WALKER’S JUJU
by
Gary Towner

Adopted from the novel
The Mbuji Juju
by
Gary Towner

Contact:
Gary Towner
1716 Oak Drive
Fernley Nevada 89408
Phone: 775-302-3331
E-mail: 100240@MSN.COM
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 SHOVES 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'll 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 CRINGS.

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

**WALKER**

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

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 dumbfounded 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!
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 tantalizes. Her jujubag 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 WWI 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 taxies 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 SEVERS 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 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)
Mmmmuff.

VINY
Weiss finds out we demolished his new toy he'll make lampshades out of us. His people perfected the art during the World 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?

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 EXPLOSION 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 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:

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 Anfex -- 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 FRISK 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
Fumar-what's?

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.

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 Mbuji 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.
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.

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

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.

So, it was Ace's fault?

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.

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

It arced like a spit watermelon seed.

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

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

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.

INT. RAGING RIVER - DAY

Walker is SWEPT 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.

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 Rambu.

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 anfex 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 outstayed 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.

迪斯洛维到：

外-飞机场-日

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 noooo, you had to come into my life. Am I better off?

Noooo, 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 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.

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.

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.

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 CRUMPLES head-first into the pool. A cloud of Brock's BLOOD pollutes the water.

Walker comes and grabs a pool cleaning rod. He FISHES 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 peal 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!!

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