gasping. The force of the current against his chest makes it almost impossible to breathe.

Tarzan, braced against a rock, water crashing against his shoulders, shifts his grip to Clayton's bandolier.

TARZAN

Get your arms around my neck!!

Clayton doesn't understand. The force of the current is pushing Tarzan inexorably forward.

His legs are braced against two rocks but even his titanic strength is no match for the colossal power of the river.

TARZAN

Round my neck!

Clayton makes a wild attempt to clamber up and over Tarzan.
Tarzan loses his footing.

147 **EXT. LIP OF THE RAVINE DAY** 147

The rope jerks suddenly. The huge branch round which it is looped, breaks off and goes crashing into the ravine. Jane screams.

148 **EXT. THE WATERFALL. DAY** 148

Tarzan and Clayton are swept over the waterfall, tumbling through space until...

149 **EXT. ABOVE THE WATERFALL. DAY** 149

The rope comes tight. The tree on Piebald's side of the ravine takes the strain, creaks...and holds.

150 **EXT. IN FRONT OF THE WATERFALL. DAY** 150

Tarzan and Clayton JERK back and CRASH through the screen of water.

Clayton sees the rock wall coming. He yells out in terror and... WHAM!!

151 **EXT. ABOVE THE WATERFALL. DAY** 151

Jane yells across the ravine to Oakley.

JANE

Pull them up!

Oakley Piebald and Wormold start hauling on the rope, which suddenly goes loose.

It's free end flips over the edge: They've lost them.

JANE

No. NO!

Tarzan's ape brothers rush to the edge of the rocks.

Their POV: a sheer drop of two hundred feet onto jagged splintered rocks at the base of the cliff.

Farikki and Bolangi are beside themselves with grief, crying out, shouting Tarzan's name in their own language.

JANE

Tarzan! Tarzan!

There's no reply.

SMOKO

Well. Looks like it's just us now.

He smiles at Jane, as though the new situation might have certain advantages.

152

EXT. UNDERNEATH THE WATERFALL. DAY

152

Behind the waterfall Tarzan clings to a web of tree roots. Clayton climbs up and over him to the safety of a rock ledge.

CLAYTON

(shouts)

Jane! Anyone!

His voice is drowned by the thundering water.

Tarzan joins him on the ledge. Their route off it is blocked by a slippery knuckle of rock - impossible to climb around.

TARZAN

Idiot. I should have let you fall.

Clayton doesn't understand.

CLAYTON

Hello! Hello! HELLO!

Then an ape shouts to Tarzan, disturbingly close.

BOLANGI (O.S)

What's your damp friend crying about?

TARZAN

Bolangi!

A wet, grinning face appears round the knuckle of rock.

BOLANGI

That's where you're hiding.

CLAYTON

Thank God. Help us! Take me first!

Bolangi throws the end of a vine. Tarzan catches it and hands it to Clayton.

CLAYTON

It won't hold

Tarzan pushes him.

Yelling with fear Clayton swings out in space, round the knuckle of rock where he is caught by Farikki and boosted up over the precipice

153 **EXT. TOP OF THE WATERFALL. DAY**

153

Jane sees Clayton crawling over the edge of the cliff. She looks behind him sees...

JANE

Tarzan!

On the cliff edge, Clayton turns to Tarzan, offers his hand.

CLAYTON

Thank you.

Tarzan walks past him with a grunt and starts re-tying his rope bridge. Jane shouts to Clayton across the ravine.

JANE

It's a miracle!

CLAYTON

(shouts back)

It was all Tarzan's doing!

JANE

Then we shall have a dinner in his honour!

154 **EXT. THE CAMPSITE ABOVE THE RAPIDS. DAY**

154

Clayton's has been working on his map of the expedition's progress. Tarzan picks up the pen and gets ink on his fingers, he touches the map leaving a thumb-print.

CLAYTON (O.S)

Careful there!

Clayton is shaving a short distance away. He rinses his razor. Tarzan looks at him quizzically. Jane comes over

JANE

Shaving. Want to try it?
It doesn't hurt.

Clayton looks at her dubiously.

JANE

(to Tarzan)

I'll do it. Sit here

Suspicious, Tarzan sits, regarding the reflection of his face in the mirror, as Jane pulls his hair back

JANE

Soap first. Don't move, Tarzan.

She brushes shaving foam onto his face. He snuffles when it gets in his nostrils, licks it and grimaces.

JANE

Don't eat it. Ugh.

He laughs. She raises the razor. Tarzan stops laughing - he knows about the power of blades.

JANE

Don't move Tarzan.

CLAYTON

Actually, maybe this isn't such a good idea.

JANE

(to Tarzan)

Soft. Gentle. Like this

She strokes the razor over her own cheek to demonstrate, then strokes it down Tarzan's.

JANE

Soft.

TARZAN

(copies the word)

So-o-o-offf.

JANE

And afterwards I'll cut your hair.
And William will give you a proper
shirt to wear.

The razor moving down his cheek in slow even strokes.
Tarzan's clean-shaven face appearing in the mirror.

LATER: Locks of black hair falling as Jane cuts it. Tarzan blinking and blowing upwards, like a child at the barber.

JANE

Hands up.

She slips a shirt over his head and arranges the collar.

JANE

Shirt.

TARZAN

(Imitates her)

Shirrrrr.

JANE
(to Clayton)
What do you think?

CLAYTON
It walks, it talks, it's almost
human.

Tarzan regards himself in the shaving mirror, then heads off.

JANE
Wait. Cologne, to make you smell
sweeter.

She dabs it on his cheeks. He touches her hand.

TARZAN
"Sofffff."

Then he gets up and romps off to show his friends. Jane calls
after him, anxious that he's going to get all dirty again.

JANE
Tarzan. Your shirt...

He's already gone. She turns to see Clayton looking at her.

JANE
I know what you're going to say.

CLAYTON
He's a wild animal. A dash of
cologne will never make him a
gentleman.

JANE
He saved your life.

CLAYTON
So?

JANE
So he has a conscience and a sense
of duty...
(Clayton is sceptical)
...and compassion, and courage. Why
would it be so hard to teach him
manners?

CLAYTON
You can teach a monkey to ride a
bicycle. The question remains: what
is the point.

JANE
The point is he's not a monkey -
he's clearly as human as you or I.

CLAYTON

You don't stop to question what kind of parents he must have sprung from, who would leave him to fend for himself here.

Jane, needled, looks away. The sun is setting.

JANE

There were some other things in his hut: I didn't tell you this because I didn't know how you would take it

Hesitant, because she's still unsure...

JANE

...a box with the initials J.C on it. When I asked where he found it he did this...

A sweep of her hand.

JANE

Whoosh. Like the waves on a beach.

CLAYTON

I don't know what you're saying.

No reply. The sun dips under the horizon.

CLAYTON

What are you suggesting? That my aunt and uncle were cast ashore here. That your friend Tarzan killed them and or robbed their poor corpses.

JANE

This was twenty years ago. Your aunt had already given birth. There was a baby....

CLAYTON

Oh No. Ha Ha!! No!

JANE

He had a child's music box, "from the people of Sierra Leone." He cried when I played it to him.

CLAYTON

And?

JANE

And he looks like you.

155-6 **EXT. THE FOREST'S EDGE. DAY**

155-6

Tarzan, dressed and clean-shaven, climbs into the trees, leather shoes slipping on the branches.

TARZAN

Guys! Guys!

His ape companions emerge from the greenery.

TARZAN

What do you think?

BOLANGI

I think you're wearing something else's skin.

TARZAN

I'm a Man.

TERKOZ

You smell terrible. Rub some caca in your hair. Here - you can have some of mine.

He throws shit at Tarzan, it lands on his neck and shoulder smearing his nice clear shirt. The other apes laugh.

Tarzan, furious, charges up the tree at them, roaring in the language of the apes. His shoes slip and he falls hard

TARZAN

I'm a Man you brainless idiots. I'm not one of you! I'm a MAN!

157 **EXT. THE CAMPSITE ABOVE THE RAPIDS. NIGHT**

157

Lanterns, swarming with insects, hang among the trees.

Below them, a rough trestle table is laid out in imitation of a formal dinner, with boxes for chairs, tin plates and mugs.

From the forest we can hear Tarzan and his fellow apes screeching at each other, fighting.

CLAYTON

Sounds like your guest of honour.

JANE

Leave him alone.

CLAYTON

Will he answer to the dinner gong.

JANE

He'll come.

Clayton's men have entered into the spirit of the occasion, dressing in the cleanest shirts, some wearing rags as cravats and bow-ties.

Every one sits down to eat. The place beside Jane remains conspicuously empty. Clayton taps his mug for attention.

CLAYTON
Shall I say grace?

Someone farts. The stifled laughter, and bow their heads.

CLAYTON
Lord for your manifold mercies in
this cruel place we thank you, in
Jesus name, Amen

ALL
Amen.

Clayton raises a beaker of palm wine in a toast

CLAYTON
Gentlemen. I give you our guide -
the estimable Mr Tarzan.

ALL
Mr Tarzan.

As if on cue Tarzan comes out from the forest. He's in a foul temper: smelling of shit, his knuckles scraped from fighting.

He hesitates at the edge of the clearing, bewildered by the strange lights in the trees. Jane pats the bench beside her

JANE
Here. Beside men.

He approaches, regarding the others darkly, and sits.

Wormold, on Tarzan's right, sniffs the powerful mixture of shit and cologne and pulls a face.

CLAYTON
(to Tarzan)
Your health.

Tarzan sticks his fingers in the hot food and snatches them away with a yell. Jane shoots a warning look at the others.

JANE
(to Tarzan)
Hot. Like this. With a fork.

She demonstrates. Tarzan copies, spilling most of it.

JANE
That's good.

WORMOLD

Palm wine Mr Tarzan? Not a bad vintage.

Jane intercepts the bottle and puts it aside

JANE

Have water.

She hands him a beaker. Tarzan has never drunk from a cup. He tips it and sucks from the rim, spilling most of it.

GARRICK

Ooops-a-daisy.

The men sitting opposite Tarzan are already choking in their effort not to laugh. Finally Wormold speaks: dead pan:

WORMOLD

So, Mr Tarzan. I'm interested in this new scent you're wearing....

The men explode and Tarzan leaps up, dragging the table cloth with him and shouting in the language of the apes.

TARZAN

I brought you food! I showed you the way here! I saved his worthless hide on the Waterfall. Why are you mocking me!

JANE

Tarzan. Please...

TARZAN

No. No. "NO."

Ripping off his shirt and throwing it at her.

TARZAN (L.O.T.A.)

I will not be laughed at. You want to find Opar? Find your own way!

He storms off. Jane follows, calling.

JANE

Tarzan!

He's gone. Jane rounds tearfully on the men, who are lying among the wreckage of dinner, helpless with laughter.

JANE

I hope you are satisfied. He has done everything to help us and this is how you reward him! We are quite without a guide now.

She goes to her tent. Clayton follows

CLAYTON
Jane. Miss Porter....

158 **INT/ EXT. JANE'S TENT. NIGHT.** 158

She sits on her sleeping roll and weeps bitterly.

CLAYTON (O.S)
Jane.... Can I come in?

JANE
You may not.

CLAYTON
(through the canvas)
He is a man-animal. Not an animal
and not yet a man. It was an error
of judgment on all our parts.

159 **EXT. TREETOPS. NIGHT.** 159

Tarzan climbs with reckless grace: up into the topmost
branches, where the canopy rolls and surges in the wind.

Wedging himself in a cleft, Tarzan starts ripping off
branches, bending them together to make a nest, then angrily
stamping them down until his sleeping place is secure.

He lies on his back, staring up at the tattered black clouds,
his lonely bed of leaves swaying this way and that in the
storm.

160 **EXT. TREE-TOPS. DAWN.** 160

The gale has subsided. Tarzan wakes and looks around.

He sees something and stands upright in his nest to get a
better look: Sitting squarely on the northern horizon, a
massive block of black rock - Opar!

A filament of smoke rises from its base.

161 **INT. JANE'S TENT. DAWN.** 161

Jane opens the flap of her tent and jumps with fright. Tarzan
is right outside, waiting.

TARZAN
"Opar." *This way.*

Then he turns and strides off into the jungle.

CLAYTON
This way. This is his mark.
(Shouting back)
Keep up there.

THE STRAGGLERS

Garrick, Pye and the others blunder along in Clayton's wake,,
cursing the terrain

JANE

limps along at the rear, assisted by Oye.

166 **EXT. THE JUNGLE. MID-DAY.**

166

TARZAN

breaks a vine from a tree, drinks the fluid which is stored
inside it, then pushes on remorselessly

CLAYTON

sweating like a marathon runner drains his canteen, still
driving his men.

CLAYTON
Come on - keep up!

OAKLEY
What about Miss Porter

CLAYTON
She'll find us.

Hacking on, still following Tarzan's markers as...

GARRICK and PYE

collapse beside a stagnant pool.

GARRICK
Water doesn't look too clever.

PYE
At least its wet.

JANE and OYE

Reach the same pool. Jane cups a hand in the water and Oye
stops her. She's limping badly as they head off.

167-74 **EXT. THE JUNGLE. AFTERNOON**

167-74

CLAYTON

is lost. He stops, shirt open, sweating. He shouts.

CLAYTON
Tarzan!!

No answer but the mocking chatter of birds.

Cursing, Clayton pulls out his compass and registers the direction in which they have been headed. Wormold catches up.

WORMOLD
Which way?

CLAYTON
This way.

Heading off with renewed vigor.

GARRICK and PYE

pause, exhausted, searching for the next marked tree.

GARRICK
Hello! Anyone.

Tarzan passes high above, unseen by them, heading back they way they came, looking for Jane.

The Scots twins labor onwards again.

JANE

Is seated. Oye stands guard as, with a grunt of pain, Jane pulls off her boot revealing a swollen left foot, the skin puffy and blistered. It's agonizing even to rest it.

She is wondering what to do when a figure drops down through the branches. Tarzan.

TARZAN
I'll carry you.

With a gesture to Oye he swings her over his shoulders, then heads up into the treetops. Oye follows their route.

174A **EXT. FOREST CANOPY. AFTERNOON.**

174A

Tarzan's POV: The black cliffs of Opar are now clearly visible. Tarzan heads for the thin trail of smoke

175 **EXT. JUNGLE. AFTERNOON**

175

Clayton keeps on, chopping angrily at a dense curtain of vines. The pace of progress has slowed to a crawl.

PIEBALD

Let me.

He steps forward to try and smash a way through the foliage, but behind each hanging curtain of greenery it seems there is just another and another.

SMOKO

We need to go around it.

Oakley takes his machete and starts hacking at the vines until, quite suddenly, a whole curtain of greenery collapses ahead of them to reveal:

Twenty naked PYGMY WARRIORS, their teeth filed to points, armed with spears, blowpipes, bows and arrows.

SMOKO

Hells bells - Cannibals!

The men raise their guns

CLAYTON

Don't shoot!

(To the pygmies)

Friends. Friends. We seek Opar.

The pygmies shout at the explorers in their own weird dialect

SMOKO

They want us to follow.

The pygmies gesture with vicious spears and arrows.

PIEBALD

I reckon they insist on it.

The sky darkens, bringing the afternoon rain as Clayton and his party make their way along the base of the cliff, pygmies ahead of them and behind.

177-8 **EXT. THE PYGMY VILLAGE. AFTERNOON**

177-8

Rain is falling as Tarzan sets Jane down on the edge of a clearing - and vanishes.

Jungle crops: Taro and manioc grow among the stumps of trees. Beyond these native "gardens", a collection of huts extend back to the black cliffs of Opar

Jane walks between the huts, limping. Naked, perfectly-formed pygmy women emerge from doorways and stare at her. At the end of the row theres a a normal sized hut.

JANE

Hello?

A door-covering of vegetable fibre is swept aside and a strange thin figure emerges from the shadows.

He was a white man once but exposure and wood smoke have blackened his skin. He has lost an arm and a leg on the right side of his body - giving him a weird unstable slenderness.

As he comes forward, two normal-sized wives and a number of children appear behind him. Giants in this community. The king and queens of the pygmies squint at the newcomer.

PORTER

Who are you?

JANE

(recognition dawning)

Father?

PORTER

....Jane?

Tears spring to both their eyes. They limp towards each other. Porter drops his wooden crutch and embraces his daughter. With their weight on her one good foot and his they can stand as one.

PORTER

Jane? Jane!! How did you find me?
How on earth did you get here?

JANE

Tarzan brought me.

PORTER

Tarzan? How in heaven...? Why on
earth did you come?

JANE

(crying, embracing him)
Because I love you, silly.

179

INT. PORTERS HUT/ FLASHBACKS. NIGHT.

179

A fire burns in the centre of the hut, smoke rising up through a hole in the roof.

Porter and Jane recline by the fire, Porters native wives in the background, the little children watching wide-eyed, as he tells Jane his story.

PORTER

On the second expedition, after your mother died, we based ourselves at the river camp and made forays, each dry season, into the interior. Then, on the third year, finally we found it.

FLASHBACK: Porter and his men find Opar.

PORTER

Our numbers already diminished by fever and native attacks, we scouted the perimeter.

FLASHBACK: Porter and his men circumnavigate the Rock pinnacle - sheer black obsidian on every side

PORTER

The Romans speak of a stairway to the centre but on every face we found it impenetrable. Finally, with supplies running low and the rainy season already upon us, I persuaded the men to climb it.

FLASHBACK. Using ropes woven from plant fibre Porter and his few surviving followers climb the black cliff in a rainstorm.

PORTER

It was lunacy of course and it ended in tragedy.

FLASHBACK: The rope parts, the climbers fall to their deaths. Porter smashes onto a rocky ledge, breaking his arm and leg.

PORTER

Six men killed, myself near death. The bearers all dispersed ...only the two women remained beside me.

FLASHBACK: A cannibal feast. Porter semi conscious. His current wives - terrified spectators.

PORTER

My leg and my arm were amputated. The pygmies ate them, rather than let the flesh go to waste. Seems macabre but in every way it made me a part of them.

INT. HUT. FIRESIDE. NIGHT.

As the wind and rain howl outside, the man who was once Prof Henry Porter concludes his narrative:

PORTER

I have been here ever since. Obviously with my injuries it was impossible to travel. And the longer I stayed here the less important in seemed to return. At home I would only have been a burden to you.

JANE

Not true.

PORTER

And - having been away so long - I assumed you hated me.

JANE

Never.

PORTER

So here I am. Half a man ... but a contented half.

JANE

And the temple?

PORTER

I doubt it even exists. You can see from far off that the plateau is completely flat. I think the temple is a myth.

JANE

What of the golden pineapple?

PORTER

The pygmies found it, they told me, in the belly of a giant snake which awakens every 50th moon and swallows everything that lives.

JANE

The Demon snake. Dr Mercurie at Stanley pool has a skeleton of one.

As he says it, the fibre door-screen is swept aside.

CLAYTON

Its a hoax, I wager, made of elephant ribs....

The fire flares as William Clayton enters, scratched drenched and muddy but determined as ever.

CLAYTON

.... But the temple is on top of this rock or I'm a Dutchman.

Porter frowns at the sudden intrusion.

JANE

Daddy - this is Captain William Clayton.

180

EXT. VERANDAH. PORTER'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

180

The rain has stopped. The night is still. Clayton's men are camped in and around the pygmy village

The pygmy folk are making a meal for them - pounding taro root and singing. The soft thud thud is like a pulse.

Jane sits on Porter's verandah. A pygmy healer bandages her foot.

JANE

Tell me about Tarzan.

PORTER

You tell me. He was only ever a presence to us. I never actually met him.

JANE

I think he's the missing son of Lord John Clayton.

Porter turns towards her.

JANE

He showed me some possessions. When he cut his hair, there's a clear resemblance.

PORTER

My God. Does Tarzan know what that means.

JANE

He understands nothing of our world. He's like a child.

PORTER

Well. That's true of all men. I suspect its the part women fall in love with.

He's talking affectionately of his African wives, but when Jane blushes he suddenly perceives that she reads it as a comment on her relationship with Tarzan.

PORTER

Of course, it would be quite impossible.

JANE

What?

PORTER

To take him home. To educate him.

(off her reaction)

Jane. He's a creature of the jungle. England would be as lethal to him as Africa is to the white man. Smallpox, measles, tuberculosis...

JANE

I doubt he'd leave anyway.

A Silence. The darkness beyond the pool of lamp-light is impenetrable, yet they both have the sense that Tarzan is somehow part of this conversation.

PORTER

What of Will Clayton. Does he know of your theory?

JANE

Yes. No. He doesn't want to. I suspect he can't afford to.

180A **EXT. PYGMY VILLAGE. NIGHT.**

180A

By lamp-light, Will Clayton completes his map of the route to Opar. Tarzan's inky thumb-prints are on the bottom of it.

Clayton inks his own thumb and presses it next to Tarzan's.

The prints are almost identical

181 **EXT. BASE OF THE CLIFF. DAY**

181

Clayton is dressed for climbing, unpacking ropes from the packs they have carried here.

CLAYTON

You don't eat them.

Taking his "worry beads" back from Tarzan - the clutch of metal toggles with wire loops attached to them.

CLAYTON

You climb as far as the rope will allow, then put one of them in a crevice in the rock, then attach the rope.

Tarzan merely grunts

SMOKO
He doesn't understand.

CLAYTON
He understands more than you think.

Clayton ties the rope around his waist and begins to climb, with obvious proficiency.

Tarzan climbs past him - free climbing with incredible speed and agility up the near vertical face.

CLAYTON
(shouts up)
That's far enough. We'll belay there and bring up the others.

182 **EXT. PYGMY VILLAGE. DAY.** 182

Much later: The Pygmies stand looking up, watching the climbers and chattering among themselves.

183 **EXT. THE ROCK FACE. DAY.** 183

High above, Tarzan leads the climb with Clayton following. Four men - Piebald Smoko, Wormold and Typin - are roped together behind him.

184 **EXT. THE PYGMY VILLAGE. DAY.** 184

The boxer, Oakley, stands looking up at the mountain.

A bunch of pygmy children stand looking up at Oakley

Jane sits watching the cliff face, with her bandaged foot propped up on a stool watching through Porters spyglass.

PORTER
Have they reached the top yet?

JANE
Not yet.

PORTER
Storm's coming up.

To the North, dark storm clouds are building.

185 **EXT. THE CLIFF FACE. DAY** 185

The climbers have climbed a few hundred feet. Clayton stands on a ledge, paying out the rope.

Tarzan, roped to Clayton, is making a difficult traverse, holding on with his fingers and toes. A jerk on the rope would pull him off the rock face here.

Clayton begins to untie the rope from his own waist.

Tarzan reaches a crack in the rock face and turns. He sees what Clayton is doing and shouts back to him in ape language.

TARZAN

What are you doing?

CLAYTON

Adjusting the knot!

The knot comes free. Tarzan jerks the rope out of Clayton's hands, loops it and coils it over his shoulder

CLAYTON

Hey! What's the idea!

TARZAN

I'll tie it on at the top. Safer for both of us.

Then he puts his hands in the crack in the rock and starts free-climbing all the way to the summit.

186

EXT. SUMMIT. LATE AFTERNOON

186

Tarzan has attached the rope to a solid outcrop.

Clayton hauls himself over the edge and stands, the rope still tied round his waist, surveying the plateau.

There's no temple. Nothing. Just nondescript bushes extending to the far edge of the plateau.

Clayton boils over and starts shouting, near to tears, flogging the ground with the free end of his climbing rope.

CLAYTON

Damn place. Damn bloody pox ridden country! The devil with the whole endeavour. All this blasted way for nothing!

TARZAN

You're not looking.

He takes Clayton by the arm and starts running with him

CLAYTON

Wait, Stop!

Propelled by Tarzan's momentum, his feet slipping under him, Clayton is frog-marched towards the bushes which - we now see - are not bushes at all by the tops of gigantic trees, growing from the base of the extinct crater.

CLAYTON

Tarzan!

As Tarzan LEAPS off the edge, pushing Clayton ahead of him.

187

EXT. INSIDE THE CRATER. LATE AFTERNOON.

187

The pair of them CRASH through the topmost branches of the great trees, Clayton screaming in terror, branches splintering beneath.

The rope jerks savagely tight and they hang there, suspended, amidst the dark web of ancient boughs inside the extinct volcano.

CLAYTON

Are you completely insane!

He's furious. Tarzan is laughing aloud.

CLAYTON

What? WHAT?!!

TARZAN

Stop wetting yourself and look!

They stop spinning on the rope, and Clayton's surroundings begin to make sense to him:

CLAYTON

The Lord be praised.

The whole of the crater is the temple!

Its base and inner walls are carved with into fantastic towers, colonnades and balconies - a structure as massive and ancient as the Colosseum of Rome, but much more elaborate.

CLAYTON

Opar.

188

EXT. TOP OF THE "PLATEAU". EVENING

188

Clayton's four sidekicks have reached the top and constructed a bonfire. They douse it with palm oil and light it with sulphur-tipped "lucifers".

189 **EXT. VERANDAH OF PORTER'S HUT, EVENING.** 189

Prof Porter is writing. Some kids run up shouting in dialect and gesturing.

JANE

What?

PORTER

They say the snake mountain is on fire.

Jane and Prof Porter step out from the verandah and look up.

Their POV: dense smoke issues from the edge of "plateau".

PORTER

Are they signalling?

190 **EXT. THE MOUNTAIN. EVENING** 190

AERIAL SHOT: Tarzan Clayton and Clayton's followers are tiny figures on the lip of the extinct volcano.

Driven by the evening gale, the fire spreads away from them, through the treetops which fill the crater, burning off patches of canopy.

191 **INSIDE. THE CRATER. NIGHT** 191

Embers rain down, trailing streamers of smoke, to be lost and extinguished in the gloomy dank recesses of the crater.

In the lower reaches, patches of moss and leaf burst briefly into flame. Nocturnal rodents, snakes and lizards, flee upwards in the smoke.

192 **INT. INSIDE THE CRATER. DAY** 192

In daylight, a flock of brilliantly colored parrots bursts from the canopy calling loudly. The fire has burnt out.

Tarzan, plus Clayton and his men descend on ropes, surrounded by the great thick bars of sunlight, like divers descending.

The plants seems alien here - giant fleshy growths, like corals, in the greenish mottled light.

Dappled sunlight illuminates rock-carvings of Gods and demons, man-eating plants and giant snakes.

On the floor, huge pavers have been thrown up, cracked and buckled by the movement of giant tree roots.

Tarzan touches down behind Clayton. He wrinkles his nose.

TARZAN
Smells of snake.

Clayton isn't listening. Crossing to the crater wall he starts pulling off handfuls of thick wet moss.

The whole base of the temple is a finely-sculpted stone relief. Running through this relief, and incorporated into the design, there's a two-inch seam of something yellow.

Clayton takes a Bowie knife from his belt and starts gouging at the seam. A chunk of bright gold splits loose and falls among the leaf-litter. He looks around. It's everywhere!

A thin stratum of gold not just in the frieze, but in the pillars which support the great carved wall overhead, and the temples cover the crater's floor.

Clayton laughs aloud, shouting up to his men as they descend, in a booming, echoing cry of victory.

CLAYTON
We found it boys! What did I tell
you. WE FOUND GOLD!!

194 **INT. THE TEMPLE. NIGHT.**

194

Darkness now, and the sound of infernal hammering.

A flaming torch in one hand, his machete in the other, Tarzan makes his way through the temples on the crater floor buckled stone corridors and forests of stone pillars.

In a dark corner he sees something like a discarded blanket.

Tarzan stoops to examine it by the light of his torch. It's a piece of snake skin, with scales larger than his hand.

195 **EXT. BY THE GREAT STONE RELIEF. NIGHT**

195

Clayton and his men have lit huge bonfires - smoke billows upwards through the tree-filled, temple-filled crater.

Using hammers and pitons, Piebald, Wormold and the others are chiselling out gold, delving into the seam as far as their arms will reach, hauling out big lumps of gold and piling it on the cracked pavers.

The seam is an open wound running through the magnificent frieze of animals and plants. Even to Tarzan, for whom art has no meaning, this is a desecration.

Clayton turns, grinning in the firelight.

CLAYTON
Better dig, Tarzan, if you want to
earn your share.

Tarzan drops the snake-skin at Clayton's feet.

TARZAN
We should get out of here.

A couple of Clayton's men come over to have a look.

CLAYTON
Python, probably harmless.
(To the others)
Keep a gun on your belt.
(To Tarzan)
and try not to go wandering off.

196 **EXT. VERANDAH PORTERS HOUSE. DAY**

196

A couple of pygmy elders are arguing with Porter.

Garrick, Pye and Oakley watch from the sidelines as the little people gather their possessions for a trek.

JANE (V.O.)
Ten days now since the climbers
left us. The pygmies have grown
anxious, concerned by the smoke
from the summit.

Carrying everything they own, they troop off into the forest

197 **EXT. VERANDAH. PORTERS HOUSE . NIGHT**

197

With the pygmies gone, the village is oddly quiet.

Jane sits writing in her journal. She looks up, hearing a crashing in the jungle, then returns to her notebook.

JANE (V.O.)
Father says our men are burning off
more foliage. He is hoping this
means they have discovered
something.

More crashing in the jungle. She breaks off and calls

JANE
Hello! Anyone?

No reply.

198 **EXT. AMONG THE TREES. DAY**

198

Deep in the inky shadows where three pairs of eyes are watching: Bolangi, Farikki and Terkoz.

FARIKKI

It's just the female and some other white-skins. Tarzan's not there.

BOLANGI

How do you know she's female?

FARIKKI

Breasts and a smaller head.

BOLANGI

I can't tell the difference.

FARIKKI

Tarzan can.

TERKOZ

Lets try round the back of the mountain.

They climb up into the trees and head off, talking.

FARIKKI

...You think he already jumped her?

TERKOZ

Who?

FARIKKI

Tarzan and the female. That's what his "I'm not an ape" is about.

TERKOZ

Yeah, well, that's your explanation for everything.

199 **INT. PORTERS. HUT. DAY**

199

A tremor rattles the cooking implements. Jane looks concerned.

PORTER

Earth tremor. We get a lot of them here.

200 **EXT. INSIDE THE CRATER. DAY.**

200

Clayton feels it too. Some small rocks fall of the higher levels of the temple and come clattering down.

CLAYTON

Leave the pillars for now. Not on
the pillars!

Oakley and Piebald have been hacking the golden seam out of
the pillars where the gold is most easily accessible.

In doing this they have effectively undermined two or three
of the supports for the carved rock wall. They stop what
they're doing and join the others.

CLAYTON

(shouts up)
Haul away!

The climbing ropes are looped through a pulley system at the
rim of the crater.

A sack of rocks descends as a counterweight, a backpack full
of gold is lifted to the top.

A couple more fragments of stone fall down on them.

CLAYTON

Careful!

Tarzan, watches from the carved roof of one of the central
temples, sharpening a clutch of wooden spears.

200A **INT. DEPTHS OF THE TEMPLE. NIGHT**

200A

The hammering has stopped for a while.

We move in darkness down the labyrinthine passageways of the
temple complex, burrowing deep into the cliff.

The corridors open into darkened halls and temple chambers.

There's movement here, a leathery rustling of bodies and
wings, pale creatures slumbering in darkness.

Over this a high pitched whining, like a murmur of
conversation as the strange.

A pair of eyes snap open. Then another pair. Whatever these
creatures are, they're awake now.

201 **EXT. THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN. DUSK.**

201

Bolangi, Farikki and the two other apes circle the black
mountain, moving through the forest, calling for Tarzan

The black cliffs of Opar stay always on their left, permanent
and unbroken until....

BOLANGI
 (calls)
*Hey guys. There's water here. I
 found a spring.*

The apes descend through the trees, converging on Bolangi's voice.

202 **EXT. THE SPRING. DUSK**

202

Hidden in a gully, obscured by trees and bushes, right at the base of the black cliff, Bolangi has found a pool of water.

More than a pool, there's a stream flowing out of a big split at the base of the cliff. Bolangi shouts into the dark cleft.

BOLANGI
Hello!

The echo comes back. "Hello"

BOLANGI
 (shouts)
Terkoz is an idiot.

The echo comes back: "Terkoz is an idiot"

FARIKKI
You want to take a look.

TERKOZ
No.

FARRIKI
I dare you.

203 **INT. THE CLEFT IN THE ROCK. DUSK.**

203

Terkoz and the others venture inside. The cleft is two yards wide and immensely high

The floor slopes upwards. Loose rocks form a damp scree underfoot with the water of the stream running underneath.

They push on. The floor changes. Becomes solid, a flight of dark stone steps, leading upwards.

TERKOZ
This isn't natural.

FARIKKI
I agree.

TERKOZ
Something made this

Bolangi shouts.

BOLANGI
Anyone there? Tarzan!

The echo comes back: "Tarzan Tarzan Tarzan"

FARIKKI
*Maybe lets get out of here. Check
it out in the morning.*

They are heading back when a bat-creature, similar to those roosting in the deep cavern and identical to the one in the warehouse of wonders - falls from the ceiling.

It's trying to get away, but its claws get snared in Terkoz's fur and it starts clawing desperately, shrieking like a banshee and flapping its leathery wings.

Terkoz, grunting in disgust, flails at it with his fists, until the bat-being disengages and flaps off up the corridor

204 **EXT, BASE OF THE CLIFF. NIGHT**

204

The apes pile out of the cleft as fast as they can scamper.

A welcoming shard of moonlight reflects off the little pool of water at the base of the cliffs.

FARRIKI
Disgusting. What was that thing

They scamper round the edge of the pool, then up into the safety of the trees.

Bolangi is about to follow when he spies something next to the pool - a clutch of ripe mangoes.

Bolangi drops down from the branches and wades over to the tree. He's reaching for the mangoes when....

WHAM!

Something pale and massive, of colossal speed and strength shoots out of the darkness and drags him through the pool.

206 **EXT. IN THE TREES. NIGHT**

206

Bolangi's agonized yell reverberates through the night.

Farikki and Terkoz come crashing back down through the branches, trying too see what's happening below as...

The huge unseen monster drags Bolangi into the cleft, his agonised screams echoing, fading.

All they see of it is the tip of a thick white tail whipping through the water to disappear finally in the black cliff.

TERKOZ

What was it? A lion?

Clearly not. They call Bolangi's name from the safety of the trees, unwilling to venture into the lair of the monster.

207 **INT THE TEMPLE. NIGHT**

207

Tarzan, patrolling the ruined interior with his spear and his torch, hears their shouts.

He runs towards the sound, through corridors and crumbling colonnades, then down into the dark bowels of the temple again where Bolangi's echoing cries lead him to

A carved doorway. The top of the dark stone staircase, where suddenly all is silent.

TARZAN

(shouts)

Hello?! Anyone?!

208 **EXT. IN THE TREES OUTSIDE. NIGHT**

208

Outside the cleft, Farikki hears the distant voice.

FARIKKI

Tarzan?

(Shouts)

Tarzan! Thers a monster! Get out of there!

Tarzan hesitates at the entrance of the dark tunnel. He has no idea how long it is, or what else is in there.

By lamp-light he sees something glinting on the floor at his feet: drag marks, blood, and golden-white snake-scales.

He hesitates, undecided whether to follow the drag marks or follow Farriki's voice into the tunnel.

Then a sudden commotion causes him to turn back.

From Clayton's direction comes the sound of men shouting, gunfire and unearthly high-pitched screeching.

Tarzan shouts down the tunnel entrance

TARZAN

(shouts)

Farikki? Up here! Come!!

213

INT. CRATER .THE SUNKEN COURTYARD. NIGHT.

213

The whole mob of them falls to the ground, squealing and shrieking into a sunken courtyard.

Typin lands on his head, barely conscious.

Tarzan lands on his feet, ready for battle, but the bats flap off, screeching, some of them dragging injured wings.

Tarzan starts to pick up Typin, then he realizes why the bats left them alone.

Then he sees it - a pair of burning golden eyes. The giant white snake, emerging from a corridor at one side of the courtyard.

Its head alone is bigger than a man. Its fangs are three feet long, dripping poison. It rears, then lunges

Tarzan springs aside. The snake impales Typin then shoots past like a subway train heading for Clayton and his men.

TARZAN

Clayton!

213a

INT CRATER. BASE OF THE GREAT FRIEZE. NIGHT

213a

The snake is already on them, scattering the bat creatures as she rears upwards to strike at her preferred prey, humans.

Clayton backs against the ruined freize, trapped.

Tarzan runs along a stone balustrade, leaps off the roof and sinks his wooden spear into the back of the great snake's neck!

Infuriated, the snake, thrashes this way and that with the length of her great body.

Clayton runs for the pulley system

The huge tail crashes between stone pillars, sweeping away the temple supports...

.....almost crushing Wormold as he, also, races for the pulley system which hauls bags of gold up to the top.

Tarzan hangs onto the spear for dear life, riding the snake like a rodeo rider, his muscular legs wrapped around it.

The snake slams down on the flagstones, trying to shake Tarzan off.

Tarzan drives the spear deeper into her neck

It seems to touch the monster's spinal cord because a convulsive spasm wracks her great body.

Her tail CRASHES through another row of pillars and the whole suspended facade above the great frieze begins to groan and crack.

Clayton reaches the pulley system, begins frantically to untie the ropes. Wormold runs up and tries to wrest the ropes from him

The snakes head slams into the wall nearby. Tarzan is thrown free, still holding the bloody spear and

A great section of temple falls in a block crushing part of the snakes body.

Clayton, coughing in the dust, punches Wormold aside and wrestles the rope free, bracing himself to be hauled upwards by the counterweight.

Wormold grabs his legs

WORMOLD

Take me boss, take me!

Clayton clubs him back. Wormold hangs on like grim death.

CLAYTON

It wont take both our weights!

The wounded snake rears up again to strike.

TARZAN

Shoot her. Shoot!

Instead Clayton shoots Wormold and kicks free of his clutching arms. The counterweight descends, lifting Clayton through the dust, up level with the eye of the snake

TARZAN

Shoot Now

Clayton shoots the great serpent in the eye then lowers his arm, the gun pointing down at Tarzan.

CLAYTON

Goodbye cousin

He fires and hits Tarzan in the right side of the chest, then the pulley carries him up through the billowing dust.

Tarzan staggers back, aghast at Clayton's treachery, still holding his spear

The mortally wounded, half blind snake, dripping poison for her fangs, focuses hazily on Tarzan and strikes

Tarzan braces himself and spears her through the nostril.

The great fangs splinter on the stone to either side of him. The huge head, crashes into the pillar beside him sending a great shudder through the whole of the carved facade, a whole section of which comes crashing into the crater.

Clayton, looking down, sees the snake and Tarzan, buried by falling masonry.

214

EXT. TOP OF THE CRATER. PRE AWN.

214

The night sky is growing pale. Clayton scrambles out of the crater, hauling a bag of gold.

Piebald and Smoko, posted here to operate the top end of the pulley, drag him up over the lip.

SMOKO

What's happening down there

CLAYTON

Bloody mayhem. Where's the rest of it?

He means the rest of the gold

PIEBALD

We already lowered it down to Porter's camp.

CLAYTON

Then let's go

SMOKO

What about the others?

CLAYTON

All dead. There's bat creatures...a giant snake.

He detaches the rope from the pulley system, throws the last bag of gold down the outside wall of the volcano.

CLAYTON

Are you coming?

SMOKO

Damn right we're coming

Clayton kicks off over the edge as....

215 **EXT. THE CLEFT IN THE ROCK. PRE-DAWN**

215

Plumes of stone-dust from the falling masonry billow from the tunnel entrance. Terkoz shouts through the dust, up the passageway.

TERKOZ

Tarzan. TARZAN!

He ventures further in, coughing. He can see a faint circle of light - the far end of the Tunnel. Farikki joins him.

TERKOZ

I'm going after him.

FARIKKI

What about the snake?

TERKOZ

You know he'd do it for us.

He takes a lung-full of air and charges off up the stone steps. Cursing his folly, Farikki follows.

215A **EXT. CLIFF FACE. PRE-DAWN**

215A

Smoko descends behind Piebald, pulling out pitons and rope fixings behind them so no-one can follow

216 **EXT. THE DESERTED PYGMY VILLAGE. DAWN**

216

Clayton hits the ground near Porters hut.

Sacks of gold fragments have hit the ground here and burst open

Porter looks up from the mess and comes at Clayton, furious.

PORTER

What have you done?! You've completely destroyed it.

Clayton catches the crutch and pulls the old man off balance. Porter falls heavily. Jane rushes to help him.

JANE

Father.

Oye rushes at Clayton and is blocked by Oakley. Garrick trains a revolver on Oye, then on Jane and Prof Porter.

GARRICK

Everyone settle doon!

CLAYTON

The place was falling apart. Those few pieces were all we could salvage before the snake got to us.
(to Pye and the others)
Fill your packs with as much as you can carry.

Smoko and Piebald descend on ropes to the ground.

JANE

Where's Tarzan?

CLAYTON

Dead. That giant snake. It killed him and others.

JANE

I don't believe you.

CLAYTON

Well, the pygmy friends obviously knew. They said it wakes to feed, didn't they. It can't possibly find food enough in the crater, it must hunt here. In the jungle

His men are gathering up the last of the looted gold stuffing it into the sacks.

CLAYTON

So if you value your lives we need to get out of here fast.

JANE

My father can't travel

CLAYTON

He'll have to.
(To his men)
Back towards the river. Lets move!

217 **INT. UNDER THE ROCKS. DAWN**

217

Tarzan wakes in pain, semi conscious and wounded in the chest, with a great weight pressing down on him.

He struggles to move, can't.

Too dazed and disoriented to call out he slumps back, panting.

217A **INT. THE CRATER. DAWN.**

217A

Terkoz and Farikki pick their way through the temple buildings. Stone creaks and groans

The partial wall-collapse has rendered unstable every part of the internal facade.

In the buildings and trees all around they keep hearing the crack of stone, then the rumble of falling masonry as new areas collapse.

They arrive at the great mound of rock where the rock face collapsed on Tarzan and the serpent.

The Apes sniff Tarzan's scent, whimpering, calling.

TERKOZ AND FARIKKI
Tarzan! Tarzan!

218

INT. TEMPLE. ON TOP OF THE ROCKS. DAWN

218

Farikki thinks he hears something and starts hauling at boulders, but can't shift them.

He grabs a fallen bough, and using the levering technique Tarzan demonstrated at the anthills, tries to shift a boulder off the mound.

FARRIKI
Help me.

The groaning and cracking of the rock facade balanced above them seems to intensify.

TERKOZ
It's all going to go!

FARRIKI
Then help me.

Terkoz adds his weight, another boulder shifts. The carved cliff above them creaks and cracks some more.

FARRIKI
and again!

TERKOZ
No!

Then a voice speaks from under their feet.

TARZAN
Yes!

His hand comes out and grabs Terkoz's ankle. Chattering, the apes haul away the last of the boulders by hand and drag Tarzan free.

TERKOZ
What happened? Where's all that blood from?

TARZAN

Most of it's the snake's.

Breathing hard ignoring the wound on his own punctured chest

FARIKKI

We have to go, there's a tunnel....

They turn to cross the crater and see....

An army of bat-beings venturing out once more from the gloom of the temple ruins, heading towards them.

TARZAN

Climb!

They begin to climb, up on each others shoulders then hand over hand like acrobats, reaching back to help the one behind.

Farikki and Tarzan lift Terkoz off the ground just as the first of the bat beings reaches him and grabs blindly

They haul Terkoz out of its grasp. It squeals. Other bat beings take to the air, homing in on the sound

and now Tarzan and the apes are....

219

INT. CRATER. ON THE TEMPLE/CLIFF FACE. DAWN.

219

Climbing up over statues and ruined balconies with the bat beings, clawing at them, biting, swirling around them.

The apes and Tarzan fight off the bats, climbing upwards towards the creeping dawn light,

The bat creatures retreat back into the darkness and the apes climb towards the sun, but the cliff face is disintegrating as they climb!

Parts of the rock are now just held together by the roots of vines, which tear loose as the apes and Tarzan put weight on them.

Still they climb, as a team - each time a rocky hand-hold gives way there is a hand above or to the side to grab onto.

The higher they get the more unstable the rock carvings become - falling away in larger and larger chunks.

FARIKKI

Its all going!

As they near the top that they are leaping up off boulders that are already falling through space.

TARZAN

Jump!

The final leap. Grasping at the lip of the crater, and onto each other, they drag themselves onto the summit.

219A **EXT. ON THE EDGE OF THE CRATER. DAWN**

219A

The apes lie panting and exhausted.

Tarzan, bloodied and dust covered, crosses to the outside edge of the crater and looks down. The pygmy village looks abandoned. The cooking fires are all dead.

TARZAN

(shouts down)

Jane!

On the cliff-face below him. The ropes have removed by the descending climbers.

TARZAN

Try the other side.

He heads off.

TERKOZ

We're safe here. What's the hurry?

Tarzan doesn't reply. Chest heaving from his injured lung, he starts to walk, then run along the narrowing lip of the crater.

FARIKKI

Hey! Tarzan!

The run become a sprint. Until finally, to the apes horror, Tarzan jumps off the far lip of the crater.

220 **EXT. THE CRATER. MORNING**

220

It's a tremendous leap.

Silhouetted against the dawn sky, he flies through the air, dropping down into the umbrella of the forest canopy.

221 **EXT. THE CANOPY. MORNING.**

221

Branches bend and crack as Tarzan crashes through them, breaking his fall.

His powerful hand clamps onto a slender beam which bends and propels him, flying across the gap between two trees.

Then he's off soaring through the jungle, eyes dark with anger, in pursuit of Clayton and Jane.

222

EXT. JUNGLE. VARIOUS. MORNING:

222

SMOKO and PIEBALD

Follow hot on Clayton's heels, burdened with their packs full of gold

CLAYTON

drives on savagely in a straight line back towards the river, hacking aside undergrowth.

Piebald stops to shout back.

PIEBALD

Oakley!!

CLAYTON

Leave him. We need to make the rapids by nightfall

Behind them....

GARRICK AND PYE

Follow the path which the other three have blazed, sweating under the weight of their packs, smashing at the creepers which try to impede them.

GARRICK

Bloody jungle, bloody river. What are we gonny do fur a boat?

PYE

Build a raft?

GARRICK

A Raft? Marvellous!

Behind them we find

JANE, PORTER AND OYE

Labouring onwards, Oye trying to support Porter. The old man, weakening, falling.

PORTER

(finally)

You go. Leave me. I always imagined I would die here.

They can't stay here, can't go on.

JANE

You think this is really the territory of the snake.

Ahead it sounds like something big and dangerous is approaching, crashing through the trees towards them.

Oye takes a stance in front of Jane and levels his spear.

The bushes part of reveal the boxer, Oakley, scratched and sweating. He's come back for them.

OAKLEY

Come. I'll help you.

He lifts Prof Porter to his feet.

With Oye supporting on one side and Oakley on the other, they carry on through the jungle.

A short distance behind and above them...

TARZAN

is an unstoppable force of nature, actually RUNNING despite his injuries, through the high forest canopy, on a matted web of branches high above the ground.

Far below he spots Jane, Porter, Oakley and Oye struggling through swampy ground.

Tarzan ignores them and continues

225

EXT. THE SWAMP. DAY

225

Half a mile ahead of Jane and her father, Pye is stuck. He takes two steps and can't move his legs.

PYE

Wait for me!

GARRICK.

Well keep up then.

More noises behind them.

The Scots twins know they are being followed by something or someone. They can hear it crashing through the bamboo.

Pye struggles onwards to join his brother, the pair of them turn and look back together, just in time to see

A length of split bamboo whistling towards him like a spear. It sinks into a tree trunk between the two of them

Pye cries out in fear.

PYE

AAAAAgggh!!

Tarzan, bathed in blood and sweat emerges from the shadows, taking the long cruel knife from his belt.

His wounded chest is heaving as he walks towards them, over the surface of the swamp, stepping lightly on parts of the surface which do not sink.

The Scots twins, trapped, can only gibber in fear as he approaches.

GARRICK

We had nothing to do with this.
We're just the boatmen. We never
meant you harm. Take the gold.
(To his brother)
Give him the gold!

They fling the heavy packs of gold towards Tarzan. He pays it no attention.

The twins are up to their thighs in the mud now, completely immobilised.

Tarzan raises his machete and with two quick swipes cuts off Garrick's left ear and Pye's right.

The brothers clutch their bleeding skulls, howling as Tarzan runs past them and away

GARRICK

(to his brother)
Get the gold - the gold!

They can't get to it fast enough, can only watch as the packs slip under the surface of the swamp and are lost forever.

208

EXT. JUNGLE. FURTHER UP THE TRAIL. DAY.

208

Now Piebald hears noises in the trees above and behind.

The others have pushed on ahead of him, or fallen behind. He's on his own here

PIEBALD shoulders his repeater rifle and shouts into the gloom behind him.

PIEBALD

Come on then, come on

Tarzan appears, knife in one hand, spear in the other.

Piebald raises his repeater rifle, fires at the apparition and hits a tree.

Tarzan starts running towards him. Piebald fires again and again but Tarzan keeps coming.

Piebald fires a last time and misses.

Tarzan drives a bamboo spear through the other man's chest, then leaves in there with the gold at his feet, throws away the rifle and heads on, like the angel of death

228 **EXT. THE RAPIDS. DAY**

228

Ahead, Clayton and Smoko emerge from the jungle.

The area here is littered with huge boulders, bleached skeletons of trees thrown up and left behind by the monsoonal floods.

The river is roaring past, sending great clouds of mist into the evening air.

Breathing hard, scratched from their flight through the jungle, they drop their sacks of gold.

CLAYTON

Only two sacks, but Thank-you - you've been a big help. Couldn't have done it without you.

SMOKO

What about Porter and the woman

CLAYTON

Oakley went back. They'll be here. Just need to catch our breath for a while.

Smoko sits. Clayton checks the bullets in his pistol.

229 **EXT. ELSEWHERE BY THE RAPIDS. DAY**

229

Tarzan, emerges from the jungle into this strange misty maze of dead, fallen trees and huge rounded rocks.

Over the noise of the river he sees hears a single gunshot, then silence.

Tarzan moves towards the sound.

230 **EXT. AMONG THE DEAD TREES AND ROCKS. DAY.**

230

He stalks like a hunter, every sense alert.

Rounding a boulder he sees Smoko, Unarmed, sitting by the bags of gold.

Tarzan moves closer. Smoko doesn't move.

CLOSER: He's been shot and propped up by the gold.

And in that moment, just as Tarzan realizes its a decoy, Clayton clubs him first on the shoulder then on the back of the head with a heavy branch.

Tarzan sinks to his knees, grunts, shakes his head to clear it. His left shoulder feels like its broken.

CLAYTON

So cousin. You really think you can take everything from me - after all these years - my inheritance, my title. Miss Porter. I brought her here. I sweated and slaved to find her damned temple. You'd be nothing unless we'd discovered you. And nothing is what you will be

Clayton pushes the revolver against the back of Tarzan's skull, squeezed the trigger and...

Tarzan throws himself backwards, butting Clayton in the groin, knocking the revolver out of his hand.

The revolver falls between two rocks, Tarzan turns and straightens, still groggy, his left arm hanging limp.

CLAYTON

Come on then ape man

He punches Tarzan once, twice, then in the throat - the blow to the trachea which disabled Oakley in London.

Tarzan falls, gasping for air among the boulders and dead trees.

Clayton grabs a stone to bash in his head but Tarzan SMASHES him away with his good arm.

He struggles to his feet his head still swimming, Clayton scuttles out of his reach.

Tarzan goes after him.

231

IN THE SHALLOWS

231

Clayton dances away, over flat, rocking stones on the edge of the rapids. Tarzan's head is clearing.

Enraged, he throws great trunks and branches out of the way, in order to get at Clayton.

JANE
(Shouts O.S)
Tarzan!

Clayton looks up to the lip of the ravine

CLAYTON
(shouts)
Oakley! Professor! Shoot him He's
trying to kill me. He's gone crazy.

The boxer and the professor do nothing, content to see this last chapter play itself out, but Jane rushes off down to the rock to try and intervene.

PORTER
(shouts)
Jane. Stop!

Tarzan keeps coming after Clayton, swinging with his good arm.

Clayton ducks, kicks Tarzan's leg from under him. Tarzan falls on his injured shoulder, grunts, gets up, keep coming.

JANE
Tarzan. Stop. Tarzan!

She steps on an unstable rock and falls.

Tarzan turns, distracted and Clayton hits him, once, twice, three times with the rock in his hand. Tarzan refuses to go down.

With a roar, he picks up Clayton bodily and hurls him into the river.

Clayton falls, near to Jane, half in and half out of the ranging torrent finally unable to get up.

Tarzan charges over the rocks to him and lifts his foot as though to crash Clayton's skull - just as Kerchak tried to finish it against Tarzan.

CLAYTON
Go on then. End it. I always told
her you were an animal. Now she
will remember it forever.

Tarzan hesitates, looks at Jane, then slowly lowers his foot.

TARZAN
No.

He drags Clayton out of the river and leaves him there on the rocks, bloodied and exhausted.

CLAYTON

Yes. It's a jungle. One does what one has to.

MAGISTRATE

Lock him up.

A policeman leads Clayton off to the cells as.

236

INT. DR. MERCURIE'S OFFICE. THE TRADING COMPOUND.

236

Dr Mercurie finishes carefully labelling and packing the few golden artefacts retrieved from the temple. Porter comes in.

PORTER

Oh. You shouldn't have bothered. I could have done that myself.

DR. MERCURIE

I'm not crating them for you.

He takes the lid and places it on the box. The lid is marked "Property of the Imperial Belgian trading company"

PORTER

But these are for the British museum. They are my only evidence that the temple of Opar even existed!

DR. MERCURIE

The company position is quite clear.

He hands Porter a contract, signed by Jane Porter and William Clayton.

DR MERCURIE

....All lands South and East of the river are the sovereign property of Belgium. Any goods obtained therefrom.... etcetera etcetera

Porter can't believe he's hearing this.

DR. MERCURIE

As I said to your daughter. "Always read the small print" Discuss it at the consulate in Pointe Noire. Until then.....

He nails the lid on the chest of gold artefacts.

237 **INT. THE WAREHOUSE OF WONDERS. LATE AFTERNOON** 237

The miniature horse has died, and been mounted and stuffed.

It stands in the gloom gathering dust as Dr Mercury puts the chest inside the warehouse, then padlocks the great door.

238 **EXT. BY THE RIVERS EDGE. BRAZZAVILLE POOL. EVENING** 238

It is evening by the river. The water is dark as indigo, embroidered with gold by the rays of the setting sun.

Tarzan stands with his back to us, looking out over the mysterious expanse of water.

Tree-frogs and cicadas call. Bats and night birds flit, swooping to snatch insects off the surface.

A silhouette walks into shot - it's Jane. She smiles at Tarzan and takes his hand.

JANE

I have to go. You have to decide now to come or to stay.

(beat)

I know you don't understand, but that is what we accept when we are no longer children - the burden of choice.

(beat)

Come with me.

Though Tarzan doesn't understand the words, he knows exactly what she is asking. And he knows what his response must be.

Slowly he begins to pull away from her. It breaks her heart - ...and his.

JANE

Wait, Tarzan

He touches her lips with his finger-tips, touches her pale throat with a finger, traces the curve of her breast under her bodice, like he did that time in the tree-house. This time she offers no resistance.

She's on tiptoe, eyes tight shut, waiting for his hot embrace.

Nothing happens. And when she opens her eyes again he is gone, vanished like a ghost into the inky darkness.

239 **EXT. JUNGLE. DAY** 239

Singing, drums and trumpets approaching through the trees.

A long procession of men and women in single file with bundles on their heads- the monthly trek carrying trading goods down the narrow jungle track to the coast.

Jane and her father walk in the middle of the procession

For a moment she thinks she hears someone calling her name, but when she looks back there's no-one there.

241

EXT. FOREST CANOPY. DAY.

241

Mozart plays faintly, above the distant clamor of the vanishing procession.

Its the tune played by the little music box. The song he will always associate with his mother and with Jane Porter. The sound of lost love.

ADULT TARZAN (V.O.)

I now know there is another thing which no animal knows, and which is now part of me. It is the pain that comes from no wound. It is to hunger for that pain. To strive to understand it. To wish to feel it, over and over, as long as you and she are apart.

He music stops. In the treetops Tarzan throws back his head and lets out a long mournful howl of loss and longing.

It's the sound the film began with.

The cry of the pain of being human.

The cry of Tarzan.

THE END