

WALKER'S JUJU

by

Gary Towner

Adopted from the novel

The Mbuji Juju

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

SUPER: 1975, ZAIRE

A dusty, drab colored jeep with two black, uniformed, heavily armed military police officers grimly heads for town. A sign reads: "10km to Mbuji." Finally the jeep comes to a halt just outside Momma Mobusu's seedy bar.

One of the crusty riders gets out and peers over the top of the swinging doors into the DIMLY LIT inside. He hesitates, shoving the doors forward a crack. A sudden burst of STATIC, then a call in African dialect from the jeep radio causes the frowning man to return to the jeep.

As the two policemen speed away, feminist HARLOW (20s), a platinum blond, pops up to look outside; her frightened eyes rise just above the tops of the swinging doors. She waits until she is sure the jeep is gone before retreating.

INT. MOBUSU'S BAR - DAY

The interior has a typical long bar section complete with tarnished brass rails and spittoons behind which the gaudily dressed, black, obese MOMMA MOBUSU (50s) and her white help, MIKE (40s) and PETE (50s), are busily dispensing drinks to a boisterous crowd.

Behind the bar table is a wide mural depicting a NUDE LADY reposing in the sun. Above the bar SWINGS a brightly colored MACAW in a gilded cage. It continually tries to SCREECH comments above the noise. To the far left are stairs leading up to a balcony and second floor.

There are apparent drunks adorning most of the tables and a honkytonk piano player mindlessly PLAYS lively tunes in vain attempts to drown out their SNORES. The overhead fan slowly whirls casting fleeting blade SHADOWS on everything inside. Everyone displays sweat stains on the back of their shirts.

On the bar surface sits a large glass tank with a King Cobra guarding a robin egg sized neon-blue diamond. A cardboard sign duck-taped to the front of the tanks says: "THE DIAMOND IS YOURS IF YOU ARE FASTER THAN THE SNAKE. SEE MOMMA FOR DETAILS."

HARRY GONZEL (40s), a muscular man wearing the only RED suspenders in the room, and who sports a racy tattoo of a NUDE LADY on his reaching arm, is attracting a crowd as he prepares to take up Momma's challenge.

A pool table near a far wall sports the BRIGHTEST LIGHT in the room. At the table. Four burly, heavily tattooed ruffians NOISILY voice their disagreement over a wager and the resultant brawl sends one of them CAREENING into Harry. Harry cavalierly SHOVS the man onto a table, breaking it in two.

The man's friends SWING PUNCHES at everyone near by. But Harry continues STARING at the snake, ignoring the melee behind him. Harlow, who wears her hair in a bun and wears a wrinkled safari suit complete with a YELLOW scarf, worms her way through the crowd to stand beside Harry.

HARRY

Where did you go? I want to get this thing over with.

HARLOW

I told you, I don't have time for this. I don't know how the local cops found out about it, but yesterday they told me they didn't like my poking into their business.

They gave me twenty-four hours to leave town or they's lock me in a room full of sexual deviates. And that was yesterday.

HARRY

Hey, your money is good, but why didn't you just buy a seat on an airplane and fly out -- like everybody else does that can?

HARLOW

Don't you think I thought of that? They're all booked up through next week. C'mon, Harry. You said you have a car. I gave you the money you asked for. Can't we leave now?

Harlow PRESSES her nose to the glass pane of a fish tank.

HARLOW

I don't think that snake has moved an inch since I left. It just keeps making that noise. Harry, do you think it's asleep? Is that how they snore?

The snake STRIKES at Harlow, leaving a venomous STAIN on the inside of the glass. She JUMPS BACK.

HARLOW

Guess not. Please Harry, don't do this.

Harry doesn't take his eyes off the snake.

HARRY

Look, Darlin', see that shiny rock in there. Momma has been offering it to anybody that has the guts to reach in and grab it.

HARLOW

You promised me. You told me you  
would take me away from all this.

The crowd keeps growing as Harry breaks the neck off a bottle of beer and guzzles down the contents in a single gulp. He THROWS the bottle down to the floor where it BREAKS and the snake slowly raises its head, alerted by the noise.

Many in the crowd flash money as they frantically place bets. Harlow pulls on Harry's red suspenders from behind.

HARLOW

Don't do it, Harry. Look at that  
thing. I don't think it ever  
sleeps. Remember, we got a deal.

Harry LIFTS Harlow off her feet, and he carries her to where he plants her up on the bar.

HARRY

Hang on toots, this will only take  
a second.

The snake's TONGUE keeps darting as it continues guarding the diamond. The sweating Harry almost has the diamond in his hand when a half-drunk, elderly man SHOVES him aside to get a better look.

OLD TIMER

Go fer it, Sonny!

Harry SMOTHERS the old timer's face with his hand and he shoves him back into the crowd who have stopped their brawling to watch Harry's grab for glory.

HARLOW

Harry, stop! Can't you see that  
snake is faking it? You said you  
would help me. What if that thing  
bites you? What'll I do then?

Harry GLOWERS at Harlow as the snake lowers its head.

HARRY

See that? That snake is sleeping  
like a baby on Quaaludes.

HARLOW

Please don't do it Harry.

Harry PLUNGES his hand into the tank and he grabs the diamond, but the snake suddenly rises up, expands its hood, and SINKS its fangs into the side of Harry's hand. Harry drops the diamond, pulls his arm up and nurses his bleeding hand. The crowd closes in on Harry to help him sag to the floor as Harlow JUMPS DOWN from the bar, followed by Momma Mobusu who is clutching a hypodermic needle.

MOMMA

Let me through -- I've got enough  
antitoxin in this needle to levitate  
a hundred year old zombie!

Harlow puts Harry's head on her lap.

HARLOW

Please, Harry. Don't die on me.  
You're my only hope. You can't  
die. I have got to get out of here  
-- those cops will be back.

Harry's eyes are TWITCHING.

MOMMA

Don't be such a baby. You're  
not going to die.

Momma PLUNGES the needle into Harry's neck.

MOMMA

This stuff I'm jabbing you with is  
pretty damn good. You'll be up and  
pinching my girls' fannies again  
in no time flat.

Momma turns away from Harry to placate the crowd.

MOMMA

C'mon, back off and give the guy  
some Goddamn room to breathe.

Harry's body has gone into CONVULSIONS. Momma turns her  
head back from the crowd and POKES two fingers into Harry's  
throat. She SADLY shakes her head, then she issues orders  
to her help.

MOMMA

Must have been his heart. The poor  
slob, no Cobra bite is that fast --  
Mike! Pete! Take the body outside  
before somebody trips on it.

The crowd grows CHAOTIC. And Harlow looks MORTIFIED.

MOMMA

Somebody call Johnny Law. Tell'em  
I'll come down and help'em fill  
out the report later.

Momma looks at her pocket watch, and then she shakes it.

MOMMA

That's enough excitement for  
one night. Drink up everybody,  
it's high time I close up shop  
early today.

Most of Momma's clientele leave, but Harlow lags behind. Momma stands beside her, turning her head to shout over the swinging doors to the crowd lingering in the street outside.

MOMMA

Business as usual tomorrow guys.

HARLOW

Yeah, business as usual. You have your people drag out the only hope I had of leaving this hellhole alive -- and you call it business as usual.

Momma tries to put her arm around Harlow, but she is rebuffed.

HARLOW

Look at them. They watched a man die -- just for sport.

Momma is leaning with her back HARD PRESSED against the wall.

MOMMA

Look, I gave him the same chance I give everybody who comes in here. Is it my fault people like to watch saps like him try for the shiny brass ring?

HARLOW

I think you *all* are despicable.

MOMMA

What were you doing, sitting high up there on that perch? Sure those guys out there were watching the show, but I noticed you didn't look away either.

Harlow gives Momma a strained look that would wilt freshly watered flowers.

MOMMA

Hey Pete, Slide a bottle of whiskey and a glass for Ms. Harlow over here.

Harlow reaches for the glass and downs its contents as Momma takes a swig straight out of the bottle. Harlow GASPS.

HARLOW

You make this stuff yourself?

Momma replies, smiling with pride.

MOMMA

It's an old family recipe. Look Honey, my boys tell me you need a greased ride outta town. They also tell me all planes out are booked.

What's all this I hear about you getting 24 hours before the Mbuji finest make a permanent reservation for you at our hoosegow Hilton?

HARLOW

You heard right.

MOMMA

Look, it's none of my business, but you really should watch whose toes you step on in this town.

But if you are as determined as you look to leave our fine city, have you tried WALKER yet?

Harlow eyes the whiskey stains on the bar. The vapors from them are STEAMING.

HARLOW

Walker? Is that what you call this stuff? I think these whiskey stains on the bar are burning a hole clear through.

MOMMA

No, the one I'm talking about is a he.

HARLOW

He, who? Does he have a car that runs?

MOMMA

Who he is isn't the point, but I hear tell he's got a plane holed up somewhere down-river. Maybe you can talk him into flying you out, if he's up to it.

HARLOW

Why, is he sick? I mean, I can't wait for very long while he recuperates.

MOMMA

He's not exactly sick, but... oh, hell. That's him over there.

HARLOW

Where? That good-looking guy standing over there by that short floozy in the red dress?

MOMMA

No, Honey. *They* work here. He's one of mine; name's Pete. The pretty one next to him is one of my girls. We call her Rosy. God knows what her mother called her.

The one you want is the guy putting a stain on my best bar table -- over there.

The colossal, looking slightly used, JOHNNY WALKER (30s) has a two third empty whisky bottle in his SHAKING hands. He could be mistaken for someone human if he didn't look like someone had dropped a ton of garbage on him and he never bothered to wipe it off.

Harlow comes close to him and returns to Momma HOLDING her nose.

HARLOW

You have to be kidding.

Momma ROLLS her eyes.

MOMMA

He's supposed to be a mining engineer, but the only thing I've personally seen him engineer is that bottle pacifier he's holding.

HARLOW

Mr. Walker. Mr. Walker!

Walker ABRUPTLY raises his head off the table and looks for the source of the noise. He stares through Harlow, but he keeps BLINKING his bloodshot eyes.

WALKER

Lady, you're beginning to irritate me. Go way.

HARLOW

But --

WALKER

Go --

It is obvious Walker had something to say, but it looks as if his mind has disconnected. He slowly slides forward, shoving the bottle to the edge of the table where it falls and SMASHES NOISILY.



HARLOW

He's dead to the world; the only thing he will be flying will be vomit. He sure does stink.

MOMMA

He's one of my regulars; can't recall ever seeing him this sober.

HARLOW

And you want me to get in a plane with him at the controls? I'm desperate, not suicidal.

MOMMA

I saw you asking everybody for a ride out of town earlier today. With that Harry fellow gone, who else you got?

Harlow returns to Walker's table where she SHOUTS into his ear. She LIFTS UP Walker's head by his hair and lets it slide through her fingers. Walker's chin makes a THUMP NOISE as it collides with the table.

HARLOW

Walker! Mr. Walker!

The parrot SWINGS in its cage.

PARROT

Mr. Walker! Mr. Walker! Arrk!

MOMMA'S HELP

Mr. Walker! Mr. Walker!

As Harlow pouts, Momma goes behind the bar and she comes back with a chicken drum.

MOMMA

Want some? Good food always makes *me* feel better.

Harlow rejects the offer with a WAVE of her hand; instead she looks forlornly across the room where Walker is SNORING. She SOBS.

HARLOW

Men!

MOMMA

Oh now, don't do that. I was only joking just now when I put you on to him, but he's really not that bad. A little ugly maybe.

I suppose if you cleaned him up a bit... what do they call you again, Honey? Maybe then.

HARLOW

If you weren't joking about that plane too -- I couldn't care less if he looked like the Elephant Man.

To answer your question, I'm Harlow.

MOMMA

Harlow. You mean like the movie star? Is that your first or is that your last name?

HARLOW

It's just Harlow. And you're -- ?

MOMMA

Well, Just Harlow, I'm Momma Mobusu as you might have guessed by now. I own this joint. Tell you what, give me a day. Let me find you somebody a little... taller.

HARLOW

I don't have a day, at least not a whole one. Got any Java? Maybe it will sober him up.

MOMMA

They don't make coffee that strong, Honey.

HARLOW

If it's true Walker has a plane that's not over-booked, it's the only one in all of Mbuji-Mayi that isn't.

Harlow wipes her TEARS off her cheek with the back of her hand.

HARLOW

I've got to get to Botswana. Daddy's there on business for his newspaper. He told me Africa was no place for a lady and I want to tell him I want another crack at being one of his reporters.

MOMMA

I take it he's a little chauvinistic?

Walker is LOUDLY SNORING as Harlow continues her story.

HARLOW

He's that all right. You know Walker, how long will he be out like that?

Momma takes a bite from her drumstick then she washes it down with another whisky swig, straight from the bottle.

MOMMA

Don't know. From the looks of him, he'll be days before he can even walk.

Harlow WIPES her forehead with her scarf.

HARLOW

I suppose under the circumstances I could put off asking Van Winkle for a ride until morning. Know where I can find a room that doesn't crawl for the night?

MOMMA

I might have one upstairs. Room six. You'll find the restroom and bath is convenient too -- it's just down the hall.

Harlow sets a foot on the stairs.

MOMMA

Just don't get it into your head to check out without paying.

Harlow POINTS to the fish tank.

HARLOW

Right, I'm going to stiff you after spending a night in your den-of-iniquity so you can sic your slimy two-tooth fish tank mascot on me.

The snake looks asleep.

MOMMA

What, Smiley? Aw, he's just a little ol' pussycat. That snake's peepers are so bad he can't even see a live chicken dancing the Charleston two inches in front of him.

Momma jars the tank pane with her flyswat and the fearsome snake rears up.

HARLOW

Tell that to Harry. I won't ask how you know that snake's a he.

Again Harlow heads for the stairs.

MOMMA

Just don't forget to pay me before you leave. You've had such a rough day I won't ask for a retainer now.

As Harlow reaches the third step leading up, she pauses, then turns back.

HARLOW

The keys? You forgot the keys. I don't need any company when I powder my nose up there.

Though it is smothered under DARK SHADOWS, Harlow spots a FURRY TAIL sticking out from under Walker's table.

HARLOW

You didn't tell me Walker has a dog. In all the time I've been in here I never saw anybody feed the poor thing. Can I have some of that chicken?

Momma SCRATCHES her head.

MOMMA

A Dog? Walker's Dog? He's got a lot of things, including fleas, but -- hey everybody! She's going to go feed Walker's dog! I gotta see this.

Momma's help stops what they are doing to watch.

PETE

That's not your average dog, lady.

There is RIOTOUS LAUGHTER from Momma's help as Harlow reaches under Walker's table and lifts up the large amber-colored tail.

HARLOW

He doesn't have a dog, huh? Then what do you call this?

Harlow gives the tail a gentle yank. The lioness, SIMBA BELLOWS an ANGUISHED ROAR roar. The name belies the fact it is a full-grown female. The big cat crawls out from under the table and JUMPS onto an adjacent one. A very startled Harlow backs away as it BELLOWS a gut-wrenching roar into her face.

HARLOW

Help me, somebody! Please!

Momma, her help, and the table sots slowly shake their heads a resounding no. The noise arouses the staggering Walker, who slowly removes his revolver from his holster, only to fumble it to the floor.

Walker looks embarrassed as he reaches down to pick up the gun, but the lioness hops down from the table and gives the gun a swat that sends it and Walker spinning across the room.

WALKER

Okay. No Mr. Nice Guy.

Walker reaches down to his side to unsheathe his machete, only to find he left the blade on his table.

WALKER

Easy Samba! Easy big girl.

HARLOW

Isn't it yours?

Walker EVIL-EYES Harlow.

WALKER

She was, before you got her mad. What'd you do, pull her tail?

HARLOW

I only touched it.

Walker CRINGES.

WALKER

You didn't. That's the one sure way to get Samba riled. Never, ever, touch Samba's tail.

HARLOW

I didn't know. It's your cat. Can't you tell it to behave itself? What kind of man are you anyway? Even your own cat hates you.

WALKER

This doesn't look good. She sure looks mad. I suppose I'll have to shoot her when I get my gun back. You wouldn't want to kick it my way, would you?

HARLOW

The cat or the gun? Men!

Simba ROARS again. Harlow snaps back her hand from the gun as Simba aims another GROWL in her direction.

WALKER

Simba, it's me. Don't you remember me?

The big cat looks confused a moment, then it leaps at Walker, landing with one furry paw on each of his shoulders, forcing him to the floor.

Walker slowly picks himself up.

WALKER

Now, *that* hurt.

Simba JUMPS UP on the bar, sending Momma's people SCURRYING, and she gives out another vibrant ROAR. Harlow flits from person to person.

HARLOW

That beast is going to jump down at any minute. Walker's one of your own; won't you at least *try* to help him?

The lioness JUMPS DOWN onto the hapless Walker. Harlow turns away, unable to watch.

WALKER

Don't let her eat me!

HARLOW

Oh Mr. Walker!

Harlow returns her gaze to watch as the lioness crawls up Walker's chest and salivates, inches away from his chin. As Harlow SCREAMS, it haunches down -- and plants a long, juicy tongue on Walker's cheek. Everyone except Harlow goes into a fit of LAUGHTER as Simba plants another lick on Walker's face.

HARLOW

So, it was all a great big fat joke!

Walker looks at Simba and STRUGGLES to get out from under her.

WALKER

I'm getting too old for this. Get off me, you big ham.

Simba yawns as she complies. Momma is LAUGHING so hard she is crying. Harlow SAUNTERS over to tower over walker and she stands akimbo.

HARLOW

Can I help you up, Walker?

WALKER

I'll say this for you, you sure can take a joke.

Walker CHORTLES as he staggers to his feet. His chortling stops cold when Harlow DECKS him with both of her fists clinched. He now lies at Harlow's feet with a stupid, bemused smile on his face.

HARLOW

If I wasn't such a lady, you'd be singing soprano when you got back up!

Harlow walks away SLAPPING her hands. She snatches the keys from a bemused Momma and she stomps up the stairs. High overhead, the parrot SWINGS merrily in its cage.

PARROT

Awk! Mr. Walker Mr. Walker.

MOMMA'S HELP

Mr. Walker is out for the count!

Momma looks down at the SLEEPING Walker and his SPRAWLED OUT pet, shaking her head.

MOMMA

I am sure glad I didn't miss this. Pete, I gotta go report the snake thing; can't put it off any longer. The bar is yours until I get back.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM SEVEN - DAY

Two thugs, LUE (30s) and VINY (30s) are standing impatiently behind a frail looking man, SCHMIDT (70s) who is SQUIRMING uncomfortably in his chair as he studies a rough diamond. He speaks with a GERMAN ACCENT.

SCHMIDT

There -- I've cut the kerf. See? It is textbook precise in line with the grain.

VINY

Look old man, are you up to this? You look terrible. Can we get you a beer or something?

LUE

You can't get sick now. Put it off! Hell, finish up and we'll get you a whole new hospital, one just for you. The boss will never catch on we shaved a little from the top.

Schmidt reacts with a look of HORROR as he CLUTCHES his shoulder.

SCHMIDT

My heart! My heart. Pills. Get me my pills!

Schmidt desperately CLAWS at his vest pocket as his two colleagues SHAKE him. Finally, Viny gets the pills and shoves a few into Schmidt's mouth. Schmidt recovers, but slowly.

SCHMIDT

That's better... let's get this thing over with.

Schmidt lowers a loupe that he pulls down from his visor cap. He LIFTS his arm back, ready to let his mallet fly toward the wedge he has positioned over the unpolished diamond the size of a small Faberge Easter egg.

Suddenly the door BURSTS OPEN in a flurry of splinters and Harlow TUMBLES in. The diamond falls to the floor, SMASHED into jagged chunks.

HARLOW

Sorry. I was just coming back from the rest room when I tripped on a beer bottle cap somebody left on the floor.

Viny and Lue surround Harlow before she can make it back through the busted door frame. They JERK her to her feet.

VINY

Lady, we ought to kill you for what you just done.

LUE

We ain't got no choice now. She's seen us and I'm not going to rot in some stinkin' Congolese jail for submarining no rock.

Harlow sees the men GO for their guns and UNLEASHES a blood-curdling SCREAM. Schmidt has a knee-jerk reaction and he suffers another stroke. Harlow BOLTS for the way out, screaming as she goes. Fiery bullets follow her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STAIRS - DAY

Hearing the GUNFIRE (O.S.), Momma's help assembles at the stair bottom, undecided as to who should go investigate. Harlow appears and frantically SCURRIES down. After a short interval, Walker pushes through to CATCH Harlow who blindly JUMPS into his arms.

Simba SCAMPERS up the stairs where the big cat and the two thugs meet in a spontaneous impasse. The two intimidated thugs toss their guns away and they TUMBLE down the stairs, SCRAMBLING to avoid the cat. One CRASHES through the railing to land on a round table, sending poker chips FLYING.

He continues falling between the two table halves down to the floor.



The other thug breaks through the opposite railing to fall, NOISILY BREAKING another round table, only to have the table legs SPLINTER and he slides down the sloping table sides to also land on the floor.

Both men LIE UNCONSCIOUS. Simba reaches the top of the stairs and now she looks down through the railing there. Harlow is comfortable in Walker's arms, until she comes to her senses.

HARLOW

Let go of me you big creep! You men  
are all alike! Men!

WALKER

Women!

Walker DROPS Harlow to the floor where she lands on her derriere. Now she sits upright, her knees tucked under her chin.

WALKER

Sorry, lady. I thought you needed  
some help. But, if you are so  
particular as to where you get it  
from, when these two pals of yours  
over there wake up, maybe you can  
get one of them to hold your hand.

HARLOW

They're no friends of mine, Mister.  
They just tried to kill me.  
Shouldn't somebody call the police?  
Not *me*, but somebody?

WALKER

Don't look at me, I don't get along  
too well with the fuzz here in  
Mbuji. Besides, I know that  
sleezeball that ruined Momma's card  
table over there all too well.

HARLOW

It figures. Creeps of a  
feather flock together.

WALKER

Maybe. I once spent a night in the  
Mbjui jail -- as an honored guest.  
Saw a picture there where he had  
his arm around the chief of  
Police's waist. I think they're  
brothers.

HARLOW

But him and the other creep said  
they'll kill me. Something to do  
with stealing a submarine.

WALKER

I heard you the first time;  
what you have is a problem all  
right. But it's *not* my problem.

Harlow gets to her feet. As she advances on Walker, he  
makes a vampire-repelling CROSS out of his fingers.

WALKER

Look lady, I ain't your Daddy, and  
I sure ain't your Mommy. You got  
yourself into trouble, go fix it  
yourself or find someone else to  
wet-nurse you.

Walker starts to say something else, but instead he reaches  
down to punch Lue who is showing signs of recovering. Then he  
forcibly DRAGS Harlow to sit with him at table. He WHISPERS.

WALKER

You said submarine just now?

HARLOW

Yes. I'm sure they mentioned a  
submarine. So what?

WALKER

Could those two have said  
submarining or something  
like, submarine goods?

HARLOW

Yes, that's it. I distinctly  
remember one of them saying  
something like that. He was crazy -  
- and his friend wasn't much  
better; they said they weren't  
going to jail over stealing one.

Walker GRABS Harlow's wrist and she YANKS it away.

Harlow

Touch me again and I will make *you*  
your Simba's next meal.

WALKER

Chill down, Jungle Witch. Don't  
flatter yourself, you're not even  
close to my type. Submarining in  
these parts always refers to  
smuggling. Did you see anything  
shiny in the room?

HARLOW

Well, there was a thud on the  
floor as the big rock split into  
tiny shards. *They* were shiny.

WALKER

Could those two have been sorting or cutting diamonds before you ruined their day? Getting caught smuggling anything in Zaire means cooling your heels behind bars until you're older than the Sphinx. What exactly *did* you see up there?

HARLOW

Not much really. After you and the other barflies put on your little show downstairs, I went up to my room. Momma said it was mine for the night.

I was heading back from the rest room when I tripped and fell into the room *next* to mine.

WALKER

And what else?

HARLOW

There were these three guys. One of them, an old man, was working at a table. I barely touched it, and it went down like it was wounded. I gotta tell you, I never saw such a commotion.

WALKER

Those shards. You are sure they were shiny? Did they catch the light?

HARLOW

I wasn't taking inventory. Anyway, these two guys were watching the old guy play with a big rock sitting on a clump of Playdough.

I tumbled into the room and hardly touched the table just as the old man went to hit the thing with his little toy hammer. It wasn't my fault!

WALKER

Like you hardly touched my Simba's tail? Then what?

HARLOW

I don't know what made them madder, that glass egg, or my seeing them play with it. Wait a minute -- I completely forgot about the old man.

WALKER

What about him?

HARLOW

He looked sick. Hey, why are you whispering? I hit you on your chin, not your throat.

WALKER

I admit you gave me a headache -- and my jaw does feel like an elephant stepped on it -- but I might not be around to protect you when the next eager beavers connect you with diamonds.

HARLOW

You sure do know how to inspire a lady's confidence. I know I'm going to regret this, but I was hoping I could get you to do just that -- protect me. Not only from beavers, but from the police, too.

WALKER

The Police? What did you do, get caught shoplifting a candy bar?

HARLOW

Not exactly. It's complicated. But I've got to get to Botswana. All the planes are booked and I've been trying all day to find somebody who can get me out.

WALKER

Botswana? Did you say Botswana?

Harlow NODS a resounding yes.

WALKER

Tell you what --

Walker pulls a string up from around his neck, revealing a greasy looking leather bag. Harlow is both curious and repulsed.

WALKER

Because I'm such a nice guy, I'll be happy to take you to Botswana - and you can wear this for protection until we get there.

HARLOW

What is that thing, a nose warmer?

WALKER

It's better than a nose warmer.  
It's my juju bag. Got it from a  
native guide who told me pretty  
much nothing can harm anyone  
who wears one of these magical  
do-hickies.

Walker hands it over to a VERY RELUCTANT Harlow.

HARLOW

How do I know it works?

WALKER

Trust me.

Harlow holds the bag in her hand and she STUDIES it  
before returning it.

HARLOW

Thanks, but no thanks. The only  
thing this thing will protect me  
from is friends and relatives.

WALKER

Suit yourself, I'm not the one  
that's running from the law and the  
one those guys were shooting at.

Harlow SNATCHES the bag back.

HARLOW

If it'll make you happy. It smells  
like dead fish. Are you sure it'll  
work?

WALKER

I'm here to tell you about it  
aren't I?

HARLOW

Okay, Walker. What's the catch? If  
I wear this I better not spit up  
jelly fish in the morning.

WALKER

Well, there is a teeny weenie  
catch.

HARLOW

I knew there would be.

WALKER

It's just that... I hate to  
even mention it --

HARLOW

Go ahead. I suppose you're going to tell me the smell is indelible; I'll be marred for life.

WALKER

No, that's not it. It's just that the juju loses its power if you ever take it off after you once put it on.

HARLOW

Walker, you're so full of bull a piano crate couldn't hold it all.

WALKER

Maybe so, but I need to look up a missing buddy of mine in Botswana. I was waiting until I finish up some business here before I went. So, I'm available.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM SEVEN - DAY

Harlow and Walker are looking down at the old man's body where his fingers have made CLAW MARKS on the floor groping for his pills.

HARLOW

You know, I'm beginning to wonder if maybe I'm a Jonah. Two dead men in one day. Maybe I should give this juju back to you; you may need it more than me.

WALKER

Great Caesar's Ghost! It's Schmidt! Wolfgang Schmidt.

Walker checks for a pulse, then he SCOOPS UP some of the diamond shards.

WALKER

He's a hell of a long way from home. Works for a cartel in Botswana. I met the old Kraut at a party. He's an ex-nazi.

Kept spouting off about the good old days. Kept boasting that Hitler was right. I don't know what it was Hitler was right about, but to this guy -- Hitler was right.

HARLOW

They let you into a party? They'll let drunks in anywhere, huh?

Walker STOOPS to examine of the floor shards. He RUBS them between his fingers, then he FROWNS.

WALKER

Well, that cuts it! Estabin was right all along. There are huge diamonds in the mine he worked in. He wrote that he's been fired for even mentioning the find.

What a flake -- but still, can't blame him for chasing rainbows, I suppose.

Walker KNEELS over Schmidt's body to frisk him. He fondles a wallet, and he POCKETS the money, only to be interrupted by Momma. She takes one look at the body on the floor, and Walker helping himself to the money, and she SCREAMS.

MOMMA

What the Hades is going on in here?  
You've killed Mr. Schmidt? Help!

Momma CHARGES at Walker.

MOMMA

Murderers!

Walker THROWS the money at Momma and backs away. Before Harlow knows what is happening to her he TUMBLES out the window, TAKING HER with him. Momma arrives at the window just in time to watch (P.O.V.) Walker and Harlow drop off the awning below and ROLL DOWN INTO the back of a passing pickup loaded down with squealing PIGS, assorted farm tools, and drums of VAPOR emitting slime. Momma SKAKES her fist out the window.

MOMMA

Come back! You didn't pay for your room! Pete, Mike get after them.

EXT. STREET - DAY

As the pickup continues up the street, Walker emits a SHRILL WHISTLE from his perch in the rear.

INT. ROOM SEVEN - DAY

Simba LEAPS into the room, landing with a skid beside Momma. She sticks her head out the window as the startled Momma breaks for the door. Momma almost makes it to the splintered door frame when Simba bolts through her legs on her way to the stairs. Momma FAINTS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOMMA'S BAR - DAY

Barging into the bar room, Simba LEAPS on the bar counter on her way to the swinging doors. On her way out she sends the fish tank FLYING. The GLASS BREAKS and the snake and a slew of cosmetic stones go FLYING. The startled parrot SWINGS back and forth in its cage, WINGS FLAPPING.

PARROT

Arckkk! Mr. Walk-er-errr!

Simba LEAPS out the exit doors and the Cobra slithers a crisscross path across the room, HISSING as it goes. Momma's help and assorted sots create chaos as they SCRAMBLE to avoid the snake.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PICKUP - DAY

Walker blows another SHRILL WHISTLE from his perch in the rear of the truck. Beside him, Harlow is SHAKEN.

HARLOW

Stop that, Walker! Haven't you done enough? Why did you have to pick a truck with pigs and those barrels of slime that ooze those smelly vapors?

I can't decide what smells worse. Them, this Juju bag... or you.

Harlow lets her hair down as she shakes her head. Only now does she reveal how ravishing she is.

HARLOW

Couldn't you have explained to Momma you were just checking that poor man's papers and not stealing them?

WALKER

It would have been my word against what she thought she saw. And there is one MORE thing --

HARLOW

I knew there would be. What is it?

WALKER

It's just that I was going to steal his papers. His money anyway. Where he's going he won't have much use for cash -- not as much as me anyway.

Walker GRABS Harlow's hand and won't let go.



WALKER

Look. I saved you for a very good reason. Those two thugs back at Momma's. You were right, they would have shut your pretty little mouth for good if I hadn't come along.

HARLOW

What about my juju? You said nothing can touch me.

WALKER

It's a little like Presidents back in the states. It's powerful, but it can't stop a bullet that cuts the cord on its way to your neck.

HARLOW

Now you tell me. Anything else you been holding back?

WALKER

It just so happens I have business besides Estabin to take care of in Botswana. Don't give me any lip and I won't mind you tagging along.

Harlow is STUNNED.

HARLOW

You think I'm pretty?

Before Walker can reply a bullet strikes one of the vapor oozing barrels he sits behind. The contents pour out into the street. Another bullet ignites the liquid and the street behind the truck is ABLAZE.

Simba catches up to the speeding truck. She LEAPS OVER the fires and nudges a pig to get beside Walker. Once she is safely inside, Walker KICKS the burning barrel off the truck, sending it spilling FIRE down into the street.

INT. PURSUIT CAR - DAY

Mike and Pete are aggressively tailing the truck in a rusty sedan. Mike keeps SHOOTING from the driver's seat.

PETE

Look out! That murdering son of a bitch just left a wall of fire ahead.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The street behind the speeding truck is ABLAZE. Mike overcompensates his swerve to avoid the fires and the car OVERTURNS violently four or five times.

Mike and Pete are THROWN CLEAR and the burning car EXPLODES. For the badly bruised two, the chase is over.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PICKUP — DAY

The panicked native driver looks in his rearview mirror and (P.O.V.) sees his pigs have Simba for company. He pulls over. He and his passengers get out, but Simba remains in the rear of the truck, sniffing the pigs.

The driver SHOUTS some anxious Bantu words to Walker and the two have a rousing conversation. He keeps GLANCING at Harlow.

HARLOW

What's he saying?

WALKER

Come on Harlow, get back in the truck.

The native jumps into the cab, TOOTS the horn, and the truck LUNGES forward.

HARLOW

What in the world did you say to him?

WALKER

Oh, I just told him you are one of my concubines. I may have mentioned that you are pregnant.

I also told him we needed a ride a few kilometers through the jungle to get back to our two babies; I think I said two. Bantu is a tough language -- I may have said *twenty*.

Harlot's response is an ICY STARE that would wilt the hardiest of weeds.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PICKUP — NIGHT

Large vertical termite mounds suddenly loom in the center of the road. The driver SWERVES, over compensates, and he HITS a huge mound head-on. As the truck rumbles through it, it is apparent the BRAKES are failing.

WALKER

The brakes are out. Jump, Harlow!

HARLOW

You jump, I like it here just fine. I got my juju. This is all your fault. Do something!

WALKER

I am. I'm holding on to this post,  
aren't I?

Harlow takes note of the native's SCREAMS and ADDS SOME  
of her own.

HARLOW

Walker, let go of that post  
this instant! Do something!

WALKER

Like what? Pray?

Harlow and Walker are THROWN OFF the truck as it ROLLS DOWN  
an embankment and dives off a ledge into the darkness. They  
are dumfounded their fall resulted in only a few bruises.  
They awkwardly RUN to the rim only to watch the truck slowly  
SINK below the waterline of a bog.

HARLOW

What happened to our driver?

Walker CUPS his hands and CALLS OUT, but all that respond  
are NOISY insects and the SOUND of air bubbles left by the  
sinking truck. Only one HEADLIGHT has survived the plunge.  
Walker shakes his head IN DISMAY. Several unbroken pig  
crates entrapping the SQUEALING PIGS bob nearby.

WALKER

Nobody could have gotten out of  
that thing flying like that; he's  
got to still be inside.

Harlow vomits through her fingers as Walker DIVES into  
the water. Large BOA CONSTRICTORS and a multitude of  
SMALLER SNAKES swim toward him. Walker furiously HACKS  
AWAY at the snakes with his machete.

He SUBMERGES as new batches of snakes arrive to fill  
the void. He ultimately SURFACES with his arm around  
the unconscious driver. Elsewhere, the abandoned Harlow  
has wandered off into the dense jungle.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE — NIGHT

HARLOW

Men! Walker just had to dive into  
that bug-infested swamp. First  
that poor driver, and now him; now  
they're both dead.

A thicket branch Harlow has brushed past SLAPS her back.  
This serves to rile her even MORE. She complains bitterly  
out loud.

HARLOW

Walker could have stayed behind to protect me, but noooo. Did he do that? Noooo.

Harlow stops cold in place and she screams as she gropes her leg.

HARLOW

Walker, is that you? Take your filthy hands off of my leg!

Harlow darts deeper into the jungle shadows where she thrashes something below her waist repeatedly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WATERS EDGE - NIGHT

Lit by a FULL MOON, Walker WADES to shore. He lays the unconscious driver on his back. The driver MOANS as he comes to and tries to get to his feet, but Walker SHOVES him back down. He speaks in Bantu.

WALKER

Take it easy, big fellow. It's too dark to go anywhere tonight.

A NOISE from the swamp and Walker draws his gun. Simba gives out a GARBLED GRUNT as she emerges from the water looking pathetic. She has a pig in her mouth.

WALKER

Simba, I wonder how many lives you got left. I never even knew you could swim.

Walker holsters the gun and builds a BONFIRE.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHORE - DAY

The fire is all but out as Walker WAKES with a start.

WALKER

Harlow! With those snakes and all last night, I completely forgot about her.

The two trek back to the swamp brink where Walker KNEELS DOWN to check for footprints.

WALKER

She went this way. We better hurry. If the quicksand hasn't got her by now some animal may already be licking its chops.

After a short trek, Walker parts the bushes to find Harlow fast asleep; he snatches her up into his arms. She responds by BEATING her fists on his chest.

HARLOW

Walker, you're just like all the rest! Is that all you men ever think of? I thought it would dawn on you when I beat you off last night.

I don't know what kind of girl you think I am, but I sure don't want you. I never wanted you, and I sure as hell will never want you! Let me down. Let me down now!

WALKER

I never came close to you last night, Jungle Queen; want to see that snake you squashed? I told you before -- you're not my type!

Walker does let Harlow down, but before he does he PEEKS down the juju string to where Harlow's bosom hides the bag under a cloak of darkness. Walker carries the belligerent Harlow a few feet, then he DUMPS her to the ground.

HARLOW

If I'm not your type, what were you looking at just now?

WALKER

Harlow, listen to me. Get up and get up now.

HARLOW

Make me, I kinda like it here.

WALKER

Harlow, I made a big mistake -- get up!

HARLOW

You're damn right you did. I'm glad you finally realize that.

Harlow scratches her clothes as AFRICAN ARMY ANTS CRAWL all over her.

HARLOW

Dammit, Walker. You did that on purpose. Men!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LATER - DAY

Harlow is lying face down on a blanket as Walker applies a pasty goo on her bare back full of ant bites.

HARLOW

Walker, how can you be so revolting, so disgusting, one minute... and so pleasant the next? That feels soooo good. What is that stuff?

WALKER

Just a little something our native driver friend cooked up.

HARLOW

You can tell him for me he's got a winner.

WALKER

Maybe later. See over there? He's praying now. It turns out he's the main shaman and chief of his village. His name is *Rambu* by the way.

HARLOW

You can tell Rambu I'd like to talk to him about co-writing a medical column for my Daddy's newspaper.

WALKER

So that's it. You're a newshound. I might have known. You any good at it?

HARLOW

Remind me to tell you what the Mbuji cops think of my abilities sometime. I caught their fingers in a cookie jar. Ouch! Watch your fingernails.

Walker LIFTS UP a wiggling six-inch CENTIPEDE. He holds Harlow's blouse just out of her reach, forcing her to briefly expose the top of her breasts. She GRABS the blouse, then dresses with her back to Walker.

HARLOW

Are you sure I'm not your type?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE DIVE - DAY

Walker DIVES to tie ropes to the submerged pickup. He emerges with Rambu's toolbox under one arm.

Another DIVE and he brings up some pulleys attached to some farm implements Rambu had been toting.

With Rambu's help, Walker sets up a series of pulleys and levers that enables him to DRAG the pickup to dry land. He uses some of Rambu's goo to repair the brake linings. A little tinkering and the truck reluctantly starts up. After FISHING OUT the SQUEALING pigs still trapped in their cages, the three drive away leaving NOISY backfires and a thick BLACK EXHAUST trail in their wake.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT: CANOPY - DAY

The pickup lumbers into a long, dark lush green tunnel-like canopy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOBATSE - DAY

SUPER: LOBATSE, BOTSWANA -- KARL WEISS'S REEB MINING OFFICE

Viny and Lue fidget as they wait for the German KARL WEISS (70's) to address them in his office. He holds his cat, TINKER.

WEISS

All right you two. Who wants to go first?

LUE

We got bad news, boss. Schmidt had a... uh, he had an accident. We think it was his heart. He uh, died.

WEISS

I was aware he had been looking under par lately, but I never dreamed it was his heart.

LUE

You're not going to believe what brung it on. He almost had the stone you sent us to cut when this dingbat broad trips in the hall outside and tumbles headfirst into the room; right through a damn closed door.

Weiss POUNDS his fist on his desk and the cat JUMPS out of his arms down to the floor. His anger vented, he speaks.

WEISS

And the stone he was supposed to cut? Did you bring it back? I'm an old man. How much older will I be when you two tell me?

VINY

Poof! Shattered into shards and dust; we could hardly breathe, Boss.

LUE

Then Weiss ups and dies on us. We didn't know what to do.

WEISS

And the girl? I trust her funeral was tasteful?

VINY

I'm afraid she won't be getting a funeral anytime soon, Boss; she got away from us while we was looking after Schmidt.

WEISS

How, pray tell, could you let something like this happen? Is this woman an Olympic runner, or just a very fast Amazon?

VINY

We really did do our best to catch her, but we lost her in all the confusion.

LUE

Yeah, and when we gave chase, this giant lion attacked us -- and we both fell through the railing. Tell him, Viny. I lost track of what you was doing about then.

VINY

Yeah, we both fell. This big ape of a guy comes along and when I tried to get up, he ups and slugs me. I woke up outside the bar looking up at the stars.

LUE

I also saw stars, but mostly inside my head.

WEISS

Ya, I'm sure *your* head was spinning, not that anyone could notice anything different.



WEISS

Let me see if I have this right.  
First the girl, then a lion. Lest I  
forget, the ape. Oh yes, the stars.

Weiss throws his HANDS UP in disgust.

LUE

We know, God knows we know; you  
told us the stone was worth a  
bundle and a half. And you sent us  
to Mbuji so we could sell the  
stones we cut where no one could  
suspect where we got them.

WEISS

I suppose I should have told you  
more of what was at stake. Forget  
the monetary loss, there's where  
that stone came from. But if it  
were to get out I risked opening  
Pandora's Box -- very important  
heads would roll.

VINY AND LUE

We're real sorry, boss.

LUE

Give us a chance to make it up  
to you; we'll do anything.

VINY

I don't know much about that  
Pandora chick, but we really are  
sorry, Boss -- it simply wasn't  
our fault.

WEISS

I'm sure you two did your best,  
but I did not send you three to  
Zaire to get a suntan.

LUE

I gotta tell you we're lucky we got  
back to tell you about it so soon.

WEISS

I suppose you two just had a string  
of bad luck. I'll give you just one  
chance to convince me things are not  
as bleak as they look.

Get back to Momma's bar and see if  
you can pick up the girl and the  
big ape's trail.

VINY

This probably ain't a good time to tell you, Boss, but the helicopter pilot that brung us here took off before we could keep him from it. Said he had to get back to Mbuji to place a bet on a fricken cockfight.

WEISS

Luckily I just got delivery on a brand new Lear jet yesterday; you can use that. I have my pilot on twenty-four hour standby. You'll find it's loaded with automatic weapons.

By the way, do the lady and the ape have names?

VINY

I'm told the big ape is called Walker; he's been locked up in the Mbuji clink more times than the Titanic had lifeboats for excessive drunkenness.

As for the broad, the Mbuji cops have been looking for her ever since she reneged on her promise to leave town after she embarrassed them something royal. Goes by the name, Harlow.

LUE

I'd call her *trouble*. I still don't get it about that lion. It didn't go after Walker and the girl -- just us.

WEISS

I may have heard of that Walker. If he's the same one I'm thinking of, he's an ex-mining engineer.

LUE

He sure packs a hell of a punch.

VINY

Look on the bright side, even if he follows his nose right to the rug we're standing on, the most he can find out is that all the government safety inspectors that went into that mine of yours never came back.

WEISS

Just the same, I will breathe easier  
when Walker and the girl are dead  
and buried; there are things in that  
mine. Terrifying things.

LUE

Things?

WEISS

Suffice it to say I don't want to  
be responsible for bringing down  
most of the governments of Africa,  
not to mention the leaders of  
twenty or thirty other very  
important countries.

Viny and Lue look CONFUSED.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - Day

A Lear jet NOISILY takes off into clear skies.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAMBU'S PICKUP - DAY

Rambu's pickup enters a clearing with BRIGHT RED gasoline pumps, two hangers, and a long dirt airstrip lined on all four sides with banana trees. A shack overlooks several acres of well-trodden dirt behind a chain link fence. There are TROPICAL FLOWERS everywhere.

HARLOW

Walker! Walker, wake up. Rambu has  
stopped the truck and I think  
we're here. wherever *that* is.

Walker WAVES a horsefly the size of a grape off his nose.

WALKER

Why are you always trying to  
wake me up out of a sound sleep?  
It's too hot. Try again when it  
gets cooler.

Harlow LIFTS UP Walker's Fedora to get a better look at him.

HARLOW

I doubt it ever gets cooler here...  
it looks like it just decomposes.

Rambu LUGS a water canister to the back of the truck. He and Walker pour some water on their heads. Harlow reaches for some but there is none left.

HARLOW

What kind of place is this? If it's a farm, it's not like any I've ever seen. Doesn't it ever rain here?

WALKER

Oh, it rains. The guy I'm here to see teaches the locals how to dig ditches and run in wide circles with rocks in their packs. It's his very own, very disciplined militia.

Walker SHAKES the water off his head much like a puppy who tripped into a pond.

WALKER

C'mon, I'll introduce him to you.

Harlow catches Walker WINKING to Rambu.

HARLOW

I saw that! I'm not going in there. I'm not going to stand idly by while you and some old army buddy have a beer and probably cook up a deal to sell me into White slavery or something worse.

When you two are done, Rambu can just drive me to the nearest bus terminal.

WALKER

Suit yourself, but there ain't no such animal for a hundred miles. But, I suppose your juju bag will protect you *anywhere* you go.

Walker steps onto the shack porch, and when the door opens he enters. Simba JUMPS out and squeezes herself under the pickup, leaving Harlow PUZZLED. She fumes as the sky bursts wide open and it RAINS buckets.

HARLOW

I wanted some water, but this is ridiculous. Walker -- what did you do?

Harlow POUNDS FRANTICALLY on the door.

HARLOW

Walker, you dirty bastard! You knew this was going to happen!

Walker opens the door wide and YANKS Harlow in.

INT. SHACK — DAY

Harlow stands, her arms wrapped around her torso, visibly SHIVERING and SEETHING. Walker introduces JAKE BRIGHTEN.

WALKER

Harlow, this is Jake Brighten. He's British. He's been, uh, been taking care of my plane for me.

BRIGHTEN

Madam.

Brighten SUSPICIOUSLY EYES the dripping wet Harlow.

WALKER

Jake, Ms. Harlow is new to Africa.

BRIGHTEN

New, you say?

WALKER

She's from the States. You know, the Colonies? She fancies herself as a newspaper reporter.

BRIGHTEN

Welcome to Zaire, Ms. Harlow. I must apologize for both the inclement weather and my manners.

I normally send my boys out to guide people in. However I gave my people two-day furloughs yesterday.

Harlow continues DRIPPING WATER on Brighten's wooden floor.

BRIGHTEN

We don't get many women callers out here; you're certainly the first Walker has brought with him. Don't tell me you two are newlyweds?

Walker milks the moment, then he BREAKS OUT LAUGHING.

WALKER

Jake, I thought you knew me better than that. Married? Me? Never.

HARLOW

Do I look demented?

Brighten laughs as he finds a towel and hands it to Harlow. Walker ignores Harlow as he goes to the window.

WALKER

Simba looks okay. Hope she doesn't get flooded out.

Brighten offers Harlow a wicker chair.

HARLOW  
I'm okay, too. Thank you all  
for caring.

Brighten LAUGHS so hard he has to sit down.

BRIGHTEN  
Walker tells me you two plan to go  
to Botswana, and of course he's  
here to get his plane back.

Harlow SNEEZES.

BRIGHTEN  
Bless you. He did buy that plane  
from me, but I won it back fair-  
and-square in a poker game some of  
my boys and I had with him a while  
back.

Walker, you were so drunk, I did you a favor keeping you  
out of the air.

Walker sits down next to Brighten.

WALKER  
Look Jake, I really need that  
plane. Tell you what, I'll play  
you a game of twenty-one for the  
plane and some of that English  
petrol from one of those flaming  
red pumps out there.

Harlow SNEEZES again.

BRIGHTEN  
Bless you. What you got to bet me  
this time, Walker? I know you don't  
have any money -- you never do.

WALKER  
You're right about that. How 'bout  
my watch? It's a genuine ROLEX  
replica.

Walker takes off the watch and hands it over. Brighten  
glances at it, then he immediately hands it back.

BRIGHTEN  
I'm afraid I don't have much use  
for trinkets. Not knockoffs  
anyway. What else you got?

Walker has a long and involved conversation in Bantu  
with Rambu.

WALKER

How about my watch and Rambu's  
truck sitting out there?

Brighten gets up and takes a QUICK GLANCE out the  
window before returning to his chair.

BRIGHTEN

I see he has pigs. The pigs too?

WALKER

The ones he has left... yes,  
the pigs too.

Harlow again SNEEZES. Both men don't seem to notice.

BRIGHTEN

Bless you. Well, I don't know -- I  
really don't need another truck,  
or pigs either.

WALKER

What if I throw in the girl?

Harlow is not amused. She goes to protest, but she has  
a repetitive SNEEZING FIT instead.

HARLOW

Walker -- !

BRIGHTEN

Done!

Brighten finally notices Harlow's sneezing predicament.  
He RUSHES to a shelf and pulls down a military blanket  
into which he CUTS a hole with a jagged knife.

BRIGHTEN

Sorry, I keep forgetting my  
manners. Go and get those wet  
clothes off. Use this as a  
poncho to keep you decent when  
you come out. You two are going  
to be my guests for the night.

Brighten continues to speak to Harlow whose head BOBS  
just over the top of a blanket he has strung up for her.  
Her SNEEZES are less frequent now.

BRIGHTEN

What is your first name Ms. Harlow?

HARLOW

That's on a need to know basis,  
Jake is it? You don't need to know.

BRIGHTEN

After I win the card game tomorrow,  
and you get to know me better -- I'm  
sure you'll change your mind; I'm  
the nicest bloke I know.

WALKER

Don't let her little act fool you,  
Jake. Under that drowned-rat  
exterior lies a real woman just  
dying to get out.

Harlow gives Walker another ICY STARE designed to kill.

WALKER

See that? She likes you, Jake! You  
can see it in her eyes.

Harlow emerges wearing the blanket poncho and she SASHAYS  
over to the chair. Brighten pulls out a pocket watch.

BRIGHTEN

Can I interest you in some crumpets  
and a spot of tea, Ms. Harlow?

HARLOW

Why thank you, Mr. Brighten. I most  
certainly would.

Harlow STICKS her tongue out at Walker. The SOUND of  
rain hitting the roof stops abruptly and Rambu has a  
Bantu conversation with Walker before he goes outside.

HARLOW

What did you tell him, Walker? If  
I find out you told him he can  
have me if you win tomorrow, I'll  
get even if it's the last thing I  
ever do!

WALKER

No, Sunshine. He just told me he's  
going to sleep in the truck  
tonight; he's afraid Simba might  
eat another one of his pigs for a  
snack.

Harlow lets loose with another SNEEZING FIT.

HARLOW

Jake, you got any pillows? After  
what I went through today, if I  
try to stay awake another minute  
I'm going to fall off this chair.

DISSOLVE TO:



INT. SPARE ROOM - DAY

Jake SHOWS a corner to Harlow where he has laid out a sleeping bag. He returns to talk to Walker.

INT. LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

BRIGHTEN

Look Ol'Man, let's you and me talk this thing out. Even if you lose the game, you can keep the girl; it's not right to take anyone against their will. Besides, any fool can see she's fond of you.

WALKER

Jake, I can't take her with me, it's going to tough enough just to look after me.

Harlow hears the MUFFLED VOICES from the next room and she assumes the worst.

HARLOW (O.S.) Walker, if you or Mountain Jack even come close to me in the next few hours, I'm going to tear you apart and feed you to the biggest boa constrictor I can find.

BRIGHTEN

Goodness. The biggest, you say?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROOM - SUNDOWN

Harlow looks rested and she has donned her now dry outfit she arrived in to join Walker and Brighten at a circular table where Walker is guzzling down the last of a whiskey bottle.

HARLOW

Walker, do you have to drink?

WALKER

You want to be the boss, get a pet. I'll call it quits when I'm ready.

Brighten has had enough of the animosity; he calmly reaches into his holster, draws his revolver, raises his gun hand straight up and FIRES a shot into the roof.

BRIGHTEN

Look, I don't get that many visitors. I was hoping you two could stay civil long enough for me to get a decent conversation out of you.

Ms. Harlow, why don't you start the proceedings with why you want to go to Botswana of all places?

Harlow holds her coffee cup up to her nose with both hands and LOOKS DREAMY. Brighten expresses CONCERN.

BRIGHTEN

Ms. Harlow? Are you all right?

HARLOW

Sorry, I got distracted. I came to Mbuji to get a story so good even my father couldn't ignore it. I learned I'm a damn good reporter, too.

I found out it just so happens the head of the Mbuji black market is the chief of the Mbuji police too.

He's as crooked as a bobby pin. What I didn't know was the phones I used to call in my story were eavesdropped.

WALKER

I thought everybody knew the phones in Mbuji are all anything but private.

WALKER

You didn't know about the phones? Of all the dumb --

BRIGHTEN

Don't start that up again. Why don't you two go take a bloody cold shower -- and cool off?

HARLOW

(LOOKING STUNNED)

Shower? Don't tell me you have a real indoor shower?

BRIGHTEN

One must remain civilized, Ms.  
Harlow. Maybe you can get  
Ol'bloody smelly here to take one  
too; separately I should think.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT SHOWER STALL - NIGHT

Harlow's head and shoulders BOB as she bathes behind the translucent shower pane. Her vivacious body tantalites. Her juju bag swings back and forth. She SINGS "SOMEDAY MY PRINCE WILL COME." Walker enters the stall as Harlow leaves wearing a TOWEL. His shoulders and head BOB as he sings "MARCHING TO PRETORIA" while lathering up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING TABLE - NIGHT

HARLOW

You have a lovely home. Mr.  
Brighten.

BRIGHTEN

Please, not so formal. Call me  
Jake.

Brighten suddenly SNIFFS the air.

BRIGHTEN (CONT'D)

Am I the only one who smells  
rotting fish?

Harlow and Walker exchange ANXIOUS GLANCES.

HARLOW

You must be, Jake. I don't smell a  
thing.

WALKER

Got any more Bourbon?

BRIGHTEN

No, you killed my last bottle.  
It'll be another week before I can  
have my boys go get some.

Walker ogles Harlow who can't fully hide her top attributes under her blouse.

HARLOW

Put your eyes back in your head,  
Walker. You don't have a  
snowball's chance in hell of even  
getting to first base with me.

BRIGHTEN

Now don't go starting that up again; I have to pay for the bullets I fire.

You were saying why you are headed for Botswana, Ms. Harlow. Another storyline?

HARLOW

Well, my Daddy's there on business for one thing. I wanted to see if he'll give me another assignment.

Walker is preoccupied; he looks at the bullet hole in the roof as countless CREEPY CRAWLERS slither through.

HARLOW

I heard something really juicy at Momma Mobusu's bar. It's got to make for a much better story than dirty cops.

BRIGHTEN

You actually went into Momma's bar? Even I am afraid to go there without a few of my boys tagging along -- it's a den of cutthroats.

HARLOW

I know, that's where I met Walker. Desperate people do desperate things. Anyway, a priest I met there told me about a mysterious idol some natives found in one of the Botswana mines. The call it "The Glass God."

WALKER

Yeah, I heard that one too. After they found it, people started disappearing or later turned up dead. Ho hum.

HARLOW

So, as the story goes, they sealed the whole mine off to prevent any more weirdness. I'm going to find that idol, and when I do Daddy can go eat moose nuggets when I sell the story to the highest bidder.

WALKER

Lady, if you'll buy a story like that -- I've got a great big bridge just across the New York East river I want to show you. It's a sham, Harlow!

HARLOW

No, I said I heard about it from a priest, a holy man. I know he wouldn't lie to me.

WALKER

His name wouldn't happen to be Father Saboon, would it? He's been living in a bottle for years; he got himself defrocked for excessive drinking or some such, or did he neglect to tell you that too?

The men LAUGH and Harlow leaves the room IN TEARS. From the spare room Harlow complains.

HARLOW (O.S.)

I wish I was a man, I'd show you what's funny.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHACK — DAY

Harlow heads for the refrigerator that is situated on Brighten's porch. The unshaven Walker is scrounging for what turns out to be a beer.

HARLOW

Walker, couldn't you shave a little closer? I've seen less hair on a woolly mammoth at the museum back home in Iowa.

WALKER

Hardly ever do in the morning -- can't stand the sight of blood.

Walker downs the beer in two gulps then BURPS in Harlow's face. Brighten enters looking frisky and RUBBING his hands.

BRIGHTEN

Well Ol'Man, are you ready for the game? I've already had breakfast while you two sleepyheads slept. Walker, I can't wait to see your face when I crump you again.

The three are seated at the porch table; Rambu stands mute behind Walker.

HARLOW

Walker, if you lose Jake may get to keep the plane, but there's no way he gets to keep me too. All I want from you two is a ride to Botswana. After that I plan on getting therapy to forget we ever met.

Walker SLAPS the back of his neck.

WALKER  
Mosquitoes don't seem to  
bother you, do they?

BRIGHTEN  
Now that you mention it, Ol'Boy -  
- they don't, do they? I wonder  
why that is.

The two men finish SLAPPING DOWN their cards when there is  
a NOISY COMMOTION. There are thousands of frenzied colorful  
birds taking flight from the nearby jungle and canopy.

WALKER  
(To Brighten)  
This happen often?

BRIGHTEN  
Only when someone is tearing up the  
road in an all-fired hurry to get  
here. You two expecting someone?

Walker and Harlow quick-glance each other as the dirt at  
their feet EXPLODES when a jeep spewing machine gun  
bullets emerges from the mouth of the canopy.

BRIGHTEN  
Holy Mother of Pearl! I think  
someone is shooting at us.

WALKER  
I guess we should have told you.  
Ms. Personality and I may have  
made a few enemies before we left  
Momma's bar the other day. C'mon  
Harlow, we better run.

HARLOW  
Maybe *you* made a few enemies; I had  
precious little to do with it. I'm  
sure those guys will be reasonable  
when I tell them what happened at  
the bar. They can't hurt me.

Harlow PATS her juju bag emphasizing her belief in it. But  
the machine gun blasts GROW LOUDER as Brighten, Walker, and  
Rambu scatter. Harlow jumps up and down WAVING her scarf.

WALKER  
Harlow, run! These guys  
mean business.

HARLOW  
They can't hurt me, I got my Juju.

When a machine gun burst whizzes through Harlow's  
scarf, leaving FLAMES behind, Harlow changes her mind.

HARLOW

Walker, wait for me! My juju  
quit working!

Walker GRABS Harlow's wrist and YANKS her inside the hanger as bullets slam into the metal outside siding. Harlow goes GASPS in disbelief when she sees the ancient Westland Lysander WW1 aircraft.

WALKER

Harlow, quit your hyperventilating  
and help us get these doors open  
so we can take this bird out for  
some air.

HARLOW

What is that thing? I've got a  
great great grandmother that looks  
in better shape than it does.

WALKER

Shut up and push!

Brighten is busy pouring aviation fuel into the tanks from a large red canister. He SHOVES a wad of money into Walker's hand. Rambu is CHANTING a native prayer.

BRIGHTEN

This should be enough to get you  
into the air and far enough away  
to stop somewhere for some .

WALKER

You better hold on to it; I'll ask  
for it later when I need it.

BRIGHTEN

I'm not going with you; you know  
how claustrophobic I can get.

Shots RING OUT as Walker reluctantly takes the money. With Walker at the controls, the engine BACKFIRES and the plane spews PITCH-BLACK SMOKE behind it. Rambu climbs in the front seat, shaking his head and PRAYING more Bantu.

HARLOW

If you think I'm getting in  
that thing, you're crazier than  
Jake. I'd rather jump into a  
pool of rapid rattlesnakes --  
naked as a jaybird!

WALKER

Hold that thought; it makes buzzard-  
bait out of my brain. For the record,  
I really do hate snakes.

Walker taxis the noisy aircraft through the hanger doors to the outside just as machine gun bullets blow out the hanger front windows.

Brighten dive through the Hanger doors and makes his run for the jungle with simba following at a fast lope. Machine gun bullets set fire to the thick brush seconds after they disappear into the shrubbery.

HARLOW

Are you sure this thing is safe?

Walker doesn't answer as he LEANS OUT of the open cockpit and PULLS Harlow into the seat beside him. He makes the engines ROAR mightily as he TAXIES the plane to the end of the air strip where he forces the plane into a U-turn.

HARLOW

Walker, they're cutting us off. Do something!

WALKER

Ever play chicken?

HARLOW

Get real, this monstrosity isn't up to it.

At one end of the strip the machine gun toting jeep RACES toward Walker's airplane; at the other end of the strip Walker's airplane RACES toward the jeep as the engine WHINES.

HARLOW

Walker, you're hurting it!

WALKER

Hold on --

Harlow SCREAMS as Walker's aircraft NARROWLY MISSES the jeep as it lifts off. Walker pulls back on the stick as the lumbering aircraft SEVERES tree branches at the opposite end of the runway.

HARLOW

What were you thinking? We could have been killed. If I had a death wish I would have stayed in Momma's bar and let it happen there.

WALKER

Nag nag nag.

Harlow looks down at Walker's seat.

HARLOW

Walker. You're sitting on a parachute. Why don't I get one? If you had to leave the plane in a hurry, how would I ever get down?



WALKER

Lady, if I leave this plane you won't have time to worry about it. You can use the radio to order lilies.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT - MAP, which depicts running airplane route to various African landmarks and a destination of Botswana:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VICTORIA FALLS BELOW - DAY

HARLOW (O.S.)

Wow, Walker. I've never see such a beautiful site. Can you go a little lower so I can get a better view of it?

Before Walker can comply, there is the fiery RATATAT-TAT-TAT of machine gun bullets slamming into a wing from behind. There is a SWISHING SOUND as Weiss' Lear jet passes the Lysander and drops into full view in front.

WALKER

Great Caesar's Ghost! Where'd that come from?

HARLOW

(Screaming)

What's it with you, Walker? Have you ever noticed that everybody that meets you wants to kill you?

WALKER

It does get kind of irritating at times.

Rambu is CHANTING incoherently with his EYES SHUT as Walker forces the Lysander through LOOPS and JERKY PLUNGES. Each time the Lear jet passes, the machine gun toting Viny FIRES from the open hatch of the jet. Harlow in her panic tries to climb out of the fuselage. Walker PULLS her back in.

HARLOW

Walker, do something!

Walker works hard at the sluggish controls as he speaks.

WALKER

I am a little busy right now. I do have a plan; I'm just too busy to tell you what it is right now.

Another blast of bullets SHATTERS the windshield.

HARLOW

You're only working on a plan? You mean you don't have one? We're going to die.

WALKER

Not yet we're not.

Walker slows the Lysander to a CRAWL.

HARLOW

I thought you knew how to fly this thing. We need to go faster, not as slow as your mind works!

WALKER

Nag nag nag.

Walker flies SLOWER. Lear jets are not designed to fly that slow and it eventually has a FLAMEOUT before PLUMMETING DOWN.

WALKER

You don't suppose it's my aftershave?

HARLOW

No, Walker, it's not the lotion they hate -- it's you!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LEAR JET - DAY

The demolished jet is still SMOKING where it landed. Viny is relieving himself on a large fern. He finishes and behind him are long ruts in the jungle leading away from the mangled jet crash site. The windshield is a SPIDERWEB.

VINY

See what you get? I told you not to put that gun to Ace's head making him go that slow. Now look at him; he's flying with the angels.

LUE

(Upchucking)

Mmmuff.

VINY

Weiss finds out we demolished his new toy he'll make lampshades out of us. His people perfected the art during the Workd War II, I hear. You want to be the one that tells him?

Lou GLARES at Viny.

EXT. The LYSANDER CONTINUES - DAY

Walker's airplane flies overhead from ground level. It is shuttering and the engine sputters.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LYSANDER — DAY

In the front seat Rambu awakes with a START reacting to the sputtering noise.

HARLOW

That sounds like an asthma attack to me. What's the matter with it?

WALKER

It's nothing. Go back to sleep.

The propeller stops spinning with an ominous CLANK.

WALKER

Well, maybe something. I think maybe the gas tank patches I made before Brighten won my plane didn't hold.

HARLOW

Can't you do anything right? Land this thing this instant!

WALKER

Love to Princess. But take a look down there. That hunk of green real estate down there is Botswana's finest airplane-gobbler.

HARLOW

We're going to die.

WALKER

Sooner or later.

Walker keeps fidgeting with the controls until he CRASHLANDS in a clearing next to the market place in Lobatse. A MOB of curious natives surround the plane.

SUPER: LABATSE, BOTSWANA

HARLOW

It's cooler on the sun than it is here. And I just broke a nail.

WALKER

Oh you poor thing. Should I get one of these natives to carry you on their backs into the city?

A crowd of natives surround the plane and Walker uses sign language to have Rambu barter for goods.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSTEL ROOM - DAY

Forced to share a room, it is late in the day and Harlow is on the bed; Walker is SPRAWLING on the floor across the room from her with a newspaper OVER his head. He holds sideways a beer bottle in his hand.

HARLOW

Walker. Walker, wake up... I want to talk.

WALKER

What about, Peaches?

HARLOW

I'm worried about Jake. Do you think he's okay? Maybe we should have made him come with us.

WALKER

It's a little late for that, isn't it? I told you, he's a Survival instructor for the Mbuji Militia. It's what he does.

HARLOW

What about Simba? Will she be all right?

WALKER

You kidding? She was born in a jungle. She'll probably eat anyone who goes after her.

HARLOW

I've been meaning to ask you, where did you find her?

WALKER

A few years back I was working in a mine and she just sort of wandered in. I got fired refusing to let anyone shoot her. I think she appreciates that.

HARLOW

You told Jake you'd never get married. He almost had a kitten when he thought I might be your new bride.

WALKER

Yeah, I thought I'd die the way he looked. I should have milked the moment, but I didn't have the heart; Jake and I go back a long time.

HARLOW

Walker, are you still planning to go search for diamonds? Why not get the local cops to go after whoever it was that was shooting at us instead?

Walker PULLS OFF the paper long enough to down the rest of beer.

WALKER

(BURPING)

Cops and me don't get along. Besides, I want to see if I can find Estabin. The last I heard he went into the mine to help himself. He is a good friend, but he's also an enigma.

His folks left him a fortune, but he keeps wanting to prove he could have succeeded without it. I thought his letter was proof he had gone bonkers when he told of the huge stash he had discovered. Or at least I thought so until I saw that old man you killed at Momma's.

HARLOW

He had a heart attack, Bozo. I didn't kill anything than a shot of Momma's liquor at the bar!

WALKER

Anyway, when I saw all the diamond shards on the floor, I remembered what company the old Kraut worked for and that Estabin also worked for the same people.

HARLOW

So, what do you plan to do now? Cry in your beer that you lost out on a fortune and maybe a friend?

WALKER

No, but I sure want to check out that mine. I doubt it's got too many guards as that would attract too much attention. We're going to have it real easy.

HARLOW

Not we; Mother didn't raise any idiots in her family. I'm going to stay right here and write a Pulitzer prize winning novel about the criminally insane.

I'm going to devote a whole chapter to you. Besides, these clothes weren't made for scrounging.

WALKER

Quit looking at me like that. I have Rambu out swapping the plane for a whole new outfit for you as we speak.

HARLOW

He gets me a pair of boots and I'm going take a hike to the nearest bus stop. You two can go anywhere you like -- without me. I hope Daddy never Learns we were roommates.

WALKER

Why, does he have a shotgun?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE REEB MINING COMPANY - DAY

Strutting toward a guard shack that has a sign reading: "THE REEB MINING COMPANY," Harlow is wearing a trampy outfit and high heels she swims in. It is Walker's idea of an appealing wardrobe. She mutters to herself.

HARLOW

Why I let that man do things like this to me I'll never know. I'll never live long enough to get back to civilization.

Harlow interrupts the guard who drops his GIRLY MAGAZINE.

HARLOW

Mister, can you tell me how to find The Lobatse Men's Club? My boyfriend's going to kill me if I stand him up again.

Harlow DIVERTS the guard while Walker SNEAKS into the company archive building. After a while Walker returns, but the guard inexplicably turns his head toward the building as Walker exits. She GRABS the man by his ears and YANKS his gaze back to her, then KISSES him on the mouth as Walker safely SLIPS into the shadows.

HARLOW  
What kind of girl do you think  
I am?

Harlow SLAPS the guard and she FAST-WALKS away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSTEL ROOM - DAY

The two adventurers are LAUGHING.

HARLOW  
God that was fun, but if you ever  
put me through something like that  
again, I'll buy Daddy that shotgun  
and he'll put two new holes in you  
where you sit!

That better not be just an old  
copy of *PLAYBOY* you got under your  
jacket.

WALKER  
Nope, it's a map. It's a map that's  
going to make us both rich.

HARLOW  
You maybe. I told you, I'm not  
going. Besides, what is important,  
finding Estabin or getting rich?

WALKER  
That's a tough one all right.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Harlow wears a well padded climbing outfit. She stands  
looking sourpussed in front of a full-size mirror.

WALKER  
C'mon Harlow, it's not *that* bad.  
We'll only be gone for a day. No  
one you know is going to see you  
in that mining outfit.

HARLOW  
But they might not appreciate  
visitors at that mine. Besides,  
you may verywell find a way to get  
in, but get it out of your head if  
you think I will go with you.

Walker checks his gun for bullets.

WALKER

They'll appreciate this. Like I said, there won't be any guards out there -- they'd just draw attention to the place.

HARLOW

Well, I guess I could help you get your gear up to the mine entrance - - but only if you promise to take me to my father when you're done.

WALKER

Great! Glad that's settled. Say, my mouth is as dry as a Rhino's tongue. Take off that outfit and get into something less conspicuous. Let's go get us a beer.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOBATSE BAR - NIGHT

SUPER: LABATSE BAR

The bar is full of ROWDY, SWEATY men. Walker pulls Harlow through the crowd. He orders two beers, but it is evident the SCARRED native barely understands.

WALKER

Oh, I get it, Harlow. Out here it's Khadi. Two Khadis, my good man.

Harlow reaches for her bottle, but a bald-headed brute BARGES past and she nearly loses her grip on the edge of the bar as he BUMPS her off her stool.

WALKER

I think you owe the lady an apology.

BRUTE

Lady? I don't see any ladies here. Unless maybe you are one.

WALKER

(Grinning)

Look, you almost bulldozed her to the floor. Apologize to the both of us and I'll buy you a beer.

BRUTE

That Khadi crap? That can't even attract flies. Buy me a real drink and I'll be your bitch any day of the week. Otherwise, buzz off!



WALKER

Judging from your breath it looks to me like you already drank all the real drinks they serve here. I asked you nice. C'mon, be a nice guy and apologize to me and the lady.

HARLOW

Let it go, Walker. He's just looking for trouble; don't make him happy by giving him an excuse to dish out some. I'm okay, just let it go.

WALKER

No, Harlow. He owes you an apology.

The BRUTE grabs Walker's shirt at the top and PULLS him up to his tiptoes.

BRUTE

You hard of hearing? I said buzz off.

The brute lets go of Walker's shirt and lands a SUCKER PUNCH to Walker's chin. Several earth-shattering PUNCHES from each man later, when he pulls out a knife Walker SLUGS his head with the handle of his revolver.

The STUNNED brute falls to his knees and DROPS the weapon. Walker picks it up and CUTS the man's belt from behind. The Brute leaves the bar with his pants SAGGING to his knees. He leaves CURSING LOUDLY. Walker tosses the knife back, HEFT FIRST, to its owner.

WALKER

(TO BARKEEP)

He come here often? He had to leave before I thought to ask his name.

BARKEEP

(IN BROKEN ENGLISH)

You no do good make that man mad. You see what he do? I not born with scar. Him Olaf Brock. He remember you now. I glad what you do, but you must kill him now. He not forget.

HARLOW

Thanks for defending my honor, but did you have to embarrass the man in front of everybody the way you did?

Some day you're going to get nailed by one of your stupid pranks. I hope my juju can keep me alive long enough to see it happen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JEEP - NIGHT

The jeep heads toward a vague mountain range. It turns off the main road and heads onto a dirt road.

HARLOW

Are you sure this backpack you're making me carry isn't full of beer? It weighs a ton.

WALKER

I promise -- there's no beer in your pack.

HARLOW

There better not be. If I find out there is, when you poke a hole in that mountain, this pack is the first thing that gets dropped down into it; you'll be second.

The jeep passes by an abandoned military airstrip.

HARLOW

What's that?

WALKER

Don't know for sure, my best guess is that the Krauts used the place as a fighterplane refueling depot during the war. See that rundown airstrip?

Rambu stops the jeep at a baracade and he turns off the HEADLIGHTS. He speaks a Bantu barrage to Rambu then he digs out his night binoculars, and he silently looks through them.

HARLOW

What is it? Turn the lights back on. I can't see a thing.

WALKER

We can't go any farther. Not in this jeep anyway. I see the main mine entrance has been dynamited, and there are Guards!

HARLOW

Where? I still can't see a thing.

Harlow takes the night vision glasses away from Walker and has a LOOK for herself.

HARLOW (P.O.V.) - VISTA - GREEN VISION

Using Walker's night vision goggles, Harlow SEES two mine guards a quarter mile away. They enter a large STRIPED tent. She hands the glasses back to Walker pouting.

HARLOW

I thought you said there wouldn't be any guards.

Walker now CREEPS past the barricade and proceeds to CUT a small peep hole in the side of the tent with his pocket knife.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TENT - NIGHT

GUARD ONE

Weiss says to be on the lookout for a couple of diamond poachers. He says his men told him they crashed his brand new Lear jet when they tried to stop them.

GUARD TWO

Man, I would have liked to have been a fly on that wall when they told Weiss that. Weiss pays good, but man, does he have a temper.

EXT. TENT - NIGHT

WALKER  
(Muttering)

Rats!

INT. TENT - NIGHT

GUARD ONE

You hear anything just now?

GUARD TWO

Just your stomach growing. You really ought to do something about that.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JEEP - NIGHT

Harlow AIMS her small FLASHLIGHT on Walker's face as he returns. He looks DEJECTED.

HARLOW

(Baby talk)

Aw, what's the matter, wouldn't they let Babykins have one of their beers?

WALKER

It's not as bad as all that, but they *do* know we're coming. What we have here is a minor setback.

HARLOW

Why am I surprised? You're a regular hoodoo, Walker. Everything you do becomes a *major* setback!

Walker looks above the tent with his BINOCULARS at a rocky ledge. He POINTS at what he sees.

HARLOW

You're not making *me* go up there!

WALKER

C'mon, where's your sense of adventure?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - NIGHT

The three make their way up the side of the mountain to reach the ledge Walker had sighted. Walker has another involved Bantu conversation with Rambu who nods his consent. Suddenly, Walker SPINS Harlow around and he RUMMAGES inside her backpack.

HARLOW

Walker, you promised me.

WALKER

I promised you there wasn't any beer in your pack -- and there isn't; only this stuff.

Walker uses his small FLASHLIGHT to show Harlow the cylinders she has been carrying.

HARLOW

What is that, a new kind  
of breakaway shovel?

WALKER

Oh, it's better than that. It's  
Anfex, nectar of the war gods.

Walker leaves the ledge and he SWINGS using ropes up onto another jut where he DISAPPEARS into the night. Minutes later he returns and CROUCHES at Harlow and Rambu's feet. He puts his FINGERS in his ears.

There is a LOUD EXOLOSION and FIERY DEBRIS rains down the mountainside from the jut and onto the cloth tent below. The guards abandon the tent just in time. They SCURRY to a jeep and DRIVE OFF into the night.

Harlow is SPITTING DEBRIS out of her mouth and her eyes are as just as fiery as numerous SECONDARY EXPLOSIONS erupt.

HARLOW

Explosives! I was carrying  
explosives? That's a new low even  
for you, Walker!

Walker PUTS one hand on each of Harlow's shoulders.

WALKER

Anfex is one of the safest  
explosives known to man, Harlow.  
You never were in any danger... I  
never would have done that to you.  
I know you're upset, but look on  
the bright side.

HARLOW

You mean there is one?

WALKER

Because the nearest mine executive  
offices are ten miles away, those  
guards won't be back for at least  
an hour. Their radio is buried  
under all that rubble down there.

HARLOW

But what about when we go to  
leave? You just made enough noise  
to wake up the dead.

WALKER

I told you, Sweetheart; they  
already knew we were coming.

EXT. MOUTH OF AIR SHAFT - NIGHT

The three stand on yet another lofty ledge mostly untouched by the explosives PEERING DOWN into a very dark hole, an ancient air shaft. All three are weighted with bundles of rope. Harlow THROWS down a rock.

HARLOW

That thing is too deep, and too dark, Walker. There's no way I'm going down there. I'll wait for you here.

Walker TIES one end of a rope to a timber brace at the top of the shaft and he DROPS the rest of it down.

WALKER

Suit yourself, but there's a diamond mine down there and I've got to find out if it's where where Schmidt got his stash. It's important, Harlow.

Walker lets himself down into the hole using mountain-climbing finesse at the exact moment a helicopter RISES UP the slope of the mountain SHOOTING loud machine gun bullets.

CHOPPER PILOT

(Using bullhorn)

You are in a restricted area. You are trespassing on Reed Mining property. If you do not leave the premises at once, we will be forced to take drastic measures.

WALKER

That jeep must have had a radio. I completely forgot about the possibility.

Harlow JUMPS DOWN into the shaft and SPINS helplessly from her ropes. Rambu DROPS DOWN the rope and tries to stabilize her.

HARLOW

Shooting at us isn't drastic enough? Walker, would you mind shaking a leg? I think my juju went to sleep again.

Harlow AWKWARDLY DROPS DOWN another ten feet to get to Walker's level, Rambu follows. Walker TIES another rope to a timber and lets the end DANGLE beneath his feet.

HARLOW

They sure don't like tourists around here, do they?

WALKER

It does seem to get their goat, don't it?

HARLOW

How far down does this thing go?  
China?

WALKER

Don't worry about it; the rest of  
the way will be like falling off a  
log. But, since you asked, I'd say  
no more than a couple of days  
worth of descent.

We should have just enough rope to  
get to the bottom.

Harlow is pained by the comment. The chopper blade SOUNDS grow  
weaker as the three descend. Walker LIGHTS a FLARE only to let  
it drop. It ILLUMINATES the sides of the shaft as it goes on a  
seemingly endless voyage towards the bottom.

WALKER

Go down a ways and wait, I want to  
talk to Rambu.

Walker speaks a barrage of Bantu to Rambu who reaches into  
Walker's backpack and brings out a BIRDCAGE. Harlow looks  
up and is wowed.

HARLOW

Oh, isn't that adorable? I never  
would have pegged Rambu for a bird  
fancier.

WALKER

You can peg me. It's not Rambu's  
bird, Bright Eyes -- it's mine.

HARLOW

Now I am surprised. What's its  
name?

WALKER

Tweety. If this bird can breathe  
the air down there -- then so can  
we; the rest of the way he goes  
first class.

HARLOW

What happens if we drop him  
down and we pull him back --  
and he's dead?

WALKER

The first thing we'll notice is he  
won't be warbling lullabies any  
more. And neither will we.

Rambu DROPS the cage down to a lower level. When he pulls the cord back up, the bird is HAPPILY CHIRPING.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LATER - DAY

SUPER: NEXT DAY

Walker SHINES his flashlight to reveal the bottom is near. He digs a rope ladder out of Harlow's backpack, ties one end to a brace, and then he lets the rest DROP DOWN to touch the dusty bottom floor. He climbs down and touches the ground with his boots without incident.

HARLOW

Look out below -- here I come!

WALKER

Harlow! Wait, let me tell you what to do.

HARLOW

I know what to do, I'm not a baby. It's only a rope ladder.

But rope ladders are very irrational. Harlow catches her boot on one of the rungs as it twists -- and she PLUMMETS DOWN head first.

HARLOW

Walker, help me! This thing is out to kill me!

Rambu CLUMSILY GRAPS Harlow's leg from above as Walker CLIMBS BACK UP. Finally, he manages to fling her on his back and he makes a methodical CLIMB back down. Harlow TIGHTLY CLINGS to Walker's back.

HARLOW

All right, you got me down. Now let go of me!

Walker FORCES Harlow's hand off his back and he DUMPS her down seat-first.

HARLOW

Men! All right, we're here. Where are the diamonds?

WALKER

You didn't expect to find them sitting in a box with a red ribbon and a bow on it, did you? This ain't Tiffany's. Let's get into something lighter before we go look for any sparklers.



HARLOW

I'm not talking anything off while you're alive to watch.

WALKER

Listen, drop the pack, take out your flannel undies or whatever, and lay them in front of you so you can find it when I turn out the lights. Rambu and I will do the same.

Walker tells Rambu what's up (in Bantu).

FADE TO BLACK:

Several seconds in TOTAL DARKNESS pass before Walker speaks.

WALKER (O.S.)

Damn it, I can't find my shirt!

FADE IN:

Walker turns on his head light for a few seconds, only to have Harlow FREEZE; she has her hands STRAIGHT UP as she struggles to wiggle into her blouse without unbuttoning it. Walker STARES in disbelief at her breasts.

Rambu's eyes BUG OUT before he can cover them with his hands. Walker looks EMBARRASSED as he abruptly SWITCHES OFF his head light.

FADE TO BLACK:

WALKER (O.S.)

Sorry.

HARLOW (O.S.)

Walker, you did that on purpose!

FADE IN:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MINE PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Walker takes the lead and he heads down a long rocky slope. At the end, and BARELY VISIBLE on the dusty cavern floor, are the beginnings of rusting train tracks.

WALKER

The map sure doesn't show this. Wonder what's down there.

HARLOW

I don't know, but I'm sure you can make book it's not a choo-choo train.

At the bottom of the grade is a virtual cathedral of COLORFUL country rock, rock drapes, kimberlite, stalactites, and stalagmites; the path ahead cuts through a maze of STEAMING fumaroles. The three are mesmerized by the phosphorescent view and it is obvious the head lamps are redundant.

HARLOW

My God, Walker. What is all this?  
I never saw anything like it back  
home in Iowa.

WALKER

Well... I'm a mining engineer, and  
I have to tell you, it's a cave  
like no other. This map doesn't  
even give a hint of what's further  
down there, but I'd say we're not  
going to be the first to see it;  
*somebody* had to lay down those  
tracks.

Rambu speaks OMINOUS SOUNDING Bantu to Walker.  
Walker replies, also in SOMBER Bantu, and Rambu nods  
an understanding.

HARLOW

What was all that about? He forget  
to pack enough beer for you?

WALKER

He says his grandfather's  
grandfather used to work the mines  
here. He told Rambu's father who  
revealed to *him* there's something  
very evil down there.

HARLOW

What did you tell him? We are going  
back now, aren't we?

WALKER

I came here to find diamonds and  
it would be just like the Mining  
Czars of olden times to spread  
rumors about evil entities to keep  
the riffraff -- like us -- out.

HARLOW

You two go ahead, I need to take a  
minute. These anthrax canister  
thingamabobs you make me carry are  
wearing me down.

Walker WIGGLES out of his pack and speaks Bantu to tell  
Rambu to do likewise. The two enjoy a HARDY LAUGH.

WALKER

I second the motion. Let's camp for the night. Oh, for your information, it's Anflex -- not canisters of cow disease.

Walker reaches into his pack and brings out a can of beer. He pops open the tab and guzzles down the contents in a single gulp.

HARLOW

Walker, you said you didn't bring any beer.

WALKER

No, I distinctly said *you* weren't carrying any beer; never said I wasn't.

INSERT WALKER'S WATCH, it SPINS then stops at 7 A.M.:

Harlow is the first to ROUSE. She has set her canteen on the top of a large, flat boulder, but when she reaches for it she KNOCKS it over and it FALLS behind the rock. When she reaches down to pick it up, she SCREAMS.

HARLOW

Wake up Walker! We're not alone! There's a dead man behind this rock. And I think he's not the only one! I think he has company.

Walker and Rambu have their LOOK behind the boulder and confirm there are indeed FOUR BODIES laid out side-by-side; Walker FRISKS each one, scanning their wallets.

WALKER

Judging by their badges, these guys were safety inspectors, Harlow. They probably were sent here to see if the mine down this path can still take heavy equipment.

It's obvious they've all been shot to make sure they stay put.

HARLOW

So much for *their* safety. What about ours?

WALKER

Yeah. Maybe we better get going.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANOTHER STEEP GRADE - DAY

Walker SWINGS his arms freely as he walks, and all of a sudden he breaks into SINGING "MARCHING TO PRETORIA" again.

At first Harlow SCOWLS at Walker's singing, but eventually she CHIMES in with "ROW ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT." Rambu soon joins in, also singing, but in a DEEP basso profundo.

SUPER: WALKER'S WATCH, it SPINS then STOPS at 11 A.M.

The COLORFUL view is dazzling. Walker is OVERCOME with the majesty of it as he DASHES AHEAD to do a 360 degree SPIN at the bottom of the grade.

WALKER

Look at this place, Harlow! It would take a thousand years to analyze all the rocks in here.

HARLOW

Yeah yeah, but where are the diamonds?

WALKER

Oh, I knew there was something I was forgetting.

Rambu RUNS, SHOUTING with joy as he catches up to Walker; he has his hands CUPPED. With a barrage of excited Bantu he SHOWS Walker a cluster of blackened rough diamonds he has found.

WALKER

Harlow, get down here. Look at what Rambu just showed me! That whole wall over there is clustered with diamonds the size of my fist. As for the floor over there -- we're rich, Harlow. We're rich!

HARLOW

I suppose you'll make me carry those, too. They sure don't look like diamonds to me.

WALKER

Not this time; I'll be happy to carry these all by myself.

And for the record, all mine diamonds need processing before they look real enough to put on a finger.

Walker uses his PICKAXE to extract more dark rocks from the wall. He fills his backpack, leaving only enough room for the beer and the bird cage.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

Four heavily armed British Harrier JETS fly in CLOSE FORMATION over the distinctive mine mountain range. The lead pilot speaks into his helmet microphone using perfect BRITISH MONOTONE.

DOPPER ONE

Squadron Leader Romeo, this is Dopper One. I have the target in sight. I repeat, I have the target in sight. Do I have permission to fire?

While Dopper One waits for a reply, he FLICKS a switch on his console to talk to his navigator seated behind him.

DOPPER ONE

(Using the intercom)

In all my years in Her Majesty's Service I've never been ordered to attack a mountain. Somehow it doesn't seem right, does it Flight Sergeant Englehop?

FLIGHT SERGEANT ENGLEHOP

(Using the intercom)

No sir, it does not. The old man was pretty adamant about it though. We're to block all entrances and exits from the mine down there.

You can bet your bloody red long-johns it took someone with mighty big scissors to cut through all the red tape on this one.

DOPPER ONE

(Using the intercom)

You have that right. I hear even the Prime Minister had to postpone her bloody tea time to cut the orders.

INSERT - RADIO SINGLE SIDEBAND MESSAGE (O.S.):

FLIGHT COMMAND

Squadron leader Romeo to Dopper one, Mother Goose has given permission to fire at will. Is that clear? Fire at your discretion.

The squadron of four fighter jets do a NOISY CLOSE FORMATION flyby over the mountain range. The lead plane peels off and it FIRES four missiles directly into the air-shaft Walker and friends used to gain entry into the mine.

Each of the four planes REPEAT the scenario. As the mountain terrain ripples under the assault, all four jets make one final flyby, then they DART OFF, creating loud SONIC BOOMS.

INT. CRUMBLING MINE - DAY

Overhead braces (O.S.) CREAK and GROAN. A blanket of stalactites FALL and a CLOUD of debris gushes down the grade forcing Walker and friends to RUN. After A tremendous RUMBLING of walls crumbling (O.S.), it becomes apparent the path the three just traversed has been obliterated.

Entire walls continue to CAVE-IN behind the three as they run, and seemingly everywhere where they run. Then, suddenly, the RUMBLING STOPS and there is nothing left but a rain of settling DUST AND RUBBLE surrounding the trio.

HARLOW  
(Choking)

Walker! What did you do this time?  
Is this another one of your pranks?

WALKER  
(Coughing and sniffing the air)  
Wasn't me. Smell that? Sure smells like missile dung to me. Man, do they ever mean it when they say don't trespass!

HARLOW  
You can say that again.

WALKER  
Listen, maybe there's a way out past all those fumaroles down there. Let's go find out. From the sound of things, the way back and the way we came down here is not an option.

HARLOW  
Furma-whats?

WALKER  
Fumaroles. You know, those stalagmites with steam coming out the tops down there; we rock hounds call them Black Growler vents.

On arrival Harlow RUNS OVER to a Growler and tries to see down its snout.

HARLOW  
So that's what those are; they sure stink enough.

WALKER  
They stink enough to *kill* you; I wouldn't inhale if I were you.

Harlow BACKS AWAY. The three continue onward passing a large grotto. As Walker and Rambu forge past it Harlow LAGS behind.

Her EYES WIDEN as she TUGS at a piece of onyx deep inside a grotto indentation.

HARLOW

(Sounding apprehensive)

Walker, I think I found something.  
I think you need to see this.

WALKER

(Sounding impatient)

So, you found a shiny rock. This place is full of shiny rocks. Trust me, nobody builds train tracks to haul a bunch of worthless rocks up to the surface.

HARLOW

Maybe not, but you're going to love this.

Walker RELUCTANTLY hikes back up the grade, MOTIONING for Rambu to join him. He and Rambu help Harlow pull down a GIGANTIC CAMOUFLAGED TARP to reveal a German WWII Dornier Do-335 night bomber; a VINTAGE aircraft.

The trio PUSH the warplane out of the grotto to get a better look. Walker CIRCLES it, stopping under one of the two huge BMW power plant engines riveted to the 45-foot long wing. He is in AWE as he eyes the large swastikas painted on both sides of the fuselage.

HARLOW

Well, Walker. What is that thing?  
I don't think I've ever seen anything quite like it.

WALKER

It's not possible.

HARLOW

What's not possible?

WALKER

I wrote a thesis on German War Machines in college. It's a WWII Dornier Do-335 night bomber, and those guns still have ammo belts in place.

Harlow, I didn't think any of these babies were left outside of a museum.

Harlow joins Walker who now is looking up, his JAW AGAPE, at the name painted on the side of the nose.

HARLOW

DER LETZT BLITZ. Whatever that means.

WALKER  
The Last Flash.

HARLOW  
Okay Smarty, how come you know German?

WALKER  
I needed a foreign language in college; it was a choice between French and German. There was this beautiful post grad from Berlin that taught the course. She had a pair of the biggest --

HARLOW  
I get the picture, Walker. She was better looking than the French professor was.

WALKER  
That she was. Frau Hilda, was her name; for the life of me I can't remember *his* name.

HARLOW  
We got us a mystery here, Walker. The War ended over thirty years ago. Why drag a relic like this down here in the middle of a mountain? Why not just fly it into a junk yard?

WALKER  
There's only one way to find out.

EXT. DORNER - DAY

Walker PRIES open the hatch and he CLIMBS UP into the cockpit.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DORNER - DAY

There are stacked wooden crates and, just past the last of the seats, is a long navigator's table full of MAPS and CHARTS. Walker takes off his backpack and he sinks into the pilot's seat. He flicks switches causing a few of the control panel lights to MOMENTARILY FLICKER.

WALKER  
Dead! I might have known. I bet the guns still work though.

Walker HOVERS his thumb above the steering yoke firing button, but he hesitates.



WALKER

Hmmmmmm. Maybe I better not. A shot or two from these babies might bring down the whole mountain on our heads.

Walker gets up and goes to where the NAVIGATOR'S ROUTE MAP is still pinned to a table. He studies it a moment, then he returns to the front where he CRANKS OPEN a side window.

WALKER

Harlow! Get your caboose up here. You wanted a story. Well, this is the king of the hill of all stories -- if I'm any judge.

Walker THROWS DOWN several empty wooden crates for Harlow to stand on and he PULLS her up into the fuselage.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

INSERT - NAVIGATOR'S TABLE MAP:

HARLOW

Walker, According to this, this airplane took off around 3 o'clock in the afternoon, April 30, 1945. The scary thing is... look here.

Harlow TAPS the map with her index finger.

HARLOW

It took off from Berlin!

WALKER

Yeah, this thing flew out of Berlin the very day Hitler committed suicide.

HARLOW

You sure you aren't jumping to another one of your asinine conclusions?

WALKER

It's all there on the map. Heck, I just read maps -- I don't make 'em.

Walker reaches into his backpack and gets himself a beer.

HARLOW

That must be your last one; you go through more beers in one day than a spider has legs.

WALKER

(He burps before speaking)  
It helps me think. And, if it makes you happy, yes -- that was my last one; we're doomed!

HARLOW

Why do you look so confused?  
It's not the beer is it?

WALKER

No, it's the Berlin thing. You have to remember the times, Harlow.

HARLOW

How could I do that, Moron --  
I wasn't even born then.

WALKER

Me neither, Sweetheart. Use your imagination. It's nineteen forty-five. The drive for Hitler's defeat is raging throughout Europe.

Due to all the allied bombing, Germany is rapidly becoming a no man's land. Yet, this warbird -- with all those great big swastikas painted on the sides -- leaves Germany without so much as a stone getting thrown at it.

HARLOW

How do you know that? You just said you weren't there.

WALKER

No, but take another look at the outside of this thing. It's pristine. Not a scratch on it. No bullet holes. No dents. Nothing.

According to this map, an awful lot of governments had to look the other way when this bird made pit stops for fuel on the way here.

HARLOW

I guess you were right when you said there is a story here; too bad I won't live long enough to write it. I don't think my juju is sleeping -- I think it just plain up and died of fright.

Walker PRIES OPEN a few of the crates behind the pilot seat.

HARLOW

What are you looking for, more beer?

WALKER

No, I couldn't be *that* lucky. But when we run out of the turkey sandwiches Rambu packed in your backpack, a few army rations will be sorely appreciated. C'mon, help me look.

The two keep PRYING OPEN crates.

WALKER

Never occurred to me we'd be in this mine more than a few hours or I would of at the very least had Rambu pack a crate of beer.

Walker SMASHED OPEN a crate that is filled to capacity with German army rations.

WALKER

Would you take a look at that, Harlow? Whoever they flew into Botswana on this flying tinderbox must have been planning on staying for years.

The two continue working their way to the rear of the plane, OPENING crate by crate as they go.

HARLOW

Walker, what are those strapped to the bulkhead back there?

WALKER

Looks like somebody's suitcases and a few duffel bags to me.

HARLOW

No, I can see that. I mean all those warning stickers on them.

WALKER

Oh, they say in German the luggage belongs to a high-ranking Nazi. Anybody caught tampering with them will be dealt with severely. Think I'll chance it anyway.

Walker CHECKS the bags first but he finds they contain moldy Nazi uniforms. He PULLS DOWN the larger of the two suitcases; it comes TUMBLING DOWN to where Harlow has to JUMP ASIDE. With a few TAPS from the butt of Walker's gun, the lock FLIES OFF and the lid POPS WIDE OPEN causing the contents to spill out.

Walker fondles a STACK OF MONEY before THROWING it back onto the pile. He picks up a black book with a GOLD SWASTIKA on the cover, takes a look, and he FROWNS.

HARLOW

What is that, Walker? I got a funny feeling you shouldn't be messing with it. Let's leave everything as we found it and go find a way out of this mountain -- before it's too late.

WALKER

All I can say is... we're in big trouble now.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WEISS' OFFICE - DAY

Karl Weiss is standing in front of his office windows.

WEISS (TO TINKER, HIS CAT) Tinker... isn't that strange? Those men unloading that truck down there. Am I that old that I can't remember giving the order?

VINY

Ah-hem.

Viny and Lue are TEETERING on the Persian rug, waiting for Weiss to acknowledge their presence.

WEISS

You two have bungled your last job for me. The loss to the cause is incalculable, but what I find especially irritating is that you two have destroyed my brand new Lear jet before I even got a ride in it.

Lue and Viny STUDY their shoes.

VINY

Boss, it wasn't our fault. We talked to my Mbjui police contacts as soon as we arrived back in Mbuji. They told us a friend of Walker stores his plane out in the boonies.

So, we got them to track down the place and pay it a little visit as we circled overhead in your spiffy jet.

LUE

As it turns out, the Mbuji cops  
couldn't hit a barn with a howitzer  
from ten feet away. Walker and the  
girl took off in a flying bubble-gum  
wrapper and we gave chase.

WEISS

(Lighting a cigar before speaking)  
And you, in my brand new hare,  
still managed to lose out to  
Walker in his vintage tortoise?

VINY

Aw boss, it wasn't like that. It's  
true we was plenty fast enough,  
but that museum piece Walker flies  
kept going slower and slower. We  
told Ace he'd better do the same.

WEISS

So, it was Ace's fault?

VINY

Not exactly. Ace said the plane  
might stall if he went slower and  
he wasn't going to risk it. He  
wanted to fly ahead and attack  
from the front.

Lue here stuck his piece in the back of Ace's ear and  
changed his mind for him. Next thing we know we had what Ace  
told us was a flameout.

WEISS

I take it that's when the  
plane took a nosedive.

LUE

It arced like a spit  
watermelon seed.

WEISS

I'm going to wring Ace's neck  
the next time I see him!

LUE

It's a little late for that, Boss;  
he didn't make it.

WEISS

What about Walker and the girl?  
I take it you didn't have time  
to wave them goodbye?

LUE

No, but I doubt those two would be dumb enough to come here after we riddled their plane with machine gun fire the way we done before we crashed.

WEISS

(Sinking deep into his chair)  
For your edification, the guards at the mine radioed me yesterday that somebody blew an entrance into that mountain. By now those two know than you do.

VINY

We're sorry, Boss.

WEISS

I keep forgetting how little you two actually do know of what's at stake here.

Weiss opens up a cigar box and BECKONS the two to sit and pull their chairs closer.

WEISS

Have a cigar, boys.

BEGIN WEISS' FLASHBACK:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. 1944 ERA - DAY

Hitler is at his scenic country retreat on the Obersalzberg. He has a very young SS officer, Weiss is standing beside him.

HITLER

You are probably wondering why I have kept you in the dark as to your final mission for me. My staff officers certainly outrank you, and I originally had planned to give it to one of them, but they are all well known and their movements are constantly being watched.

Weiss RAISES his right arm, the official Nazi salute.

WEISS

Ya Mein Führer!

END FLASHBACK:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WEISS CONTINUES - DAY

WEISS

I have done my best to keep alive  
Der Führer's original plans by  
funneling the resources from my  
mines to his modern-day loyalists.

It was one of them that panicked  
and arranged for the missile  
strike on the mine entrance points  
in the mountain you see still  
smoking out there.

LUE

(Lighting his stogie)

I know you think we're dense, but  
why did they do that? You could of  
just sent some of your men in and  
whacked Walker and the broad; end  
of problem. Better yet, you could  
of sent us.

WEISS

I was a fool for thinking I could  
exploit the mines, even for my  
exalted cause. Even my own people  
don't know what I've keep secret  
in there for so long.

I thought sealing the mine to  
prevent trespassers from Learning my  
darkest secrets would be enough.

VINY

(Lighting his stogie)

You sound like there's something  
very sinister in there. Send us in.  
We know how to deal with sinister.

All three men blow SMOKE RINGS and WATCH them rise to  
the ceiling. Lue puts his FEET UP on Weiss's desk.

WEISS

(Frowning)

Ya, I'm sure you two could; I know  
you two would at least try. Maybe  
later. I simply can't risk anyone  
else finding out -- never mind.

For now, if you two have finished your smokes, Tinker and I  
have some papers to shuffle.

LUE

You Know, you're the best damn boss anybody that ever put a dent in a chair ever had. We goof again and again, and you forgive us. You even give us cigars.

I'm sure I speak for Viny when I say -- we'll never let you down again.

Viny nods his agreement.

WEISS

I'm sure you won't. Now run along -- I have work to do.

The two GRINNING thugs walk across the Persian Rug on their way to the door. They never see Weiss bring out his Luger. Nor do they see him take CAREFUL AIM at their backs and FIRE two shots. Tinker runs and hides behind a display case as Weiss throws his still smoking gun back into his desk drawer.

WEISS

Now *that's* what I call German efficiency.

Weiss lifts up the phone, dials it, and talks into the handset.

WEISS

Brock, you better get over here. There's something I want you to do.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DORNER - DAY

Walker holds the black book and he SHAKES his head in disbelief.

HARLOW

In case you haven't noticed, we are already are to our necks in trouble, Walker. How could anything get worse?

WALKER

This. This is a diary, but it's not just your average run-of-the-mill diary. Take a look at this signature.

SUPER: HITLER'S SIGNATURE

HARLOW

Now I know you're pulling my leg. There's no way we've found Adolf Hitler's lost diary.



Harlow's has a PUZZLED expression and Walker takes advantage of her by pulling her close and KISSING her on the lips. At first she SWOONS, than she SNAPS out of it. She wipes her mouth off with her scarf.

HARLOW

Walker... you're disgusting!

Walker THUMBS through the diary.

WALKER

Mudpie, if this thing is genuine, and I think it is, somebody's going to have to rewrite an awful lot of history books. This page is dated weeks after Hitler is supposed to have died.

HARLOW

Why? What does Hitler have to say?

INSERT - THE DIARY, which Walker reads out loud:

WALKER

(He runs his finger along the text as he translates) And so my generals, my people, my God, all have conspired to betray me. In my desperation I have utilized Heir Goebbels' plan to leave one of my doubles behind; I ordered his body burned beyond provable recognition.

My men are out searching for what brought us here. The Glass God is our last hope to rise from the ashes of defeat. I know I can find a way to harness its powers.

HARLOW

I knew I was right about that God idol thing. I told you, Priests aren't like you -- they don't lie.

WALKER

I'll believe that when I see it.

Harlow goes to the remaining wall luggage and she RIPS it down. It lands hard, BUSTING its lock.

HARLOW

Look, Walker. This stuff looks like it belongs to a woman. You don't suppose that swimming suit actually belonged to *the* Eva Braun, do you?

I'm going to use up a whole new typewriter ribbon writing about this.

WALKER

You might want to get yourself  
a gross of new ribbons, Harlow.  
Listen to this.

Walker reads OUT LOUD from the diary.

WALKER

Finally! My men tell me they have  
found the living deity that is  
trapped inside this mountain, a  
horror from the occult that hurdles  
massive bolts of blue, apocalyptic  
fire before all who touch it. I am  
sure I can strike a deal with it.

HARLOW

Never mind that. What about all  
this money? We get out of here we  
can buy that hostel and force them  
to give us separate rooms.

WALKER

You should leave it where you  
found it, Harlow -- it's bogus.  
The Nazis weren't above using  
their printing press for something  
besides printing propaganda.

HARLOW

Oh. I never thought of that.

WALKER

If we're going to find that  
damn idol to see for ourselves,  
we're going to have to follow  
those footprints down there.

Maybe there's a hole in the karst  
at the end of the path we can  
climb down to where it is.

Walker POINTS through the front cockpit window.

HARLOW

Karst? Don't tell me you're  
thinking of climbing down another  
one of those fermagigs.

WALKER

Sorry, I keep forgetting you're  
not hip to mine-rodent lingo.  
Karst is solid ground marked by  
sinkholes that lead to large  
underground waterways.

When we get down there, don't get  
too close to me. When you fall,  
you fall alone.

HARLOW  
Now who's the pessimist?

Walker silently THROWS a rope out the hatch, then he helps Harlow exit the plane. He lets himself down soon after she lands.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DORNER - DAY

At the foot of one of the dorner wheels Walker SHAKES the sleeping Rambu by his shoulder. He engages in a vigorous Bantu conversation with him.

WALKER  
Harlow, I've given this a lot of thought. I think maybe I should go alone checking out the idol and you should concentrate on getting out of this place if I don't come back.

HARLOW  
Not on your life, Buster. I don't write about what I don't see with my own eyes.

Walker GRABS Harlow; he holds her tight and she CLOSES her eyes, PURSING her lips. But Walker TIES her hands and feet instead of kissing her.

HARLOW  
Walker, what are you doing?

Walker THROWS the end of the rope up and over one of the gun turrets and quickly has Harlow HANGING thrust up by her hands, her feet dangling off the ground. As Harlow TWIRLS, she SCREAMS and hurls CURSES.

WALKER  
Sorry, babe. I've got to find that idol and see if it's real. You're just going to get in the way ... maybe get us both killed.

INT. CURVEY CAVERN TRAIL - DAY

Walker is talking to himself.

WALKER  
It would be just like her to trip and punch a hole in the Karst; the last thing I would hear would be her yelling, *Walker, this is your fault!!*

There is a LOUD CRUNCHING SOUND as the ground under Walker's feet gives way. Walker SCREAMS as he drops below the surface of the very same Karst he warned Harlow about.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RAGING RIVER - DAY

Walker is SWEEPED AWAY after DROPPING into a fast moving underground river. There are luminous cavern walls zipping by, but Walker fails in his attempts to swim to the fleeting shore. Then, up ahead, a huge SWIRLING EDDY.

Walker STRUGGLES to escape being sucked into the center of it. A rock HITS his minor's helmet, sending it FLYING. Another rock renders Walker UNCONSCIOUS and he DISAPPEARS below the eddy surface.

INT. POOL - DAY

Walker FALLS DOWN from a 100 foot high ceiling hole, following a gushing arcing WATERFALL that empties into a large pool of water. Still unconscious, he FLOATS to the watery edge of a sandy shore. Walker awakes CLAWING the sandy shore and his legs are BOBBING in the water.

Fifty feet or so inland, there is a stone dome-shaped building with a singular entrance hole; an eerie BLUE LIGHT shines brightly from inside. Above the building the bottom of a decaying rope ladder leads up to another large hole up in the ceiling. A HUMMING NOISE gets louder as Walker approaches the domed building entrance.

WALKER

What the heck is that humming

Walker STAGGERS to his feet and he heads for the building with his GUN DRAWN. He hesitates at the entrance. Then he enters.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOMED ROOM - DAY

Immediately Walker finds the source of the brilliant light is a HUGE GLASS IDOL sitting on a beautiful, intricately carved green JADE pedestal. Walker holsters his gun and he RUSHES to examine the idol. The unnerving humming sound ESCALATES.

WALKER

You're sure one big hunk of a big diamond, aren't you? And you got one heck of a noisemaker too. Wonder how your maker managed to make *that* work.

As the idol eyes SLOWLY OPEN and a GLIMMER of menacing BLUE laser-like beams show, Walker LUNGES to one side.

WALKER

What the heck was that? What are you, Zeus?

The eye lasers subside and Walker returns to take a guarded look around, but this time he CROUCHES behind the idol. It is here he makes a grisly discovery, a shriveled, horribly disfigured BODY. A CROWBAR lies nearby.

WALKER

Estabin! So you finally found your rainbow!

As Walker is lamenting his find, a HAND reaches out from behind and GRABS him by his shoulder. He draws his gun and SWINGS around.

HARLOW

Whoa, Quick-draw -- it's me!

WALKER

(HE IS BENT OVER, PULLING AT HIS KNEECAPS) Don't you ever do that again, Harlow. You can't know how close you just came to my getting off a shot just now. I just found Estabin, and he ain't exactly ripe.

HARLOW

Let me see.

As Harlow tries to muscle past Walker, he PULLS her back.

HARLOW

That bad, huh? When you left me all tied up I ran out of things to call you and I started crying. I guess that was too much for Rambo.

He cut me down and when I saw the hole you made, I decided to go another way. I found a rope ladder leading down through a hole in the ground and I climbed down it to the top of this building.

I jumped down and that's when I saw the way into this place.

WALKER

That rope ladder must be how  
Hitler's people got down here. You  
took a big chance climbing down  
something that old.

I took a good look at that thing  
before I came in here. It looks as  
rotten as two-thousand year old  
Egyptian mummy wrappings.

HARLOW

All in a day's work. I had a  
good teacher.

Walker KNEELS over his friend's body with his back to Harlow.

WALKER

It looks like he was trying to use  
that tire jack to topple the idol,  
when it zapped him.

HARLOW

It zapped him? Listen to yourself,  
Walker. You don't actually believe  
that idol killed him? That would  
mean it's... it's --

WALKER

Go ahead and say it. Alive?

HARLOW

That's crazy. Also, why is that body  
so well preserved? I would have  
expected a skeleton. You know,  
rotting bones. Don't tell me that  
idol had something to do with it.

WALKER

You haven't seen it open its eyes  
full tilt yet. I'm telling you  
that thing is alive -- and it  
knows we're here.

HARLOW

Stop it, you're scaring me.  
Let's go before it zaps us like  
it apparently did your friend.

WALKER

In a minute. I want to check out  
more of this place. There's so much  
glare in here I can't see right.

Walker INCHES his way around the walls. He stops and he  
RUBS his eyes.

WALKER

Harlow! Come here. Keep your back to the wall like I did.

HARLOW

Walker, that noise. I have a splitting headache; can't we go now?

WALKER

Fight it, Harlow -- I've got one too.

Walker now DROPS to his knees to examine four mutilated bodies. One is a WOMAN dressed in nineteen forty-five era clothes. Two of the bodies are MEN wearing Nazi INSIGNIA ARMBANDS. A third MALE is especially identifiable.

HARLOW

That's not who I think it is, is it?

WALKER

None other.

HARLOW

I heard you read the diary, but I never really believed what you were saying.

WALKER

You can believe it now; it's Hitler all right. Look -- how many people do you know that cuts their mustache in a square?

HARLOW

But when the Russians found his burned body in Berlin, they said his dental charts proved *that* was him.

WALKER

I hate to burst your little bubble, Sunshine, but Dental charts can be switched and even Russians can be bought.

You heard me read what the diary said -- the body in Berlin belonged to some poor slob that had the misfortune to look like Hitler.

HARLOW

How do you know that poor soul you're kneeling over isn't just another double?

WALKER

The diary. You gotta know if word of Hitler not dying in Berlin ever got out -- well, the people that covered it up would suffer untold repercussions.

HARLOW

Might know. I left my camera in my room at Momma's. With my luck the pictures would probably be overexposed anyway, with all this light.

The two make their way to the exit, but a FORCE FIELD repels them. Harlow STRIKES her head against a wall jut and she is rendered UNCONSCIOUS.

WALKER

(Caressing Harlow's hair)  
Harlow! You can't leave me now.

Harlow MOANS and she YANKS on Walker's sleeve.

HARLOW

What the Sam Hill was that? Did I hit something? Get me out of here, Walker; I want to go home.

WALKER

Had enough of Kansas, huh Dorothy? I don't think that blinding blue devil will let us leave without a fight.

HARLOW

You fight it, Walker. I'm not feeling very well.

Walker stands up and DRAWS his gun. He confronts the idol that again is OPENING its diamond-studded eyelids. The scalding blue Laser eyes search the room, leaving SCORCH MARKS on the wall. Walker takes careful aim and SHOOTS two shots directly at the Idol's potbelly area, but the bullets RICOCHET off, having no effect on the idol.

WALKER

Well that went well. The idol wasn't hurt, that ricochet nearly gave me a new hair part, and my head is threatening to split wide open. You got any ideas?

HARLOW

Walker, it's your turn. The last idea I had was in trusting you. Look where that got me.



WALKER

Oh, alright. Give me a minute.

Walker reaches into Harlow's backpack and he extracts a BRICK of explosive.

WALKER

Harlow, get behind these slightly used Nazis. When this anfix goes off, you just might get some debris the size of a bolder in your ear.

HARLOW

I'll try, but my head really hurts.

Walker THROWS the explosive which tumbles under the jade pedestal. He joins Harlow behind the stacked corpses, takes careful aim, and he FIRES a shot at it. Bot he and Harlow DUCK. The NOISY explosion ROCKS the floor and soot RAINS DOWN from the ceiling.

After the smoke clears, Walker and Harlow stick their heads up SIMULTANEOUSLY just in time to see the idol fall forward and land on its GLOWING BLUE nose; the blue glow FADES and the room goes DARK.

DISSOLVE TO:

After the pregnant pause, the luminescent room GLOW slowly returns. As the blue does the BLUE GLOW from within the idol. There is a loud RUMBLING SOUND seeming coming from everywhere. Soot continues RAINING DOWN from the ceiling. Harlow SHOVES her hand through the entrance hole.

WALKER

C'mon, Harlow. I think maybe we've overstayed our welcome again. Help me look for another way out of here.

HARLOW

Gee Wilickers, Einstein. Do you really think we should leave? Look, I think that force-field is gone.

EXT. DOMED BUILDING - DAY

The two DIVE out the exit hole. There is a tremendous ROAR and FIRE as much of the room they left CAVES IN. A GUSH of a fire storm BLOWS them forward causing them to TUMBLE. They LOOK BACK at the destruction looking DUMFOUNDED.

HARLOW

What was that thing? You sure made it mad at us.

WALKER

My first guess is some caveman,  
some witch doctor put a hex on it  
when it ventured in some eons ago  
and it couldn't get out.

Whatever, I don't want to be here  
when it gets its full powers back  
and goes banshees.

HARLOW

But you killed it, didn't you?

WALKER

I wouldn't be too sure about that.  
Didn't you see that scary blue  
glow return after it fell? I think  
I only stunned it.

The pond now is BUBBLING HOT. A blossoming RED inkblot  
rises to the water surface. Walker pokes a FINGER in the  
water and he PULLS IT OUT to shake it.

WALKER

Man that's hot! Look, see that  
water flowing down from the hole  
up there? See where it hits the  
lake and turns to steam?

I don't like the looks of it; that  
red stuff looks an awful lot like  
lava to me!

HARLOW

That rope ladder I climbed down is  
a little frayed, but let's see if  
it'll hold up long enough to get  
us back to the ceiling hole I used  
to get down here.

WALKER

Lead the way. We stay here and the  
steam alone will fry us like two  
lobsters in a New York cookery.

Harlow CLIMBS half-way up the ladder and she looks down  
(P.O.V.) to see the RED GLOW of steamy lava creeping toward  
the top of the Idol building. Walker is DANCING on the top  
of the domed roof and doing his best to steady the ladder.

HARLOW

(Shouting)

Walker, I'll be okay. Let go  
and climb up!

The ladder SAGS and CREAKS as Walker puts his weight on the  
bottom rungs. He looks up (P.O.V.) as Harlow DISAPPEARS  
into the narrow hole at the top.

Twenty feet from his reaching that level, there is an earth-shattering EXPLOSION (O.S.) and thick BLACK SMOKE POURS out of the hole.

Walker DROPS DOWN a few feet looking WORRIED. He looks down (P.O.V.) And sees a rising, BUBBLING crimson sea of FIRE.

WALKER

Harlow!

The smoke subsides quickly and Walker climbs up to where he touches the rim of the hole, but he finds his backpack won't fit. He RELUCTANTLY SHIMMIES out of his pack full of diamonds, and the bird cage, and lets them all fall to where (P.O.) they HIT the burning lava lake below with a flare.

WALKER

Sorry Tweety.

Walker sticks his head up into the hole as the last of the rope strands at the top spiral and NOISILY break loose one by one. To his apparent surprise he is YANKED UP from above.

INT. ABOVE HOLE - DAY

By the light of BURNING TORCHES, Walker is ACCOSTED by four sweaty, Black Titans armed with machine guns. They DRAG Walker away after relieving him of his gun.

WALKER

Thanks for the lift. You fellows new in town?

One of the Titans SLUGS Walker.

WALKER

(Shaking his head to clear it)  
I take that as a *no*. You see anything of a woman who looks a little worse for the wear lately?

Two Titans, (there are about ten of them), bring a STRUGGLING and GAGGED Harlow in. She is tied to a horizontal pole like a captured safari beast. Ten seconds later, two more Titans bring in Rambu who looks bruised, and the same Titan SLUGS Walker again.

WALKER

I wish you'd stop doing that.

There is FIRE and STEAM shooting up through the entrance hole Walker was yanked from as Walker, Harlow, and Rambu turn their heads and STRAIN their eyes IN UNISON to focus on an approaching figure.

BROCK

(Laughing fiendishly)  
So, we meet again.

WALKER

I suppose saying I'm sorry doesn't cut it.

The same Titan SLUGS Walker yet again.

WALKER

I'm going to ask you one more time; would you please stop doing that?

Brock heats his knife by holding it over the FLAMES that are now shooting out of the hole Walker was pulled through. There are distant (O.S.) cave-ins and ever-increasing (O.S.) RUMBLINGS.

Lava SQUIRTS up through the hole as Brock and his men scramble to avoid getting burned. A hundred startled BATS SCURRY about overhead.

BROCK

Don't worry about you getting burned, Walker. I have better things in mind for you and your friends. Well, maybe not for your lady friend here.

You're a very lucky man, Walker. I have orders to keep you alive just long enough to tell me the names of everyone you told about this place *before* I get to *show* you what I'm talking about.

WALKER

Okay, now let me see... there was Ralph Turnip, Gene Cauliflower, and Sandy Yam --

Walker RATTLES OFF an endless slew of inane names until Brock personally SLUGS him with the haft of the knife. Then Brock DARTS OVER to Harlow and PULLS OUT her gag, nearly losing a finger in the process. Her SCREAMS are shrill and they STARTLE the sweaty Titans. Even Walker CRINGES.

BROCK

Okay, I see you two don't want to talk; you want to do things the hard way? I'm good at dealing with hard.

Brock POSITIONS Harlow's pole so her head is at his feet. He KNEELS DOWN and uses his knife to pop open her blouse, sending the BUTTONS FLYING. Her blouse front opens slightly, REVEALING her breasts and the Juju. Curious, Brock reaches for it as Harlow SQUIRMS.

Before Brock can proceed, the GROUND SHAKES and the roof of the cavern SAGS. There is an escalating ROAR (O.S.).

BROCK

Men, it's time we pack up and go back to the compound. It's getting too dangerous to stay here. Take these chumps to the warplane area.

I know the boss wants me to make these guys talk before I get to see how much suffering they can take, but if we stay in this mountain much longer we're *all* going to die.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WARPLANE - DAY

Brock's men arrive looking edgy; the (O.S.) RUMBLING and ROARS continue as stalactites RAIN DOWN and Hitler's craft ROCKS back and forth with each explosive blast of the now disintegrating mountain.

BROCK

Throw some ropes over those machine gun turrets and hang these three by their toes. Bring those kegs we lugged in here closer to make sure there's nothing left of these irritants when this fuse gets to the powder.

Brock LIGHTS the fuse.

BROCK

Head for that adit we blasted to get in here.

Mere seconds after Brock and his men enter the new cavern the blasted, there are SCREAMS (O.S.) and a rush of DEBRIS gushes out the mouth of the tunnel.

HARLOW

Walker, this is all your fault! If you hadn't embarrassed that ogre so bad back at the bar, he might have at least forgone the pleasure of lighting the fuse to those kegs before he left.

Did you hear those screams? I bet he won't be coming back to pull out that fuse now even if you beg him to.

WALKER

You think?

HARLOW

When I went to Momma's, all I wanted was a ride out of town. But nooooo, you had to come into my life. Am I better off?

Nooooo, I'm swinging in a tight little circle waiting for those drums of whoknowswhat to go off.

WALKER

Nag nag nag.

The machine gun turrets RATCHET LOWER with each nearby explosion, and the ROPES the three are hanging from begin slowly SLIDING DOWN the gun barrels.

WALKER

(He rolls his eyes up) Harlow, look!

The ropes slide completely off the turrets and the three DROP to the ground and ROLL. But CRIMSON LAVA is dripping down the walls and splashing up through most of the ground cracks. Walker furiously RUBS his ropes against a sharp rock. When he is free he UNTIES his friends.

He grabs the fuse line and YANKS it away, then he RUNS toward the airplane which is now teetering on a slowly rising slab of rock propelled by a river of steamy molten rock inches below. He CLIMBS UP and DISAPPEARS into the hatch.

HARLOW

Walker, what are you doing? Why are you going back into that plane? That thing is a house of burning cards! Get out of there before it collapses with you in it.

Suddenly the *Last Flash* literally becomes a BURNING INFERNAL. The munitions immediately EXPLODE NOISILY and FIERY bullet tracers envelope the craft. Dislodged by the crumbling cavern roof, thousands of BATS fly out of every hole and crevice. They descend in a DIZZYING BLACK FLURRY.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON:

Walker SMASHES down through the glowing hatch cinders engulfed in a shower of RED SPARKS. He RUNS OUT from below the burning Flash fuselage just as it rapidly SINKS into a sea of LIQUID FIRE. He has to BRUSH OFF burning cinders as he runs tightly gripping a duffel bag under one arm. As he continues RUNNING, Stalagmites and falling rocks DOG HIS his STEPS and the (O.S.) RUMBLINGS GROW LOUDER.

HARLOW

What did you forget, your last can of beer? I thought you already drank it.

WALKER

No, but this is one of the bags we found inside the plane, I thought *it* might come in even more handy than beer. It has a change of clothes and some old German girly magazines.

Sorry to say it had no beer inside it, but C'mon Harlow! This whole place is just a baby volcano -- let's not wait to see it through puberty!

Harlow (P.O.V.) looks to her right and sees a rapidly approaching steaming RED RIVER OF BUBBLING LAVA. She looks to her left (P.O.V.) and she sees Walker and Rambu RUNNING into the small tunnel that Brock and his men disappeared into.

HARLOW

(Shouting)

Walker, what do you think you're doing? That tunnel is the same one that ate Brock and his men. There's no way *I'm* going in there!

WALKER (O.S.)

(Hollering from inside the tunnel)

C'mon Harlow... where's your sense of adventure?

HARLOW

Men!

Harlow struggles with indecision, then she blazes a trail to the fumaroles maze. She only gets fifty feet into the thick of them when the GROUND OPENS UP under her feet and two giant slabs of floor part in a Vee, LIFTING her high off the ground.

She is left DANGLING. She looks down (O.S.) and sees through the RED steamy mist a rising river of lava, and worse yet, the return of the BLUE laser-eyed Idol. She SCREAMS as the scorching laser rays ETCH jagged groves just under Harlow's feet as she holds on tight and she swings frantically to avoid them.

HARLOW

Daddy, you were right. I never should have come to Africa in the first place. It's been a really really bad day. The ground just gave way, I think I just broke another nail, and I'm sure I have a baby crab in the bottom of my boot.

Harlow lets go her grip on the rock edge. She keeps her arms HIGH above her head as she gives in to free fall; but to her surprise she is PULLED BACK UP when Walker grabs hold of one of her wrists. She SWINGS freely until Walker pulls her completely up and CRADLES her in his arms.

WALKER

(Grinning)

If you're done playing with that fat, blue-eyed showoff down there, Rambu and I think we've found a way out.

Walker and Harlow RUN into the tunnel, but now Harlow takes the lead.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EXIT TUNNEL - DAY

Rambu is at the TOP of a huge rock pile with several crushed legs of Brock's men PROTRUDING at the bottom. There is a trickle of LIGHT just showing beyond the pile. Rambu TUGS at a large rock at the top that he lets slide down the slope to where Harlow has to HOP to one side to avoid getting clobbered.

The three CLIMB UP and over and they RUN toward the dim-light at the far end of the tunnel.

WALKER

Who wants to go first? This has to be the hole Brock's men blew to get in. It has to work both ways.

EXT. OUTSIDE TUNNEL - DAY

The three exit RUBBING their eyes, BLINDED by the sun. Then they mutually show their disappointment. Brock is looking mangled, but he uses Walker's gun to POINT at Walker's HEAVING midsection. Walker drops his duffel bag in frustration.

BROCK

Weiss is gonna love seeing you. What's in the bag? Diamonds?



WALKER

Don't you wish. It's just a change of clothes. I wanted to look good when I go back to Mbuji. I didn't think anyone would mind the Nazi arm-bands.

But now that I'm going to finally meet your boss, I want to look my best. Can I bring the bag along?

BROCK

Sure, but you won't be needing fresh clothes where I'll be taking you, not for long.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WEISS' HOME — DAY

Outside Weiss's luxurious home there is a tree-lined swimming pool and flowery landscaping. The distant mountain range has become the FIERY VOLCANO Walker predicted. The ASH and SMOKE billows and multiple dull BOOMS are plentiful.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WEISS' HOME — DAY

Near the door are displayed a festive ZULU SHIELD and two JAGGED SPEARS on a wooden pedestal. weiss' exorbitant hunting trophies line the perimeter of the room which is lavishly decorated with a bar and stools, a leather sofa, assorted paintings, and several colorful stamp collections in large glass display cases.

There is a massive PORTRAIT of Adolf Hitler marching with his troops through the Arc de Triumph, to the dismay of newly occupied Parisians, behind Weiss's desk. There are LARGE GLASS WINDOWS lining three sides of the room.

Brock is HOLDING Walker and friends at bay. Weiss is HOLDING Tinker in his arms and looking through his front window at the FIRE and SMOKE rising from the mountain range. Weiss looks over his shoulder and spots Harlow STARING on his BLOOD-STAINED Persian rug.

WEISS

Do you like Persian rugs? They have always been a passion of mine. It's genuine, you know. I used to have it at my office, but even though I couldn't get that spot out, I just couldn't bring myself to part with it.

HARLOW

Why have you brought us here? Don't you have enough heads on that wall?

WEISS

Nein, but nothing as sinister as that, my dear. Still, you and your friends are going to die. I thought you deserved to know why.

WALKER

It's not much of a mystery. Some of those paintings on that wall are supposed to have gone missing from the Paris Louvre not long after you Nazi's came to town.

Are there any Nazi loot souvenirs you missed?

WEISS

Very astute Mr. Walker, but you don't know the half of it.

WALKER

Oh, I think I do. We found the Last Flash. Your Führer's diary makes for a very interesting read.

HARLOW

Diamonds. Tell him about the diamonds, Walker.

WALKER

He already knows, Duchess. Who do you think killed those safety inspectors? How did you find out about the diamonds anyway, Weiss? Estabin? We found *his* body too.

WEISS

You found him? He actually got that far? I had no idea he had gone back into the mine; my men told me they couldn't find a trace of him.

WALKER

How do you fit in, Weiss? Were you Hitler's lap boy?

WEISS

Much more than that. You may not think it to see me now, but in nineteen forty-four I was a dashing young Luthwaffa pilot and I had seven confirmed kills to my credit.

WALKER

I wouldn't brag about it. I bet you never gave those brave souls a chance.

WEISS

Why should I? It was war and it was them or me. Anyway, Herr Hitler heard of my exploits and one fine day he invited me to his mountain retreat.

He confided to me that he knew the war effort was doomed and he asked me, when the time would come, to fly him out of Berlin to a haven he would reveal when I had a need to know.

WALKER

What's that got to do with the diamonds?

WEISS

I'm getting to that. You Americans, you are all so impatient. The time did come and Mein Führer told me to have my navigator plot a course for Botswana.

WALKER

The diamonds?

WEISS

I told Mein Führer I feared the flight would be very risky, because we would be flying over enemy territory.

He assured me that he had made monetary pacts with the countries involved for the stopovers I would need. After he died I swore to keep his flame alive even if I had to commit every resource I had.

I can't tell you how happy I was when one of my more enterprising mining engineers, your Estabin, told me of the diamonds my other engineers had missed.

WALKER

Estabin *actually* told you? I never thought of him as being that naive.

HARLOW

This is too much for me. I gotta ask you this -- if you knew Hitler, do you know *how* he died?

WALKER

Of course he does, Harlow. Look at his face. Weiss, Hitler made you wait outside while he entered the Idol Room with his deserving associates, didn't he?

When you heard your Führer's screams you were too afraid to even try to get him out, weren't you? You just stood there and let him fry.

WEISS

(Tears rolling down his cheeks)  
Ya, it is true. I still hear his screams every time I shut my eyes. I've been struggling all these years to make amends.

When I Learned of the diamond bonanza in my mine, I contacted the world leaders that are still Nazi sympathizers that the time to act was upon us. To sweeten the pot, I offered to use the diamonds to help revive the cause.

But when they Learned you two actually had most likely discovered the importance of Estabin's find, they ordered that air strike to close the mine forever. I bet your ears are still ringing.

HARLOW

Too bad they didn't blow you up instead of that mountain.

WEISS

Brock, take these three outside before you put them out of my misery; I don't want another stain my rug.

Before Brock can comply, the volcano ERUPTS with a renewed vengeance. Front window glass shards and debris fly from the concussion. All in the room are THROWN off their feet to the floor. Weiss' phone is knocked off his desk and SMASHES to pieces as it hits the wall behind Weiss' desk.

WEISS

(Picking himself up)

Verdammt! I just had those front window panes replaced this morning! Brock, when you are done with these three, go back to the compound and get a work crew to come clean up the mess here. Tell them I'm going to need a new phone.

Walker STAGGERS to his feet, but Brock KNOCKS him to his knees with the barrel of Walker's gun. Harlow SCREAMS.

HARLOW

Walker, do something!

Walker looks totally dejected as Brock JERKS him up and ushers him and his friends toward the door. Just as Walker reaches the door knob he FEIGNS FAINTING. He looks up just in time to have (P.O.V.) Brock SWINGS one of his giant boots at his chin. He ROLLS to one side to avoid the kick. Then, he GIGGLES.

BROCK

What so funny, hotshot? In a minute I'll have the last laugh.

WALKER

Does your mother know you left the house with your boots untied?

HARLOW

No, Walker. Nobody ever falls for that.

Walker DEADPANS his sincerity.

BROCK

Yeah Walker, how dumb do you think I am?

Still, Brock can not resist GLANSING at his boot. Walker now ROLLS to the end of the Persian rug Brock and his friends are STANDING on. He uses both hands to grab hold and gives the rug a QUICK JERK.

Brock CAREENS into a wall; and the barrel of Walker's gun punches a HOLE in the wall. As Brock struggles to pull it out, Walker GRABS Brock's wrist with one hand and delivers a series of KIDNEY PUNCHES to Brock's rib cage.

Brock lets go of the revolver and he TWIRLS AROUND, but Walker unleashes a devastating PILE DRIVER to Brock's chin. As Walker SHAKES his hand to revive his circulation, he DRIVES his knee into Brock's crotch. Harlow and Rambu CRINGE at the sight. Weiss OPENS his jaw in empathy.

BROCK

Now that wasn't very nice. Just for that, you're going to get a gut shot when I pull your piece out of that wall. It's going to take you a long long time to die.

Brock SLOWLY SINKS to his knees after his threat, his face CONTORTED in pain. Weiss PULLS OUT his desk drawer and reaches inside as Walker helps Harlow and Rambu get to their feet. Behind his back Brock PAINFULLY STAGGERS to his feet. He TUGS at the gun in the wall until he finally has it free.

WEISS

I said not here.

Brazenly Walker SPINS on one foot and LUNGES at Brock, forcing the weapon to FLY TOWARD the ceiling. Both men LEAP to their toes trying to catch it. It slips through both their fingers and it goes SPINNING to the bar area.

As Brock reaches down to pick it up, Walker SMASHES a bar stool on Brock's head. RED BLOOD now flows down his face from the GASH atop his bald crown. Walker patiently waits for him to quit TEETERING. When Brock doesn't fall fast enough, Walker BREAKS another stool on his head.

Rambu begins one of his Bantu CHANTS (O.S.).

HARLOW

Gees, Walker. He better fall pretty soon; you're running out of stools.

The resilient Brock SHAKES his head and suddenly SMILES ghoulishly. He makes a WILD CHARGE at Walker who stupidly attempts another jaw breaker. But his face shows the punch hurt him more than it did Brock.

WALKER

Ouch! I hope you've had enough. I know I have.

Brock buries his FIST into Walker's face. Walker does a PRATFALL.

HARLOW

I told you you'd get yours one day. Look out, Walker. I think you made him mad again.

Walker STIFFLY regains his balance.

WALKER

Holy hooigan, Batgirl. Ya think? I've fresh out of ideas on what to break on this guy's head when I run out.

HARLOW

You're the one that made him mad.

Brock again aggressively ATTACKS Walker who foolishly risks his other hand to aim another FIST at Brock's CHIN. But Brock SMOTHERS that punch inside his huge PALM. Walker, CRINGING in pain, SLOWLY DROPS to both his knees and STRUGGLES hard to get his hand back.

Harlow and Rambu feverishly attempt to divert Brock's attention, but Brock merely SNARLS at them as he DRAGS Walker around the room, tethered by his arm and hand. He releases Walker to retaliate when Harlow CLIMBS UP on his back.

She arches her back and she takes a WILD SWING at Brock's huge head as he SPINS AROUND, but the punch hits Walker's jaw as he is attempting TO GET to his feet.

WALKER

Whatever you do, Harlow, don't try to give me any more of your kind of help.

Rambu tries to duplicate Walker's haymaker, but Brock's GLARE frightens him into backing off. Walker again finds his FIST engulfed in Brock's GRIP. Before he can PULL it back out, Brock GRABS Walker's other hand. Now both hands ENGULFED, Walker's painful second SAG to his knees looks excruciating.

HARLOW

Walker, Do something!

Walker gives Harlow an irritated QUIZZICAL look. Weiss fidgets with his desk drawer and PULLS OUT his Luger, He stands in front of the rear windows and FIRES a shot into the air.

WEISS

Alright Fräulein, get off Brock's back. Walker, tell the Kaffir to keep his distance. Brock, quit toying with Walker. Take these three outside and shoot them.

HARLOW

Don't just stand there, Walker. Do something.

WEISS

Don't worry Liebchen, he will; he is going to die for me. It is a pity you are also going to die, but perhaps if you are nice to Brock, he will make it quick when he is through with you.

BROCK

I do love to party.

WEISS

Before you go, tell me my pretty, what is your Christian name? I will see to it the man who chisels your gravestone spells it correctly.

HARLOW

I've been teased about it all my life. I wouldn't even tell Walker when he asked me. You could promise me you'd get a face lift and offer to give me my very own chocolate factory, and I still wouldn't tell you, you Dummkopf Nazi!

Walker again STARES QUIZZICALLY at Harlow, who SHRUGS.

HARLOW

I heard it in a movie once.

WEISS

You should be more careful who you insult. Let me show you what we Nazis do to people who call us names.

Weiss SLAPS Harlow across the mouth, sending her REELING and KNOCKING OVER the last of the wooden bar stools. Walker LUNGES at Weiss, and a short SCUFFLE ensues. More of Weiss' things are noisily broken.

WEISS

Brock, break Walker, not any more of my furniture!

WALKER

(To Brock)

Ouch. I hope you've had enough -- I know I have.

HARLOW

Walker, do something!

BROCK

Yeah, Walker. Do something; I'm getting bored.

WALKER

You're right. When you're right, you're right.

Walker comes to a BELLIGERENT attention.



WALKER

Okay, I've had enough -- even if you haven't. I'm Inspector John Walker of Interpol, International.

I came here to see if the mine really harbors enough diamonds to upset the entire world diamond industry.

Now that my suspicions have been confirmed, Weiss, Brock, you two are under arrest!

HARLOW

Walker, is that the best you could think of? Even I wouldn't fall for that.

WALKER

Give me your weapons now and I'll put in a good word for you two at your Nazi conspiracy trials.

WEISS

(Laughing facetiously)

You Americans. That's enough. Brock, take these two and that kaffir outside. Oh, if you have to shoot them here, please stay away from the rug.

WALKER

I told you who I am. Are you that stupid?

WEISS

Maybe Mr. Walker, but we are very effective, nein? Brock, get Walker's gun off the floor -- and try not to bleed on the rug.

Glass EXPLODES into the room as Simba HURTLES through the window frame, landing CLAWS FIRST on Weiss' back. He drops his gun and SCREAMS in agony.

WALKER

Simba! Where did you come from?

Brock PICKS UP Weiss' gun and he FIRES a shot into the air. Simba prepares to leap at the man who fired it.

WALKER

No, Simba! Down!

BROCK

You got the right idea, Walker.  
I'd kill you now, but I don't want  
to tangle with that lion of yours.  
Harlow and I are going to go have  
our party now.

Brock GRABS Harlow by her hair. He DRAGS her to the  
door, shoving Walker's gun behind his belt.

HARLOW

Walker, don't let him do this  
to me.

WALKER

Don't worry Harlow, Brock knows he  
can't get far -- this place is  
completely surrounded.

HARLOW

By what? Those trees out there?  
What good are they? Walker, please.  
I don't want to go with Mr. Clean.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WEISS' HOME - DAY

The bald-headed Brock SHOVES Harlow out the door and FORCES  
her to RUN in front of him on the pathway skirting the pool.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WEISS' HOME - DAY

WALKER

Simba, go sit on the nice man  
licking the floor over there, I've  
got to go find me a gun.

Rambu MUMBLES a repetitious Bantu religious CHANT. Walker  
can't find a gun though he RANSACKS the room looking for  
one. He STOPS his search cold when he sees the ornamental  
native spears. He has a HEATED Bantu discussion with a very  
RELUCTANT Rambu.

WALKER

C'mon big fellow. This is no time  
to go religious on me. If you  
won't do it for me, do it for that  
poor frightened girl out there.

Rambu's face shows his anguish, but he finally gives in.  
He TEARS one of the spears off the floor stand and he  
DARTS OUTSIDE.

EXT. ESCAPE ATTEMPT - DAY

Brock keeps Harlow RUNNING ahead of him as he heads toward the parking lot. Rambu LOPES down the path, does a SHORT HOP, and he lets FLY the spear. It goes into a HIGH ARC before PLUNGING DOWN dead center into the square of BROCK'S BACK.

The STUNNED Brock looks down at the tip of the spear protruding from his stomach. He SPIRALS, then he CRUMBLES head-first into the pool. A cloud of Brock's BLOOD pollutes the water.

Walker comes and grabs a pool cleaning rod. He FISHERS the body to where he can RETRIEVE his own gun. Harlow RUNS back and THROWS HERSELF into Walker's arms.

HARLOW

Oh, Walker! I thought I was going to die. This juju bag is worthless.

Suddenly all hell BREAKS LOOSE as a multitude of rag-tag soldiers COME OUT of their places of concealment. When a unit of them SURROUNDS Walker and Harlow, all WAVING their scary variety of weapons, Walker MEEKLY hands his gun over to their obvious leader.

HARLOW

Oh Walker... now I know we're going to die.

WALKER

I'm sorry, Harlow. If only we had time.

The soldiers talk EXCITEDLY to each other in a tongue that sounds menacing. They STAND IDLY by until they OBLIGINGLY PART to let a stoutly figure STRUT through.

WALKER

Jake, is that you?

BRIGHTEN

I say, Ol'Boy, you do seem to have gotten yourself into a bit of an Irish pickle. i've taught my boys to shoot first and ask bloody few questions after. They must like the way you two cower.

Brighten WAVES AWAY the rifles and he SHARPLY SALUTES the group leader.

WALKER

What took you so long? Harlow and I almost got killed several times over.

BRIGHTEN

I take it your friend Estabin  
wasn't much help, then?

WALKER

Not in the condition we found him  
in. Let's go up into the house. I  
left Simba making a pancake out of  
a guy you're going to want to  
meet. I can find a beer in the  
guy's fridge.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WEISS' HOUSE - DAY

BRIGHTEN

So, when you took off from my  
place, those blighters set fire to  
my shack and made the mistake of  
scavenging for blood in my jungle.

I wouldn't bother sending them  
a Christmas card; *they* won't be  
reading it.

HARLOW

And to think I was worried about you.

BRIGHTEN

Anyway, when I made it back to  
town I had a telegraph waiting for  
me. Interpol wanted to know if any  
of your friends on the list you  
gave them had heard from you.

You, an undercover Interpol agent.  
You could at least given me a clue.

WALKER

That's the undercover part -- I'm  
not *supposed* to tell anybody.

HARLOW

Walker... you told Weiss and Brock  
the place was surrounded. If you  
didn't know Jake and his militia  
were here, how did you know?

WALKER

I *didn't* know; I was bluffing.  
Old habits are hard to break. You  
may not have noticed, but I bluff  
a lot.

Walker opens Weiss' refrigerator.

WALKER

I wonder if Weiss has any beer  
in here. Aw, nuts!

BRIGHTEN

Since you didn't bother to touch  
bases with the government here,  
they weren't very much inclined to  
help in my finding you.

But, when Interpol threatened to  
go to the United Nations, they  
reluctantly gave in; saving both  
sides a boatload of bloody red  
tape.

HARLOW

But how did you know we were in so  
much trouble? And how did you get  
here so fast without Weiss's men  
putting up a ruckus?

BRIGHTEN

My men are experts at infiltrating  
work crews and quietly taking real  
workmen into custody. Interpol  
asked me and the boys to see if we  
could help the locals lift up a  
few rocks to see what crawled out.

Walker, I brought Simba along  
because she pines so much for you  
she won't eat right, but I had to  
let her have the back of one of my  
trucks all to herself, because not  
one of my militia regulars wanted  
to keep her company.

HARLOW

Walker, I want to go back to the  
hostel. It's going to take a week  
to scrape all this dirt off.

When I'm feeling human again, you  
have a whole lot of explaining to  
do. Jake, I love you. After I kill  
Walker, let's go have some more of  
that tea and crumpets together.

Harlow HUGS Brighten.

DISSOLVE TO:

ENT. HOSTEL ROOM — NIGHT

Harlow lets Simba out of the room and she closes the  
door with a SLAM.

HARLOW

That was generous of you, giving Rambu the jeep. I know you would have done even better by him, if you could.

WALKER

Yeah. About that --

HARLOW

Maybe you should have stuffed a few diamonds inside your shirt instead of the back pack you threw away.

Was Estabin an undercover agent like you? What was there that made you so anxious to get inside that mine in the first place? Larceny? I mean those diamonds didn't belong to him or you.

While you're at it, what were you doing at Momma's Bar the day we met? Were you just looking for someone to be the butt of one of your stupid pranks? I sure fell for your little stunt with Simba.

WALKER

Estabin was just what he seemed to be. He worked in the mine and he wanted revenge for getting canned. It's too bad about him. He deserved better. Anyway, the day before our little debut at Momma's, one of my bar informants told me something big concerning diamonds was going down.

I knew Interpol would want to know just how big. My stoolie kept referring to someone he called Schmidt, and that struck a chord with me.

So, I staked out Momma's bar waiting for him to show. It never occurred to me he was upstairs and you'd come along the next day and kill him.

HARLOW

I told you, he had some kind of stroke. As for you staking someone out, you were so drunk you could hardly stand up. And except for this juju bag, I never smelled anything so bad.

WALKER

Well, I may have dozed off for a while, but I wasn't drunk. I find people tend to ignore me on my stakeouts when I look and smell bad.

HARLOW

But your eyes were bloodshot and your breath, well, need I say more?

WALKER

A little chili pepper smeared under my eyes gives me those bloodshot eyes you admired so much at the bar. If you didn't brush your teeth for a week, your breath would peel paint too.

About that juju bag, I've been meaning to talk to you about that --

HARLOW

Yes, I've been meaning to thank you for giving it to me. I don't know how I'll ever be able to repay you.

WALKER

Come over here and give me a great big hug. I'll show you how.

The two exchange PASSIONATE KISSES. One of Harlow's feet LIFTS OFF the floor and she has her EYES closed. But Walker's troubled EYES are WIDE OPEN as he PULLS UP the juju bag by its string and he YANKS it out. Waker empties the bag into his palm to display the NEON-BLUE diamond that Harlow recognizes at once as once residing in Momma's snake tank.

HARLOW

You stole Momma Mobusu's diamond? And you had the gall to make me carry it around! I really believed you when you told me my juju would keep me safe. I could have been killed! Damn it, you told me you were afraid of snakes!

WALKER

That part is true enough. I told Smiley that too. He just hissed at me when I shoved him back with that beer bottle. I think he kinda liked me. When everyone was distracted by all the noise you were making upstairs, I sort of liberated this.

HARLOW

For your information, that snake already killed one man that afternoon.

WALKER

Anybody I know?

HARLOW

He was tall, clean-cut, and he wore red-suspenders. He was the only one in the bar that did. Everybody called him Harry.

WALKER

Hmmmmmmmm. That must have been Harry Gonzle. Too bad, he was a good snitch. I wouldn't shed any tears over him if I were you, though.

HARLOW

But he told me he'd help me get out of Zaire right after he went for that lousy diamond.

WALKER

(Laughing)

He would have helped all right. He would have helped himself to you and all of Schmidt's diamonds the old Kraut was cutting if he had half a chance.

HARLOW

And I thought you cared.

WALKER

(Yawning)

Oh, I care. A little too much maybe. By the way, you never told me your first name. It's been bugging me.

HARLOW

(Blushing)

It's *Buttress*. Swear you'll never tell anyone.



WALKER

Buttress? I thought it would be *Bubbles*, or *Trixie*. I bet your Daddy hung that one on you.

Listen, I'm beat. I know you have your heart set on celebrating tonight, but could I get a rain check?

HARLOW

Okay, I admit I'm a little tired too.

The two HELP each other take off their boots, but Walker accidentally sends Harlow to the floor when he applies too much foot power to her behind. Walker PICKS HARLOW UP and he PLOPS her onto the bed. When he SLIDES IN beside her, he BURIES his head in the pillows and he SNORES.

HARLOW

Walker, do something!  
Something besides snore!!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSTEL ROOM - DAY

Walker STIRS to find Harlow SITTING in the middle of the room wearing one of his shirts and little else. She is LOOKING disgusted.

WALKER

What's the matter, Cupcake? Did you break another nail?

HARLOW

We went through all we went through and I can't even write about it; I don't have a lick of proof.

WALKER

You found out the true story of how Hitler died, didn't you? Write about *that*.

HARLOW

I can't. The proof lies buried in that mountain; it'll be Decades before all those fires go out.

Walker REACHES INTO the duffel bag he salvaged from Hitler's warplane.

WALKER

Give me your hand.

HARLOW

A ring with a swastika on it? The Priest Saboon at Momma's tried to sell me one of these. Don't tell me you bought one of his too; he had a whole bag of 'em.

WALKER

Didn't you know? One of the reasons he was defrocked was his selling cheap knockoffs to unsuspecting marks like you.

He has 'em custom made for him in Hong Kong. But he has nothing in his bag of trinkets to compare with this... trust me.

C'mon, read the inscription on the inside of the band where it'll probably turn your finger green if you wear it too long.

HARLOW

It says, *TO MEIN FÜHRER FROM EVA*. Oh Walker, it *is* Hitler's ring. Of course people will never believe this *particular* ring is genuine. I still won't get my Pulitzer.

Walker GRINS, then he RUMMAGES through the pilfered duffel bag again. He PULLS OUT and HANDS Harlow Hitler's diary complete with the navigator's map used as a book marker.

HARLOW

Oh, Walker -- you *do* care. Do you have any other surprises for me?

WALKER

Just one.

Walker again PICKS HARLOW UP in his arms and he again CARRIES her to the bed. Both FRANTICALLY ROLL as they SHED their clothes. As Walker MOUNTS Harlow, there is a SCRATCHING on the door.

WALKER

Go away Simba, we're busy!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSTEL ROOM — DAY

It is morning and Harlow SITS UPRIGHT in bed. Beside her an EXHAUSTED WALKER is SNORING SOFTLY; it has been a busy night. She REACHES FOR the room telephone on a nearby table and SHE DIALS.

HARLOW  
Daddy? It's me.

DADDY (V.O.)  
You sound close. Does that mean  
you've completed your assignment?  
I don't believe it; it's only been  
a month.

HARLOW  
No, I did better than that.  
Remember how you always told me I  
don't have what it takes to make  
it in a man's world? I just wanted  
to tell you this before you read  
it in the *New York Times*.

I'm sitting on a story so big,  
every history book in the world  
will have to be re-written. I'm  
going to auction it off, Daddy.  
Take my word for it, you can't  
even qualify for the opening bids.

DADDY (V.O.)  
You really think you've tripped onto  
something *that* big, Sweetypie? Now  
you know I never really meant what I  
said about you never making it.  
Can't we, er, talk about it?

HARLOW  
When hell freezes over, Daddy. Bye  
Daddy.

DADDY (V.O.)  
Women! I never did understand them.

Harlow HANGS UP the phone and she SMILES SWEETLY.

FADE OUT:

The End