

THE SHARP END

An Original Screenplay

by

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FADE IN

EXT. ZAMBESI RIVER - BEFORE DAWN

CAPTION:

RHODESIA - 1974

Twenty black AFRICANS, all wearing camouflage and carrying Chinese weapons, have just crossed the river. Their rubber boats are stashed in the weeds.

Only two have the look of veterans. The rest are young men, self-conscious. They are also nervous, for they have just entered deadly Rhodesia.

They speak Shona quietly. They form up and move away from the river, south.

AFRICAN MALE CHORUS (VO)
(tribal song)

ZAMBESI VALLEY - LATER

The terrorists march through the bush in a long, open single file.

One young terrorist is less enthusiastic than the others.

ZAMBESI ESCARPMENT - LATER

The terrorists climb the escarpment.

One glances at a single mountain in the far distance. He turns to a comrade.

TERRORIST
Mount-i Darwin.

TOP OF ESCARPMENT - LATER

The terrorists have reached the top of the escarpment and are resting.

The unenthusiastic terrorist glances at the commanders furtively and resentfully. He desperately wants to escape.

One of the commanders watches him. Their eyes meet and each looks away. The young terrorist busies himself with his weapon and gear. He looks at the denseness of the surrounding bush.

His and the commander's eyes meet again. The young one looks away but the commander keeps his gaze on the young one. Finally the commander gets up stiffly and leaves his AK rifle against a rock with his backpack. He moves to the young one. They have a brief discussion in Shona.

The commander asks a question. The young one does not respond. The question is repeated, still no answer. The commander looks at the young terrorist who looks dazedly at the bush. The other terrorists watch carefully.

The commander orders the young one to rise. The young one sits on the ground shaking. The commander shouts at him. He finally gets up. The commander

leads him to the edge of the escarpment and while the youngster's back is to him, produces a Tokarev pistol from his holster.

The youngster shakes violently. The commander pats him on the back and points down to the valley below, at the route they have come. He talks to him as he points the Tokarev at the back of his head and pulls the trigger.

The green woolen balaclava flies off the youngster's head as he pitches over the edge.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNT DARWIN VILLAGE - DUSK

AFRICAN MALE CHORUS (VO)

The singing comes from a transistor radio carried by a young AFRICAN BOY who is walking down the village road.

In the background looms the mountain for which the town is named. Army trucks full of AFRICAN and WHITE SOLDIERS grind past the boy, who walks through the dust barefoot. The village is small with nine or ten small stores and a couple of gas stations. There is a police station over the hill as well as a small army camp of about a hundred white soldiers.

The boy walks up to a store and sits on the front step. A light blue Citroen is parked in front of the store. The boy stares at it.

INT. STORE - DUSK

The GREEK STOREKEEPER waits on ANITIA ARUNDEL, a pretty young white woman. The store is filled with shouting AFRICANS. They aren't angry - it's their normal way of conversing. The Greek smiles politely at Anita, who looks at a large box on the counter.

ANITA

Is the meat all there? I think one more
bottle of cooking oil and another sack of
flour as well.

MARGARET LAYTON, another English-appearing woman, is shopping

MARGARET

Anita, it's past five-thirty.

ANITA

Uh-oh. I'm off. That'll be all, Mr.
Stavros.

The Greek gestures to his AFRICAN ASSISTANT to carry her purchases to the car.

EXT. STORE - DUSK

Anita opens the Citroen's driver door and gets behind the wheel. The African puts her groceries in the trunk.

INT. CITROEN

Anita reaches under the seat and brings out a Sterling submachine gun. Her hands check the weapon, making sure it's ready. She sets the weapon on the seat next to her.

The boy's radio still plays the beautiful and tragic-sounding singing.

EXT. MOUNT DARWIN - DUSK

The Citroen leaves the village, heading west. Two WHITE SOLDIERS stare as the car passes them with a beep of the horn. The car bumps off the pavement onto a dirt road. As the dirt road starts, so does the song, "SUNDOWN."

EXT. OUTSIDE TOWN - DUSK

"SUNDOWN," (VO)

Several miles from the village, the car approaches a rocky bluff.

CLOSE-UP OF ANITA

The outcropping obviously makes her nervous.

The car approaches a tight turn just below the rocks.

Her left hand rests on the Sterling, then returns to the wheel to negotiate the tight turn. The Citroen rounds the turn and continues down the road, flat out!

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLS - DUSK

"SUNDOWN" (VO)

We hear the WHACK-WHACK-WHACK of an invisible helicopter. Then, among the dark silhouettes of bumpy hill flies a lone Allouette helicopter. It skims the ground and rushes overhead.

INT. HELICOPTER

"SUNDOWN" (VO)

Too much noise for the occupants to speak.

PILOT'S POV

The ground slides beneath us.

LONG SHOT

Farm buildings in the distance.

The PILOTS turns and taps the shoulder of JACK BOWMAN, who is seated behind him. Bowman is an American in his 30s. His camouflaged uniform is soiled, his face sweaty and dirty. Next to him sits SAMMY UYS (pr: ACE), a white South African, whose dress and condition are the same.

Jack sits up to see what the pilot wants.

JACK'S POV

The roof of the farmhouse on which big white letters and numbers are painted: TJ-40. This is a homestead identification number, plainly visible in the fading light.

INT. HELICOPTER "SUNDOWN" (VO)

Sammy glances at Jack, who watches the farm disappear.

Three AFRICAN SOLDIERS sit quietly, looking at nothing. Jack leans forward to look out the windshield.

JACK'S POV

Anita's Citroen, with its parking lights on, tears down the road toward the farm and disappears behind a hill.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DARKER "SUNDOWN" (VO)

The helicopter lands near the Mount Darwin police station. Jack, Sammy and the three Africans get out. The Africans drag a large gunny sack. All five walk toward the police station.

CUT TO:

INT. ARUNDEL'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME "SUNDOWN" (VO)

PETER ARUNDEL sprawls in a huge chair. He wears a green shirt, shorts, lace-up boots and drooping knee socks. He nurses a bottle of Lion Lager.

The room is tremendous, full of comfortable furniture. Over the backs of couches are old zebra and leopard hides. On the floor are wildebeest hides. There are some very old heads on the walls. African spears and shields are arranged on one wall.

Peter sits at the end of the room. He appears diminished as the room grows darker.

PARROT SQUAWKS (VO)

Peter's thoughts are interrupted by the noise. He gets up and goes to the corner of the room where there is an elaborate arrangement of tree limbs. On the highest branch sits a bright green parrot. Peter grabs the bird and holds it on its back, rubbing its stomach.

PETER

--Bloody hell...

He puts the parrot back on its branch.

EXT. FARM DRIVE - DARKER "SUNDOWN" (VO)

Anita's car enters the farm drive. A sign reads

"Permanence Farm"

P. Arundel

INT. ARUNDEL LIVING ROOM

DOGS BARK OS.

Peter picks up a Browning automatic shotgun and heads for the door.

"SUNDOWN" ENDS

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DARKER

BOMAS, the cookboy, wearing a khaki kitchen suit, holds open the security gates as the Citroen enters the front yard. Three German Shepherds run in front of the car, which jerks and swerves to miss them. The car pulls up in front of the house. Bomas shuts and locks the gates and runs to the car.

Peter walks out of the house to greet Anita. He has left the shotgun inside the kitchen. The dogs jump quietly around Anita. Peter opens her door and she smiles up at him affectionately and apologetically.

ANITA

I know, I know - you don't have to say it.

Peter looks stern.

PETER

It's bloody late. Practically pitch dark.

Anita hands him a bundle of mail and wearily gets out of the car. She hoists the Sterling over her shoulder.

ANITA

Peter, there was so much to do. Paris took longer on the car than he thought he would. Stavros didn't get the meat shipment from Bindura 'til just an hour ago, and -

Peter nods absently. They approach the kitchen.

PETER

I don't care. If shipments are late, leave them there. I don't want you on the road after sundown. You know that.

INT. KITCHEN

Anita grins and pats the black weapon.

ANITA

Yes, Dear, you're right. But I did have my wonder weapon.

PETER

(snorts)

Bloody squirt gun. You'd be lucky to hit the windscreen with that.

Anita puts her arms around Peter and smiles into his eyes.

ANITA

Yes, Dear. You're right. And I promise never to be so late.

Anita kisses Peter.

ANITA (cont'g)

Never again.

She kisses him again.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter walks from the kitchen back into the living room. He goes behind a magnificent mahogany bar the front of which has panels of zebra hide arranged so that the stripes go in opposing diagonals which resemble a warning sign. The bar top is almost as long as the room is wide. It has a thick padding around the edge covered in black buffalo hide and a brass footrail a foot off the floor. A tremendous painting of a bush scene is barely visible in the gloom behind the bar.

ANITA (cont'g) (OS)

Bomas! Fagalo moto fo lo lights!

Moments later, there is the muted sound of a Diesel engine starting. The noise rises and levels off. The lights flicker on and increase in brightness, revealing the richness of the room. The living room is a man's room with a woman's touch. The vivid painting behind the bar is offset by others on the walls. One is a VerMeer. Peter mixes drinks.

ANITA (OS)

PETER

The cops called with a message from Jack.

ANITA (OS)

Oh?

PETER

He's coming out of the bush tonight and goes on time off for a week starting tomorrow.

Anita enters the room. Peter hands her a drink.

ANITA

What fun!

They sit down.

ANITA (cont'g)

Are we still meeting his friend Michele

Roberts in Salisbury tomorrow?

PETER

As far as I know. His message didn't say. But he'd have no way of knowing, of course, stuck out there for six weeks. I suppose she's up in Nairobi or Lusaka tonight, soaking up the lore. Flies down to Joburg in the morning and then up to Salisbury in the afternoon.

Peter sips his drink and Anita shudders.

ANITA

Imagine a girl on her own in Lusaka at nighttime...

PETER

She's on a Yank passport. Should be all right. Maybe she's in Nairobi...

ANITA

That would be better... What did you say she's doing up there?

PETER

Earning a living. Writing, taking pictures. Something like that.

ANITA

But I thought she was coming over here on holiday to see Jack.

PETER

Originally, yes. Her editor got wind of her trip and turned it into an assignment. Black Africa, White Africa, etc. She'll have to combine business with pleasure.

Anita wriggles in her chair.

ANITA

Mmm. Combining business with Jack Bowman would be a pleasure.

Peter fishes an ice cube from his drink.

PETER

I can think of a suitable place for this.

ANITA

I hope you don't act the crude Rhodesian tobacco farmer that you are when Miss Roberts is here. After all, she'll probably be writing about us.

Peter waits a few seconds and mugs a monkey face.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Jack leans his FN rifle in a corner and takes off his webbing. Sammy rests on a desk and stares at the nasty-looking gunny sack on the floor.

Chief Superintendent HENDERSON pokes his head in the office.

HENDERSON

You're the chaps who've just returned,
aren't you?

Jack and Sammy nod.

HENDERSON (cont'g)

Right. Won't you please come this way
and speak to some blokes? It won't take
long, I assure you.

Henderson grins and notices the sack on the floor.

HENDERSON (cont'g)

Oh, and bring that business along as well,
won't you? Right this way.

Jack and Sammy each grab a corner of the sack and follow Henderson.

INT. HALLWAY

Jack and Sammy lug the oversized gunny sack down the hallway. They strain to keep it off the floor but it is too heavy. It touches the floor with every step and leaves a line of reddish-brown smears.

INT. OFFICE

A half-dozen MEN, some in uniform, some in civvies, are seated. Henderson holds open the door for Jack and Sammy.

HENDERSON (cont'g)

Put it right there, won't you?

(pauses)

Thanks very much. Ta.

Henderson kneels and examines the contents. He removes three rifles, a machine gun, an RPG and projectiles and a pistol. He looks briefly into the bottom of the sack and then puts it down. He goes to the door and leans out.

HENDERSON (cont'g)

Sergeant Manyore!

SERGEANT MANYORE (OS)

Sah!

Henderson returns to the front of the room.

HENDERSON (CONT'G)

This is Section Officer Bowman of Support Unit and Sergeant Uys of the Rhodesia Light Infantry.

(gestures at the weapons)

And this is the result of an experimental operation they have just carried out. I will have one of them describe the mission, but I would like to point out for the benefit of our new district commissioner, Mr. Shepard, who might not be completely familiar with the goings-on 'round here -

The door opens and an African police SERGEANT comes to attention.

MANYORE

Sah!

HENDERSON

Sergeant Manyore, put that sack in the fridge, wont' you?

MANYORE

Sah!

Manyore retrieves the sack and exits.

HENDERSON

Mister Shepard, who is just up from Bulawayo, is no -

MALCOLM

Please! My name is Malcolm!

HENDERSON

Righto, Malcolm. You've no doubt heard rumors down in Bulawayo about the lack of cooperation between the police and army up here in the Sharp End. It just isn't so. There is a remarkable degree of cooperation between us, taking ... everything ... into consideration.

The assembled police and army officers chuckle.

HENDERSON (cont'g)

These two men represent our latest joint effort. Our problem has been mobility in field. We're finding that small groups of highly-trained men make better counter-terrorists than large groups of reasonably-trained blokes. Sergeant Uys and his three Afs carry out the military side of the operation, while S.O. Bowman takes care of the police side of it. Although he is with Support Unit, he has had police training, however foggy his recollection of that

training may now be. Nevertheless, he is able to carry out the positive ID of the comrades who are encountered. This is to say, he has been taught to put all personal effects in little plastic bags for the boffins in HQ to examine.

Jack nods good-naturedly.

HENDERSON (cont'g)

Teasing aside, chaps, listen to S.O. Bowman's version of their contact.

Jack steps forward and picks up a pointer. He points to different places on the map as he speaks.

JACK

We received information of a terrorist presence at, uh, here, two days ago. We choppered to a point, here, at fifteen hundred hours...

EXT. BUSH - DAY

Jack Bowman, Sammy Uys and the three African soldiers jump from their helicopter, which jerks upward and flies off at treetop level. The men spread out and head for some bumpy hills.

LATER

At dusk, the fighters rest beneath some Mopani trees, waiting for dark.

LATER

In the semi-dark, they move out.

LATER

They are in position surrounding a terrorist camp.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

The fighters watch as a TERRORIST GUARD is relieved by ANOTHER. The relieved guard wanders back to the OTHERS, who are sleeping.

Sammy looks at his watch.

LATER

The first guard is asleep with the other terrorists. The guard on duty blinks to stay awake. Suddenly, Jack's left hand clamps around the guard's mouth and pulls back his head. Jack stabs the guard in his kidney but the African screams shrilly in the still night. Jack cuts his throat.

With the scream the night erupts in gunfire. An instant-light grenade explodes white in the middle of the sleeping terrorists, who reacted with the scream. Tracer fire zips into the camp and cuts down eight helpless terrorists in less than ten seconds.

LATER

The campfire burns brightly as Sammy and his three men gather up the terrorist weapons. Jack examines various papers in the firelight.

SAMMY

So that was your famous silent sentry removal, hey?

Jack grunts.

SAMMY (cont'g)

Pardon?

He cocks an ear to hear better but Jack doesn't respond.

SAMMY (cont'g)

I'd say your technique needs a bit of work.

JACK

Okay. I'll practice on you.

The African soldiers are amused as they place the weapons in the gunny sack.

LATER

The men move out of camp, leaving the bodies in a neat row, face up.

INT. POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack finishes his narrative.

JACK

We did our identification procedure, collected personal effects and papers and weapons. We radioed our position and contact and spent from dawn till dusk today searching for weapons caches, which we did not find. This evening, we moved around the gomo to our pickup point and were extracted a little bit ago...

Jack stands for a second.

HENDERSON

This is the experimental part, chaps. That is, we do not bring the dead ters in. Psycho-warfare. Makes a nasty shock for Comrade Tickey to march into a secure camp and find eight or nine surprises waiting for him. Are there any questions? I'm sure these blokes would like to push off.

ARMY COLONEL

How did you manage to kill that guard? Hit him on the head?

JACK
No, sir. I knifed him.

SAMMY
The "silent sentry removal," sir.

The colonel nods. Henderson looks around.

HENDERSON
Any more questions, then?

MALCOLM
Um, yes, actually. While I understand that this is a new departure, I'm a bit confused... regarding the identification of these dead chaps, I heard S.O. Bowman mention this procedure...

HENDERSON
Yes, Malcolm. Quite right.

MALCOLM
You mean, he photographs them?

HENDERSON
That's right.

MALCOLM
But doesn't positive identification entail fingerprinting these bods? I mean, after all, with a damaged face, you might not know just whom you might have left out there, would you?

Henderson pokes at his pipe.

HENDERSON
Yes, dead right, Malcolm. I neglected to mention that we do fingerprint them. Must do, really. We do all that here.

MALCOLM
Here?

HENDERSON
Yes. They cut off the hands and bring them here. Manyore just put them in the ice box.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

Two terrorist commanders are conferring. One of the commanders turns to address the other terrorists, the ones we saw earlier.

MUGADZIKWA

Comrades. Comrades, we know our mission. Comrade Koronel's group will move out at this moment and destroy the white pig Arundel. My group will move out at this moment and kill the Boer, Van Wyk. Following these two successes, we will rendezvous at that feature...

Mugadzikwa points to a distant rock formation at the foot of a hill, discernable as the terrorist camp attacked by Jack and Sammy.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)

... and together, as comrades, move to a safe location where we will meet yet another glorious force of comrade freedom fighters. Then we will rest, re-arm and prepare our next step in the inevitable, glorious liberation of Zimbabwe! Comrades!

The terrorists flinch and answer:

ALL TERRORISTS

Comrades!

The terrorists divide into two groups. Koronel's group moves downhill toward the Arundel farm in single file. Mugadzikwa's group moves downhill toward the Van Wyk farm.

EXT. VAN WYK'S LABOR COMPOUND - NIGHT

The compound is a grouping of pole and dagga huts. A mild fire burns in the center. Cheap metal pots are placed carefully around the blaze. The firelight flickers off twenty or more black faces of men, women and children. They are telling stories.

Kaffir dogs begin to bark angrily. The Africans stop talking and look around warily. At the entrance of the kraal two terrorists enter carrying rifles. The Africans are silent. Behind the terrorists enters Mugadzikwa. He looks around for a moment.

MUGADZIKWA

Comrades! We are freedom fighters, here to liberate Zimbabwe from the Boers! Welcome us, comrades! Tonight you will be part of this glorious revolution. Tonight, you will see the last of the exploiter, Van Wyk!

He walks around the fire as he talks. The Africans are frozen in fear.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)

However, comrades, I have information that there are some misguided among you who foolishly support this white imperialist state. Very foolishly, I add. I am sorry to inform you comrades that it is my duty to purge from this kraal certain dangerous

elements that do not support the glorious
People's Revolution -
(takes paper from shirt)
Kephas! Theodoh and John! These mistaken
fools are members of the police reserve!

One of the Africans jumps up and lurches over the legs of his friends to get
away. Terrorists immediately club him down.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)
Ah! Theodoh.

A terrorist slaps a bark rope around Theodore's neck.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)
And Kephas and John? Where are you?

He steps to a seated female and beats her about the ears. She ducks and bobs
but finally points into the crowd, soundlessly. Another terrorist moves to
one of the seated men.

TERRORIST
You Kephas?

Kephas sits and stares at the fire.

TERRORIST 2
You Kephas!

KEPHAS
Eh.

Another man gets up.

JOHN
I am John.

Mugadzikwa walks to the kraal entrance and peers into the night.

MUGADZIKWA
Come, comrades. This way.

EXT. UNDER TREE - NIGHT

Silhouette of a baobab tree in the moonlight. The terrorists lead the three
captives to the lowest branch and throw the ends of the ropes over it. They
take up slack and are joined by the other terrorists on each rope.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)
Ma-purisa resehv! You misguided fools!
Are you ready to die?

He walks behind the condemned men as he speaks and taps the shoulders of the
men holding the ropes of John and Kephas.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)
Watch, comrades, watch what happens to

sorry fools who support the imperialist
state!

(to terrorists)

Now! UP! UP! UP!

Only Theodore is jerked upward. His feet kick desperately as his free hands go up to grab the rope. A startled gurgle is choked off. He vainly tries to hoist himself up and take pressure off his throat. His hands keep slipping and hitting the top of his head. A twist in the rope rotates him in the air. Slowly his feet stop kicking. He is strangled and continues to rotate.

Mugadzikwa laughs heartily. Kephass collapses to the ground. John, whose eyes were closed, recovers and stands, eyes straight ahead.

Mugadzikwa looks at Kephass and laughs with abandon.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)

Oh, ho, ho, Comrade Kephass, what a joke!

Ha, ha, ha! A people's joke!

Kephass looks at Mugadzikwa dazedly and then up at the twisting Theodore.

Mugadzikwa moves around to John but stops laughing abruptly as he looks into John's eyes. He looks away and then directs two of the terrorists to stay and watch the workers. He motions to the other terrorists and John and Kephass.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)

This way, comrades.

INT. VAN WYK BEDROOM - NIGHT

CHARLOTTE VAN WYK lies in bed reading. She is a robust woman of late middle age. WILLEM VAN WYK has just dropped off to sleep, snoring lightly. Charlotte's chin rises as she hears a noise. She listens. Now we can hear a faint calling. She frowns and gets out of bed. Willem is hard of hearing but he wakes at her movement.

WILLEM

Hmph? What's it?

CHARLOTTE

I don't know. I could swear one of
the munts is calling.

She puts on her robe and slippers.

CHARLOTTE (cont'g)

They bloody well know they're not to
come up here after dark.

She exits bedroom. Willem pulls back his covers and gets up.

WILLEM

Hold on, hold on. I'll go. Hold on.

He puts on his slippers and grabs his FN rifle from against the wall.

VERANDAH

Charlotte shuffles across the wooden floor in the dark, peering through the screen at the yard. Someone is barely visible.

CHARLOTTE

Who's there!?

JOHN (OS)

Is I, Madam. John.

CHARLOTTE

Well, what is it at this bloody hour?

She can't find the light switch, which is hidden by hanging tack on the wall. Willem enters the verandah. He feels for the light switch.

WILLEM

What's up?

JOHN (OS)

The picanins of myself and Kephass are sick.
Must go to hospital right away.

WILLEM

What's he say?

Charlotte finds the switch.

CHARLOTTE

They've got some sick babies and they - Oh!

Through the screen, as the floodlights come on, we briefly see John and Kephass, both battered and with ropes still around their throats, surrounded by eight terrorists.

The terrorists open fire. One rushes up and fires into our faces. Willem and Charlotte are hit. All terrorists rush up and fire until their magazines are empty.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARUNDEL LABOR COMPOUND - NIGHT

Peter's AFRICANS are slightly drunk and talk loudly. They're having a beer-drink. Koronel enters the scene and gestures importantly for attention.

KORONEL

Good evening, comrades!

The drunken talk tapers off. A few dogs bark and growl half-heartedly. Koronel rubs his big belly.

KORONEL (cont'g)

Comrades, I am hungry and I am thirsty.
You are looking at Koronel, of the Zimbabwe

African National Liberation Army! We are
freedom fighters, comrades, here to liberate
you from your oppressions!

He hits an African on the head with his fist.

KORONEL (cont'g)
Comrade, bring me beer!

The African gets up for the beer and bumps into other terrorists.

KORONEL (cont'g)
Who is bossboy here? Who is bossboy!

A stout, gray-haired man stands up with drunken dignity.

JOSHUA
I am bossboy.

KORONEL
What is your name, Comrade Bossboy?

JOSHUA
I am Joshua.

KORONEL
Very good. Comrade Bossboy Joshua,
I am hungry. Make me skoff.
(to others)
Music, comrades! Play music! Celebrate
your liberation!

An African by the portable record player plays an African record.

KORONEL (cont'g)
Ah, very good. Very good!
(to Joshua, menacingly)
My skoff, comrade.

INT. JOSHUA'S HUT - NIGHT

A small fire burns. A young PIKANIN sleeps under a thin blanket. Koronel instructs his guards at the door. Joshua shakes the picanin awake and whispers into his ear. The boy rises and looks blankly and rubs his eyes. Joshua whispers to him again and nods vigorously. Joshua goes to the fire and prepares a pot of boiling water.

KORONEL (cont'g)
Ah, sadza! You have meat, comrade bossboy?
What did you say your name was, comrade
bossboy?

JOSHUA
I am Joshua.

The boy looks at the scene with bewilderment. He gets up and starts for the door.

KORONEL

Ah, comrade Joshua. That's right. Meat,
meat and grave with my sadza - ah! Ah!
Where are you going, picanin?

Koronel catches the boy as he tries to go by. The boy murmurs something,
rubbing his eyes. Joshua cuts meat.

JOSHUA

The boy must pass water.

Koronel eyes the boy suspiciously.

KORONEL

Oohhh! Very well, then. But do not take
too long, my little shamwari. Otherwise...

The boy hurries out the door. Koronel watches Joshua cook.

JOSHUA

It is not a good thing that you are here...

KORONEL

Ah, no, comrade. You are mistaken. It is
a very good thing that I am here. You are
going to be liberated tonight...

(irritably)

Where is that picanin?

JOSHUA

The boy sometimes has trouble. He will
be back justi-now, sure.

KORONEL

Bloody thing!

Joshua has the water almost boiling. He stirs the meat and vegetable stew
pot. Koronel pokes a finger into the hot water.

KORONEL (cont'g)

Make that fire hotter, comrade. The
water is still cold.

EXT. JOSHUA'S HUT - NIGHT

Two terrorists stand at the door. Their guns gleam in the firelight.

INT. HUT

Joshua puts a handful of cornmeal into the boiling water. He begins to stir.
Koronel glares at the door.

KORONEL (cont'g)

Where is that bloody picanin!

JOSHUA

Ah! He is coming just now!

Joshua stirs the sadza. It gets thick.

KORONEL

Bloody thing! I'll cut off his bloody parts!

JOSHUA

It is very dangerous for you to be here, shamwari.

KORONEL

Dangerous? Dangerous for Koronel? Explain, comrade bossboy!

JOSHUA

Ah! Very dangerous! Baas, he has shoti-guns! Very dangerous with shoti-guns! Very dangerous!

KORONEL

Shoti-guns? Shoti-guns! Oh, ho ho ho!
Ha ha! Shoti-guns, comrade? Ho ho ho!
(wipes eyes)
Comrade, I stir my sadza with shoti-guns!

Two loud gunshots OS. Immediately, the hut shakes from the guards' bodies falling against it. Koronel lurches for his AK rifle.

CLOSE-UP KORONEL'S HEAD

The pot of hot sadza crashes against the side of his face. More gunshots are heard OS as Koronel gives out a hoarse, breathless scream of pain. He half-turns to see his attacker but the iron pot crashes against his head again and again. Koronel slumps to the ground. Joshua keeps slamming with the heavy pot. The gunshots fall off.

EXT. JOSHUA'S HUT - NIGHT

Peter Arundel walks barefoot very carefully toward the two fallen guards at the door. He reaches them and carefully prods one with his toe. His shotgun is leveled. The terrorist is dead. He backs up and prods the second one and this one shows signs of life. Peter backs up another step, kneels down and sticks the muzzle of his shotgun in the terrorist's ear. He holds up one hand to shield his eyes and pulls the trigger.

There is a rhythmic beating noise from the hut. Peter cautiously looks inside. He squints.

PETER

Joshua.

The pounding noise continues.

PETER (cont'g)

Joshua!

(pauses)
JOSHUA!

The noise stops. Joshua walks out and drops the pot on the ground. Peter puts his arm around the little man's shoulders.

PETER (cont'g)
(quietly)
I think he got the message, matey.

CUT TO:

INT. MT. DARWIN PUB - NIGHT

It is a round building, a copy of an African hut but much bigger. High pointed thatched roof. Crowded with SOLDIERS, POLICE AND FARMERS, but no females. Jack Bowman and Sammy Uys stand at one end of the long bar. Several MEN pick up their weapons and say goodnight. A few soldiers in camouflage sing ballads, drunk. Leading them, waving his empty beer mug, is a big, black-haired Irishman, SEAN DONOVAN. Despite the singing, he is belligerent. He has a Sykes-Fairbairn knife in his boot.

SOLDIERS
(singing)
Oh, I was an Irish plowboy,
I plowed the fields by day,
And then one fine eve, it came to me,
That I should go away...

Well, we're off to Dublin in the green, in the green,
Where the helmets glisten in the sun,
Where the rifles crash and the bayonets clash
To the echo of a Thompson gun!

Rafferty eyes Bowman. Some drinkers leave. Donovan approaches.

DONOVAN
We'd like you lads to join us.

He gestures back at the singers. Jack looks at him. Sammy, too.

SAMMY
Give it a rest, Paddy! Yer chasin' the
blokes out with that din!

Jack glances at Rafferty mildly.

DONOVAN
You think that's funny, sport?

Jack loses interest and pours the rest of his beer.

DONOVAN (cont'g)
I asked you a question, sporty. The lads
would like you to sing along. How about it?

JACK

You sing. We'll drink.

DONOVAN

Right, lads - give us another chorus!

The soldiers sing the chorus again. Donovan keeps time with his beer mug and turns back to Jack, waving the mug next to his head. The last of the beer sloshes out onto Jack's face and shirt. Jack wipes it off without a flourish. Donovan keeps swinging the mug next to Jack's face. Jack quietly stills the swinging mug.

JACK

Don't do that.

The singing drops off.

DONOVAN

So you don't care for our singing, hey sporty?

Sammy leans on the bar.

SAMMY

Hey, just push off man with your bloody IRA song.

(to Jack)

He's a bloody bomb-thrower from North Ireland.

JACK

A real IRA man?

DONOVAN

Well, yer seein' one now, sporty. Sean Donovan, corporal in Five Brigade, Londonderry.

Jack looks down at his beer and swirls it around. He stares at Rafferty.

JACK

You guys take lessons from the niggers? You fight the same way.

Instantly, Donovan has his commando knife in his hand with the point just under Jack's chin. Jack holds the mug, frozen, his eyes unblinking.

DONOVAN

Right, Yank. I've heard about you and yer bloody big knife. Get the bloody thing and let's see how bloody good you are with it.

Donovan jerks the knife sideways, cutting Jack's chin. Sammy watches.

SAMMY

Yessus.

Jack goes to his webbing by the door and withdraws his knife, a Randall Model 1 fighting knife with an eight inch blade of Swedish tool steel.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

Observed by a small group of watchers, Jack and Donovan begin to circle from a wide distance. Sammy appears in the doorway behind them.

Donovan bumps his foot on a rock and kicks it out of his way. Each man has an expert-looking fighter's crouch. Both are light on their feet, crow-hopping in and out and sideways. Each holds his knife in the fencing style, but keeps it protected by his body in case of a kick.

The fighters slash and jab and bounce away. Donovan jabs and misses. Jack makes a lightning-quick spin and strikes Donovan's knife arm with his boot. Donovan switches the knife to his other hand. Jack masks his dismay.

Donovan rushes in to jab, fails to score and retreats, tripping over a rock. He falls over backwards, slashes his knife out in front of him in defense, props himself up with his hurt arm, gets up and takes with him a handful of dust. We're not sure if Jack has noted this deception.

Jack slashes at Donovan's knees and misses. Donovan tosses the dust underhand up into Jack's face. Jack was waiting for it and ducks away just as Donovan's dagger thrusts through the dust where Jack was. Jack recovers fast and brings his knife down on Donovan's outstretched arm. He pulls it hard through the shirt cloth and muscle. Donovan grunts in pain and puts the knife back in the other hand, very distracted. Jack attacks and Donovan stumbles backward.

Jack launches himself feet-first at Donovan's legs, scissoring them violently, and they are both down. Jack thrusts his boot heel up between Donovan's legs - the fight is over.

Jack scrambles to his knees and leans over the writhing Irishman, sticking his knife under his chin, cutting it slightly.

JACK

Don't call me Yank anymore.

The watchers are in the same places. The dust settles. Silence.

A POLICEMAN in uniform runs in.

POLICEMAN

Farm attack! They hit two farms at once!
Van Wyk and Arundel! Somebody's dead!

CUT TO:

EXT. SALISBURY AIRPORT - DAY

South African Airways Boeing 747 lands.

VIEWING DECK

Jack, Peter and Anita watch disembarking passengers. Jack points at someone. All three wave and exit viewing deck.

EXT. AIRPORT APRON - DAY

MICHELE ROBERTS comes off the ramp. She puts on sunglasses as she walks. She is blonde, early thirties, very pretty and full-figured. She is tanned and wears a lightweight knit dress and large matching bag over her shoulder.

Michele walks into the Salisbury International terminal, with many stares.

INT. AIRPORT

Michele is greeted by Jack, Anita and Peter. They all go outside happily and get in the Citroen.

CUT TO:

INT. MIEKLES HOTEL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Elegant setting of La Fontaine room. Well-dressed COUPLES dance to the music of the Jack Dent Trio. Jack, Michele, Anita and Peter sit at a table with an efficient European MAITRE D' hovering around them. Lots of African WAITERS in white uniforms with maroon fezes and sashes busily doing things. WOMEN wear evening gowns, MEN dinner jackets or dark suits. Very sophisticated and a big contrast with the farm life we've glimpsed. Also very safe.

ANITA

Michele, I'm dying to know about your stay in Kenya and Zambia! What did you think?

MICHELE

I've been to Mexico and the Orient, but I've never experienced a place as... exotic... as Africa.

PETER

Surely you don't think Salisbury is exotic!

MICHELE

It's pretty exotic to me!

Everyone laughs.

MICHELE (cont'g)

But, no - compared with Lusaka and Nairobi, Salisbury does seem more comfortable and, well - different.

PETER

I'll drink to that!

Peter signals to the WAITER for another round.

ANITA

But what did you do up there for these

past three days? Are you doing an article?

MICHELE

(shrugs)

Maybe! My boss heard I was going to Africa and demanded that I do Something Relevant. I told him I was going to Rhodesia and he said that wasn't Relevant enough! He had my ticket changed to Nairobi and Lusaka. He said he wanted me to get the "whole story."

PETER

You can get the "whole story" here, I assure you.

Michele looks at Peter blankly.

MICHELE

Well, I got the what I suppose were the usual government guided tours and saw the things they wanted me to see. I took notes, took pictures and took off. But, I'm very glad to be here.

ANITA

Oh, Michele, we're so glad to have you here!

The African waiter brings drinks.

MICHELE

You don't know how I've been looking forward to meeting you and staying with you and seeing how you manage living here under the circumstances.

PETER

Yes. That's what we want to talk about.

Peter lifts his chin to signify discrete silence. Michele looks from Peter to the waiter and back to Peter.

AFRICAN WAITER

(murmurs)

Thank you, baas.

The waiter goes away.

JACK

Peter and Anita aren't sure it would be a good time for you to come up to the farm right now. We thought we all might go to Victoria Falls instead..

MICHELE

But Peter - why don't you want me to stay at the farm?

PETER

We've had a bit of trauma, I'm afraid. Our nearest neighbors were attacked by terrorists last night. They and several of their labor were killed...

MICHELE

--My God!

JACK

Peter and Anita were supposed to be attacked at the same time but his African foreman got word to him before the terrorists were ready. He bushwhacked them. Killed three. Rest got away.

PETER

Two, in fact. My bossboy bagged one with a pot of hot sadza. Damnedest thing.

Michele sinks back in her chair and stares at Anita.

ANITA

We'd love to have you stay with us. In fact, it's all we've talked about. But we just couldn't stand to put you in danger. I -

(looks at Peter)

Oh, I don't know! It's such a rotten time for this to happen!

The waiter brings salad. They look at it in silence and begin eating.

MICHELE

But what are you two going to do? I mean, you're not going to stay here at the Miekles until the war's over, are you?

Anita looks at the ceiling.

PETER

Michele, the situation has become truly critical.

MICHELE

You've got to go home, haven't you?

PETER

Of course we must.

MICHELE

Of course. And you can just take me with you.

(pauses)

I wish you'd let it be my choice. It is my neck.

She looks at each of them.

JACK

And it's a very pretty neck.

MICHELE

Anita's neck is just as pretty.

JACK

Anita carries a submachine gun and she knows how to use it.

MICHELE

Well, I carry a camera and I know how to use it, too. I can learn to use a gun. Besides,
(hooks her arm through Jack's)
you can protect me.

Jack looks at her.

ANITA

Jack, do you think they'll come back? Will they try again?

JACK

Depends.

PETER

Depends on what?

JACK

On what the bosses want. These boys you shot up last night, you couldn't pay them enough to come back to your place. It depends on the Chinese bosses across the river. If they are satisfied with the Van Wyks, and they think you're too tough, they'll send the next bunch against a softer farm. You've made them look bad once. They wouldn't want to look bad twice...

(shrugs)

Quien sabe?

MICHELE

(softly)

Jack, I really want to come.

Jack gazes into her eyes. He looks at Peter. He sighs.

JACK

I guess she comes.

Michele squeezes Jack's arm. The four toast each other for luck.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIEKLES HOTEL - MORNING

Bird's eye view of Citroen pulling out of the hotel.

QUICK CUTS

Driving through Salisbury. The car passes a sign outside of town indicating Mazoe, Bindura and Shamva.

INT. CITROEN

MICHELE

That sign didn't say how far to Mt. Darwin.

JACK

No. It's about ninety miles.

MICHELE

Government doesn't want to remind us that there is a Mt. Darwin.

LATER

The Citroen moves through rolling countryside. A pleasant drive in the country. Peter pulls up in front of an orange juice stand by Mazoe Dam.

ORANGE JUICE STAND

Jack, Michele and Anita walk to the fence and look down at the water and the orange groves farther down the valley.

MICHELE (cont'g)

Oh, Anita - it's beautiful here!

ANITA

We love to stop and buy oranges and look at the dam.

MICHELE

It's so peaceful. It reminds me of California.

Jack considers this and nods vaguely. They return to the car. Peter puts a large bag of oranges in the trunk. The women get in their respective places and Jack joins Peter at the trunk.

INT. CITROEN

Peter gets behind the wheel on the right side. He hands Anita the Sterling. He puts the Browning shotgun between him and Anita.

Jack gets in the back with Michele. Her smile fades as she sees that Jack has retrieved an FN rifle from the trunk. He puts it between them.

EXT. ORANGE JUICE STAND

The car pulls away from the stand. It meanders down the winding road to the Mazoe Valley.

INT. CITROEN - LATER

Peter whistles an aimless tune. Anita watches countryside flash by. Jack looks out his window. Michele is pensive as she looks out her window and sees groups of AFRICANS waving at them as they pass.

MICHELE (cont'g)
Why are those people waving at us?

ANITA
They're not waving. They want us to stop and give them a ride.

EXT. MAZOE VALLEY - DAY

The country gets rougher and more spectacular. High mountains on both sides of the road. A baboon sits near the road, watching and listening. There is no noise. Then a family of baboon crosses the road. The male stays where he is until they all pass.

The Citroen comes into view from around a bend as the baboon crosses the road and disappears.

LATER

The Citroen leaves the asphalt and bumps onto a smooth dirt road with a cloud of dust.

(African male chorus)

INT. CITROEN

Jack rolls down his window and sticks his rifle outside. He pulls the cocking lever and lets it go. Sitting at the left rear, he rests his arm over the rifle to steady it.

Michele is taken aback slightly.

PETER
Don't worry, Michele. That's just Jack's theory of the best defense being a good offense.

JACK
They want to kill us but they don't want to fight us.

MICHELE
(laughs nervously)
I hope you're right!

JACK
Well, it's worked so far.

EXT. ROADSIDE - LATER

A primitive African WOMAN stands outside her hut pounding and grinding corn into meal with a long wooden plunger. She lifts it and drops it, lifts it and drops it. PICANINS play around her feet. They all look behind them as the Citroen whizzes by in a cloud of dust.

Michele's face is visible at the window as she looks with wonder at the Stone Age scene.

INT. CITROEN - LATER

PETER
Hello, hello. What's this?

Everyone looks forward. Ahead, under an overhanging tree, an orange tractor lies on its side with the right rear wheel missing. There is a huge crater in the dirt road. A police Land Rover is parked off the road. A POLICEMAN in khaki shorts, gray shirt and brown riding boots writes on a pad as he talks to an African MALE.

In the tree overhead the dead African DRIVER is caught in the branches. Michele gasps as she takes in the scene.

Peter stops the car.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Jack and Peter get out and approach the policeman.

POLICEMAN
Bloody landmine! Driver never knew what hit him. Happened about an hour ago. No telling how long the thing was in the road before the poor sod hit it.
(gestures at the bush)
That bloody great tractor wheel is two hundred feet out there. Went into bloody orbit.

Peter and Jack return to the car.

INT. CITROEN

Peter starts the car and moves off away from the wreckage and tree.

PETER
Welcome to the Sharp End.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARUNDEL FARM ENTRANCE - DAY

Peter turns in at the sign:

Permanence Farm
P. Arundel

He honks the horn as he approaches the security gates.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Bomas the cookboy runs out from the house and opens the gates. The Citroen enters the yard. The dogs bark and cavort.

Everyone gets out and stretches. Michele looks around and pets the dogs.

(African chanting diminishes)

MICHELE

Oh, Anita! This is so lovely.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRORIST ENCAMPMENT - DAY

(Chinese martial music)

PO CHI TI, a Chinese officer, 40 years old, stands on the ivy-covered verandah of a sprawling tropical house in the Zambian bush. His face is hard and merciless.

On a grassy field in front of the house run twenty AFRICANS in line abreast with fixed bayonets toward a line of twenty straw dummies. They scream shrilly as they ram the bayonets into the dummies.

Po wears the lightweight summer uniform of the People's Republic of China army. His matching tan cap bears the red star. Although his face is nearly expressionless, the faintest contempt shows on his lips for what he watches. He turns and enters house.

INT. CHINESE HQ

Several CHINESE in uniform sit at a table or lie on cots. There is a large radio on the table and a bottle of Scotch.

The POLITICAL COMMISSAR, an older man, lies on a cot.

COMMISSAR

What is the time, comrade?

PO

It is four o'clock, comrade.

COMMISSAR

Very well. Turn on the wireless.

One of the men at the table clicks on the radio.

RADIO (VO)

This is the Rhodesian Broadcasting Corporation. The time is four o'clock. Here is the news, read by Christopher Bennett... The following is a Security Force communiqué dated yesterday: "Security Forces regret to announce the deaths of a

Mount Darwin farmer and his wife, as well as three members of their labor force, following an attack by terrorists. The Europeans, Mr and Mrs Villem Van Wyk, were shot to death. The African laborers were found hanged on different locations of the farm...

(pauses)

Security Forces also announced that another attack was planned for a neighboring farm but did not succeed. Mr Peter Arundel was able to kill three would-be attackers before they approached his house. The rest of the gang ran away. Follow-up operations are in progress...

(pauses)

In Washington today, Secretary of State Kissinger -

Po turns off the radio. The Chinese are silent as they consider the broadcast.

COMMISSAR

Comrade, the overall effect of this report is not favorable to you.

(sips whiskey)

Do you agree?

PO

That is readily conceded, comrade.

The commissar walks to the window and looks out. He sips whiskey.

COMMISSAR

To provide the enemy with the means to reinforce an illusion of his own invincibility, that is, to attack and then fail in the attempt, has a most harmful effect on a program for victory.

(watching the recruits)

Instead of giving the white Rhodesians two dead couples with which to identify, we have given them one dead couple and one very much strengthened couple. The result is: They will mourn the loss of the first and identify with the strength of the second -

PO

With respect, comrade. I am well aware of the Chairman's thoughts on these matters.

The commissar, his superior, turns abruptly to face Po.

COMMISSAR

Permit me to continue, comrade.

He sips more whiskey and looks steadily at Po.

COMMISSAR (cont'g)

No doubt you are well aware of the Chairman's thoughts on the matter of defeat and its consequences? Just so.

(businesslike)

Now! Instead of producing four corpses, we have produced two corpses and two heroes. From two ordinary people we have created idols. We have elevated this bourgeois pair to such a position that they now represent strength, solidarity and resistance in the eyes of their reactionary fellows.. Do you catch my drift, comrade?

PO

Of course, comrade. I know what must be done.

COMMISSAR

And what is that, comrade?

PO

We will turn our error to our advantage by destroying the very heroes we have created, thus making their eventual destruction even more terrifying to their fellows.

COMMISSAR

And how will we ensure the success of the second attempt?

PO

I will lead the attack and supervise their destruction.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRORIST CAMP - DAWN

The Sun rises over the mountains. TERRORISTS and TRAINEES move about the camp. Po Chi Ti emerges from the big house, uniform crumpled. He stretches and walks down the steps. An AFRICAN TERRORIST approaches and salutes him. Po speaks to him after returning the salute and the terrorist about-faces and goes off shouting at others.

LATER

A TERRORIST sights down the tube of a Chinese RPG bazooka. With a WHOOSH and a cloud of smoke, the rocket is seen to skip on the ground and bounce over the intended target, a mud wall. Po, watching from behind, motions for the next man to try.

The NEXT TERRORIST steps up smartly, kneels down, reaches behind and removes a projectile from his backpack, inserts it, puts it on his shoulder and cocks the hammer, sights down the tube and again, smoke and noise. The projectile hits the wall which falls down violently. Po regards him with slight interest.

CUT TO:

INT. ARUNDEL DINING ROOM - MORNING

Jack, Michele and Anita have breakfast.

MICHELE

What time does Peter get up?

ANITA

Oh, around five-thirty this time of year. He's grading the tobacco now, and he may go from first light till well past dark. We'll go up to the barns later and watch, if you like.

MICHELE

I'd like that.

ANITA

Guy - that's our son - comes home tomorrow for several days. He has a long weekend with Rhodes and Founders Day on Monday.

(smiles)

He absolutely worships Jack, so it's nice that you could both be here while he's home.

JACK

He and his pals will be idolizing his dad now, with good reason... His present from my friend in Florida finally got here. He ought to enjoy it.

MICHELE

What did you get him?

JACK

It's a knife, a throwing knife. Boys like to throw knives at trees...

(eats toast)

You see, his dad taught him all there is to know about guns, he wants me to teach him about knives.

MICHELE

Guns, knives, terrorists... and -

(glances at Anita)

What a life for a young boy!

Jack nods as he swallows.

JACK

Great, isn't it?

Michele looks at him, not knowing if he is serious.

EXT. ARUNDEL BARN - LATER

Jack, Michele and Anita walk among enormous A-frame barns with thatched roofs and open sides wherein hang thousands of tightly-packed bundles of tobacco.

ANITA

... and these are the Burley barns. Burley tobacco is cured outside. It's really an economical leaf to grow and process.

MICHELE

Mmm, what an aroma! If only smoking tasted like this smells!

ANITA

Don't I know it. Wait until you smell the Virginia barns. Virginia tobacco has to be cured artificially, inside those big brick barns over there, with a lot of heat and steam.

MICHELE

Virginia! I thought that was an American tobacco.

ANITA

Well, really, all tobacco is American, but some of them seem to do better over here. You probably don't know it but almost all cigarettes sold in Europe and the UK are made with Rhodesian tobacco, and many of your American cigarettes are, as well.

MICHELE

I didn't know that. Even still? With the sanctions?

ANITA

Well, we still grow it and sell it and it still gets bought by the same companies, although through a very circuitous route!

JACK

If you think that's something, wait'll you hear about the chrome.

EXT. VIRGINIA BARNS - DAY

African LABORERS, male and female, young and old, amble about doing their jobs. Men on a trailer pass racks of bright green Virginia tobacco to men inside the heated curing barn.

Jack, Michele and Anita glance at this as they walk to the door of the grading shed, the largest barn. Jack opens the door for the ladies.

INT. GRADING SHED

As Michele enters the steamy atmosphere, she gasps and coughs.

JACK

That's what I did my first time in here.

ANITA

It's overpowering at first. You won't notice it in a few minutes. But it really is hell on the hair.

Peter sits at a large dusty desk, writing in a ledger. He is taking figures from the bossboy, Joshua. He sees them.

PETER

Well, hello, you layabouts!

ANITA

Peter is very superior about the hour he gets up.

MICHELE

Peter, the Mayo Clinic would pay a fortune to look at your lungs.

PETER

Rubbish! You know, I hear that sales have improved in America since they made them put that warning on the package.

MICHELE

Who was that you were talking to?

Anita looks around.

ANITA

Oh, that was Joshua, the bossboy. He's the one that killed a terrorist with a sadza pot.

Michele looks at the little black man.

MICHELE

He looks so gentle!

PETER

I know, but he went bloody mad that night, I promise you.

(to Jack)

His mates have given him a new nickname. They call him "Putu," the Pot.

Peter motions to Joshua, who approaches the desk. Peter hands him a bunch of cards with tie-strings through them. He says something to Joshua in "kitchen kaffir" and ends with

PETER (cont'g)

And have them do it properly, all right, Putu?

This breaks Joshua up. He giggles and goes away, giggling.

Peter gets up and walks down one side of a long table on which are placed hundreds of tied bunches of tobacco leaves. He speaks to Joshua as he examines the tobacco. Joshua marks a card and ties it to each bunch.

MICHELE

What's he doing?

ANITA

He's grading the leaf according to texture and amount of sunspot. The buyers like a fairly spotty leaf - indicating a richer flavor.

An AFRICAN takes handfuls of bunches from the WOMAN and places them over a steamy forty-gallon drum.

ANITA (cont'g)

They've got to make the leaves moist when they're packed, or else they'll break up and crumble under pressure.

Another AFRICAN winds down a vice-like compressor, or baler. Another MAN joins him and they wind it down tight.

ANITA (cont'g)

And then it comes out like this.

She indicates a four by three foot bale of tobacco. Covered with burlap, it is being sewn up by a PICANIN.

ANITA (cont'g)

Then the bale is given a number, or grade, and it's ready to be shipped to the Tobacco Floors in Salisbury. That's something you should see, the auctions!

(sighs)

It used to be such fun before UDI back in '65. They came from all over the world to buy it, but everything's so sneaky now. The American buyers were so nice... Those were wonderful times in Rhodesia.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRORIST CAMP - DAY

LONG SHOT

Pole and dagga hut on hillside. OS, a loud "tunk!" Within seconds, an explosion a hundred yards from the hut.

(OS, Po mutters disapprovingly in Chinese.)

Po supervises the mortar crews. Black hands drop mortar bombs down a tube, followed by a sharp "tunk!" Po watches for the bomb to explode somewhere near the hut. Again, the bomb explodes far from the hut. Po impatiently waves the MORTAR MEN away from him.

LATER

A group of TERRORISTS stands at their mortars awaiting their turns. The third crew gets ready. Mortar and baseplate lie on the ground. The two men drop into action. The tube man disregards the baseplate and holds the tube upright with the swivel ball in the dirt. The bomb handler whips out three bombs from his pack and puts them on the ground. The tube man eyes the hut which is three hundred yards away and tilts the tube toward it slightly and nods. The bomb handler drops all three bombs as quickly as he can - "tunk! tunk! tunk!"

In five seconds the hut explodes once, twice, three times and when the smoke and dust clear, it is gone. Po Chi Ti looks at the hut through binoculars and back at the mortar men. He is impressed. He turns to his Chinese aide.

PO

What are their names?

AIDE

Tembo and Nedewedzo, comrade.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARUNDEL FARM - DAY

Jack and Michele walk along a deep stream through green leafy bush. On his belt is his knife. Peter's shotgun is cradled in his arm.

MICHELE

Where are you taking me?

JACK

I want to show you something.

They pick their way along the path. Jack points to the other side.

JACK (cont'g)

See that?

Michele stops and looks. A cave up on the steep hillside, almost hidden.

MICHELE

Well! How about that!

JACK

C'mon.

The cross the stream on a fallen tree and climb up to the cave.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE

Jack helps Michele up the last few feet. They enter the cave and look back out. The stream below disappears and reappears in the rolling expanse of bush, which is punctuated by steep gomos, or hills, such as the one in which the cave is formed.

MICHELE

It's so different... I've never seen anything like this.

Jack looks at her as she looks at the scenery.

JACK

No, neither have I.

He turns and moves deeper into the cave, poking around. After examining some nooks and crannies, he returns to Michele, who still looks at the scenery.

MICHELE

Jack?

JACK

Yes?

MICHELE

Why did you bring me up here?

Jack leans the shotgun against the cave wall. He clears his throat and grins. Michele blushes.

JACK

Guy likes to play up here - he's coming home tomorrow. Peter asked if I'd mind checking it out.

MICHELE

You mean, for terrorists?

JACK

Or anything - animals, snakes. He'd do it but he's got the grading.

INT. CAVE

Inside the cave are large flat rocks, like tables. Jack takes Michele by the hand and leads her to the biggest one. They sit down. Jack gestures widely.

JACK (cont'g)

What do you think about this?

MICHELE

Oh! It's very nice. A very nice cave.

JACK

How would you like it as a place to live?

Michele looks at him skeptically.

MICHELE

If that's an offer, I'd like to see something in a two-bedroom.

JACK

Peter and Anita used to live here.

MICHELE

What?

JACK

Almost six months.

MICHELE

But - why?

JACK

It took that long to build enough of their house so they could live in it.

MICHELE

(pauses)

You're kidding! Anita!?

JACK

They're real pioneer types.

MICHELE

But, it must have been hard... and wasn't it dangerous?

JACK

Well, of course, there weren't any terrorists around fifteen years ago. 1959. Elephant and leopard and crocs were the main danger, I guess. And lions.

MICHELE

Imagine! Living in a cave in 1959!

Jack goes farther back into the cave. He comes back with a red blanket, neatly folded and clean. Michele looks at it.

MICHELE (cont'g)

What's that?

JACK

A blanket. Guy keeps it up here in case he gets trapped by terrorists and has to spend the night.

He puffs it up behind her.

MICHELE

Oh!

JACK

It hasn't happened yet...

His arms brush hers as he pulls the thick blanket to her. She watches his hands. Her eyes raise until they come up to his face. She lifts herself onto the blanket and leans back. Jack sits on the edge of the rock and swings his legs up so that he is on the blanket, too.

He looks at her, her nose, her mouth, her bosom. When she realizes she is breathing rapidly, she takes a deep, slow breath.

MICHELE

But he hopes it will happen.

Jack's eyes search her face.

JACK

Absolutely.

He pulls her to him gently. Their lips touch softly. Michele puts her arms around him as they kiss.

JACK (cont'g)

God, I've missed you.

MICHELE

Why did you leave San Francisco so suddenly, and come here?

JACK

Too many fags.

Michele makes a face at him.

MICHELE

Seriously.

JACK

America's turned into a bunch of money-grubbers. The people are so damn bored. I was bored with just about everything.

MICHELE

With me?

JACK

I said, just about.

MICHELE

I might have come with you if you had asked.

JACK

What about your journalism career? No, this is no place for females. But if it means anything, I think about you all the time.

MICHELE

It means something.

They embrace again and kiss hungrily. There is a loud splash and a gurgled, inhuman scream. They both start and jump up.

MICHELE (cont'g)

What was that?!

Jack goes to the cave entrance with the shotgun. Michele joins him. They look down at the stream below them.

EXT. STREAM

In the water a large crocodile has a kudu calf in its jaws and tries to drown it. The kudu cow is on the bank, frantically trying to help the calf. The water froths with the struggle. Soon it is over. Croc and kudu calf disappear. The cow sniffs the water gingerly.

MICHELE (cont'g)

That was the most horrible thing I've ever seen...

JACK

Poor old thing. Peter thought there might be some big crocs in the stream.

MICHELE

But can't you do something about them? Can't you shoot them?

Jack puts his arm around her and looks down at the stream.

JACK

Yeah. I guess we'll have to. C'mon. It'll be dark by the time we get back.

CUT TO:

INT. ARUNDEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Anita supervises Bomas, the cookboy. OS - dogs bark and quiet down. The kitchen door opens with Jack and Michele.

ANITA

Well, well, you two! I was just about to call out Crusader for a search party.

JACK

Good God.

MICHELE

Who's Crusader?

ANITA

Crusader is the army. Jack is with the

police, you know. The army would just love to come out and look for a lost copper.

JACK

I'm not even a cop. I'm in Support Unit, which doesn't officially exist.

(to Anita)

Anyway, you know our motto...

ANITA

I'm afraid to ask.

JACK

"I thought you had the map."

MICHELE

I had a glimpse of raw Africa today.

ANITA

What?!

MICHELE

A crocodile ate a baby - what was it?

JACK

Kudu. In the stream, by the cave.

ANITA

Oh, so you went to the cave!

She looks from Jack to Michele.

ANITA (cont'g)

What did you think of our - oh, I know, dear, it's terrible to see something like that.

(squeezes her arm)

I guess we've gotten used to animals killing each other. We've even got used to people killing each other.

Anita orders Bomas in "kitchen kaffir" to get vegetables.

ANITA (cont'g)

I want to tell you all about living in a cave. But we're having company for dinner. Do you know the new DC, Jack? Malcolm Shepard?

JACK

I saw him the other night.

ANITA

Well, Peter invited him to dinner and it should be interesting to hear his impression of the Sharp End.

(to Michele)

He's just come up from a different part of the country where there are no terrorists. He sounds an awfully nice fellow, don't you think, Jack?

JACK

Sure.

ANITA

Why don't you fix yourselves a drink and one for me, too? Malcolm should be here soon.

Jack nods and goes to living room.

ANITA (cont'g)

Peter is still at the grading shed, poor dear.

MICHELE

He really puts in long hours.

ANITA

Between us, he does. But don't mention it to him - he gets so pompous.

They laugh.

MICHELE

I think I'll just wash up first.

ANITA

If Jack Bowman ever kissed me I wouldn't wash for a week.

MICHELE

(giggles)

It's been a long time, Anita.

ANITA

If it weren't for Peter...
(sighs)

MICHELE

But, there is Peter.

ANITA

Yes, thank God. And if anything ever happened to him, I'd go as spotty and dead as a tobacco leaf. Unfortunately, he knows it.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack, Michele, Anita and Malcolm sit talking. Peter enters.

PETER

Evening all! Sorry to be so late but the grading's giving me a lot of bloody shupa.

He goes to Malcolm, who rises.

PETER (cont'g)

Malcolm, I take it! How do you do?

Peter Arundel!

(they shake)

You've all met by now.

MALCOLM

Oh, yes. Jack and I met at the Joint Operations Command the other night.

Peter looks at Jack, who raises an eyebrow.

PETER

Oh, right! The JOC meeting. Must have given you a rough welcome to Mt. Darwin!

MALCOLM

I - you know about the meeting?

PETER

In fact, the whole thing was my idea, mine and some of the other blokes 'round here. We realized some time ago that the only way to fight terror is with terror... Sit down, please! I'll fix meself a drink.

Peter goes to the bar and calls to Bomas for more ice.

MALCOLM

(to Michele)

Are you and Jack from the same part of America?

MICHELE

We're both from Northern California, but I work in Los Angeles now.

MALCOLM

I lived in Los Angeles for a bit, back in the fifties. Exchange student at UCLA. Hollywood, ha, ha!

MICHELE

How interesting. Are you Rhodesian?

MALCOLM

No, afraid not. English. London School of Economics.

PETER

Oh, I say, old chap!

ANITA

Don't mind Peter, Malcolm. He's become a reverse snob about his roots.

Malcolm chuckles good-naturedly.

MALCOLM

With good reason, no doubt.

ANITA

If you'll pardon me a moment, I'll see if we're still having dinner here tonight.

Anita goes to kitchen.

MALCOLM

But tell me, Jack: What would bring an American to Rhodesia to risk his life? It's fascinating! Is this your Foreign Legion?

JACK

No no. I wasn't running away from anything...
(looks at Michele)
Well -
(clears throat)

MALCOLM

I've heard you're the first American to fight for Rhodesia.

JACK

Since the '20s, anyway. No fighting back then, of course.

Jack sips his whiskey.

MALCOLM

But what would make an American come over here to fight?

Jack just looks at Malcolm patiently.

MALCOLM (cont'g)

Is this your Foreign Legion?

JACK

More like my Alamo, I'm afraid.

MALCOLM

--Your Alamo? You mean, you think we're going to lose?

JACK

(shrugs)

We don't seem to have the will to win.

MALCOLM

But surely, you men in the security forces are winning everywhere you encounter the terrorists.

JACK

But all the fighting is taking place in Rhodesia. Thousands of Africans are being killed by the ters. It's tearing us up. We're not allowed to attack the terror bases across the river, in Mozambique, Zambia, Tanzania... I don't see, really, how we can win, under these rules.

MALCOLM

Well, of course, government has to consider world opinion.

Jack looks down at his drink. Peter frowns.

PETER

Why? The "world" already seems eager to kill Rhodesia. America, England, Russia, China - everyone wants the same thing: No more Rhodesia. Why should we care about the opinion of the enemy?

MALCOLM

Do you really consider America and England "the enemy?"

JACK

I'd say anyone who wants you dead is the enemy.

PETER

The prime minister of England vowed to bring us to our knees. Do you consider England "a friend?"

JACK

When US and Soviet policy are the same, it's what they call the New World Order, at least as far as we're concerned.

MALCOLM

Then I take it you're not what people would call a "mercenary."

JACK

If I were here for money, I'd need more than two hundred fifty dollars a month.

(drinks)

I spill more than that.

MALCOLM

Maybe it's not the "good fight" you were looking for?

JACK

Well, the Alamo was a good fight, but it didn't end well.

MALCOLM

Are things ever really that simple?

JACK

Confidentially, Malcolm - things are getting complicated. I've seen some things...

MALCOLM

Such as?

Jack looks at Peter, who shrugs.

JACK

I'm in Support Unit. One of the things we do is guard the terrorist leaders who are in detention. They're in secret prison camps that only we know about. Operated by the police rather than the Bureau of Prisons. They're actually holiday camps.

Malcolm's eyebrow raises.

MALCOLM

You're referring to Nkomo and, uh - who is that other one?

JACK

Mugabe.

MALCOLM

Right, Mugabe. You've seen these leaders?

JACK

I've carried their mail for them. I've taken their wives from the train to visit them in their camps. I've watched them being groomed for leadership by this government.

MALCOLM

Surely you're exaggerating!

JACK

They have regular classes in administration, management, policy studies - you name it.

MALCOLM

I don't believe it!

Jack shrugs good-naturedly.

JACK

Peter's fellow farmers don't believe it, either. But they can't say I didn't warn them. Most of them have forgotten Nkomo and Mugabe since they went into detention. But I predict that they will learn their names again. One of them is your next prime minister, unless you kick out Ian Smith. I could go to prison for telling you this.

Malcolm stares at Jack, incredulous. Anita enters.

ANITA

Isn't anyone hungry? We're eating here after all!

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bomas clears the table. Jack, Peter, Michele, Anita and Malcolm are friendly and relaxed, drinking coffee.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Anita looks at her watch.

ANITA (cont'g)

Good grief, the time!

(gets up)

Good night, all. See you in the AM. We must turn off the generator now but there are candles going in all the rooms. There's hot water if anyone would like to bathe.

MICHELE

Mmmm, that sounds good to me.

Anita exits to the kitchen and calls to Bomas to turn off the generator. She reappears and exits down the hall to the bedrooms. Peter and Jack light candles in the living room.

MICHELE (cont'g)

Well, good night, everyone. It was good to meet you, Malcolm.

Malcolm stands up and bows.

MALCOLM

Thank you, Michele. It's been my pleasure.

MICHELE

See you all in the morning.

PETER

Hope so!

Michele exits as the Diesel noise in the background slows and goes quiet. The lights dim and die. The three men stand in the candlelight.

INT. BATHROOM - CANDLELIGHT

Michele lies in the tub. Her eyes are closed.

LATER

She wears a pale blue gown. She puts on a bathrobe and brushes her hair.

INT. JACK'S ROOM

Jack wraps a white bath towel around himself and opens the door, holding candlestick. He goes into the hall.

BATHROOM

Michele puts down her brush and picks up a candlestick.

HALLWAY

Jack and Michele meet in the hall carrying candlesticks.

MICHELE

Oh! Hello!

Jack looks at her. All of her.

JACK

Hi.

They edge by each other. Jack enters the bathroom, Michele goes to her room.

MICHELE'S ROOM

She takes off her robe and stands for a moment in her sheer gown, looking down at the candle. The bed has been turned down. She lifts the covers and slides in.

BATHROOM

Jack lies back in the tub, eyes closed.

MICHELE'S ROOM

She lies in bed, watching the candlelight flicker on the ceiling.

BATHROOM

Jack lies in the tub, eyes closed. The door opens. Eyes open. He stares at his toes. Michele appears next to the tub. Jack turns to look at her waist

and then up to her face. Michele drops slowly to her knees. Jack twists and takes her by her shoulders and pulls her to him. They kiss gently. Jack pulls her nightgown down off her shoulders.

FROM WINDOW

We see Jack and Michele through the open casement window. Then we pull back and the scene is reflected in the windowpane.

Jack rises from the water. Michele stands up with him. She takes his towel and dries him. They embrace. Towel drops.

Outside, with us, are the three German Shepherds lying in the grass below the window, listening for sounds in the night.

The love scene disappears as we focus on the dogs.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. ARUNDEL YARD - DAY

A shiny steel throwing knife suddenly lands squarely in the middle of a tree trunk with a solid "chunk!"

Jack and young GUY ARUNDEL approach the tree.

JACK
... and once you learn how many turns the
knife makes in a certain distance,
(pulls knife out)
it's a cinch.

Jack hands the knife to Guy, butt first.

JACK (cont'g)
Once you learn to judge distance.

Guy, fourteen years old, watches and listens carefully.

JACK (cont'g)
Okay - you try it.

Guy goes back to the spot from which Jack threw the knife. He eyes the tree.

JACK (cont'g)
Throw it the way you throw a cricket
ball, that's it.

Guy throws the knife but it hits sideways and bounces away.

GUY
Crikey!

Guy runs to the knife on the ground.

JACK
You're not going to break it, don't worry.

Okay, get a little closer. The knife made more than one turn.

Guy goes back to his place and edges up. He throws the knife and it hits point first but not squarely. It drops to the ground.

JACK (cont'g)
That's almost it. Move up another foot.

Guy again retrieves the blade and follows Jack's instructions. He throws it again and lands squarely with a slight quiver.

JACK (cont'g)
Yep. That's your distance. Now practice with that throw and get used to the look of it.

QUICK CUTS

Guy throws the knife and the knife sticks in the tree.

JACK (cont'g)
That's good. Now measure the distance from the tree.

Guy walks toward the tree in long steps.

GUY
Four!

JACK
Right. Now go back half the distance.

Guy backs up two steps.

JACK (cont'g)
All right. Now, instead of holding it by the sharp end, hold it by the handle and throw it.

Guy throws the knife by the handle and it sticks. He is surprised.

JACK (cont'g)
Now you know all there is about throwing knives.

GUY
But what if you don't have time to measure the distance?

JACK
That's the drawback to knife-throwing. But if you practice enough, you get to know a half-turn, full-turn, turn-and-a-half and two turns. Beyond two turns, it's pretty hard to tell.

Guy indicates Jack's knife on his hip.

GUY

Can you throw that knife?

Jack draws the Randall from its scabbard and regards it. He shakes his head.

JACK

No. You don't throw a knife like this one. This is a fighting knife. It's all you've got when the bullets are gone. If you throw it away, then you've got nothing.

GUY

Have you ever thrown it, Jack?

JACK

No.

Jack replaces it in the scabbard as the Citroen comes into view behind them.

Anita and Michele are in the car.

ANITA

Guy, I have to go into town. Will you please come with me?

Guy sticks his knife in its boot scabbard, then opens the door for Michele, who gets out, taking Jack's hand.

Guy gets in and Anita hands him the Sterling submachine gun. He looks it over, removes the magazine, pulls bolt, looks inside, checks the mag for a full load and replaces it in the gun, checking the selector switch. Anita hands him two spare mags, which he checks.

Jack shuts Guy's door. Anita waves.

ANITA (cont'g)

Thanks! See you later!

Jack and Michele, holding hands, watch the car leave.

MICHELE

Whew! That Guy is some boy.

JACK

You said it.

MICHELE

What a story this will make. But I need to take some pictures, Jack.

JACK

You're really going to write about them?

They walk, hand in hand.

MICHELE

Am I ever. I just hope I can tell it properly.

Jack puts his arm around her.

MICHELE (cont'g)

This place, the people... You really love it, don't you?

They walk away from us toward the house, holding each other.

CUT TO:

INT. ARUNDEL LIVING ROOM

Jack goes behind the bar and gets two oranges from the fridge. Michele sits at the bar. They peel the oranges in silence. Jack walks around her, picks her up from the stool. They kiss.

JACK

Come on, get your camera and take some pictures.

MICHELE

(blinks)

All right.

Michele exits and re-enters with her camera bag. Jack picks up the shotgun and a bandolier of shells.

EXT. FRONT YARD

Dogs play at their feet. They head for the tobacco barns.

MICHELE (cont'g)

Hey! Turn this way and look mean!

Jack turns, holding the gun.

JACK

Here, trade ya.

He gives Michele the shotgun and takes the camera.

Screen becomes view-finder as Michele, with gun and bandolier, hams it up and laughs. She looks down at the gun, hefts it and looks at Jack, who captures a change of expression in her.

MICHELE

Teach me to shoot.

Jack lowers the camera and looks at her, mildly curious.

LATER

A tin can is tossed in the air. A gun fires. The can is not hit. OS - Michele groans.

LATER

Jack gets set to throw another can. Michele is awkward with the gun. Jack points at her legs.

JACK

Okay, now, bend your knees more... lean into the gun and follow through on the can.

Michele bounces around and tries to lean forward.

MICHELE

Jack! I can't do all that at the same time!

JACK

Okay, just follow through. Keep following the can after you shoot.

Jack throws the can across the front of her. Michele swings on it, fires, and the can spins in mid-air.

MICHELE

I hit it!

JACK

Great, here's another one.

Michele follows it, fires and scores again.

MICHELE

Annie Oakley!

JACK

Good teacher.

MICHELE

Ha! Throw me another one!

Jack tosses another can. Michele swings, pulls the trigger but there is just a click. The can hits the ground loudly.

JACK

You gotta put more red things in it.

Michele looks at the gun.

MICHELE

Oh.

Michele kneels down and removes shells from the bandolier as Joshua runs up.

JOSHUA

Baas! Baas say come quick!

Joshua points to the grading shed.

JACK

C'mon!

They grab their gear and run off toward the barns.

EXT. GRADING SHED

Peter stands outside the barn as Jack and Michele arrive.

PETER

Bloody sorry to bring you running like that, but we've had a picanin taken by a bloody croc down at the dam -

MICHELE

Oh, no!

JACK

When?

PETER

Just ten minutes ago... Oh, the little blighter is finished, his mother saw the whole thing... But if you could get in the boat and have a look around - it would do a world of good here if you could kill one or two.

JACK

(to Michele)

Are you ready for some On the Job Training?

They turn and head for the dam. Peter shakes his head and rubs the back of his neck.

PETER

Had no idea we had 'em in the bloody dam.

EXT. ON THE WATER - LATE AFTERNOON

Jack rows the dingy slowly. Michele sits in the stern with the shotgun, looking at the water. Jack looks around carefully. He moves the boat through the lily pads. In the distance, on the shore, Peter's workers watch.

Michele points the shotgun reflexively.

MICHELE

(loud whisper)

Look! What's that!

Jack looks.

JACK

Just a log.

Pulling back, through the reeds, we watch them out on the water over the head of a huge crocodile. The croc is motionless as it watches the rowboat move around. The oarlocks creak gently.

JACK (cont'g) (VO)

Watch the shore. You'll have to shoot him on the bank. If he gets in the water we can forget it.

The boat slowly crosses the scene OS. The croc wriggles into the water.

JACK (cont'g) (VO)

This is a lot like chasing terrorists.

EXT. TERRORIST CAMP - LATE AFTERNOON

Twenty TERRORISTS are in a rough line on the "parade ground." Some squat down, fixing their packs. A YOUNG CHINESE OFFICER supervises them and checks off his list.

Po Chi Ti is in the background, observing with the political commissar, while they refer to a map.

COMMISSAR

...and you will attempt to make contact with Mugadzikwa at the pre-arranged rendezvous

(chuckles)

The former police sergeant of Mt. Darwin will guide you to the Arundel farm. One of this revolution's little ironies...

Po nods as a squad of TERRORISTS marches up with two YOUNG AFRICANS whose hands are bound behind them. One terrorist salutes.

TERRORIST

These two have fallen, comrade! They were found guilty of spreading false rumors about ZANLA!

The commissar looks at the frightened young Africans.

COMMISSAR

Ah, yes. Young Nare and Takaendisisa. What have you to say for yourselves?

They are too frightened to speak. Their captors punch their backs with AKs.

NARE

(stuttering)

We were told that we would be given an education, that we would go to university, that -

COMMISSAR

Ah, but you have, you have. We've given you quite an education here.

(to Po)

wouldn't you say, comrade?

Po nods sardonically.

NARE

But all that you have shown us to do is to kill. I was told that I would become a doctor!

Po and the commissar chuckle contemptuously. The commissar dismisses the firing squad with a wave.

COMMISSAR

Proceed, comrade.

OUTSIDE THE TERRORIST CAMP

The firing squad marches up to a pair of trees. The captives are pushed roughly against the two trees and wrapped around their chests, fastening them to the trunks. Nare and Takaendisa look briefly at each other as black hoods are pulled over their heads.

The squad about faces and retreats twenty paces. Most of the terrorists in the camp have come along to watch.

The head terrorist gives the drill.

HEAD TERRORIST

Ready!

The SKS bolts click.

HEAD TERRORIST (cont'g)

Aim!

Silence.

HEAD TERRORIST (cont'g)

Fire!

The firing squad shoots Nare and Takaendisa.

IN THE CAMP

Po's group of terrorists climb into the back of truck. Po gets in the cab with the DRIVER. The truck is started and it lurches out of the camp.

ZAMBESI VALLEY - SUNDOWN

The truck wends its way down the northern Zambesi escarpment into the valley. Po sits expressionless by the driver.

The truck bumps along an unused dirt road and comes to the Zambesi River. All aboard clamber out. Po climbs down from the cab.

PO

Prepare the boats!

The terrorists drag out the deflated rubber boats and take them to the riverbank. Po shouts at the driver. He grinds gear and drives away.

AT THE RIVER

The rubber boats inflate. POP, POP, POP, POP!

The terrorists step carefully into the boats, now in the water. Weapons are handed in. Po gets in the last boat. They push off and begin paddling.

CUT TO:

EXT. ON THE RIVER - NIGHT

Two PATROL OFFICERS of the British South Africa Police are in a BSAP patrol boat. One of them talks into a radio microphone.

PATROL OFFICER 1

Hello Crusader, this is River Bailiff.
How do you read, over.

ARMY RADIO (VO)

River Bailiff, strength five, go.

PATROL OFFICER 1

Crusader, we've got four rubber boats full of Charlie Tangoes that are halfway across the river just below Nyambizi... They're full of hoties!

ARMY RADIO (VO)

River Bailiff... how far below Nyambizi, over.

PATROL OFFICER 1

About a mile and a half. I don't think you can get anyone here quickly enough. If we can keep them in the river for a bit, it may help...

ARMY RADIO (VO)

Wait out, River Bailiff...

(new, older voice)

River Bailiff, this is Sunray Crusader, repeat Sunray Crusader. We have your signal and have two sticks on the way, repeat, two sticks on the way. Do not, repeat, do not close with those rubber boats. You are not sufficiently armed to tackle them. Do you read? Over.

PATROL OFFICER 1

Affirmative.

ARMY RADIO (VO)

Roger. Keep those bods in sight and help direct our men when they get there. Standing by this channel, out.

PATROL OFFICER 1

Yeah, roger - wait a minute! Like I said, you can't get here in time. Once they hear the choppers, you'll never find them in the dark.

ARMY RADIO (VO)

River Bailiff, I repeat, do not engage these Charlie Tangoes, you are not armed sufficiently! Out!

PATROL OFFICER 1

Yeah, roger, okay.

He puts the microphone down. Up forward, the second PATROL OFFICER has been watching through binoculars.

PATROL OFFICER 2

Wot's he say?

PATROL OFFICER 1

We're not to get in a fight. They want the credit for this, don't worry. We're supposed to keep 'em in sight and guide the choppers to 'em.

The second P.O. groans.

PATROL OFFICER 2

Bloody hell! The choppers can't make it here before they get to the other side. And I can't see 'em anymore... We'll have to start the engines and if we do, they'll bloody well hear us.

PATROL OFFICER 1

Yeah...

(thinks)

Let's keep 'em in the bloody river.

His thumb presses the start button. The big Chryslers roar into life. As the boat picks up speed, the second P.O. takes his FN rifle from under the windscreen. They head into the darkness toward the invisible rubber boats.

IN THE RUBBER BOATS

Po Chi Ti hears the police boat start up in the distance.

PO
Separate! Separate! Disperse!

The boats draw apart from each other, the terrorists paddling furiously.

PATROL BOAT

We cautiously approach the rubber boats in the darkness. No moonlight yet.

PATROL OFFICER 1
See anything?

PATROL OFFICER 2
No.

PATROL OFFICER 1
Well, they've heard us now and they've split up. We'll go over by the shore and try to keep 'em in the river.

The boat speeds up toward the Rhodesian shore.

PATROL OFFICER 1 (cont'g)
I'm going to light up! I can't see the bloody shore!

PATROL OFFICER 2
Hey! Look out!

The driver swings the wheel and they just miss a boat full of terrorists. The second P.O. brings up his rifle and shoots. The terrorists fire back.

PATROL OFFICER 1
Hit the boat and sink it!

PATROL OFFICER 2
I can't see the bloody thing! Turn on the light!

In a few seconds the searchlight is lit and it begins to stab the darkness. The gunfire continues. Bullets hit the patrol boat. The light beams on a rubber boat. It is Po's boat. Just as we make it out, the bazooka man aims the RPG at us! Po sits at his side.

PATROL OFFICER 1
Hey! Bazooka! Look out!

PATROL OFFICER 2
There's a Chink! A bloody Chink!

ON THE RHODESIAN SHORE

The patrol boat's light is beamed on Po's boat. The rocket is fired and immediately the patrol boat explodes and burns. The searchlight stays on as it falls overboard.

Po's rubber boat crosses the fiery scene.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Looking down on the river we see the burning patrol boat. In the early moonlight there is no sign of the rubber boats. The burning boat drifts downstream.

PILOT (VO)

That boat's drifting. No telling how far upriver it was hit.

ON THE RHODESIAN SHORE

Po and his terrorists watch the two helicopters circling. The aircraft head south.

Po rummages in his pack and produces a jar of face black. He removes the top and applies the stuff to his face. He grunts to a terrorist for approval. The African blackens places he missed.

He signals the others to move out, pulling on a balaclava over his head.

NEARBY

One of the helicopters, with landing lights on, descends. In a clear spot, the Allouette hovers at six feet and the lights go off. In the moonlight, Sammy Uys and four AFRICAN SOLDIERS jump out, throwing their packs before them. The chopper immediately gains altitude and flies off. The soldiers put on their gear and head for the river.

NEARBY

The scene is repeated with the second helicopter and other MEN.

The STICK LEADER whispers into his radio.

IN THE BUSH

Sammy Uys' stick moves carefully toward the river. Sammy whispers back to the other stick leader so they won't shoot each other when they meet. Both leaders speak into P-30 radios.

PO CHI TI'S PLATOON

moves toward Sammy's stick. These terrorists appear more professional than the others we have seen. Po leads from the rear.

SAMMY UYS

leads his stick. His SCOUT runs up quietly.

SCOUT

They come this way!

Sammy gives the other soldiers the thumbs down for "enemy." He motions for them to spread out into ambush position on one side of the path. They all disappear.

Soon, the terrorist scout slowly and cautiously comes into view. Ten yards behind appears a machine gun-toting terrorist. He is followed by the rest, all spread out.

From behind Sammy, we see him shake his head in frustration, for the terrorists are too spread out for an effective ambush.

Sammy's machine gunner is by his side. Finally he puts his fist in front of the African's face and sticks his thumb down.

The machine gunner fires, Sammy fires, all fire. The first four terrorists collapse in the deadly shooting. Po and the remaining sixteen scatter, firing as they run.

LATER

Sammy and his men examine the dead terrorists.

SAMMY

(into radio)

Ja. Four of them. The rest are gone, ja.

We'll need tracker dogs to follow them.

Ja... Ja, out.

CUT TO:

INT. ARUNDEL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter's parrot sits on his branch. Lots of PEOPLE in the room. The parrot walks this way and that. It finally climbs down the branch, out of view.

The guests include FARMERS and their WIVES, POLICE, a MINISTER, Malcolm Shepard and other CIVIL SERVANTS, two ARMY OFFICERS.

MARGARET LAYTON stands with Anita and Michele.

MARGARET

God, it's good to get together again!

(to Michele)

We used to have two parties a week in

Darwin, didn't we, Anita?

ANITA

At least. Nowadays, no one wants to

be on the road past dark...

MARGARET

We had a couple of convoys to get here

tonight... and to get home.

ANITA

Did the Fletchers miss the convoy? I

wonder where they are?

Bomas enters, approaches Anita. He puts his fist to his cheek.

BOMAS
Madam, madam - lo fone.

ANITA
Excuse me, girls.

FOYER

Anita picks up the telephone.

ANITA (cont'g)
Hello, Arundels here.

She listens to telephone chatter. Stricken with bad news, she puts her hand to her mouth.

ANITA (cont'g)
My God. No!

LIVING ROOM

Anita re-enters and approaches Margaret and Michele with a dazed expression. Margaret, with a now-practiced eye, looks at her warily.

MARGARET
What now? The Fletchers?

ANITA
Their bossboy, Lazarus.

MARGARET
Oh, dear.

ANITA
The terrorists -

She chokes and coughs.

MICHELE
What, Anita? What have they done?

ANITA
They cut off his lips and ears and nose -
and his willy...

MARGARET
No!

MICHELE
What?!

ANITA
They cut them off and forced his wife
to cook them and eat them!

Michele gasps.

MARGARET

Mother of God!

MICHELE

But, Anita... why?

ANITA

June Fletcher says it's the new drill for Africans who help the security forces...

MARGARET

(crying)

Poor Lazarus. Poor, poor Lazarus.

MICHELE

Should we tell the men?

ACROSS THE ROOM

Peter, behind the bar, serves drinks. He laughs at someone's joke. He comes out and circulates, chatting and laughing with his friends and guests.

Peter overhears a group of farmers discussing their future.

FARMER 1

Free State, I suppose. My family's there, of course. That's assuming some bloke, some young bloke, will buy the farm..

FARMER 2

Hawt yon! Orange Free State, man! It's the Natal Coast for me, my son. But, don't worry, for I've had a bloke pestering me for two weeks to buy my place. Smithie's offering these new lads a pot of boodle to come up here and farm. I wish they'd give me the boodle, I might stay on meself!

Peter suddenly turns sour, to the surprise of no one.

PETER

Blokes, I'm a born bloody Rhodesian. Where the bloody hell do I run? Down south? The bloody UK? Where do WE go? Why should we go? We made this bloody country. We support the bloody munts. What is going to happen to them when we're gone, not that I give a bloody damn? I'm as much a bloody African as these lads with the bloody Russian and Chinese bloody guns. If I want to stay, I'm a bloody racist. If the wogs want to kick me out because I'm white, that's too bloody right!

FARMER 3

(British)

World Opinion, old boy. We can't fight

World Opinion.

PETER

Buggar World Opinion! There's no such thing as World bloody Opinion! Do you the average bloke in Paris bloody France or Houston bloody Texas or bloody Rio or bloody Oslo gives a bloody STUFF if we stay here or not? Not a damn! He's got his own problems, sport, his own problems. It's the bloody Communists and the Henry bloody Kissingers that want us out of the way. They want what we have. We're in their road, sport, their bloody global-government road. They want the kaffirs to have it all. They can run the kaffirs the way they can't run us. And that's the bloody truth.

LATER

Michele, Anita and Jack approach Peter, who broods in a chair.

JACK

Peter, the ters sliced up Eric's bossboy.

Peter recoils and shudders.

PETER

The "sellout" routine?

JACK

Uh, huh.

Peter, as if shouldering a great burden, covers his face.

PETER

Christ.

Peter tries to hide his head in his hands, to escape the horrible image.

JACK

How's the grading going?

PETER

(rubs face)

Tomorrow should do it, I suppose. Why?

Jack grips Peter's shoulder encouragingly.

JACK

Look, the Laytons and the Ferreiras are flying up to Vic Falls for the weekend. Whaddya say we all go? Get away from the farm for a few days!

Peter looks at Anita. He finally smiles wearily.

PETER

Dead right! That's just what we need.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. BUSH CAMP - NIGHT

Mugadzikwa sits in a densely concealed camp, surrounded by his men. One of them signals from the bush. Soon, Po's group files in. The Africans go through their ritual greetings. Mugadzikwa eyes them indifferently. Finally, Po enters and approaches Mugadzikwa. He pulls off his balaclava, he black-face streaked with sweat. Mugadzikwa looks up at him in surprise.

PO

Comrade Mugadzikwa.

MUGADZIKWA

Po Chi Ti!

PO

I am under orders, comrade.

MUGADZIKWA

What orders? What are your orders?

PO

I shall... accompany... you to the Arundel farm.

Mugadzikwa is enraged. He wants to strangle Po.

MUGADZIKWA

Ah! I see!

(sullen)

Where have I failed? Did I fail at the Van Wyks'?

PO

Not at all, comrade.

Mugadzikwa gets up and stomps around. The terrorists watch.

MUGADZIKWA

Do you confuse me with that baboon, Koronel?

PO

Comrade, the - as you say - baboon, Koronel, will have served the dialectic well, once we have corrected his failure.

Mugadzikwa stops. His eyes narrow as he considers this.

MUGADZIKWA

Ah! but my group is superior to Koronel's!
Why do you -

PO

I'm certain the leadership is superior, comrade. But the element of surprise is now lost. To ensure the victory which the Party now says is vital, the Party orders us to cooperate.

Mugadzikwa looks away, knowing he cannot win.

PO (cont'g)

Comrade, you are exhibiting signs of individualistic ambition. The Chairman warns us against this repeatedly.

MUGADZIKWA

I urinate on signs of individualistic ambition.

Po turns his back the way a bullfighter turns his back on a bull.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Jack, Anita and Michele at breakfast table. The telephone rings. Anita answers. It is for Jack. He takes the phone and listens.

JACK

Okay, I'll be there in a half-hour.

Anita looks at him.

ANITA

Who was that?

JACK

Cops. Something's come up. They want to tell me about it in person.

ANITA

(worried)

You're not going back to work, are you?

JACK

No.

(smiles)

Time off is time off. But there must be something they want us to know about.

INT. GARAGE

Jack and Michele stand by the Citroen. Bomas opens the garage doors. Jack gets in with his rifle beside him and his knife on his belt.

JACK (cont'g)

I'll be back in an hour or so.

MICHELE
(wags finger)
If you're not, I'll call Crusader.

JACK
Now don't you start that.

Jack starts the car and drives out the gates which Bomas closes after him.

NEAR BARNS

Jack drives through the barns toward the road. He passes Guy, who practices with his new throwing knife. Guy waves at Jack and continues practicing.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSH - DAY

Po, Mugadzikwa and their terrorists converge on a native kraal. Po and Mugadzikwa stop and examine a piece of paper. Po points to a name.

PO
Edson Taurai!

Mugadzikwa grunts and nods. The terrorists approach the kraal.

EXT. TAURAI'S KRAAL - DAY

The terrorists roust surprised AFRICANS from their huts and their games. Kaffir dogs bark fearfully. The Africans are led to the center of the kraal.

Po stands in the background, his balaclava masks his features.

Mugadzikwa harangues the tribesmen.

MUGADZIKWA
(in Shona)
Is this the kraal of Edson Taurai!

The Africans murmur fearfully.

CROWD
Eh!

MUGADZIKWA
Is this the kraal of Edson Taurai!!

CROWD
EH!

MUGADZIKWA
Does Edson Taurai help the running dogs
of Ian Smith!

The crowd is silent except for crying babies. Three terrorists push EDSON TAURAI between Mugadzikwa and the tribesmen.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)
Edson Taurai?

TAURAI
Eh.

Mugadzikwa spits violently on Taurai.

MUGADZIKWA
Vile thing! Ma-purisa resehv!

TAURAI
(denies)
Ah! Hapana! Nikis!

MUGADZIKWA
See what happens to running dogs of Ian
Smith!

Mugadzikwa motions to two tribesmen.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)
Comrades, put this vile thing on the
ground with the other filth!

The tribesmen gingerly take Taurai's arms as he sits on the ground.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)
Bring me the block for chopping!

One African brings a fat log. Mugadzikwa places it beneath Taurai's left
knee. Taurai closes his eyes.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)
Now, comrade, the sana.

The same African bring s native axe.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)
Sell-out!

Mugadzikwa chops Taurai's leg. Taurai groans piteously.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)
The other leg, comrades! Move the block!

The horrified Africans place the log beneath the right knee.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)
The hyena is laughing at you, Edson Taurai!

Mugadzikwa swings at the right knee but aims badly. He makes three chops to
sever the leg. The crowd is struck dumb.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)
Edson Taurai, you have no feet!

Mugadzikwa drops the bloody axe on Taurai. He and Po Chi Ti move their terrorists out and head south.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. KRAAL - LATER

Sammy Uys and his men follow terrorist spoor into the kraal. They push their way through the silent crowd of Africans. They pull back to reveal Edson Taurai, who still lies on his back with his chopped legs nearby.

Taurai smokes a cigarette.

Sammy walks up to Taurai and recoils as the scene registers.

SAMMY

Yessus!

The Africans release their emotions with his word. They shout at each other, at Sammy and at his African soldiers, who are shocked by the sight. They shake their heads.

Sammy kneels by Edson Taurai and looks at him with compassion. His top African joins him.

SAMMY (cont'g)

When did the magandanga do this to
you, madala?

Taurai takes a drag on the cigarette.

TAURAI

Just-i now.

Sammy nods and gets up. He removes his radio handset from his shoulder and produces a grid map from his pocket.

SAMMY

Two zero nine, zero three!

Sammy checks his map.

RADIO (VO)

Zero three, go!

SAMMY

Zero nine, send casevac chopper to
figures three seven Kilo, figures four
one Oscar, repeat figures three seven
Kilo, figures four one Oscar, copy.

RADIO (VO)

Zero three, figures three seven Kilo,
figures four one Oscar, roger.

SAMMY

Zero nine, roger. We have a chopped

African male adult. Rush, rush, rush!

RADIO (VO)
Zero three, roger!

LATER

Allouette helicopter of the Rhodesian Air Force lands near billowing pink smoke marker. Sammy's soldiers approach and take the stretcher from the technician. The load a still-smoking Taurai into the chopper. Sammy gathers up Taurai's black legs and tenderly places them inside.

The helicopter takes off.

Sammy and his men continue their pursuit of the terrorists. Sammy speaks into his radio as he walks.

CUT TO:

EXT. MT. DARWIN ARMY BASE - DAY

Two sticks of WHITE SOLDIERS load into helicopters, which take off.

LATER - IN THE BUSH

The helicopters drop the white soldiers from six feet up in different locations. Each stick moves out to form stop lines to trap the killers.

LATER - IN THE BUSH

Sammy and his African soldiers track the terrorists.

CUT TO:

INT. ARUNDEL GRADING SHED

Peter sits at his desk, entering figures in a ledger. Joshua stands by respectfully. Guy walks up to the desk. Peter sees him.

PETER
(cheerful)
Hello, Guy. What's new?

Guy smiles and shakes his head.

GUY
Nothing...

Peter raises an eyebrow and looks down at Guy's right boot top in which the knife is sheathed.

PETER
Nothing? Hmm, that looks new...

GUY
Oh, yes! My knife!

PETER

Let's have a look.

Guy presents the knife to his father. Peter takes it and looks at it carefully, hefting it in his hand.

PETER (cont'g)

(to Joshua)

See here, Joshua - how about one of these for you, hey?

Joshua grins.

PETER (cont'g)

Just the thing for when the magandanga comes into your hut!

Peter offers the knife to Joshua but the bossboy laughs and backs up, saying something quickly in "kitchen kaffir."

Peter listens to what could be a dissertation from a renowned authority.

PETER (cont'g)

(to Guy, in heavy African accent)

"No thank you. I prefer to use my sadza pot!"

Guy laughs, for this is not what Joshua has said.

PETER (cont'g)

Joshua here carries a fifty-calibre sadza pot, hey Putu? Bloody old Pot!

Joshua and Guy laugh delightedly. Peter eyes the opposite wall from his desk. He flicks the knife at a calendar which hangs on the wall. The knife sticks in the calendar with a solid "clunk."

Guy's eyes widen. He runs to the calendar and pulls out the knife.

GUY

Hey! Dad! Where'd you learn to do that?

Peter goes back to his ledger.

PETER

British Army, I'm sorry to say.

Guy looks at his father appreciatively. He sheathes the knife and starts to leave.

PETER (cont'g)

Oh, Guy...

GUY

Yes, Dad?

PETER

I'd stay near the barns and house, I think. Don't go up to the cave by yourself.

GUY

All right, Dad.

EXT. GRADING SHED

Guy walks outside. He stops and gazes up at the cave in the hillside.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The blue Citroen is among the police Land Rovers parked outside.

INT. OFFICE

Jack sits in front of Henderson's desk.

HENDERSON

Bowman, your old friend Sergeant Mugadzikwa has finally surfaced.

He hands Jack a police photograph of Mugadzikwa in uniform.

HENDERSON (cont'g)

I owe you an apology - it finally occurred to someone that we should notify you, considering... He was identified by the people in the Van Wyk labor compound.

Jack looks at the photograph.

JACK

Sacre bitch!

HENDERSON

I've read the file, Bowman, and of course you were in no way responsible for his going over to Mugabe's group. The only reason I asked you here is to warn you that he is definitely in the neighborhood.

JACK

Well, he said he would be.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARUNDEL FARM - DAY

Guy throws the knife at a tree. He looks up at the cave.

CUT TO:

CAVE ENTRANCE

Mugadzikwa and Po Chi Ti gaze down at the Arundel farm. Their terrorists lounge on the floor of the cave behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Anita and Michele prepare vegetables for later.

ANITA

Oh, I'm so glad that we can all go up to the Falls together. I've always wanted to show them to someone for the first time!

MICHELE

I can't wait. I hope we're not pulling Peter from his work too soon.

ANITA

Nothing could move him if he weren't finished, don't worry.

MICHELE

I hope you and Peter will come to California and visit us one day.

Anita puts her apron down.

ANITA

"Us?" You mean -

Michele realizes what she just said.

MICHELE

Oh! No! I didn't mean - I didn't mean that...

Anita shrugs and picks the apron up again.

ANITA

No, I suppose that would be expecting too much... Too romantic, really!

Michele manages a smile.

ANITA (cont'g)

How do you think Jack feels? I know how you feel.

Michele peels a potato and looks at it quizzically.

MICHELE

He seems so attached to this way of life. I wish I knew.

Anita stops and looks at Michele kindly.

ANITA

Michele, Jack's made his point here.
There's not much more he can do, considering
the government's strange policy on fighting
terrorism... I think he's more ready to
settle down than you might think.

The dogs bark OS and the Citroen is heard approaching, then the horn toots.

Bomas runs through the kitchen and out the door to open the gates.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

The car is in the garage, the dogs great Jack as he closes and bolts the
garage doors. Carrying his rifle, he pets the dogs on his way to the kitchen
door. Michele opens the door for him. Jack hugs and kisses her.

INT. KITCHEN

ANITA (cont'g)

(smiles)

Well? Good news or bad?

JACK

Well, it's not so good... Among other
things, my friend Sammy Uys, in the army,
is following or trying to follow a group
of terrorists that crossed over last
night. He managed to kill four of them
but the rest kept coming. It seems they
blew a police boat out of the water on
the Zambesi last night. They haven't
found the two cops who were in it...

ANITA

How terrible!

JACK

Yeah. Sam reckons they're a real crack
outfit. He wanted me to know they might
be coming our way.

ANITA

(surprised)

Do you think they might be coming here?

JACK

Well, there's another problem. You
remember "Comrade" Mugadzikwa?

Anita nods her head. Michele frowns questioningly.

JACK (cont'g)

He's been here for a while. He's the one
who got the Van Wyks. They just now

thought to tell me.

Jack goes to the window and looks up at the hills.

JACK (cont'g)
What a revoltin' development this is.

MICHELE
Could someone please tell me what you're talking about?

Anita watches Jack.

ANITA
It's a long story, dear. I'm sure Jack will tell you all about it.

JACK
And I will. But I've got to tell Peter what I've heard. You might as well hear it then.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Mugadzikwa and Po Chi Ti look down on the Arundel farm as Jack, Michele and Anita exit the security gate and walk toward the tobacco barns.

It is too far to recognize them immediately. Mugadzikwa squints to make them out. His eyes tell us there is something familiar about that white man down there, something familiar...

EXT. GRADING SHED

Jack, Michele and Anita enter the barn.

INT. GRADING SHED

Jack rests on the edge of the desk while speaking to Peter.

JACK (cont'g)
You remember Sergeant Mugadzikwa...

PETER
The "comrade?" Of course.
(to Michele)
We had a police sergeant at Mt. Darwin last year whom we called "comrade," behind his back of course, as we were convinced his sympathies were with Robert Mugabe.

MICHELE
Who's that?

PETER

The jailed leader of the Chinese-backed terrorists. They're the ones operating in this area.

JACK

Well, we were right. He led the attack against the Van Wyks.

Peter looks at Jack. At length, he sighs heavily.

PETER

That's certain?

Jack nods and hands him Mugadzikwa's photograph.

JACK

Willem's people identified him. Hell, they all knew him.

MICHELE

Do you mean that a policeman killed your neighbors?

Jack nods. Anita looks at Jack sympathetically.

ANITA

And poor Jack thinks it's all his fault. He's being very silly.

MICHELE

(looks at Jack)

His fault?

INT. MT. DARWIN PUB - NIGHT

Jack stands at the bar, laughing and drinking with a couple of farmers and Sammy Uys. He wears his camouflage kit. An older policeman of high rank enters and looks around. He approaches Jack. The older man, CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT RON DICK, wears the gray shirt, khaki shorts and knee socks of the duty uniform branch of the police. Dick is the Officer Commanding Mashonaland Province, the top cop in the north.

DICK

Ah, Bowman!

Jack looks and immediately stands at attention.

JACK

Chief Superintendent.

Dick's RAF mustache bristles as he sees the .45 auto in Jack's shoulder holster.

DICK

Bowman, I'm afraid I need the services of a policeman.

JACK

I'll see if I can find you one, sir.

DICK

You and some of your Support Unit Africans,
Bowman, are just what I need.

Jack thinks and frowns.

JACK

Sir, they're down at the beer hall.

DICK

Well, what if we're attacked?

JACK

Right about now, sir, we'd lose.

Jack's drinking partners chuckle. Chief Superintendent Dick's eyes twinkle.

DICK

Bowman, I would like you to find some
sober Africans to assist you in
retrieving a drunken African who is at
present terrorizing our Greek friends in
the village. I am reliably informed he
is a policeman.

Jack puts down his beer. His friends put down their beers.

FRIENDS

We'll assist him, Ron!

DICK

Please, gentlemen, thank you. This is
a police matter.

Jack finds his hat and coat, regretting the beer.

JACK

You've become a real stickler for form,
sir.

DICK

Bring him to me, Bowman!

JACK

Yes, sir.

As Jack leaves, followed by Dick, a farmer picks up his beer.

FARMER 1

Did you ever know Jack to stand at
attention and call anyone "sir" except for
Ron Dick?

SAMMY

No, I never did.

FARMER 2

He's an insubordinate bastard.

FARMER 1

That's what Ron Dick called him the other night. He was standing right where you are.

SAMMY

Well, he'd told Dick to go to hell! I couldn't believe my ears. If I did that to my officer commanding, I'd be court-martialed.

FARMER 1

You don't drink with your OC. The cops are different.

Sammy nods in complete agreement with that observation.

FARMER 2

Ron Dick was joking and suggested he was an American spy. They were both pissed as newts. Ron felt bad about it when he sobered up.

SAMMY

Whatever you do, don't ever suggest that Jack works for the CIA. Ron Dick's lucky.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Jack finds his OD Support Unit Land Rover pickup. He gets behind the wheel. There are no Africans with him.

INT. LAND ROVER

Jack drives the quarter-mile over the hill to Mt. Darwin village. He approaches the gas station.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A half-dozen young GREEK STOREKEEPER stand near the garage. A white Special Branch Land Rover is parked by the pumps. Behind it lurks the huge Mugadzikwa in civilian clothes. He appears to be drunk. In the LR sits a dolled-up AFRICAN WOMAN.

Jack drives into scene, parks and leaves his headlights shining on the white Land Rover. He gets out and looks around. A Greek, PARIS, approaches.

PARIS

Are you a cop?

JACK

Close enough. They're short-handed. Ron Dick sent me.

PARIS

Well, that big kaffir is crazy drunk and mean! Pissing in my drive. He's been threatening us. Says he's a cop.

JACK

That's a cop car, all right. He's big, ain't he.

PARIS

That's why I called Ron Dick. Are you going to get him by yourself?

Jack starts toward the Land Rover. Mugadzikwa peeks around it.

JACK

Hell, yeah. That's why they pay me the big bucks.

Mugadzikwa emerges and waves a ham-fist.

MUGADZIKWA

(shouts, heavy accent)

I am Detective Sergeant Mugadzikwa of Special Branch! You piss off!

Jack stops and turns back to Paris.

JACK

What'd he say?

Paris shrugs.

MUGADZIKWA

(screams)

I say I am Detective Sergeant Mugadzikwa of Special Branch! You piss off, you white filth!

Jack raises an eyebrow. He heard that.

JACK

Let's see some identification.

Mugadzikwa menaces Jack with his huge fists.

MUGADZIKWA

I show you NOTHING, white filth! Now I beat you up!

Jack produces his Colt .45 auto from his shoulder holster. Mugadzikwa stops.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)

Ah! A pistol! You shoot-i me?

JACK
Get in the truck. In the back.

MUGADZIKWA
You no shoo-tee me?

He edges closer to Jack for a sucker punch.

JACK
Don't make me.

MUGADZIKWA
You no shoo-tee me?

Jack looks at him.

MUGADZIKWA
Then I beat you up!

Mugadzikwa starts to swing a ham fist at Jack's head but Jack whips the automatic into the side of Mugadzikwa's head. Mugadzikwa drops on his face.

The Greeks cheer. Jack looks down at his right thumb. Mugadzikwa stirs and looks up. He gets to his knees.

MUGADZIKWA (cont'g)
Now, I REALLY beat you up!!

Jack swings the pistol again and again the African drops, out cold. The Greeks cheer again. Again, Jack examines his thumb. Mugadzikwa regains consciousness and tries to scramble away on his hands and knees. Paris runs after him and kicks him.

JACK
Get away from there! I'll handle this!

Jack trots after Mugadzikwa and clops his head a third time. This flattens the African again.

Mugadzikwa wakes up bloody, rises and calmly heads for the pickup. He climbs in the back and sits down. Jack and the Greeks watch, astonished.

JACK (cont'g)
Just have to get his attention.

Jack gets behind the wheel and drives off, the bloody Mugadzikwa sits stiffly in back.

DISSOLVE:

INT. GRADING SHED

Jack finishes his story.

JACK (cont'g)
Mugadzikwa filed a charge of excessive force but Ron Dick was the judge! He

said, "I ordered S.O. Bowman to bring him in and he followed my order. Case dismissed."

PETER

Right after that, Mugadzikwa disappeared. He sent the message that he would be back, in a different uniform... Also, he would kill Jack "at the right time."

Michele frowns.

MICHELE

What happened to your pistol?

JACK

A friend of mine in Salisbury is on the road a lot. I loaned it to him.

EXT. GRADING SHED - DAY

As Jack, Anita and Michele step out, Guy approaches.

GUY

Say, Jack! Will you go with me up to the cave?

Peter appears at the door.

PETER

I told him not to go alone. If you care to go, fine.

Jack puts his hand on Guy's shoulder.

JACK

Okay. What weapon are you taking?

Guy bends down and pats his knife. He grins.

GUY

Me knife, of course.

JACK

Take the Sterling.

Michele looks at Anita apprehensively. Anita shrugs slightly.

ANITA

What's the use in worrying? This is where we live.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Jack and Guy leave the house, armed with the rifle and the Sterling. They go through the security gates and head for the cave. Michele and Anita watch from the kitchen.

IN THE BUSH - LATER

Jack and Guy pick their way along the stream to the fallen log. They cross the stream and start uphill.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Mugadzikwa and Po Chi Ti peer downhill at the stream. Suddenly, Mugadzikwa recognizes Jack. He chortles unpleasantly. Po looks at him in alarm.

PO

They are coming here!

MUGADZIKWA

How nice.

PO

Comrade! We must leave at once! With
no trace! Otherwise -

With one mighty blow, Mugadzikwa clubs down Po, who fall unconscious to the cave floor. Mugadzikwa signals to the other terrorists, who prepare a hasty ambush around the inside of the cave.

BELOW

Guy leads Jack up the steep climb.

AT THE CAVE

Mugadzikwa, in his excitement, paces around the cave, finds a box of trail-clearing tools. From it he produces a double-bitted axe, his weapon of choice. He steps out onto the precipice in front of the cave. Two terrorists prepare to grab Guy as he scales the last section below the edge of the precipice. Mugadzikwa hides behind the bushes.

Just as Guy reaches up, just as four black hands are poised to grab his hand,

FROM BELOW

Four fast gunshots! Guy's hand stops and falls back.

Guy and Jack look down at the farm.

JACK

Come on!

Jack and Guy reverse direction and crash down through the bush toward the stream.

AT THE CAVE

Mugadzikwa can't believe his eyes, his harsh breathing like a Cape Buffalo.

BELOW

Jack and Guy cross the stream and head for the farm.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM DAM - DAY

Peter stands over a large dead crocodile with his shotgun in one hand. A terrified PICANIN is comforted by his MOTHER and Anita. Michele tries to take it all in.

Jack and Guy approach quickly.

JACK (cont'g)
Well, strike me pink.

PETER
Cor, blimey, mate - that was a close one.

Jack puts his arm around Michele, who shudders at the sight of the big croc.

MICHELE
The mother saw it going for her baby
and she ran up and kicked it! Her
screams brought Peter running. It chased
the child around and around!

JACK
Never a dull moment around here!

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE - LATER

Po Chi Ti sits against cave wall, eyeing Mugadzikwa blankly. Po holds his AK rifle on his lap. Mugadzikwa, rifle propped up next to him, carefully sharpens the axe on a stone.

The terrorists check their weapons, including two anti-tank landmines.

Po looks at his watch.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUNDOWN

Peter mixes drinks and a soda for Guy. Bomas serves them. Two FN rifles, two shotguns and the Sterling are distributed at windows around the room. Peter follows Bomas and takes his drink from the tray. He lifts his glass.

PETER
Here's to you, Michele. We're so glad
to have had the chance to know you. I hope
your stay here hasn't been too trying. Cheers!

Michele smiles sincerely.

MICHELE

Thank you, Peter. Frankly, I never dreamed it would be like this. I didn't know people such as you existed.

PETER

Get to know us while you can - we're headed for extinction!

JACK

"Old Rhodesians never die..."

PETER

... they become Australians!"

DINING ROOM - LATER

All are seated at the dining table. Guy sits between Jack and Peter. Food is passed around.

ANITA

This is the best time of year to see Vic Falls. The Zambesi is up but not in flood.

GUY

When it's flooding, the steam is so thick you can't see the Falls!

PETER

They're our claim to fame. At least we can say we've got the biggest waterfalls in the world.

JACK

What about the chrome?

MICHELE

(between bites)

What about it, Jack? You mentioned the chrome before...

JACK

(swallows)

It's a hell of a thing...

As Jack talks, the camera climbs slowly and we are looking down on the dining room from overhead.

JACK (cont'g)

Rhodesia's got the best chrome ore in the world. The US doesn't have any to speak of. No one has, except Russia, and theirs isn't much good -

PETER

Pure rubbish!

JACK (cont'g)

--so, to make stainless steel, you have to have chrome. But the US doesn't want to buy it from Rhodesia, at \$35 per ton -

MICHELE

--But why not? I don't get that.

ANITA

Because we're a white government with an African majority... America demands "democracy" for the whole world, regardless of the facts.

MICHELE

Ha! Has anyone visited an Indian reservation lately? Please!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - SAME TIME

The Diesel generator noise is much louder. The dogs lie with their ears up.

CLOSE UP

The cyclone security fence. A black hand holds wire cutters that snip a strand of the diamond mesh.

A dog raises his head. Another snip. The dogs bark and run toward the sound at the fence.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - BIRDSEYE

OS - the dogs are barking.

JACK

Anyway... the chrome...

MICHELE

Sorry.

JACK

Now, the US still needs chrome. So, where do we get it instead? From our good friends, the Soviets - at \$70 per-

The room is SHATTERED as a rocket projectile explodes through the wall. The light goes out partially. Anita falls dead to the floor. Everyone is knocked down by the blast. Peter crawls to Anita.

PETER

(screams)

ANITA!!

Guy crawls to Anita. Peter sees it is no use, he grabs Guy and crawls with him into the living room. Michele and Jack, stunned and cut by debris, crawl after them.

Peter gets to a rifle by the window. Guy takes the Sterling and Jack grabs his rifle. Michele crawls under a window and holds onto a shotgun. Jack puts down his rifle and grabs the second shotgun and shoots out a light just as a second rocket explodes in the dining room. A long burst of machine gun fire hits all around the room. The draperies jump and jerk.

Peter puts his FN on full-auto and sticks it through the open window, keeping his head below the sill. He fires the entire magazine load.

Jack waits until Peter is finished and does the same with his rifle.

Jack picks up the shotgun and shoots out another light. Peter loads a fresh magazine and gives them another burst. Machine gun fire rips the living room. The couch is ripped to stuffing.

Jack puts in a loaded magazine and shoots through the window.

OUTSIDE

Black hands drop a mortar bomb down the tube.

INSIDE

Jack finishes firing the magazine, picks up the shotgun to shoot out another light as the bomb bursts through the roof and ceiling and explodes in the room's center. Jack, Guy and Michele are protected by heavy furniture but Peter takes it right in the back. He is smashed against the wall, dead.

Jack sees Peter die, checks Guy and Michele. He grabs the rest of the magazines and the rifle.

Guy looks at his dead father and is frozen.

JACK

Come on! The car!

Jack grabs Guy by the arm as another long burst of machine gun fire rips the room. Michele crawls low, dragging the shotgun.

They crawl through the kitchen and out the door to the garage. Behind them another mortar explodes in the living room.

GARAGE

Big doors are closed and bolted from the outside. Jack opens the car doors and pushes Guy and Michele into the back seat on the floor. He snaps a fresh mag into his rifle and gets behind the wheel, his knife on his belt. He starts the Citroen, revs the engine and, front wheels spinning blue smoke, crashes through the garage doors.

Directly outside, in the light of the kitchen window, is a surprised terrorist. He jumps out of the way as the car blasts by. He aims his AK at

the car but guy rises up in the back seat, firing his Sterling through the rear window.

The window disintegrates and empties fly from the gun and the terrorist falls.

INT. CAR

The security gates are closed.

JACK (cont'g)

Hang on!

The Citroen piles into the gates but the heavy chain and hinges hold. The car crashes to a stop, tail jerking up. Jack and Guy are thrown forward. Jack jams it into reverse. He peels backward.

The car goes back and slides to a stop. Now other terrorists are running around the ruined farmhouse.

The car's front wheels spin and dirt and rocks fly. Guy is thrown halfway through the shattered rear window but he keeps firing the Sterling, holding a spare mag in his left hand.

The security gates rush up.

JACK (cont'g)

Again!

Guy keeps shooting two-round bursts as the car bursts through the gates.

Mugadzikwa swings the axe right through Jack's windshield! He stands just outside of the crashing open gates!

Jack swerves in surprise and the axe bounces right back out of the hole in the windshield.

EXT. FARM ROAD - NIGHT

As the Citroen scoots away, Mugadzikwa bends down to retrieve the axe. Po Chi Ti runs through the open gates and whips off the balaclava. He wears face paint that is streaked with his sweaty light skin.

He looks at the disappearing Citroen and begins running after it. He calls to the others to follow him. All do except Mugadzikwa. He saunters up the road, swinging the axe, obviously mad.

CUT TO:

INT. CITROEN

Guy inserts a fresh magazine. Jack is driving up the road as fast as he can. Michele rises from behind the seat.

BEHIND THEM

Po runs around the bend. Other terrorists follow at a distance.

INT. CITROEN

Jack steers erratically up the dirt road, as if trying to miss bumps.

Suddenly:

BANG!!!

The Citroen hits a land mine!

The front of the car is blown up in the air. The scene slowly rotates, the car goes over onto its roof.

BEHIND

Po stops dead. With a broad grin he starts running. Behind him, other terrorists whoop with laughter.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM ROAD - NIGHT

The Citroen lies on its roof. Dirt and dust still fall. The rear tires spin. The exhaust makes a ticking noise

Michele is half out the side window, struggling to free herself.

MICHELE

Jack?

She pulls herself out the window.

MICHELE (cont'g)

Guy?

She sits on the ground and shakes her head.

MICHELE (cont'g)

Jack? Where are you, Jack?

Painfully, she crawls around to his door and looks in. He is not there. Guy is nowhere to be seen, either.

MICHELE (cont'g)

Jack!

She cries in terror. Suddenly, a low groan and grunt are heard. She hears it but can't locate it with her impaired hearing. Michele crawls on hands and knees frantically looking for Jack.

Jack groans and grunts.

JACK

Sacre bitch!

Michele turns and crawls the other way. She crawls until she comes upon Jack, who lies wounded in some scrub grass off the side of the road. As she reaches him, the wrecked car behind her bursts into flame. The fire finds the cracked gas tank and with a muffled "whump!" the car rocks with flames billowing out.

JACK (cont'g)
(stunned)
Where's my rifle, where's my rifle?

MICHELE
(sobs)
I don't know, Jack, I don't know!

JACK
Gotta get my rifle. I gotta get my -

He tries to move his broken right leg.

JACK (cont'g)
AHHHG!

As Jack instinctively puts his hands down to touch his leg, he opens his eyes and sees Po Chi Ti running up the road. His eyes get big as he sees their predicament. Jack turns and grabs Michele and bends her down in the grass, wincing with pain.

JACK (cont'g)
Shhh! Terrorists coming!

MICHELE
But Guy's out there, Jack!

Jack just keeps her low, peeking over the scrub grass at Po, who, in the dark looks like an African. As Jack watches, his right hand feels for his knife which is still secured on his belt. His fingers unsnap the keeper and he slides the blade out slowly.

Po is in view down the road, beyond the burning car, and he slows his pace. The other terrorists are way behind him. Po approaches the burning car with caution, both hands on his rifle, pointing at the wreck.

Po walks between the hidens and the burning wreck. His back is toward Jack. We see Po's heavy backpack. Po walks around, looking for people in the fire.

Suddenly, with his protected back still toward Jack, Po stumbles over Guy's unconscious form. He jumps as if he stepped on a snake.

PO
Ha!

Po points his rifle at the body. Jack rises up in the firelight, knife cocked at his right ear, left hand supporting his weight.

JACK
EEE-WEH!!

Po lurches around with his back to us, sees Jack and brings the rifle to bear just as Jack lets loose with the knife.

The knife makes a complete revolution and disappears into Po. The rifle drops. Michele rises up out of the grass to look.

FRONT SHOT

Po collapses with the knife sticking out of his throat.

Jack collapses in pain to his side. Michele can't believe she's still alive.

JACK (cont'g)
Get his rifle! Get me his rifle!
There are more coming!

Michele's head snaps down the road.

DOWN THE ROAD

A dozen terrorists start running toward the wreck.

AT THE BURNING WRECK

Michele scrambles into the dirt road on hands and knees and pulls at Po's rifle, which is pinned beneath the body. There is shooting now from down the road. Michele pulls and frees the rifle. She picks it up quickly and aims at the terrorists and pulls the trigger and nothing happens.

MICHELE
Jack! Jack! It won't shoot!

JACK
Throw it here! Throw it here!

The terrorists are almost at the car as she crawls back toward Jack, dragging the AK behind her. She gets halfway to him and flings it at Jack, who reaches and catches it left-handed.

The first terrorist comes around the burning car as Jack racks the chambered cartridge out, points from the hip and pulls the trigger. Both his and the terrorist's guns shoot simultaneously, full auto. The terrorist's rounds hit around Jack but Jack's burst catches the terrorist in the chest and knocks him backward into the burning car.

Michele lies flat on the ground.

JACK (cont'g)
Get the gun! Get his gun!

Michele crawls to the fire. She shields her face and takes the dead man's weapon just as two more terrorists appear, thinking the first has killed the Arundels. Jack fires two-round bursts at each, dropping both.

Michele ducks from the gunfire and reverses her direction. She crawls around the other side of the car and again tries to shoot the terrorists. She puts the AK to her shoulder and it spits out a long burst of automatic. The

muzzle rises and Michele is pushed over backwards but the approaching terrorists see her shooting and start running in the opposite direction, down the road.

Michele regains her balance and fires another burst.

DOWN THE ROAD

One terrorist is hit in the back and sprawls forward. Then a couple of dust spurts and bullets hit another terrorist, dropping him. The rifle is empty. She puts it down and looks for another.

Behind her, Guy rises up on an elbow and rubs his head. He looks around and takes in the scene.

Jack lies on his back holding the AK. He removes the magazine and looks dizzily into it. He manages to snap it back in. He painfully hunches up on an elbow and looks around and sees Guy, then drops back flat. He is concussed from the explosion.

Michele finds another rifle. She picks it up and test fires it but it doesn't function. She doesn't know how to fix it.

In the background we can hear a "whack whack whack" of an approaching Allouette helicopter.

Michele finds the other terrorist's weapon and examines it, finding two bullet holes through the receiver. She puts it down.

Then she notices Guy.

MICHELE

Guy! Thank God you're all right!

Guy sits up and looks at Jack, who doesn't move.

GUY

What about Jack?

As they for him slowly, the Rhodesian helicopter zooms overhead. Michele shows relief that help is here. The helicopter's searchlight is turned on and the pilot quickly flies around the area looking for terrorists before landing.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER

We look down on the burning Citroen and Michele and Guy as they approach Jack. The PILOT goes looking for terrorists and we see the two dead ones down the road. The searchlight stabs the bush but we see no live terrorists.

ON THE GROUND

Guy stands wobbly next to Jack, looking up at the helicopter as it now approaches for a landing with the landing lights on. Michele crawls to Jack

and tries to comfort him. In the swirling dust and grass of the landing helicopter, in the light of the fire and landing lights,

Mugadzikwa charges in with the axe overhead! Michele just sees him and screams, holding her hands up vainly.

MICHELE

Guy! Look out! NO!!

Guy looks back just as Mugadzikwa slams the axe down on Jack's torso, but it hits the rifle's hand guard. In fright, Guy yelps and falls backward and does an involuntary somersault, landing awkwardly.

Mugadzikwa's axe sticks in the rifle's wood and he picks up the whole rifle, trying to shake it off his axe.

Guy, on hands and knees, brings out his throwing knife by the handle and flings it at Mugadzikwa. It sticks in his arm.

Mugadzikwa howls but doesn't drop the axe, still trying to get the rifle off the bit. Guy springs at Mugadzikwa and pulls the knife out of his arm and stabs the terrorist until the axe drops.

SOLDIERS from the helicopter run up. One tackles Guy while two shoot Mugadzikwa to death. Michele lies over Jack's unconscious form.

One of the soldiers kicks Mugadzikwa onto his stomach. Puzzled, he checks the AK still strapped to the African's back.

SOLDIER 1

Hey! This munt's got a loaded weapon
and he uses an axe?

SOLDIER 2

Crazy kaffir.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

We fly over Victoria Falls and then up the river to the A'Zambesi Lodge. We can see Jack, Michele and Guy sitting at a table outside. Jack's leg is in a cast.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Guy excuses himself and goes into the hotel.

JACK

See here, Mrs. Bowman... Now how do we
explain away a fourteen year old son
after just four weeks of wedded bliss?

MICHELE

(nonchalant)

That's Africa... things grow quickly there.

JACK

(taps cast)

Some honeymoon, huh?

Michele looks at Jack and smiles. She appears happy, now that the shock is wearing off.

MICHELE

Do you think their house could ever be rebuilt? It was so beautiful.

Guy exits hotel with a pretty YOUNG GIRL. They run up to the table and greet Jack and Michele.

GUY

Michele! Jack! This is Roberta!

MICHELE

Hello, Roberta!

GUY

Guess what? Roberta's parents are buying the Van Wyk farm!

JACK

That's great. We'll be neighbors.

GUY

We're going back?

JACK

What did your dad call that farm?

GUY

"Permanence!"

JACK

Well?

Guy goes to Jack and Michele and hugs them both. Roberta laughs with tears in her eyes.

INT. HELICOPTER

The scene at A'Zambesi Lodge recedes as we fly away, over the Falls.

FADE OUT